

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS.

Dr. Bridges,

The Poet Laureate Addresses King
In Xmas, Ode.

London, Dec. 24.—The Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, has revived an ancient custom, and like remote predecessors, has assumed the functions of "Versificator Regis." He has availed himself of the right to address the sovereign not only on state occasions but at the time of a Xmas festival. He has sent a poem, which is the first fruit of his official appointment, to the King and the Times publishes it this morning at His Majesty's express desire. The Times in a foreword says:

"To the poet of his first predecessor, who we hear of at least as early as 1340, Mr. Bridges appears to have reverted with much grace and felicity for the form in which the poem is cast. It is not improbable that a court minstrel of the early fourteenth century would have used the same Germanic rhythm, based upon alliteration and central pause, which is best known to us now from 'The Vision of Piers Plowman.'"

Mr. Bridges, therefore, sought out the earliest founts of English inspiration, and has attested the continuity both of the inspiration and the office."

The poem, which is entitled, "Christmas Eve, Pax Hominihus kense Voluntatis" follows:

"Frosty Christmas eve when the stars were shining,
And I forth alone where Westward falls the hills,
And from many a village in the water'd valley
Distant music reached me as peals of bells a-ringing;
The constellated sounds ran sprinkling on earth's floor
As the dark vault above with stars was spangled o'er.

Then sped my thought to keep that first Christmas of all
When the shepherds, watching by their folds ere dawn,
Heard angels in the fields, and marvels could not tell
Whether it were angels or the bright stars singing.

Now blessed be the towers that crown England so fair,
That stand up in prayer unto God for our souls;
Blessed be their founders, said I, and their country folk
Who are ringing for Christ in the bellies to-night.
With arms lifted to clutch the rattling ropes that race
To the dark vault above and the mad, romping din.

But to me, heard afar, it was heavenly music,
Angels sang, comporting as the comfort of Christ
When he spake tenderly to his sorrowful flock,
The old words come to me, my riches of time
Mellow'd and transfigured, as I stood on the hill
Harkening into the aspect of the eternal silence.

New Year. Resolutions.

THE VIEWS OF CELEBRITIES.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.:
I should not like to point out any moral resolutions. That, it seems to me, is a question which affects each one of us in a different way. But if we were asked to name a resolution which would benefit the country at large, I would say: "See to it that the House of Lords is abolished as a legislative assembly."

Frederick Carlile, Founder of the Church Army:
I do not think a better resolution could be made than this: "Let no one of this New Year pass by without some act of kindness to a brother or sister standing in need of it. If it be no more than a word of sympathy spoken to one in trouble, or of encouragement to a repentant sinner, the helping of a blind man over a crossing, the comforting of a little sorrowful child, let me be able, day by day, to look back on something done for others."

Mr. William Whitely:
If I cannot speak well of a person, let me speak about him at all.
Not to lead a lazy life, but to use all my energy as far as my health will allow.
Not to keep late hours whenever I can avoid it.

To practice punctuality at all times.
To be orderly and systematic in my doings.

To keep as regular hours as possible.
To listen as well as talk.

To cultivate a cheerful disposition.
To show great respect to the old and infirm.

To believe much that I see.
Not to believe all that I hear.
Not to condemn anybody before hearing their version of the matter.

To write plainly so that it can be read easily.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist:

I urge all who are in search of a really good resolution for the New Year to ask themselves: "Am I narrow-minded?" "Am I sunk in a groove from which I am making no effort to extricate myself?" To such questions most of us, I am sure, would have to give a sorrowful affirmative. Let everyone, therefore, determine and resolve that throughout the coming year he will do his best to remove that stigma of narrow-mindedness.

"John Strange Winter."

I do not believe that it is a wise practice to make any hard-and-fast resolutions at New Year, for the whole year of right-living people is one long effort at making good resolutions—and keeping them. Moreover, I am afraid I have just a scrap of contempt for people who are affected by anniversaries like those who think it wicked to enjoy themselves on Sunday, and yet will commit many real sins every day in the week. And, after all, if every day marked the beginning of a New Year, and everyday's good resolutions were kept, what a heaven this old world would be.

Mr. Eustace Miles:

I cannot imagine a better resolution for everyone to make in the coming year than to determine to avoid worry, and also to be patient with oneself while one is practising. That would be a good year's work for most of us; and, moreover, it is not such a trivial task that anyone need be ashamed of spending a year on it.

Max Darewski, the boy-pianist:

Do, please, take for a motto this New Year: "Be kind to others." You won't be sorry if you do.

The Rev. Canon Horsley:

A good resolution for those who wish to increase their strength of will and improve their character would be—"In all choices affecting the moral and the spiritual life, choose the harder."

Are You Abusing Hope.

The most hopeful character ever created was Mr. Micawber, renowned for his infinite capacity for waiting for something to turn up. To all excepting his family he was probably regarded as a jolly fellow, always ready for a laugh, with a light heart—and a lighter purse.

He was a brilliant example of the abuse of hope, and, as such, might almost have figured in the Bible as a moral lesson on how not to succeed. Crowds of people are abusing their capacity for hoping. Hope, with them, resolves itself into an expectation that somebody else is going to put himself out to give them an opportunity of making a fortune. But there are very few opportunities of this sort going begging.

If hope is not backed up by faith in oneself, and a readiness to exert oneself to the utmost, it is better left alone, for it is apt to make one put off the effort which alone can bring any substantial success; and leads nowhere.

And in the vast majority of cases, if you question those who are so full of hope, you will find that in reality, instead of hoping for the best, they are fearing the worst. And fear kills. Above all we should remember that the success of one makes for the happiness of the rest. If there were no millionaires there would be much less work for the millions of workers. The finest motto for the ambitious should be to make the world better. Too many are merely making the best of the world—which is a very different affair.

Shakesperian Moltoes For the New Year.

Heaven grant us its peace.—Measure for Measure.

Let each man do his best.—King Henry IV.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Courage and comfort: All shall yet go well.—King John.

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.—King Richard II.

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.—King Lear.

That it shall hold companionship in peace with honor as in war.—Coriolanus.

Be of good cheer.

They shall no more prevail than we give way to.—King Henry VIII.

This lies all within the will of God.

To Whom I do appeal.—King Henry V.

There's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long.—Winter's Tale.

Help The Little Folks.

Great hearted men and women, hear The sob of sorrow, dry the tear,
The white blood of affliction's arrows!
The humblest child, unblessed, unfed,
Unhissed and suppersless in bed,
Is worth more than the brutes and sparrows.

Love is pure, unwritten creed,
No rules, no rites can supersede:
It binds all human hearts together
In bonds that bring the children near.

So near their heart-beats we can hear,
Nor life nor death can rend the tether.

Love is a platform, those who stand Upon it, hand fast clasping hand,
On the white plank of pure affection
Rise higher than the partisan.

Moved by the best instincts of man,
Lifting the shield of love's protection.

What though our schoolhouse doors swing free,
And this year rounds our century,
There comes a wall with our hosannas
From bud-lipped children, and their cry

Is borne upon the winds that fly
Our jubilant and star-light banners.

The Little Arabs of the street
Struggle for scanty crumbs to eat.
Their poverty binds like a fetter,
Are they not scorned and pinched and spurned?

'Tis time that some new leaves were turned,
Many a rich man's hounds fare better.

Spread far and wide thy sheltering wings,
To cover the defenceless things,
Churches and schools of reformation,
Save them from nakedness and blows,
From vice and sin and cruel woes,
Ye heroes of this generation.

A Rhyme for
The Lonely Reader

Just a rhyme for the man who is still alone,
In some out-of-way farm in the West,
Just a rhyme for the girl in the city to-day,
Who feels lonely, heart-sick, and depressed;

When all other folks are merry and gay,
And pleading old friendship anew,
We think you might like to accept this old wish,
"A Happy New Year to you."

Oh, the "Good New Year" 's a terrible time,
For the folk who are living alone,
With never a friend with a word of good cheer,
And one broods over days that are gone.

Oh, it's hard, hard work just not to lose heart,
When forgotten by friends you once knew,
And that's why we sent you this old wish to-day,
"A Happy New Year to you."

But cheer up, dear friends, who are living alone,
In the city or out in the plain,
For the world can ill spare all its brave, lonely men—
You live not your lives in vain;

And over there is One in Whom love you stand high,
For once He was lonely, too;
And that's why we think you might like this old wish,
"A Happy New Year to you."

New Hope for
The New Year.

Without regard to what the past has been, the New Year brings glad promises to us all. Wrapped up in its unfolding days are new possibilities, new pleasures, new friendships, new chances for helping somewhere, new proofs of our Father's goodness. Let us wake hopefully each morning,

work heartily through every day; and fall asleep each night with the confidence that our days and our doings are in God's keeping.

Turkey Cost 25 Pounds.

Wonders of Birmingham Show.
Of the large number of people who visited the fat stock show at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, yesterday, quite 60 per cent were women, a good many of them exhibitors in the poultry show, which is on a very large scale.

It contained, among many rare birds, a turkey which is worth a visit on its own account. It weighs 37 lbs., has a wattle that would do credit in color to a flamingo, its feathers have every metallic tint, and its "bone" is worthy of a Secretary Bird, though it is only seven months old. Mr. Cattel, the owner, priced it at £23.—Daily Mail, Dec. 2.

Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.—King Henry VIII.

Ascertaining the Best a Negative Will Yield.

Does the average amateur photographer make the most of his negatives? The question is one which is bound to arise in the mind of anybody who has the opportunity of seeing a large quantity of photographs from all points of the compass by photographers of the most varied capabilities; and the fact that the question arises at all is proof enough that the answer must be that, in a very great many cases, he does not. There must be, literally, hundreds of thousands of negatives whose producers do not know how effective a print or an enlargement may be made from them. They have printed them or enlarged them, but the result, if it ought to be, has been put down to the negative, or to some general failure, when, in skilful hands, it might have been an unqualified success.

We are interested in showing our readers how to obtain the best results, and we, therefore, do not hesitate to point out what we believe to be the shortest, the cheapest, and the most direct road. Let anyone who has followed this note thus far adopt the course we recommend, and if he does not more than come up to his expectations, he may accuse us of misleading him in order to puff the wares of some particular firm. But we have not the slightest fear of such a result. Let him pick out three or four of his negatives which he has found, by experience, to give him the best prints, pack them carefully, and send them to The Holloway Studio, Ltd., Corner Bates' Hill and Henry Street, with instructions to make an enlargement, preferably a mounted and framed enlargement, from the one which they think is most suitable for the purpose. Let the actual selection and the style be left entirely to them, the sender merely stating the size he requires, according to the price list which a Postcard to the Holloway Studio will bring.

When he gets the enlargement, we are perfectly sure that he will be amazed at what his negative, in skilful hands, has produced. He may be tempted to order more, or he may be put on his mettle to do as well himself. Probably he will adopt both courses. In any case he will have learned not to condemn a negative that in his own hands has given all that he might wish; he will have learned how large a part is played by the process of enlarging, etc., in revealing the capacities of a negative; and he will have learned also that there is a firm which lays itself out to secure business, not by supplying enlargements at little more than the cost of a sheet of Bromide paper, but by building up a body of contented customers by the resolution to let nothing leave the Studio in any case but "the best the negative will yield."

We, ourselves, have been customers of the Holloway Studio for years. We have come into contact with many others who have gone to them for enlargements, but we have yet to come across a Holloway customer who was dissatisfied with the result of his dealings with them, or who was not a living advertisement of the Holloway firm and its wares. So that, in giving a recommendation of this sort, we are confident that we shall not merely be doing The Holloway Studio a turn, but doing everyone a turn who adopts it.

Healthy and
Unhealthy Lighting.

Gas, it may be said, vitiates the atmosphere. True, but it also helps to purify it. Its purifying power is greater than its vitiating power. Electricity does not vitiate, nor does it purify. Hear what three eminent men have said:

Much evidence has lately been adduced to show that gas is more useful than the electric light in promoting efficient ventilation of air. It is for this, amongst other reasons, that gas is being frequently substituted for the electric light. The latest example is, perhaps, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has recently installed gas on its premises, after experience with the electric light.—Dr. Jamieson B. Hurry.

He would merely add that no member who had experience of their meeting room under the old conditions could deny the improvement that had taken place since gas had been substituted for the electric light and the large audience could, with comfort, sit through an hour's lecture, or with pleasure through a three hours' dinner, but which with the march of civilization had its illumination changed from gas to electricity, the latter been employed with all the latest refinements to effect the lighting under the best conditions, with the result that any large gathering within its walls leads to a state little short of asphyxiation.—Vivian B. Lewis, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.—nov. 11.

WARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE
EVERYWHERE.

THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE!

Mid-Week Programme—Wednesday and Thursday.

"THE CAP OF DESTINY"—The rounding up of a band of crooks.

"SILVER THREADS"—A very pretty Southern romance.

"WITHOUT REWARD"—He has atoned for all his wicked deeds; he has saved a life.

"HOW THE STORY GREW"—A Laughable comedy.

Mr. Dave Parks, Baritone, sings "Where the Red Roses Grow."

Open New Year's Day at 1.45. Admission, 5c.; and at 7 o'clock. Admission, 10c. The Crescent is well ventilated, well heated and well lighted.

To all those who have been our patrons, to all those who are still our patrons and to all those we hope will be our patrons we desire to extend our heartiest wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

ALL DOLLS & TOYS

TO BE CLEARED OUT AT

COST PRICE.

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET

Dolls that sold at 50 cents, for
30 cents.

Dolls that sold at 30 cents, for
20 cents.

Dolls that sold at 25 cents, for
15 cents.

All Xmas Goods must be cleand up by
Wednesday night.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

S. MILLEY