



A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS

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* * VERSE FOR MERRY CHRISTMAS. * *

A Christmas Twilight.

THIDDEN by a damask curtain,
Glad I watched the moments
go,
In the shadowy, uncertain
Christmas afterglow.
Came a footfall soft as summer's—
How I joyed to hear it come!
And my heart beat like a drummer's
Tattoo on his drum.
Fair she was, oh, blossom fair,
Tripping down the hallway stilly,
Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks
Were paler than the lily!
From the chandeller above her
Hung a spray of mistletoe,
Leaning down as though to love her;
Did she—did she know?
But my muse will be betraying
What I would not best repeat;
There is much in that old saying—
"Stolen fruit is sweet!"
Fair she was, oh, witching fair,
Eyes a-brim with merry folly;
Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks
Were redder than the holly!
—Clinton Scollard, in *The Christmas Puritan*.

* * The Little Feller's Stocking. *

H, IT'S Christmas Eve, and
moonlight, and the Christ-
mas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines
and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle,
and the Christmas laughter rings,

As the last stray shoppers hurry, tak-
in' home the Christmas things;
And up yonder in the attic there's a
little trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-
dancin' through a sleepy, curly
head,
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary,
once agin fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hang-
in' up beside the flue.
'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it
isn't much fer show,
And the darns are pretty plenty round
about the heel and toe,
And its color's kinder faded, and it's
sorter worn and old,
But it really is surprisin' what a lot
of love 'twill hold;
And the little hand that hung it by
the chimbley there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that
is mighty firm and strong;
So old Santy don't forgit it, though it
isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' hang-
in' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us
with our plans all gone ter smash,
An' the mortgage may hang heavy,
and the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, jest
so long's we've got a dime,
'There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—
won't there, Mary?—every time.
And if, in amongst our sunshine,
there's a shower er two of rain,

Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and
we'll try not ter complain
Long as Christmas comes and finds
us here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin'
up beside the flue.
—Joe Lincoln, in *The Christmas Sat-
urday Evening Post*.

* * The Sign of the Mistletoe. *

WHERE IS the Sign of the
Mistletoe?
Out in the hall, where the
light burns low.
There, in the shade of the Christmas
tree;
Here, with nobody near to see.
What is the Sign of the Mistletoe?
A sprig of green and some berries?
No!
Two red lips and a tilted nose;
Two bright eyes and two cheeks of
rose.
How is the fare at the Mistletoe?
The best there is in the world, I trow.
And he who tastes it on Christmas
Eve
Would linger ever and never leave.
What are the rates at the Mistletoe?
For him who is given admittance—oh,
'Tis only a matter (they say) of trade
'Twixt lips of a man and the lips of
a maid.
Alas, at the Sign of the Mistletoe
Sometimes reckonings foot not so.
I stopped a moment (the crowd apart),
I took a kiss, but I gave my heart.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in *The Christmas
Life*.

* * Freddy's Christmas Fancy. *

THE snowflakes wildly fly,
The snowbirds throng the bough,
And, in my bulging stocking, I
Have found a moolley cow.

Oh! Santy unto me
Is very good and kind;—
And yet I truly can not see
How he can be so blind!

For though the sleighbell peals,
And coasters romp in glee,
This Christmas cow he's put on wheels
That should on runners be.

R. K. Munkittrick.