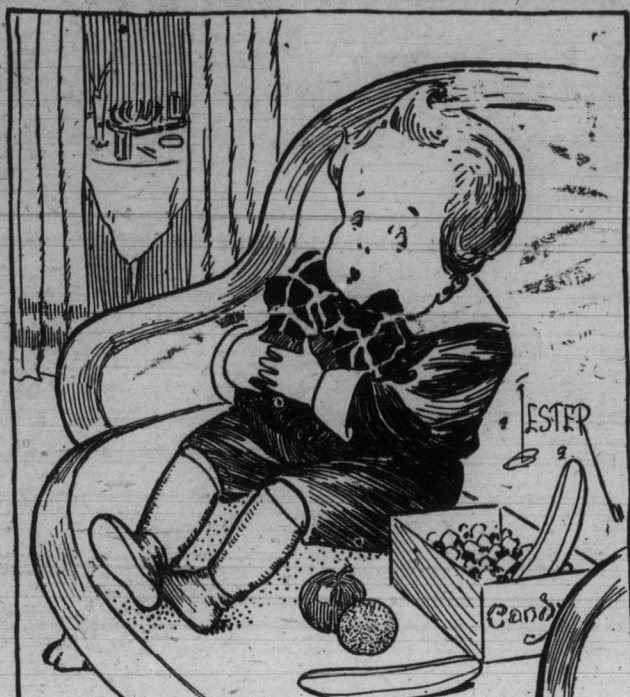


An After Dinner Talk By Little Tommy Jones



IF CHRISTMAS HAPPENED ONCE A MONTH
OF COURSE IT WOULD BE GRAND;
BUT REALLY ONCE A YEAR IS JUST
ABOUT ALL I CAN STAND!

Little Rastus And the Turkey

MA SAY, JUNT, KETCH DAT TURK SEZ SHE-



BUT, GOLLY! DAT TURK, HE DONE KETCH ME!

CHRISTMAS PIES.

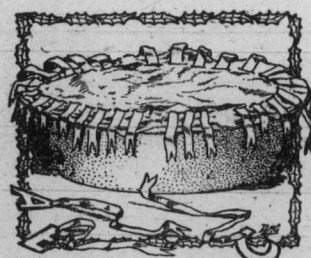
A Novel Sport For a Children's Party
In Holiday Time.

Have a large pan covered with brown tissue paper to look like pie crust. Inside the pie have these letters, to which are attached ribbons, the other end of which come through the pie crust. The letters, neatly cut out are: Six a's, two m's, three e's, four r's, three y's, one c, two h's, two s's, one t, two n's, one d, two p's, one w and one l.

The children sit around the pie, each holding one thread. They sing:

Sing a song of Christmas,
A pie crust full of fun.
Find the wish we wish you
When the game is done.

Then they pull the letters out and pin them on their breasts. Then be-



THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

gins the fun of puzzling out how the children should stand in a line so that the letters will form a sentence.

When in proper position the letters will make-

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DICK'S DEVICE



SAD DICK, AS HE GOT INTO BED,
I SURELY HAVE GOT A BIG HEAD.
MY SOCKS ARE SO SMALL
THEY'D HOLD NOTHING AT ALL.
SO I'VE HUNG UP MY SOCKS
INSTEAD!

XMAS BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Picturesque Method of Celebrating
Yuletide by the Poles.

The legend that the birds and beasts came to worship the infant Jesus has brought about a peculiar and picturesque method of celebrating Christmas among the Poles and other kindred peoples of eastern Europe.

Here men mask in the guise of storks, bears and other animals or birds and go about from house to



IN THE GUISE OF STORKS, BEARS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

house singing carols. To carry out the idea these wild birds and savage beasts are led about by keepers.

After the traditional carols are sung the inmates of the house thus honored reward the singers by gifts of cakes, sausages and other dainties. The procession then moves to another house, where the performance is repeated.

A Christmas Eve Sentence.

THERE were four little stockings of four little sizes.
According to common report,
That couldn't escape being (spite of disguise)
Arrested and called into court.



CAPTAIN JIMMY HELD TWO STOCKINGS IN HIS HANDS.

"Now, what have you taken?" With brows that were knitted.
This question the magistrate put,
And each little stocking quite boldly admitted,
"Why, I ran away with a foot."



Then the voice of the court, shaking with awe and rafter.
In accents quite tragical rang:
While the children in bed also shone
Though with laughter,
"I sentence each stocking to hang!"
T. BAPP, JR.

CAPTAIN JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS

By FRANCES YALE

CAPTAIN Jimmy Smith lived in a funny little house down on the beach. Once it had been the cabin of his old schooner, Skimmer; now it was the only home Captain Jimmy and his cat Vixen had.

In the summer time he sold fish and clams and lobsters to the summer cottagers, but in the winter he had hard work to keep the little cabin warm and find food for himself and Vixen.

It was the day before Christmas, and the beach was rough with ice. "Snow!" said Captain Jimmy, as he left his little house and went up toward the village. His pipe was between his teeth, but he was not smoking—he was out of tobacco.

He smiled sadly because he knew that he would have a lonely Christmas. He had no wife or children, and he was very much alone. The poor are often forgotten.

By the time Captain Jimmy had bought some flour and salt pork and a little coffee it was dark and snowing fast. So when he heard the sound of children crying he stopped in surprise. "Hullo!" shouted Captain Jimmy, and the crying stopped at once. In another minute he almost tumbled over two little children who were running along the beach path.

"Heave ho!" called Captain Jimmy, and he put out a long arm and gathered the little ones close to him. "What are you doing here?" he shouted, for the wind was screaming now.

They tried to explain, but Captain Jimmy couldn't understand a word they said, they cried so much, and at last, half dragging, half carrying them, he hurried them into the warm little cabin where he lived.

When the kerosene lamp was lighted the two children stopped crying and smiled at Captain Jimmy.

"Are you Thanta Claus?" one lisped, and the other little girl, who looked exactly like her, giggled and clung to Captain Jimmy's big hand.

"I love oo, Msther Thanta Claus," she whispered.

"Bless your sweet hearts," cried Captain Jimmy, his eyes full of tears. "I guess I'll have to be Santa Claus to-night! I can never get you home to-night in this howling blizzard!"

The two little girls smiled brightly and took off their red cloaks and knitted caps and leggings and rubbers.

"We're lost," said one of the twins, and she told a long story of how they had gone to walk with nurse, who had suddenly run away and left them in the woods. "We hollered, but she wouldn't come back," said Linnie sadly. "My mamma scolded her this afternoon."

"What are your names? Where do you live?" asked Captain Jimmy as he pushed them up to the table before two great bowls of bread and milk. "Brown? Goodness me, I never heard of any Browns over to the Point! You'll have to stay here till morning."

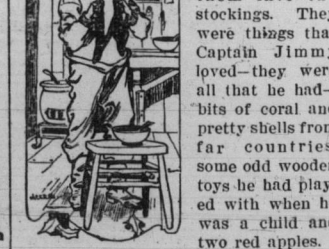
"Will Thanta Claus come here?" asked Linnie.

"He's got to!" said Captain Jimmy. By and by after the twins had said their prayers and were sound asleep on Captain Jimmy's bed while Vixen purled at their feet, Captain Jimmy walked the floor and whistled a tune.

"I reckon that Santa Claus could never get down my little stove pipe!" he chuckled. "So I'll just have to fill those two little stockings myself!"

Sometime afterward a number of people hurried through the snow and peered into Captain Jimmy's window. What did they see? Why, just Captain Jimmy, with his empty pipe between his teeth, holding two little stockings in his hands.

Suddenly he began to take things off the mantelpiece and put them into the stockings. They were things that Captain Jimmy loved—they were all that he had—bits of coral and pretty shells from far countries, some odd wooden toys he had played with when he was a child and two red apples.



Just as he was hanging the stockings on the edge of the shelf the door burst open and some people rushed in and began to bug him and question him, and they all talked at once. They proved to be the father and mother and uncles and aunts of the lost twins, and they were so grateful to Captain Jimmy for his kindness to the twins that they insisted on taking him home with them to spend Christmas.

And Vixen, the cat, went along too, and the stockings which Captain Jimmy had filled.

Mr. Brown engaged Captain Jimmy to be captain of his yacht, and Captain Jimmy smoked his pipe and said it was his happiest Christmas.

Polly's Christmas Stocking

By BERTHA M. MASTERS



POLLY DANE sat up in bed and blinked her sleepy eyes. The nursery was very quiet, except for the snapping of the coals in the grate. The fire made a soft glow of red light on the ceiling, and the figures on the Mother Goose wall paper seemed alive.

It was Christmas eve, and it seemed to Polly that she had been asleep for hours, yet the big clock in the lower hall was only booming eleven times.

"I wonder if Santa Claus will find Lucinda's stocking?" thought Polly. "I'll go by and by I'll go and see if he has been there."

Polly closed her eyes and thought about Lucinda Ames, who was cook's little girl. Lucinda was as black as night, but she was just Polly's age, and Polly liked her.

Lucinda told most of her secrets to Polly. That was how Polly knew that



"SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN!" CHUCKLED POLLY.

Lucinda wanted a little "white folk" dollie instead of the cunning black babies that people gave her.

Polly went to sleep and woke up with a start. She was sure that she had been wide awake all the time, yet from the mantelpiece there hung a fat, bulging stocking.

"Santa Claus has been!" chuckled Polly, and she slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor.

What a lovely, knobby, mysterious looking thing her stocking was!

Polly felt of the toe.

There was money—real money! And peeping at her from the top of the stocking was the sweetest little baby doll you could imagine.

"Oh, dear, I do hope that Santa Claus has brought Lucinda one just like it!" sighed Polly. "I believe I'll see!"

Barefooted, with her little white gown trailing on the red carpet, Polly pattered silently along the hall until she reached the door that led into the wing where the servants slept.

The first door was Maggie's and the second door led into the room where Susan, the cook, slept with her little girl Lucinda.

From the knob of this door hung a big white stocking and, like Polly's, it was bulging with knobby things. But alas!

From the top of Lucinda's stocking there popped a black baby doll.

It was black—instead of white. How poor Lucinda would cry!

Polly's heart beat very fast as she gently took the black baby out of Lucinda's stocking and tucking it under her arm, she ran back to the nursery.

She had to climb on a chair to reach her own white baby doll, but soon she had taken it out of her stocking and put the cunning black baby in its place.

"I never had a black dollie, and they are so dear and cunning," Polly told herself while she hugged her own precious baby to her breast.

She hugged the baby doll all the way back to Lucinda's door and she kissed it fondly as she tucked it in the top of Lucinda's stocking.

When she passed the door of her mother's room she did not see four eyes watching her.

And the most beautiful surprise of all came after breakfast!

Polly's father found two especially nice presents for Polly and Lucinda, who was crazy with delight over her white baby doll.

Santa Claus certainly does do funny things! On the Christmas tree were a white baby doll for unselfish Polly and a dear little black one for Lucinda!

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