

as Spirit Belgium

conventional ideas, arer sense of duty.

hness of our usual whom we expect

tunities for REAL ost need our help.

need it—oh, so gian Relief Fund, hey would actually his Christmas Eve!

expenditures, don't entional Christmas re, send your sub-one lump sum to

ef Fund

TREAL Organized Relief ver Seen.

nowledged by the Courier

DID PRESENT

UR BOY OR GIRL

embership Card in Our

s Saving Club

ll deposit yourself and secure a and after that it will be up to the to make deposits weekly. The ll as to be even within the reach (Larger amounts for larger em something to strive for and habit which will be of value all the money is returned to them interest added, they will be de-ults of systematic saving.

UB NOW OPEN

out this week. Better do it now

s Bank of Canada

amilton & Co.

Manufacturers. Brantford

e Sales Show a ase Since Sept. 16

think that we cannot sell them me House here, but that order some Montreal firm. This is not all you direct, but in not less than llon lots.

Port Wine at \$4.00 a case, while an excellent Wine, 8 years old, one dozen reputed quarts or gallon. War tax stamps are in-ces. We have a score of other at value.

nd entertain your friends with trape.

amilton & Co.

WINE MANUFACTURERS. OSIE ST., BRANTFORD

his family. The Sun's market reports are admittedly the best and most accurate published. It has no equal in the field. This feature alone will amply repay every subscriber.

AND THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS OF OUR BRANTFORD POSTMEN

A Story of a Task That Teaches a Useful Lesson, and After You Read it You Will be More Considerate of the Man Who Carries the Bundle

BY HARRY SMITH
I awoke early that morning—one always does on Christmas Day. I remember drowsily wondering if the postman had been. I knew it was too early, but still I had a feeling that he should be particularly early on this Christmas Day, because he was bringing me a parcel from—well, it was a parcel that I eagerly looked forward to receiving. "It's now about eight o'clock," I thought. "Eight o'clock, eight o'clock, and the next thing I knew I was up, dressed and on that street."

It was hardly light and the quietness was complete. Almost one could hear the soft snowflakes as they came to rest on the white ground. Street light still marked the road, down the hillside, across the Don flats and up the opposite slope, while far to the south a noiseless street car made a moving patch of light and warmth as it rolled over the Gerard street bridge. The trees bore garlands of snow, and all at once the sound of city bells began to float from far across the river. "This," I said to myself, "is Christmas Day."

"It is," replied a gruff voice, "and it's me that knows it."
Hastily I turned and thru the snow and gloom of early dawn I saw coming towards me a stout figure bending almost double under a huge load of parcels.

I could not be sure, yet I thought it would be more polite to take a chance. Removing my hat, and making a bow in my best manner, I respectfully murmured: "Santa Claus, I presume, or perhaps I should say, St. Nicholas."

The great sack of parcels dropped to the ground and the bent figure slowly straightened up.
"Now, you've said it," he replied. "That's me—Santa Claus."

"I am delighted to meet you at last," I said as I moved forward with outstretched hand. But suddenly I drew back—"Why?" I gasped in surprise. "You've shaved off your whiskers, and what is your right red coat with the fur trimming?"

"Gone," replied the figure—"gone with all my reindeers, sleigh-bells and all the other fine things I used to have in the good old days."

War-time economies, I thought, but said nothing preferring to let the old gentleman's conversation ramble on. But he appeared indispensible to ramble. His remarks began to sound somewhat brisk as though he were decidedly a man of business.

His Busy Day
"My busy day," he said, "and you and I have a lot of work to do." "I believe my ears. I beg your pardon, but were you referring to me?"

"Certainly," he said. "You're the man that's going to help me with this load, ain't you?"
"Am I?" I asked.

"Sure you are," he replied, "what d'ye s'pose you got up so early for if it wasn't to help me? I expected to meet you a quarter of an hour ago. Come on, catch hold."

In a moment I found myself mysteriously weighted down under a sack seemingly as heavy as his own. I started to remonstrate, but a rising wind blew my words over my shoulder and I hurried after the burly form of my companion which already had begun to disappear into the now blinding snow ahead.

Thus I labored for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time my companion stopped. As I came up he grinned. "Like the job?" he asked.

"Sir!" I said with all the dignity possible to a man carrying a bag much too heavy for him. "This is preposterous. You may be Santa Claus, the most popular saint in the calendar, but you are not going to impose upon me."

"Tut-tut," he said, "keep cool; we commence work at the next corner."
"Commence," I shouted somewhat hotly. "Why, what do you suppose I've been doing all this—?" but here the great bag I had previously thrown to the ground fastened itself to me, and I stumbled. I saw there was nothing else for it. Besides, I found it impossible to stop.

At the next corner he halted again. Under the corner light his face shone ruddy and wet with melting snow. He laughed good-naturedly, and try as I would to prevent it, I had to laugh too.

"That's best," he said. "If you were on this job long you'd almost get to like it."

"But," I said, "rubbing my aching shoulders, 'this bag's too heavy.'" "You'd get used to that," he replied "in time." Now, you take every second house. I'll take the others, and we'll get along famously."

"But," I objected, "how am I to get in?"
"In where," he asked seemingly amazed.
"In the houses, of course, to fill the stockings and all that sort of thing," I answered.
"Oh," he laughed, a little roguishly. "To busy to-night. Had to visit the boys in the trenches. Stick 'em in the letter boxes."

Such Hard Work
And so we went to work, and what

hard work it was. For every door my sack contained bundle after bundle, and parcel after parcel. We seemed to cross the streets a thousand times, and the my sack gradually came less bulky, it seemed to grow heavier as I dragged on the weary round. But it was not more heavy than the snow that clogged my feet. And how I blessed the slippery sidewalks underneath the snow, and how I blessed those men who had their houses so far back from the road as to almost wear one out walking from the sidewalk to the front door. At more than one place too, the letter boxes were carefully placed as tho to defy anyone to find them.

"Well," I said, dejectedly, "I hope these people are pleased with our visit, but they don't go very far towards making our labors light."

"Not they," said Santa Claus, as cheerily as ever. "It's the things we bring they think about, not us. But there—it's human nature and they're not so bad, take 'em all the way round. There's one or two of 'em, tho, that are pretty nasty. One's in the next block. You'll see in a minute."

I did. Going up the verandah steps of a large house nearby, I stumbled or fell with a loud clatter. A moment later a window opened and a tousled head fired at me a string of abuse that almost warmed my frozen frame. It finished with a great report me to somebody that day. It was not too cold or tired to laugh at that.

"Report Santa Claus," I said. "That's a good one."

"Oh, he will do you good," said Santa Claus, "he always does."

"What do you mean?" I asked in bewilderment, "who will he report us to?"
My merry companion laughed till his sides shook, and hurried on with his work, leaving me to do mine. By this time I was tuckered out. The cold winds went through me and my numb fingers all but refused to sort the parcels and stuff them into the letter boxes. I wished I had never seen Santa Claus, and felt I should never again hear with pleasure the mention of his name as of old. I must admit his geniality. He was tired—no doubt of it—but as jocosely as a puppy at a dog show, and as busy as a kitten at a cream jug. Oh, but he was the bright-eyed little man. One could not be unhappy in his company, even the cold, wet, miserable and hungry. He even laughed when a savage dog ran out of the alleyway and tore the tails of my coat with one hair-raising growl.

"That all but finished me. I sat in the snow prepared to die then and there. The snow melted beneath me. I coo dumno even die comfortably. Laboriously I rose to go about the job of delivering the last few packages in my bag."

CAINSVILLE NEWS
(From our own correspondent)
Rev. C. E. Morrow, of Hamilton, was calling on friends in the village on Saturday.

Lieut. Ed. Sager, of the 122nd Battalion, Galt, was renewing acquaintances here on Thursday.

The Baptist Sunday School Concert held in the hall on Tuesday evening was well attended. The first part of the programme was given by the children, and consisted of choruses, recitations and dialogues, which were all very well rendered. Mr. Dayfoot, of Toronto, then gave lantern slides with description of the origin of the first Sunday School, and its great success and influence to-day. Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Jerseyville, acted as chairman. At the close the children were given a treat of candy and oranges. Prizes were also given by the teachers.

The bazaar at the school on Thursday afternoon proved a very pleasing affair. A programme was given in the junior room by the scholars. Short speeches were made by the teachers, Mr. Henry and Miss Fraser, Lieut. Sager, of the 122nd Battalion, Galt, former teacher was present and gave an account of one day's routine with the soldiers.

The bazaar consisted of articles made by the children, candy, pop corn, cakes, pies, calendars, work bags and some raffia work. These articles all met with a ready sale, and a jar of beans at five cents a guess at the number it contained, brought a good sum.

The lucky guesser received a box of candy as a prize.

\$12.75 was realized for the Belgian Relief Fund, and the children certainly deserve credit for their untiring labors.

Much regret was expressed by the pupils of the Senior room at the leaving of their teacher, Mr. Henry, who by his kindly regard and interest has been very popular with the scholars.

Wife, mother or sister, would appreciate a pair of high-cut two-tone or black shoes from Coles' Shoe Co., 122 Colborne St.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Music and Drama

THE GRAND.
The Ernie Marks dramatic and vaudeville stock company will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, with the wonderful drama "The Legal Limit." Mr. Marks owns the sole right to play this clever up-to-date drama in Canada, and it has proven a box office winner all season through Ontario. The play tells a clever story with lots of pathos and comedy interwoven in the scenes. Between the acts six big vaudeville specialties are presented, making a big evening's entertainment at popular prices. The clever actress, Miss Kittie Marks, and Ernie Marks, are big favorites in Brantford, and this season the star is surrounded by 14 clever players.

Killing the Calves

—All sorts of excuses are offered for the high price of beef, the most plausible being the alleged demand for veal—"the killing of calves which should be allowed to grow into regular beef." You cannot have beef if you eat it as "veal," but you can have Shredded Wheat Biscuit which contains more real nutrition than beef and costs much less. Shredded wheat biscuit is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Make it your "meat" for ten days and see how much better you feel. Wholesome and strengthening for any meal with milk or cream or in combination with fruits.

Made in Canada



TAX PAYING.

The time has come to pay the tax upon my chattels and my dwelling; of ruffles many hard-earned lacs from my strongbox I must be shelling. And when I've paid the goodly sum for which the tax collector liches, with hats in hand, men still will come to touch me for my meagre riches. This slogan is forever called, "Dig up! Dig up! We need your money, to build a refuge for the bald, and buy old spinsters cake and honey! Dig up, to buy the paupers grub, forgetting that they loated all summer; dig up, to help the Country Club pay off the carpenter and plumber. Dig up, dig up, the village wench; to see you fill its park with benches; dig up, to purchase roller skates for soldiers in the foreign trenches. Dig up, buy the heathen clothes, and saddles for their alligators; dig up to buy the Eskimos some up-to-date refrigerators. My yearly tax I'll pay today, on house and lot, and other rigging, and gladly, gladly would I pay, if that would end the constant digging!

OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Homemaker—Order Any Pattern Through the Courier. Be Sure to State Size.

LADY'S HOUSE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

There are few of us who will not admit that to-day the house dress is a very much to be reckoned with garment. The modern woman has made it so, realizing that she is looked to by the other members of the family to set the example by being neatly, smartly and becomingly dressed. Such a woman is more useful that she used to be. The illustration shows her to advantage in a late style house dress.

No. S.095 is a model that stands for service and which is within the law of style as well. The waist is on full, comfortable lines and may or may not hide its gathered lower edge under a belt in meeting the four gore skirt that is "all buttoned down before." The sleeve is easily full and long, finished with a hand cuff of material; the collar is of popular cut and the pockets give dash as well as being convenient. Contrasting goods to trim as pictured has plenty of merit.

This design is really nice enough to develop in serge, gabardine or the like for street wear, using braid to trim. For a house dress glingham, linen, chambray, seersucker, etc., are very good fabrics. The woman who uses patterns for such garments always "turns to the right."

The dress pattern No. S.095 cuts in sizes 36 to 44 bust. To make in size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, 5 1/2 yard of 27 inch contrasting goods. To obtain this pattern, send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH YOUNG AND CAMERON

HOT OR COLD?
I can and I love it. I like to feel cool sometimes. It is a pleasant sensation to actually be conscious of being cool.

And then again, I like to feel warm. I like especially to sit in the sunshine until I have a mellow feeling like an old apple tree. I can understand sun-worship better than any other heathen religion.

The exact sensations of every human being are a closed book to every other. It is impossible to know just how much pain another suffers. And likewise, it is impossible to know exactly how heat or cold affects anyone else. I mention this because people who like a cool room are often impatient with people who want to be warm and think they are just fuddy-duddys.

A Warm-Blooded Person Makes a Discovery
One of these warm-blooded people made a discovery the other day. He was sick and was hovering over the fire. "It's not exactly cold," he said, "but I want to be real warm. I suppose that's because my vitality is low."

"Come to think of it," he broke out a little later, "that may be the way with those people that want to feel warm. Their vitality is low and they need more heat."
"Well," he admitted, rather shamefacedly, "I've got more sympathy for them today than I ever had before."



THE SPIDER-SQUAW.
She met an enemy much too strong for her. It was a witch. Now the Indian mother had seen with her keen Indian eyes something creeping along—creeping along through the tall grass, and thinking, of course, it was a deer or a bear or even a fox, she shot an arrow at it and jumped at the dreadful scream she heard.
The witch rose, tall and skinny, in her ragged robes of black.

"Who art thou?" faltered the Indian mother, pale and afraid.
"I," said the witch, "am the witch who teaches the spiders all to spin. Who art thou, mother, and yet not mother, hunter, and yet not hunter?"
Why art thou hot weaving rugs and baskets in the camp of thy Indian fathers?"

"Oh, witch," said the Indian mother, "I like it not. I love the woods and the tall grass."

"Then," said the witch angrily, "shalt thou like them forever more." She waved her witch-wand. And there where the Indian mother had stood with her papoose upon her back was a huge spider. On her back was a baby spider fastened to her by a strand of spider silk.

The spider squad ran off swiftly through the stones and grass and the witch laughed.

"Thou wouldst not weave blankets," she cried. "Neither shalt thou weave a spider web. Even as the Indian mother, so shalt thou be brave and good to the young; upon thy back, And men in time shall call thee the wolf spider because ever thou runnest through the grass hunting prey."

There are many wolf spiders now who carry their babies upon their backs, weave no grass in search of prey. Somewhere, I'm sure, is that spider squaw who was once an Indian mother who was once an Indian Monday—The Swanboat and the Rose.

Carving Sets

Our Carving Sets are all of well known English makes such as Wolstinholm, Jos. Rogers, Elliott, Dickenson. Many beautiful designs, with sterling silver or plain mountings, and highly polished blades and handles. Put up in cardboard boxes or leatherette cases with silk lining. To see these carvers is to appreciate them. Splendid value. They make beautiful gifts.

\$1.10 to \$10.00
76 Dalhousie Street
Howies Temple Bldg.
EST'D 1860
Successor to Howie and Feely

Useful Christmas Hardware —OF— Highest Quality
Table Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Safety Razors, Shears and Scissors, Case Carvers, N. P. Copper Tea and Coffee Pots, Percolators, Cigaroles, Carpet Sweepers, Etc.
All of Highest quality at lowest prices.

Turnbull & Cutcliffe, Ltd.

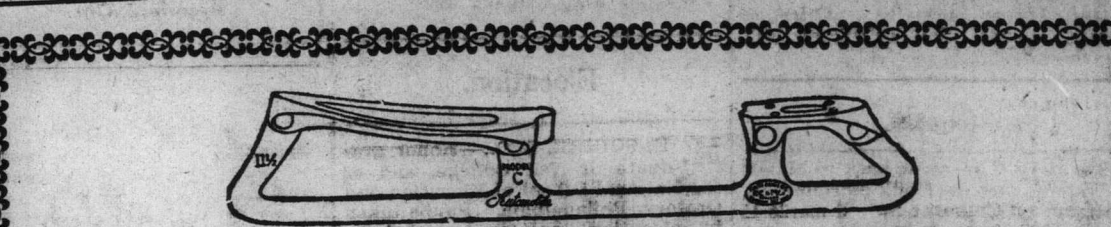
Hardware and Store Makers
Corner of King and Colborne Streets.

Classified Advertising PAYS

The waste paper basket in some offices is emptied once a day, sometimes twice a day. Besides scraps of paper and envelopes it usually contains many circulars addressed to the man who seldom opens them.

Thousands of dollars are wasted by circular publicity. There is no surer method of reaching the people you want than through the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE COURIER. There is no waste publicity in CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING. You can reach a greater number of possible buyers at a cost far below that of sending circulars, and the only time needed is to write your copy.

Eliminate office basket waste and turn your money into CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.



Skating will be Good For Christmas

And what boy or girl, young or old, but who wants to skate, and they will enjoy skating a lot more if they have good skates. The celebrated Ames-Holden Hockey Shoes and Automobile and Starr Skates are certainly the best to be had and we have them.

Christmas Present Suggestions
Gillette, Auto Strop and Ever-Ready Safety Razors, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Hand Sleighs, Cleveland, Standard and Crescent Bicycles, Snow shoes, etc.
All skates or shoes purchased from us will be attached free of charge.

Skates Ground, best in city, for 10c

C. J. MITCHELL

PHONE 148 80 Dalhousie Street TEMPLE BLDG