

CHRISTMAS BOOKS EXPENSIVE GIFTS that CLEVER FINGERS CAN MAKE

AN INTERESTING REVIEW FOR ST. JOHN READERS

Written Specially for The Standard.



"O for a book and a cosy nook,
Whether indoors or out,
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the street cries all about."

This is a verse from a very old song, but it is still the sentiment of a great many, and because this is so, at Christmas time, I like to see the book-shops and buy for all my friends.

All shops are attractive at this season, but take a bookshop at dusk, on a wintry afternoon with its gleaming lights, shining on the books, bringing out the best points of dainty gift volumes, and ponderous tomes alike; with the choice of prowling around undisturbed with no "please do not handle" to deter you, or having a pleasant assistant hand you down the books you cannot reach, oh "this is Paradise now."



MISS MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It would almost seem that every living writer had a new book this year. The fiction lover cannot but be suited with so many titles to choose from.

Mrs. Thurston has at last given us a worthy successor to the "Masquerader" in "Max." The author of the popular "Rosary," Mrs. Barclay, introduces some of her old characters, in the "Mistress of the Situation."

"Caesar, the King's Dog," is the most human thing printed for many a day. It gives in the dog's words, his feelings and fears during the time of the late King's illness and death.

The Canadian writers are forging right to the front. "The Frontiersman," the first novel written by the Rev. Mr. Cody, is so far the best seller of the season. His many have also rewritten his "Life of Bishop Pompallier" and given it a name, most alluring to boys, "On Trail and Rapid, by Dog Sled and Canoe." Robert Knowles has a new book, "The Handicap," the strongest he has done. There are two chapters in it, that stand out prominently. One for his humor, and the other for its pathos.

S. A. White, is a new name to add to the Canadian list—but if he fulfills the promise made by "The Stampecker," a story of the north, he will not remain unknown very long.

The author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" brings back the Watson family in "The Second Chance." This is even a more charming tale than "Danny." It sees the Watsons run out on farms in Manitoba, as well as nearer East, and brave Pearl Watson persuades her father to take one, in order that the boys may develop into true sons of the soil and not young hooligans. The story of their success is interesting and amusing.

"Derby Day in the Yukon," a collection of verses, signed by Yukon Bill, and dedicated to Robert Service, contains some things that are new, and more that are old, but is not bad on the whole, and could do very well to read aloud. Robert Service's poems are as popular now, as when first issued. He has joined the novelist's rank and makes his debut in "The Trail of '98."

A little Toronto girl of eighteen has written a charming Japanese story "Yuku." This comes in an attractive binding, that makes a pretty gift.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, whose husband has many friends here, has a very breezy book, called "Janey Canuck in the West," that although only a short time has gone through several editions. Janey visits the Doukour settlement, and sums up her impressions by saying that "the Doukour women have apparently but one role, that of housewife, while the average Canadian woman must be a combination of Mary, Martha, Mary Magdalene and the Queen of Sheba." How's that for versatility?

Janey is very suggestive of "Elizabeth in her German Garden," and that reminds me that the author of "Elizabeth" is with us again, in "The Caravanners." Unlike "Elizabeth," this book has a hero, a veritable tin god of a German officer, admired and revered very much by his wife. She is his second investment in matrimony, and if his first had lived he would have been celebrating his silver wedding, when the book opens. He argues, that as he is not blamed for the accident that prevents him from doing so, he should not suffer for it, so celebrates the anniversary just the same, and takes his "second" along. They go on a spy trip to the island, and you want to read it yourself to know the rest.

Oppenheim, who must surely have a cupboard full of tabloid novels, that by pouring ink over, become full fledged volumes, full of adventure and thrills, this year has "The Illustrious Prince," "The Peer and the Woman," and another, whose name I forget.

"The Siege of the Seven Sultans," by Meredith Nicholson is good. The heroine possesses the unusual name of Hekziah, and although it does not work pretty into love poems or sonnets, she manages to have her share of admirers, as the title implies.

A well worked out detective yarn "The Window of the White Cat," by Rinehart. "At the Villa Rose," is another.

Anyone who wants a book to drive away the blues should get "Gone Some" by Rex Beach. Anne Warner's "Just Between Ourselves," and "Susan Clegg" belong to this class too. I feel certain that if some enterprising tourist were to read some of Susan's acid comments on men to the Sphinx, he would see her smile.

"Dr. Thorne's Idea," is a rather curious study in psychology. Its author uses the circus for a background as does McCutcheon in his "Rose in the King."

If, among your friends, you number a very pretty blonde girl, with dreamy eyes, and an affection for chocolates and if you have given her as many of these, as are good for her, make a change and buy her a Myrtle Reed book, this Christmas. They come in dainty lavender bindings, and are printed on thick creamy paper, and would certainly look stunning with

has been read a lot by legal men this year. "Rem. of a K. C." by Crispe, would lead one to believe that though not all of life "beer and skittles" play an important part with members of the bar.

Begbie's "Twice Born Men" has had an amazing success. Sketches of life in the London slums and telling of Salvation Army work and success, it has been read by people of all classes and holds its popularity.

Hugh Black's "Friendship" and "Influence," are well known to the public. He brings us "Comfort" this Christmas, while the Rev. Mr. Gordon adds "Quiet Talks about the Tempter," to the others of his "Quiet Talk Series."

The Boy Scout movement has introduced a new line of books for boys who have been reading Henty and Alger and others of that ilk so long. The hand book "Scouting for Boys," comes first, but there are a long list to follow including "Co-Ed," "Strong Hand Saxon," and "In Empire's Cause." "The Rules of the Game" sounds as if it might belong to the same class, however it is only Stewart Edward White's annual production.

"Billy Top Sail," by Norman Duncan is a good boy's book.

The Anglican conference a short time ago, made the Bishop of London a familiar figure to many of us, so his latest book, "Into the Fighting Line," will be read by many as the work of a friend. "The Faith of a Layman," is another book for thinking people to read.

The last book we shall have from George Meredith's pen is "Colt and Saxon." It is common with his other works, gives us English pure and undefiled. Maurice Hewlett is another English writer whose prose is a delight. His "Rest Harrow," the third book concerning John Senhouse keeps up to his standard.

Hickens has no novel this year. "Bella Donna" last year was enough for a while. He has instead, a book on Egypt with exquisite plates by Guerin. This is a book only for the few with fat purses.

As was to be expected, Mark Twain is much in evidence. Most of his books are in special editions. The Harpers publish a handsome "Tom Sawyer," and there is a new one of "Joan of Arc"—the Benjamin of Mark's flock. I heard a man say to a clerk, while she handled the book, "Oh, Jones of Ark, I saw that played. I'll buy it for my boy." I hope her boy appreciated it. W. D. Howells has edited Mark Twain's speeches and also brought out "My Mark Twain."

"Right Stuff" by Ian Hay is a good story. The hero, a Scotch Bursar, is rescued from his newspaper work, while fleeing anecdotes. The famous folk from "Dean Ramesey," by Charles M. P. He is made a prize charming pair of twins and goes to the top of the ladder; you must read the book to know why I put quotation marks around anent.

The ever popular Louis Tracy has "Cynthia's Chauffeur," while another motor story is the Williamson's "Motor Maid." "The Automobileist Abroad" is a good book for a motorist friend, while "The Steering Wheel" by Wason which sounds as if it might be, is not, but is an amusing little book with a socialistic trend.

For lovers of the weird, Byam Shaw has illustrated "Poe's Tales of Mystery, with fantastic imagery, that has little short of blood-curdling. He has also illustrated "The Cloister and the Hearth" in black and white. This is a triumph in bookmaking. The story Operas in a large and attractive volume is nice for anyone who is fond of music. There are a number of standard books along this line as well.

I read lately that only old maids and very young men read poetry. Be that as it may, the different poets are brought out in more attractive ways each year. I saw a set of Robert Browning in eight volumes, that made me break the Tenth Commandment, and a Tennyson in Tree Calf, whose very cover makes one dream.

A series of selected verse in inexpensive paper bindings, including "Beauties of Friendship," "The Brotherhood," "All that's Lovely," and "Dear Old Father" are very good.

The Oxford Book of English Verse edited by Quiller-Couch is the best thing ever done in that line. It gives the best verse that has been written from Chaucer down to the living writers including the works of some of our Canadian poets.

Kipling's memorial poem, "The Dead King," is printed in a purple binding, and no doubt will appeal to those of ultra-royal tendencies.

I noticed some clever books of Toasts, and Maxims—the sort of thing you can give to your cynical friend, who pretends to think there is nothing in Christmas, but who would be mightily offended if his gift was omitted.

"Molly Make Believe" by Mrs. Abbott is a delightful thing, well written and with an original plot. Molly is the heroine, and her creed is given in this verse:—
"Molly, Molly Make Believe,
Keep to your play, lest you should grieve.
For Molly mine, here's a hint for you,
Things that are true, are apt to be blue."
How finally the blue true things turn to rose color for Molly makes a pretty story.

G. K. Chesterton is becoming almost a cult in St. John. He is the sort of person who, if you asked him to give a sermon on the "road" would not answer "to get to the other side." My dear, no! he would begin and trace the hen's pedigree, would probably trace it to Chanticleer—which, of course, suggests Rostand. Rostand, French dramatist, then an easy step to Materlinck—

There is often more of the real Christmas spirit—that will of the wisw we prate about and rarely come upon—the gift of a hemstitched pocket-handkerchief than in that of a cut glass berry bowl. Who has not felt a hearty sort of warmth about the cozies of one's heart when the removal of dainty wrappings discloses a little gift, no matter how simple, that has been fashioned by the loving fingers of a friend? One pictures her sitting in the glow of the lamplight, perhaps, embroidering kindly thoughts into the bit of work she holds in her hands. One knows she has given many minutes of her busy life, which is like a gift of gold in these days of stress and hurry.

The wise woman will have turned to account the summer afternoons on the piazza and the results of her "pick-up" work will provide many simple little gifts. The woman whose pocketbook will not meet the demands of her generosity should be able to contrive many charming remembrances if she is willing to give a little time and tailor-made materials may have at hand.

From the embroiderers we have no end to the useful gifts that may be made from a yard of so of linen. There are the linen napkin rings, which may be made for each member of the family if one wishes. These are made of fine linen which should be folded double in a band about three inches wide, and long enough to encircle the napkin. On one end is the button and on the other, which is cut in a point, is the buttonhole. When these are embroidered with a monogram or a spray of flowers, starched stiff and buttoned over a dainty card they make a most acceptable gift.

An embroidered candle shade mounted on a wire frame, which has been covered with thin silk the color of the boudoir for which it is intended, would be appreciated by the woman who has the "washable" hobby.

An attractive tray may be made by having an embroidered centerpiece framed in a plain wood frame. The back should be covered with felt, and brass handles may be added to the frame if wished.

From the crash may be made a neat covering for the contents of a neat case, either bound about the edges with braid or finished with monogram embroidery and having a monogram in one corner. Then there is an infinite variety of bags which may be made from linen or crash or cretonne, from the delicately embroidered, lace-trimmed corset bag to the sturdy kitchen bag for string, or dust cloth, or clothebins.

A most inexpensive gift is crochet buttons. These may be all the same size or in assorted sizes. The wooden molds are first covered with white flannel over cotton cloth, and then the crochet circle of the proper size fitted over them. They should be caught on to a dark green card which might have a Christmas greeting painted on in fancy lettering.

The jabot will be an appreciated gift again this season as its popularity has not seemed to wane in the least. These are most acceptable in any form, either having the tailored effect of hemstitching and tucks, or the scalloped edges and tiny buttons, or the fluffy, frilly charm of fine laces and dainty embroideries.

The baffling "man problem" may be solved by the useful shirt bag which will be a joy forever to the man who travels. This is made of linen

crash, or any similar material, cut like a great envelope which should be large enough to contain four to six shirts as they are folded. The flap of the bag may be cut to a point or have rounded corners and should button over. The bag may be bound with braid or worked with a buttonhole stitch about the edge, and have a monogram in the corner.

The woman who likes to knit will enjoy making knitted relas for some child. These are made so as to slip over the neck of the child like a harness and if trimmed with numerous little bells will be a great delight. They may also be made from ribbon. The ribbon hoops for the baby, also with their tiny tinkling bells, may, quite as well, be covered with bright knitted yarn. Another gift for the baby is a chamois ball. This is made from pieces of chamois cut about the size and shape of the sections of an orange and crocheted together after the edges have been buttonholed. When this is stuffed with cotton it makes a soft, pretty ball.

Another gift for his small highness which his mother will also appreciate is the toothache, is the tiny hot water bag which has been covered with a crocheted bag or one made of soft flannel.

A thoughtful little gift for the work bag is the scissors protector. Cover a cork with crocheted of colored silk and crochet a chain by which it may be attached to the work bag. Then when the scissors are not in use the point may be stuck into the cork, instead of boring holes in the contents of the bag as they have a way of doing.

If one is anything of an artist, Christmas shopping is robbed of its terrors, for the things that may be made from hand-tinted silks or hand-decorated paper are legion. There are the delightful Empire shades for the bedroom lamp, and the smaller shades for the candle or electric drop-light. For the lamp shade one can get the wire frame very cheaply. It is best to

fit a pattern to it carefully before cutting into the water-color paper which is to be used for the shade. The shade itself can then be cut all in one piece. The edges may be finished with passepartout tape and the decorations should consist of medallions of paper in two contrasting shades, one above the other, with a silhouette, if possible, in the center, or a group of small figures cut from some old print. About the medallions should be painted delicate sprays of leaves, or if one is not able to paint, wreaths may be cut from wall papers of appropriate design.

More expensive and elaborate shades have thin silk shirred over the shades with a finish at the top and bottom of tiny roses made from ribbon. Another idea for the bedroom gift is the colonial pleachusion. Buy one of the inexpensive glass candlesticks in colonial design. Cut a small square of cardboard, perhaps about four inches square, and cover one side neatly with cretonne. Form a mound-like cushion of cotton on the other side and cover with the cretonne. Then fasten the cushion on top of the candlestick by fine wires or thread and sew around the edges of the cushion about a two-inch fringe of white beads. You will have a most quaint, unique cushion.

Sets of heavy white envelopes in the corner of which have been painted sprays or wreaths of blossoms may contain all sorts of "helps" around the house such as rubber bands, labels for fruit jars or medicine, choice recipes, and also receipt powders, and a dozen or so dainty cards all decorated for use. For the school girl an envelope bearing the words "Sweet Sixteen" could contain sixteen tested recipes for candy.

Attractive buckles may be made from padded velvets or circles of card-board covered with velveteen, or silk and having a simple design worked out in jet beads, or tiny jewels. A silk cord may be fastened through the center of the buckle and the buckle then threaded onto a soft ribbon or sash.

London, Dec. 9.—Midweek shopping will be one of the features of the festive season, the foundation stone of which was laid in Queen's road yesterday by the mayor of Paddington.

The millionaire who is on his way to England next week, will be able to fix the details of his stay in this country from his saloon on the liner.

A wireless message to Whiteley's and an estate will be immediately purchased for him in town or country. Another message to the provision merchant and the house or customer will be stocked with provisions while on his arrival a ten-course dinner will be prepared for him in his new home and an army of servants will be ready to wait on his every wish.

The wonders of the new Whiteley's will be sufficient to throw cold water on the festive of America next year to England, and his provisions will be as great as any romance which may be found in the Arabian Nights. From a two-storied shop, whose provisions consisted of a few tons of biscuits and other grocery odds and ends, a giant store arose, and the black and white of the shopping palace large enough to contain two or three cathedrals.

The new palace will be for the rich and poor alike. The woman who wishes to purchase a pound of tea may take the air in the Italian garden on the roof, where in summer deck chairs will be set beneath shady palms and faceted garden seats, devised by horticultural artists. On an upper floor the shopper's children will be provided with a sandy beach and buckets and spades and nurses while their mother makes purchases below.

The new Whiteley's will cope with every little social difficulty which faces their clients. Coming-of-age speeches will be provided at moderate prices. Country clients who do not like to be bothered with the details of the adventures of a bullet will be met at the station, conducted to Queen's road and seen safely home again.

These are a few of the wonders which will be placed before the public in a year's time, when the single stone which was laid yesterday will have grown into the greatest store the world has ever known.

from that all sorts of subtleties, back by a devious round to, say old stove full stoves to miniature trusts and so on ad infinitum, but always in such an interest compelling way, that you cannot but listen to him, or falling that he reads his books. His latest, "What's Wrong with the World," is having a big circulation.

"The Hole Book" by Peter Newell was meant for children, but can be appreciated by older folks as well, for I saw two "grave and reverend" gentlemen standing by Mrs. Newell's cake. A real hole is cut in each page, showing the bull's track.

"Rainy Day Pastimes" is a book of the kindergarten sort, that is an invaluable aid to mothers, when the children must stay indoors.

"Why does a hen cross the road?" tells the adventures of a bullet that was accidentally discharged by a small boy, and goes through the book, breathing disaster, until stopped and fattened out by the leg of a Mrs. Newell's cake.

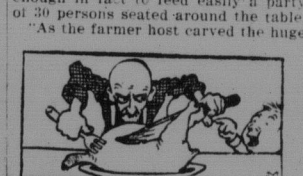
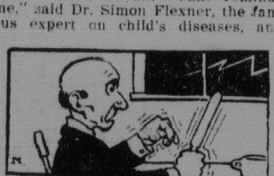
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YE JOLLY JESTS OF YE JOYFUL CHRISTMAS JOKERS

Fuss Over a Mutton Chop.
They were talking about eating sparingly of turkey at the Christmas feast and the discussion passed to Lent and the prohibition against the use of meat at all. "That reminds me," said Dr. Simon Flexner, the famous expert on child's diseases, and

The Turkey Leavings.
Broncho Bill—Whar's the turkey? Alkali Al—Hung him out to keep him, and the cat kept him.
A. A.—Out thar.
B. B.—Whar's the cat?
A. A.—Out thar.
B. B.—Well, we'll have to eat the Grizzly, but I hate to take the leavings of a Christmas turkey like that.

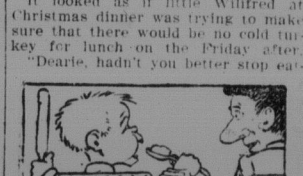
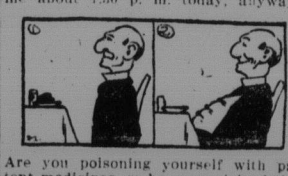
Identified the Turkey.
Senator Tillman was talking about Christmas dinners.
"At a dinner in the country," he said, "the turkey was very large—large enough in fact to feed easily a party of 20 persons seated around the table."
"As the farmer host carried the huge



head of the Rockefeller Institute, "of Hopkins" who was wont to observe Lent very vigorously. But on a certain fast day, after three hours of self, Hopkins couldn't resist a luncheon of chops. And as he munched his chops, a violent storm came up suddenly; a blue light filled the room and then a terrific clap of thunder shook the building.
"Hopkins, pale and shaky, laid down his knife and fork. 'What a fuss,' he muttered, 'over a mutton chop!'"

Foot Rule for Dyspepsia.
Dr. Pepsin met a former chronic patient on Christmas afternoon.
"Well, well," said Dr. Pepsin, "how does it happen you don't send for me any more? I thought you would need me about 1.30 p. m. today, anyway."

Room for the Dessert.
It looked as if little Wilfred at Christmas dinner was trying to make sure that there would be no cold turkey for lunch on the Friday after.
"Dearie, hadn't you better stop eating turkey?" Remember there's pumpkin pie coming. You won't have room for pie."
"I'm mementoing," said Wilfred as he took a piece of dark, a raisin and an oyster, all in one bite. "I'm saving my neck for dessert."



The National Bird.
My turkey, 'tis of thee,
Sweet bird of cranberry,
Of thee I sing.
I love thy neck and wings,
Thy legs, back and other things,
Hail to our king!

"Neither," said the lover of the fleshpot, formerly chronic patient.
"My rule worked on turkey and cranberries today as well as on roast beef yesterday. It's this: I sit just six inches away from the table when I begin eating. When my waist touches the table I quit."

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THE BEST

Is None Too Good for Friends to Give Each Other at This Season

You will Find the Choicest Lines in all Classes of Jewelry, Pins, Brooches, Rings, Watches, Fobs, Bracelets, Necklaces, Combs, Chains, and all Novelties, the Newest and Neatest Styles in Our Store.

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