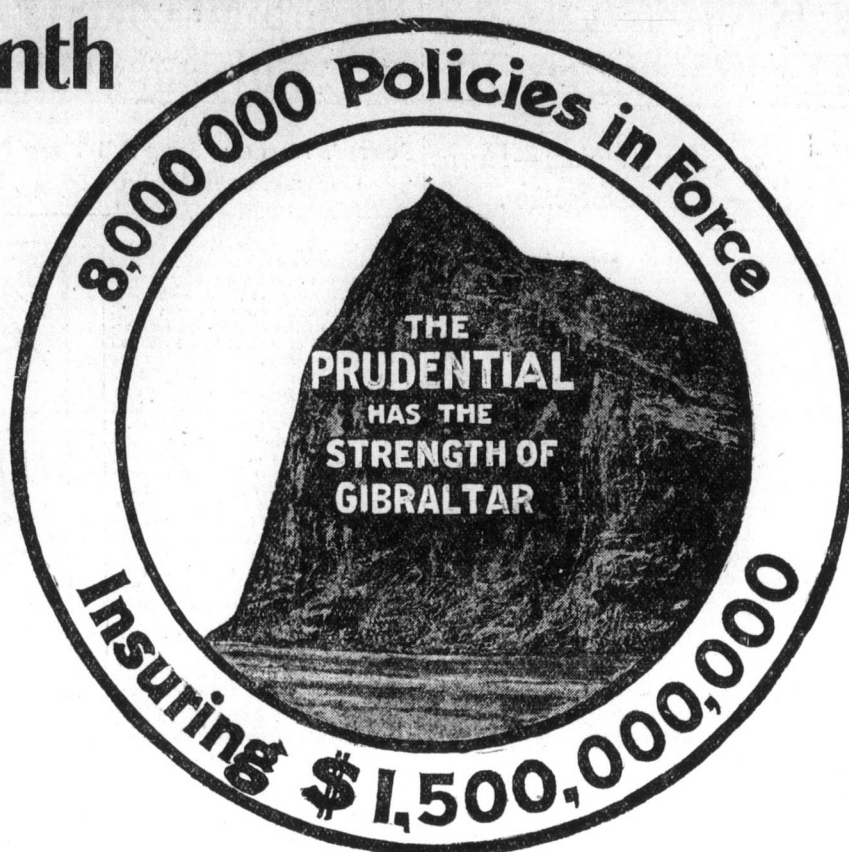


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## Jimmy Bear's Christmas

Ernest Harold Baynes in Washington

I haven't a doubt that "Jimmy," the bear cub, would have spent a most delightful Christmas if no one had interfered with him. But it happened that when, on Christmas eve, he made a bold and partly successful attempt to sample a batch of mince pies, and was therefore forcibly ejected from the kitchen, he retired to his lair and sucked his paws and obstinately refused to come out and make friends.

Next morning, however, having forgotten his trouble, "Jimmy" appeared bright and early at the kitchen door, and the housekeeper went out to give him his Christmas breakfast. Whether the bit of air of the morning had given him an unusual appetite or whether the jovial spirit of Christmas was working within him, I don't know; but, at any rate, after taking the last mouthful of the housekeeper had for him, "Jimmy" made a flying wedge of himself and in spite of all that could be done to prevent him, forced an entrance to the house. He made straight for the dining room, where the table was set for breakfast, stood up on his hind legs and without the slightest hesitation, reached for the sugar basin.

He took it gently in both paws, lifted it carefully down, and, sitting on his

haunches, held his prize securely in his lap. All this was done before the housekeeper could overtake him, and when she approached he complained so bitterly that she had not the heart to disturb him. So he finished the sugar and then allowed himself to be led away, grumbling softly.

Later in the day, taking advantage of a temporary slackening in the vigilance of the garrison, the bear rolled the door knob between his paws, opened the door, and made an attack on the pantry. This was repulsed after slight loss and "Jimmy" once more retreated to his den, there to suck his paws until his fit of sulks was over.

We did not see him again that day, but the next morning a little girl who brought the milk and whose face was wreathed in smiles, told an amusing story of a visit the bear had paid to her house on Christmas night. A party was in progress, nearly a score of little friends having been invited, and after a round of games they were all seated about a long table, doing their best to make an impression on a brave array of cakes, pies, jam, oranges and candy, when somebody shouted, "Look! Look at the window!" and as all eyes turned in the direction indicated by a sticky forefinger the disconsolate face of a black bear cub

was seen pressed close against the glass. "It's Jimmy!" said someone, and half a dozen others yelled in chorus: "Sure, it's Jimmy Bear!" and then arose a babel of children's voices, with now and then an intelligible exclamation, such as: "Let him in!" "Open the window!" "Don't let him in!" "Give him some cake!" while the youngsters crowded about the window to get a close view of Jimmy's brown nose and shining eyes. At last someone bolder than the rest opened the window "just a little," and handed the bear a piece of fruit cake, which disappeared as quickly as though it had been thrown down a well at night. Then someone else in his eagerness to feed the window "just a little bit more," Jimmy saw his chance and hoisting himself up, pushed his way under the sash, and jumped into the room with a "Waugh!" The timid ones ran for the parlor, but most of the youngsters held their ground, half nervous and half tickled that a real live bear was at the party.

Very gravely "Jimmy" arose on his hind legs, to his full height, put his forepaws on the edge of the table, and took in the prospects. There was so much that looked about right for a bear cub that for a moment he seemed unable to make up his mind which to try first. A little mound of shining, quivering apple jelly was the first thing to hold his attention, and he took it off the plate in about three licks, while the curly-headed owner of the jelly stood with wide eyes and open mouth, aghast at such impudence. "Jimmy" paid no attention to him, but passed on to a plate of oranges. These did not suit his immediate fancy, so he rolled two or three on the floor

with his paw, and turned his attention to a plate of cake which he found more to his liking. He ate four slices, and then sampled the chocolate fudge. All this time the children had been howling with delight and wondering whose plate would be visited next, and the bear was so occupied with the business on hand that many of the youngsters took courage to pat him and rub his woolly ears. But there's an end to all good things, even "Jimmy's" appetite, and after he had eaten all he could possibly get out of side of he rolled over on his back and let the children play with him to their hearts' content, occasionally batting them softly with his paws or chewing them gently when they became too strenuous for comfort. At last, when he became tired of the game, he picked himself up, somebody opened the door, and he was seen to saunter homeward in the moonlight.

### BINBROOK NO. 2.

Following is the result of the Christmas examinations of school section No. 2, Binbrook:

Fourth form—Annie Martin 62 per cent.

Third form—Grace Twedle 74, Richie Quance 68, Lucy Chapman 64, Lorne Martin 51, Clara Absalom absent, Bessie Gulliver absent.

Second form—Arthur Twedle 84, Garfield Cook 71, Fred Martin 66.

Part second—Ethel Cowell 91, Merinda Fletcher 73, Ella Absalom 63, Ralph Martin 51.

Part first—Lloyd Freeman 85, Harry Martin 85, Myrtle Cowell 75, Mabel Cowell 60.

## FIFTY YEARS IN PRISON.

John P. Warren Will be Released  
on Christmas Eve.

One of the favorite devices of the writer of Christmas stories is to picture the release of a convict on Christmas eve. The subject tempts the pen to description—the cold night, the frosty stars, the moonlight falling on the snow, the twinkling lights of the distant city, the released convict, trembling, shivering and half reluctant to bend his steps towards the town. The story is so old the machinery cracks.

But such things occasionally happen in life. John P. Warren, a prisoner in the State Penitentiary at Wethersfield, Conn., aged 71, will be released on Christmas eve. He has been in prison for fifty years. In 1839 he was convicted of usuricide and sentenced to life imprisonment. He has been a model prisoner, and in the opinion of the authorities has expiated his crime. When he is released on Christmas eve the mise en scene, no doubt, will be similar to that in the familiar Christmas story. The chances are that the evening will be cold, that the stars will shine frostily in the sky, that it will be snowing, and that the walls of the

prison will bulk fantastically in the moonlight. It is not difficult to imagine the aged convict standing confused and trembling in front of the grim gates, the world as unreal to him as the village of Falling Water was to Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep.

Such is the sentimental manner in which the writer of Christmas stories would regard the release of John P. Warren from the penitentiary. To the newspaper chronicler, however, the incident has a different aspect. The latter is concerned with the man's impressions of the world, what he will think, what he will say when he looks upon the wonders that have been achieved since the gates closed upon him fifty years ago. While he has been in his living tomb civilization has taken gargantuan strides forward. What will John P. Warren say to the automobile, the trolley car, the modern train, the modern skyscraper, the modern steamboat? What will his thought be when he contemplates the sending of messages without wire, and the wonders wrought by electricity? What will he say to the changes in the social, political and economic life of the nation? Will the mind of the old man be able to grapple with these problems? Will not the sudden transition into a new and marvellous world be too much of a strain on his mentality, and after he has left the shadow of the prison walls will not the old man be obsessed by the loneliness that must be the portion of any one who is in the world and yet not of it? When the first wonder of it all has passed away, will he not wish that he were back among the dead who have not died?

Such are some of the questions the

newspaper man will ask John P. Warren after he is released from the penitentiary. The writer of Christmas stories will be content, no doubt, to oil the old machinery anew and set it to working in the same old way.

### TRINITY SCHOOL.

The December report shows the number of marks obtained from a total of 300:

Senior fourth—R. Bannister 262, R. VanSickle 218, E. Johnson 212.

Junior fourth—R. Richardson 213, N. Smith 200, J. W. Phillips 198, H. Richardson 177.

Senior third—E. McMurray 206, E. Stevenson 180.

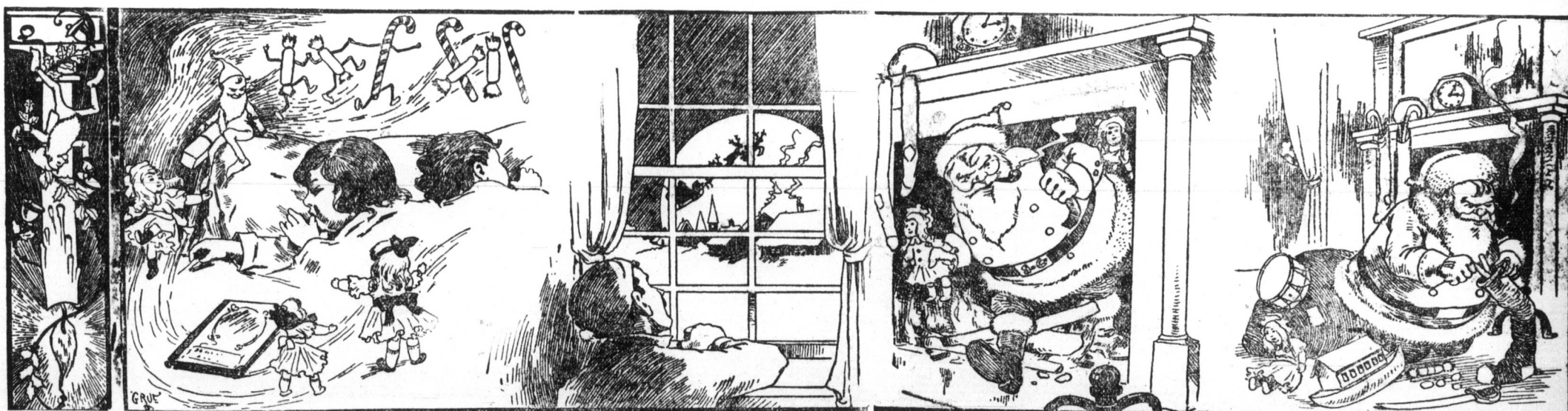
Junior third—J. Shaver 244, D. Kelly 229, H. Smith 221, D. Jackson 202, D. Johnson 198, J. Phillips 196, N. Jackson 164.

Second—W. Braithwaite 261, J. Jackson 239, E. Dorr 221, J. Butler 209, M. H. Lyons 203.

### Useful Gifts For Men.

Razor straps and shaving brushes are very suitable for Christmas presents. Probably the finest stock in Ontario of these lines is kept at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north. Beautiful razor straps, varying in price from 25c to \$2.50 each, and shaving brushes from 15c to \$3 each are shown. Do not buy without seeing this stock.

"I know my husband truly loves me." "All young wives think that. I suppose it is because he swears he would die for you, doesn't he?" "No; he brings up the coal," Baltimore American.



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar plums danced through their heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:  
Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So, up to the house top the coursers they flew,  
With sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—  
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turn'd with a jerk  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"