

CHRISTMAS

(By James P. Haverson.)
Say, it's gettin' round to Christmas,
The crops is in an' all,
We're nearly into winter,
We're almost out of fall.

I'm awful fond of Christmas,
I tell you it is great
When the puddin's in the kettle
An' the turkey's on yer plate.

It's awful hard awaitin',
An' spechly that last night,
When ye're wishin', wishin', wishin',
Christmas Day woud just get light.

There ain't no time like Christmas
For fun an' good an' joy,
An' there's naught approaches it—
'Cept, perhaps, it is a boy.

Listening often pays better than talk-
ing.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

(From the Canadian Churchman.)
Merriment, gift-making, and good cheer are characteristics of Christmastide. But they are not particularly Christian marks. Long before the birthday of Christ was celebrated on the winter solstice, the pagan world of ancient Rome spent the day in carnival and carousal that degenerated into libertinism. They celebrated the turn in the course of the sun when dark winter season was half over and the sun would return in increasing strength. The Christians supplanted that idea and its celebration by dedicating the day to the Birth of Jesus Christ. Then gifts and merriment took on a new meaning. They spoke not of the sun, but of the Light of Lights that shined across man coming into the world, and under His auspices the feast was purged and the merriment was pure.

Minsard's Linctment for Diphtheria.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS WREATH.

In sword and sash and scarlet coat,
Upon a Christmas Day,
Through frosty woods and hoary fields
A soldier rode away.
She watched him through the falling snow,
A young and lovely maid,
In milky pearls and flowing robes
Of velvet green arrayed.

With rumors of the distant wars
The months went slowly by,
Till once again the Christmas bells
Were pealing to the sky:
And, walking through the lonely wood,
A bush the maiden found,
With thorns as sharp as little swords,
And scarlet berries around.

She leaned against the ancient oak
And wove a wreath to wear
Of scarlet berries, bright and gay,
And set it on her hair.
And lo, the pearls upon her breast
Were changed to berries too;
And rooted to the oak a branch
Of mistletoe she grew.

When sweet and clear the Christmas bells
Ring out o'er vale and hill,
The maiden mistletoe is seen
In pearls and velvet still;
And with her in the revels ruled
By music mirth and folly,
In sword and scarlet still arrayed,
Behold the soldier-holly!

"Oh, mother, may I go out to vote?"
"Yes, my darling daughter,
But vote for that pretty candidate
Who smells of toilet water."
—Cleveland News.

It's all right to meet trouble halfway
so long as you don't go any farther.

1921 TENDERS 1921

Tenders for the Collection of County Poor, Railway, Patriotic Fund, Dog and Provincial Highway Rates in each Ward in Kings County for the year 1921 will be received at the office of Municipal Clerk, Court House, until

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31ST,
AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON**

The Tender must include the names and Post Office addresses of two responsible parties willing to become bondsmen in event of Tender being accepted.

The Collector must be a resident of the Ward in which he collects the rates.

By order,
C. L. DODGE,
Municipal Clerk.

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THE REAL CHRISTMAS.

Continued from page 9)

It was hardly over when Gray Halliday walked in, tall and rosy, with his skates slung over one shoulder.

"Merry Christmas, everybody!" he called, before any one had a chance to speak. "I came to see if I could borrow Ruth for a while. The skating in the park is great."

Ruth hesitated, but her father was smiling into Gray's open, unembarrassed face with genuine liking. "Why not, daughter?" he asked. "It will do you good to go out." That settled it, and from the time they started Gray talked so fast that Ruth found it next to impossible to remember anything so disturbing as a face fachu.

They had skated over the length of the pond when Gray stopped suddenly.

"Tired so soon?" asked Ruth, with eyes and cheeks aglow. "O Gray, see that barberry bush! Aren't the red berries beautiful against the white snow?"

"Red caps and sweaters look well against white snow, too," Gray ventured, with a glance at Ruth's costume. "What do you think my mother told me about you last night?" he added, abruptly.

Ruth felt a sudden, uncomfortable warmth in her tingling cheeks, but she held her head up bravely.

"What did she tell you?" she asked.

"Well, for one thing, she said the way you had taken care of things for your father and looked after the children and kept up your studies and all ever since you lost your mother was a perfect wonder. And she told me she didn't know a girl anywhere who had more courage and honor and character. She said you were going to be a noble woman."

To Gray's astonishment, the bright eyes he was looking into suddenly brimmed with tears.

"Gray Halliday, do you mean to say your mother didn't tell you what a horrid thing I did yesterday?"

Gray looked mystified. "I don't know what you mean."
"Oh, she's the dearest woman!" cried Ruth, wiping her eyes. "But I shall have to tell you myself this minute, Gray." And without giving herself time to weaken, Ruth began the story.

Her voice trembled a little when she told about sending the fichu, and she was talking mostly to the barberry bush after that. Gray kept quiet still until she came to the telegram. Then, to her surprise, he burst into a laugh.

"Good enough for the stage!" he exclaimed. "Now all you had to do was to buy something else for my mother, and take it up to her and tell her you had sent her the wrong gift by mistake."

"What!" cried Ruth. She stopped looking at the barberry bush and faced Gray

in astonishment. "Tell your mother what wasn't true?"

"Well, what did you do?" he asked, a trifle taken aback.

"I went and told her all about it!" Ruth looked straight into Gray's eyes, and he returned her serious gaze in silence. At last he spoke:

"So that's what you did? Do you mean to tell me, Ruth, that you couldn't have gone and told my mother a little white lie, like the one I suggested?"

"Of course I mean it!"

Gray drew a long whistle. "Isn't that awful?" he said to the barberry bush.

"Awful that I can't tell what isn't true?" queried Ruth.

"No, awful that I could do it so easily." Ruth was too surprised to answer.

"Long, Ruth," Gray asked, with a slight break in his voice that she had never heard before, "a girl like you makes a fellow ashamed of himself!"

Still Ruth could not speak—this time for a gladness that made a choking in her throat.

"She makes him ashamed," repeated Gray, and now it was his turn to stop talking to the barberry bush and look into her eyes, "but she makes him think he'll try to be more of a man."

Then, after a minute, he held out his hands, and Ruth smiled back at him as she took them, and away they went, skimming over the ice—the lightest-heeled couple on the pond.

THE END.

THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

Like the songs that are sung in the twilight,

Like all tales that are tenderly told,
Like the memories of loved ones that hallow in our hearts,

There's a story that never grows old.

Lo! The Angels first sing it in chorus,
And the watchers with wonder behold,
They feel the first thrill of the beautiful truth

In the story that never grows old.

Round the Christ Child of Bethlehem's cradle

Are clusters of apples of gold,
And pictures of silver adorn every page
Of the story that never grows old.

It gladdens the hearts of all children,
And millions of manlier mold

Are happier, holier, better by far,
For the story that never grows old.

"Plenty of coal"; but of all sad words
of tongue or pen the saddest are these—
it's in the other fellows' bin.

After all the best place to buy
Useful Christmas Gifts

is at

A. W. BLEAKNEY'S

Select from our fine stock of

Kitchen Utensils, General Hardware,
Knives, Scissors, Razors, Sleds,
Hockey Sticks, Flashlights,
Enamel Ware, Aluminum Ware

and a thousand and one other useful articles.

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Largest stock of RECORDS in town. If the Record you want is not in stock we can get it for you in three days

Koppel's Music Store

Canadian National Railways

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE TO MONTREAL
VIA THE ONLY ALL CANADIAN ROUTE

OCEAN LIMITED

LEAVES HALIFAX DAILY at 8.10 a. m. with most modern equipment of Standard steel sleepers and Standard Dining Car.
Connections at Montreal with fast through Trains for Toronto and Chicago and with Continental Limited for Ottawa, North Bay, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Vancouver.

Connections at Toronto with Transcontinental Trains of the Canadian National Railways, for Winnipeg, Fort Williams, Port Arthur, Edmonton and Vancouver.

MARITIME EXPRESS

LEAVES HALIFAX DAILY, except Sunday, at 3.10 p.m., arriving at Levis at 1.55 p.m. and at Montreal at 7.55 p.m., the following day.
Connections at Quebec with Transcontinental Railway Trains for Winnipeg via Cochrane.

Connections at Montreal with Fast Through Night Express (G.T.R.) for Toronto.

See That Your Ticket Reads Via Canadian National Railways
City Ticket Office 107-109 Hollis Street, Halifax

Helpful Hints

— FOR —

Christmas Shoppers

- Christmas Cards and Folders 5c, 10c, 15c.
- Christmas and New Year Postcards 2 for 5c.
- Tags, Seals, Stamps 5c a package
- Gummed Labels for Xmas parcels 5c a package
- Ribbonene and Tinsel Cord for tying Xmas parcels 15c a spool
- Christmas Tree Decorations (tinsel) 10c each
- Santa Claus Snow 15c a package
- Christmas Bells 5c, 10c, 15c
- Christmas Garlands (paper) 5c, 10c
- Tinsel Decorations 10c, a yard
- Gift Stationery 35c. to \$1.50 a box
- Correspondence Cards, gilt edged, kid finish 90c

THE ACADIAN Store