

was being changed, too. I strained my eyes and could make out somebody working over the wall. When she moved, what do you think I read? Sal had been painting out the letters until it ran this way:

TRY
ME. SAL

The line below, "IT SATISFIES," she hadn't had time to alter.

You can imagine how I felt. I knew the girl had spunk, but this was beating wireless telegraphy all to pieces, twenty-five years ahead of time. But what took the grin off my face and sent me hurrying up my ladder was to see a little speck crawling up the road across the river. It was a horse and buggy, carrying Teddy Doane as sure as shooting.

I worked like a fiend, and spattered myself with Brandon red regardless. When I got down my sign read:

TAKE
ME O SAL

By this time the speck across the river had disappeared amongst the houses of Adamston, but I didn't care. I had got in my proposal first. There it was over my head in twenty-foot letters that the whole State of New Hampshire could witness, and I had reason to believe that Sal was for me.

I didn't have long to wait, though, for my answer. I was accepted two miles away by the cleverest little woman that ever handled a paint-brush. When I saw what I did see I executed a war-dance, with war-paint on, too. By taking the lower line on her barn, painting out the first T and ISF of "IT SATISFIES," and changing a T and an I into S, Sal had sent me her answer:

I SAY YES

They tell me those signs weren't altered for twenty years, and the Adamston folks tell the story of Sal Twitchell's long-distance proposal to this day.

A Christmas Hymn

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up tonight,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain!
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless
sway;
What wrecked the Roman, what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay.
Falling through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin.
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why,
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed.
Man's doom was linked no more to
sever—

In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and
Heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Things for Christmas

A Party

THE young women of a certain family in Nova Scotia planned a pretty little surprise for their guests at a Christmas party. One of the young girls wore a large bunch of flowers. The friends mingled admiration with their greetings, and she removed a flower from her bouquet as a boutonniere for each guest. Uncles and aunts and cousins, large and small, were served alike and all seemed to enjoy the favor. Another merry-faced girl had pinned to her shoulder a large bunch of variously colored sachet bags, hardly less beautiful than the flowers. Still another had unique favors in the shape of tiny half-dram phials filled with white mustard seed. She tied strings of druggists' twine around the necks and pinned them to the shoulder of her gown as the others had done. The guests' experiences with the flowers and sachets

led them at once to suspect that they were to be served in a similar way with regard to the bottles, which was very true; when dinner was served and the contents of the bottles were referred to and tasted, the fun over the favors was almost boundless.

A Calendar

A friendship calendar was a source of much pleasure to an elderly lady living alone. At her request, each one of fifty-two of her friends, representing the fifty-two weeks of the year, furnished material for every day of the seven in his week. Each one followed out his own idea for the week's calendar, contributing favorite quotations, short poems, anecdotes and reminiscences, so ever adding cherished recipes. In many instances the contributions were original. Others were illustrated with small pictures cut from current

magazines. The result was a perpetual calendar, each day representing the loving thought of a friend.

A Pincushion

The most acceptable gift I received last Christmas was a mattress pincushion, and it is my constant companion whether at home or abroad. It is a tiny mattress stuffed with curled hair and covered with satin. It is nine inches long, seven wide and one and a half deep. It is tied down or tufted like a mattress, leaving nine sections for pins. Each of these sections is filled with a different kind of different colored pins, and the long sides are for safety pins, black on one side and white on the other, and of all sizes. The ends of the cushion are for hatpins, white on one side and colored on the other. When I received it, it was so well stocked that I have not had to replenish it yet. There are blue, pink, coral, white, pearl and black pins, while there is one section for vari-colored ones and two for the small black and white ones. It is a constant and reliable friend for all occasions.

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