

A Christmas Greeting

Love of the glory olden,
Dear Babe of the story golden,
The Lord of KLight did come;
Rocked on the breast of Mary,
Tiny and weird and fairy,
He lay in Joseph's home.

And the Virgin crooned a song
As she sat and rocked Him long,
While the shades of eve were falling:

"Sleep, sleep, my Wonder Child!
Hear not those Voices wild
That for my Son are calling:
Where is their Great King gone?
Where is their Holy One?"

Ah, sad for the Worlds of All that day
Their Master went away!
And the wailing spirits cry
In fearful, lonely agony
That God is not,
While, in my lowly cot,
My own frail woman's knee
Deth hold the Father of Infinity!
Ah, God be merciful to me!"

The Virgin sang no more, but wept,
While Joseph from the chamber softly
Crept,
And softer still the hallowed Infant slept.

"Fear not, beloved," Gabriel sang,
And the echoes rang
To the doors of the Unknown;
"God is ever on one throne
And loveth; rise, and lay our Babe to rest
Yea, fear to lull those slumbers on thy
Woman's breast,
For dread this mystery divine!
Yet love and praise be thine,
And watchful guard be mine!"

These thoughts have come to me,
Dreaming of Christmas Nineteen Twenty-
one;

And now, beloved, for thee
I pray the blessing of that love so sweet;
I pray thine eyes may see
The pierced hands and feet,
That thou mayest love with me
God's majesty
In the face of Mary's Son!
Mary Kinley Ingraham.

Is the Christmas Story in Your Face?

A poor little street girl was taken ill one Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. One day she whispered to the nurse, "I am having real good times here—ever such good times! Suppose I'll have to go away from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus being born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know; Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you knew about Jesus being born."—Christian Age.

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A. M. WHEATON

DO CARDS DEMAND A REPLY?

(From the New York Times.)
Among the problems that Christmas brings, not the most important of course, but to a good many people not the least puzzling, is the one created by the Christmas card. Experts in seasonal and other etiquette may know whether or not the receipt of such a card should be "acknowledged," but common folk—of whom unfortunately, there are large numbers—do not know just what to do, if anything, when they get one of these expressions of remembrance and cordiality from a person to whom a like manifestation of the Christmas spirit has not been sent. They want to be courteous, and appreciative of courtesy, and yet, somehow, a written response to a printed salutation does not seem to be exactly the right thing—not exactly the fair thing, indeed, as it involves the taking by the recipient of considerably more trouble than the sender had taken. And, after all, there will remain the inexplicable fact that two cards had not crossed in the mail. When that crossing has occurred there is no problem, but the Christmas card habit, though so many have fallen into it, is still far from universal, probably because there still lingers in some quarters a feeling or suspicion that the Christmas card is an evasion of an unavowed obligation to send a real Christmas present, and in those quarters its arrival is therefore not a cause of unmitigated joy. This, however, is a way of looking at Christmas cards that is entirely wrong. They are not, or at any rate should not be, substitutes for Christmas presents, but a pretty extension of the Christmas desire to be kind—an extension of it beyond the circle of friendship that is close enough to demand or authorize an exchange of more substantial manifestations of affection or helpfulness. That they do not cost much—by the way, they are not so very cheap nowadays—is a merit rather than a fault, and, anyhow, Christmas is not a time for keeping a balanced account of favors exchanged.

FORE!

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)
Winter golf is one of the best outdoor sports. It is played with snowshovels, the sportsmen cleaning off their own walks, and also those in front of neglected lots on the neighborhood links.

Minard's Liniment for Garget in Cows

Pleatide in the Country

Christmas in the country, Christmas day in the old farm home. What pleasant memories it recalls to some of us, and what good times it will mean for many of us this year. There is really no place like the farm home for Christmas good times and jollity and good cheer. Here, if anywhere, prosperity and plenty abound, and in family gatherings and in neighborhood reunions, with an abundance of the fruits of our labor with which to spread our bountiful boards old friendships may be renewed, new ones made, and even the stranger within our gates may be added to the list.

At Christmas time we may put into practice the real principle of neighborly living. Living close together does not always make neighbors. Speaking acquaintances are not always neighbors. To be real neighbors we must have the spirit of neighborliness in our hearts which prompts us to get together once in a while, together around a well-laden table and feast, and visit, and laugh and joke and have a rousing good time. To love our neighbor as we do ourself, we have to know him pretty well, and there is nothing like these neighborly reunions as a means of getting acquainted.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE SAME KID

There is a distinctly quaint children's humor in the tale of the little boys who were discussing home news and comparing notes.

"We have had a bad time at home," said one. "Our new kid went up to heaven."

"We have had a worse time," said the other. "We got one down from heaven. It does make a bother."

"What a nuisance," said the first. "It must be the same little kid going the rounds."

For Sore Throat, Cold in the Chest, Etc.



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Christmas Suggestions

Last Christmas we did such a big Christmas trade that we have prepared for a bigger trade this year. If you will come in and look over our stock we are sure you will be much pleased with what we have to offer and that you will find our prices reasonable.

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Christmas Post Cards. A splendid assortment. Price, 3 for 5 cents.

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Gummed Tape for sealing Christmas parcels. Holly designs. 15 cents a spool.

Ribbonzene for tying Christmas parcels, red, green, striped and holly design. 15 cents a spool.

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Japanese Hanoki Rope, made in Japan from wood fibre. Glossy finish. A very attractive decoration. Colors red and green. Price 3 cents a yard.

Christmas Tissue Paper Balls, red and green combination. 10 cents each.

Christmas Bells, 5c., 10c., 15c.

Tinsel Christmas Tree Decorations.

Santa Claus Snow, 15 cents a package.

Christmas Paper Napkins, 15 cents a doz.

The Acadian Store