



Under the Mistletoe

GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

The Volume of Advertising

offered the "Canadian Courier" for insertion in the Christmas issue, December 9th, is only too indicative of the confidence advertisers have in the value of the "Courier's" advertising columns. The favourable comment received from every quarter is a tribute to the superior excellence of the issue.

From the advertising standpoint the Xmas issue is the most successful issue the "Courier" has ever published.

We would ask those readers who are advertisers and have not considered the "Courier" as a necessary part of their campaign for Canada to note the representative and high character of the advertising the "Courier" carries (all objectionable advertising is absolutely barred from the "Courier's" columns), and to consider the "Courier's" large and growing circulation, thoroughly national in its distribution, covering Canada from coast to coast.

The outstanding merits of the "Courier" demand for its advertising columns the consideration of every national advertiser.

The fullest information as to rates, circulation, etc., on request to the Advertising Department.

The Canadian Courier

The National Weekly.

TORONTO.



The Old Folks at Home

YOU can't go home to the old folks this Christmas, nor romp into their room with "A merry Christmas, mother," and "A merry Christmas, dad," like you did as a child. A hurried letter is all the greeting they get. How they miss that "Merry Christmas"! You are still a child to them, though busy with the cares of the world. Your Christmas present, no matter how elaborate, is not enough for them. They want to hear your voice.

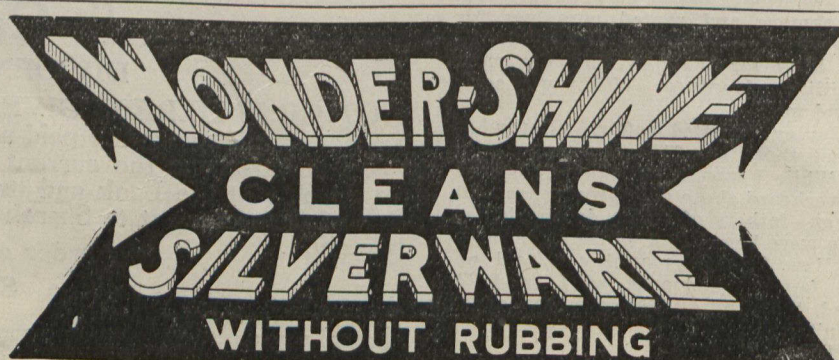
THE
G.N.W. TELEGRAPH COMPANY
WILL CONVEY YOUR GREETING

A NIGHT WIRE of fifty words at the price of a ten-word day message may be filed at any G.N.W. office up to midnight Sunday, December 24th, and will be

DELIVERED to the old folks at home. The most welcome of all presents they may receive

CHRISTMAS MORNING

THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY



WONDER-SHINE
CLEANS
SILVERWARE
WITHOUT RUBBING

"I say, Jim," urged Caswell, suddenly, "get me away from this, will you? I—er—I—there are—people whom I don't want to see until it all is explained."

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed the Doctor, "it would be as much as my life was worth to get you away before they all have made a fuss over you! Heavens, real heroes are getting as scarce as cash patients—I couldn't possibly do it!"

Before Peter had time to argue a girl with a soft, white dress came to the door-way and looked anxiously in. Her big gray eyes were misty and troubled. "How is he?" she asked.

"Come in, come in!" cried Henley. "As soon as he gets his breath he will be all right! Try to persuade him that all you girls will feel cheated if he won't have a fuss made over him—he wants to go home!"

Jim Henley stopped abruptly, looking from one to another, then with almost a professional cough, he excused himself.

Kathleen was looking at her hired Santa Claus without his mask for the first time. Her face was crimson, and her eyes looked more solemnly troubled than before her "adventure," a Blackmore's "Rope to Rent!" She could hardly tell whether she was more sorry for herself or for him! Peter was also very red, only he looked sheepish—just like a small boy who has been caught stealing his mother's jam. There was a strained silence.

"I am afraid you will always associate me with some sort of trouble," Kathleen spoke first, although that was not, in the least, what she intended to say.

"Not a bit of it," contradicted Peter, "I was clumsy to a fault. I hope they did not get away with anything."

Kathleen sat down on a low stool beside the couch, and Peter groaned as he tried to turn so as to watch her. She went very white at the sound, and he cursed below his breath.

"It was not your fault, but mine," she said, very softly. "I saw you leave the dining-room, and creep upstairs turning out the lights as you went, and—and—forgive me, but I thought such a dreadful thing—and—I am trying to make it right by telling you—I saw you go to my room, and didn't understand! But when I did, and saw them rush at me, I screamed, and you fell, and there was the most awful confusion—" she shuddered and covered her face with her hands. "I feel as though I had hurt you."

Before Peter could protest she looked up resolutely, and asked with just a shade of hesitation:

"Would you like me to telegraph Blackmore's and tell them that you won't be back for a day or so?"

"Blackmore's?" he asked. She had driven everything else from his mind. Then he remembered, and laughed in spite of his pain. "That Santa Claus get-up, you mean? Oh, that was a joke, I will tell you about that some other time."

And they looked a long minute at each other and smiled; and Kathleen blushed harder than ever, and Peter felt like five kinds of a fool.

"Are you glad it was a joke?" he asked, with sudden illumination.

"Yes," she answered, without looking at him.

Then Peter made good use of his other arm, and every time that Kathleen moved he groaned and said she hurt him, and they saw the mistletoe which hung directly over her head at the very same instant, and Peter said it should not be wasted, and—Oh, well, you know how silly it sounds, but how sensible it is!

Until finally Peter announced:

"My mater is coming down to-night—I heard her say so this morning. She says she wasn't invited, but that made no difference. She is a great chum of Miss Palmer's aunt—the one in Egypt. Know her?"

And then they introduced themselves and laughed fatuously some more, and were as silly and happy as possible. And when they heard footsteps in the hall, Kathleen pushed herself away and tidied her hair, as Peter whispered, teasingly:

"Your whiskey bottles will go in my trunk, next time!"