

of Parliament. It was initiated through the St. George's, and other kindred societies, finding that in some cases the generosity of the benevolent was being imposed upon by duplication. In a growing city like Edmonton one meets with many distressing cases which need the timely and kindly help of such a body as the Aids Council, which is very largely assisted in its work by a strong Ladies' Auxiliary Council.

As Christmas approaches, each year, a stirring appeal to the generous public is made through the press and by personal circular; last year over \$1,500 was raised in this way. It is hoped that this year's appeal will bring a much larger sum, as the increased population and present labour conditions will necessitate the expenditure of a much larger sum than was expended a year ago.

The Aids Council will have a busy time from now on to Christmas, in directing the help of the generous; they will have an emporium in the centre of the city for receiving good things of all sorts, which will be distributed, all over the vast city area, by means of motor trucks and automobiles to be lent for the purpose. It is intended to have all the "cheer" in the homes of the poor before noon on the day preceding Christmas.

Last year a number of lonely well-to-do citizens made themselves and others happy by personal care and service, letting the poor stranger cheerily into their homes to enjoy the good things and pleasures of the season, reminding one of the lordly doings of times which have been made famous in song and story.

Besides the subscriptions of the wealthy, each year store-keepers, and the public generally, have helped the work, by giving all kinds of articles of food, clothing, and other home comforts; in the stores and school buildings, for a week or two before Christmas, attractively decorated barrels have been placed for the reception of good things. As these fill up, collection is made, and a fresh receptacle is placed for a further supply. It is the intention of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Aids Council, who control this work, to direct their efforts to cheer and help the needy at the Christmas season on the recommendation of their own committees, of the Civic Relief Department, and of the Salvation Army.

Experience makes us wise. Big gatherings with amusements, gifts of toys and nice things to eat, were tried two years consecutively, but it is generally felt that more lasting good can be done by helping people in their homes, with fuel, and good food, toys for the children, and warm clothing, than by an explosion of jollity that only lasts a few hours. Christmas is a great event the world over, and our readers may feel assured that at Edmonton, the rising prairie city of the great West, the day will be celebrated, as such a day should be, with such joy and gladness as the generosity of a prosperous community can assure.

Halifax Notes

DR. E. M. SAUNDERS, Miss Marshall Saunders, known all over the continent as the author of "Beautiful Joe," and Miss Grace Saunders, left two days ago for Toronto, where they will spend the next six months and may take up their permanent residence. Their going means a very real loss to Halifax—that of three cultured people and choice spirits.

Mrs. Stebbins Wells, Police Woman of Los Angeles, visited Halifax a few days ago and addressed a largely attended meeting conducted by

the Local Council of Women. This lecturer has been touring Canadian cities and has also made former touring visits. She is the recognized first woman police in all America. She firmly believes that women police are a general civic need and is doing much to convince public opinion.

A "personality" in Halifax is Mrs. F. H. Sexton, wife of Principal Sexton, of the Nova Scotia Technical College. She is chairwoman of the committee of the Local Council of Women, under whose direction were opened recently, in the Women's Council House, equally successful classes in dressmaking and house decoration, as well as a sewing class for school girls. She is a charming young woman and is never seen to greater advantage than in her own home, with her two lovely children.

Miss Manners, of Edge Hill (the Church School for Girls at Windsor, N.S.), the new warden of Forrest Hall, the residence for girl students at Dalhousie University, has arrived in Halifax. She succeeds Dr. Eliza Ritchie, the beloved first warden of the residence, to whom is very largely due its complete success. Dr. Ritchie sails the first of the year for Italy.

There is to take place shortly, in Halifax, on behalf of the citizens, a presentation of a handsome purse to Richard Power, Superintendent of the Public Gardens for half a century. Mr. Power came to Halifax from the employ of the Duke of Sutherland. It is no excess of praise to say that in his capacity

as Superintendent of the Gardens he has proved himself a genius—under his fostering hand they have become widely celebrated for their beauty.

C. W. Anderson, Mrs. Arundell, Mrs. R. and Misses M. R. and E. Fitch, Halifax, registered at the Canadian high commissioner's office, London, during week ending November 27th. Miss Annie Lithgow and Miss George L. Sinclair were recent registrations at the Canadian office, Paris.

Happy Old Year

An Intimate Little Picture-Story for the Season

By E. M. STRANG

THE One Man and the Only Girl sat before the open fire in their Very Own Den, their chairs so close that his strong, muscular right hand clasped her little, brown, left one. Only the fire-light lit the room, for the candles on the mantel-shelf had burned low, flickered and gone out; the silence of peace and content hovered over them, save for the rhythmical voice of the Very New Clock, which announced unobtrusively that the hour was half-past eleven. The honeymoon had not yet even begun to wane. The silence drifted apart, rather than was broken, by the One Man's dry, serious tones. "I wonder," he said, slowly—"I wonder why it is always 'Happy New Year?'"

The Only Girl's fingers twitched with a half-defined fear, but the honest, grey eyes opposite looked into her brown ones steadfastly, and full of possessing love, with no trace of apprehension of evil to come.

"You see," he continued, musingly, "it isn't that I doubt old Rabbi Ben Ezra, nor the rest of the prophets who proclaim the best is yet to be. Only somehow," he said, "it doesn't seem just fair to be always so eager for the New Year. Why should the Old Year always be a bent and weary pilgrim, laden with care, sorrow, and failure? Why should men be so eager to part with that which brought each one the opportunity to win a new vision? Who can be sure of ever possessing, in toto, the New Year—happy or unhappy? Grace before meat may be devotional all right, but I'll bet there's more real sincerity and gratitude in grace after meat."

The Very New Clock intimated politely that it now lacked but a quarter of an hour till the turn of the year. The Only Girl spoke softly: "Surely it will be a happy New Year, and yet I, too, cling to this good old year. No other, I am sure, can ever bring me so much in so short a time. Think of that last New Year's night, when we two met as strangers, and parted—friends."

"Rather I would think of Easter," said the One Man, "that glad Easter Sunday when I first dared to hope." The Only Girl's smile was still shy and girlish. "And June," she whispered, "when we both knew, and the whole world was recreated around our bliss. Then all the busy, happy months between, and best of all, this good old December. Truly a happy old year!"

And now the Very New Clock began to strike, and far away many church bells rang out their silvery greeting. The One Man and the Only Girl had risen instinctively. "My wish for you, dear heart," and the deep voice was tender as the broad shoulders bent lovingly over the little figure at his side, "is that you may be always as reluctant to see the Old Year go." And from his blue serge shoulder came a muffled little whisper—"Amen."

THE GLORY OF A NIGHT

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

A PROFUNDITY waits in the infinite, wherein abide the creatures of God which yet are uncreated. Petals were there ere they yielded the scent which wastes not though they blossom in a desert. Wings of unthought brilliancy are sheathed there, biding their hour to make His sport in places imaged only, yet unmade. Mountains, embowelled yet, rest in that mighty compass; and unborn seas! And Adam, the red clay like to us, though unlike to be proof against a fall, is possibility crying there, "How long wait I existence?" In which abyss a clod hung, void and shapeless.

"Be a star!" The Omnipotent Will exulted. "Be a star!" The clod trembled, its veins ran fire, it blazed till every planet was wan, by and in farther distance; then yielded its frame to the Palm that plucked it forth with unscorched fingers. "Be a token"—so willed the Creator—"hang thou a space near earth. I hurl thee down. This ere I snuff thee out. My Son is born!"

The elder stars strained in their rings at this Almighty word, with vibrant rhythm, and all their ordered worlds sang in accord, "Hosanna!" Comets, hoary with æons of haste, came swinging in their orbits; swerved while the miracle burned by, consuming flight toward Earth; then swept to join the passionate chorus of the spheres.

Magi upon their way beheld a sign. It discovered to their ken where a Young Child lay, hard by stalled beasts. Above, a Virgin's eyes. About, effulgence that rose in waves and met, midway, the beams of that new star. The shaft was peopled with angels' smiles, their hands' beatitudes, their lips that moved with singing, strong, but not for ears of mortals—until the floor of heaven broke with the weight of leaning seraphs, thronging to look forth.

The air was quick, on a sudden, and rife with song. Shepherds were frightened on the pale Judean hills, unmindful even of timid lambs that bleated to be carried: had roused the town but for the spirit's arresting voice and comforting "Fear not!" And then they hastened with crook and staff and bowed their simple hearts before the Manger—offered their gift in the midst of myrrh, and frankincense, and gold the Magi brought.

The shepherds worshipped the sleeping Child, the Wise Men worshipped, the mother prayed; the angels in farthest paradise rained down their adoration. And God on His throne sat motionless. In that swift hour, His universe—was it but Bethlehem—one little white-walled town with cypress spires? Haply, 'twas so to the angels. But God said: "He shall redeem my creatures—my One Son!"

Then High God reached and took His star, spilled out its light, and tossed it to the void. Foul fiends upon their mischief, blind to light, perceived the falling of the finished husk; they fled; they troubled hell, telling their Prince: "He's come—Emmanuel!"

