### HAMILTON EVENING TIMES, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 18, 1907

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### An Encounter With Santa Claus.

Strange Ride of Simeon Hardack, a Bachelor Who Didn't Believe in Christmas. By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

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d saint? But if you stop to think you will alize that Mr. Hardack had no res for toy shops, and when he saw crowd around a window he said senseless idlers," and hurried on

Senseless idlers, and nurred of sway. No. Simeon Hardack, bachelor of k knew nothing of Santa Claus, and goes without saying that he did bt care for children either. He knew that all people had to be-h by being children. For his part had got through the painful ne-issity as soon as possible, and at t was just as dull and commonplace he was ten, or twenty, or thirty wars later.

Behold Mr. Hardack preparing for Behold Mr. Hardack preparing for eep on Christmas Eve. He lived in a old house downtown that was lessed with old-fashioned fireplaces. hat is, he lived in one room in the ld house; it being given up to lodg-ts

Hardack had worked late Mr. but, Hardack had worked hab at the office and he intended to go back i work next morning because, this sing a workaday world, the only ling to do was to work and amass noney, for the nicht cometh when o man may work-unless he be a

urglar. Mr. Hardack had a well developed ar of burglars. He had never seen ne, and you may wonder how he he, and you may wonder how he ad imagination enough to conceive I what he had not seen; but he had then read the accounts of their do-igs, had anown men who had suf-ired losses due to their depreda-rans, and he was firmly convinced ist there were burglars, and so sure ist his open fireplace would form a especially attractive entrance for be methat he was always meaning to that he was always meaning to

bard it up. But to do so would cost But to do so would cost money, ad Simeon was no spendthrift. Why b did not even utilize the fireplace s a good spot for a hearth fire. A bod fire when he could keep just bout as warm by wearing his over at until he had finished reading his ing paper? And then to bed with overcoat taking the place of a rening paper? anket

do not know much of the You do not know much of the abits of misers if you have not tought ere this that Mr. Hardack inst have stores of gold laid away 1 unexpected places in his room, i was not all gold, for some of it as silver, and some was in bills; at there were at least four places in pe room that held enough to have covided bin with a warm and cheerold age if he had been looking any such foolish luxury

And so this Christmas Eve Simeon lardack read his paper, shivering i his greatcoat, and then putting at his tallow candle he undressed

the dark and went to bed. He had hardly covered himself with is coat before the moon came out is coat before the moon came out and silvered his room and made him gish that it could be minted, which as really quite an exercise of im-gination on his part. Her rather lik-it the moonlight because he got it ar nothing, but he often wished that a rays were just a bit stronger so that he might save candles. How many people whom Santa Claus-sits really believe in him: I am afraid at they are so few in number that the id as ant would feel depressed if he were sid.

Id saint would reer depressed if he were sld. But happily for him he seldom comes to speaking contact with his benefi-taries, and so he has come along year fiter year with his packs of good things and has fondly supposed that his com-ig is looked for by the whole earth. I don't suppose he could have picked at a less likely place to visit than the form of Simeon Harda's. But no loought f anything save the bringing f happiess to all within the house indicer on the sloping roof, allowing is deigh to rest on the southerly slant, thig the eight little fellows stamped

Te wssn't that Simeon Hardack did t believe in Senta Claus. I doubt if had ever heard of him. In his boyhood he had lived among iny practical people who though ity strikes a waste of time, if they are not downright ommoral, and histamas Day Simeon had been wont work just as hard as on any other by of the year. You may ask whether Mr. Hardack it not have eyes. Could he not see he show windows in the toy stores, here there was always sure to basint? But if you stop to think you will laize that Mr. Hardack had no soint? But if you stop to think you will laize that Mr. Hardack had no soint? But if you stop to think you will laize that Mr. Hardack had no soint? Soint? But if you stop to think you will laize that Mr. Hardack had no soint? But if you stop to think wou will baseless idlers." And hurried on Sonte Claus lawned a sindow he said crowd around a window he said sonds a sulfs. Sonte Claus lawned a soint soint? Sonte Claus lawned a soint soint?

iones. Santa Claus laughed as only he can

laugh. "Is it robbery to take from one's own warehouse?. These are my toys, made by my good wife and me, and I hope to make many children happy with them. What have you done this Christmas to make your fellow men happy?" "Come, now, no cant," said Simeon, still levelling the pistol at the breast of the old saint. laugh

the old saint. But Santa Claus gazed full in his eye and Simeon felt a strange compulsion on-him to do as the other willed. Santa Claus stood on the hearthstone and smiled at Simeon, the miser, and that hard man slowly let fall his arm, and at lest laid the pistol on the bed. Still gazing intently at him, Santa said suggestively: suggestively

suggestively: "Where is the money that you are going to shower right and left among you fellow men?" And Simeon said: "Some of it is be-

And Simeon said: "Some of it is be-hind the wall paper over there." "Good," said Santa Claus, "this is the night you will need it. Go and get it." Simeon walked over to the wall, and taking down a cheap lithograph from a nail he pressed on the wall paper and it broke and let his hand into a cavity, from which he drew a handful of silver and gold and a roll of bills. "You have done well," said Santa Claus. "All these years you have been saving up this money that you might go Saving up this money that you might go with me to night to add to the Christ-mas happiness of those whom I visit. I have no money, and there have maney among those I visit who need money nore than toys. Is it not lucky that I found you? lucky," said Simeon, under the "Very

hypnotic influe Santa Claus looked at him searchingly and he said:

and he said: "I suppose you know that I have three, other hiding places for my money." "I did not know it," said Santa Claus, rubbing his red cheeks delightfully, "but it pleases me. Only keep a little for yourself." "Yes. I will keep enough but I must give the other away. When shall we start?" "As soon as you have collected it." Simeon took down two other wretched chromos, and from behind them he took out hundreds of dollars. "Good," said Santa Claus. "Now we must be going. It is a cold night. You

he meets.

"Yes, we will hurry and you will be happy. Did you ever think of doing this happy. Did you est before?" "Never hefore." "That is why you have not been ""That is why you have not been been happy," echo happy," "I have not been happy," echoed

"T have not been happy," echoed Simeon. "I suppose you will regret this in the morning," said Santa Claus, when they were out on the roof. He gathered up the reins as he spoke. "I will regret it in the morning," was the arrot-like response. "That is because you did not get into the habit of doing it sconer. But you will be happy to night." Over the housetops c ampered the tiny reindeer, and if Simcon had not been under a hypnotic spell he would have wondered at the strange ride, but he y thought of nothing but the getting rid of that which he had saved all these years. In those chinneys that were too small for his mortal form he sent down moas?" by Santa Claus, but some of the larger ones he descended himself, and saw many happy children dreaming of the under a new influenced his entire life! But his hypnotism did not outlast the night. Still, long before the night was ended Simeon had given away all his money, and at last Santa Claus left him near the Harlem River with just car fare home. Christmas morning was dawning in

Christmas morning was dawning in the east when Simeon Hardack, who made hundreds of children happy by lavish donations of money ,entered hi room and rubbed his eyes. The firs The first thing that attracted his attention wer

the three holes in the wall paper. He rushed to them and discovered that he had been robbed of their contents. He

The had been robbed of their contents. He looked at his bed and there lay his pistol. The fog cleared from his brain. "If all comes back to me now. That burglar in the fancy ball costume must have drugged me after all, and got away with the money that I have been saving for so many years." He rushed to the fourth hiding place. There was money there, but it was his smallest hoard. A servant passed his open door on the way down to light the kitchen firet. "Merry Christmas!" sale said. "Merry nothing!" said Simeon Har-dack, savagely.

dack, savagely. But for all that his money made many Merry Christmases that day. MAINE'S CHRISTMAS TREE

TRADE GROWS FAST Twelve years ago a aprty of hunters,

returning on a steam yacht from a caribou hunt in Newfoundland, called at Sargentyille, on the eastern shore Penobscot Bay, and took a ride land to visit some abandoned copper and lead mines in Blue Hill, Maine. The leaves had failen from deciduous trees, lead mines in Blue Hill, Maine. The leaves had failen from deciduous trees, causing the dark evergreens to stand out in bold relief against the neutral back-ground of browns and greys. Stretching back from the roadside and sweeping over hill and valley were tens of thou-sands of young firs in the full vigor of rampant growth. The owner of the yacht looked at them carefully and came to the conclusion they would make ideal. Christmas trees-much better than the cerabby, irregular pines that were then in use. He hired some men and horses and londed the deck of the yacht with about 500 trees, and took them to Bos-ton ag a speculation. When the cargo of trees were taken up in front of Fan-euil Hall the marketagen fell over one another in their greed to get the free trees. They sold out the entire lot at an enormous profit, and chamored for more, The neutres that 5000 teres more

Simeon took down two other wretched chromos, and from behind them he took out hundreds of dollars. "Good," said Santa Claus. "Now we must be going. It is a cold night. You will need to dress warmly." While Simeon was dressing Santa Claus looked out of the window at the snow-covered roofs of the houses, glisten-ing in the light of the Christmas moon.

Christmas With the Kaiser

To see the Kaiser at Christmas, writes Wolf von Schierbrand,

in Lippincott's (December), is to see a man who has shed all the

pretentions of a demigod; one who has stepped down from his

pedestal to become a good plain burgher, overflowing with the

milk of human-kindness. "Every Christmas Eve, when early dusk

gathers in a northern clime, wrapped in an ample cape mantle,

wholly unattended and not easily recognisible, it is his custom to

stroll through his park around the Neues Palais, where the boughs are laden with feathery snow, and then through Potsdam. His pockets are full of gold and silver pieces, and like another Santa 

the park laborers and the white-haired gardeners in Sans-Souci; the crippled veteran and the sturdy beggar-each and every one-

receives his dole. Often he pays at Christmas debts of courtesy incurred during the year. To Baron van Lyncker, his marshall

of the household, he sent a magnificent present (worth about 10,

firs was 700,000 trees a year. Last sea-son more than 1,200,000 were sent away, This season's shipments will probably reach 1,500,000.

This season's shipments will productly reach 1,200,000. Though the cutting, trimming, bund-ling and shipment of Christmas trees is a laborious task, the Maine farmers make the occasion are autumnal holiday, taking their Marilles to the forest fringe and eating their indiay meal around a blaz-ing fire, that mass and sparkles in the midst of their fabors. One man cuts the sightle trees else to the ground. A boy or strong girl cuts away with a sharp hatchet the few dead limbs at the base; a woman and a Boy or two women put the trees into bundles of twelve and tie then firmly together with strong cords, and a large boy or a man drives the tegrin of horse harnessed to a hayrack, which hats the load to the wharf or railroad station.

railroad station. Meantime the smaller children of the family roam through the woods, pulling the trailing creepers of ground pine from among the fallen leaves, picking great among the faith leaves, picking great bunches of glossy wintergreen from the shddows of overhanging pines and gath-ering in the shining red fruit of the wild raisin ishrub, all of which will be placed carefully in boxes and sent away to form wreaths and streamers for church deco

carefully in boxes and sent away to form wreaths and streamers for church deco-ration and for the adornment of stately city homes where Christmas is observed with pomp and splendor. From the point of view of the million-aire, who makes and loses thousands of dollars on margins every day, the rev-ence which the Maine farmers derive from Christmas trees seems insignificant, but the sum total means a great deal to those such are not overburdened with money. Allowing seven and one-half delivered at the station, and plac-ing the number at 1,500,000, the revenue from trees alone will be \$112,500. Auded to this is, say, \$10,000 for berries and trailing evergreens to be made into wreaths. This means 20,000 barrels of flour, or 10,000 cleaks for the women or as many overcoats for the men. It means 40,833 pairs of shoes, or 61,250 pairs of storm overshoes, or it means an amual income of \$4,800, if put at interest in any of the Maine savings S Ĩ



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CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY. When this pretty story was told to me, By one who had helped to rear The rustling grain for the merry birds In Norway, many a year.

In the far-off land of Norway, Where the winter lingers late, And long for the singing birds and flower The fittle children wast.

When at last the summer ripens, And the harvest is gathered in, And the foed for the bleak, drear days The toiling people win.

Through all the land the children In the golden fields remain Till their busy little hands have gleaned A generous sheaf of grain.

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten They glean to the very least, To save till the cold December For the bird's Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country There happens a wonderful thing; The hirds flock north, south, east and west, Thero happens a wonderful The birds flock north, south, For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas, The twittering crowds arrive. And the bitter, wintry air at once With their chirping is all alive.

They parch upon roof and gable, On porch and fence and tree, They flutter about the windows, And peep in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children, Who engerly looked out, With checks that bloom like roses red And greet them with welcoming shout

On the joyous Christmas morning, In front of every door, A tail pole, crowned with clustering grain Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly It would be hard to tell; The birds who shars in the Christmas Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember, With faith so full and sure. That the children's bounty awaited them The whole wide country o'er!

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Works:

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When suddenly a shadow passed, Along the footpath gliding: He paused and 'neath a low-hung bow Beheld an Indian hiding.

'Hush''' And he held his finger u While through the umbrage steall "'Tis Christmas Eve! Me watch To see the wild deer kneeling."

Yet on the first bright Christmas-eve, Around the lowly manger. The coft-eyed brutes with angels gazed Upon the heavenly stranger.

Glass Telegraph Poles. At Grossalmerode, a town near Cassel, Germany, a factory has recently been established for the manufacture of glass telegraph and telephone poles. The glass mass of which the poles are made is strengthened by interlacing and intertwining with strong wire threads. One of the principal advantages of these poles, it is said, would be their use in tropical countries, where wooden poles are soon destroyed by the ravages of insects and where elimatical influences are ruinous to wood. The Imperial Post Department, which has control of the telegraph and telephone lines in Ger-many, has ordered the use of these glass poles on one of its tracts.—London Daily We cannot know how far and deep Their mystic instinct reacheth: Nor what mute sense of Right and Love These poor dumb children teacheth.

But Love that can redeem and save, For evil, good returning. Can hold all creatures to its heart, The humblest never epurning.

Honor the voice that dares to speak, The cruel jest unheeding, For thicse who cannot speak themselves, A word of friendly pleading Casting 1

The trained elephant of India com-mences its career of usefulness at the age of twelve, and toils until about its eightieth year.

City 4 turbine engine has been in-tallec and is shown in operation beside an engine of the reciprocating type. The turbine is doing duty in generalizing electricity, as well as serving for demonstration purposes. In proportion to its weight, a bird's wing is twenty times stronger than the average man's arm.

Readen and the second and the second se

**OIL'S PRODUCTS** 

thought that our little children. Would like to know it, too.

To take God's innocent creatures see In every child a friend,

Glass Telegraph Poles.

poles on one of its tracts.-London Daily Graphic.

Instruction on the construction and operation of the turbine engine has been added to the course of the Stuy-yesart High School, in New York

Celia Thazter

t seems to me so beautiful, So blessed a thing to do.

and on our faithful kindness So fearlessly depend.

A traveller through Canadian woods Was hurrying benighted: Twas nearly midnight; and the moon His lonely path lighted.

The air was still; yet overhead the pines were softly singing; While glowed the moon; upon the Their silent shadows flinging.

Ah! we may say the legend old Was but an idle notion: A Cornish peasant's fancy wild, Transplanted o'er the ocean:

Castine Mo.

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ie sleigh to rest on the southerly slaut, thile the eight little fellows stamped and Fidgeted on the uorthern incline. In the state of the southern incline. There is no doubt but that Santa laus has a marvellous property of ac-ommodating himself to small cainuteys, is his way would be barred in count-ess instances; but the house in which themen lived had an ample chinney, and a Santa stepped into it he said to his eindeer, quite as if they understood very word—and maybe they did: "This reminds me of old times, my ttle fellows. There are crowds of chil-

"This reminds me of old times, my fite fellows. There are crowds of chi-ren living here, and the old folks came rom the country, and I dare say I'll find tree already pretty well loaded with fits. Well, i'll give them some things and the same same the same start of the same same same same same same same ty things are made by hand and war-anted to last."

Inted to last." The reindeer ate little mouthfuls of now and butted each other playfully, nd, with a happy smile on his red face, Id Santa descended.

nd, with a happy smile on his red face, Id Santa descended. He stepped out upon the hearth and aw by the moonlight that the children uust be in another room, for there was o one here but a man sound asleep. No, not sound asleep, for as the some-that heavy saint alighted on the hearth imeon stirred and then sat up. Simcon Hardack was a misser, but he as not a coward, and when he saw the untastically dressed man on his hearth-woue he reached for the pistol that he tereity at the corpulent body of the good old fellow. "Stir one step," said Simcon, "and Fll low your head off." But Santa Claus was no coward, ither, and, not knowing the meaning of ulice or uncharitableness, he simply miled and said: "It is one of the machine-made toys, do not make them because they are tally dangerous. Do you intend to give it by our son?"

on was surprised at such an ir-t speech from the burglar, and

dols.), a chest of solid silver plate, in recognition of the extra and rather vexatious labors that official had had to perform dur-ing the year 1900, the year when the Crown Prince attained his majority To Dr. von Leuthold, his body physician, he handed a majority. To Dr. von Leutnoid, ins oody physician, he handed a fine gold repeater, set in precious stones and bearing the motion 'Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.' This had reference to a past difference in opinion between the doctor and his imperial patient. In the royal household the Christmas festivities are conducted on an elaborate scale, and yet, we are told, in the same spirit which makes the day dear to the heart of all the German people.''

interest in any of the Maine savings S banks.

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