

HER CHRISTMAS GREETING

By Mrs. C. M. Edgar.

"Is there no letter?"

"Nothing here, Mr. Cottor, but Miss left word this afternoon that there was a parcel for you at the Express office."

The old man turned away from the window, plainly disappointed. He made his way mechanically to the Express office, received a large square box from the clerk and turned out again.

It was Christmas Eve, crisp, and bracing and starlit. The shops were bright with many lights and alive with a throng of eager seekers after tokens of Christmas love and friendship. Merry greetings, freighted with Christmas cheer and good-will, rang out everywhere. And there is no sound so heartsome!

But the old man spoke to no one, not took any heed of the noise about him. He passed on with bowed head through the busy streets and out into the quiet country road. His burden was awkward to carry, and he seemed to find it filled with grief and difficulty he kept his footing in the narrow sleigh tracks. As he labored wearily along, he thought of his old wife waiting for him at home, and the disappointment he had felt to see her. He thought, too, of his absent child, the darling of his old age, and the only one that death had spared him of all the merry band that once had made so bright his life.

He thought of her far away in the great city, striving to hold her own, perhaps against awful odds, unprotected, alone—and his heart was full of a bitter trouble. Why had he let her go? He had held out long and sternly against it. He had been reproached with sacrificing his child's interests to his own selfish love, had been told of the voices with no approach to power and pathos and sweetness of that which made music in his home, that held great audiences spell-bound and made for their owners fame and fortune in the world. Yet he had stood firm. But when her gentle old mother, who loved her so and whose heart he knew was breaking at the thought of parting from her, added her voice to the chorus of entreaties, his resolution had wavered, and finally he had yielded a reluctant consent.

But it had gone hard with him. He knew something of the dangers that beset the young in the big cities, of the pitfalls the world has always coiled for the unwary, and his heart had never ceased to misgive him. True, her frank, loving letters had kept him cheered and reassured, and they had never failed him till tonight. But tonight of all nights! What could it mean?

Reaching his own door, he halted a moment, pulled himself together, took an effort and strove to enter the gloom from his face and manner. Then he pushed open the door and stepped into the hall, shaking the snow vigorously from his feet.

An elderly lady with a sweet, motherly face and gentle blue eyes sat knitting by the fire. She looked up eagerly when he came in. "Is it snowing?" She asked, smiling a bright welcome.

"No, it's a fine night, clear as a diamond, clear and cold."

He set down his burden on the floor and removed his hat and great coat, while all the while watching him expectantly. When he came over and held out his hands to the heat, her eyes took an anxious look.

"Haven't you got a letter?" she asked, unable longer to restrain her impatience. "No, there was none tonight," he returned with assumed unconcern. "It must have miscarried."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Written for The Ontario by Miss Jennie Osborne.

Softly falls the snow outside, we notice everybody with happy faces—why it is Christmas Eve. The children are to have their annual Xmas tree in the school room of their various churches. Presents are hung on the Christmas tree. Not a doll child is seen. The rich are dressed in furs, also the fires are burning in the various homes. Merry, merry Xmas. The Christ Child is born again in a manger. The star of Bethlehem is seen. The shepherds come from the East to worship the Christ Child. Softly tread tonight, listen to the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth."

Chapter I. Xmas Morn.

The lights of the Christmas tree are out all have gone home, retired to rest. Hark the shout of the children in the morning, merry Christmas to parents, relatives and friends. Many a family gathering, but also many a vacant chair. The beautiful dinner, its English plum-pudding, as its roast turkey. The table of the rich is loaded with all good things, while the poor are forgotten by all, only the Christ Child who never forsakes, and looks in pity on the poorest children, and any who neglect to feed them, especially on Christmas day, the angel looks down in pity and sends some one perhaps in the humbler walk of life to soothe their misery and heal their hearts.

Chapter II. The Vacant Chair.

Many a heart is heavy this Xmas day. A vacant chair. Many a loved one gone to their reward, their first Christmas spent in Heaven. A mother sighs over the loss of her child. Does the Christ Child this day whisper words of comfort in her heart, does she not know her child is safe in Heaven? A daughter weeps over her mother, gone, never to return.

ried. We'll have it tomorrow." Then, seeing the bitter disappointment in her face, "But we have something else here," he added cheerily. "I almost forgot it." He picked up the box and, placing it on the table, proceeded to remove the wrappings with an air of deep interest.

Why, what in the world have we here?" he exclaimed in unfeigned surprise, as he raised the cover and disclosed the contents, a queer-looking black box or block partially hidden by what appeared to be an immense brass funnel, while standing against one side was a shallow square box securely tied. He gazed at the odd-looking objects a moment in wonderment, then turned the box round and round, examining it in the light.

"It's a gramophone!" he announced at length, finding the label, "Come and see it, mother."

She was looking into the fire through a heavy mist of tears. At his words she wiped her eyes and, rising listlessly, came and stood beside him. He lifted the parts out, examined them carefully and tried to put them together.

"There must be directions somewhere," he said at length, struggling clumsily with his unaccustomed work. "Search the box, please, will you?"

She drew it towards her, and taking out the remains of the wrapping paper, came on a closely printed card. But as she lifted it out, a glad cry broke from her, for there from the bottom of the box, smiled up at her the dear face that filled her sleeping and waking dreams. She snatched up the photograph, laid it a moment caressingly against her cheek, then held it to the light. Together they feasted their eyes upon it, their hearts swelling with fond pride. Yes, it was the same open pulchre face. But the mother fancied she detected a new wistfulness in the smile that lay about the pretty mouth, which, while it brought the tears to her eyes, yet told her loving old heart that the world had not spoiled her darling, that still she yearned for home.

When her husband turned again to the task of fitting together the parts of the gramophone, she watched him eagerly, offering suggestions and help. There was no lack of interest now in this wonderful new toy; for, had it not come from Winnie! At length it was adjusted to their full satisfaction. He inserted a record at random and proceeded to wind. "Move away, mother," he said. "They say the music sounds better from a distance."

She went back to her seat beside the fire, assuming an attitude of rapt attention. Suddenly her heart bounded wildly, then stood still! Through the silent room rippled tenderly, wistfully, in the glorious voice, of whose triumphs even now the world was taking, and whose every tone she knew so well, the dear old refrain:

Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow this place,
Which, seek through the world is never met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

One after another, through the medium of the wonderful instrument, their absent darling sang to them, as she used to do in the long evenings at home, all the sweet, familiar airs she knew they loved. Entranced, they drank in the ravishing melody, and their gentle hearts were full.

Specially contributed to The Ontario.

Chapter III. Christmas Day in a Country Sabbath School.

A Sunday morning on Christmas day. A large number are assembled in the Methodist Sunday School of their church. The place is decorated. The Christmas tree had been on Saturday night, every child, rich and poor had received a present. All had happy faces only one class had a vacant chair. Little Minnie had been taken and was laid to rest on Saturday afternoon, her first Christmas in Heaven. The school felt it keenly and the teachers all spoke of it in their classes. Not many rich children attended this school, but all had comfortable homes. The lesson was on the Christ Child. The hymns were all very suitable for Christmas day, the organ played, the children sang, one of their number was in Heaven singing the new song that Xmas day.

Chapter IV. Master Charles' Chair.

Well mother shall we place a chair for Master Charles who ran away over a year ago and has never returned? You had it placed at our table on Xmas day last year, it was unfilled. Yes, Nellie place the chair and he may come this Christmas day. All our family are to come. I think God will send him. Christmas day a merry group was around a table, a knock is heard at the door, a boy manly grown enters and asks "Does the Christ Child this day whisper words of comfort in her heart, does she not know her child is safe in Heaven? A daughter weeps over her mother, gone, never to return."

good son, only forgive me. May God bless me and you all. The chair is filled, a happy family. The Xmas feast, tastes better. The mother's prayer is answered. The lost is found.

Chapter V. The Lover's Meeting.

Charles Bates is home again. How glad I am I do so love him. The speaker is a girl in her teens, had mourned for him and had prayed God to bring him back to her. He came Christmas night to see his old girl, Nellie Clark, and said under the Christmas tree, next Christmas God willing, we will marry. She gave consent. A kiss sealed their lips. All knew it would take place. Charles took his old position as salesman at Clark & Mitchell's fine dry goods store. Nellie was a bride to Mr. Clark. He also took his place at Sabbath school and church. His parents were very happy. Before another Christmas his darling mother was placed under the sod, and she had Master Charles stand beside her bed when she died.

Chapter VI. The End of all Things.

When the Angel of Death comes to us at Christmas or New Year's what will it be, ready or not? We all know the Christ Child, all go to our various churches, and do we heed the sermons, do we sing as unto the Lord, do we listen to prayers? May God fill all the vacant chairs with Christmas cheer and good-will, and this New Year it spared may we all live as we should. May the world get better and may this cruel war cease. May we all help the needy and search out the Christ Child, have him as our guest, not only at Christmas but throughout all our days. Glory to God. Amen. Peace on Earth.

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OVER \$10,000 CONTRIBUTED

By Patriotic Citizens of Napanee, Lennox and Addington.

Lennox & Addington and Napanee have been doing splendid work in the promotion of the various patriotic movements that have been undertaken since the commencement of the war. Napanee has a population of less than 3,000, but the contributions to the patriotic fund from town and county now exceeds ten thousand dollars.

In addition to this their county council at its December session passed a resolution pledging themselves to look after all dependants of the volunteers until the conclusion of the war.

Every volunteer from the united counties was insured for one thousand dollars from the fund.

Judge Madden, chairman of the patriotic fund, has sent the following Christmas message to his boys and was yesterday gratified to receive the reply that immediately follows:

Napanee, Dec. 24, 1914.
To General Alderson.

Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains.
The Lennox & Addington Patriotic Fund committee extend Christmas greetings to all the boys from Lennox and Addington and wish them all well.

J. H. Madden, Chairman.

Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains, Dec. 25.
To J. H. Madden.

Chairman, Patriotic Fund, Napanee, Ontario.

All volunteers from Lennox and Addington counties desire to thank the patriotic committee for their kind message and to wish them all that is good at this season of the year.

Alderson.

SANTA CLAUS TREATED OVER 700 CHILDREN

Through the kindness and good offices of the Fifteenth Regimental band Santa Claus paid a special visit to the armories yesterday afternoon. A great crowd of children over seven hundred in number was on hand to welcome him. A large number of them had not enjoyed a visit from their saintship on Christmas eve, owing to war and other difficulties connected with the commissariat. But there was an abundance of supply at the armories and no child went away without some Christmas token.

Mr. John Hanna and Santa Claus went up to the shelter in the afternoon and brought all the children down from the institution taking them back again as soon as the festivities were over.

Mr. Sam Turner officiated as the good Saint Nicholas and the part could scarcely have been better taken. There seemed to be no limit to the good things that he was able to extract from the fruitful branches of the tree. To give an idea of the abundance of the gifts bestowed it is only necessary to mention that the distribution included 250 games, 410 toys, 25 tugs, 6 girls' hats, 32 boys' caps, 4 pairs boys' trousers, 84 pairs stockings, 41 pieces underwear, 11 boys' shirts, 14 dresses, 76 picture books, 94 dolls, 81 hockey sticks, 750 oranges, and 125 lbs. candies.

Owing to the extreme cold the drill and other features of the program had to be cancelled.

The inception and carrying out of this idea is a fine tribute to the Fifteenth Regimental band and in particular to the manager, Mr. Charles Hanna, who has labored unremittently and enthusiastically to make this philanthropic and patriotic effort the success that it undoubtedly was.

The collection from Sunday night's concert at Griffin's was devoted to the purpose, but many others assisted with special contributions of money or goods.

OBITUARY

Frances E. Bradshaw

Frances Elizabeth Bradshaw passed away in this city on December 24. She was a native of the township of Richmond. The remains have been taken to the residence of her sister, Mrs. J. Sharpe in Sidney.

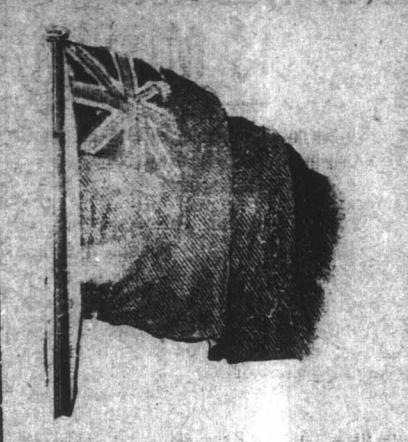
In religion she was a Methodist. She was 41 years of age. Four sisters and three brothers survive—Mrs. Christie Harmon, Mrs. John James, Mrs. Geo. Thompson, all of Richmond, Mrs. J. Sharpe, Sidney, Martin and John of Richmond and George of Tweed.

Mrs. Mary Anderson

Mrs. Mary Anderson died yesterday in this city at the age of 76 years. Her husband passed away in the month of 42 years ago. She came to Belleville from Stirling about 8 years ago. Mrs. Henry Kerr of this city, is a daughter and Mr. Stafford Anderson of Murray, Ontario is a son of deceased. The bereaved family have the sympathy of a great many friends in their loss.

SMOLDERING IN PULLMAN

Fire in a Pullman car on the O. & W. line called out the fire brigade on Christmas morning at 5:25. The trouble originated in a stove but the brigade and the staff left the blaze and the conductor decided to try it as far as Deseronto.



Belleville Patriotic Association

The Treasurer begs to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions and monthly payments since added to the lists published up to the 19th December.

The total amount of each received amounted to \$5,976.32 on 24th December.

Additional subscriptions and payments not heretofore acknowledged:

C. F. Wallbridge\$15 00
Wallbridge & Clarke25 00
John MacCowan10 00
The Ritchie Co. and employees75 00
(Third contribution)75 00
Merchants bank staff (December Payment)5 00

LAI TO REST

The funeral of the late Roy A. Fawley took place on Thursday morning from his late residence, Church and Dundas streets to St. Michael's R. C. church, where Rev. Father Killen celebrated a solemn requiem mass. Interment was in St. James cemetery. Rev. Father Corrigan officiating at the grave. The bearers were Messrs A. McCormick, A. Farrell, H. McCormack, L. Horrigan, F. Wins, and T. Brophy.

FRONT OF THURLOW.

Mrs. A. Palmer has returned home after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. H. Young, Mountain View.

A number are suffering from severe colds, Bronchitis and quinsy in our neighborhood and a few cases of whooping cough are reported.

A great many were present at the entertainment given last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Kingston Road Sunday school. Mr. Modle, the pastor, very ably filled the chair and the program was well rendered by the children and older ones of the school.

Mr. W. Clazie went to Kingston, one day recently, to attend Presbytery meeting there.

The children are delighted that their Christmas holidays have come round again.

Mr. H. Fuller and Miss B. Fuller, of Shannonville, spent Sunday with their father, Mr. H. Fuller, Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bradshaw, 2-d. con. spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. MacDonald.

FEW LOCAL SOLDIERS' HOME

From Kingston—Most Will Come Up For Few Years.

Only a few of the Belleville soldiers with the Second Contingent in the 21st Battalion in Kingston will be home for Christmas. The rest will be here for New Year's. The Belleville men are in the same company with the Ottawa soldiers, most of whom have been given leave to go home.

Amongst the Fifteenth boys who are home are Harry Hagerman and Geo. Rendrew.

Leit-Col. Hughes states that 40% of the men in the 21st Battalion are old country men. Only two of the officers were not Canadians. One was Scotch, the other was English born.

On Tuesday a rumor was on the street, that the 21st Battalion would be sent to Bermuda. One officer in speaking about it said that the order when issued would probably be for immediate execution, and he, personally, did not expect that it would take long for that order to be issued. When Bermuda was mentioned, he replied that "you know as much as I do, whether we are going there or not."

Leit-Col. W. S. Hughes, at the veterans' reception said that "wherever the authorities want us to go we will go without hesitation," and that is about all that is really known about the destination of the 21st Battalion.

HOLIDAY CHEER FOR UNFORTUNATE

The unfortunate of Belleville will not be left to suffer over the Christmas holiday. Benevolence this year is perhaps better organized than at any previous time in the city owing to conditions of work and the war.

The poor unfortunate prisoner in the jail will not suffer from lack of rich juicy, English beef. The aged in the city shelter will receive clothes and good Christmas dinners. The House of Refuge management will add cheer to the old and infirm inmates.

The Children's shelter will ring with the laughter and chatter of children tomorrow morning after they awaken in the afternoon at the Christmas tree when gifts will be given of clothes, sweet meats, and food. The turkey dinner will not be forgotten.

Hampers will be sent out by church workers and by the ladies of the independent committee of the W. O. A. The sick and convalescent in the city hospital will not be forgotten.

A Girl's Best Gift

No gift can yield more hours of pleasure than a pair of

Ladies' Automobile Skates



SMITH HARDWARE CO.

A. W. DICKENS

A. W. DICKENS

Candies for Christmas

All our own make. Quality and purity guaranteed. Will include all the old-fashioned lines, such as Candy Creams, Clove Apples, Jackson Balls, Humbugs, &c.

Our Own Specialties—Such as Chocolate Fudge, Maple Creams, Cream Chewing and Pan-American Taffies, Lady Carmels, etc., at 20c per lb.

CHOCOLATES—Molise, Savoy, G. B. Lowney's, besides a number of our own lines.

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