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The principle of saving and economy as practiced by users of the "Canuck" will eventually win the war.

E. T. WRIGHT CO., Limited., Hamilton, Can.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON XVII. December 23, 1917.

Preparation for the Messiah—Christ-mas Lesson.—Malachi 3: 1-12.

Commentary.—I. The Messenger of the Messiah (v. 1). I—God himself is the speaker.

11. The Mission of the Messiah (vs. 2-6). 2. who may abide the day of his coming.

12. The Mission of the Messiah (vs. 2-6). 2. who may abide the day of his coming.

13. Stern rebukes to Judah (vs. 7-9). An indefinite expression which indicates remote past time.

14. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.

15. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.

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they ought. They seemed to be unaware of the fact that they had gone far away from the Lord.

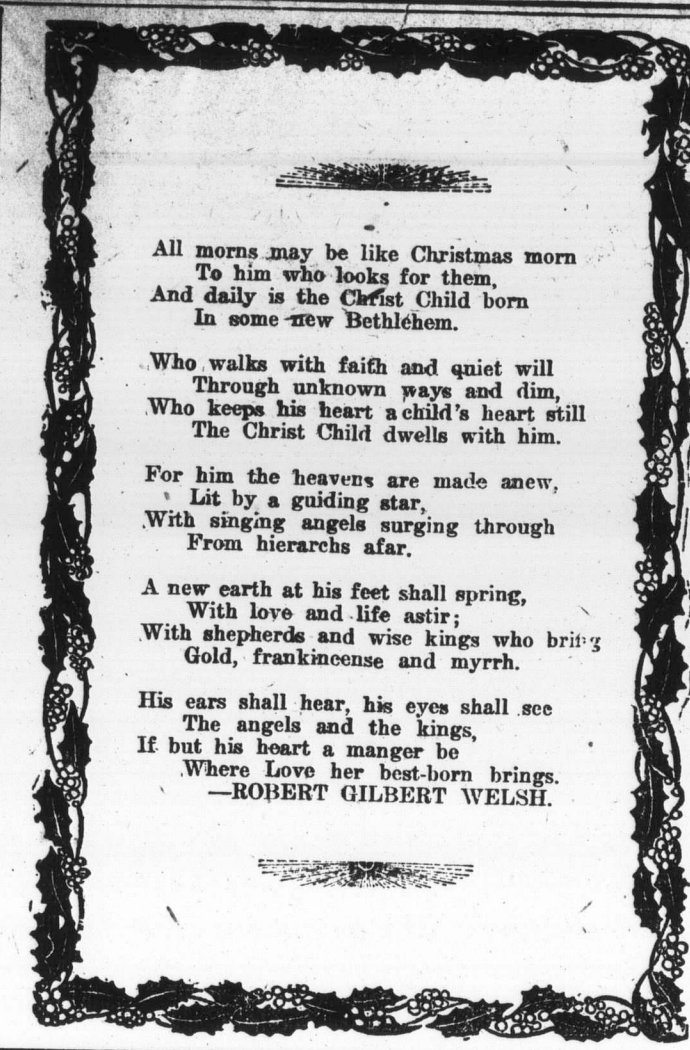
Who walks with faith and quiet will Through unknown ways and dim, Who keeps his heart a child's heart still The Christ Child dwells with him.

For him the heavens are made anew, Lit by a guiding star, With singing angels surging through From hierarchs afar.

A new earth at his feet shall spring, With love and life astir; With shepherds and wise kings who bring Gold, frankincense and myrrh.

His ears shall hear, his eyes shall see The angels and the kings, If but his heart a manger be Where Love her best-born brings.

—ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.



as an incentive for present action.

Jewish history abounded with examples that might have improved and instructed the degenerate age in which Malachi lived.

T. R. A.

Prophetic

These lines were found among the papers left by Lieut. Leo Buchanan, B.A., shortly before he crossed to France.

A moment now to say "good-bye." The busiest time of their piercing cry: "Fall in, fall in," a thousand feet, Triamp to their places in the street.

For me, and if my name is there, And you should find a record fair, That you will pause and turn aside, And know a more than foolish pride.

SMARTEST DRESS LINES.

High collars. Draped sashes. Long light sleeves. Suggestions of the Redingote Princess from that belted back.

DINNER WEAR. It may be diaphanous. With a sash, pronounced to a train. And sleeves that are winged and graceful.

Old Christmas Portents

If you will go to the crossroads between eleven and twelve on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

If you burn elder on Christmas Eve you will have revealed to you all the witches and sorcerers of the neighborhood.

A Yuletide Home - Coming

(By Charles McCabe.)

The club looked just the very thing Gerald Mannersley was craving for—a sense of home.

A few lines read accidentally in an out-of-date newspaper had made him restless with longing for the old scenes.

When he arrived at his old club on a chill, grey Christmas morning, it was only to find that fifteen years' silent absence had been too severe a test for friendship.

He stood at the club window, looking out in the desolate, deserted street which he had always remembered as being thronged, and a great sadness swept over him.

In fancy he saw a sweet-faced maiden, who sought her happiness only in the eyes of the youth by her side.

Two hours later he was striding through the crisp country air along a winding path which led to a rambling, ivy-covered cottage.

Half believing that it must be fancy leading him still, he entered the house softly, and following the voice went into the inner room, and stood in the glow of the warm firelight.

The sweet, tired-faced, middle-aged singer turned as his shadow fell across the light, and then stood white and trembling.

For several moments they stood thus, the strong man's tears falling on her gray tinged hair.

laid for two, daintily spread with Christmas fare.

"Yes," she answered. "I am quite alone. I have often come down here."

"Perhaps you do not know, Gerald, that Mr. Townsley's money goes back to his family if I marry again."

The man sprang to his feet and to his family if I marry again.

Her answer was drowned in the burst of Christmas bells that pealed from the village church close by.

"Moses appeared in an alb and cope, with a long beard and a rod. David had a green vestment. Balaam, with an immense pair of spurs, rode on a wooden ass which enclosed a speaker.

"This service, as performed in the cathedral at Rouen, commenced with a procession in which the clergy represented the prophets of the Old Testament who foretold the birth of Christ; then followed Balaam mounted on the ass. Zacharias, Elizabeth, Simon the Baptist, the Sibyl, Erythree, the three magicians in the furnace.

"The Missal of an Archbishop of Sens indicates that during such service the animal itself, clad with precious priestly ornaments, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession a hymn in praise of the ass was sung, ending with:—

"Amen, bray, most honored Ass, Sated now with grain and grass; Amen repeat, amen; reply. And disregard antiquity.

"The service lasted the whole of a night and part of the next day, and formed altogether the strangest, most ridiculous medley of whatever was usually sung at church festivals.

When Josiah Gibbs found that his wife "had it in for him," as he called it, and had bought him a box of cigars for his Christmas present he grew wise and, with apparent sorrow, said to her:

"Now, isn't it too bad, my love? I discovered that cigar smoking was becoming so injurious to me that I have quit it and have to content myself with a few whiffs now and then on my pipe with mild tobacco. Now, isn't it too bad!"

"I'm so sorry, dear!" said Josiah Gibbs' wife. "But your friends will enjoy them, and I am sure that will please you."

Gibbs smiled grimly and, as his wife departed, winked knowingly at himself in the looking glass.

Christmas Trees

From Time Immemorial Part of the Holiday Celebration.

From time immemorial a tree has been a part of the Christmas celebration. It may be seen outside the traditional mangers in the missals and early paintings of the preraphaelite Italian school.

The correct German Christmas tree always has an angel or a Christkind on the topmost branch, with a tinsel star at the end of a staff, like a pantomime fairy, and if the tree belongs to a very orthodox family there is usually at its foot a small top group representing the Saviour's birth in the stable of Bethlehem.

The lights on the tree are said to be of Jewish origin. In the ninth month of the Jewish year, corresponding nearly to our December, and on the twenty-fifth day, the Jews celebrated the feast of dedication of their temple. It had been desecrated on that day by Antiochus. It was dedicated by Judas Maccabeus, and then, according to the Jewish legend, sufficient oil was found in the temple to last for the seven branched candlestick for seven days, and it would have taken seven days to prepare new oil.

It is not easy to fix the exact date of the Nativity, but it fell most probably on the last day of Kislev, when every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weihnachts (the night of dedication), as though it were associated with this feast. The Greeks also call Christmas the feast of lights, and, indeed, this was also the name given to the dedication festival, Chanuka, by the Jews.—New York Mail and Express.

Popular Jokes. The most popular joke which has been published in any language in the history of the world is stated to be that which appeared in an obscure corner of the Punch almanac for 1845. It read: "Advice to persons about to marry—Don't!"

"What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind!"—Westminster Gazette.

You never can tell about oratory. Lots of shallow remarks are delivered in a deep voice.

And by and by the cigars were all smoked by Spicer, and Gibbs' wife was led to say to Gibbs: "It's just a perfect shame, Josiah, that you couldn't take any pleasure in those cigars and that your friend Spicer should have had them all."

At which Josiah smiled his knowing smile and said: "Oh, well, my love, never mind. Joe seemed to enjoy them."

"Yes, indeed!" said Josiah's wife, why shouldn't he? Which made Josiah smile more and more and almost eucle. But he said nothing.

"Yes, indeed," repeated Mrs. Gibbs, why shouldn't he? You know, Josiah, you told me that a woman should never choose cigars for a Christmas present to her husband, as a woman knows nothing about their quality, so I asked Joe Spicer, having heard you say often what an excellent judge of a cigar he was, to select a box for me—the best he could get—and he did, and"

Josiah Gibbs had instant business down at the office, where he tore his hair and flung his pipe and tobacco out of the window. And he passed Joe Spicer without bowing and without his knowing smile. But Joe still wore his—Browning's Magazine.

A Yuletide Tragedy

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