thick pemmican, it, and biscuits pieces. (The beef-extract with pure fat.) The with onion powof raising were een kept surreptir over a month ocolate-and-biscuit

watered at the Bowers cooked! this experimental enough water? ight; and Bowers led lumps of ervthis remarkable

all. Bowers had -puddings in a and these brought had a mug of of chocolate, and the time the reached most of tely were we sat-

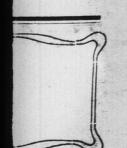
he lowness of the on our sleeping se the energy to o inclination for

#### orward.

tirred, took a finndition, we were ss and loneliness

pped the grand m Range, and wards the south. uted our "Good-

his sleepinghe turned over



hed a dereliet the soldiers did its presence or ney simply rigto its "mainof green paper brolly into a a fir-tree. Odd animals, dolls, decorated with

ady in Philadels this lady's ng the night, rned of their of a dog. As several years s mistress made e "decoraciona and toy rats for and amuse-

#### MISTAKE

s morning serch the organist ause the organ he lever noisily playing. This his - Christmas ecially annoxed ad come down h for the occu-

loud "lever incribbled a note it it round by a lerstanding his to the hands of

idly stop when ple have come sic, not your



## FOR THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE

#### Merry Xmas.

O Christmas, merry Christmas! With its memories and greetings With its joy and with its pain. There's a minor in the carol, And a shadow in the light, And a spray of cypress twining With the holly-wreath to-night. and the hush is never broken By laughter light and low. To the bells across the snow.

Christmas, merry Christmas! Tis not so very long-With the carol and the song: we could but hear them singing As they are singing now

we could but see the radiance Of the crown on each dear brow here would be no sigh to smother, No hidden tear to flow, As we listen in the starlight To the bells across the snow.

-F. R. Havergal.

#### The New Xmas Regime.

It was just beginning to be Christmas morning as little Bobbie awoke with a start. It was still dark, and he was obliged to turn on the light for an instant to see what time i

One o'clock! Suddenly he heard from the regions below a slight noise. He

umped softly out of bed. Now, Bobbie, in spite of his sex, The sound of bells overhead on the roof indicated that someone was com-

Who could it be? His heart was in in trouble.

wait. There was a sound of falling brick and then-A short, dumpy person stood in

the fireplace, on her back a largesized bag of toys. Bobbie, inspired by the fatal curiosity that his sex had suddenly developed, bounded forward.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed. The fat lady bowed.

"But where's Mr. Santa Claus?" "Oh, he has permanently retired He found that he wasn't equal to the job. Being only a man, he was limited in his capabilities.' Bobbie was silent for a moment

Then his face brightened. "Oh." he exclaimed, "now I know You are a Suffragette, are you not? And, oh,"-he clapped his hands in glee-"you are my mother!"

Mrs Santa Claus regarded him for the first time with silent sympathy. "Do I look like your mother?" she

And Bobbie, shaking his head, re-

plied-"I really couldn't tell, because haven't seen her for a long time She's a Suffragette like you. But if you are not my mother, won't you

stay and be one?' Mrs. Santa Claus brushed a tear from her eye as she placed a generous bag of toys on the floor and prepared to depart.

"I wish I might," she said, "but I must obey the voice of duty! Think of all the other little boys and girls I must visit to-day whose mothers are Suffragettes!" .

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

She needed pots and a new floor

Her sheets were down to a thread- how to work my way down some of doll with a Merry Widow hat, all into And her tablecloths were a sight to

She wanted clothes and a towel-rack, And a good, plain, useful laundry Some kitchen spoons and a box for A pair of scissors and sewing thread. She hoped some practical friend

And bappen to think that she'd like Or a bathroom rug, or a lacquered

Or a few plain plates for every day. She hoped and hoped and she wished But these, of course, were the things

cut-glass vase and a bonbonniere, A china thing for receiving hair, me oyster fofks, a manicure set, A chafing-dish and a cellaret. A letter-clip and a drawn-work mat, And a sterling this and a sterling

A gilt-edged book on a lofty theme, And fancy bags till she longed scream: Some curling tongs and a powder

And a bunch of other useless stuff. But though she inwardly raged she

And said to each of the lavish host:
"How did you guess what I needed

### Around the Xmas Hearth.

friends.

Good-night!

hearts

On life's wide scene you, too, have

That Fate ere long shall bid you

A kindly greeting go alway.

Come wealth or want, come good or

Let young and old accept their part

And bear it with an honest hear

Who misses or who aims the prize

Go, lose or conquer as you can:

A BABE IN BETHLEHEM.

There was a baby born in bethlehen:

That this and that's in doubt; and

That learned men who surely should

Explain how myths crept in, and fo!

I know; but any way

There was a baby born in Bethlehen

Who lived and grew and loved and

healed and taught.

lowers' tales confused the truth.

And died: but not to me

Calling, "My path is peace, my way i

THE FAIREST GIFT.

What I would give to every boy

It would not be a painted toy.

Nor any sugared thing to eat;

The same gift I would give to all

And lose the darkest of its woes.

And every maiden I could find,

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

At Christmas time we deck the hall

With holly branches brave and tall

With sturdy pine and hemlock brigh

We tell old tales of field and fight

"However, I decide to make the

side?' I ask the engineer. 'Take the

freight (levator,' he says. So some-

the stockings are hanging-sure,

enough, on the radiator, or perhaps

note: 'Dear Santa'-and, mind you,

he wrote 'Papa' first and crossed it

dickens is an aeroplane?' I ask my-

At Christmas time.

The grace to gain unbounded joy

Through being merely kind.

For I would give to every boy

It would not be a blushing doll.

And deem the giving sweet.

If I were Santa Claus I know

And every little maiden. O

I know they say

for the rest.

know hest

wise.

her strife:

light

Things That Worry Santa Claus.

Santa Claus was hitching his pack | Santa Claus sniffed in mild disgust.

"Chimneys!" I exclaimed, looking on a small copper chafing-dish.

"When I first started, fireplaces ers have their children wear half-

were as big as a room, and chimneys socks all the year round. Just im-

as wide as an elevator shaft. Little agine, now, how easy it must be to

ting narrower and now I am puzzled train, with fifty feet of track, and a

leave it to you, on the radiator!" and if only they'd believe in nie."

But if you fail, or if you rise.

And bow before the Awful Will,

YULETIDE LAUGHTER.

A certain small boy has already learned the saving of time that may be achieved by dealing with things in the mass instead of detail. "Well," he said to his mother

shortly before Christmas, "I've written a letter to Santa Claus, and I think it covers everything I want." "That's good," said his mother What did you ask for?"

Two toy shops and a candy store,' Emma sent her plate back three imes to be filled with turkey, and

was helped bountifully each time.

Finally, she was observed to look re-

gretfully at the unfinished portion of "What's the trouble, Emma?" asked Uncle John. "You look mournful." "That's just the trouble," said mma. "I am more'n full," and then Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

she wondered why all the others

And this is one from Puck:-Teacher-"Waldo, name one of the est known characters of fiction."

Waldo (aged 5, superciliously)-"Santa Claus!" DIDN'T HAVE TIME.

A veterinary surgeon one day pre was a brave little boy. Determining | pared a powder for a sick horse and not to disturb his sister, who lay gave it to his young assistant to adcalmly sleeping in the next room, he minister. The assistant asked how stealthily made his way downstairs. it was to be done, and the doctor The light in the hall was turned low, gave him a large glass tube and told When Christmas comes I see him still but he could see the fireplace very him to put the tube into the horse's plainly in the distance. He waited, mouth and blow the powder down his The gentle, the compassionate, t' throat. A short time afterwards there was a great commotion, and Wiping Earth's tears away, stillin the doctor rushed to find his assistant

> "Where is that medicine?" he shouted. "What's the matter?" The assistant coughed several times severely and then spluttered: "The horse blew first!"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS. An ambitious woman once wrote to Abraham Lincoln asking for a sentiment and his autograph.

He answered promptly:-"Dear Madam .- When you write to on't you see? I am Mrs, Santa a stranger asking the favor of a letter lways enclose a postage There's the sentiment.

> "Here's the autograph, A. Lincoln. CHRISTMAS TIME AGAIN. There's a spray of berries white as

> For it's Christmas time again; o come to me under the mistletoe For it'sC hristmas time again. And here's a wish that our love en-

> And here's a prayer that our faith be

And here's a kiss that is fond and And in the Yule-log's dancing light

For it's Christmas time again.

on his back as I entered, and I was

troubled look that did not seem in

keeping with his jolly old character.

"It's chimneys," he replied.

"Yes, chimneys," he repeated.

much. At a pinch I can reduce

weight, and it's all in the day's work.

Fashions, I suppose, must change,

place for Directoire flues. But when

"How?" I said. "No chimneys?"

clared. "Say I light on the roof of a

where in one of your big cities. 1 find a solitary comey, or perhaps

twelve-story apartment house, some-

a mere iron sm estack. Naturally,

before I clamber inside, I investigate

the janitor. 'Furnace in the cellar,'

'Where does this tube lead to?' I ask

"Practically no chimneys," he de-

there are no chimneys at all-"

quired cheerily.

"Hullo, what's the trouble?" in in-

#### Xmas 1913.

That nineteen hundred years of yorc A PARTING CHRISTMAS RHYME. Vithin a manger mean and poor (By William Makepeace Thackeray.) The Christ was born.

One word ere yet the evening ends And thus when comes each Christmas Let's close it with a parting rhyme And pledge a hand to all young We think of something far away, And in a dream we hear men say As fits the merry Christmas time. The Christ is born.

> But nearer still than Bethlehem's vale Within our midst the angels hail, When love and peace in us prevail, The Christ is born.

Could we but be sincere and kind Be just in deed and pure in mind. Each day and hour we should find The Christ is born.

When Mercy stretches forth its hand When Charity walks throughout the When Faith and Truth mankind com The Christ is born.

Not 'mid ambition's noisy goals, Nor where the sea of pleasure rolls, But in the quiet of our souls The Christ is born.

"The children, you mean?" I said "Yes. They have no faith in anything. I assure you, it's extremely unpleasant to be caught by a spying youngster in the act of filling his stocking and be greeted as 'Papa!' 'I am not your papa," I tell them, trying to be as angry as I can. 'I am Santa Claus.' But they only laugh. With that Santa Claus gave his pack a shrug on his shoulder and started off to complete his calls. have no doubt that by this time he has mastered the difficulties of halfhose and chimneyless apartmen houses, and convinced you by his gifts that he really exists and that he is a fine old fellow well worth having

#### A Delver In Figure:.

A book has just been printed at Lindsay prepared by the town auditor, H. J. Lytle, that represents many months, or even years, of tedious, exacting labor. The copy contained over two hundred thousand calculations, only one-half. however, being used in the published work. It is somewhat difficult for one not versed in municipal lore to understand the magnitude of the work, but an idea can be formed To each child give the gift I chosen tom the fact that any rates levied the world would glow with new de by a council which can be expressed by a council which can be expressed by one or any possible combinations of two or three figures, on amounts from \$100 increasing by sums of \$100 until \$ 9,000 is reached are to be found on its pages, or, in other words, every rate from one mill to

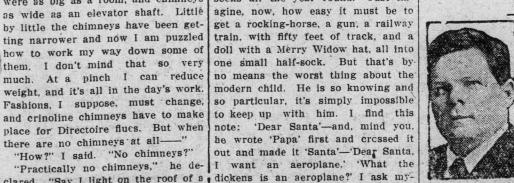
nine and ninety-nine-hundredth mills is furnished. In order to make l e work as nearly perfect as possib'e iter reading the proofs with the py, Mr. Lytle again proved the lculations mentally without the py. He disclaims any credit for ilty in his work further than a

ittle stick-to-it-iveness. Mr. Lytle's book will never figure among the best sellers, nor will he coin money with it. Only one copy will probably be sold in any municipality and possibly not that many in some of the smaller communities. grieved to note that he had a sad and best of things. 'How can I get in-

"Here's something for Burbank to try his hand on," said a man to his how or other I manage to get where | neighbor.

"What's that?" "Training a Christmas-tree to sprout its own Christmas presents."

#### "And then, what do you think? The Late New trouble. Most up-to-date moth-



I've been yawptill my bronchial tubes are lamed. It's too late for early shopping, a n you ought to be ashamed. I'v been begging and beseeching 1 o

Shopper.

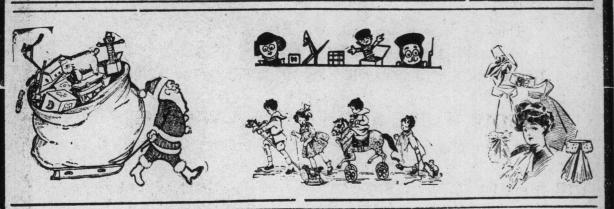
"Do it early!"

self. Another boy says: 'Dear San- I've been ranting, I've been preaching ta Claus, I want a monorail.' 'Mono- I ve been knocking at your door. I've rail,' I say, and wonder whether it is been busy telling others when to do anything that's likely to hurt a boy's their shopping chores, to relieve their character. Still another writes: | weary brothers clerking in the vil-Dear Santa Claus, the battleship lage stores; oh, I kept my larnyx popwhat you brought me last year had ping, got such action on my tongue. he replies, very shortly. But how its armor-belt in the wrong place, forgot to do my shopping till the last can I get from the roof into the dif- and the dynamite gun what you blamed dog was hung. Now Remorse ferent apartments?' I ask. 'You brought me is the kind prohibited by comes forth to cinch me for my dile can't, be says. 'But, look here,' I The Hague Peace Conference.' Not tory stand; if the Weary Clerks would argue with him; here are all these that I am unwilling to take the trou- lynch me, they won't need a repri children waiting for their gifts. How ble, you understand, but when you mand. When a fellow tears his jacket am I to distribute these, if I can't go consider that I am no longer what telling others what to do, when he down the chimney and out by the you would call a young fellow, it's kicks up such a racket that the at fireplace? There ain't no fireplaces? pretty hard to keep in touch with the mosphere is blue, when he roasts us he says. At first I refused to believe very latest development in every- for our botching, our neglect of sunthat. 'No fireplaces? Where do they thing. However, even that wouldn't dry chores, you may bet he'll bear To all of her friends the self-same bang up their stockings, then? 'I matter so much. I might get a sec- some watching, like most other noisy

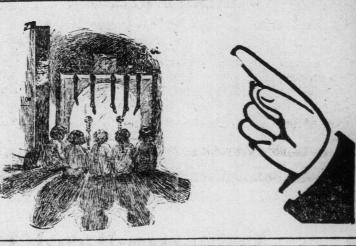
don't know, he says, 'unless they retary and subscribe to the magahang 'em on the radiator.' Now, I zines, and manage to scramble along, Copyright 1971, Pr Walk Mason

## Our Store and Windows

are now one big display of desirable goods suitable for Xmas Gifts. Gloves, Mufflers, Scarves, Handkerchiefs, Belts, Aprons, Tea Cloths, etc.



Our stock of DOLLS, TOYS, GAMES, FANCY GOODS, etc., is the newest and largest variety we have ever offered. We are running all our stock of Furs and some other stock of winter goods at a fraction over cost to clear. We can save you money on all these lines.



# STEER BROS.

# Holiday

Our Store is devoting most of its space to the display of Fancy Pieces that make such handsome and valued Holiday Gifts.

We are ready with the largest and finest stock of Holiday Furniture that we have ever shown.

The Furniture has been selected with a view of having as many exclusive designs as possible, and the finish is the best that can be made.

There is assurance of satisfaction if you choose your Christmas Gifts from us.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co., Complete House Furnishers.



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