

mas), and on every beggar he meets the Kaiser bestows a silver coin.

In the palace, in an apartment known as the hall of shells, are the Christmas trees, two enormous ones for the Emperor and Empress, and smaller ones for the children and grandchildren, graduating in size according to their respective ages. With the lighting of these trees royalty is forgotten and the Emperor once again becomes a boy, while presents are exchanged and carols sung and games played, just as in the homes of his humblest subjects.

In some of the more remote parts of Germany and the provinces, religious services are held in the stables to commemorate the birth of Christ, and the processions go through the streets at midnight on Christmas eve.

One point of peculiarity in Germany is that the celebration always takes place on Christmas eve instead of Christmas proper. The celebration begins just after sunset on December 24th, and concludes on the same evening. Christmas day is simply a national holiday. On this day all the theatres and places of amusement are closed and it is like Sunday.

The "Heilige Nacht," as Christmas eve is called, is celebrated essentially the same in every German family from the royal house down to the humblest peasant. First the family gather around the Christmas tree and sing one or two carols, the beautiful "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" always leading. The husband then embraces and kisses his wife and the children, and then the children kiss their parents and one another, and all the friends and relatives present embrace and kiss. In short there is a general epidemic of kissing and embracing. Then some member of the family, disguised as Kriss Kringle, appears and distributes the presents from the tree. One point in favor of the German Christmas is that every German household boasts a tree at this holiday, even if it be only a branch

stuck into a flower pot, decorated with colored paper and a few candles.

Far different from the German way is the joyous abandon with which Paris celebrates Christmas, especially Christmas eve. The Revillon services in the Madeleine, Trinite, Notre Dame and other churches are thronged with people, and at the close of these services all Paris seems to rush onto the boulevards to join in the joyous, boisterous merriment of the Christmas fair. Neither age nor rank is exempted, and the clearer the night the greater and more furious the fun, when everybody speaks to everybody, rich and poor, old or young. On Christmas the shops are opened as usual and all the places of amusement are thronged, and at night the boulevards are again alive with crowds of merry-makers.

At Sandringham, King George and Queen Mary do their best, as did good Queen Victoria and King Edward, her son, to preserve the traditions of the old time English Christmas day. They are always served with boars' head, a baron of beef and a gigantic plum pudding crowned with holly and brought in afire. The boar's head, which is usually a present to the King from the Kaiser, is laid upon a silver dish with its tusks highly polished, and is carried shoulder high into the dining room, at which time the old carol,

"The King's boars' head in hand bring I,
Bedecked with bay and rosemary,
And, I pray you, good people, be merry."

is sung. Even to this day in parts of rural England, Yorkshire, and some of the northern countries, bands of children go about carrying with them a rude travesty of the nativity in the form of a big doll, decked out with holly and mistletoe, singing, "Here we come a was-salling," which may be literally interpreted as requests for pennies. The Christmas card is more prevalent in England than anywhere else, and in case of grown ups takes the place of a present, the gift giving being more confined there to the children and the immediate family.

The idea that the American Indian does not celebrate Christmas is decidedly erroneous. From their white brothers through, the teachings of the missionaries in the United States and Canada, and the government schools, the Indian has learned to celebrate Christmas, and he does it in a typical way. Among the Pueblo Indians, the Christmas celebration is a curious mixture of Christmas and pagan customs. They attend church in the morning, have feasts and then manifest their instinctive traits by having fantastic dances that continue for half a week. At this Christmas dance those who have long ago discarded the old Indian dress will appear gorgeously appalled in true Indian fashion, war paint, plumes, silver, belts, bead work, moccasins, bracelets, etc. Clay images of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., made by the women are carried to the fields for the purpose of guarding the owners of the stock from harm and from evil spirits during the coming year.

The Nee Perces attend the midnight mass and then hold huge bonfires and gather round while addresses are made by the heads of the tribe. The Moki tribe of Arizona have odd ceremonials, many of which are performed in secret. They dance, chant, and feast, and use certain fetiches to drive evil spirits away. The Sioux have great feasts and Christmas trees gorgeously decorated, and celebrate more in the Christian way than any other tribe except the Kiowas, the Osages and Poncas. The Shoshone Indian looks upon the day as one of feasting, and if he can, usually ends up by getting too much "fire water," and a most hilarious drunk on.

"Like Mother used to make."

You can talk about the good things
That are on the bill o' fare,
In the swell cafe across the way
Where sups the millionaire;
But to me there's just one standard,
Be it pie or be it cake,
And it's hard to find, for it's the kind
That mother used to make.

When I see the poor dyspeptic
Shake his head and heave a sigh
At the tasty tart or pastry,
Or delicious raisin pie;
I say "O, you poor fellow!
Would you like to shake your aches?
Then have a bite of stuff made right,
The kind that mother makes."

There are times when I am lonely,
And perhaps a trifle blue,
When the sky's not clear and things are
dear,
And I am hungry too.
Then a cravin' overtakes me,
Kind o' makes my in'ards ache,
And I long to crunch a tasty lunch
Like moth' used to make.

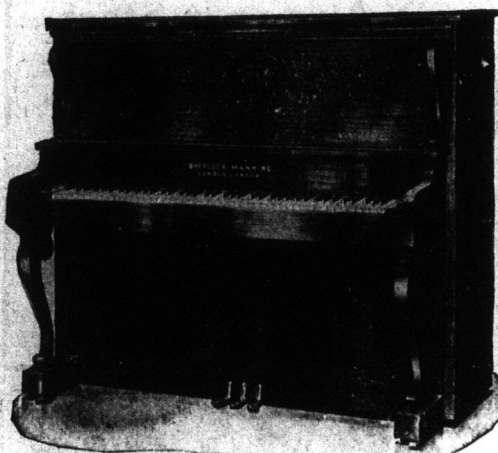
Just around the Christmas season
All my thoughts are thoughts of home,
And the scenes most dear again are near,
No matter where I roam;
And the appetite of childhood
Once again seems wide awake;
"O, to have a treat of things to eat
Like mother used to make!"

—F. Bayard Hamilton,
Winnipeg, Man.

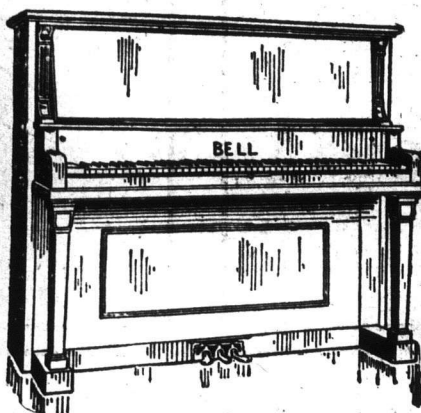
A Toast: Mair freends, and less
need, o' them!

A Scotch paper says:.. Deep down in
every woman's heart is the craving to
be wanted by some one; the desire to
be found necessary to some one. And,
not having gods or angels to pick from,
she is content with man.

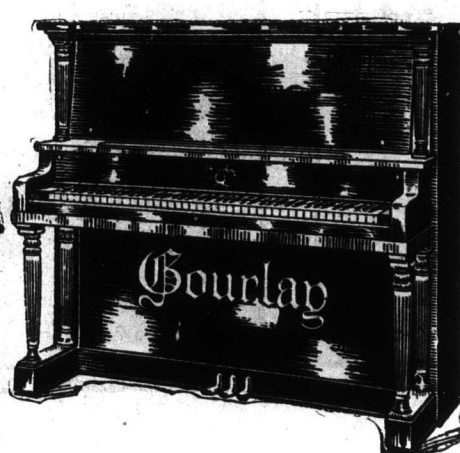
FOUR CHRISTMAS FAVORITES



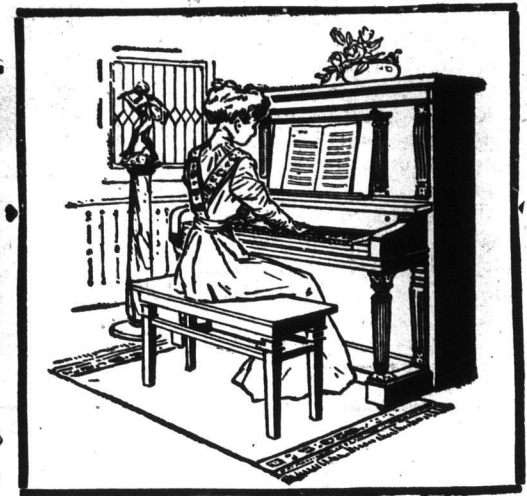
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