

Some idea of the value to be

YOUNG

- Save Money.
- 1 dozen 10¢
 - 2 dozen, 35¢ and 25¢
 - 3 dozen, for 25¢
 - 4 dozen, for 10¢
 - 5 M CANDY, 2 lbs. for 25¢
 - 6 CHOCOLATE GINGER 25¢
 - 7 AND CHOCOLATE 40¢
 - 8 ALMONDS, per pound. 40¢
 - 9 per pound, 20¢ and 15¢
 - 10 20¢
 - 11 per pound 15¢
 - 12 T, per pound 60¢
 - 13 LIES, per pound 60¢
 - 14, 25¢ and 15¢
 - 15 60¢
 - 16 EGGS, 3 dozen for \$1.00
 - 17 per gallon 75¢
 - 18 R, 20-pound sack \$1.15
- Best possible price and save

YOUNG

PROCERS,
Liquor Phone 1632.
Broad Sts.

WOOD WIRE FENCING

IS
BULL PROOF,
HICKEN PROOF,
FIRE PROOF.
Bond mesh—cannot sag.

Wickman Tye Hardware Co., Ltd.
Victoria, B. C. Agents.
59. 544-546 Yates St.

WORKS

1 Ave., Victoria, B. C.
Household furnishings, etc.
and made equal to now.
Dresses
Prices very moderate.
Victoria, B. C.



OWES

228 Government Street

as the greatest commercial
the world. Reciprocal com-
with Canada, and Mexico
text extend to every country
America.
a protectionist. The protec-
I believe in carries with it
measure of reciprocity. In
is indefensible."

elder Jones Says No
AND. Dec. 15.—Felder
an shown the New York dis-
ding that he might become
of the St. Louis American
sam, said: "Nothing to it,
plenty good enough for me
e yet."

ughters of the Empire at
propose erecting a public
ountain to perpetuate the
of Edward the Peacemaker.
ney sang, responsible for
p at Dulais eighteen months
the murder of Constable
Fe now reported to have
ed by R. N. W. M. P. par-
berta, from whom they fled
his province.

THE VICTORIA COLONIST

Games for Holiday Time

Games that are really "Christmassy" are as welcome at the Christmas party as the spangled tree or the dainty refreshments. Here are a few games that have proved entertaining to children at their Christmas-keeping:

Holly and Mistletoe.—To start with a lively game that will loosen little tongues and banish shyness, try "Holly and Mistletoe." The children join hands and kneel at arms' length in a circle, dropping hands again, and saying "Holly, Holly, H!" but the one he wishes to have catch him he calls "Mistletoe!" Then the leader runs, winding in and out among those in the circle. Mistletoe must catch him, following in his exact track. If Mistletoe misses going where the leader went, he must sit in the centre, and the leader chooses again. If Mistletoe catches the leader, he can go around naming "Holly, Holly, Mistletoe."

Santa Claus' Sleigh.—We have no end of fun with "Santa Claus' Sleigh." It is the old-fashioned game of "Stage Coach," converted to Christmas playing. So each of the children of today ever played "Stage Coach" that it seems new. Give each child a name that will fit into a story of Santa's annual trip. Let one be Santa, another the sleigh; there should be "Danver and Prancer," the pony, the doll, the hill, the chimney, the stocking, the snow, etc. Then let some one who is old enough to bring in the names often tell the story of the trip, throwing in an upset by way of excitement. Every time a name is spoken, that child whirls swiftly and sits down again. To keep as many as possible laughing and whirling at once makes the fun. When the doll and the pony, the automobile, piano, house and lot, and a few more small things, have been successfully put into one stocking, the narrator says suddenly, "Then Santa went home!" All must exchange seats, the one left standing having to tell the story next time.

Christmas Dinner.—The children march in a circle singing to "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning":

On Christmas Day in the morning!"
"I saw three ships go sailing by,
I saw three ships go sailing by,
I saw three ships go sailing by,
On Christmas Day in the morning!"

The leader then continues:
"O, one was loaded with turkey brown,"
and the rest join in:
"With turkey brown, with turkey brown,
O, one was loaded with turkey brown,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Then all sing the first verse again, and the child next the leader starts the second, leading the ship with whatever he likes best to eat, the rest joining in as soon as they hear his choice.

When Christmas dinner has been played out, let the children take seats. The leader throws a baby's stocking to her neighbor, saying, "What will you put into this Christmas stocking?" The neighbor answers with something, the funnier the better, which begins with the initial of his name. Then he tosses the stocking to the next with the same question, and so on.

Santa's Animals.—Put one child in the centre of a circle, as Santa Claus. He is blindfolded, and a mask with whiskers adds to the fun. Laying his hand on one in the ring, he says, "What beastie is this in Santa Claus' pasture?"

The child answers, perhaps, "A pony. Don't give me away."
"Wait till Christmas Eve and see," answers Santa, and passes to the next, asking the same question. Each gives the same answer, choosing the name of any animal he wishes to represent. When all are named, Santa says, "Go and get fat!" and they break the circle and scamper out of his reach, but not out of the room. Then Santa says,

"Tis Christmas Eve, and I must go,
To fill the stockings in a row:
Come, pony!"

The child who is pony whinnies softly, and Santa muts locate him by the sound and catch him. Every time Santa says, "come, pony!" the pony is obliged to whinny until he is caught. Santa then repeats his lines and calls some other animal, which must make its own peculiar noise until caught. This makes uproarious fun.

The Christmas Tree.—Pass a pencil and half-sheet of notepaper to each child, with another child's name written on one side of the paper. Let each choose a gift to give the one whose name he has drawn. The gifts may be something he knows the other wants very much, or just something funny, like a donkey or a rattle-box. Then each draws a picture of the gift he will give, on the blank side of the paper. The drawing need not be skillful, to make a lot of fun. Let all who are old enough write nonsense verses under their pictures or jokes explaining them. Then choose a girl to be the Christmas tree. She can be decorated with a little tinsel, and hold a lighted candle in each hand. Each child hangs his "gift" with a pin through some part of the "tree's" dress or hair or slipper-ribbons. When all the gifts are hung with the names in sight, the children join hands and dance around the tree, singing to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

"Here we go a-marching round this pretty Christmas tree!
Here we go a-marching round this pretty Christmas tree!
Here we go a-marching round this pretty Christmas tree!
To see what Santa brought!"

The circle stops, the leader looks over the tree until he finds his gift. Then they circle and sing again; another hunts his gift, and so on, until the tree is stripped.

A Luncheon Game.—Our way of serving refreshments, last year, was just another game. I had cut a dozen fat stockings from pink and green cheesecloth. It took only fifteen minutes to stitch them up and fasten a bit of tinsel to the instep of each. Into these, before the guests arrived, went tiny wrapped sandwiches, pink cakes, and a handful of English walnuts, cracked. The stockings were hidden about the

with it. The effect will be surprising, for the camphor will burn with a steady light.

Guess That Nose.—Hang a cloth in front of a doorway, and place one-half of the company in each room, only one of which is lighted. Cut a V-shaped hole in the cloth, and let those in the dark room place their noses through it, one by one, those in the light room guessing to whom the nose belongs. When a right guess is made, the owner of the nose must come out and join the guessers, but, if a wrong guess is declared, the one making it must join the players in the dark room. The game ends when all are in one room—unless they tire of the play before that—the larger number being the winners.

Mesmerism.—Let the company be seated around the room, then make the declaration that you can mesmerize any one present so that he or she can not rise alone. Your offer will be instantly taken, probably; then make a few

Choosing Christmas Gifts

Steam burst from the lips of the Queen Anne silver tea kettle. Then, with a rush the water boiled over and ruined a lace tea-cloth. Still the women talked on unheeding. When women fail to interrupt a conversation at the call of a tea-kettle something important must be under discussion.

"Only a little while now," could be heard in the midst of a flow of remarks about shopping.

"I was out all day," said a little woman, wearily, "but I have not spent much. I always buy my Christmas presents early, so that I may have plenty of time to choose and to get

are newer than the toques of fur entirely. Haven't seen them? Oh, then you have not gone a-shopping, as you will have to do sooner or later. Picture to yourself—oh, you don't care to imagine, I forgot," and she turned to eyes that were younger, and in which there shone a spark of congenial good feeling. "Think of the most wonderful and the richest brocade you have ever seen, and cut it into imaginary lengths. Then put a band of ermine, or sable, or even good musquash round, and you have the new toque that comes well over the ears and fits closely. Skates to go with it? I daresay that would be all right for no girl could possibly feel any doubt as to the use of a pair of light and airy skates. A musquash set of furs might be a trifle more practical if we mean to keep to the point."

"Copper and brass ware pleased me more than anything else," said the gentle voice of the housekeeper, "because all the new things are in such handsome designs. I saw a wood box, deep and wide, covered with a heavily-chased pattern in brass-work, and I liked coal-boxes in copper after quite a new model. It would not be difficult at all to choose useful gifts if one spent some time among the brass and copper fittings. There are dainty little sets of brass or steel irons hung on quaint stands. Hearth-rugs and floor-rugs seem to come along with these quite naturally, and I was charmed with the display I saw of antique rugs. There are magnificent skins with heads on them, so that any woman who prefers polished floors with rugs and skins may arrange a wonderful room. Chairs and lounges? Oh! yes, they seem to lead naturally to small tables in inlaid work and to all sorts of wonderful reading chairs and lamps, bookcases and cabinets. Then I was particularly charmed by some large screens I saw framed in leather and panelled in tapestry. There is quite a special taste just now for tapestry; it appears everywhere, and some of the cushions shown in it would grace any room."

"Silver and linen?" Someone took up a remark that was breathed on the air as if in suggestion.

"I suppose you mean to spend your cheque in silver and linen. Cheques are such handy presents at Christmas, for there are so many people who never know what to give. If they save themselves all trouble by sending cheques, they may be sure of at least earning gratitude. Tell us what you have selected in the way of silver and linen."

"It isn't bought yet," was the placid reply; "but I have seen it more than once, and I have almost made up my mind to have it. It is a set of silver toilet ware in the new pattern all very fine and thin, and simple in design. There are pots and candlesticks and trays all to match. I mean to have as much as I can get for three-quarters of my money, and the rest shall go in linen. Lace and linen appeal chiefly to me, and some of the table cloths and napkins with wide bands of lace set into the border are too lovely for words."

"Enamel," said a girl, who had been listening eagerly, "would suit me much better than silver. I like pale colors set into silver, and I simply revel in the tortoiseshell things with gold or silver scroll patterns on them. They are too lovely! I want a fan, too. I hope some one will remember that. I want one of the sweet little Empire ones, with a lace medallion in the centre and handpainted borders; I like them better than spangled ones. Spangled ones are pretty for theatre wear, though, particularly if you have one of the new bags to match."

"I should not at all object to a new down quilt," the answer was given to a question; "the one I have is nothing like the new ones, and I could give it to some one who has not a quilt at all. There are plenty of people who would be delighted with the large woolen squares in pale colors that make quite a good substitute for quilts covered in silk and embroidered. If you give me one of these silk ones—blue, with a ribbon scroll put under a lace band—shall be very grateful."

For a quarter of an hour at least the room seemed to be filled with Christmas marvels, so rapidly did everyone talk at once. These were suggestions of new and modern jewels, of tiny chains in gold, silver, or platinum, and of charms to hang on them. A watch, outlined in diamonds and set into a tiny ball, had caught a wandering eye, and long earrings with peridots in them seemed to have placed themselves beside it in the memory of an observant shopper. Scents put up into bottles of crystal decorated with silver-gilt tops, and pure English lavender-water, in elaborate basket-work, had some relation to potpourri jars, after Greek models, in lovely soft colors. Writing-table novelties in crystal, from the largest and most elaborate, to the little rack for twenty-five cents, consisting of a thin bar of metal set on a glass stand, suggested a whole range of novelties, moderate in price. Even twenty-five or fifty cents would go a long way in providing dainty trifles, such as mascots in the form of an elephant, a gilded or china pig, a dog, or some other curio. Small pieces of china at most moderate rates are shown; there are varied fashions in lace and embroidered handkerchiefs, and much variety in hand-embroidered collars, lace sets, linen jabots, etc. Most acceptable would be the many comotes, preserved meats, and fruits, as well as tea, in prettily-ornamented boxes, all of which recall the fact that preparations for Christmas this year have made the world more attractive even than usual with their promise of happiness and good cheer.



INTO THE UNKNOWN
Captain Scott, who, with a gallant crew, is speeding towards the Antarctic in the "Terra Nova," in search of the South Pole. Two of his dogs are seen in the picture.

rooms, and just as the children finished the last game a jangle of sleighbells sounded on the porch.

How the bright eyes danced when the children heard that Santa had just filled all their stockings and gone, leaving word that each was to find his own stocking, and we would all investigate our treasures together at the big table. The stockings were basted securely shut at the tops, and when we were all seated, great was the surprise and joy at their contents. Small cups of hot chocolate added the finishing touch to this game.

The Christmas Day amusements need not be confined to those for children. No doubt their elders, who are still young at heart, will enjoy the following:

Parlor Magic.—Show the guests a ball of light snow and offer to make it burn—a thing that the smallest child knows is impossible. Your offer will be taken incredulously. Then, after all have examined the ball and found it genuine, press a tube of camphor into it, the small end coming flush with the outside surface of the snow. Be very careful that no one sees this done. Next light a match, in smiling confidence, and touch the point of the camphor

passes over the selected one, and tell him to get up if he can. Probably he will spring to his feet, which you must do also, saying: "I told you you could not rise alone."

The Cat and the Mouse.—A large number of players join hands in a circle, in the centre of which stand two, representing the cat and the mouse. The mouse may go in and out of the circle freely, but the cat must break through, and, once out, must force a way in again if the mouse remains inside. When the mouse is caught, he becomes a cat, and chooses his mouse.

HIS DEFENCE

It was shortly after midnight, and the colonel had caught Rastus red handed.

"Well, Rastus, you old rascal, you," said he, "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my henhouse?"

"Why, Marsie Bill," said the old man, "I done heerd such a cacklin' in dis here coop that I-I thought mebbe de old hen done gone lay an' aig, an' I-I wanted ter git it fo' you' brekfes' while it was fresh, suh."

"Good value, bless you!" cried the tall woman, with hair like ripe grain and eyes of speedwell blue. "Why! Isn't it good value when you make people happy? Isn't it just jolly, too, to see all the preparations, and even to dream of the Christmas presents you might give if you had the money?"

"I can't see much pleasure in that," was the response, in a tired voice; "what is the use of imagining things?"

"If no one imagined anything it would be a dull world! Well, I've been imagining half the day, but I have done a good many grow practical things as well. Practical presents grow more fashionable every day, and I really am not convinced that they are not best of all. Think of the fur-lined coat we were commissioned to buy," and she smiled at her hostess, who was eyeing the ruination of her tea cloth. "I think we got splendid value. We had \$25, and we got our coat and a trifle over for a fur cap. Oh, the fur caps and toques this season are too lovely for words! We owe a debt to the motorists, for if they had not required a close-fitting headgear we should never have got those enchanting toques of fur of all sorts. The caps of old brocade? Yes, I daresay they