## SIR ANTHONY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

## (Elton Harris, in the "British Weekly.")

(Litton Harris, in the "British Weekly.")
He had walked moodily into his his
Further and without troubling to turn in the inputs, thad flung himself into an acay chain, thrust his hands into his present, and gazing into the fire of here, the said, in a clear, solemn little areasy chain, thrust his hands into the fire of here, the said, in a clear, solemn little trobes of a surely one day be a repetition of his handsone sire's, drawn mito an anxious flown. "But — we — have — hought you this," and Sir Anthony because a sure that he was holding some hought you this," and Sir Anthony because are the reader of the charming of the char like gloaming just now. Of course it would stay, he told himself with deep self-pity; was not a mad gallop after hounds the sole thing left that could etr his pulses, make him forget—of course it would stay! Bitter enough were the man's thoughts as he watched the embers fall; it was the lot of others to be widowed, even as he had been, but what was that to him, he reflected angrily, what consolation was he to find in that, pray!—they were but the wives of other men, and his loss was Monica. He had idolized her to the ex-clusion of everything else his fire years of married life had passed as a dream. Gardonically he smiled as he reviewed the two years since she left him, the various forms of consolation offered to him. Well he knew how people were say-ing that he should marry again, knew why certain sweet and pretty girls were offinde out, and he went through these ordeals with grim amusement. Perhaps once or twice, in sheer dasperation and he like one of his timer partners, but the is for outle was a nature rare-ly faithful, and he dimly guessed that Monica, who understood him—laughing, sumy Monica—had carried his heart with her to the 'land of the Leal.' On his writing table lay numerons invitations to Yule-tide fortivities. He shaned towards them with the same same whom the Almighty had so sorely emitten and descrid. He was alone, for one whom the Almighty had so sorely emitten and descrid. He was alone, for distant nursery at the top of the house - ehidren hardly known to him hy sight, and carrently avoided whenever seen. He had been proud of his boys, it is true, when he had watched the lowely cheruls in Monica"-slim whith the same shift the eight, whose little life tarted ceven as that most precious one wind mate they should be his care-hold it was an understood him by sight, and carefully avoided whenever seen. He had been proud of his boys, it is true, when he had watched the lovely cheruls in Monica"-slim whith the armsi-but the other, the girl, whose little life tarted ceven as that most precious care

o peace."

he don't listen when I answer,

And he don't histen when I answer, as if she was worth no more than a chance word!" the old woman would de-clare with trembling indignation, "As if he did not know that more than all them fine things they have, my hay, poor, pretty, would have rather that he took them in his arms sometimes and kissed them same as other fathers Mas. kissed them, same as other international ter Tony notices. 'Nurse,' he says, 'your nephew Joe kisses his children, don't he?' 'He is a choachman, master Tony,' I answers, and he looked at me kissed them, same as other fathers. Mas-

Tony,' I answers, and he looked at me a minute very old, and turns away. The girl, that's all he ever calls her-never no more than 'the girl!'" "Don't you fret," the housekeeper would reply, shaking her head wisely. "The master has dined three times late-ly at the Towers, and they say that there is a young lady staying there who rides to hounds beautifully. 'Man is not born to live alone,' as the saying goes, and he will bear the sight of Miss Mon-lea well enough when her ladyship's place is filled again-not that I ever expect to see her cqual."

"Nor you will. Her children have a

With something like a smothered groan, Anthony caught her up-Mon-ica's child, who know her father 'through the window'--and by the aid of one of those faultlessly cut top-boots Beauty was likewise lifted beside her, while Tony found himself swung on to the arm of the chair, whence he could shy-ly slip an arm round his father's neck, satisfied by the look on the stern, dark face that he would not be repulsed. "God forgive me!" the man mutterd, as in a flash he realized that something was left to him--these tender and inno-cent souls were all his own to guard, their artent baby love be his for the winning. "You like the present?" questioned With

cent souls were all his own to guard, their ardent baby love be his for the winning. "You like the present?" questioned Tony presently, as the girl's sicepy head lay against the scarlet-coated breast, the damp mite of a thumb dropped from the rosebud month. 'Joc, nurse's nephew, has five children, and his wife went to heaven when God, the Father, took mother. The children were made into a picture and Joe has it on his kitchen mantelpiece in a shell frame, and says that it is better than a mint of money to him. So we got this for Christmas, Nurse said that she did not see why you should be behind Joc, you know, and we should give it ourselves. Is it worth a mint to you, father?" "That it is, mannikin," but in his new humility Anthony Amhenst felt that possibly ho deserved his picture less than his coachman, Joseph. "Would you like it better with a shell frame, dear lickle sheels?" demanded Beauty, aying a venturesome finger on the cleft in the firm chin. "No, no, just as it is," he answered. "Or-we will get one for it like that one up there, with-mother's picture in it."

"Or-we will get one for it like that one up there, with-mother's picture in it." It was almost the first time that he had spoken of her, bul looking from the upturned faces of her little sons to the silver-framed photo of lovely Monica on the mantelpiece, it seemed strangely easy and was almost a relief. For sne seem-ed very near to them yet in that quiet room; with her tiny daughter's coft breathing close to his ear, surely he was keeping his promise to her at last and finding that it brought its own reward. "I dime at home on Christmas Day, and the children with me, even-Miss Moni-ca," he said when nurse arrived for her charges, and he looked up at her with an expression absent from his face for many a long day. "A happy Christmas to you, good old friend; in truth, none better deserves one." From that Christmas Eve Sir Anth-ony was the centre of those children's lives; people said, indeed, that he lived for them. And this remark was possibly truer than much that people say; for certain it was that every Christmas Eve, when the snow lay thick, or the wild winds swept through the bare trees in the park, and frost held the waters in the park, and frost held the waters in the park, and stand motionless before it. Yet there was very little there —a bundle of letters in a girlish hand, a broken bangle, and a fading photo of three children. a tiny white shoe- lit the enough, but landmarks in the life of one who, having suffored and grown atrong, liked on the eve of that great firmation. "Oh, I understand," and Sir Anthony regarded him uneasily, the photo hang-ing limply in his hand. "Well, I am much obliged to you-all," with a hasty glance at the youthful lady in the cen-tre, who seemed much incined to make a dash for it, and recover the gift. Queer thanks from a father to his children. An old woman standing behind the door, listening with abated breath,

the door, listening with abated breath elenched her hands, and in her heart a plea went up for them all, not only for her lambs, over whom she watched day

and night, but for the father, who years and years ago had been a child in her "Oh, dear God Almighty, at this bless-ed Christmas time, when our Lord was born, have mercy on Master Anthony, and let his little children lead him back Beauty was adding his share to the

Beauty was adding his share to the presentation when she listened again. "Merry Kismas," he chirped. "You were to say happy Christmas," Tony corrected, in a muffled whisper. "because nurse is sure that mother would want father to be happy," and he glanced sadiy at the present, which did not seem to have cheered the recipient. Sir Anthony winced, yet he felt no de-sire to sweep the group away, and was inwardly concerned to see that Tony's grasp on "the girl's" plump wrist was marking the pretty skin, while when she released herself, and sat down on the rug with considerable force, he found himself thinking how unpleasant it must the choigh, but landmarks in the life of one who, having suffered and grown strong, liked on the eve of that great anniversary to pause awhile in the past and acknowledge that his heavenly fa-ther had tempered justice with mercy.

Barber Saves the Clippings. himself thinking how unpleasant it must be, and was distinctly relieved to find The barber as his patron arose, shook from the apron to the floor the short locks that he had elipped from the man's head and a boy appeared, swept up the hair and placed it carefully in a large bar that she took it serenely. For the first time he looked straight at "the girl," and the little one, pleased at his red coat, smiled back at him with something of her dead mother's smile, and taking off

smiled back, at him with something of her dead mother's smile, and taking of her shoe, staggered to her feet, and came to lay it in his hand. "Baby gives," she lisped. "It is new, and she thinks you will like it." explained Beauty, with placid, protecting pride, his chubby hands in his belt. "You had hetter kiss her; she scems to like you." "She does not know me," he answered, between his teeth, for the touch of the little hand, light as the snowflakes flut-tering to the ground now and again without, had stirred something in his heart, even as his boy's voice had done a minute before. "On, with an interested and pleased smile. "You di I save it otherwise?" "So matter. It has its uses." "What is it used for?" said the man. "What will become of that short hair which I have been carrying about under ittle hand, light as the snowflakes flut-tering to the ground now and again without, had stirred something in his heart, even as his boy's voice had done a minute before. "On, yes, she sees you through the window sometimes, and we say, "That is Dad!" "Tony said simply, edging a lit-tue nearer. "Dad!" echoed the girl, with smiling pride in her knowledge.

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, in the Ladies' Home Jour-

nal (New York, December), thus sets forth what the Jaw celebrates at Christmastide:—"It is not a secret among scholars that the cele bration of the twenty-fifth of the midwinter month in the Jewish betation of the twenty fifth of the midwinter month in the Jewish

notation of the years' circuits as a day of light in commemoration

Her tears fell freely over her furrow-denly grown oider as she sat there with her son's gift lying unheeded in her lap. Her husband rose feeloly and went out into the darkness. When he returned, suppor was ready. They made a pre-tence at eating, while their loneliness remained silent in each aching heart. In a distant city Mrs. Archhe Medire-gor sat in her prety comfortable home, boside a glowing grate unmindful of the fast falling snow without. She held a book in her hand, but was not reading. She had been quietly watching her nus-band for some time. He seemed per-plexed and restless. At length she rose, and going to his side, asked with tender solletude. What is the matter, Archie. Is there "What is the matter, Archie. Is there anything troubling you." He spoke in a low voice, yet his wife detected a quiver in it. "Why did t you tell me soomer, and we could have gone to see them? You have never invited me to visit your old home, and I have often wished you would."

would." "I know that Kate. You have made these four months of our married life so happy that I have grown selfish. To day one of the office boys asked permis-sion to go home for Christmas. When I saw the joy on his face as I granted his request, a strange, inexplicable year-ning came over me, bringing with it a mental picture of the old home, and fa-ther and mother. I feel that incy would ther and mother. I feel that they wan me to-night, and I wish them to know

my w me toringht, and I was takin to have my wite; he said, with fond pride. "I would like to know your parents, Archic, I have no mother now, so you must give me half of yours' she said, sorrow ully. He drew her closer to him, saying

eagerly. "There's a train in half an hour, Kate

the while seves inter was kind of him she said pitifuily. "It was kind of him to send this money. I'll put it away, for it seems somehow to take his place. We don't need it but we do want our

boy." Her tears fell freely over her furrow-

contact.

"There's a train in half an hour, Kate Could we go then?" "What about our grand dinner to-morrow evening at Judge Dunmore's?" "I'll send a m. e to the judge, explain-ing our absence. Will you go kate? Say you will humor me, dear." He looked at her pleadingly. With her loving intuition, she under-stood his longing even better than he did himselt, and answored unhesita.ing-ly, "Of course 1 will, Archie. 1'll get ready at once."

eady at once." A few hours later as they were spo

ing away towards the old home amon the northern hills Archie leaned toward his wife, saying tenderly, "I am takit, my parents a precious gift this Christ "I hope your mother will like me, was her wistful yet reserved answer.

What the Jew Celebrates at Christmas.

was her wistful yet reserved answer. "And what about my father?" was the puzzled question. "Oh, I do not fear winning his love, but mothers are different. It is hard for them to share their sons' loyalty and love with other women. I feet for your mother, Archie," she whispered, soitly, as she nestled closer to him. Next morning, as the old couple sat alone with nothing but the memories of other Christmas days to cheer them, the wife said suddenly: "John, I hear bells. Who can be out so early this morning?" morning?

Her husband rose and looked through the window, then said hurried H. P. TEETER, Druggist, King and Ashley. looked ly. "It's a sleigh from town. It has stopped here. Oh, wife, it is Archie! ices, Archie, and Kate, too." T. J. M'BRIDE, 666 King Street East.

D. MONROE, Grocer, James and Simcoe



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ARCHIE McGREGOR'S CHRISTMAS VISIT. (Continued from Page 10.)

see her equal." "Nor you will. Her children have a stepmother over them, indeed!" was the jealous and ruffed retort, as filling her opron with the evergreen and holly for which she had come, nurse departed with puckered horw. So there he, sat, brooding, over his trouble, seeing no light in his cloudy sky, regardless of the Light that so long ago came into the world that Christmas night when the start that heralded our Lord's birth first shone in the clear blue castern sky. As the gusts of wind now and again swept round the old house, they brought with them the sound of optrat joy, and then, as he sat up impa-tiently, he became aware of a curious, uneven knocking on the heavy oak door at the further end of the room. "Who's there? Come in, cannot you!" he cried irritably, seizing the poker and making such an attack on the fire as to fill the room with light. Then as it was repeated, "Come in, I say, or take roomself off."

fill the room with light. Then as it was repeated, "Come in, I say, or take yourself off." The as it and the the the second state of the second st

notation of the years circuits as a day of logit in commemoration of the rededication of the Temple (see Saint John x. 22) is one of the component factors of which Christmas observance in the Church is a combination. . . The Jewish holiday of Lights, designated as Hanukah in Hebrew, has also taken on the character of a factival in the main childhood. In this it has clearly developed along lines parallel to those that Christmas fol-lowed in widening its own scope. . . The Christmas senti-ment of 'good-will to men' is certainly an echo of the convictions and aspiration which the Jewish festival of Lights emphasizes. Widespread as the prejudice is that the ethics of Jesus transcend Judaism, and that therefore Christmas virtually marks the advent of a new epoch of love among men, it is based on misconstruction or ignorance of Jewish life and literature contemporaneous with or ignorance of Jewish life and literature contemporaneous with and antecedent to the rise of Christianity. The ethics symbolised by Christmas are Jewish. Their universalism is not an exotic in the garden of Judaism." Signs are not wanting, we are told, that sooner or later the Jewish festival of Lights and Christmas will no longer fall on different days. "Even now, the hour which moves all Christendom to joyous sentiments has found welcome in many a Jewish household. Its theological implications have been forgotten in the sweeter melodies which it has dedicated to the universal humanities. And many more of Jacob's family would be ready to combine their Hanukah and Christmas, and help create for the common day a name and symbols of broader sweep than either now possesses, were it not for the remembrance that while the Jewish Hanukah has brought terror and pain to none in forhere centuries, and, alas' even now in darkest Europe Christmas has often been and is still, a day of unspeakable anguish and ter-rible sufferings for Jews. Coming from their matins, where they had learned of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem hailed by angels' choirs chanting of goodwill to men, mobs time and again would in-vade the defenceless homes of the divine Babe's kinsfolk and visit on them their fanatical wrath. In Russia the approach of Christmas fills with trepidation five millions of human hearts. Sad experi-Ints with treplation five millions of human hearts. Sad experi-ence has taught them that no hour is fraught with graver peril for them than that which retells the poetry of a Jewish child's birth in poverty and power. The Jew cannot rejoice, nor sing of good-will, when he knows that the day of his joy has been and is the day of his helpless brothers' trembling and anxiety and agony! In this country, as in England, the Jew rejoices that the Christmas continued is speadily and heautifully accounting the section. In this country, as in England, the Jew rejoices that the Christmas sentiment is speedily and beautifully progressing toward realiza-tion in action. And when he sees the lights leap into glory in his neighbors' homes he breathes forth a fervent prayer for their happiness. As far as in him lies he helps to make their joy more genuine. He gladly contributes his part to the happiness of his friends, and such as share with him the hospitality of his domestic hearth, but are not of his religious fraternity. For himself and his own, however, as yet he prefers to wait "

stopped here. Oh, wife, it is Archie!	666 King Street East.	
<ul> <li>r te, Archie, and Fate, too."</li> <li>Re spoke joyously, hastening out to meet the travellers, while the mother stood in the doorway with a wondrous light shining in her eyes. Soon she was clasped in her son's strong arms, while her husband with old-time charter and the son's strong the moment she put up her red lips for his welcoming kiss.</li> <li>'I wanted you so, my-boy," the mother er whispered, as she kissed net son. A strange yearning took possession of the young wifes heart as she saw the brown head pressed close beside the white one. Then her husband turned to her, and said, with tremulous tenderness and pride, "I have brought you a daugter, mother."</li> <li>When Kate test the motherly arms around her, and the kisses on her face, the ache in her heart passed, and she fet that Arher's motaer was hers, too. "I guess your good things will not spoil now, wife," and the tather, with a merry ring in his voice. "And you have your wish too, John. We have much to be thankful for." Then looking at her son, "we were just longing to see you, Archie. We wanted you so." "Not more than I wanted to see you. I thought at first I could not get away, but I had to, that's all. I wanted you so." "My heart called her that as soon as I saw her. She's a bonny woman, my boy. And your old father is well pleased and very happy." As Archie as the in heir swell pleased and wife sant was filed with a wondrous joy and contentment.</li> </ul>	A. W. SWAZIE, 647 Barton Street East.	* Crockerses
	LLOYD VANDUZEN, Crown Point.	<pre>% Robert Soper %</pre>
	J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wentworth, also Vic- toria Avenue and Cannon.	
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	A. NORMAN, 103 York Street.	
	MRS. SHOTTER, Confectioner, 244 York Street.	
	NEW TROY LAUNDRY, 357 York Street.	
	S. WOTTON, 376 York Street.	
	T. S. M'DONNELL, 374 King Street West.	Where Doctors Never Ask Fees. , no such thing as a doctor's bill is known
	M. WALSH, 244 King Street West.	A Japanese doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical frater- nity of Japan: "When the twin ene- mies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes ought from that home, even though it be given binn, is a rolber." "Often," says Dr. Matsumoto, "a doc- tor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide hin over his dire necessities. Every physi- cian has his own dispensary, and there are very few chemists" shops in the em- pire. When a rich man calls in a physi-
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	JOHN MORRISON, Druggist, 112 Main Street West.	
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	<ul> <li>he, Archee, and kate, too."</li> <li>he spoke joyously, hastening out to meet the travellers, while the mother stood in the doorway with a wondrous light shinning in her eyes. Soon she was clasped in her son's strong arms, while her husband with old-time chvairs, was caring tor ins daugnter, for his neart claimed her as such from the moment she put up her red lips for mis welcoming kiss.</li> <li>"I wanted you so, my boy," the mother or whispered, as she kissed ner son.</li> <li>A strange yearing took possession of the young wifes' heart as she saw the brow a head pressed close beside the white one. Then her husband turned to her, and said, with tremulous tenderness and pride, "I have brought you a daugnter, mother."</li> <li>When Kate test the motherly arms around her, and the kisses on her face; the ache in her heart passed, and she fet that Arhere's motier was hers, too.</li> <li>"I guess your good things will not spoil now, wife," said the tather, with a merry ring in his voice.</li> <li>"An more than I wanted to see you. I thought at first I could not get away, but I and to, that's all. I wanted you so."</li> <li>Not more than I wanted to see you. I thought at first all could not get away, but I and to, that's all. I wanted you so is sive nor she her heart as soon as I six her. She's a bomy woman, my boy. And your old father is well pleased and very nappy."</li> <li>A Archeie sait his own old chair, telling his father all about his busy life, his eyer with posting with loce in each face, his heart was filed with a wondrous to see with loving watchfulness away his wife and his mother talking together, with nothing but love in each face, his heart was filed with a wondrous to you and contentment.</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>A. W. SWAZIE, 647 Barton Street East.</li> <li>COVM Point.</li> <li>J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wentworth, also Vic- toria Avenue and Cannon.</li> <li>H. E. HAWKINS, Druggist, Barton and Wentworth, also Vic- toria Avenue and Earton.</li> <li>H. E. HAWKINS, Druggist, Barton and Wellington Streets.</li> <li>J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wentworth, also Vic- toria Avenue and Earton.</li> <li>H. E. HAWKINS, Druggist, Barton and Wellington Streets.</li> <li>J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wellington Streets.</li> <li>J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wellington Streets.</li> <li>J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wellington Streets.</li> <li>J. A. Street.</li> <li>J. J. J</li></ul>