

A Hymn on the Nativity of the Saviour.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherd said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not
take,
The Word which heaven and earth did
made,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were to one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory?
To see this Babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence;
Can man forget the story?

—Ben Jonson.

The Coming of Christmas.

The time draws near, the birth of
Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Last year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.

With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily voices household peace,
And chains regret to His decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas- eve;

Which brings no more a welcome
guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With showered largesse of delight,
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly-boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal foot,
Make one wreath more for Use and
Wont.

That guard the portals of the house,
We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet;
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is
sweet."

And silence followed, and we wept.
Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from
night;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The Light that shone when Hope was
born.

Again at Christmas will we weave
The wreathing round the Christmas
heart;
While silent snows possess the earth,
And calmly falls our Christmas- eve.
—From Tenneyson.

Christmas Time.

Christmas time! That man must be
a misanthrope indeed, in whose breast
something like a joyful feeling is not
roused, in whose mind some pleasant
associations are not awakened by the
recurrence of Christmas. There are
people who will tell you that Christ-
mas is not to them what it used to be;
that each succeeding Christmas has
found some cherished hope or happy
prospect of the year before dimmed or
passed away; that the present only
serves to remind them of reduced cir-
cumstances and straitened incomes—
of the feasts they once bestowed on
hollow friends and of the cold looks
that meet them now in adversity and
misfortune. Never heed such dismal
reminders. There are few men
who have lived long enough in the
world who cannot call up such
thoughts any day in the year. Then do
not select the merriest of the 365 for
your doleful recollections.

—Charles Dickens.

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Nfld. Magazine.


We acknowledge, with thanks for
the courtesy, copy of the Newfound-
land Magazine for December, a num-
ber replete with articles from some
of the foremost pens in Newfound-
land's literary realm. To specially
select any of these for particular
mention would be altogether invidi-
ous, hence we content ourselves by
saying that if any person desires to
acquaint themselves more fully of
local conditions, the opportunity is
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Magazine with the typical and appro-
priate title of Newfoundland.

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Good at any hour of the day
Baker's Cocoa
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evening a short time before
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delicious, its aroma most
attractive, and it is con-
ducive to restful sleep without
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Household Notes.

Shaggy white skunk trims a white
velvet evening wrap brocaded in
gold.

Bright jade green brocaded in shin-
ing silver make a startling combina-
tion.

The flaring black tulle flounces of
an evening gown are edged with jet
beads.

Sports coats are being made of soft
brown suede cloth, and are worn with
narrow belts.

A smart, four-cornered hat has a
crown of tan velveteen and brim of
fine blue breasts.

Dandelion yellow, peach, apricot
and lavender are favorite shades in
advanced millinery.

A three-pointed train of spangled
net falls from the shoulders of a slim,
draped evening gown.

White panne velvet and bands of
black seal combine to produce a most
charming evening wrap.

Overslips of satin are worn over
dresses of net elaborately embroide-
red in silk or metal threads.

The tightly draped effect and high
waistline are interesting features of
some unusual new evening gowns.

Prisoners of War Seize a Christmas Feast.

The war that began on August 4,
1914, was not the first time that
France, England and Belgium had
fought side by side. In 1832, Holland
and Belgium came to blows and the
cause of the latter country was
espoused by both France and England.
Holland got the worst of the fighting,
and in December of that year the Dutch
General Charse was driven by a
French force out of Belgium into Ant-
werp. There he took refuge in the
citadel, where he was besieged by a
mixed force of Belgians and French.
His provisions ran out, and by Christ-
mas week the men were almost starv-
ing. On Christmas Eve Charse held a
conference with his officers, and it
was decided to surrender. On Christ-
mas morning, when the garrison
marched out the scene was tragic. The
unfortunate Dutchmen had lost all
their usual plumpness, their clothes
hung loosely on their frames, their
weapons had been taken from them,
and they hung their heads dejectedly.
They were treated as prisoners of war,
and placed under guard, while the
French and Belgians, naturally deli-
ghted at their success set to work
on their Christmas feasting. In a big
marquee the French officers and staff
sat at dinner, and toasted each other
in champagne. Suddenly into the tent
poured a score or more of the Dutch
prisoners, who had been given no
Christmas rations. In a fury they had
risen overpowered their guards, and
made for the big tent. Each man rus-
hed at the table and seized the nearest
biggest dish: the French officers nat-
urally resisted, and there followed a
most ludicrous mix-up. The French
fought with joints, bottles, plates—
anything that came handy, and be-
tween bites the Dutchmen fought
back. When at last the guard poured
in and overpowered the prisoners, the
scene was a most extraordinary one.
Gold-laced uniforms dripped with
gravy, and mixed with wine; a white-
haired Colonel was crowned with
sticky pudding, while many on both
sides were bleeding from cuts made by
broken glass.

Sound British Quality
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BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
For THE SMOKER at
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Our stock is now complete with the following
suitable presents that the smoker will appreciate
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PIPES—Dunhill's Shell Briar and B.B.B.
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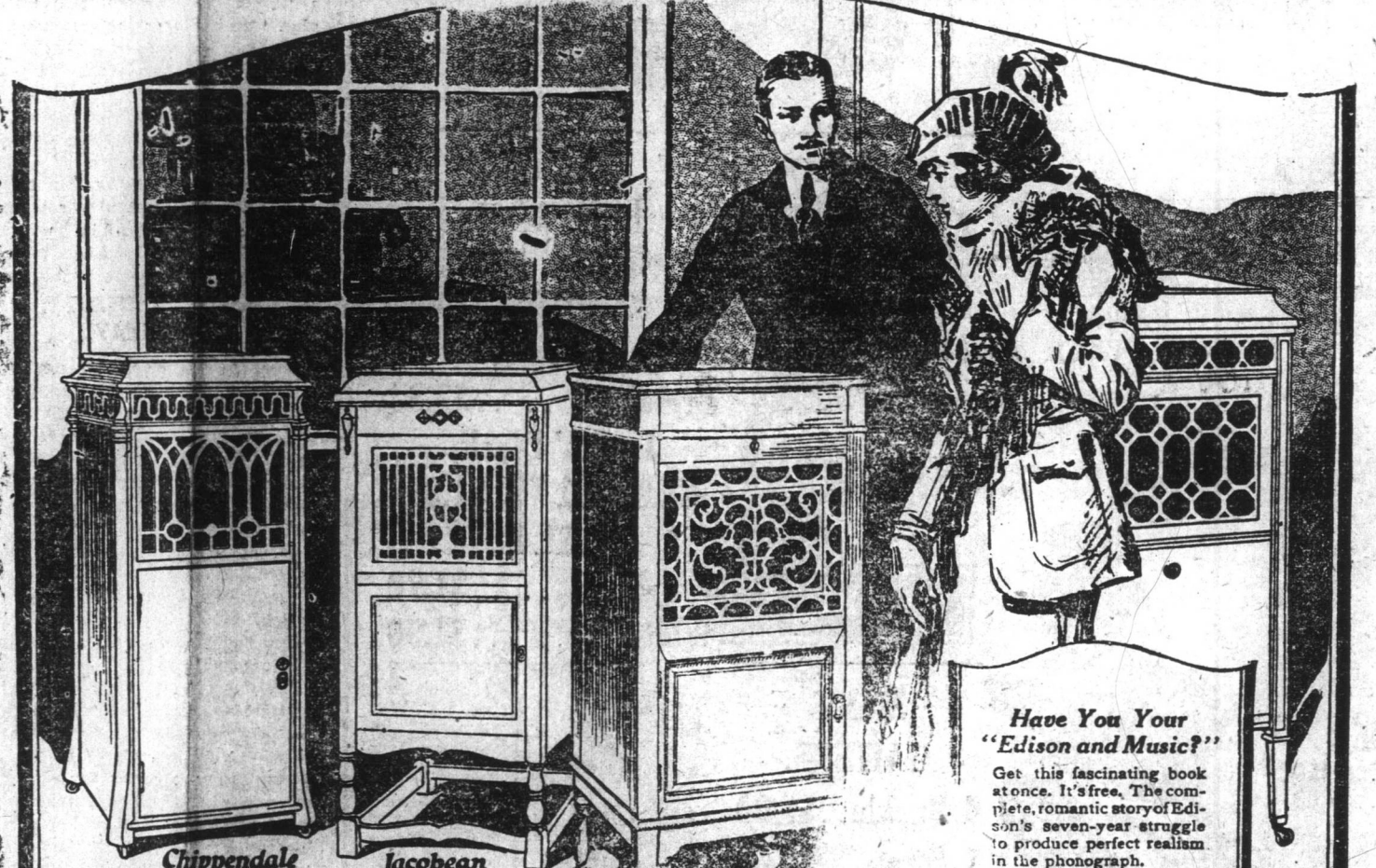
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CIGARS—Bock and other Havana brands.
TOBACCO POUCHES—The very latest designs.
CIGARETTE CASES—Silver and Plain.
CIGARETTE HOLDERS—Very best quality.

Als a full line of SMOKERS' REQUISITES
to choose from, especially imported for our
Christmas Trade.

DURING CHRISTMAS OUR STORE WILL
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Water Street.

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cabinets.
The world has never produced any
more exquisite cabinets.
These cabinets are descended
out of the Golden Age of Furniture.
This was the age when Europe
built its most luxurious palaces,
created its greatest works of art,
developed its finest types of crafts-
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Mr. Edison's designers went
back to the furniture masterpieces
of this period. They adapted 17
of them for the modern American
home. They made every Edison
Cabinet a period cabinet,—even the
least expensive.

You must see these cabinets.
Only then will you appreciate what
wonderful richness and atmos-
phere one will add to your home.

Ask about our Xmas Budget
Plan. It manages your money
economically. It makes 1921 help
pay; and that's good business.

A Word About Prices

In 1914, as you can ascer-
tain through practically
any investment banker,
the Edison Laboratories
were selling phonographs
on a narrow margin of
profit than the other man-
ufacturers. Since 1914, the
price of the New Edison
has advanced less than 15%
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Fred V. Chesman,
Edison Dealer,
St. John's

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

Just Folks
by
Lazarus A. Guest

WORRY.

There are various kinds of worry and
I know that sages say
We should break the worrying habit
and put all our fears away.
'Tis a fool who worries vainly over
things he cannot mend
Or spoils the joy of pleasure by the
dread that it will end,
But there comes to every fellow on
this planet called the earth
Times he really ought to worry if he
wants to prove his worth.

I never see a youngster romping on
the streets in play
But I wonder if his father ever
worryes through the day,
Does he worry for his safety, does he
worry for his care?
Does he worry for his future and the
burdens he must bear?
Does the big fear ever strike him, as
he kisses him at night,
That in some way, as his parent, he
may not be doing right?

Man cannot escape from worry, can-
not smile at self-disgrace,
He cannot sit down contented, shirk-
ing tasks he ought to face;
By his moral obligations to be just
and clean and true,
He is bound at times to worry over
what is fair to do.
And there's none so rich in wisdom
but must sometimes sit at night
And worry lest his judgment shall
not lead him to the right.

Fatal Fire in North London.

As a man was proceeding to his work
down Caledonian Road, in North Lon-
don soon after 5 a.m. on December 24,
1912, he noticed smoke rolling from
the upper windows of a house oc-
cupied by two families. He at once
raised an alarm, but the house was
well alight, and it appeared as though
the inmates were doomed. With the
help of neighbours, however, one of
the women inside, with her two little
baby boys, and another woman, were
rescued. Upon the arrival of the fire
brigade the escape was shot up to the
top storey windows where, at the first
blow of the fireman's hatchets, vol-
umes of smoke poured out, and com-
pletely enveloped the men at the top
of the ladder. Through the smoke the
screams of the inmates were heard for
the first time. A few minutes later the
firemen brought three little girls down
the escape, while a man succeeded in
making his escape, although badly
burned, by jumping from a back win-
dow. The three girls were unconscious
and artificial respiration was tried,
but with successful results in only one
case—that of the eldest daughter. The
mother and father occupied the back
bedroom, but it was impossible for the
firemen to reach them while the
building was in flames. When the fire
was subdued about half-an-hour after-
wards, their dead bodies were dis-
covered lying on the floor near the bed.
The fire evidently had broken out on

Seasonable Goods!

- | | | |
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| Casseroles | Fire Brasses | Cigarette Holders |
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| Cream Ladles | Toddy Kettles | Reading Lamps |
| Pie Servers | Match Stands | Safety Razors |
| Sugar Shells | Cigarette Stands | Slides |
| Salad Spoons | Crumb Trays | Sleds |
| Bread Knives | Fire Dogs | Ladies' Hockey |
| Meat Carvers | Umbrella Stands | Skates |
| Meat Forks | Bouquet Holders | Gent's Hockey |
| Stainless Dessert | | Skates |
| Knives | | Hall Lamps |
| Stainless Table | | Ice Creepers |
| Knives. | | |

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.
Hardware Department.

Fashions and Fads.

Chenille dotted net makes a charm-
ing tunic for a velvet gown.

On spring millinery are seen vel-
vet flowers with dull silk foliage.

Black velvet and silver are com-
bined to make most charming gowns.

A frock of black velvet is piped
and edged with French blue gannet.

A twisted puff forms a girle on an
elegant white velvet evening gown.

An evening wrap of cloth of silver
is bordered with black monkey fur.

Navy blue twill and French blue
fannel make an excellent combi-
tion.

Novelties among panels are long
narrow floating ones with round
ends.

Heavy bands of fluted glazed rib-
bin a frock of heavy black-crope.

Afternoon gowns have narrow fri-
lling down the sides of the
skirts.

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