## The Semi-Weekly Colonist.

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VICTORIA, B.C. MONDAY, DECEMBER 2 2 1905.

# ALL OVER

Xmas Ceremonies of Different Nations.

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## Many Xmas **Visitors Here**

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A Christmas Story by O. Henry.

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## AN UP-TO-DATE VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

BY FRED NYE

Are enjoying a respite—and so are the neighbors. Are snoozing away in the folding plane, When out on the pavement I hear such a clatter That I spring to the window to see what's the matter.

The moon on the piles of John Weodbury's snow Gives the lustre of midday to objects below,

He is turning and twisting and hammering away Like the boiler shop man in the heat of the fray.

Such puffing and snorting, such blasts of the horn, And all that comes into his orbit he smashes. But the man in the auto flies on without heeding. And seel In less time than it takes for the telling He is scaling the walls of our twelve-storey dwelling! There's the sound of a crash and the falling of plaster That shatters the nerves with a tale of disaster, And I shout, "To the rear of the flat and be quick, For the automobilist is surely St. Nick!"

And he says to my youngest, whose first name is Johnny, "You may not have guessed, but I'm Santa Claus, sonny; My eyes were once twinkling, my dimples how merry! My cheeks were like roses, my mouth like a cherry! I had a broad face and a round little belly That shook when I faughed like a bowl full of jelly. But to be up-to-datel acquired this machine, And now I've grown cranky and lanky and lean. And I have such a terrible time with the steering-

Pumps a gallon of air in his pneumatic tire,

That ring from the fire-escape out on the night! For old Santa has been in so much of a hurry, He's had so much strife and confusion and werry,

(Sixty Years After Clement Scott Moore.) 113 18 the night before Xmas, when all through the flat

Not a creature is stirring, not even a rat.

The stockings are hung on the heater with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas will soon be there.

The children, tired out with the day's noisy labors,

And I see sleeping quietly there in the street A policeman in uniform, still on the beat, While an old man in an automobubble, Is, I judge from the noises, in serious trouble. In a thick cloud of smoke with a smell gasoline,

At last he has finished, and, firm in his seat, He turns his machine loose and tears up the street. I never have listened to since I was born!
'Cross the street, back and forth, like a comet he flashes, The policeman awakes and cries, "Hey, stop yer speeding!"

In short, the old 'bubble' gives me such a pain, dear,
That I think I shall have to go back to my reindeer." Then he springs to the roof and examines his "flyer,"

And dashing away with diminishing "honks," Disappears in the shadows that hang o'er the Bronx,