

Personal

Mr. Wm. Sheppard, of Strathadam was in town to-day.

Miss Mary Ingram is spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Jas. Pleadwell, Lower Derby, was in town Saturday.

Jack Creaghan of the U. N. B. is home for the holidays.

Mr. Robert Hickey, of Bangor, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Irving and son of Chatham were in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Grimmer are spending the holidays in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregory Leighton are spending the holidays in New York.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Russell is recovering from an attack of diphtheria.

Miss Frances Fish of the U. N. B. arrived home on Saturday to spend her vacation.

Sheriff O'Brien of Nelson was in town on Sunday attending the funeral of the late Ray Irving.

Miss Laura Aitken, of Toronto Ladies College is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Bertie Ferguson of Halifax Ladies College is spending her vacation at her home here.

Miss Jessie Lyons of Millerton has accepted a position as stenographer in T. W. Butler's law office.

Misses Rena and Elizabeth Mather left this morning for Bangor, Maine where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. G. Hay are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy on Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnston and son of Chatham Head were in town on Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Ray Irving.

Mr. Harry Atkinson, who has been attending Wolfville N. S. College, is spending the vacation with his parents, Rev. Frank and Mrs. Atkinson of Blackville.

Miss Jean Robinson of "Halloway Ladies College" arrived home on Friday to spend the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson.

Miss Ella Gray, of the teaching staff, who has been convalescing from typhoid fever, returned on Friday from a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. F. Bentley of St. Martins.

Mr. Andrew Irving, Mr. John Irving, Miss Gertrude Irving and Mrs. Wm. Baldwin of Douglasfield were in town on Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Ray Irving.

Miss Greta Friars, student at Sackville College, was the guest of the Misses Williamson on Saturday, en route to her home in Blackville to spend the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Friars.

HAVE YOU A SKIN DISEASE... Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. On application gives relief.—35 cents. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, St.

There is nothing like making the punishment fit the crime. A Newark N. J. judge has just sentenced three youthful and grimy misdemeanants to have their faces washed three times a day for a month.

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BAYARD McMULLIN, Chatham, Ont. I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. W. A. JOHNSON, Wash, Ont. I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. PASADALE, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

The Toronto Grand Jury thinks that murderers should not be tried by jury. Most murderers will, we fancy, go a farther than that and include the judge as well.



BESSIE.

WHERE is the tree? whispered Mrs. Philander anxiously as her husband shook the snow from his coat and carefully wiped his feet on the brand new doormat.

"Couldn't get one," returned Philander moodily.

"Couldn't get one! Why not, James Philander?"

"I forgot it, Bella, until just as I got off the train, and as that was the last train from town I couldn't very well walk back and look up a tree. By that time the shops would all be closed and—"

"Walk back! Such nonsense! Of course if you haven't thought enough of the children to buy them a tree!"

"My dear," interpolated Philander desperately, "don't say another word. I'll find a tree somewhere tonight if I have to rob the church of the Sunday school tree!"

He thrust his arms into his overcoat and grasped his hat, but Mrs. Philander put out a detaining hand.

"James," she said seriously, "you cannot find a tree in Rose Heights tonight. You know there is not a shop in the Heights, and where else would you look for a tree?"

"I shall walk into the woods and dig one," returned Philander, with dignity.

"Well, you could do that, James, but it is 11 o'clock now and there is no moon. You will lose your way."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Philander. "I hope I know my way around Rose Heights. I saw a very handsome pine tree in that strip of woods back on the Turkey hill road. I could walk there blindfolded and lay my hand upon that tree," he asserted rashly.

"Very well," returned Mrs. Philander reluctantly. "I hate to have you go, James, but the children will be so disappointed. The presents are all ready, and I have been up in the attic and got the base for the tree and all the ornaments—in fact, everything is ready except the tree."

"The tree will soon be here," said Mr. Philander grimly as he jerked on his arctic and turned up his coat collar. "Just bring me the spade from the woodshed, please," he added.

"A spade, James! I thought they chopped trees down. The ground is frozen."

"Of course, the ax, by all means," replied Philander irritably. He was vexed with himself for having forgotten to order the tree, which was one of the necessary adjuncts to the Philander Christmas. He had never forgotten it before. He meant to order it that morning and have it sent to his suburban home later in the day, but an important business matter had driven the remembrance of the festival from his mind until his wife's greeting when he opened the door recalled it to his attention.

He sallied forth, bearing the ax, and waded through the newly fallen snow to the corner of the street, where he turned toward Turkey hill road. The snow was only six inches deep, and the walking was not so bad. Gray clouds hung low, and there was a thick flurry of flakes as Philander turned the corner. When he reached the strip of woods it was snowing heavily, and he could only guess at the location of the particular pine he had in mind.

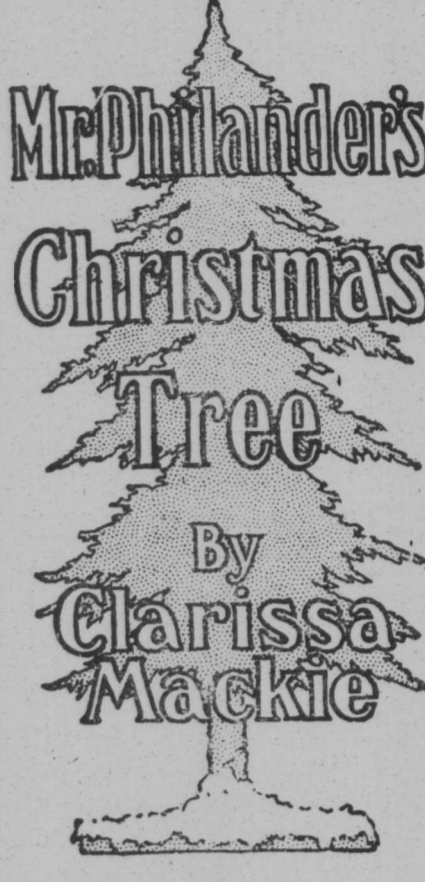
He whistled cheerily as he walked along, for his spirits were rising. He felt a warm glow stealing over his tired frame as he anticipated the delight of the three small Philanders when they beheld the selfsame tree that they had so warmly admired a short while before set up in their own parlor, ablaze with candles and rich with gifts.

Mr. Philander stopped and thrashed himself vigorously with his arms. There was a faint grayness in the air that was reflected from the fallen snow, and there was the tickling rush of flakes in his eyes. When he reached the very opening in the woods where they had admired the tree he turned around and looked carefully up and down the road. Of course he could see nothing, nor was there the faintest tinkle of bells. It was a very lonely spot.

Mr. Philander knew that the strip of woods was private property, and he also knew that he could make it all right with Lake, the owner of the woods, on the following day, as Lake lived four miles away and it was impossible to ask his permission now.

Although Mr. Philander had stated that he could put his hand on the tree in the dark, he found it rather a difficult thing to do after all. He lost himself several times in the dense thickets, and all the tree trunks seemed unfamiliar to his touch. Then, all at once, he emerged from the underbrush, and spiky boughs of pine brushed his face.

"Hit it by Jove!" he exclaimed. He dug the snow away from the trunk and with a few lusty blows laid the tree low and dragged it trailing through the snow. He lost his bearings once or twice, and finally, at a moment when he almost despaired of reaching home



that night, he found himself standing before his own gate.

He carted the tree around to the back door, and with Mrs. Philander's help it was taken into the house and set up in the parlor.

Mr. Philander thawed himself out in front of the kitchen stove and quaffed fragrant coffee that his grateful wife had prepared.

"It is a beauty, James," she said gleefully. "The finest we ever had. How delighted the children will be. I am sorry, though, you are so tired, dear."

"Oh, I'm all right now, Bella," said Philander cheerfully. "I was worried after I found that I had forgotten the tree, but I closed out that deal with Wells today, and I was busy every moment."

"How lovely that you got the contract, James!" cried his wife excitedly. "That is a fine Christmas present for you!"

"You bet your life it is," returned Philander jocosely. "Now let us get the tree ready for the kiddies. Everything handy?"

"There isn't a thing for you to do, dear, save to hang them on the tree," said his wife, leading the way to the lighted parlor, where the tree stood, its symmetrical branches glistening in the light and exuding a fresh balsamic odor.

"By Jove, it is the handsomest tree we ever had!" exclaimed Mr. Philander, surveying the shapely conifer admiringly.

They were soon at work, and presently the beautiful tree blossomed forth in glistening festoons of gold and silver tinsel. A radiant star tipped the highest point, while daintily decorated gifts burdened the branches and were heaped at the base.

It was with unusual satisfaction that the Philanders retired that night. They were loth to leave the resplendent tree, but utter weariness drove them to bed. It was daylight when the first delighted shriek from a small Philander awoke his tired parents. Mr. Philander groaned dismally. He ached from head to foot, and he was sick from lack of sleep. Mrs. Philander was equally tired; but, with the self-abnegation of mothers in general and mothers in particular on Christmas morning, she got up and went downstairs to enter into the joys of the happy children.

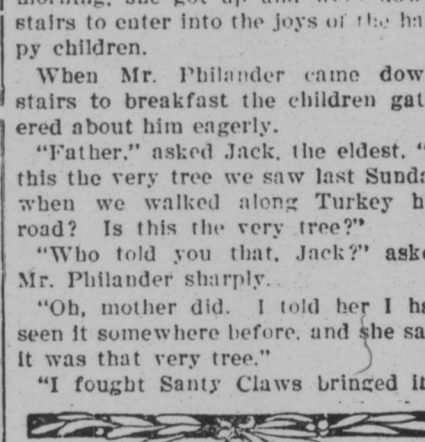
When Mr. Philander came downstairs to breakfast the children gathered about him eagerly.

"Father," asked Jack, the eldest, "is this the very tree we saw last Sunday when we walked along Turkey hill road? Is this the very tree?"

"Who told you that, Jack?" asked Mr. Philander sharply.

"Oh, mother did. I told her I had seen it somewhere before, and she said it was that very tree."

"I fought Santy Claws brought it!"



JACK.

walled Bessie, dragging her new doll remorselessly by its flaxen hair.

"An' I linked it came that way, too!" protested Robin indignantly.

"It's a Santa Claus tree, babies, so don't feel bad about it. Run away and play," said Mr. Philander reassuringly. Then he turned to Jack, "Yes, it's the very same tree, my boy," he said proudly.

"It doesn't look like it, father," said Jack bluntly.

"Doesn't, eh? What's the matter with it?"

"Oh, nothing. It's fine, but it isn't the tree we saw," insisted the boy obstinately.

"Never mind, never mind," returned Mr. Philander good naturedly.

He sought his wife, who was helping North with the breakfast. "Our tree

was a great success, my dear," he said genially.

"It is beautiful," replied Mrs. Philander happily. "The children are so delighted."

"Well, I'm glad of that. I was telling Taylor yesterday morning going down on the train that Christmas was not Christmas without a tree, and he said that it wouldn't be Christmas at their house, then, for they were not going to have one."

"How strange!" uttered Mrs. Philander. "Why not, pray?"

"Oh, I don't know. He said something about hard times. He said he had seen out-fashioned Christmas suits there, well enough, that they would hang their stockings before the fire and all that, you know."

"Dear, dear! I think the children prefer a tree just the same," said Mrs. Philander reassuringly. "How little Tommy Taylor! We must invite him over to see the children's tree this afternoon."

"Yes, indeed, that will be an excellent plan. Suppose we invite a few people to spend the evening and enjoy the tree with us. We can put on some small remembrances and have a jolly time," said Philander, warming up to the subject as he proceeded.

"That will be delightful," agreed Mrs. Philander. "Let us ask the Taylors."

"Sure, we'll ask them!" chuckled Philander. "I'll show Taylor the way to keep Christmas."

That afternoon Mrs. Philander bustled herself in preparation for the evening's entertainment. The Taylors had accepted gladly, and so had the other invited guests, and Mr. Philander, who was the soul of hospitality, walked about and rubbed his hands with pleasant anticipation.

He made steady trips to the cellar for apples and cider and cracked great bowls of nuts. He carried in huge arm loads of wood for the fireplace and surveyed the roaring blaze with complacent satisfaction.

It was at that moment that Jack Philander burst noisily in. "Oh, father, what do you think?" he began breathlessly.

"Well, my boy, what is it now?" asked Mr. Philander indulgently as he warmed his coat with comfort.

"I heard Mr. Taylor telling some men that somebody chopped down the tree from his front lawn last night!"

"What tree?" asked Mr. Philander absently.

"Why, that tree you know, the way pine that stood on their front lawn!"

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Philander.

"Mrs. Taylor told me it was the pride of her husband's heart."

"How did it happen, Jack?" asked Philander, with interest.

"Mr. Taylor said his wife heard some one chopping about half past 11 last night, but she didn't think anything of it, and this morning they found the tree was gone—only the stump left."

"That's very strange," observed Mr. Philander. "Hard luck for Taylor!"

"And, father," continued Jack earnestly, "I was in the woods on Turkey hill road today and that little tree we saw last Sunday is there yet. You didn't cut it down. I know that, and I wasn't it!"

Mr. Philander paled slightly.

"Why, father," pursued the terrified Jack with a directness born of sudden revelation, "this is Mr. Taylor's tree! I knew I'd seen it before!"

Mr. Philander shrank from their horrified gaze.

"The Taylors will be here in a few minutes, James," said Mrs. Philander coolly.

"My dear, I must have got mixed around in the storm, but the Lord only knows how I got in Taylor's yard."

"It's on the other side of the woodshed," said Jack sympathetically, "and I guess you walked right through and into Mr. Taylor's yard."

"I must have done that," growled Mr. Philander. Then with sudden inspiration he stripped the tree of its ornaments and candles and carried it through the house into the back yard. He scratched a match, and in five minutes the Philander Christmas tree was a charred ruin.

"Too bad, old chap," said Taylor commiseratively as Philander untidely explained the absence of the tree. "That's one reason why I don't believe in Christmas trees. They are apt to take fire, and there you are! I am glad it happened before we arrived."

"So am I," ejaculated Mr. Philander. But all the little Philanders agreed that it was the most beautiful Christmas tree they ever had.

Christmas Superstitions. If Christmas day on Sunday be. A troublous winter ye shall see. Mingled with waters strong; Good there shall be without fail. For the summer shall be reasonable. With storms at times among.

Wines that year shall all be good. The harvest shall be wet with flood. Pestilence fall on many a country Ere that sickness shall have passed. And while great tempests last. Many young people dead shall be.

Princes that year with iron shall die. There shall be changing of many thrones high.

Among knights great debate. Many things shall come to meat. Many wives shall be weeping then. Both of poor and great estate.

The faith shall then be hurt truly. For divers points of heresy. That shall then appear. Through the tempting of the fiend. And divers matters unsaid then. Shall bring great danger near.

Cattle shall thrive, one and the other. Save oxen; they shall kill each other. And some beasts—they shall die. Both fruit and corn will not be good. Apples will be scarce for food.

And ships shall suffer on the sea. From Harleian MS. in British Museum. Fifteenth Century.

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CHRISTMAS STAMP CAMPAIGN THE 1909 BATTLE AGAINST THE DREAD WHITE PLAGUE.

Available Beds in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives Increased Three-Fold as a Result of Last Year's Sale of Christmas Stamps. The Number Can Be Doubled This Year If Everyone Will Help.



STIMULATED by the success of a year ago the National Sanitarium Association have made large preparations for the sale of the Christmas Stamp of 1909-10, issued on behalf of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Nearly \$8,000.00 was netted from last year's sale, making it possible for the trustees to increase the available beds for needy patients from an average of fifty-five a year ago to one hundred and forty, the accommodation to-day.

The trustees are hopeful that they may bring the accommodation up to 300 beds as the outcome of this year's sale of this little one cent messenger of hope and healing.

The Christmas Stamp, as a means of fighting the dread white plague, had its origin in Denmark in 1904, the sale from which has financed a hospital for consumptives in that country. The idea was taken up by the Red Cross Society of the United States in 1907, and interest has grown each year.

A year ago a Christmas stamp of special design was put in circulation by the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives with the success already indicated in this article.

The price of the individual stamp is only one cent, but what wonderful things can be accomplished by its use as an instrument. There is no reason why everyone who writes a letter, addresses a postcard, mails a newspaper or parcel from this country should not use one of these stamps.

The educational value of the stamp appearing on every piece of mail matter would be enormous. One can hardly figure up the material results, it would mean a routing of the enemy.

The first issue of the stamp for this year is one million, and these will be put into circulation immediately, but there can hardly be any reason why the issue should not be increased many times over before Christmas.

The direction of the sale of Christmas Stamps is in the hands of Mr. J. S. Robertson, Sec.-Treasurer, National Sanitarium Association, 317 King Street, West, Toronto, who will give prompt reply to any enquiries regarding the stamp.

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