

THE OUTLOOK

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION

P. E. BLACK, Publisher.

MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1924.

PRICE 10 CENTS

CHRISTMAS is rolling around once more. It will be our fifth in the province by the sea. We have had many ups and many downs — we've been penniless, and we've had dollars, the latter not for long. At any rate, we've always strived to give the best that was in us. At times the odds seemed to be against us, but we have stayed by the old ship, though feeling that the best thing to do was throw up the ghost, and give some other fellow a chance, but after all we all have our gloomy spells. Show us a business today that has not wished for something better to come its way. True the years that have gone have been filled with trials and perplexities. The cup of gladness, poverty, prosperity and great sorrows have all been ours; but with all it only goes to show that He that does all things, moves in a mysterious way. Yet we must all keep faith. And it is with this faith and hope of the future that we extend to you all our sincere wish for every gladness at this Christmas time.

They say a man without an enemy is no good. Perhaps that's why we are somewhat of that sort. Four years and six weeks on the job, trying to get a paper out that would please the greater portion of the population is a difficult task; but at the same time we feel that we have been blest with friends on every side. We know our paper is not perfect, and never will be as long as we are at the helm, but we feel justified in saying we have always strived to turn out a paper a credit to the town and equal to the patronage it has received. No doubt we have failed, in fact we know we have judging from the caustic remarks that come floating back like boomerangs, and are really refreshing to hear; more especially when they have been the misdeeds of those who are noted for being able to run every body else's business better than their own. These we have overlooked. But kindly criticisms, we have always tried to weigh well, and at times we believe we have honestly benefited. We have kind of left the path of the subject. We appreciate our numerous friends — we know they are real, they are genuine friendships that we feel awfully proud to have. We treasure these friendships.

OUR SERIAL story commences in this issue. We want you read this installment, and we are certain you will want to read the best of it, so if you are not already a subscriber — subscribe at once. The price is only one dollar and fifty cents for a whole year. The next installment will appear in our regular issue next week, and will continue each week until completed. "Seventeen" is a very interesting and fascinating story written by that novelist, Booth Tarkington, who is renowned as one of the best fiction writers of the day. Read this story. Tell your neighbors about it.

ONE OF THE most important industries that has sprung up in the Valley this year is the new Evaporator at Kingston. It was during the month of June that the question of an evaporator was first mooted. The fruit companies at the instigation of Mr. E. O. Wood held a meeting and the question thoroughly gone into. They fully realized that it was something that was needed, and they set about to get things moving. Mr. Wood drew up the plans, submitted them for approval and they were passed just as drawn. Mr. Wood has been in the evaporator business for a number of years, he has studied the scientific points, and has improved on the old methods to a very marked degree. A site was procured which most suitable to the best interests of an evaporator. Here work was commenced, and in short order one of the finest evaporating plants in Nova Scotia, if not the Dominion. Early in the fall it was ready for business. Mr. Wood has full charge of the plant, and under his able supervision the finest evaporated apples are produced. About fifty hands are employed and enjoy working under the most favorable conditions possible. The very latest machinery is installed, and along with the peculiarly essential venting system, it is no wonder that the product produced is of the best and ready markets are available for all the goods that can be made. The market is a good one, it is stable and satisfactory prices always procurable because evaporated fruits are healthy and are in use all over the world in large quantities. A similar plant would certainly be a benefit to Middleton, and would not in any way hinder the progress of the Kingston Evaporator, because there are plenty of apples in each place to keep the

OUR GREETING AND WISH

AS THE three wise men rode on the first Christmas to find the manger-crudled Babe of Bethlehem, they bore gifts on their saddle bows; gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And so the spirit of Christmas giving crept into the world's heart.

The injunction was to go into the highways and byways and seek out the poor and distressed, the humble and the afflicted, the ragged children and the outcasts and the aged, and in the name of Him who was born on Christmas day, carry some sunshine into their lives. Give unto the poor and afflicted and your hearts shall glow with that peace which passeth understanding.

The two dominant characteristics of the Christmas season are kindness, expressed by good will toward men, and the inward joy wrought by kind acts, and suggested by peace on earth. "The earth has grown old with its burden of care, but at this time, it always is young," and with each recurring Yuletide we like to think of the spiritual blessings brought to the children of men on that first Christmas.

Our greeting to you is one of kindness in return for the good will you have displayed toward us. Our wish is that you may be filled with the fresh, clean joys of the season and receive a liberal endowment of that spirit which at this time rises like a mighty flood over the world.

P. E. BLACK, Publisher.
H. E. CARTER, Foreman.
L. P. CROUSE, Book-keeper.
G. GALLAGHER, Apprentice.
L. WHITMAN, Assistant.

both running at high speed. The apples are growing more plentiful each year as more new orchards are coming into bearing. The employment question too is worthy of consideration to town and district. It would mean more work and more

work means more money, and more money means better times. Why not consider the feasibility. We are sure Mr. Wood could give all the desired information necessary and be only too glad to do so.

IT IS with considerable pride, we ask our readers of this issue to read the contributions from Macdonald School, which appear on other pages. We are justly proud of the work done by the pupils, because it shows that our children are wide awake and alive to the progress made by Middleton, and that they are keenly interested. When children take note of town advancements it surely is proof positive that the town is really progressing. The Christmas essays too are worthy contributions and we want all our readers to peruse these articles carefully. To the youthful contributors we extend our heartfelt thanks — and to the teachers we also desire to express our appreciations of their kindly interest in "The Old Home Town Paper." We feel that with able and willing assistants such as the Macdonald School teachers and pupils have been, greater things are in store, as time goes on, for readers of The Outlook, and our future is assured. Well done girls and boys!

CORRESPONDENTS are one of a country weekly's greatest assets. In this respect we are sure our readers will agree that The Outlook has a great asset in its correspondents. We don't believe that there is another town in the Maritimes the size of Middleton, that can point with such pride to as large a number of correspondents who each week furnish the local paper with the news of the surrounding communities. It is true that some districts have been practically unmentioned throughout the year just closing, but we hope to have them lined up for 1925. We have always felt proud of our district correspondence each week — and at this time it is only right and proper that we should mention the fact. We thank you every one — and we trust you will continue your labors. We only wish that our position was better so that we could give you more than mere words for your untiring services during the past. May you all be spared to enjoy a real, true, happy Christmas. Again, we thank you kindly.

I SHALL try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new ideas so fast as they shall appear to be true view. — Abraham Lincoln.

THE CHRISTMAS messages from the clergy that appear elsewhere in these pages convey thoughts that are well worth storing up. The meaning and why of Christmas is brought out clearly and we are sure you will treasure these thoughts and remember the true spirit of Christmas. We thank these gentlemen for their kindly interest in our paper, and trust they will use our columns more freely in the days to come. Thank you.

"SOME COMMUNITIES thrive and grow because of their natural advantages. Others are made only through the dogged energy and perseverance of their citizenship. Ours will be what we make it, and we should make it all that we can."

WE COMMENT to your kind consideration the advertisements in this issue. You will find them worthy of your time to read. Every one has a message for you, telling of their Christmas wares and what they are doing. If you will read them carefully, and then spend your money with them; we are sure you will feel better than if you sent your money to the mail order houses. Your Christmas will present a different phase. You will have nothing to regret, and you will rejoice in the fact that your dollars are helping local improvements instead of going abroad to build and help those that never did you or your community one cent's worth of service. Yes, buy at home this Christmas. It's to your advantage. Try it and see if we are not right.

Slander is a blighting stroke — the base, foul, cloven footed slander — like the loathsome worm leaves a path covered with slime. How truth fit it has been said: "Living, he is a travelling pest and worse, dying impotent, his soul too deeply stained for Hell." How often do we hear the Slanderer's tongue warbling his song of disgrace on the streets?

The truly virtuous do not easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbors, for if others may do amiss then may these also speak amiss.

Send your news items in every week. This is your paper.

REVIEW of PAST YEAR and MESSAGE by HIS WORSHIP, MAYOR SPONAGLE

Dear Mr. Editor:—

At your request I will endeavor to furnish a few lines for your Christmas Number, dealing with the events of the year 1924 in so far as it effects the Town of Middleton.

It is my melancholy duty to mention a few of our citizens who during the year have joined the "great majority." Of these Ex Mayor Aubrey E. Durling should be mentioned first. Dr. Durling for two terms served as Councillor, and then as Mayor of this town. Though not in the best of health, he did not spare himself, but devoted himself laboriously and conscientiously to Civic duties, and only those who were in close touch with him know how much this town is indebted to him in this respect.

Another prominent town official, whom we shall greatly miss, is our late Stipendiary Magistrate, Samuel Legg, Esq.

Others whom we should mention, are Mrs. Jones, wife of late Ex-mayor T. R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph North,

Peter Marshall and George Cox, all old and very much respected citizens.

Building Operations—Although not up to 1923, still we have made a very creditable showing the following private residences have been erected, one each for Messrs Peter Martin, Frank Legg, Chas. E. Phinney and Edward H. Marshall. The United Church have thoroughly remodeled their Church, which is now one of the most convenient and up to date places of worship in the Valley, a credit both to the Town and the congregation. Mr. F. B. Armour has transformed the Presbyterian Church into two very comfortable and modern tenements.

During the year Mr. Wm. Crawford has opened up a brush factory. The Crawford Brushes are now in the market and meeting a very ready sale.

Our other industries A. W. Allen and Son, Woodworkers Middleton Cement Prod. Co. The Valley Milling Co., E. L.

Balcom and Sons, Machinists, and S. L. Gates and Sons, Cooperage, have all been kept quite busy, and report a good years business.

The Middleton Creamery under the skillful management of Mr. J. D. McKenzie has been making a splendid reputation capturing some of the most coveted prizes in that particular industry.

We regret that the Cooperage of Canada is temporarily closed but trust that it will soon be in a position to resume operations.

In spite of its much smaller crop this year our fruit warehouses, G. N. Reagh and Sons and the Middleton Fruit Co. Ltd. report a good years business.

The outstanding features in this year's history of our Town has been the carrying out of an important electrical development, and the installation of a new unit of 400 H. P. capacity at Nictaux Falls, together with the construction of a splendid cement dam about half a mile up the Nictaux Riv-

er from the power house. This easily places Middleton in the fore front in this respect, as barring some of the larger plants, our two units with a combined capacity of about 600 H. P. is one of the most up to date and ambitious electrical installations in the Province. This will provide our Town with enough electrical energy for its presents needs, and a good margin to spare for future development. Indeed I feel I am justified in stating without much fear of contradiction, that as a Town we are most favorably situated. We have a splendid water supply within easy reach of the Town we have an up to date electrical plant, a good sewerage system, and a very superior school The Armadale Theatre is one of the best in the Valley, and our three churches with their very efficient Sunday Schools are all doing splendid work for the moral and spiritual welfare of the Town and vicinity.

A word should be said about the Memorial Hospital

situated in the Town. This was started by the War Veteran's Association some three years ago and while not strictly a Town institution, it receives very hearty support from the citizens of Middleton. It is being supported and is now serving practically the whole of the Country, especially from Bridgetown East.

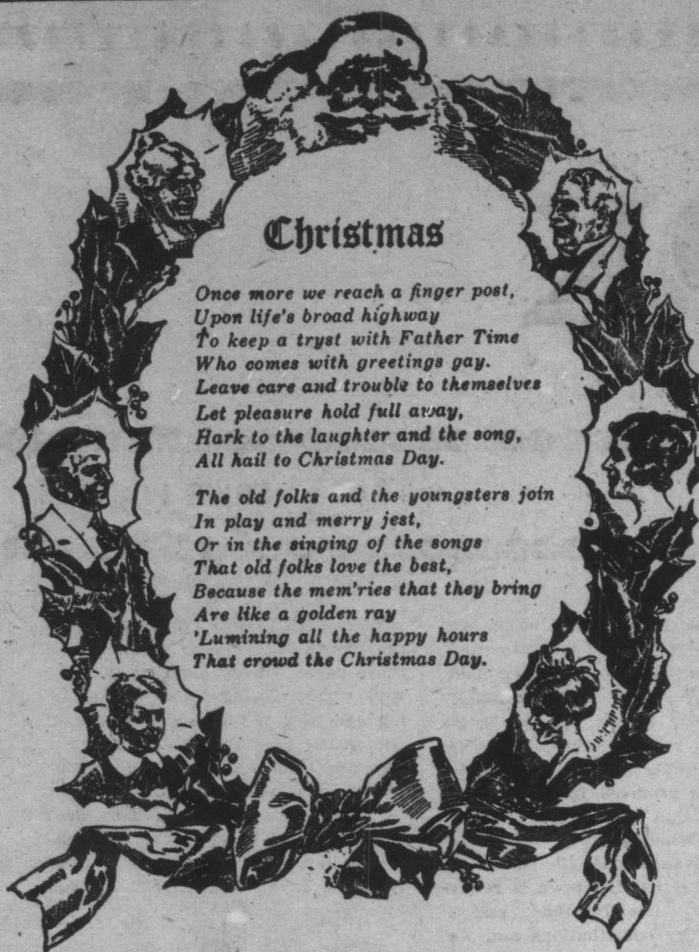
Since July 1924 when it was taken over by the Commission there have been admitted up to Dec. 1st, one hundred and thirty four patients, eighty six major operations have been performed, and a number of minor ones. There have been twelve maternity cases. At first these local hospitals were the subject of much adverse criticism a good deal of it unwarranted but the public are now beginning to realize their value, and whereas a number of years ago there were but few of these institutions outside of Halifax, now scarcely a County in Nova Scotia but has one or more. It can now

be pretty safely stated that the Soldier's Memorial Hospital, Middleton, has made for itself a very warm place in the hearts of the people of the County.

In conclusion, allow me to suggest that a town or community is largely what its individual members make it. It only needs a number of alert, energetic, fair dealing and popular business men to give a Town a reputation for these same qualities, and to make it a very desirable place to live in. We have in our midst many citizens who possess all the qualities enumerated above and for that reason under Divine Providence I venture to predict a bright future for Middleton.

Wishing the citizens of Middleton, young and old, a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year, I remain Mr. Editor,

Very truly yours,
J. A. SPONAGLE,
Mayor.



YULETIDE GAMES

Christmas is always a time of merriment and the hostess who can provide a series of mirth-provoking games is assured of success. An amusing way to manage an evening's entertainment is to appoint some genial man a Lord of Misrule, after the early English fashion, giving him the sceptre for the evening, with power to name the games, forfeits and rewards.

Pitching snowballs through a hole in the fir wreath can provide a lot of fun. The balls of cotton-wool are allotted certain values, 1, 5, 10, etc. The guests are divided into teams, each guest taking a turn at throwing the balls through. The number of each ball which goes through is added to that team's score and if a player gets all the balls through the team scores 50.

Those who are to take part in the obstacle race must leave the room, to be brought back just one at a time. A course is prepared, ornaments, books, etc., being placed here and there along the way. The player is told that he must avoid all the articles, under penalty. When he is blindfolded, the obstacles are quietly removed, but his elaborate efforts to avoid the obstacles which do not exist are always amusing for the onlookers and to the player when the fold is removed from his eyes.

Drawing through a mirror will occupy the "artists" for a long time. Each one holds a hand mirror before him and attempts to draw some article, looking always in the glass. The results may be imagined.

Ask each guest to bring to the party a photograph taken in early childhood or infancy. When you have collected them all, arrange them in a row on the wall and have the guests guess as to the identity of them. This is very sure to hold the interest

of everyone and provoke endless amusement. A prize may be given for the one who makes the most correct guesses.

"CHRISTMAS MORNING"

In the rush of the merry morning
When the red burns through the
gray,

And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day;
Then we hear a fitful rushing
Just without upon the stair,
See two white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spell are these elves
weaving,

As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view,
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

—Get it at The Outlook.

CHRISTMAS A WISHING-TIME

Here's a welcome to Wishing-Time! A good word for Wishing-time! For Christmas-time is Wishing-time all the world over! Let it come to us in the white robes of inter-time—the snowman in the garden and the snow ball on the street; the skating on the lake and the frosty walk to church; the snap-dragons in the hall and the ghost-story in the flickering fire-light!

Or let it come to us as it comes beneath the Southern stars, in all the golden glory of high summer-time—a flutter of white dresses and red roses, a festival of strawberries and cream! In one respect, at least, the season never changes. Come when it will, comes in a whirlwind of wishes. Summer-time or winter-time, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! I welcome once more the world's great Wishing-time.

I love to be out on the street on the night before Christmas. Last year, I remember, everybody was abroad. It was difficult to jostle one's way along for the movements of the throng were not regular. Friends met friends; groups quickly formed, and the traffic became blocked in consequence.

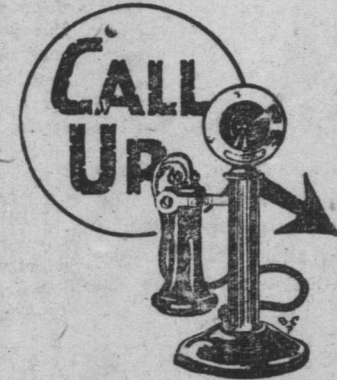
But as I drifted along the current of the crowd, and caught the fragments of conversation that fell upon my ears in passing, it occurred to me that everybody was wishing.

"Wish You a Merry Christmas!"
"A Happy New Year!"
"Compliments of the Season!"

Clearly, then, Christmas-time is Wishing-time! At this season of the year we all become experts in the art of wishing. If we do not do it well, it is certainly not for want of practice. We are at it from early morning until late at night.

A reasonable greeting is tucked into the closing sentences of every letter we write; every handshake is accompanied by the expression of a timely wish; and even, if in passing each other on the streets, we do not pause to shake hands, we at least find time to toss our good wishes to each other as we hurry on.

A survey of the missives that, by morning, the postman brings, or a glance into any stationer's window, shows that all the resources of poetry and all the ingenuity of art have been exploited in order that our genius for wishing may find dainty and elegant expression. We flash out wishes with every nod of the head, and with every glance of the eye, with every stroke of the pen. We breathe out wishes as the flowers breathe fragrance. We radiate wishes as the stars radiate light. Christmas invariably comes in, and the Old Year goes out, to the accompaniment of a perfect hurricane of wishes! There are wishes everywhere!



—Number 20 for JOB PRINTING

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Once more the happy season of the year is at hand, when we begin to prepare gifts of love for Christmas. It is indeed a pleasing indication of the rapid spread of feelings of kindness and good-will throughout the world that the preparation of beautiful articles for Christmas gifts affects the industries of all civilized nations. The choice of articles for Christmas gifts is a perplexing pleasure.

According to Emerson, articles of beauty rather than of use are appropriate for gifts. In giving we have to avoid, on the one hand, the imposing of a sense of obligation and, on the other, of making the occasion for assuming to ourselves the role of benefactor. The donation party given at Christmas to the faithful pastor whose past due salary is unpaid is only an unfair method of making him appear the recipient of a favor, while his just claims are disregarded. Nor can we refrain from suggesting to the husband and father: Do not make a Christmas to your wife of a new carpet or a pair of shoes or a cooking stove, for she needs and has a right to these things anyway. Your little boy needs a new schoolbook for the next session of school, but he would probably experience a sense of wrong which it would be difficult for him to explain if he should find it in his stocking on Christmas morning, and we may suggest as an idea wholly foreign to Emerson that if the husband and father has from negligence or penuriousness failed to provide his wife with a good supply of dry, well-cut wood for fuel for the kitchen stove or the needed quantity of winter flannels, it would be equally inappropriate for him to present her with a pair of big pink glass flower vases or some similar article, the price of which might have added vastly to her comfort had the money been placed for spending in her own hands.

Gifts for children depend but little on their value for the pleasure they shall give. A houseful of children can be made entirely happy by a quarter's worth of mixed candy placed in their stockings, each piece of candy being wrapped in a separate paper, thus multiplying the number of gifts. It is very important, however, that the gifts be put in their stockings. The sweet illusion adds a priceless value to the veriest trifles.

And so we feel like saying to ourselves and to our readers:—Let us prepare for a merry, happy Christmas; let us forget for a little while all the environments of our lives that are sad and depressing; let us think of the treasures we possess that "man did not make and cannot mar;" let us give tokens of love to our friends, though it should be only a geranium leaf or a rosy cheeked apple. Let us celebrate Christmas. The robe of good and laid aside for a little will give rest and strength to the shoulders; the affections of the heart called into play and indulged will give strength to our soul; and both will fit us for a better performance of the duties and work appointed for us in the coming New Year.

RISQUE GARB

Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt,
Don't you wear no petty-skirt,
Just your corset and your hose—
Are those all your underclothes?

Little girl, what is the cause
Why your clothes are made of gauze
Don't you wear no under-vest
When you go out fully dressed?
With your skirts cut rather high
Won't you catch a cold and die?

Little girl, your 'spenders show,
When the sunlight plays on you
I can see your tinted flesh,
Thru your little gown of mesh,
Little girl, I tell you those
Ain't so nice as underclothes.

Little girl, your socks have shoals
Of holes; little tiny holes;
Why you want to show your limbs
I don't know—is it a whim?
Do you want to catch the eye
Of each feller passing by?

Little girl, now listen here,
You would be just twice as dear
If you'd cover up your charms,
Neck, back, legs and both your arms,
I would take you to the shows
If you'd wear some underclothes.

Little girl, your mystery,
Luring charm and modesty
Is what makes us fellers keen
To possess a little queen.
But no lover—goodness knows—
Wants a girl SANS underclothes.

I must wear a coat of mail,
Clothe from head to big toe-nail
I must cover up my form
Even when the weather's warm;
Can't enjoy the swimmer's throes
Lest I garb in underclothes.

Personality.

The Christmas Gift worth while: "The Outlook" for a whole year. If you were away from home you would more than appreciate such a gift. So would your friends or relatives.

Gifts! Novelties! Gifts!

MRS. DODGE'S

WE ARE BUSY ASSEMBLING NOVELTIES for GIFTS
WHICH WILL BE SURE TO PLEASE YOU:—

New Underarm Bags, New Hosiery, New Wide Belts,
New Gloves, Towels, Collars, Handkerchiefs.

Millinery, Some New Hats

Coats

Just made up for belated customers. Many models going at

Just a few left including two of the NEW MANISH DOUBLE-BREADED MODELS

Dresses

On or about Saturday next we will have a NEW ASSORTMENT OF DRESSES—FLANNEL, SILK-KNIT AND TWILLS

Stamped Goods

A good variety always in stock of ROYAL SOCIETY—BUCILLA and CORTICELLE—PRODUCTS.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO ALL SEWING CLUBS.

Subscriptions and Renewals taken for—
—PICTORIAL REVIEW—

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO SECURE COUPONS.

R. T. Saunders' Jewellery Stock

—WILL BE ON SALE AT—

L. S. Shaffner's Block

Second Floor, Opposite the Old Stand For TEN DAYS:

SALE STARTS 15TH, CLOSES 25TH



This stock has been freshened up—ALL NEW GOODS
TO BE SOLD AT SLAUGHTER PRICES. A GREAT
OPPORTUNITY TO BUY

Gifts That Last

AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES at the Festival Season. DON'T MISS THIS SALE AS EVERYTHING WILL BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

JEWELLRY OF ALL KINDS: 14k PENDENTS, DIAMOND RINGS, BROOCHES, ETC. AT COST PRICE.

China, Wedgewood and Nippon China AT 1-2 PRICE.
Cups and Saucers at Half Dozen for \$1.00, you will want some of these.

FRENCH IVORY consisting of Sets and Separate pieces AT TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT OFF.

WRIST WATCHES 14k Solid gold, Hys-Movement; Regular \$40.00 SALE ONLY \$25.00.

WRIST WATCHES in gold filled \$7.50 up. All Guaranteed.

SILVERWARE all kinds at TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT.

CLOCKS, 8 day Kitchen, Regular \$6.00, SALE ... \$4.00
ALARM CLOCKS, Regular \$2.00 SALE PRICE. \$1.00
PARLOR CLOCKS AT COST.

RE-OPENING OUR OPTICAL ROOMS: Eyes Tested during this Sale. Examination Free TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT OFF GLASSES.

R. T. SAUNDERS

JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST

MIDDLETON,

NOVA SCOTIA

STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS AT HALF PRICE

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY—DON'T MISS IT.

We hope our readers will enjoy this Christmas Number. We have endeavored to give you a generous portion of good Christmas reading, which at this season seems most appropriate and which the mind usually craves for. We hope that in a small measure our selections will satisfy this desire.

Errors and omissions, we trust you will overlook. The publishing of this issue has entailed a great deal of extra work and expense. However, if it meets with approval, we shall be amply rewarded for our efforts.

The Outlook is equipped to do printing of most any nature, and while we enjoy a very liberal patronage, we are always on the look out for new friends.

We print all kinds of business stationery such as Envelopes, letterheads, billheads, statements, folders, blotters, etc., and poster work of every description. Society printing too, such as visiting cards, announcements and wedding stationery.

If you use printing of any kind send in your order and state when you want it and we will endeavor to deliver the goods to your satisfaction.

While we do not pretend to have the lowest price, we do try to make the goods worth the price, which after all, is the main essential.

TRY THE OUTLOOK PRINTERS.

CHRISTMAS -- THOUGHTS -- FROM LOCAL - and - DISTRICT - MINISTERS

Rev. Robert Miller,
Middleton.

Many will recall the Christmas season of the war and find their hearts glad that the war is over. It was a terrible time, costing much in men and money, and our thankfulness for peace should turn us to the Prince of our rejoicing today.

The war has gone but it has left many troubles and among these is the restlessness of soul that marks our generation and the flaring up of human passions. It is not likely that we shall get rid of passion from human nature and it would be wise to try to. Passion is a good servant if a bad master for it is a source of energy and power. Our danger today is that passion is not controlled. So few bring it to the foot of the Cross to offer it in the service of the kingdom of heaven.

We have been carried away by passion and by false ideas. Since the French Revolution there has been a rising tide of democratic ideas and stress has been laid on the individual man and on his rights. There is no such thing as an individual man for we are all part and parcel of each other and cannot stand alone nor even seek our own. The nation stands and falls together. Because of the un-

restrained passion that marks the conduct of men in the business world, of politicians, of statesmen, the world is in danger of seeing its liberty become license and the idea of government will swing away from democracy to autocratic rule, as it has done in Italy.

The life of both men and nations needs restraint. The spirit of Christmas ought to be to life us on to higher levels of thought that restraint should become natural and easy. The restraining of our passions and fears would put an end to jingoism and the inflaming of national passions. It would mean the avoidance of strikes by a greater consideration of the unfairness and injustice they involve. It would mean the avoidance of many private quarrels. A man should do as Jesus did and by a restraint inspired by love keep alive the joy of Christmas throughout the year.

Restraint inspired by love, restraint as the expression of Christian love, must be the means by which the problems of daily life and national existence are solved. We should have no joy today in Christmas if it were not for the Cross of Christ and our own birthdays will be seasons of joy in so far as we find and carry out Christ's joy, because it is of love, will bring sorrow, but sorrow shall be turned into joy. The secret of that

mystery is Christ for whom and in whom and through whom all things were made. We cannot live apart from Him and the only Christmas message worth uttering is the great cry, "Rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, Rejoice!"

Holy Trinity Rectory,
Middleton, N. S.

Rev. W. D. Wilson,
Middleton.

"At the approach of Christmas I wish to extend to all the citizens of Middleton the Season's Greetings. May you all have the merriest Christmas-Times. May it be that you all can have and appreciate the message of peace and good-will."

Christmas-time, with its gifts is a reminder of the Great Gift.

This time of the year we note the grey skies, the short days, the long dark nights, and then the thought of a dying year.

Some of us wish we could turn back the wheels of time. Dante tells us in his Inferno, that he heard a pathetic cry from the lips of a Queen. It was, "If only the King of the universe were a friend."

Have we not all had the friendship of the King of the Universe?

Viewed from any standpoint, we must admit that providence has been kind to each of us throughout the year.

We are speeding on to a New Year with its new problems, its unseen and unknown tragedies, and all its complexities.

How are we preparing to meet what the future has in store?

Have we an assurance that amidst and out of all life's circumstances and conditions, "The King of the Universe is Our Friend?"

A missionary in China tells us that one day he watched a crowd of people watch a kite up in the air. On the kite were Chinese characters and the people were spelling out the message. It was "God is Love."

This is the Christmas Message, and the wish of one of your neighbors is that you may know in the fullest measure that God is Love, not only for Christmas Day, but for every day of the New Year.

Rev. Donald Dron,
Springfield.

The night scene in Bethlehem, described in Luke II, is unforgettable. How beautiful are the circumstances connected with the advent of the Saviour. And what a marvelous revelation was that made to many! She was to have a Son who should reign over the house of Jacob for ever! A Son who, while her veritable child was yet the Son of the Highest, and was to have Kingdom that will never end! Never has woman in this world had such an honour put upon her, and never again will woman be so equally blessed. She received the revelation in simple faith: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; let it be unto thee according to Thy Word." The prophet Micah, C. 5, V. 2, has plainly declared that Christ will

be born in Bethlehem! Bethlehem has an interesting meaning, viz: "House of Bread." And has not Bethlehem been a very "House of Bread" for hungry sinners for nineteen long centuries? Thank God, it has: from it came the Living Bread, the Bread of God. Feen upon Him and upon His Word. Oh hungry one: there is to be found all that thou needest. That night the Heavenly host came trooping down to earth with deep joy! Heaven was full of ecstasy! "Great is the mystery of Godliness: God was manifest in the flesh... seen of angels." Baptist Parsonage.

Rev. M. W. Brown, D. D.
Port George.

The Christmas season with its feasting and merriment is with us once again. We see its influence reflected from the many happy faces as they pass us by. These seem to be a subtle magic in the air that is expressed by a heartier hand-clasp and a warmer welcome.

What a joyous gladness ring there is in that good old fashioned wish of "Merry Christmas" that we get from our friends. "The same to you and many of them" we cheerfully answer back with a sparkle in the eye.

For Christmas is one season that takes us away from the bickerings and cares of business, and fills our hearts with human love and understanding and sympathy; and poor indeed is he whose heart or purse does not respond to its magic call.

Truly at this season, "The Bethlehem Message" is a living inspiration.

Rev. J. C. Hockin,
Middleton.

Writer last year reminded us that we are in danger of losing our Christmas. Not that there is any fear of government forbidding or even omitting the holiday. The danger is that the holiday swallow up the Holy Day. Just as Alexander conquered Persia, and then was conquered by her luxury, just as the Romans conquered India and were in turn subdued; just as the Normans won England but lost their language and nationality in time, so Christianity, having taken over pagan festivals and holidays, is in real peril, lest paganism and sensuality emerge triumphant again. Let us keep our Christmas feast as a really Christian festival. Let the dominant note be "Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace to Men of Good-Will."

FAITH
Thy God hath said: "Go forth for thee To walk by faith and not by sight Take it on trust a little while; Soon shalt thou read the mystery right." — Keble.

TRUTH
Truth! Where is truth, but in the soul itself? Facts, objects, are but phantoms, matter woven — ghosts of this earthly night, at which the soul sleeping here in the mire and the clay of matter, shudders and awakes its own vague remembrance, sense and perception. — Charles Kingsley.

APPROVAL
Whatever his vocation or station in life, the thing which each should strive for most earnestly is the unqualified approval of his own soul. This will outweigh all honors, all riches, all fame, and will give him that power and courage which will enable him to outlive in safety all the storms which may assail him on life's voyage.

SPARETH
He that spareth in everything in an inexcusable niggard. — He that spareth in nothing is an inexcusable madman. — The meaning is to spare in what is least necessary, and to lay out more liberally in what is most required. — Halifax.

THE NEVER-OLD
They who can smile when others hate,
Nor bind the heart with frowns of fate,
Their feet will go with laughter bold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can let the spirit shine
And keep the heart a lighted shrine,
Their feet will glide with fire-of-gold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can put the self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
To green roads of the Never-Old.

That ought to be called a loss is gained by the sacrifice of character.

Rejoice and be kind.



Stop and Shop

We are still headquarters for

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES, FRUIT, ETC.

Raisins, seeded and seedless. Currants, new stock. Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel. Spices, Extracts, etc., Nuts, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes and Confectionery of all kinds.

P. H. REED

MIDDLETON,

NOVA SCOTIA

GREETINGS FROM

McKENZIE'S CREAMERY

MIDDLETON, N. S.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking our cream patrons, and the buyers of our products for the business given us during the past year.

To those who have not as yet either supplied us with cream or used our butter, ice cream, sweet cream, or butter-milk, we extend an invitation to do so, and we feel sure that we can give you entire satisfaction.

During the period from December 1st, 1923 to December 1st, 1924, we have manufactured 232,067 pounds of butter.

In the same period we have paid our cream patrons \$68,602.96.

COME AND HEAR 'THE OLD, OLD STORY' OF

The Birth of the Saviour

It will be illustrated with

Many Beautiful Lantern Slides

and

Carols Will Be Sung By The
Children and Others

SACRED TABLEAU

CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 7.45 p. m., in the Demonstration Building, Lawrencetown.

DECEMBER 26th, 7.45 p. m., in the Parish Hall, Middleton.

Admission: Adults 25c. Children 10c.

The Little Red Hen

"PUCK, puck, puck, puckAYah," cackles the little red hen, as she steps off the warm nest, broadcasting to the barnyard that she has just laid a fine, fresh egg. She makes a product that any "manufacturer" might be proud of, and doesn't hesitate to advertise the fact.

A duck-egg might be just as good, but the duck evidently doesn't think so. She doesn't advertise, and duck eggs have no market.

To be absolutely sure of buying ANY merchandise, always stick to the advertised brands. For their manufacturers believe in them and tell you about them in the advertising columns of this paper, over their names.

The duck-egg brands might be just as good, but you cannot be sure, if the manufacturers will not admit it.

Read the advertisements regularly. Buy from them. You will then know the source of the products, and whom to look to if they don't measure up.

Advertising is the radio of commerce — broadcasting things you should know.

Seventeen



A Tale of Youth
and Summer
Time and The
Baxter Family
Especially
William

By BOOTH
TARKINGTON

Copyright, 1915, 1916, by Metropolitan Magazine.

PROLOGUE.

"Seventeen" is a literary thing of beauty and a joy for all the time you are reading it. Booth Tarkington never wrote a story that equaled it for fun and entertainment and character drawing.

If you are twenty-seven or thirty-seven or seventy-seven you will at once hark back to seventeen—when YOU were seventeen and in love with some beautiful Miss Pratt of the same age.

There's a smile in every few words and a laugh in nearly every line.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM SYLVANUS BAXTER paused for a moment of thought in front of the drug store at the corner of Washington street and Central avenue, considering what kind of an ice cream soda he would have, when he was roused by the bluff greeting of an acquaintance not dissimilar to himself in age, manner and apparel.

"Hi, Silly Bill!" said this person, halting beside William Sylvanus Baxter. "What's the news?"

William showed no enthusiasm. On the contrary, a frown of annoyance appeared upon his brow. The nickname "Silly Bill" long ago compounded by merry child comrades from William and Sylvanus, was not to his taste, especially in public, where he preferred to be addressed simply and manfully as Baxter. Any direct expression of resentment, however, was difficult, since it was plain that Johnnie Watson intended no offense whatever and but spoke out of custom.

"Don't know any," William replied coldly.

"Dull times, ain't it?" said Mr. Watson, a little depressed by his friend's manner. "I heard May Parcher was comin' back to town yesterday, though."

"Well, let her!" returned William, still severe.

"They said she was goin' to bring a girl to visit her," Johnnie began in a confidential tone. "They said she was a reg'lar ringdinger, and—"

"Well, what if she is?" the discouraging Mr. Baxter interrupted. "Makes little difference to me, I guess."

"Oh, no, it don't! You don't take any interest in girls! Oh, no!"

"No, I do not!" was the emphatic and heartless retort. "I never saw one in my life I'd care whether she lived or died!"

"Honest, is that so?"

"Yes, honest!" William replied sharply. "They could all die; I wouldn't notice!"

Johnnie Watson was profoundly impressed. "Why, I didn't know you felt that way about 'em, Silly Bill! I always thought you were kind of—"

"Well, I do feel that way about 'em!" said William Sylvanus Baxter, and, outraged by the repetition of the offensive nickname, he began to move away. "You can tell 'em so for me, if you want to!" he added over his shoulder. And he walked haughtily up the street, leaving Mr. Watson to ponder upon this case of misogyny, never until that moment suspected.

It was beyond the power of his mind to grasp the fact that William Sylvanus Baxter's cruel words about "girls" had been uttered because William was annoyed at being called "Silly Bill" in a public place and had not known how to object otherwise than by showing contempt for any topic of conversation proposed by the offender.

William meanwhile made his way toward the "residence section" of the town. He walked in his own manner, using his shoulders to emphasize an effect of carelessness which he wished to produce upon observers, for his consciousness of observers was abnormal, since he had it whether any one was looking at him or not, and it reached a crucial stage whenever he perceived persons of his own age, but of opposite sex, approaching.

A person of this description was encountered upon the sidewalk within a hundred yards of his own home, and William Sylvanus Baxter saw her while yet she was afar off. He had perceived even in the distance that she was unknown to him, a stranger, because he knew all the girls in this part of the town who dressed as fashionably as the mode set, and then, as the distance between them lessened, he

saw that she was ravishingly pretty—far, far prettier indeed, than any girl he knew. At least it seemed so, for it is, unfortunately, much easier for strangers to be beautiful.

Aside from this advantage of mystery, the approaching vision was piquant and graceful enough to have reminded a much older boy of a spotless white kitten, for, in spite of a charmingly managed demureness, there was precisely that kind of playfulness somewhere expressed about her. Just now it was most definite in the look she bent upon the light and duffy burden which she carried nestled in the inner curve of her right arm—a tiny dog with hair like cotton and a pink ribbon round his neck, an animal satiated with indulgence.

William did not see the dog, for it is the plain, anatomical truth that when he saw how pretty the girl was his heart—his physical heart—began to do things the like of which, experienced by an elderly person, would have brought the doctor in haste. He suffered from breathlessness and from pressure on the diaphragm.

Afterward he could not have named the color of the little parasol she carried in her left hand, and yet as it drew nearer and nearer a rosy haze suffused the neighborhood, and the whole world began to turn an exquisite pink. Beneath this gentle glow, with eyes downcast in thought, she apparently took no note of William even when she and William had come within a few yards of each other. Yet he knew that she would look up and that their eyes must meet, a thing for which he endeavored to prepare himself by a strange wrestling motion of his neck against the friction of his collar, for thus instinctively he strove to obtain greater ease and some decent appearance of many indifferents.

And then, in the instant of panic that befell, when her dark lashed eyelids slowly lifted, he had a flash of inspiration.

He opened his mouth somewhat, and as her eyes met his, full and startlingly, he placed three fingers across the orifice and also offered a slight—proof that she had surprised him in the midst of a yawn.

"Oh, hum!" he said.

For the fraction of a second the deep blue spark in her eyes glowed brighter, gentle arrows of turquoise shot him through and through, and then her glance withdrew from the ineffable collision. Her small, white about feet continued to bear her onward, away from him, while his own dimmed shoes peregriated in the opposite direction.

When Her Dark Lashed Eyelids Slowly Lifted, He Had a Flash of Inspiration. William necessarily, yet with exulting reluctance, accompanying them. But just at the moment when he and the lovely creature were side by side, and her head turned from him, she spoke—that is, she murmured, but he caught the words.

"You Flopit, wake up!" she said in the tone of a mother talking baby talk. "So indifferink!"

William's feet and his breath halted spasmodically. For an instant he thought she had spoken to him, and then for the first time he perceived the fluffy head of the dog bobbing languidly over her arm with the motion of her walking, and he comprehended that Flopit, and not William Sylvanus Baxter, was the gentleman addressed. But—but had she meant him?

He stood gazing after her while the glimmerous parol passed down the shady street, catching splashes of sunshine through the branches of the maple trees, and the cottony head of the tiny dog continued to be visible, bobbing rhythmically over a flimsy sieve. Had she meant that William was indifferink? Was it William that she really addressed?

He took two steps to follow her, but a suffocating shyness stopped him abruptly, and in a horror lest she should glance round and detect him in the act, he turned and strode fiercely to the gate of his own home before he dared to look again. And when he did look, affecting great carelessness in the action, she was gone, evidently having turned the corner.

Three-quarters of an hour having sufficed for its completion, he solemnly signed it and then read it several times in a state of hushed astonishment. He had never dreamed that he could do anything like this!

William rested an elbow upon the gatepost and with his chin resting in his hand gazed long in the direction in which the unknown had vanished. And his soul was tumultuous, for he had done her work but too well. "Indifferink!" he murmured, thrilling at his own exceedingly indifferink imitation of her voice. "Indifferink!" that was just what he would have her think—that he was a cold, indifferink man. And "sarcastic!" He had been curious one day when May Parcher said that Joe Bullitt was "awfully sarcastic." William had spent the evening hour in an object lesson intended to make Miss Parcher see that William Sylvanus Baxter was twice as sarcastic as Joe Bullitt ever thought of being, but this great effort had been unsuccessful, because William failed to understand that Miss Parcher had only been sending a sort of message to Mr. Bullitt. It was a device not unique among her friends.

"So indifferink!" murmured William, leaning dreamily upon the gatepost. "Indifferink!" He tried to get the exact cooling quality of the unknown's voice. "Indifferink!" And repeating the honeyed word, so entrancingly distorted, he fell into a kind of stupor, vague, beautiful place.

Jane repeated the outrageous message, adding, "She wants you to hurry—and I got some bread and butter and apple sauce and sugar for comin' to her mouth."

His refusal was direct and infuriated, but there was a decisive tapping upon the door, and his mother's voice interrupted him.

"Flush, Willie! Open the door, please." He obeyed furiously, and Mrs. Baxter walked in with a deprecating air while Jane followed, so profoundly interested that she almost the close of the interview, she held her bread and butter and apple sauce and sugar at a sort of way station on its journey to her mouth.

"That's a nice thing to ask me to do!" stormed the unfortunate William. "Ye gods! Do you think Joe Bullitt's mother would dare to?"

"Wait, dearie!" Mrs. Baxter begged pacifically. "I just want to explain—"

"Explain?" Ye gods!

"Now, now, just a minute, Willie!" she said. "I wanted to explain to you why it's necessary for you to go with Genesis for the—"

"Never!" He shouted. "Never! You expect me to walk through the public streets with that awful lookin' old nigger!"

"Genesis isn't old," she managed to interrupt. "She's—"

But her frantic son disregarded her. "Secondhand washbuds!" he vociferated. "And tin clothes boilers! That's what you're goin' to carry through the public streets in broad daylight! Ye gods!"

"Well, there isn't anybody else," she said. "Please don't rave so, Willie. I'm sure nobody'll notice you."

"Nobody!" His voice cracked in anguish. "Oh, no! Nobody except the whole town!"

"Why, when there's anything disgusting has to be done in this family—why do I always have to be the one? Why can't Genesis bring the secondhand washbuds without me?"

Why can't the secondhand store deliver 'em? Why can't—"

"That's what I want to tell you," she interrupted hurriedly, and as the youth lifted his arms on high in a gesture of ultimate despair and then threw himself miserably into a chair she obtained the opportunity to say, "It really isn't nice. I'm sure nobody'll notice you."

"I bought them at an auction, and it's going out of business, and they have to be taken away before half past 4 this afternoon."

"Genesis can't bring them in the wheelbarrow because, he says, the wheel is broken, and he says he can't possibly carry two tubs and a wash boiler himself. And he can't make two trips because it's a mile and a half, and I don't like to ask him, anyway."

And it would take too long, because he has to get back and finish cutting the grass before your papa gets home this evening. Papa said he's got to be in by six, and he knows that it really isn't much. You and Genesis can't slip up there, and—"

"Slip!" moaned William. "Just slip up there!" Ye gods!

"Genesis is waiting on the back porch," she said. "Really it isn't worth your making all this fuss about."

"Ye gods!" He clasped his head in his hands, crying that he knew that the curse was upon him and he must go. "Ye gods!"

Genesis and his dog were waiting just outside the kitchen door, and of all the world these two creatures were probably the last in whose company William Sylvanus Baxter desired to make a public appearance. The aged, gray-haired, sleeveless, neckless garment which sheltered Genesis from waist to collar bone could not have been mistaken for a jersey.

Upon the feet of Genesis were things which careful study would have revealed to be patent leather dancing pumps long dead and several times buried and now lying in a heap, pressing down his markedly criminal ears, was a once derby hat of a brown not far from Genesis' own color, though decidedly without his gloss. A large ring of metal, with the stone missing, adorned a finger of his right hand, and from a corner of his mouth projected an unlighted and spreading cigar stub.

And Genesis' dog, scratching himself at his master's feet, was the true complement of Genesis, for, although he was a youngish dog, he was a dog that would have been recognized anywhere in the world as a colored person's dog.

MILADY.

I do not know her name. Though it would be the same. Where roses bloom at twilight. And the lark takes his flight. It would be the same anywhere. Where music sounds in air. I was never introduced to the lady. So I could not call her Lous or Eadie. So I will call her Milady. She is a cousin of the sea. She always will be. Just Milady to me.

—William Sylvanus Baxter, Esq., July 1

"Will-ee!"

To William, in his high and lonely mood, this pleading summons brought in actual shudder, and the very thought of Jane (with tokens of apple sauce and sugar still upon her cheek) probably seemed a kind of sacrilege.

He fiercely swore his favorite oath, acquired from a hero of a work of fiction he admired, "Ye gods!" and concealed a poem in the drawer of the writing table.

"Will-ee! Mamma wants you!" Jane hammered on the door.

"What you want?" he shouted.

Jane replied, certain guesses indicating that her attention was partially diverted to another slice of bread and butter and apple sauce and sugar.

"Mamma wants you—wants you to go help Genesis bring some washbuds home—and a tin clothes boiler—from the secondhand man's store."

Jane repeated the outrageous message, adding, "She wants you to hurry—and I got some bread and butter and apple sauce and sugar for comin' to her mouth."

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CHAPTER II.

Genesis and Clematis.

"SEND that dog back!" William said resolutely. "I'm not going through the streets with a dog like that, anyhow!"

Genesis chuckled. "He ain't goin' back," he said. "Ain't nobody kin make 'at dog go back. I ain't had him mo'n two weeks, but I don't b'lieve president United States kin make 'at dog go back. I show you." And, wheeling suddenly, he made ferocious gestures, shouting, "G'on back, dog!"

The dog turned, ran back a few paces, halted and then began to follow again; whereupon Genesis pretended to hurl stones at him. But the animal only repeated his maneuver.

"I'll show him!" said William hotly. "I'll show him he can't follow me!"

He charged upon the dog, shouting fiercely. The hunted animal, abandoning his partial rights, turned a tucked under tail, ran all the way back to the alley and disappeared from sight.

"There, said William, 'I guess that'll show him!'"

"I ain't bettin' on it," said Genesis as they went on. "He nev' did stop fol'in' me yet. I reckon he's the full indest dog ever." "Well, he can't follow me!" said the surging William, in whose mind's eye lingered the vision of an exultant dog with pink ribboned throat and a cottony head bobbing gently over a flimsy sieve.

"Name Clem for short," said Genesis amiably. "I trade in a mandoline for him what had her neck kind of busted off on one side. I couldn't play her no-how, an' I found her, anyways. Yes, suh, I trade in 'at mandoline for him 'cause always did like to have a good dog. But I d'n' have no name for him, an' this here Bloote Bowers what I trade in the mandoline to, he say he d'n' have no name for him. Say 'er' did know if *was* a name for him 'tall. So I's open the evenin' at 'at lady's house, Fanny, what used to be cook for Miz Johnson, nest' do you say's, an' I ast Fanny what am I go'n' do about it, an' Fanny say, 'Call him Clematis,' she say. So 'at's name I name him, Clematis. Call him Clem for short, but Clematis his real name. He'll come, whichever one you call him, Clem or Clematis, he ain't carin'!"

William's suffering eyes were fixed upon Clematis, and his lips moved now and then like a martyr's, pronouncing haughtily a sacred word—"Milady! Oh, milady!"

Suddenly Genesis broke into loud laughter.

"What I tell you?" he cried, pointing ahead. "Look around! No, suh, president United States hissef ain't go't 'at dog stay home!"

And there, at the corner before them, waited Clematis, regisally lying in a small public in the gutter. He had run through alleys parallel to their course. There was nothing to do but to give up, and so the trio proceeded.

Nobody, William reflected, seeing him in such company could believe that he belonged to "one of the oldest and best families in town." Nobody would understand that he was not walking with Genesis for the pleasure of his companionship until they got

the tubs and the wash boiler, when his social condition must be somewhat more degraded. How frightful that this should befall him on such a day, the very day that his soul had been so pained by the turquoise shafts of milady's eyes and he had learned to know the real thing at last!

"Milady! Oh, milady!"

At last he and Genesis set out on the return trip from the secondhand shop, bearing the two washbuds, a clothes wringer (which Mrs. Baxter had forgotten to mention), the tin boiler, and a clothes wringer.

There was something really pageant-like about the little excursion now, and the glittering clothes boiler, borne on high, sent flashing lights far down the street. The washbuds were old fashioned, of wood. They refused to fit within the other, so William, with his right hand, and Genesis, with his left carried one of the tubs between them.

Genesis carried the heavy wringer, and Clematis, with his head fastened to the other tub upon his back by means of a bit of rope which passed over his shoulder. Thus the tin boiler, being a lighter burden, fell to William.

The cover would not stay in place, but continually fell off when he essayed to carry the boiler by one of its handles, and he made shift to manage the accursed thing in various ways, the only one proving physically endurable being, unfortunately, the most grotesque. He was forced to carry the cover in his left hand and to place his head partially within the boiler itself and to support it—tipped obliquely to rest upon his shoulders—as a kind of monstrous tin cowl or helmet.

This had the advantage of somewhat concealing his face, though when he leaned his head back, in order to obtain clearer vision of what was before him, the boiler slid off and fell to the pavement with a noise that nearly caused a runaway and brought the hot checked William much derisory attention from a passing street car.

Seen from the rear, William was unrecognizable, but interesting. He appeared to be a walking clothes boiler, armed with a shield and connected, by

means of a washtub, with a negro or informal idea concerning dress. In fact, the group was whimsical, and three young people who turned in behind it out of a cross street indulged immediately in fits of inadequately suppressed laughter, though neither Miss May Parcher nor Mr. Johnnie Watson even remotely suspected that the legs beneath the clothes boiler belonged to an acquaintance. And as for the third of this little party, Miss Parcher's visitor, those peregrinating legs suggested nothing familiar to her.

"Oh, see the funny laundryman!" she cried, addressing a cottony doglet's head that bobbed gently up and down over her supporting arm. "Sweetest Flopit must see too! Flopit, look at the fun-ee laundryman!"

"Sh!" murmured Miss Parcher, choking. "He might hear you."

He might, indeed, since they were now five yards behind him, and the dulcet voice was clear and free. With-

"I expect I gave that big mongrel the fright of his life," said Mr. Watson, with complacency. "He'll probably run a mile."

The shoulders of Genesis shook as he was towed along by the convulsive tug. He knew from previous evidence that Clematis possessed both a high quality and a large quantity of persistence, and it was his hilarious opinion that the dog had not gone far. As a matter of fact, the head of Clematis was at this moment caustically extended from behind the fencepost at the corner whither he had fled. Viewing with growing assurance the scene before him, he permitted himself to emerge wholly and sat down, with his head tilted to one side in thought.

Almost at the same moment the clothes boiler with legs and the washbuds and Genesis were marching on, and just behind them went three figures not so familiar to Clematis and connected in his mind with a vague, mild apprehension. But all the backs were safely toward him, and behind them pattered that small live thing which had so profoundly interested him.

He rose and came on apace silently. When he reached the side of Flopit, some eight or nine seconds later, Clematis found himself so more fascinated and perplexed than during their former interview, though again Flopit seemed utterly to disregard him. Clematis was a dog, but he felt that it was his business to find out. Heaven knows, so far Clematis had not a particle of animosity in his heart, but he considered it his duty to himself, in case Flopit turned out not to be a dog, to learn just what he was. The thing might be edible.

Therefore, again pacing obligingly beside Flopit, while the human beings ahead went on, unconscious of the approaching climax behind them, Clematis sought to detect by senses keen than sight some evidence of Flopit's standing in the zoological kingdom, and, sniffing at the top of Flopit's head as though Clematis was uncertain about his indeed being a head—he found himself lulled and much disturbed.

Flopit did not smell like a dog; he smelled of violets.

CHAPTER III.

Transience.

CLEMATIS frowned and sneezed as the infinitesimal particles of sachet powder settled in the lining of his nose. But his conscience compelled him to persist in his attempt to solve the mystery. Hence he sought to place his nose in contact with Flopit's, for he had perceived on the front of the mysterious stranger a button something which might possibly be a nose.

He evaded the contact. He felt that he had endured about enough from this Apache and that it was nearly time to destroy him. Having no experience of battle, save with bedroom slippers and lace handkerchiefs, Flopit had little doubt of his powers as a warrior. Betrayed by his majestic importance, he had not the remotest idea that he was small. Usually he saw the world from a window or from the seat of an automobile or over his mistress' arm.

From these various ignorances of his sprang his astonishing, his incredible, valor. Clematis, with head lowered close to Flopit's, perceived something peering at him from below the tangled curtain of cottony, violet scented stuff which seemed to be the upper part of Flopit's face. It was Flopit's eye, a red rimmed eye and sore, and so demonically malignant that Clematis, indescritably started, would have withdrawn his own countenance at once, but it was too late. With a fearful oath Flopit sprang upward, and he nestled himself to the under lip of the horrified Clematis.

Miss Parcher and her guest turned, screaming. Clematis' self command went all to pieces. Mr. Watson endeavored to kick Clematis without ruining Flopit—a difficult matter.

Flopit was hawsepark from Clematis, and the mystery is where he learned the dog cursing that he did. In spite of the David and Goliath difference in size, it would be hard than Justice to deny that a very fair dog fight took place. Genesis relieved himself of the burden of the washtub upon his back and watched the combat in simple pleasure. A furious young person struck him a frantic though harmless blow with a pink parasol.

"You stop them!" she screamed, "or I'll have you arrested!"

"You, Clem!" he shouted.

And instantly Clematis was but a whitish and brownish streak along the hedge. He ran like a dog in a moving picture when they speed the film, and he shot from sight once more round the corner, while Flopit, still cursing, was seized and squeezed in his mistress' embrace.

But she was not satisfied. "Where's that laundryman with the tin thing on his head?" she demanded. "He ought to be arrested for having such a dog. It's his dog, isn't it? Where is he?"

Genesis turned and looked round about the horizon, mystified. William Sylvanus Baxter and the clothes boiler had disappeared from sight.

"If he owns that dog," asserted the still furious owner of Flopit, "I'll have him arrested. Where is he? Where is that laundryman?"

(Continued in next regular edition)

Do it Now!

Read the first installment of this wonderful, stirring serial. If you are not a subscriber, you had better do it now, so as not to miss the remainder.

Junior's Fifth Christmas

By Florence McIntyre

Helen Grayson tucked the elder-down blanket about her young son, and tiptoed across the carpeted chamber into her living room.

Tomorrow would be Christmas Eve and endless tasks remained yet incomplete. Despite the duties which clamored for action, Helen dropped wearily into the fireside chair and gazed at the bright embers crackling on the hearth.

Christmas might mean a day of joy and gladness to the whole universe, but, to Helen, it was the one day of all the calendar year which she dreaded. What was there about Christmas that tore at the slowly healing scar on her heart?

Five years ago tonight she and Thornley had sat by this very fireside and planned their baby's first Christmas tree. But all was different now, so different—nearly four years had passed since that night when she and Thornley—the man with whom she had cast her lot. Four long years since the shadow of disgrace had cast its grim reflection across their happy home.

Helen railed against the fate which had not provided her with keener better understanding, when their trouble came. She remembered too well that winter night when the long arm of the law reached across her threshold and the accusing finger pointed grimly at her husband.

Early detectives demanded entrance that night and a stern judge later asked Thornley to explain the shortage in his finances at the bank.

The story which Thornley told did not seem credible, and in the midst of the investigation a check bearing his signature turned up as a bit of damning evidence. His excuse that it was a forgery, but the officials would not believe him. Some special providence had stirred mercy in the heart of a "higher-up," and it was only because of this unstrained quality that Thornley was spared a term in prison.

Then there was his home-coming when Helen had hysterically sobbed: "Oh Thorn! how could you? I'll never be able to face the world again!"

The words were spoken in an irrational moment, but they dimmed the last ray of hope in Thornley's heart—the hope that his wife still believed and trusted him.

Thornley made no defense to the woman he loved. She never understood the glint of light which flickered in his eye for the fraction of a second, but it manifested itself in the form of a note which he left for her the next day. He was going away, somewhere, anywhere until something would happen to clear him of the atrocious charge.

Helen remembered that she laughed bitterly, cynically, upon reading it. So, he was not content to humiliate her, but he was actually deserting her and the baby in their hour of need!

Oh, well, what was the use? Four years had passed. She must forget and forgive and live bravely on for Junior's sake. There was no other course.

Christmas Eve arrived all too soon. Tiny flakes, the first snow of the season, pattered themselves against the window pane and the crystalline light was a perfect setting for Christmas. Twice from Junior's Christmas tree burned in the grate, giving off the sweet aroma of pine, Helen momentarily forgot her own sorrows as

Junior's joyous laughter filled the room.

"Gee, Santa was good to me, Mumsie," the child shouted as he fingered each and every toy cluttered about the tree. "A sled and everything that I want—and its snowing too, Mumsie. He even brought the snow to go with my sled."

Helen clasped the happy youngster and passionately hugged him to her breast. She was too choked to say a single word, but she kissed him over and over again.

Junior's sled was his all-absorbing gift; he soon tired of the other things, and Helen found her five-year old darling pleading to take the bright red thing outside the house for "just one little ride."

Christmas was the time for humor, and Junior's request was granted. The last of winter's twilight was fading from the snowy sky as a little boy "belly-whopped" joyously up and down the street. His small body lying flat, his head nestled down to avoid the fluttering flakes, he was quite unaware of the approaching footsteps of a stranger. Indeed he bumped right into the man. There was a great scrambling and scattering as the boy picked himself up and passed into the face of a man whose eyes were "curiously like his own."

The man chided the boy good humoredly, for it was Christmas Eve, and no time to harbor a grudge. For a brief moment the man stopped outside Junior's house. Then he passed along his way. But a few paces on, his step faltered, and he found himself drawn back to the scene. Agony was written upon his features as he gazed through the window and watched a gentle woman put the last touches of tinsel to a Christmas tree.

At first he did not hear the voice of the small boy beside him, but a firm tug at his coat compelled attention.

"That's my Christmas tree," the baby voice was saying. Santa's just left our house and brought me this sled and lots and lots of things. Won't you come in and see our Christmas tree? Has he been to your house yet?"

The muscles of the big man's throat contracted convulsively and only a mighty effort at control kept him from smothering the boy in a hungry grasp. He could not tear himself away. He took the little gloved hand in his big palm.

In the midst of this strange scene, the door of Junior's house opened, and his mother's soft voice called to him to come in. Met with the quickness of a child, Junior was hastily calling back:

"Mother, can't this man see my Christmas tree? I told him, you wouldn't mind."

Helen stepped beyond the door intent upon some polite remark which dispel the embarrassing situation. At sight of the man the smile froze on her face. She did not know how she ever managed to descend the steps, but she found herself clinging wildly, desperately, to the big form of her husband. Junior was bewildered by the sobs of the strange man and his mother, who continued to sob and cling long after they had entered the house.

When Thornley had himself slightly under control, he drew from his pocket a long white envelope and asked the woman to read. Helen re-

moved the document with its official red seal, and there read the confession of the true thief, and her husband's complete vindication by a man on his death bed.

"Junior," declared his mother, this is the best Christmas we've ever had. Santa Claus has brought us our Daddy. He's been way up North, you know, helping Saint Nick make pretty toys for good children."

The little lad climbed all over his newly found father and felt of him curiously as he would a toy.

"Gee," said the boy, "Merry Christmas, Daddy."

Junior, weary from the day's excitement, soon fell off to sleep. The brilliant coals in the grate had turned to ashy white long before Thornley and Helen finished talking. How short were the night hours tonight. Helen cried and Thornley sobbed, but never was grief more delicious.

Trough the still night came the chimes from the old cathedral. The storm had cleared and fleecy snow clouds rolled against the blue-gray sky. Clashed in each other's arms Helen and Thornley gazed out through the night, and up, up into infinite space, too happy to express the big prayer that was in their hearts.

FRIENDSHIP

Two vines, growing over a porch, meet each other, and twine together, and twist fiber into fiber and stem into stem, and take shape from each other, and are substantially one. And such are friendships. Now one cannot have his life divided as two trees are. He cannot enter into partnership with others, and be conscious that that partnership shall be but for an hour of a moment. The sanctity, the honor, the exaltation, the exhilaration of a true and manly friendship lies in the thought of its continuance. There can be no deep friendship which does not sigh for endlessness.—Beecher.

The decision of the Bishops to eliminate the word "obey" from the marriage service has not given satisfaction to a colored gentleman in New York City, who when getting married interrupted the officiating clergyman after "love, honor and obey." "Would you mind, sah," he asked, "please saying dem words again?" Dem's very important words, sah, and I'm anxious de lady shouldn't miss dem. Very important sah. I've been married afore, so Ah know.

"To Lucy Stone a picnic ground is just a place to throw things around; Boxes and bottles, papers, tins, Eggshells and old banana skins. Before he came the place was very pretty; But she's a goop, oh what a pity! Don't be a goop."

WISE MAN

"Why don't you buy a car Walter?" "Well I will tell you. All my neighbors think I can afford one and I don't want to find out I can't."

Woman Finds
Cousolation In
Solitude

Happiness may be a rare and precious coin, but it is one that each must look for in his own pocket. We may guard it in all security in solitude, but it may easily be flicked from us in company. Self-chosen solitude is good, but solitude a deux is, as a rule, better, if the two are in accord.

But the solitude that comes from bereavement, from the loss of one who has shared our troubles and doubled our joys, the solitude that carries with it an ever-aching sense of loss and loneliness, this, indeed, needs a stout heart to bear. Consolation, however, is more likely to come from within than without.

I have the pleasure of knowing a woman whose loneliness might excite pity. She is the only one left of a happy household of four. Her husband was killed in the Boer War, her two sons fell in France. But she does not clamour for compassion. On the contrary, she has made herself an angel of consolation to others. Her secret is a deep religious faith, which is, of course, all-consoling.

There is a separation worse than death—a divergence of tastes and interests, of aims and principals—disunion, owing to breach of faith, where union was thought to be closest. Such sorrow is, perhaps, of all sorrows the most poignant, the most pitiless, the most paralyzing. It is disillusionment the shattering of the fine fabric of an ideal.

I have known people overwhelmed by such sorrow as this. But they were wrong. Life need not be empty. There is still "the kiss of the sun for pardon, the song of the birds for mirth." "There's a wind on the heath brother," the robin is friendly, the hare-bell blooms, the pines give forth their scent, and each of us may, in some measure, reflect the Universal Beauty; each may in some degree demonstrate that there is a power for good. I like the saving of the hero in that fine Norwegian book, "The Great Hunger." "I had to sow

Xmas Gift Store

Select Your Christmas Gifts from the Following
List and Save the Worry

FOR LADIES:
French Ivory Sets and Separate Pieces.
Perfume in Boxes, 25c to \$5.00.
Toilet Water in Boxes.
A Box of Good Stationery will surely suit someone on your list.
Large Stock of Waterman's Pens and Pencils to choose from. \$2.75 to \$5.00.
Ever-Sharp Pencils in Gold and Silver, \$1.00 to \$3.50.
Beautiful Compacts from 75c to \$5.00. All the Latest Styles.

Talcum Powder in glass. All the New Odors.

FOR GENTLEMEN:
Cigars—10, 25, 50 in a box.
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Ebony Military Hair Brushes in Leather Cases.
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LARGE ASSORTMENTS OF XMAS CARDS— 5c to 25c.

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MIDDLETON PHARMACY

C. A. MUMFORD, Proprietor

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

seed in my men's garden that God might give."

There is always the interesting task than that of bearing other people's.

Today we are fortunate in having the help of modern psychology. We learn from the schools of Coue and Bandoun (and we have only to read their books, and test the value of their method in ourselves) that our lives are dominated by our subconscious

minds. Now if we gain the mastery of the subconscious, which masters us, it is evident that we shall gain self-mastery—the greatest of all possessions.

CHARITY

Charity should begin at home, but it should not stay there. Life is service. Service is a part of life; it is the only real human life!

It seems to me that the theatre is the most democratic of all the arts—John Drinkwater

I wish there was a law by which all anonymous letters should be put into the waste-paper basket.—Sir Ernest Wild.

It courage and self-sacrifice are virtues of war, selfishness and forgetfulness are apt to be the vices of peace.—Earl Haig.

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HOW BLESSED ARE THE YEARS OF PEACE
THAT FOLLOW WAR'S LONG STRAIN,
HOW SURELY DOES THEIR PASSING HEAL
THE HEART STRINGS TORN WITH PAIN
UNTIL THE BURDEN OF OUR GRIEF
FOR THOSE WHO FOUGHT AND DIED,
IS LIGHTENED BY THE MEMORIES
THAT COME WITH CHRISTMAS TIDE.

FOR THEIR DEAR SAKES WE LOVED AND LOST
IN SILENCE LET US STAND,
FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENT WHILE WE PLEDGE
TO THIS BELOVED LAND,
A FAITH AS STEADFAST AND AS DEEP
AS THEIRS WHO DIED THAT WE,
MIGHT KNOW THROUGH ALL THE YEARS TO COME
THE JOY OF LIBERTY.

Essays From Macdonald School Pupils

Improvements in Middleton The Past Three Years---Why We Keep Christmas---Christmas in Other Lands

IMPROVEMENTS DURING THREE YEARS....

(Prepared by Boys of Prep. Dept. of Macdonald School) :—

George Beals, George North, Vernon Bultor, Loring Dodge, George Vye, Jack Spurr, Claude Welton, David Stevenson, Dan McKenzie, Arthur Cummings, but all the boys helped to gather facts.

For a town of this size the improvements in such a short time have been wonderful. These are partly due to our situation as a small railway centre and to the ambition of our citizens.

A short history of some of these improvements is as follows:—

BAKERY:

The first bakery was started by Messrs Dodge & Reagh in Dr. Miller's old drug store. They sold the business to Mr. Leech, who ran it about a year and then sold it to Mr. G. B. McGill. He afterwards built an up-to-date bakery beside his residence, this he is running now. He employs two bakers, Mr. Leech, who is head baker and Mr. Pearson, his assistant baker. Mr. McGill sells ice-cream, candy, fruits, and tobacco, etc. He also serves light lunches. In this bakery they have two ovens, a bread wrapper, and a bread mixer. Together the ovens hold 180 loaves. They make about 250 loaves a day. They also bake bread for fox feed. This bakery ships bread to Wilmet, Kingston, Torbrook, South Farmington, Lawrenceton and Bridgetown.

VALLEY PLANING MILL:

The Valley Planing Mill is owned and operated by A. W. Allen & Son. Mr. Lloyd Armstrong is the office clerk. Mr. Charles North sawed out the wooden frame for the new mill. Mr. Daniels is the fire-man, and Mr. Clifford Marriot, yard boss. The new buildings were made of cement blocks which were purchased from Mr. Hoyt. They have two teams hauling frames and lumber to the station. They employ some where about twenty men. The mill runs by steam. They have the old mill for a drying room. They sell shingles, lumber, hard-wood flooring, beaver-board, and sheathing.

RINK:

The town built the Rink which cost them about six thousand dollars. It has two dressing rooms, and one man takes charge for the town each year. The skating surface is sixty by a hundred and sixty feet.

CREAMERY:

Mr. McKenzie owns and operates the Middleton Creamery. The cream is brought in by the customers. It is weighed, pasturized and churned; the butter is washed, and worked. Some of the butter is put up in printed wrappers and sold in town. The rest is shipped in boxes to outside points. The cans are washed and sterilized by steam, while the customers wait. Lately Mr. McKenzie purchased the Lawrenceton Creamery, and he still employs the men who worked at that creamery.

MACHINE SHOP:

Balcom's Machine Shop is situated where the electric power plant used to be. It repairs nearly all kinds of machinery, and manufactures saws. When the Cooperage Company of Canada built their mill, they purchased saws from the machine shop. When Mr. Vinton's mill burned at Albany, he had his machinery repaired at the machine shop here.

VALLEY MILLING CO.

The Valley Milling Co. has installed one of its branches in town. It is in charge of Mr. Harkness, who employs three men, besides himself. They grind any kind of grain and

make barley and corn-mal. The building is of cement blocks, and has a siding to load and unload grain.

ARMDALE THEATRE:

Is a large building made of cement blocks. The roof is covered with tar paper. There are two stores in the front part of the building, and the theatre is at the back. Under the building is a large cellar which contains a bowling alley and a pool-room. The floor of the cellar is all cement. The owner of this building is Mr. F. B. Armour.

COOPERAGE CO.

The Cooperage Co. of Canada installed a branch in town. In this they make staves for nail kegs. Logs are hauled to the mill, sawn into lengths; these are barked, shaped, dried, made into bundles, and shipped away. They ran a night and day shift until August. Mr. Snook is the manager.

CRAWFORD BRUSH CO.

One of the newer industries is the Crawford Brush business, owned and controlled by Mr. W. Crawford, one of Middleton's enterprising young men. Mr. Crawford opened his factory and office early in July. He is doing business in the western provinces, as well as in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He has only two men in the factory, but about a dozen men are selling his goods. Five of these are Middleton boys. Their names are Hilbert Parsons, Lloyd Dodge, Gordon Landers, William Perkins and Keith Marshall.

WATER SUPPLY:

Mr. Feetham of Halifax, civil engineer, had charge of the work of improving the water system of the town. Major Parker was foreman. The source is Lily Lake, on the North Mountain. A small brook brings the water to within five hundred feet of the reservoir. There is a small dam there and the water is carried by pipes to the reservoir. From there to A. P. Dodge's there is an 8 inch pipe. From Mr. Dodge's to the town a new 6 inch pipe has been laid.

NEW DAM:

The new dam is about four thousand feet above the old one. It is about fifteen feet high and is an up-to-date cement dam. It holds fifty acre feet of water when it is full. It could generate four hundred and fifty horsepower. Without this reserve pondage there would not be enough power to run the machinery of the factories in the dry season. The total cost will be about \$8,000. Mr. Chas. Wright, of Wolfville, was the contractor engaged employed.

THE NEW TENNIS COURTS:

Four tennis courts were recently built where the old baseball diamond used to be. The work was under the charge of Mr. Simms. The netting around the courts is about 12 feet high. There are two taps of cold water installed. There is a tea-room in which the players have lunches.

NEW BRIDGE:

A new bridge was built across the Annapolis River at Middleton on the Halifax and Southwestern line. It was erected by the Dominion Bridge Co., in 1923.

CEMETERY:

Mr. Renforth Elliott, assisted by Mr. Bennett, leveled and improved the Pine Grove cemetery, through the summer and fall of 1924.

G. N. Reagh & Sons have built an extension on the north and west of their warehouse.

The Baseball Diamond is really School Property. In 1921 the grounds were levelled and prepared.

Twenty-two buildings have been erected during one year of this period, 1922-1923. But perhaps most beneficial of all our improvements is the Soldiers' Memorial Hospital. The town purchased the dwelling house of Mr. F. E. Cox. An operating room was built during this time. Middleton has an up-to-date operating table in 1923. At the present time a Board of Directors hires the nurses and the Matron. These men are able to assist the Women's Institute which has been newly organized in our town.

From Grade VI IMPROVEMENTS IN MIDDLETON THE PAST THREE YEARS

The Town of Middleton has made greater improvements in the last three years than any other three years in its history.

First, we must refer to the twenty or more beautiful houses that have been built during this time. Middleton has its share of beautiful homes and nicely kept lawns.

Then, let us turn to the new industries that have been brought to us which are as follows:

Barrel factory, machine shop, Stave mill, creamery, and bakery. In addition to this, A. W. Allen & Son have built a new mill.

P. B. Armour has built a beautiful new theatre, with stores in front. I.O.O.F. Lodge room above, and a bowling alley in the basement of the building.

A very nice new ball park has been added to our town. During this period our team won the championship of the amateur baseball of Nova Scotia.

A very fine new rink has been erected, with a large skating surface and two nice dressing rooms. A new water supply system has been installed on School street.

Two years ago a new water and sewerage system was laid. The streets have been greatly improved. A new light and power plant has just been completed.

The United Church has been rebuilt making a very fine church.

In passing, while it hardly comes within the three-year limit, we must speak of our Soldier's Memorial Hospital through which pass about three hundred cases a year.

Many new stores have been added to our business section. Our school has been improved, both in appearance and standing. A large number of the pupils passed the Provincial Exams.

A new garage was rebuilt at the corner of Main and School streets. With all these improvements, we would ask, "What's the matter with Middleton?"

—FLORENCE POWER,



"Why We Keep Christmas" by Margaret Beals on another page.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS.

Written for The Outlook by the Girls of the Preparatory Department

ITALY—January 6th.

In Italy Santa Claus does not visit the children on December 25th, they have Mother Goose, who is called the "Befana." She comes on a broomstick when she visits each house with gifts for the children on January 6th. They have fire-places instead of stoves. On every Christmas Eve they burn a log called the Christmas log.

The children recite poems and sing songs for their parents on this merry night. When they have finished they go into a certain room. In a tall vase or urn are gifts for the family. The children draw gifts out of this vase one by one; if their names are on the gifts they keep them, but if they are not they put them back and draw again.

Their day for giving gifts is twelve days after Christmas, on the sixth of January. It is called Epiphany. They give their gifts because it was on that day that the Wise Men took their gifts to Christ.

The story that is told to the little children is this: When the Wise Men were seeking the Christ Child they passed the house of an old woman who said that she would go with them. When she was ready they had gone so far that she could not see them. She is said to be looking for Him ever since.

She comes down the chimney and leaves gifts for them; she hopes she will find the Christ Child for whom she has been looking. In Russia they call her "Baboushka."

Germany:

Having a Christmas Tree originated in Germany. Thousands of evergreen trees are brought to their cities for decoration. Weeks before Christmas the women make clothing for the poorer children. On a certain day these are distributed so that many of the little ones are made happy. For one whole week the market place is full of Christmas gifts. This is called the Christ Market. An alarming clock, Ruprecht, goes around just before the holiday demanding if the children have been good or bad. If good he throws nuts about for which they scramble. If not he uses a long twig for punishment; this twig he takes from a bundle which he carries.

Each child must have a spice cake with nuts in it. These are made in all sorts of shapes, some representing animals. Each child saves his money to buy these; in fact a poor child takes the money to the grocer when he has it during the year and is credited with it.

When the tree is lighted and ready, they circle around it, singing "Holy Night." Then the father tells the story of the Baby who was born in Bethlehem. The gifts are then taken off the tree. There must be a gift for each parent from each child; something made at school, a book, mark or a pretty card on which the little ones have written verses. Window shades are never drawn. The trees are lighted again on New Year's Day. These German children really believe that the Christ Child sends their gifts. And in some parts a figure to represent the Child, is made to pass by the windows when the children are waking.

Each child must go to his Godfather's house on Christmas Day. Here he finds a little manger cradle with a Christ Child in it, and gifts for every child.

FRANCE

The children call Santa Claus Pere Noel, which means "Father Christmas," and some are dressed to look like him, comes to the houses and rewards the children who have been good during the year. Ruprecht goes around with him and carries a bundle of switches to punish the children who have been bad. French children get more gifts on New Year's than they do on Christmas. In the Bon Marche in Paris, there is a large tree for the poor people. Ev-

erybody goes to church on Christmas morning, and on the altar in each church is represented the Holy Child, His Mother, and Joseph, with the scenery of the Holy Land in the background.

Xmas in Austria:

The people in Austria place candles in their windows, that the Christ Child in passing, shall not stumble and fall.

In some parts of Austria for a long time before Christmas the people save the best honey and the finest fruit and vegetables for the Christ-feast.

Two great loaves of bread are baked, representing the Old and New Testaments.

Three wax candles are made, and a great log of wood is cut for the Christmas fire.

On Christmas Eve a candle is lighted, the family assemble, and a hymn is sung. The second candle is lighted on Christmas Day, and the third on New Year's Night.

Xmas in Switzerland:

The children set one shoe outside the door for two Saturdays preceding Xmas and Santa Claus fills them with good things if they have been good and deserve any gifts. When Christmas Eve comes the children are sent to bed early; they set up early to find a loaded Christmas tree. The candles are lighted and the family sing a hymn, and offer a prayer before the presents are removed.

England:

In England they put a large log—the Yule log—on the hearth on Christmas Eve. This is cut the year before and is well-seasoned and dried. The adults sing and the children dance as this log is lighted. A brand from last year's log is kept with to light it. They think this brand will not let harm come to them in the following year. Mistletoe and holly are used as decorations. Little carol singers go from house to house on Christmas Morning.

Norway and Sweden:

The children make baskets, chains, flags, etc., for the tree. The mother makes new clothing for all the family. She also cleans house and does a lot of baking. The tree is ready at 5 o'clock on Christmas Eve. It is trimmed with fruit and ornaments. Under the tree are presents for all. Even the poorest people save a bit of money to buy the birds a feast. The birds have sheaves of wheat put outside for them on poles in every farm yard, and the animals are given a feast. Christmas here is called "Yule Peace." These people have a curious way of giving presents. They throw them in at an open door or window when no one is looking. In some places they let candles burn in the windows all night to show light to "Kristine," who brings them their gifts. A cake of meal is put outside in the snow for him. Shoes of all the family are put in a row to show that they will live together in peace. To them Christmas Day is holier than Sunday. They believe that at midnight on Christmas Eve the cattle turn to the East and kneel to adore the Christ Child.

Holland, Dec. 6th.

St. Nicholas comes with his white steed on December 6th, St. Nicholas Day, the day which the children love. On St. Nicholas' Eve they fill their wooden shoes with hay and oats for the good saint's horse, and set them by the fire-place. He takes these and leaves toys and candy for the good children and rods for the naughty ones. Some one may dress up to be St. Nicholas and come in and leave candy. As the little ones scramble for it he vanishes. They do not usually give presents but do a good deal

of feasting. If the poor have had brown bread throughout the year they have white bread for a treat at Christmas time.

Christmas in Spain and Portugal

It is the custom in Spain and Portugal for the people to assemble in their homes on Christmas Day. Santa Claus' place is taken by the "Three Kings."

In Madrid, the feast of the Wise Men is kept in great parade. The Kings are dressed elaborately, riding on beautiful horses and escorted by guards. In front of the procession a golden star is carried on the top of a high mast. This is carried until the manger is found, where gifts are presented to the infant Christ.

The Three Wise Men are Caspar, King of Tarsus; Melchior, King of Arabia, and Balthasar, King of Saba. The children in Spain believe that their gifts are brought on eve of Epiphany by Balthasar, who comes on his camel laden with gifts. The children hide their shoes to prepare for him. The busy saint has to hunt for the shoe and fill it with sugar plums. Instead of a drum the Spanish boy gets a sambomba and a pair of castanets.

The sambomba is a toy something like a drum with a tube fastened at the drum head. The hands are run up and down the tube and makes a noise which all boys love.

From Grade VI CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

(CANADA)

Christmas is a sacred holiday. The Saviour was born on December 25th, which is Christmas Day. There are many holidays. None is more joyful than Christmas. Even schools close on Christmas for two weeks. The schools stop one or two days before Christmas and start just a few days after New Year's. There is always a special dinner served on Christmas Day. On Christmas eve the candles on the Christmas tree are lighted.

(GERMANY)

Germany makes the most of Christmas among all the other countries. In Germany they only let the candles burn a very few minutes. The Yule Log is brought into the house and lighted with a piece of last year's Yule Log.

(HOLLAND)

In Holland the people exchange gifts before Christmas. They wash and polish their wooden shoes. They put grains of all varieties in their shoes. They give the grains to St. Nicholas whom we call Santa Claus. They expect Santa Claus to give the grain to his little white horse which pulls him. If the grain is not gone from their little wooden shoes in the morning they feel very sad.

(ENGLAND)

In England they have old games and songs for the celebration of Christmas. The first one out of bed on Christmas morning sings a carol. The gifts are presented on Christmas Day.

FRANCE:

In France they celebrate Christmas mostly in the churches. They sing Christmas carols. They have all the streets lighted. The children only give gifts this time. The grown-ups give presents at New Year's. The large stores have Christmas trees. The trees have a present on for all the poor people. All the people go to church on Christmas Day. They see a picture in the Church. It is the picture of Christ in a manger with Mary by his side.

—VICTOR DANIELS,

A nice, easy exercise for Christmas Day is that of counting the change you have left. It can be done generally with one hand.

"Why We Keep Xmas"

MARGARET BEALS, Grade VI.

Christmas is a sacred holiday and is celebrated in nearly all parts of the world, except India, China, Africa, etc. The reason we celebrate Christmas is because it was our Saviour's birthday, and when we give gifts we give them because the wise men gave them to Jesus when he was born in Bethlehem, and the custom has been kept one century after another.

Some people do not send presents but postcards, with their best wishes printed on them, and they are made especially for this purpose. Christmas trees are to be seen in nearly every home on Christmas Eve. Some have tinsel stars on the top which are meant to represent the Star of Bethlehem, the one which guided the Wise Men to Jesus when he was born in a manger, in the village of Bethlehem.

Many children hang up their stockings in front of the hearth on the night before Christmas and believe that a man, called St. Nicholas, comes down the chimney and fills their stockings with toys and candy. The Dutch children put their shoes in front of the hearth. St. Nicholas is sometimes called Santa Claus and various other names. Little foreign children call him St. Nicholas.

Christmas comes on December 25th. Many people have dinners of turkey, goose, chicken, etc., accompanied with vegetables, fruits, etc. The poor are usually given plenty by those who have more. In other countries they have different kinds of dinners. Not only giving and getting presents is what we call Christmas. Christmas is to remember the birth of the Lord Jesus.

How Seaweed Aids Health

Science has added a new word to the dictionary by the establishment recently of giant seaweed farms on the California coast. "Mariculture," the word in question, will soon be as widely used in conversation as agriculture, horticulture or any of the other names denoting the cultivation of crops.

In only five years the California seaweed harvest has grown to be one of the most important industries on the Pacific Coast. More than half a million tons of the seaweed are now harvested annually, and it is expected that in a year or two this output will be increased by improved methods, including the adoption of elaborate cutting machinery, to 2,000,000 tons a year.

From seaweed there is obtained a number of products, including agar-agar, a jelly-like substance invaluable to the medical profession; potash, cattle food, and fibre for the use in upholstery and similar work.

Agar-agar, which is semi-transparent and shiny in appearance, is the best-known food for microbes, many varieties of which thrive on it exclusively. This is its most important use, but it is also employed as a curative agent in certain kinds of wounds and experts predict that in time it will displace many of those drugs which, while they are valuable in different ways, often have harmful after-effects. In addition, it forms a constituent of jellies and soups, and is used for making moulds in plaster of Paris, clarifying certain liquors—beer and wines among them—and for stiffening the texture of silk and other materials.

Another seaweed product is a form of isinglass far superior to the vegetable substance; while photographic films, iodine and alginate, a particularly sticky kind of adhesive paste, are being made in increasing quantities from the same source.

Of the many varieties of seaweed, that known as kelp is the most com-

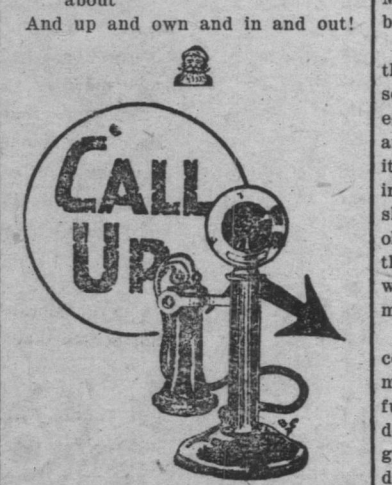
mon and the most beneficial to man. Kelp is found on almost every coast, in stages of growth ranging from two or three feet in length to giant plants with foliage extending more than a hundred feet in different directions. Providing it is carefully cut, a kelp bed will yield three, and sometimes four crops a year.

In the Californian industry the State Fish and Game Commission has fixed closed seasons during which no kelp may be cut. Kelp thrives best in a depth of about twenty feet of water, the foliage being held upright by tiny air bulbs, one at the base of each leaf, which insure that it grows toward the surface. The dense masses are cut with cythe-like knives lowered to a depth of six feet, an apparatus similar to the mechanical reaper seen on farms dragging the seaweed on to the deck of the harvest ship. Thirty tons an hour can be harvested in this way by a crew of 50 men.

THE CLIMBERS

There's an old tree in the meadow
Where we children love to play.
It's got big, brown, crooked branches
And you'll find us any day
Climbing up and down and in and out
And high and low and roundabout.

Mother says we're just like monkeys,
Brother laughs and calls us "nuts,"
But I think we're more like Chipmunks,
For, you see, we're after nuts,
Climbing high and low and roundabout
And up and down and in and out!



—Number 20 for JOB PRINTING

A Queen and Her Castle

They were seated in the living room — Fred Henderson and his guest from the office — waiting for the dinner gone.

"Nice little home you have here, Fred. Everything so neat and in good taste. What's the recipe?"

"Credit the little woman in there. She's the home manager — art director, purchasing agent and general counsel on what to buy and how to buy."

"She knows! Reads the advertisements! Reasons that advertised goods must be right goods—in style, taste, quality; that they must be truthfully represented, and that they must be worth every penny asked for them. If they were not, the manufacturer making them or the dealer selling them could not long continue in business. Logical, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, Bill, if I were as well informed on things to eat, clothes to wear and furnishings for the home as Louise, I'd kick up this bally job of mine and become an Expert Adviser to People Who Don't Read Advertisements."

Advertisements are your expert advisers on buying wisely — read them all.

When Raggy Maggy Went to the Party

A Story for the Wee Folk

By Linda Stevens Almand
Raggy Maggy lived in an old trunk in the attic. Although she almost never went anywhere or saw anyone, she was one day invited to a party. It was the first invitation that she had ever had—an invitation to a party to be given by a doll whose name was Gwendolyn Rosamund Marmaduke. Such a beautiful name! But Gwendolyn Rosamund was beautiful herself.

The invitation was printed on shiny pink paper in shiny gold letters. It said:

• YOU ARE INVITED TO COME •
• to •
• Gwendolyn Rosamund •
• Marmaduke's Party •
• at three o'clock tomorrow •
• afternoon •
• R. S. V. P. •

Raggy Maggy did not know that R.S.V.P. meant, so she asked Susanne Marie, who had run up to the attic to see whether Raggy Maggy had been invited to the party. Susanne Marie was a French doll who had come all the way from Paris and who was very snobbish. She thought it stupid of Raggy Maggy not to know what R.S.V.P. meant, but she was polite enough not to say so. She explained that it stood for several words in French that meant, "Reply if you please."

Raggy Maggy was grateful to Susanne Marie. Of course she wanted to do the proper thing, and so she searched the attic and finally in a little old desk she found a sheet of doll paper on which she wrote carefully:

Raggy Maggy Accepts
With Pleasure

Then she looked over her wardrobe. O dear! There was not a dress fit to wear. She did not even have a party dress. She felt sad indeed. It was bad enough not to have a party dress, but to be obliged to go in a raggedy dress was perfect dreadful. She was almost sorry that she had accepted the invitation.

But after a while she began to feel better. She dried her eyes with the edge of her raggedy dress and sat down to think: "I will get out my work basket and mend my dress as well as I can. Then, I will wash and iron it carefully and forget that it is an old dress; and I will go to Gwendolyn Rosamund's party and have a beautiful time." And such a broad and bright smile overspread Raggy Maggy's face that she really looked beautiful.

So she set to work. The rents and the rips in her raggedy dress she sewed up with such a fine, neat stitch as that the mending was a work of art. Then she washed it and hung it on the line. When it was dry she ironed it, oh, so carefully! And then she forgot all about its being an old, faded dress, and the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon she went to Gwendolyn Rosamund Marmaduke's party.

It was a delightful party. Mrs. Marcella Marmaduke, Gwendolyn Rosamund's mother, always gave delightful parties. It was held in the garden under the hollyhocks. When Raggy Maggy got there two little dolls dressed in fluffy pink tulle began to laugh and run behind a chair and peeked out. "It was a rude and unkind thing to do, for they were making fun of Raggy Maggy's old faded dress."

Mrs. Marcella Marmaduke spoke sharply to them, but Raggy Maggy said, "Maybe they're just playing peeka-bo." That made everyone laugh and so put everyone into a good humor, and the two dolls in pink tulle whispered to Raggy Maggy that they were sorry and Raggy Maggy forgave them.

They played all kinds of doll games, and sometimes, the dolls quarrelled, but Raggy Maggy always got them to make-up. She was kind to the least little doll too, and then when refreshment time came she helped

Mrs. Marcella Marmaduke. Best of all, she was always in a good humor and always had a happy smile for everyone.

Such wonderful refreshments as they had at that party—rose petal sandwiches, marigold tarts, dewdropade and dollypops! And wasn't there a beautiful prize? And didn't Raggy Maggy win it? It was a lovely pink satin party dress trimmed with scalloped lace and tiny rhinestone buckles. Susanne Marie, who came all the way from Paris—and should have known what she was talking about, said that was by far the handsomest dress that she had ever seen.

All the dolls were asking one another why Raggy Maggy won the prize.

Goodness! cried Mrs. Marcella Marmaduke as if it were stupid of them to ask such a question. "Don't you really and truly know? Raggy Maggy has won the prize, first of all, because she is the most polite doll at the party, and then because she is kind and good-natured and industrious. Look at her dress and see how beautifully it is mended and how carefully it is washed and ironed."

At that all the dolls looked very, very thoughtful. Then suddenly, for they were really kind-hearted dolls, they ran over to Raggy Maggy and told her how glad they were that she had won the prize; and then all together they cried: "Next time come to our house, dear Raggy Maggy!"

BE SELF-RELIANT BUT NOT TOO FORWARD

By Cora San Martin

It would be an endless task to attempt to list the requisite qualities of the successful business woman.

Determining even the most important of these is a task that defies analysis.

One quality stands out—not necessarily as the most important—but as one of the most important. That is self-reliance.

Each business, even each position in each business, has its own prime requisite for success. But in a majority of positions I believe that self-reliance is the touchstone of success.

Sarah Smith was clerk to a department manager in a large estate company. The executive was in charge of the renting bureau. In course of his duties he was frequently absent from his office.

Frequently mail and telegrams came in that required immediate answers. Miss Smith suggested that she be allowed to prepare the answers, which could be sent out immediately upon her superior's return.

This was done so competently that she was told to answer all urgent communications immediately without submitting her answers for approval. She was given the title of secretary and her pay increased.

In a short time she found herself taking care of more and more important details of the business.

Her superior, advancing through her ability as well as his own, was given charge of a larger department. She asked for his job, and got it on his recommendation.

In being self-reliant, however, girls should be careful not to assume responsibilities that are not intended for them. Being too forward in one's conduct is as dangerous as being too reticent.



HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA



Monarch of the Forest that Fell a Prey to the Expert Marksmen shown

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

May Christmas blessings bloom like flowers.
For you, nor with this one day cease—
And may you tread this coming year,
Life's hills of joy — its vales of peace.

FRESH FOR THE CHISTMAS TRADE

WE HAVE A FULL SUPPLY OF GROCERIES FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS COOKING: — FRESH, CLEAN, WHOLESOME AND PRICED JUST RIGHT TO SUIT YOU.

You will want Candies, Nuts, Oranges, Raisins, etc. at Christmas time. Let us supply your needs. Besides the above we have a Splendid Variety of Penny Goodies that will make the hearts of the children glad.

BEAR IN MIND—A Discount Coupon given with every purchase. This means an additional saving on your buying. The Coupons have a buying value at our store. We are the only firm in town giving a Discount Coupon.

CANNED GOODS MOLLASSES SCHOOL SUPPLIES
REMEMBER GET IT FROM
E. S. GOUDGE
NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE COMMERCIAL STREET



CHRISTMAS COOKING

Lighten the burden in the household by having our bakery supply the Bread, Buns, Cakes, Cookies, Pies, Turnovers and all kinds of Pastry. Place your order today and our bakers will turn out the very best goods made from pure wholesome ingredients.

Candies, Chocoates, Grapes, Bananas, Oranges, Raisins, Nuts, etc. are all essentials at Christmas time, so let us help you.

AT YOUR SERVICE

The Middleton Valley Bakery

Phone 170 G. B. McGILL, Proprietor Opposite Post Office

Your Christmas Gift Problem Solved for you at Shaffner's Boot and Shoe Store

The place where you can see a Full Line of Useful Gifts For Every Member of the Family:—

<p>FOR THE GENTLEMEN:</p> <p>Fancy Oxfords, Fine Dress Boots with Rubber Heels in black or brown. Overboots, Spats and Rubbers, Felt Slippers</p> <p>Expressman Felt Top Boot with rubber sole and heel.</p> <p>Fancy Hosiery in Gift Boxes.</p> <p>FOR THE BOYS:—</p> <p>Dress Boots, School Boots, Rubbers, Golf Stockings, Felt Slippers. HOCKEY BOOTS.</p>	<p>FOR "MY LADY":—</p> <p>Fancy black Suede Slippers, also in grey, biege and log cabin shades. Black Patent Leather Slippers; Oxfords in black or brown.</p> <p>Fine Cashmere Hose, Silk Hose and Fancy Colors in Silk and Wool. Hockey Boots.</p> <p>FOR GIRLS and TINY TOTS:—</p> <p>Oxfords, Patent Leather Slippers; Fine Dress Boots and School Boots in Black and Brown.</p> <p>For the Baby we have a big assortment of Moccasins and "Pussy Foot" shoes.</p>
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A USEFUL GIFT WOULD BE

A Trunk, Suitcase, Clabbag, Polishing Outfit. Special Line for Christmas in Ladies' Felt-Slippers, in patent black with rubber heel, rose, brown, navy, ecru, red, blue and latest colors and styles.

The Story of Christmas

By Blodwen Davies

Wouldn't it be interesting to have someone who has never before seen us celebrate Christmas, tell just what he thinks of our festivities? How odd some of our customs would seem to him. Christmas to us is the dearest of home holidays, when we allow ourselves for once in the year to be demonstrative to those we love and a time when we naturally open our hearts to those who have no homes and very little to be happy about. It is a festival we want everyone to share.

Christmas is a queer mixture of all sorts of Christian and pagan customs, and some of our customs come to us from years long before the birth of Christ, whose birthday we celebrate. There was a time when even Christians did not celebrate the day and, indeed, it took strenuous efforts on the part of the church, several hundred years ago, to induce the people to keep Christmas. It was the great feast day, instead of St. Martin's Day or St. Nicholas Day, and so when they did learn to rejoice on Christ's birthday they used many of their old ceremonies to mark its holiday character. But way back, before that the Romans had a great feast day in which they used holly, with the glossy prickly, green leaves and scarlet berries as decoration, and it had worked its way into Christian usage, so that Christmas it was added to the decorations in those early homes.

St. Nicholas, in the years long gone by, had been the friend of little children, and it was he who was believed to have been a protector of the little Christ Child. On one day of each year he went about the world rewarding good children, chiding the naughty ones and throwing gifts in at the windows, filling the wooden shoes or the wooden plates set out for him, according to the customs of different countries. And as time went on he transferred his yearly trips to Christmas Eve, and his name came to be pronounced Santa Claus, and all the little children hung up their stockings, instead of putting out their shoes. Perhaps it was because they were bigger! or perhaps it was because they had learned the trick from those little children who had always stuffed their stockings with hay for St. Nicholas' steeds to refresh them on their long journey around the world.

The Yule Log

When the people of Northern Europe became Christians and learned to celebrate on Christmas day they added to the Christmas symbols the Yule log, which had meant to them, in earlier times the sacred fire of their pagan gods, and that is why we like best of all to gather around the blazing logs on Christmas day. It is a memory that lingers with us from those early Christians from the North who were our forefathers. In Central Europe, in earliest times the people who celebrated their religious holidays in Winter-time, hung branches

of fir trees on their walls so that, the sylvan spirits, in whom they believed and who they feared, might find shelter from the cold and snow in the tree branches, and because the customs was old and beautiful, they introduced it into the Christian holiday.

Before the missionaries reached the British Isles, which were then called Britain, the people were led by priests called Druids, who in their mystical ceremonies, used mistletoe, and when they passed on out of history, the odd little plant lingered. Somewhere along the path of the years some joyful soul added the little joke about stolen kisses. Perhaps it was the English Lord of Miarle, who gave his subjects leave to do it.

The Christmas Tree

No Christmas is quite complete without a Christmas tree, big or little. Some have a gorgeous fellow, whose tip bends as it touches the ceiling, and some have a dear wee tree that adorns a table, in its little green tub, designed perhaps for the first little son or daughter of the house. Origin of the tree is almost lost in obscurity. There are many legends of trees which mark the night of the birth of Christ by blossoming, as the trees are said to have blossomed on that first Christmas night, while the shepherds and the wise men were travelling to Bethlehem. Joseph of Arimathea, who lent the sepulchre for the burial of Christ, was afterwards exiled from his country, and wandered about Europe until he reached France. From there he journeyed across the channel to England, accompanied by a little band of Christians. Once they were pursued by the pagan Britons, and fled up a hill, praying as they went for help to defeat their enemies. Joseph turned, and struck his travelling staff into the earth, where it immediately took root and blossomed, a white thorn tree! In amazement the Britons fell back, and on that spot Joseph established the Abbey of Glastonbury. As years went by, pious people took little sprigs of the tree to their homes all over England, where, to this day, they are said to blossom on Christmas Eve. Then there is the story of the saint who dreamed of a fir tree covered with lighted candles, with the Christ Child on the top of the tree. The interpretation of the dream was that the tree represented the world, the upright candles the good people and the down-turned candles the wicked folk. From out of these legends we have the glittering, fascinating gift-tree of today.

Our gift giving commenced on that first Christmas day in Bethlehem, when the wise men and the kings brought gold, frankincense and a memory that lingers with us from those early Christians from the North who were our forefathers. In Central Europe, in earliest times the people who celebrated their religious holidays in Winter-time, hung branches

of fir trees on their walls so that, the sylvan spirits, in whom they believed and who they feared, might find shelter from the cold and snow in the tree branches, and because the customs was old and beautiful, they introduced it into the Christian holiday.

MY CHRISTMAS WISH



A Good, Glad Christmastide, my friend,
To you and yours is the wish I send.
May all your tomorrows have skies of blue,
And all your friends be loving and true.

WHERE OLD MOTHER GOOSE IS MOST MENTAL BREAKS COMES BURIED.

Mother Goose is supposed by most people to be a mythical person, but she was real. Over two and a half centuries ago she lived with her son-in-law, John Fleet, a Boston printer. A tombstone marks the grave of Mother Goose in the Granary Cemetery, Boston.

Mother Goose composed the little rhymes and jingles that all learned in childhood to amuse her grandsons. However, according to the Pathfinder, we have to thank John Fleet for preserving these treasures, for it was he who recognized their true worth and printed them in book form. The inscription on the tombstone reads as follows: "Here lies the body of Mary Goose, wife to Isaac Goose, aged 43 years, deceased October 18th, 1696. Here lies also, — Anna Goose, the 3rd, aged 15 months, died August the 11th, 1697."

WHAT WE READ

For Sale: A piano good condition, property of lady leaving New York in elegant case.

A good way to leave New York. A lady living privately, will take a gentleman for breakfast, and dinner. Some appetite the lady has! Families supplied by the quart or gallon.

Certainly by the wholesale! He met a gentleman with one eye named Walker.

Wonder what the name of the other eye is? Single gentleman furnished with rooms; one or two gentlemen, also, with wives. A most convenient boarding house!



On Thursday of every week in the three years since he had left home, Jim Ogdensby had written to his mother, and on the same day he had received a letter from her. In all that time he had never once mentioned his father, though he had often thought of him. But Mother had always been a mention of Dad. It had always been the same until today. "Dad is well," this time it read. "Dad is brooding over something, Jim, and he won't tell me what it is. He says he feels all right but he is very quiet, and doesn't seem to hear what we say to him sometimes. Seems to like to sit and brood. I'm afraid for him, Jim."

He slipped the letter into his pocket, turned off the light at his desk, and sat in the semi-darkness of the office of the financial institution where he was beginning to make his mark.

The windows of his room overlooked one of the main streets of the city. The street lamps, and the thousands of lights from windows and advertising signs, lit up the thoroughfare. Strolling throngs, growing larger with every minute, were sweeping by it was nearing the hour when the city should give industries would close for the day.

The crowds, the bustle, the noise, and the lights combined in making a spectacle that had always fascinated and appalled him since he had left home, determined that the city should give him place and wealth. He was wrestling both from it as others, country born and bred, would be. But he had never softened toward it, never taken it to his heart. To him it always seemed so callously indifferent, so imperiously proud, so certain in the end to crush out of those who professed to love it most, all that was best and noblest.

Some day he would go back again to the country, to the open that called to him, to the woods he loved, to the smell of the good earth and the feel of it beneath his feet, to everything that had made life worth living. What did it know, who dwelt in the cities, of the "life" that they talked so much about?

Yes, some day he would go back, but not to the house where he was born, the home he had loved and often longed for. He pictured the peaceful orchard, the silvery river where he had learned to swim, mother's flower garden, the big barn yard, the little sisters who had wept so bitterly when he had said good-bye. He would see them too, some day, but he would not go back there until his father would say that he had been in the wrong, that he was sorry he had lost his temper and struck him—almost a man grown—for taking the "diver" to the school picnic, without asking permission to do so. Dad must write and say that he was sorry, or ask Mother to say it for him, or else—he drew back his head with a sudden jerk. Or else what? Did he mean, he asked himself, that he would not go back until Dad died? And he loved Dad too. There was no doubt in his mind on that point, when he tried to analyse his feelings. But he could not forget that blow. There must be an understanding about that.

A knock at the door interrupted his thoughts. He switched on the lights, calling out "Come in," as he did so. There entered Miss Bettie Dalton, dainty, brown-haired, brown-eyed, who was stenographer to himself and Charlie Morrison, another rising employee.

"Mr. Ogdensby," she began, somewhat diffidently, "it's just two weeks to Christmas and I would like to spend a few days around that time at my home. Mr. Morrison is willing that I should have a few days, if you are."

"Certainly, certainly," he said, "make whatever arrangements you choose. Guess we'll manage to get along for a few days." Some impulse moved him to ask: "Is your home in the country?"

"Yes," she said, "near Ogdensby." He started and stammered. "Then—I ought to know you; that place was—it was named after my father. I don't remember anyone of your name around there."

"No," she answered hesitatingly. "My real name is Bettie Dalton Ham-

ilton. I've always taken my Auntie's name—Dalton—in the city. I live with her here, and she's very good to me."

"Then I do know you—or at least you may be," Ogdensby said. "Why you used to play with my sisters. You were a tiny little tot though."

"Yes," she smiled at him. "I remember you well; when I was in the junior class at school, you were passing out the names of the old copy-book of yours I found after you left school. It had some verses in it that you had copied."

"What was it?" he asked. "I'll type it out tomorrow, if you don't mind," she said quietly, "and now if you have no more letters, may I go?"

"Yes—oh of course—yes—yes," he stammered, rising awkwardly and opening the door for her.

The news of his room overlooked one of the main streets of the city. The street lamps, and the thousands of lights from windows and advertising signs, lit up the thoroughfare. Strolling throngs, growing larger with every minute, were sweeping by it was nearing the hour when the city should give industries would close for the day.

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Some day he would go back again to the country, to the open that called to him, to the woods he loved, to the smell of the good earth and the feel of it beneath his feet, to everything that had made life worth living. What did it know, who dwelt in the cities, of the "life" that they talked so much about?

Yes, some day he would go back, but not to the house where he was born, the home he had loved and often longed for. He pictured the peaceful orchard, the silvery river where he had learned to swim, mother's flower garden, the big barn yard, the little sisters who had wept so bitterly when he had said good-bye. He would see them too, some day, but he would not go back there until his father would say that he had been in the wrong, that he was sorry he had lost his temper and struck him—almost a man grown—for taking the "diver" to the school picnic, without asking permission to do so. Dad must write and say that he was sorry, or ask Mother to say it for him, or else—he drew back his head with a sudden jerk. Or else what? Did he mean, he asked himself, that he would not go back until Dad died? And he loved Dad too. There was no doubt in his mind on that point, when he tried to analyse his feelings. But he could not forget that blow. There must be an understanding about that.

A knock at the door interrupted his thoughts. He switched on the lights, calling out "Come in," as he did so. There entered Miss Bettie Dalton, dainty, brown-haired, brown-eyed, who was stenographer to himself and Charlie Morrison, another rising employee.

"Mr. Ogdensby," she began, somewhat diffidently, "it's just two weeks to Christmas and I would like to spend a few days around that time at my home. Mr. Morrison is willing that I should have a few days, if you are."

"Certainly, certainly," he said, "make whatever arrangements you choose. Guess we'll manage to get along for a few days." Some impulse moved him to ask: "Is your home in the country?"

"Yes," she said, "near Ogdensby." He started and stammered. "Then—I ought to know you; that place was—it was named after my father. I don't remember anyone of your name around there."

"No," she answered hesitatingly. "My real name is Bettie Dalton Ham-

ilton. I've always taken my Auntie's name—Dalton—in the city. I live with her here, and she's very good to me."

"Then I do know you—or at least you may be," Ogdensby said. "Why you used to play with my sisters. You were a tiny little tot though."

"Yes," she smiled at him. "I remember you well; when I was in the junior class at school, you were passing out the names of the old copy-book of yours I found after you left school. It had some verses in it that you had copied."

"What was it?" he asked. "I'll type it out tomorrow, if you don't mind," she said quietly, "and now if you have no more letters, may I go?"

"Yes—oh of course—yes—yes," he stammered, rising awkwardly and opening the door for her.

The news of his room overlooked one of the main streets of the city. The street lamps, and the thousands of lights from windows and advertising signs, lit up the thoroughfare. Strolling throngs, growing larger with every minute, were sweeping by it was nearing the hour when the city should give industries would close for the day.

The crowds, the bustle, the noise, and the lights combined in making a spectacle that had always fascinated and appalled him since he had left home, determined that the city should give him place and wealth. He was wrestling both from it as others, country born and bred, would be. But he had never softened toward it, never taken it to his heart. To him it always seemed so callously indifferent, so imperiously proud, so certain in the end to crush out of those who professed to love it most, all that was best and noblest.

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Christmas Decorations

By Blodwen Davies

No work is quite so fascinating and productive of good behaviour as preparation for Christmas. Being utterly dazed and happy is part of the Christmas Eve program. Let us all forget to be too dignified and self-conscious and proper for one week in the year.

Please decorate—everybody. There is nearly always some place one can get to, even from a city, where there are fir and cedar trees simply asking to contribute to the Christmas festivities. Fir branches tucked behind the picture frames, over the doorways, and standing about in bowls and baskets add tremendously to the festive air. A little bottle of gold paint and a brush can be used to advantage in adding golden tips to the greenery. A roll or two of crimson crepe paper, cut into ribbons, will turn the staidest room into a place of revelry, especially if everyone helps in the work and each contributes a suggestion. Icicles, which are really narrow strips of tinfoil, are absurdly cheap in comparison with the effect they make, when they are hung, thinly distributed, over the red streamers and on the branches of the fir and Christmas tree.

Let the Children Help

And speaking of Christmas trees, let the children make as many of the decorations as possible. They can cut from magazines the figures of turkeys, Santa Claus and other Christmas symbols, apply them to colored Bristol board and cut them out with sharp scissors. They are say objects, hung by colored cord, to the tree. Then there are snowballs to be made from cotton wool, slightly moistened and sprinkled with artificial snow. Walnuts, after the meats are removed, can be glued together again, with a cord in the top by the little folks, and painted over with gold and silver paint, and they too add to the attractiveness of the tree. Of course there must be plenty of Christmas stockings for the little folks. They should be made of white netting so that there will be no danger of the dye coming off onto the good things inside. Cut out the stocking shapes and stitch together with red and green wools. Cut out some more of the Christmas pictures from magazines, and insert one in each of the stockings, facing out, and then fill with home-made candies, cookies and other good things.

A Jack Horner Pie

For the table, of course, you will want a Jack Horner pie. A large work basket will answer your purpose and a roll of crepe paper will convert it into "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Completely cover the lid with red rose petals, which are made by cutting out petal shapes with the tip and stem running with the grain of the crepe paper. Gently press out the centre of each petal to give it that natural petal shape. When the lid is covered attach to the centre a little Santa Claus figure, surround him partly with cotton wool and sprinkle over it artificial snow. Around the lower part of the basket wind a frill of the paper and fill it with tiny, amusing gifts. Each little gift should be attached to one end of a red ribbon, the other end being lost under a dinner plate.

For favors that are just a bit different, secure little white cardboard

boxes, such as are used for mailing wedding cake, for each guest. From red Bristol board cut runners, quite a bit longer than the box. Attach to each side of the box and you have a gay little sleigh. If you wish you can tie a red ribbon round each box, after filling it with candy, and under the bow, one top, tuck a spray of holly.

When you are wrapping your Christmas gifts, be sure to use plenty of red and green paper, and your parcels will be a dozen times more attractive. Try putting on a final wrapping of green tissue paper, tied with red cord, or red paper tied with green cord. And when it is ready to be delivered, slip a spray of holly or a gay little sleigh. If you wish you can tie a red ribbon round each box, after filling it with candy, and under the bow, one top, tuck a spray of holly.

POINTS OF VIEW

We cannot live without idealism and we cannot live without realism.—M. Bertrand.

NOT FAR TO GO

A distinguished lawyer and politician was travelling on the train when an Irishwoman came into the car with a big basket, bundle, etc., and sat down near him, when the conductor came around to collect the fares the woman paid her money, and the conductor passed the lawyer without collecting anything. The

Well I guess not!" exclaimed Ned Walters when he had applied for an office position and was told the place was already filled. But that he could have a job in the shipping room. "No overall job for mine: I didn't go all the way through high school just for the sake of wearing blue denim."

Right behind Ned was his chum, Fred Jackson. "Give me the job," urged Fred. "There won't be any overalls on the money I earn."

This incident really happened, and today—ten years have passed—today Fred Jackson is the office manager of this same concern, and the son-faced young man who sits at the corner desk in the big general office is named Ned Walters.

Pretty good motto to work on, this—"Take what you can get." Ge sure it's the best you can get, but be sure you take it. Life is a good deal like rowing a boat upstream; the minute you stop rowing you stop going.

LOVE

The surest way to impoverish your heart is to hoard up your love.

good woman thereupon said to the lawyer:

"An' faith, an' why is it that the conductor takes the money of a poor Irishwoman an' don't ask ye, who came to be a rich man, for sayin'?" The lawyer (who had a pen) replied: "My dear madam, I'm travelling on my beauty."

The woman looked at him for a moment, and then quickly answered: "An' is that so? Thin ye must be very near yer journey's end."

Two Women You Know

There's the one who puts on her street costume, dabs a bit of powder on her nose and sallies forth to shop. She looks here, there and everywhere. She hunts and hunts and HUNTS. When she arrives back home she is jazy and jaded—all mused up, mentally and physically.

There's the other who really has learned the shopping art. She reads the advertisements before she starts out. She finds out exactly what she wants and where to get it. Then she goes straight down town and right to the store that has it. In his way she saves time, money and effort. She comes home fresh as a daisy and ready to get the family a good dinner instead of wishing they could go to a cafeteria.

And the moral is—"A Straight Line is the Shortest Distance Between Two Points."

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS

Of all the year, perhaps that which affords the most joy, is the Yuletide period with its Christmas and the New Year. The wish of our store is that general happiness may be yours.

The Joy of Giving Made Easy

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Something for Every Member of the Family



Pyrex Ware	Jack Knives	Tobacco	Pipes
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The Ragged Madonna

By Elizabeth Moore Joyce

As Maria Rossie emerged from the alley with the little Antonio in her arms, she almost collided with a cart of Christmas evergreens.

"The Feast of the Nativity," murmured Maria devoutly, and then folded little Antonio closer under her worn shawl as the baby reached out for the fragrant evergreens.

Maria's dark eyes were sad but not hopeless as she trudged along. It was true she had been somewhat disappointed in this new country to which Luigi had brought her, but perhaps that had been because he was ill so much lately and too, because her clothing was too thin for this cold climate and food was none too plentiful.

Of course when Luigi recovered and the winter was over, everything would be all right. It was only for a short time that the land of their dreams had failed them, but, ah, the Feast of the Nativity was almost here and little Antonio was reaching out for the first time after the joys of Christmas—and she had nothing to give him.

"There must be a way," Maria said to herself confidently. "Oh, there must be a way and I will find it."

Presently from the tower of a church the chimes melodiously pealed out the hour and Maria paused. Amid the throng of eager, hurrying people she stood still for a moment and then her troubled face cleared and her eyes grew soft.

Holding her baby close she entered the church and knelt down reverently in the last pew. For a long time she knelt there while the peace of the holy place gradually stole over her and calmed her troubled spirit, and little Antonio went to sleep in her arms.

But at length from out of the dimness of the great sanctuary one object began to stand out clearer and clearer as her eyes grew accustomed to the shadows. It was a window close to the chancel that a ray of sunshine had found and as it travelled it brought out in the rich colors of a great painter the figures of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child.

As the window brightened in the sunlight, Maria's eyes became fixed on it as if fascinated. Then slowly she rose from her knees and moved nearer and nearer to the wonderful picture. When at last she reached it she sank on her knees and holding out the sleeping child in her arms she prayed softly.

"Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Help—help!"

Did she imagine it or did the form of the Blessed One above bend over her consolingly? And did the little hands of the Holy Child stretch out in benediction over her own little one?

Maria was cold and clad in rags and had eaten little for days so that Luigi, her sick husband, might have the more. Just what happened she did not know, but suddenly she felt sure that her prayer for help would be answered and weak and faint she sank to the floor before the sunlit Madonna with a low cry of joy.

But as the woman in rags sank down exhausted, another woman clad in furs and silks rose hastily

from a dark corner of the church and went to her.

"Oh, you poor creature! Tell me how I can help you," she said in a voice so gentle that Maria opened her dark eyes wonderingly and then closed them again with a sigh of gratitude.

"Oh, it is true, it is true," she murmured. "I came to the Blessed Virgin for help and she has sent you to me."

"And I came for comfort," replied the richly dressed woman. "Since last Christmas I have lost my little child and did not know how I could endure this one with all its memories. But perhaps in helping you I may find in a measure the comfort I sought when I entered this church."

"Let my little Antonio comfort you, sweet lady," Maria said, eagerly with her soft Italian accent. "This will be his first Christmas and I will share him with you for the sake" she raised her eyes reverently to the richly stained window above her, "for the sake of the Holy Child."

"You would do this for me—a stranger?" asked the bereaved mother. "Oh, I have been selfish in my great sorrow. Now, I too, will try to be brave and helpful—for His sake. Come, I will take you home."

So the ragged Madonna came out of the church with her pale face a glow with hope and the sad-eyed woman left her rich garments helped her gently into her waiting car.

The chimes in the tower once more rang out the passing hour as the little party drove off, and within the church the face of the blue-robed Madonna looked calm and peaceful as the wandering ray of sunshine slowly died away and left it as before in the dim shadows.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.

was written by Phillip Brooks, the great American Bishop, who was a great as great a man as a preacher. He tried to live like Christ. As he walked up and down the streets of Boston he nodded to people here and there until the whole street seemed filled with sunshine. Not many people today read his sermons, but he lives in the hearts of old and young through this beautiful Christmas song. This song has probably been translated in forty-seven languages and in the remotest corners of the earth hearts break forth into joy.

"How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!

So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven."

In this hymn the beloved Bishop Brooks will live and sing through many years.



A Snow-Ball Fight

In the winter-time we have snow-ball fights very often, but the kind I like best is when we have forts.

Last winter, Hilda, Jean, Mary and I made a fort out of snow. This is how we made it:—we rolled large snowballs about a foot in diameter and placed them close together to form an oblong with an opening on the south side. Then we filled in the open spaces and levelled it off on the top. We then put another row of snowballs all around on top of the first row and so on until it was up to our shoulders. Then we built it up on the north side over our heads to keep the cold north wind from us. Then we decided our fort was done.

Then Hilda, Mary and I decided it was time for a snow fight, we got Jean to leave the fort. She then went and got two little girls and a little boy to help her gain it back. Then we agreed that it was time to start the battle, but a rule was made, that we were to try not to hit each other in the face.

In the meantime we had made a block house behind the fort; which consisted of a hole dug in the snow with sides projecting also above the surface, filled with snowballs.

Hilda was the Militia, which was supposed to stay in the fort. Mary was the army, and with her (the General, often charged on the enemy to keep them at a distance from the fort.

The battle started with the enemy stationing themselves a short distance from the fort, and snowballs being thrown from one place to the other. Then the enemy began to advance forward. I gave the order to charge, which was meant for the Army, but the Militia charged too and left the fort unprotected. If the enemy had known it a part of their army could have gone around the fort and thru the door or even climbed the walls (for it was remarkably strong, having been left over night and frozen as hard as ice.) This was repeated quite a few times and sometimes the Militia stayed in the fort, but sometimes was eager to get in the fight so joined the Army and I in charging the enemy. A couple of times I gave the order to charge and when I had charged, with a volley of snowballs, I found that the Army had remained at the fort. Then I quickly retreated. More than once a portion of the enemy's army got in the fort, while the other parts and our army fought fierce outside of it, but we always got them out.

Upon the Militia's retreat to the hospital on account of being very much out of humor and the enemy's getting reinforcements on their side, the Army and I decided that we could not keep up any longer. So we drew up a treaty of peace, verbally.

The terms of the treaty were that the fort should be shared by all of us. On account of it being built higher in the north and west sides the northwest wind couldn't reach us in there, and it proved a warm resting place for us. And it was the last to melt in the spring.



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Spirit of Christmas

What a wonderful spirit is this which meets us down on that margin where the years pass each other—one going and the other coming! It laughs at distance, for the mind then can wing its way over continents and seas that divide us. It starts pilgrimages in fancy, and reality, to the old home.

It calls its roll and from faded pages it brings names that were almost forgotten. Indeed, names are called then that one scarcely mentions from one year's end to another. It stops processions on the way to the cemetery of forgotten things. It awakens memory, and digs in the ashes of the past.

It breaks on mankind with the sound of bells, and lets in a flood of feeling that carries down the barriers of selfishness, and our little boats are loosened from their moorings. It is an earnest of redemption, and a reminder that the world is not altogether bad, for there is scarcely a doorway anywhere then in Christendom which is not entered by a messenger of Love.

Indeed, a channel has been worn in the world's year, and for these few days at least, the spirit of Christ fills it to the brim.

Christmas should mean more to the surging tide of humanity than a day in which the home table is adorned with bounteous supplies of rich food and reliques; a day in which the homes of the fortunate are warmed by glowing fires and blended into warm colors by appropriate decoration. Christmas is nothing to you if this is what it means.

The Christ gives all, without hope or promise of receiving. Shall we receive all and give nothing?

What about the unfortunate brother near you on whom Dame Fortune has not smiled? Offer the comfort of your fireside and the fruits of your labor to him on this, the Day of all Days.

What about the helpless, undernourished infant to whom the cost of a cigar would mean a quart of wholesome milk, happiness and comfort?

What about the widow, laboring to keep life and health in a large family? It might be your wife ten days or ten years hence. The price of a quart would bring happiness to her home and fireside.

Go out on this day; seek out the fallen, the poor and needy; comfort them as best as you can. If it is only a good dinner you can give, give it freely and give it gladly.

Give without thought of receiving in return; the Gods will not forget you. They never do. Make it not a "Merry Christmas," Brother, but a Good Christmas for all mankind.

PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS PEACE

Christmas peace is God's; and He must give it Himself, with His own hand, or we shall never forget it. Go then to God Himself. Then art His child, as Christmas Day declares. Be not afraid to go unto thy Father. Pray to Him; tell Him what thou wantest; Say, "Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing. I feel I cannot keep Christmas bright, for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me, and I know that I shall never get it by thinking, and reading, and understanding; for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it, does peace, in the very essence of Thine undivided, unmoved, absolute, eternal Godhead, which no change nor decay of this created world, nor sin or folly of men, or devils, can alter; but which abideth for ever what it is, in perfect rest, and perfect power and perfect love. O, Father, give my Thy Christmas Peace."—Charles Kingsley.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass.



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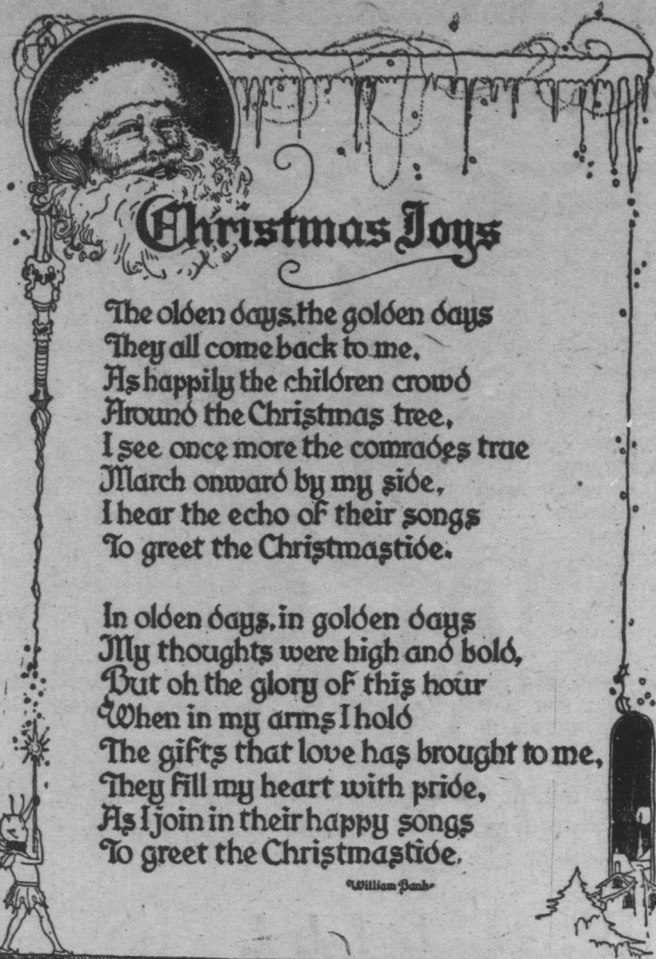
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Fancy Boxes of Gents
Useful Gifts in Hose Supporters,
Suspenders,
Ties and
Combination Sets

Let us make this the Most Joyous of any Christmas we have had the privilege to enjoy. Make your friends happy with the presentation of some small gift as a remembrance of the esteem in which they are held by you. We feel sure we can supply your wants, and cordially invite you to call.

BURKE'S READY-TO-WEAR

KINGSTON,

NOVA SCOTIA



Christmas Joys

The olden days, the golden days
They all come back to me,
As happily the children crowd
Around the Christmas tree,
I see once more the comrades true
March onward by my side,
I hear the echo of their songs
To greet the Christmas tide.

In olden days, in golden days
My thoughts were high and bold,
Out on the glory of this hour
When in my arms I hold
The gifts that love has brought to me,
They fill my heart with pride,
As I join in their happy songs
To greet the Christmas tide.

CHRISTMAS 1924

How shall we come to the Christmas of 1924? Shall it be with despair in our hearts of the final triumph of good over evil, or dare we, despite the voices of the present and the dark fears for the future, declare our faith in the words of Browning's innocent child, and say:

God's in His Heaven;
All's right with the world?"

The answer is simple. Leave Him out of His heaven and out of His world, and Christmas, with its glorious song of old, is little less than a mockery. But hold to the faith that has stayed and steadied unnumbered multitudes of earth's finest spirits in days when those about you will greet the dawn of the new Christmas with a deep and satisfying peace.

Here, is an optimism that will hail the coming Christmas not because it ignores the facts, an optimism that

knows that, though mighty empires have come and gone, and darkness settled over many a nation like an impenetrable gloom, the world has steadily, if slowly, rolled out of darkness into light. This is not the only era in human history when civilization has seemed to be drifting toward the rocks, with no watcher at the bow and no hand on the helm.

Would any of us like to go back to the days when man was emerging from his arboreal life? Do we pine for the civilization of Babylon or Egypt, or Rome, with the world mostly slaves. Have we made no progress even through nights of French Revolutions and Russian horrors? Look back over human history and trace the upward climb, and mark the larger world into which humanity has come since that first Christmas day, and despair will give place to hope, and the song of Browning's maid will not seem so mad a dream.

SALT AND ITS USES

One grows so accustomed to having salt always in evidence in the kitchen that little thought is given to its usefulness outside of the realm of cooking. It has various uses, however, that should not be overlooked in spite of its importance in keeping food from being tasteless.

For instance a little salt rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains and if put into whitewash will make it stick better. As a tooth powder it will keep the teeth white and the gums hard and rosy. If salt and water are used to clean willow furniture, apply it with a brush and rub it dry and the results will be most satisfactory. Salt and water held in the mouth after having a tooth pulled will assist in stopping the bleeding.

Prints rinsed with it in the water will hold the color and look better. Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to obtain the best results. As a fertilizer salt is very valuable. Thoroughly wetting the hair once or twice with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.



Gift Sale Notice !



SALE ENDS
DECEMBER 18
AT 8.45

DRAWING AT
9 P. M.

All ticket holders bear in mind, Sale ends one week from today, Thursday, December 18th. Coupons will be given out all day Thursday until 8.45 p. m.. Drawing will take place at 9 p. m. in Middleton Rink.

Be sure your coupons are present as prizes are to be awarded that night and if the lucky coupons are not presented when called for, another drawing will be made.

Either bring your coupons or write your name on the back and send to G. Fred Fisher, Secretary, keeping record of the numbers you hold. The numbers of the lucky coupons will be seen in The Outlook of Dec. 25th.

Every one present holding several coupons will do well to have a list of the numbers they hold so they can tell in a minute if they have won. This will save you looking at each coupon.

Remember every coupon gives you a chance on all four gifts and the more you have the better your chance. During the last four days, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday all twenty two of the merchants are making Special Displays of Xmas Gifts and they want you to buy your Xmas Gifts then so they can give you more coupons on the gifts. Do Not Put it Off.

Buy Xmas Gifts while the Sale is on, as the last ticket you get may be the lucky one.

Remember tickets given until 8.45 on Thursday evening Drawing at 9 p. m. Everyone welcome. Do not miss it. Be there ready to claim your gift when the lucky numbers are called out.

WILMOT

Dec. 8—Mrs. Walter Kelly returned from Boston on Friday, coming by way of St. John where she spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Magee and family who recently went from Middleton to St. John to live.

A special business meeting of the W. I. was held at the home of the president, Mr. P. A. Baltzer, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wotton are now in their new house.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallet Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bruce and family have left the 'Mitchell' house at So. Farmington and moved to Middleton. They will be very much missed in our community.

Mrs. Hoffman of Nictaux is with Mrs. and Miss Dennison for an indefinite period.

The W. I. are holding a Pic Social in the school house Tuesday evening Dec. 9th.

Mr. William Warner of Lawrence-town spent Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Rupert Parker. Sorry to report Mr. and Mrs. Warner both in poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hilton spent Sunday with relatives in Kingston.

Keep fresh dear old memories of the old home town: Send "The Outlook" to a distant friend. It's a regular consignment gift.

IF THE HORSE COULD TALK WHEN WINTER COMES

If a horse could talk, he would have many things to say, especially when winter comes.

He would tell his driver how a frosty bit stings and tears his lips and tongue when it is thrust into his mouth without being warmed first. He would tell how it feels to have nothing but ice cold water to drink when he is already shivering from the cold.

He would tell of the bitter wind that frosts his sides when he halts, steaming from exertion, and is tied for hours in an exposed place without a blanket.

He would talk of slippery roads and the sensations of falling on cruel cobblestones—the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, the tightened straps and the feel of the driver's lash, the panting nostrils and heaving flanks, and the horrible fright of it all.

When he stumbles don't whip him. Think of your own feelings if struck every time you slipped or stumbled. Warn the bite before putting it in his mouth.

Take the chill off his drinking water when possible, if it is very cold. Give him enough to eat and spread plenty of clean bedding in his stall. Put a blanket on him in the stable on cold nights.

Do not leave him standing in a cold wind without a blanket. Keep him in the sun, if possible.

Keep him sharp shod during the winter.

Drive him carefully over icy roads. When he falls, quickly loosen his harness, push back the sleigh and help him to rise, without blows.

Watch for the appearance of gall spots, and allow nothing to touch them till healed. Be human with your horse. Treat him as well as he treats you.

MELVERN SQUARE

Dec. 8—Mrs. Ralph Lantz has returned from a pleasant visit to Shelburne where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George Swanburg.

Miss Braine spent the week end at her home in Annapolis recently and on her return was accompanied by her sister, Miss Betty, who spent the following week end at the home of Mrs. M. Balcom.

A very successful "Napkin Lunch" and Sale was given by the members of The Community Club, in the Methodist Church on Friday evening last. A large number of people were present, and enjoyed the excellent lunch and purchased many articles from the Fancy Work Table, which presented a very handsome appearance, while home-made ready found ready customers at another table. At the Handkerchief Booth many handsome and dainty 'handies' were displayed, and were quickly disposed of. These articles were all gifts from absent friends.

The proceeds amounted to \$72.00 and some flowers carrying on the work of the hall.

A program was given consisting of choruses and readings and selections from the Melvern Orchestra.

Mr. C. Neely of Brooklyn was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. VanBuskirk, last week.

A song service was held in the Baptist Church on Sunday evening last week the auspices of the W. M. A. Society, with the president, Mrs. M. Sproule in the chair. A good program was rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Goucher and son, Gordon, Miss Gladys VanBuskirk and Miss B. Gulliver of Middleton were guests of Mrs. M. Sproule. Mrs. Eliza Stronach has returned from a pleasant visit to Forest Glade where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gates.

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The Same Old Wish in the Same Old Way Merry Christmas To You All

When Prompt Service Counts

You can always depend on R. S. McKay when it comes to Coal. We have built up a splendid patronage by delivering the kind of coal folks want and when they want it. WE HANDLE THE BEST

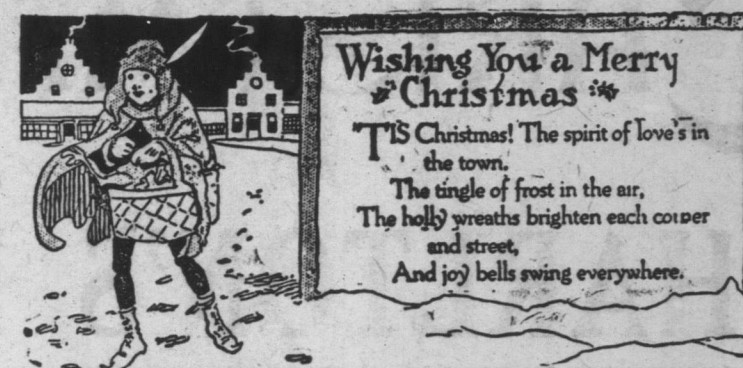
THE GIFT
WORTH WHILE
FOR A NEEDY
FRIEND:—
A LOAD OF
OUR COAL

Besco Coals and Coke
Inverness Coal
Hard Coal

We want you to know that we appreciate your confidence in us, and we want to thank you for your patronage. We shall always endeavor to retain your confidence. Let us serve you with our Coals which are always of

Best Quality. Best Prices.

R. S. McKay MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA
Phone 69



Wishing You a Merry Christmas

'Tis Christmas! The spirit of love is in the town.
The tingle of frost in the air,
The holly wreaths brighten each corner
and street,
And joy bells swing everywhere.

The firm of E. L. Balcom & Sons, formerly of Paradise, who are now established at Victoria St., Middleton since 1923, wish to thank all their patrons for business received in the past.

The business as a whole has been very satisfactory and having installed further up to date machinery are now prepared to handle all kinds of machine work at short notice and wish through these columns to solicit the further business of the general public for the future.

We are ready to do all kinds of Saw Repairing, making a specialty of Resteeling Cylinder Saws.

Other special lines include the making of Rear Axles for any make of cars, also putting Ring Gears made of steel on any kind of cars and making any model of Springs required for autos.

Now is the time to bring in the Spray Pump for overhauling. We carry a complete line of Brass Fittings and all sizes of Plungers, Valve Caps, etc.

Wishing you the compliments of the season.

E. L. BALCOM & SONS

MIDDLETON,

NOVA SCOTIA

THE MAYOR'S LETTER

Mayor Sponagle's letter appears on the front page of this edition. In writing this two names of citizens who had passed to the Great Beyond were overlooked. His Worship, desires us to make this note mentioning those, whom he had omitted at time of writing. They are Mrs. Bezanson and Charles Black.

A CORRECTION

In our regular issue of the 11th, there was an error in The Parish of Wilmot advertisement. According to the ad. it would appear that the Christmas Story was to be given at the Union Church, Wilmot on Sunday the 14th at 3 p.m. Regular Service will take place at this hour. Readers please take note.

Grasp the spirit: Try and make somebody happy at this Christmas time.

XMAS GREETINGS

Bentley's Ltd.

and Staff

Take this opportunity to wish one and all a Very Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year. We thank you who have given us a portion of your patronage and will try by a Better Service to warrant a larger part during 1925.

LET US try to keep our money circulating in Middleton and see if we cannot make The Old Town Grow. This is impossible with as much money going out of town for what can just as well be bought at home. Every Dollar spent with your town Merchant gives them that much more to pay into your Churches, Schools, Town Office, Rink, M.A.A.A. and other Town Affiliations.

FROM NOW UNTIL XMAS:
We are offering the LARGEST
SHOW OF DOLLS ever seen in Mid-
dleton at prices as low as any Cata-
logue House.

LADIES' FUR COATS:
3 only Specials at a Very LOW
PRICE.

LADIES' COATS:
35 only left from 150 and these are
being offered at Attractive Bargains.

NEW BLOUSES:
For Xmas — Crepe de Chine,
Beaded, Tunic Blouses, etc.

NEW SILK SCARVES:
The Latest Colors and Weaves.

XMAS HANDKERCHIEFS:
From 5c to 50c

XMAS BOX HANDKERCHIEFS:
From 50c to \$1.50
THE BEST TABLE OF XMAS AR-
TICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
We have ever shown from 5c to 50c

OUR MEN'S
DEPARTMENT:
Is Showing THE NEW TIES,
SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, HOSIERY
ARM BANDS, HANDKERCHIEFS
MUFFLERS, CLUB BAGS, BATH
ROBES, UMBRELLAS, ETC.
—all are useful Xmas Gifts.

BE SURE AND GET ALL COUPONS
BY THE 18th after that date your
opportunity for the beautiful gifts the
merchants are giving will be over.

BENTLEY'S LTD.

CHRISTMAS
AT
CHARLTON'S Ltd.

We have a complete stock of Christmas
Goodies and our prices will please you.

OUR STOCK INCLUDES

CANDIED CITRON, ORANGE AND LEMON PEEL, FIGS, DATES
GRAPES, COCONUTS, PEANUTS, MIXED NUTS; CLUSTER, SEEDED
AND SEEDLESS RAISINS, ORANGES BANANAS.

A full assortment of Candies including

CREAMS, MOIR'S CHOCOLATES, MOIR'S ROYAL MIXTURE, ANIMAL CANDIES, ETC.
TURKEYS, GEESE DUCKS, CHICKEN AND FOWL, FRESH PORK and
BEEF.

Order now and be sure of getting what you want.

CHARLTON'S LIMITED

MIDDLETON,

PHONE 8

NOVA SCOTIA

Merry Christmas to You



May Your Christmas Morning Be Glorious
and Your Smile of Christmas Cheer
Spread on Throughout the Year.

It is generally admitted that Springhill
and Acadia Coals are the best coals mined in
Nova Scotia. I handle them both, also that
splendid substitute for hard coal, Domestic
Coke. Encourage home industry by using
fuel made by OUR OWN Workmen, in OUR
OWN Country, and so keep our money in
OUR OWN County.

W. S. PINEO

MIDDLETON,

NOVA SCOTIA

THE HOSPITALITY of the cowboy
—it's wonderful, it's beyond compare.
I remember one day when I rode
up on a horse, with a few neigh-
bors, we paused during the noon
hour at one of the big ranches.
There, the cowboys had just pulled
in for dinner too. They greeted us
as brothers. They took our mounts
and placed them in the stables, after
taking off the saddles. They fed
our horses the best the ranch had.
And, us, they took us to the house
and fed us too. It was a good square
feed. Just what a fellow ap-
preciates after being in the saddle
all morning riding the plains. Yes,
after dinner they showed us about
the ranch and related experiences
of the past — nothing but the truth
for a real cowboy neither brags nor
lies — and, some of their stories
were hair-raising, but knowing some
of the life of these lads, I could not
help but admire them the more for
the thrills they had actually gone
through — and how in many in-
stances one boy helped the other
even when the chance of escaping
death itself was very slim. But a
cowboy is not afraid. Where we
were ready to leave the boys got our
horses, saddled them, tried the
straps, and gave us each a lift — a
lift through courtesies sake alone —
and bid us call again. One of our
bunch was about to ask the price of
the fare — but I tapped his steed on
the rump, interrupting the query;
because I had learned from experi-
ence that to spoil a real cowboy's
pleasure of entertaining — all you
need to do is ask "how much?" He
likes it not. And, to think the trek
of the cowboy is fast closing in to
the time when his day as of yore will
be no more. A cowboy may be
rough and unseemly — but he's a
real man with a good true heart
within. He loves his work; his
pleasures, and God's great outdoors.
He's built for service and usually
delivers the goods. If more men
were like the cowboy — what a
great world this would be.

Christmas Time! That man must
be a misanthrope indeed, in whose
breast something like a jovial feeling
is not roused — whose mind some
pleasant association are not awak-
ed — by the recurrence of Christmas.
—DICKENS.

If you would increase your happi-
ness and prolong your life, forget
your neighbors faults. Forget all
the slanders you ever heard. For-
get the temptations. Forget the
fault-finding, and only remember the
good points which made you fond of
them. Forget all personal quarrels
or histories you may have heard by
accident, and which, if repeated,
would seem a thousand times worse
than they are. Blot out, as far as
possible, all the disagreeableness of
life; they will come, but will grow
larger when you remember them and
the constant thought of the acts of
meanness, or worse still, malice,
will tend to make you more familiar
with them. Obliterate everything
disagreeable from yesterday, start
out with a clean sheet today, and
upon it for sweet memory's sake on-
ly those things which are lovely and
loveable.

A local newspaper is absolutely
necessary to any community. It is
the home paper that keeps the people
of the community in touch with each
other, by giving them all the news of
their neighborhood and county. For
that alone they are of value and
worth far more than the small sub-
scription price. They keep the lo-
cal pride and progressive spirit a-
roused and in various ways are
worth far more than the small sub-
scription price. They keep the lo-
cal pride and progressive spirit a-
roused and in various ways are
worth far more to a community than
a community ever spends on them.
The daily paper with its large news
service and quicker facilities may, in
some matters overshadow the weekly
but the weekly home paper fills a
place in the hearts of the people that
a daily cannot fill. It comes to your
home as an old friend and tried
friend while the daily enters as a
stranger.

We must be continually sacrificing
our own wills, as opportunity serves,
to the will of others; bearing, with-
out notice, sights and sounds that
annoy us; setting about this or that
task, when we had far rather be do-
ing something very different; per-
severing in it, often, when we are
thoroughly tired of it; keeping com-
pany for duty's sake, when it would
be a great joy to us to be by our-
selves; besides all the trifling un-
pleasant accidents of life; bodily pain
and weakness long continued, and
perplexing us often when it does not
amount to illness; losing what we
value, missing what we desire disap-
pointment in other persons, witful-
ness, unkindness, ingratitude, folly,
in cases where we least expect it —
J. Keble

TRY YOUR LUCK — Buy a Classified
in the Outlook. If you want any-
thing, it's a good proposition. Every
one and their kids read them. Just
get the rates.

I am Photography

I TURN back the pages of the Book of
Memory. I bring you Thoughts of
Past Years and Old Time Friends!

The Dill Studio is the oldest Photographic establishment in the County
of Annapolis.

We first opened our doors for business on Sept. 15th, 1912, contin-
uing to the fall of 1916, when the Studio was closed. After the war we
increased our knowledge in the photographic art through the making of
moving pictures.

In competition with all Canada we were awarded second prize for
the best moving pictures of His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales,
taken during his first visit to Canada in 1919.

We re-opened our studio in Middleton, May, 1920 and since that date
our business has increased to such proportions that it was necessary to
enlarge our workrooms, and they have been equipped with the most mod-
ern equipment to enable us to turn out the best work.

FOR TWELVE YEARS we have been photographing the folks of An-
napolis Valley, and Dill pictures in your family collection of photographs
(and through our Amateur Finishing Dept., your Snapshots) truly TURN
BACK THE PAGES OF THE BOOK OF MEMORY."

We are taking this opportunity of thanking you for your
valuable patronage and of wishing you all "Merry Christ-
mas, a Snug and HEARTY NEW YEAR."

W. H. DILL

Photographer.

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