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A Gillette

For CHRISTMAS



Her Gift—and His

Here is a brilliant and unique Christmas Story from the pen of the late O. Henry, now recognized as one of the world's greatest story-tellers. It is a charming tale, full of character, sentiment—and surprises!

One dollar and ninety-four cents. That was all. And seventy-four cents of it was in coppers saved one and two at a time by bulking the greener and the vegetable man and the butcher, until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and ninety-four cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but to flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which indicates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsidizing from the first stage to the second, let us look at the home. A furnished flat at \$7.50 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicant squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box, into which no letter would go, and an electric button, from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name of "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity, when its possessor was being paid thirty dollars per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to twenty dollars, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming "D." But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim," and greatly hugged by Mrs. Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder-lag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey back yard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and ninety-four cents with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every cent she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated; they always are. Only one dollar and ninety-four cents to buy a present for Jim! Her Jim!

Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him, something fine and rare and sterling, something just a little bit near to being worthy the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in a \$7.50 flat? A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the pier-glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair, and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch, that had been his father's and his grandfather's; the other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry, just to depreci-

ate her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him clink at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still, while a tear or two splashed on the worn, red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts, and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she flattered out to the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off, and let's have a sight at the looks of it!"

"Twenty dollars!" said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick!" said Della. Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ramracking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob-chain, simple and chaste in design, the "Sofronie."

It was even worthy of the watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him, quietness and value—the description applied to both. Eighteen dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the two dollars.

That chain on his watch Jim might properly be anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly, on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain. When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas, and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls, which made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus-girl. But what could I do? Oh, what could I do with one dollar and ninety-four cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove, hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubted the fob-chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair, away down

on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered:

"Please, Heaven, make him think I am still pretty!"

The door opened, and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow! He was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at scent of a quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it, because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow again. You won't mind, will you? I just had to do it; my hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy! You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you!"

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and given away. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on, with a sudden seri-

ous sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction.

Seven dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The Magi brought wonderful gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it on the table. "Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package, you may see why you had me going awhile at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy, and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay the comb—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped in a downtown window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jeweled rims, just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with the dim eyes and a smile, and say:

"My hair grows so fast, Jim," and then Della leapt up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull, precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over the town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch! I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch, and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep them awhile. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on!"

The Magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones,

possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house.

But, in a last word to the wise of these days, let it be said of all who give gifts, these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the Magi.

Christmas, 1919.

Again, the days bring Christmas Day. The day of the Holy Story! And songs of glee are in the air. And merry bells peal everywhere for the Holy Child Who came to earth.

And chose a stable for His birth. And stripped Himself of His glory. "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" We hear the angels singing, And our hearts respond to the glad-some sound.

And we set the bells a-ringing! Eager, we welcome thoughts of peace. Banish our long-worn sadness: Glad that the battle's noise is dim. Glad for the thought of gladness! Anxious to spread some joy and mirth Where hearts were full of sorrow; Clear, from the star of the Baby King, Rays of the brightness borrow.

Cast away care, ye sons of men! Set aside gloom and sinning; Into the stable, with the sheep, Come, with the shepherds' winning. Ease from the pain of yesterday Strength for a brave to-morrow; Purest joy for the King's birthday, And a heart's surcease from sorrow. "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" Still, I hear them singing: "Peace on earth," 'tis come at last! "Good-will to men," as their wings brush past.

And hearts have found the Christmas joy While the Christmas bells are ringing!

The Christmas Guest.

Twine the balsam boughs that hold Memories of delight. Hang the garlands, as of old. Where the lamplight's ruddy gold Blossoms on the night.

Gather round the Christmas fire; Pile a chair for him At the call of love's desire. He will quit the radiant choir—Saints and seraphim.

Heaven is love, and love is here. Tender, strong and true. Lingers now his spirit near, Best and beautiful and dear, Veiled from mortal view.

Sing the songs he loved the best—Songs of mirth and joy. Ere upon his hero-quest, Seeking service, ending rest. Went our blithe, bright boy.

Put a flower at his place—He will understand. In its sweetness love may trace Visions of a vanished face. Touch a vanished hand.

Watching the Falling Snow.

Fall, Magic snow, in great white flakes, and still; Mantle old Mother Earth in radiant white; Cover the sweeping plains, the valleys all, Crown all the hill-tops with a hazy light. This winter's night.

Fall, kindly words, in great heart-whispers fall; Mantle the aching hearts lest they increase; Cover the wounded souls, the friendless call. Crown all the restless with a wreath of peace, Ere kind words cease.



Della looked long and anxiously in the mirror.



"Dell," he said, "I sold my watch to buy the combs for you!"

PITHY POINTS ON PRESENTS

A Christmas present should hold two solid and satisfying pleasures. It should please the giver when he gives; it should please the "getter" when he gets. Then all's well.

There's an art in picking a present. The rules are—first, it should be suitable; then useful; and last, but not least, needed.

You want to sit down with a list lying before you, and study it a bit. Think of your friends' characteristics, their habits, their hobbies, their likes, their dislikes, their needs. You may be quite sure that what is suitable will certainly be useful.

Here are some hints. Of course, they do not cover all the ground. Still, they will show you the system to follow:

If you've been giving Christmas presents to children for some years, don't forget that they grow up. Your gifts must grow up, too. See?

Don't give a book to someone who is not fond of reading. And don't give a girl ten a story of adventure solely intended for boys. It's been done!

You need to exercise a williness in some matters. If you have it in your mind that you will give a friend a tin of tobacco, remember that smokers prefer their own brand. Your choice may make him sick. If you contemplate a pipe as a gift, observe or find out whether a straight or bent one is used. It is in these little details that pleasure lies.

It is always perfectly safe to pander to a hobby, whether it be pigeons, postage stamps, or postcards. Hobbyitis is a disease which has most of us in its clutch. Your present may make things worse in one way, but you're certain to please.

Make your presents complete. Shops are shut at Christmas-time, and friends in the country may have many miles to go, after the holidays are over, before they can do what they are eager to do—use your gift. For example, don't forget the tapers with a natty pair of shoes; with an acetylene lamp send a small tin of carbide; with a box of paints send a painting-book; with a lamp be careful that you also enclose some wick. You see the idea?

Scores of other examples might be given, but if you just look at your present and see that it lacks nothing, it will be all right. A postponed pleasure, involving disappointment, is not what you intended to give, so don't give it.

Lastly, let your presents be personal ones. Children, over and under twenty-one, have a strange habit of giving mother a Christmas present for the house. A new cushion, which all will use, is not a personal gift. Nor is a pair of vases for the mantelpiece. So when giving to father and mother remember to make the gift personal.

Finally, jot down somewhere, and keep the memorandum, what you gave your friends. It saves repeating your self next Christmas.

Suitable, useful, needed, complete, and personal—such must be presents.

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Christmas Eve Is a Sleeper.

The young man who boarded the tourist sleeping car at Langdon, Alberta, on Christmas Eve was not in a good humor. It seemed to him to be particularly unpleasant that, on this night of all the nights in the year, he should have to put up with uncongenial surroundings. The negro porter tucked away his baggage, and he settled himself in his compartment with a feeling that this was to be a Christmas Eve that he should not care to remember.

In the section directly across the aisle were seated the five members of a young family. Something about them at once drew Jerry Cartwright's attention. The mother was pleasant-faced, with a tired look in her eyes that suggested the long, arduous days of travel. The three sleepy youngsters sat huddled together on the seat in front, facing backward. But it was the look of unfounded peace on the face of the father that interested Jerry most. The car, as usual, was overheated, and the man sat in his shirt sleeves, with his head resting against the back of the seat. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved. Raising his head suddenly, he caught Jerry's eyes fixed upon him. At once, with a smile of quick, unembarrassed neighborliness, he spoke:

"It's Christmas Eve, you know," he said. "Why don't we get together and have a few real, old Christmas carols?"

The ingenuous friendliness of the young father stirred an answering chord in Jerry Cartwright in spite of his intended aloofness. The irritation that had possessed him a moment before departed. He perched himself on the arm rest of his seat and, a minute later, the voices of the two men, by no means unmelodious, rose softly in "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

A couple in the section ahead turned and looked back, smiling. Soon the other passengers in the car were attracted, and gradually gathered about the original group; most of them joined unaffectedly in the singing. Among these passengers, Jerry noticed a thin, careworn-looking woman in black come up and stand with her arm about an equally thin, anaemic-looking daughter.

The section of Jerry's friendly neighbor remained the centre of the gathering. The pleasant-faced wife still sat quietly resting, a faint smile in her eyes; the children sat up straight, listening with open-mouthed wonder. But, somehow, Jerry found the eyes of everyone began to turn on himself. Not every song proposed was generally known, but Jerry did his winning best to make everything go. It was surprising the number of tunes and verses he was able to remember—the songs of his old Sunday-school days. They sang them all unrestrainedly, with contagious good will and a sudden feeling of fellowship for one another.

At last the time came for the party to break up. The traveler's Christmas Eve was over. Everyone looked the better and the happier for the impromptu service. Everyone had a friendly word or glance for Jerry and for the jolly, magnetic, young father. Again Jerry noticed the woman in the black dress, standing with her arm round her frail daughter. He reached forward and took the woman's hand.

"I wish you both a happy Christmas and a still happier New Year," Jerry said.

The woman's wan features became animated. "We have to thank you and your friend for a happier Christmas Eve than we expected to spend this year, have we not, Mabel?" she replied.

A little later Jerry Cartwright lay stretched in his berth with raised window shade, gazing out on the dim expanse of prairie. In the east Sirius and the stars of Orion shone out brighter and more clearly than he had ever seen them at home.

"My!" was his unuttered thought. "I got on this train as ill-natured as a bear. A man with a friendly, buoyant heart makes me forget it and help others to be more cheery and forget their troubles, too; and now—a kitten could play with me. Why, it's been one of my best Christmas Eves!"

Candle Holders For Christmas Eve.

The pleasant custom of decorating home windows with candles on Christmas Eve can be made much easier and safer by adopting the simple device of placing the candles in the common tin putty-pans that can be bought at any hardware shop. The candle will stand firmly in place if it is melted a little and stuck in the pan by its own wax. The pans do away with the danger of getting fire to the window frames when the candle burns so low that the wick falls over, for they are large enough to catch the wick in whatever direction it may fall. Inexpensive should always be drawn back and tacked to the window frames or taken down.

The newspaper once seems rather a queer present to go shopping for. Christmas presents, but there are few gifts that friends miles away from the old home town will enjoy more than fifty-two issues of the home paper.