

London, Dec. 7.—A comparison of the new English Parliament, elected yesterday, and the previous one shows as follows:

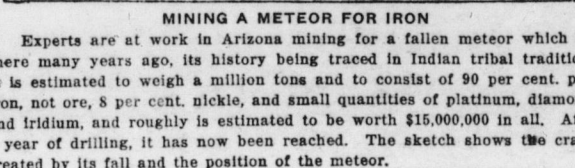
London, Dec. 7.—A comparison of the new English Parliament, elected yesterday, and the previous one shows as follows:

Party	Last Parlt.	New Parlt.	Gain or Loss.	Vote.
Con. . .	346	261	85 loss	4,709,770
Lab. . .	142	185	43 gain	3,859,409
Lib. . .	117	153	36 gain	3,554,470
Ind. . .	10	10		104,802

Six seats are missing, which include one or two in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and a couple from the Universities, returns from which have not yet been received.

The "Mother of Parliaments" is at last beginning to recognize her daughters with the election of eight women to the British House of Commons at yesterday's polling.

Lady Astor, Conservative, Mrs. Margaret Winttingham, Liberal, and Mrs. Milton Phillipson, Conservative, were all returned by their old constituencies, while, in addition to the Duchess of Atholl, new women members of Parliament are the Baroness Terrington, Liberal, and, as the first woman Labor representatives, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Susan Lawrence and Miss Dorothy Jewson.



"The Gift without the giver is bare." An expensive gift with the price tag still hanging to it can never take the place of a simpler one which carries with it appreciation and good will.

The Chief Thought in Christmas giving should be to show folks that our hearts are keeping time with theirs. Heartbeats never can be measured in terms of either silver or gold.

Some Folks are always behind, and permit themselves to get all fussed up and out of sorts at the last minute over their Christmas preparations. You miss the chief joy of Christmas if you fail to get as much pleasure out of the giving as you expect others to get out of the receiving.

I shall have winter² now, and lessening
days,
Lit by a smoky sun with slanting rays,
And after falling leaves, the first de-
termined frost;
The colors of the world will all be lost.
So be it; the faint buzzing of the snow
Will fill the empty boughs,
And after sleet storms I shall wake
to see
A glittering glassy plume of every
tree.

Nothing shall tempt me from my fire-
lit house,
And I shall at night find a friendly
ember
And make my life of what I can re-
member.

Down through the long ages has come the sweet story
Of how Christ relinquished His heavenly glory,
And came down to earth as a babe poor and lowly
To offer His life as a sacrifice holy.

That night of His birth shepherds heard round them ringing
The wonderful music of angel hosts singing
The birth of the Christ was their triumph song telling,
And "Glory to God in the Highest" came swelling.

Led by the bright star in the East sent to guide them,
Three kings did Him homage, their rich gifts beside them;
They found the young babe in a rude manger resting,
With nothing around to His royal birth attesting.

Thus was our dear Lord born in Bethlehem City
Because God looked down in His infinite pity
Upon the world's sins since the days of creation,
And sent His own Son to bring mankind salvation.
—Norah Sheppard

For the main part the season which immediately surrounds Christmas time is a slack one for the followers of Canada's first industry. In the Dominion's short growing season almost ceaseless activity prevails from the opening of spring operations until the threshing of the crop is completed. With the harvested crop marketed, however, the period of comparative leisure ensues, the actual amount of labor entailed being gauged by the amount of livestock the farmer is carrying over the winter. Generally speaking, from November or, Canadian agriculturists calmly pursue a tranquil way until dawning spring when they may be expected to be working freshet and the same diversified round of almost uninterrupted activity occupies them in the production of another crop.

Canada has, however, developed, and is still developing certain seasonal activities which from their nature might be termed Christmas industries. They are instrumental in furnishing the necessities of the Christmas season in many sections of the continent and adding to the holiday's festivities in countless homes. Families who know Canada merely as the name of an expansive country existing to the north of them have the products of the Dominion on their dinner tables. The virgin woods of Canada provide the arboreal decorations peculiarly associated with the day.

The supplying of turkeys and other poultry to the United States market has developed in Canada into a Christmas industry of some proportions. For years the Maritime Provinces have supplied Boston, New York and other large centres. This industry has become an important one in the Western Provinces, and Alberta especially sends large supplies at Christmas-time down across the border. The Egg and Poultry branch of the Alberta Department of Agriculture for the year marked in all 40,000 pounds of turkeys, 20,000 pounds of which went to the markets of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

These turkeys were raised in all parts of the province and other large supplies were marketed individually. The Brooks irrigated district in Southern Alberta, which has made a name for itself in such a wide diversity of agricultural products, killed 43,000 pounds of turkeys at eight cents last year and marketed them all operatively, the larger portion going to the United States. The same industry has been found profitable as far north as the Grande Prairie region of the Peace River country, and a farmer in that section last December shipped more than 70,000 pounds of turkeys to the United States. The Grain Growers' Co-operative Association from the same country exceeded this.

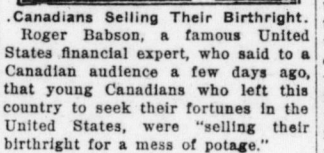
The Christmas-tree industry of Canada is a comparatively insignificant one judged from the standpoint of revenue, but sentimentally, for a brief period each year, it is one of transcendent importance. The lavish exploitation and depletion of United States forests for economic purposes has left scant growth for festive occasions and in the demand for the little spruce at Christmas time the vast Canadian forests are called upon for substantial supplies.

For weeks before Christmas the woodsmen have been in the woods selecting the little trees which are to gladden many homes that will never know or suspect their origin. Farmers in certain sections of the Dominion, too, have had sufficient foresight and energy to plant their rough and stony lands to this crop and annually har-

In the last fiscal year the United States purchased trees from Canada to the extent of \$83,666, the bulk of which was undoubtedly made up of Christmas shrubbery.

Another forest production which is peculiarly associated with the Christmas season is holly. Holly in Canada is almost exclusively confined to the Pacific coast province of British Columbia and residents of that province are beginning to realize the value of the big demand there is for the shrub once it is known it can be obtained. The market is expanding so largely that the industry is beginning to develop into a substantial one. Ranchers are coming in certain sections to engage extensively in its production, and, according to one of these, eight or ten dollars an acre is their average income to be secured from holly-growing.

In the popular conception of the northern winter, Canada is the last place to which one would come for flowers at the Christmas season, and it should banish some hardened misconceptions of the Dominion's winter climate to learn that Alberta, in the dead of winter, sends out a profusion of blossoms to decorate the homes of the continent. The city of Medicine Hat is a nursery known as "The Rosery" which all the year round, and especially at Christmas-time, distributes thousands of the most delicate blooms over the continent, not a few crossing the border and going to United States cities.



Stuffed prunes furnish a wholesome sweet for the children. Steam one pound of good prunes and remove the stones. Stuff part of the prunes, each with another prune; stuff others with chopped salted nuts, or with a mixture of one cupful each of raisins and walnuts and a few candied cherries, or with stiff orange marmalade.

Nut macaroons are dainty and delicious. They are made with the white of one egg, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of pecan nut meats, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Beat white of egg until stiff and add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold in the nut meats, finely chopped and sprinkled with salt. Drop from the tip of spoon, one inch apart, on a buttered sheet, and bake in moderate oven until delicately browned.

Candy fondant made with condensed milk and confectioners' sugar is a great improvement over the fondant made with egg whites. The candy is easy to make. The fondant requires three table spoonfuls of heavy condensed milk and two cupfuls of confectioners' sugar. The milk should be warm (not scalded), then slowly stirred into the sugar. Turn out on a smooth, marble slab or on a piece of white oil cloth placed upon a table, and knead until smooth. Divide and flavor the various portions as desired. Vanilla extract, maple or peppermint flavorings, or any of the essences of the scented dates, candied cherries and candied pineapple can all be used. Mold the candy into various shapes and dip into melted chocolate, if desired. Wrap or lay between sheets of wax-paper. The candy is very easy to make. Condensed milk must be very heavy, thin milk can not be used.

Farm fruit cake: Many housewives are so situated that the candied fruits are usually called for in Christmas cakes, but they are not always available, or perhaps rather expensive. To these may be added the delicious cake which calls for no ingredient not found on the pantry shelf or at the country store. Empty into a colander or strainer some blackberry, cherry, and strawberry or pear preserves, and drain until free from excess liquid. Chop the fruit into fine shreds, one-half cupful each of dried apricots (or prunes), peaches and apples, and sprinkle well with sugar and flour. Scissors are very useful for cutting up this fruit. Cream together two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of sifted flour. Add one and one-half cupfuls of vegetable fat, and the yolks of nine eggs, then one teaspoonful each of soda and cream of tartar dissolved in a little warm water. To five cupfuls of sifted flour add the following spices: two cupfuls of nutmeg, one cupful of cinnamon, four-fourths of a teaspoonful each of nutmeg, allspice and cloves, and stir into the batter alternately with a liquid which consists of one-half cupful of coffee and one-half cupful of any kind of fruit juice. Grape-juice is very good for this purpose. Next add the dried fruit, and mix well. Add one cupful of the blackberry preserves, two cupfuls of cherry and one cupful of strawberry or pear preserves. Also add one-half pound of citron chopped fine, if obtainable, or use the same quantity of drained water-melon rind. Bake in a well-oiled mold, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and bake slowly. This recipe will make two large cakes.

The oldest English name for Christmas is Moddra Niht, or Mothers' Night. In the early days, when our Saxon forefathers had just settled down in the country that was to be England, the day of December 25th was given up to games and feasting, but the night was dedicated to the special honor of mothers.

They occupied the seats of honor, and everyone brought them gifts. Sons and daughters who had gone out into the world strove to be at home on that one night in the year.

A little later the same Yule was given to Christmas, and the rejoicings of the day were prolonged into the night, when men sang and told stories till round the cheerful blaze of the Yule log.

The old customs of Mothers' Night gradually died out, though they still survive in a few remote parts of Britain. Its place has been taken to some extent by the day of Sunday in the North of England. On that day everyone who can do so still makes a pilgrimage homewards, and the mother receives the homage of her family.

Made light of 'em That Way
 "So you get lit up because you have
 troubles!"
 "Sure—make light of 'em that way."

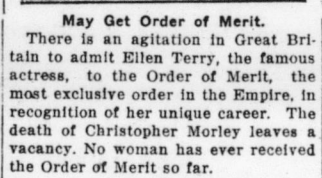
Nineteen centuries ago two kinds of pilgrims made their way to a manger in a stable in Bethlehem of Judea. They were led by the same star. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson, the philosopher of Concord, as the summation of his wisdom in our own time. That is what they did, though they knew not Emerson. They came to worship, and for their faith the air was crowded with the rustle of the wings of angels, and the choir of the bright seraphim, burning like the starlight, sang to them over the head of the Child and Mary the Mother and Joseph and the breathing kine.

Watched came the shepherds. As they watched their flocks afield the light of a sudden glory surprised them. They did not disobey the heavenly vision. They did not turn their backs, and they left their nets to the apostles, and devoutly came and brought such little simple gifts as they had and laid them down at the feet of Mary for her Son. They were not rich, they were not powerful, but they were loyal. Silver and gold had they none. The stable was radiant with poverty, for the Christ Child and Mary and Joseph were as poor as they. All they had was love, and the singing angels were the presence of the angels. But over there in the inn yard, where there was no room for the Baby and His Mother, there was feasting, and they made merry, and they thought the festival was where they were.

Then came several of the wise and great ones of the earth, and they brought presents worthy of their reputation. For the occasion, they were their spirits had travelled so long. They brought gold and frankincense and myrrh. Legend has made kings of these wise men, who showed their wisdom most of all in this, that they knew a King when they saw Him, though he was an infant lying in the manger, and the occasion was so simple, and with "no language but a cry." Their gifts were splendid. But beyond the gleam of the gold, more precious than the rare and costly frankincense, exceeding in value the aromatic gum from Araby, was the spirit of the homage that they gave.

Many of the other kings, the simple men with their poor gifts and the wise, great ones with their sumptuous offerings in the same sweet and touching humbleness that so great an honor was done to her Divine Child whose birthday changed the world. Before the eyes of the infant Christ, the beauty of the gifts was of no account, not in the things our eyes may see, our hands may touch or any sense may know and feel. Christmas is of the heart, and the heart of the shepherd may be whiter, clearer, purer than the heart of kings. The heart of the shepherd is whiter than his black meditation; but he could not be so alive though he scourged with murder every home in his domain. He could not rob the world of Christmas. He could not take to us in 1923 the light of the star upon the hill in Bethlehem, the light that is still in Mary's heart, the light that has been in her dreams and communed with her. It is a love "made great enough to hold the world."

Once a species of plant has lost its perfume, there is no known way of restoring it.



Ring out glad bells for Christmas,
And now as in the past,
Let us listen for old Santa
With his reindeers coming fast.

Again the Christmas holly
The laughter and the mirth,
The merry Christmas gatherers
Around the old home hearth.

Though mystery days are over
And our world is filled with care
Visualized, our childish fancies
With those stockings hanging there.

Unselfish in our giving
And making others glad
Brings with it peace, contentment,
Gifts that from God are had.

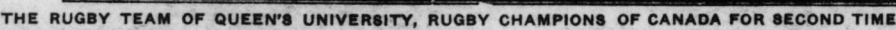
So treasure up the fancies,
And hold the legend dear
While you listen for old Santa
For I'm sure he's nearly here.

I know I hear his reindeers,
And their tinkling bells a-right
Santa, dear old Santa,
He's on his way to-night.

—Maude Pepper Todd.

The "peace and good will spirit" of this season ought to make the oldest and greatest co-operative enterprise, the family, still more potent in adding to the richness of life.

Atoms, in a scientific sense, are so small that one million of them, placed side by side, would not measure as much as the thickness of a sheet of paper.



YOU DON'T LOOK AS HAPPY AS I EXPECTED TO SEE YOU DOCTOR.

ACCOUNT OVER DRAWN

WELL, IT'S THIS WAY, JUDGE BUCK. I HAD A LITTLE BALANCE IN THE BANK, AND THEN I GOT ENGAGED TO MISS FLOPPY - AND NOW.

AH YES! 'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND!

YES, BY JINKS. BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD WHIZ ROUND SO FAST IT WOULD MAKE ME LOSE MY BALANCE!!

•Randall•

Made Light of 'Em That Way
 "So you get lit up because you have
 troubles?"
 "Sure—make light of 'em that way."
 —————
 It requires more intelligence to see
 when you're wrong than when you're
 right.