

Unique Find in Ontario



On September and October during the rutting season the hunters occasionally hear the sounds of a terrific combat between these giants of the forest, the bull moose. With their formidable antlers these creatures can slash a young birch tree like a piece of matchwood, and although it is only rarely that the bull moose will attack a man, if he does do so the man has little chance unless he is aided with his fire-arms.

The other day on St. Ignace Island, only one mile east of Rosport, on the C. P. R., a pair of locked moose horns was found on the tragic record of a combat. Their antlers were broken when the animals became entangled and unable to extricate each other; the two animals died there of starvation, their



Remaining horns of a pair of moose which were found in the forests of Ontario.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

Christ's Glorious Coming.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.—Matt. ii, 6.

I may say here that in this article I am indebted to Biblical history and to the Map of Palestine.

When King Herod asked the chief priests and scribes of the people where his dreaded rival should be born, they tried to answer in the words of prophecy. They misquoted the passage, however, and left out what to us is the most important point in it. The prophecy, as it was given by Micah, reads thus: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from old-time everlasting.

There are peculiar and hallowed associations connected with this little city of Bethlehem. It is picturesquely situated on the brow of a rugged and rocky hill. Over yonder, on the right, lies the sluggish Dead Sea, with its sad memories. Afar off to the north, like a crown on the hill-top, is the holy City of Jerusalem which now waves the flag of England, her temple's dome glistening in the morning sun, and the very air that hovers over her being filled with the incense-perfume of a whole nation's gratitude to God.

Bethlehem will always hold a sacred place in our memories, because of the associations connected with its distant past. It was just outside of the city limits that the shepherds heard the announcement that the long-promised Messiah had at last arrived. While they were listening to the announcement, they heard the voice of angels filling the air with the music of their good news, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to men! The announcement of the birth of the Lord was not only made to the shepherds who were watching their flocks by night on the hillsides beyond Bethlehem, but, also to the Magians—wise men in the far-off East, who saw His Star and followed it over the dreary sands of the desert, until, at last, it settled above the stable in which alone there was room for God's Child, and then they discovered the manger in which the Babe lay, and offered to Him their fragrant incense, and

myrrh and costly gifts. It is not a little curious that God should have announced the greatest event of history not only to the Hebrew people, but, at the same time, to the Gentiles? And is it a little curious that God should have announced, also, that the Hebrew shepherds and the magians of the Orient should as it were, meet side by side at the cradle of our Lord? To me it is a very significant incident. For the first time in the annals of the world the declaration of human brotherhood and of human neighborhood is emphasized. Old things are passed away. As we look from Lebanon to the desert, we find that the Hebrews themselves were a corrupted and a demoralized people. Their spiritual nations were few. Their ravarice and ambition had materialized everything. They did not look for a humble child of God to lead them; neither did they care to have one teach them the secrets of the spiritual life. They looked out of a strong heart, and through eyes of burnished steel, with a cold and ambitious glance, from Judah to Galilee, for a man who was strong enough to break the Roman yoke of slavery and plant the banner of their own nationality upon the captured ramparts of the foe. They stood, as a nation, on the mountain-top of ambition, and looked over the Son of God, hoping to find another more like to their hopes and answering more closely to their own avaricious and personal designs.

Now if you will pass westward for a moment, we will walk with a rapid step through the streets of Athens, and enter its marble corridor. We would fain stop to look at those wondrous results of genius, whose statues of pentelican marble which the hill, where Paul stood years afterwards and told the story of relics of a grandeur of which we can scarcely conceive. We will walk up to the top of Mars hill, where Paul years afterwards, and told the story of the Cross to skeptics. We will go into the Academy where Plato was teaching the world how to think. We will visit the Lyceum, with its great throng of students, enthusiastic for their leader, and listen to the close reasoning of Aristotle for a little. Then we will go down into the Academy where plants the commonality live. We will wind our way through those Streets where poor men toil that they may find bread to eat; where mothers are burying their faces in their hands because disease has crossed their threshold; where fathers are looking up and wondering if there is any beyond to which

their loved ones have gone. After we have walked together through this marvellous city, I have but one question to ask, and to that I demand an answer. I know that Athens is the throbbing brain of the world; I know the subtlety of her philosophy; I know the shrewdness of her science; I know that she has proofs of her genius in every street—genius incomparable; genius that throws its shadow over every century, and even today inspite and despite the war, becomes the inspiration of the scholar as he crosses the threshold of his youth and looks forward to influence and position as the result of hoard work.

Now if you please, go with me to another place. We will stand upon the hill-top this time where St. Paul stood when he overlooked the Eternal City. There it rises in all its grandeur before us, seated upon its seven hills. Like an Emperor it commands the world. There is no town within the limits of civilization where the Roman spear does not glisten in the morning sun. There is no plain from which the Roman shout of victory has not rent the air. There is no spot, favored or unfavored, that does not bear the foot prints of some Roman's tread. The army of Rome was its only power, and one of its officers said to Christ one day, with a tone of sarcasm, when he talked to Him about truth: "What is truth? It was as though he said, 'I know nothing that has influence except an army. I belong to Rome, and Rome means victory. You may talk of truth as you please, but I put my faith in Roman spears and in Roman Swords.' I say to the Romans, we give you the meed of praise. We crown your brow with the victor's crown, and fill the air with shouts of admiration for the heroism of your dead. But, when the day of festival is all over, and when the last chariot in the triumphal procession has passed, and its dust has settled to the earth again, there comes the gloom of night. The shades of evening fall on Rome, as well as on the humblest village under her power. I ask her as she stands there in her might, mistress of the world to tell me whether I shall go when I die; to tell me how to dry my tears when I am in sorrow and suffering. What answer do I hear? Friends, you get an echo of your own question, and that is all. It is like speaking in a whispering gallery; your own voice comes back to you, a thousand times repeated it may be, but it is your own voice, nevertheless. Rome never yet answered that question. What all her intellect with all her power, she was as helpless as a child in the presence of suffering and death.

Now if you will, we can come back for a moment to Bethlehem. Let us kneel as the shepherds and the magians—wise men from the East did at the manger cradle, and then look forward to the future of Christ's life, and ask the same questions that I have been asking of the great political powers of the world. What is the answer? It is wholly satisfactory to the soul. We can thank God at last. Jesus gave to us an ideal of personal perfection, and the impulse that impels us to its accomplishment.

When a mother kneels today by the side of her dead child, what a difference there is in her condition of mind and that of the poor Athenian mother to whom I have referred. The one sits in despair unutterable, the other feels the sense of loss and of desolation, but in her heart of hearts, she can look up and say what the heathen world that have not heard the story could never dream of saying, or of understanding. "Thy will, and no mine be done."

That blessed Babe has told you, dear friends, that God will assist and help you in all the weariness of your work; and in all the dreariness of your life; that you are never alone, because invisible messengers are

We Keep the Quality Up

It is one thing to make flour that is occasionally good.
It is quite another thing to make flour that is ALWAYS good.

PURITY FLOUR

Never disappoints. Whether you buy one barrel or a hundred the quality is ALWAYS the same and makes

More Bread and Better Bread—and Better Pastry, too.

coming down through the sky all the time, bearing the word of encouragement from on high to your sinking heart, then returning with unwearied wings, and bearing to the ear of heaven every cry and sigh, every wish and hope that comes from your tired-out soul. Oh! wonder, no wonder, then, that when the Babe was born, angels filled the air, and joined in one grand chorus, saying: "Peace on earth, and good-will to men."

next century, a larger company gathered together, and sang it with all their hearts. In the next century, a still larger number added their voices, and now, after nineteen hundred years and more have gone by, the meise of that wondrous song, which began with Him who stood in His father's workshop, is sung, and echoed, and re-echoed the whole wide world over. It is our revolution from God, and it is the impulse that lifts us all up to God.

Virte Alice Bennett
Kentville, 1917.

I remember hearing a story told by a military relative, in connection with our battle-fields. One weary, dreary night, while our army was on the eve of a great and important battle, a soldier paced up and down before the tent of his general. Wearing with his work, he began to sing half to himself. "When I can read my title clear." After a little, his voice grew louder, and he sang the hymn as though it were a song of victory. His tones rang out on the still night air. After a little another soldier, off yonder, hearing the music, and fascinated by it, joined in. There was a duet. A little longer, and another voice farther off, joined, and there was a chorus. It was not long before the whole army as far as the sound could reach in that wondrous chorus, reach on either side, were joining, in the presence of the enemy. "When I can read my title clear. To mansions in the skies."

Well, friends, when I heard the story, it seemed to me that I could see in the far-off distance that wondrous carpenter's Son of Nazareth, standing alone and singing. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." After a little, twelve disciples took up the refrain, and joined in the chorus.

After a little longer, in the

GLACE BAY HAS DISASTROUS FIRE.

St. Ann's Church, St. Ann's Convent and Globe House Destroyed, Besides Other Buildings—Loss Exceeds \$100,000.

Sydney, N. S. Dec. 30.—Fire yesterday morning destroyed St. Ann's church, St. Ann's convent and the Globe House at Glace Bay. The church, Globe House and two small buildings nearby were burned to the foundation. Only a small portion of the south wing of the convent is left standing and that is completely gutted. The origin of the fire is not exactly known. The theory that is given the most credence is that the fire was caused by a defective flue in the rear part of the church.

There were about twenty sisters in the convent at the time the fire started but all were taken safely out. There was a heavy gale blowing at the time and it is said that sparks and burning embers were carried as far as Caledonia.

It is estimated that the loss will be between \$100,000 and \$120,000. The church was insured for \$42,000, the convent about one-third covered, while on the Globe House there was only a small amount.

Loyalty.

Loyalty to our country is good, but loyalty to our town and our neighbors is just as important, although rarer. To send money out of town for things that may be obtained from townsmen and neighbors is not loyal, and does a serious injury to our schools, churches, and other institutions supported by local taxation or philanthropy. Support good roads, good churches and good schools. Spend your money at home. You will get just as good or better value, and can see what you buy before you pay for it, instead of after. Read the advertisements and deal at home.

Copyrighted 1914

KENTVILLE

The

We wish patronage hope by

We will newest Co

Wishing Prosperity

THE DE

"Minnie young lady in German es. She ha all to bea not for orn trench gun remind on attached to very irregu regularly Man's Land from Minn ing.

Just before round Ypres ular Minn from Ypres an usually tish trench ed, nor v Consequent was active s uncomfortable ants of th Moreover, habits, she ladylike sh she wished

The you halted her vading hat many schet but to no a chance brot a very irrita fier, just a One of Min ed his boot ed in him a to devote t truction.

He stayed that night location on a ed, followe coiling wit the trench temporary ed. The fa back a mila tery of fie

Along abe ned up fo Promptly v verified his night befo figures int moments h nounced th shell just side of No again into British offi spoke agai The first haps 30 ya was perha other side spoke into for the th spoke, "Bu fier into packed up businesslik was no m

Sunday you are a will go to gold crown Willie— one of the tooth once