

No. 25 / File 111  
 All articles  
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# The Guardian.

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VOL. 14, NO. 25.

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BAY ROBERTS, Nfld., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1925.

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 A SPLENDID OPPOR-  
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 SUIT

at a remarkably  
 low price.  
 W.H. Greenland,  
 COLEBY'S POINT.

No Close-down  
 at Bell Island

The annual clean up which usually takes place at Bell Island toward the end of the year when nearly all the miners go to their homes for Christmas, occurred there last week. These men have gone to their homes in various parts of Conception Bay. Some of the newspapers reported that the Company had closed down and that 1500 men had been thrown out of employment. A communication has been received from President Wolvin, by the Prime Minister, that operations on the four slopes would be resumed on January 4th, 1926. The stock piles are now empty and will have to be refilled early in the New Year.

NOTE OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred White-way desire to express their thanks to the many kind friends both in St. John's and in Bay Roberts who assisted at the time of the death of the late Elijah Mercer. Especially the brethren of Victoria L. O. A., No. 3, of which deceased was a member; the choir for rendering music at the church and to Rev. Howse, who officiated at the service in the Church and grave-side.

Mr. Carl Howse, who is attending the Meth. College, St. John's, arrived by Tuesday's night train to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Rev. C. and Mrs. Howse.

### The Common Things of Life Newfoundland Makes Generous Gift.

There is no season of the year when the common things of life, such as Love, Good-will, Kindness, Unity and Thankfulness, are brought to the fore and exemplified as they are at the Christmas season.

In Northern climates such as ours the "reeling-up" time or the "resting" time has come when, after the harvest of the sea and land has been gathered, men are in a position to quietly review the work of the year.

The Christmas season, following as it does so closely the harvest time, our attention is drawn to the great event of Christendom, the gift of God to the world, with all that it symbolizes.

As we review the past year since we last celebrated the Birth of Christ, many are the changes that have taken place in the world and in our own Newfoundland. To some the year has brought sadness, bereavement and loss, but to the vast majority it has brought happiness and prosperity.

Was not this the very things we wished our friends last Christmas and last New Year? "I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year" are the old familiar words we use. To what extent each one of us helped our friends to realize this sentiment, happiness and prosperity I cannot say. No doubt we have nearly all failed in this respect. But however much we have fallen short of our ideals and our desires, it will be generally admitted that during the year our country and its people have been prosperous and happy.

Many things have contributed to this happiness and prosperity, such as the industry and activities of the people generally, but the common things of life such as we have referred to, Love, Unity, Good-will, etc., have been the greatest contributing factors.

As we study and review life in all its complex phases, we cannot fail to see the great need there is for closer cooperation, sympathy, unity and a broader tolerance among our people.

Hatred, jealousies, misrepresentation, must give way to Love, Mercy and Justice, for it will be by the practice of these and other virtues that we as a people may hope to carry with us the real Christmas spirit throughout the coming year.

The people of the District of Harbor Grace have met with a fair share of prosperity, and I trust that the coming year will be still better.

May I take this opportunity of wishing one and all  
 A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
 and a Happy and Prosperous  
 New Year.  
 C. E. RUSSELL.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Belbin went to St. John's by Monday's train.

Mr. Jas. G. Baggs spent a few days in St. John's this week.

Mr. James Mosdell arrived from Boston, Mass., by Saturday's express.

Miss Christeen Dawe, who is attending the Junior University, St. John's, arrived here on Wednesday to spend her Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dawe.

### The Gracian House

MRS. YBTMAN, Proprietress.

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 Church, HARBOR GRACE.

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 dated at moderate rates.

### Greetings.

Prime Minister's Office,  
 St. John's, Newfoundland.  
 December 19, 1925.  
 St. John's, Newfoundland,  
 (Editor of "The Guardian.")

Dear Sir,—I take this opportunity through your agency of expressing my best wishes to the people of Conception Bay for a very Happy Christmas Season and every possible prosperity in the year that is before us.

While the Government do not take to themselves all the credit for a better condition of affairs than existed when they came in to office they do contend that an honest effort on their part to make living conditions more hopeful for the people has contributed to more confidence in the future. The world over has suffered as a result of a World's War and I think this Oldest Colony of the British Empire is recovering from the aftermath as quickly as its neighbours. While poverty and distress is still unfortunately in our midst the Colony generally is on a firmer footing and we may hope that still brighter days are before us.

(Signed) W. S. MONROE,  
 Prime Minister.

St. John's, Newfoundland.  
 December 22, 1925.

Dear Guardian: I thank you for the courtesy extended, permitting me through your columns to express a word of greeting to your readers at this festive and joyous Christmas season. Since we last sang our Adeste Fideles, many things of importance have happened to Newfoundland, and who will say that our Country and people generally are not in a happier, more prosperous and continued condition than they have been for some time past.

We face the New Year confident of greater effort and greater unity, thereby attaining greater heights with respect to, not alone our own spiritual and temporal welfare, but the moral, social, commercial and industrial advancement of our Country. We in Newfoundland have many blessings to be thankful for, and although in time of adversity and gloomy forebodings the outlook may appear hopeless, invariably the silver lining again appears, and we join in the thought—

We take our share in fretting,  
 Of grieving and forgetting,  
 The paths are often rough and steep,  
 And heedless feet may fall.

But yet the days are cheery,  
 And nights bring rest when weary,  
 And somehow this old planet is  
 a good world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,  
 The joys are more than double,  
 The brave surpass the cowards,  
 and the leal are like a wall  
 To guard their dearest ever.



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For Sale By

JOHN PARSONS,  
 General Dealer,  
 Bay Roberts.

To fail the feeblest never;  
 And somehow this old earth re-  
 mains a bright world, after  
 all.

Therefore, in this spirit, dear  
 Guardian, I extend to you and  
 your Readers, every good wish  
 for the Christmas Season, and  
 for a Bright, Happy and Pros-  
 perous New Year.  
 (Signed) J. R. BENNETT.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME.

By Carolyn Wells.  
 When the turkey's on the table  
 and the candle's on the tree,  
 I'm just about as happy as I  
 ever wanta be.

My children gathered round me  
 and my neighbors sittin' by,  
 I couldn't be no happier and I  
 don't wanta try.

I like the parson's sermon and I  
 like the ringin' chimes,  
 I like the dressed-up feeling  
 that's around at Christmas  
 time;

But best of all the doings is the  
 time, it seems to me,  
 When the turkey's on the table  
 and the candle's on the tree.

There's a lot of solid comfort  
 gettin' ready for the day,  
 Amakin' wreaths of evergreen  
 and hollyberry spray;

And Mother, she gets busy  
 abakin' things to eat,  
 And makin' any kind of food  
 that's savory and sweet.

And we tie up little presents and  
 we make up little jokes,  
 You know—with verses bringin'  
 in the names of all the folks.

But it's all workin' upward to  
 the very height of glee  
 When the turkey's on the table  
 and the candle's on the tree.

You see the Christmas ritual is  
 "Peace on Earth" and then  
 It also has another clause about  
 "Good-will to men";

The latter, as I take it, bein' do-  
 in' all you can  
 To give a bit of Christmas cheer  
 to any fellow man.

So I start in Christmas morning  
 with the raisin' of the sun,  
 An' I stick at it until I get my  
 good-will chores all done.

An' then I want my "Peace on  
 Earth," and that is when I  
 see  
 The turkey on the table and the  
 candles on the tree.

### Cheap Groceries for Christmas.

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All your Xmas  
 Groceries can be  
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 lowest price at

E. J. French's  
 THE BARGAIN STORE.  
 BAY ROBERTS, WEST.



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BRACELETS \$8.00 to \$20.00.  
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ROSARIES \$5.00 to \$6.50.  
MESH BAGS \$4.00 to \$25.00.  
WALKING STICKS \$1.25 to \$15.00.  
WATCH FOBS \$4.00 to \$6.50.  
CUFF LINKS \$4.00 to \$12.00.  
CIGARETTE CASES \$1.00 to \$25.00.  
MILITARY BRUSHES \$6.00 to \$11.00.  
ASH TRAYS \$1.00 to \$4.00.  
TOBACCO POUCHES \$4.00 to \$5.00.  
FOUNTAIN PENS \$2.50 to \$5.50.  
PENCILS \$1.50 to \$5.50.

These are just a few items of many that we offer and we will gladly answer any enquiry. Please remit with order and save delay.

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DAVID STOTT,

Superintendent

G. W. LEMESURIER

Deputy Min. Posts & Telegraph

April 19, 23



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NEWFOUNDLAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

## The Northern Lights.

By I. C. MORRIS.

(For the Bay Roberts Guardian)

Of all the heavenly bodies, perhaps none are more beautiful than those which blaze forth in the polar night. True it is, that the Sun in his glory reflects the greatest grandeur of all the heavenly bodies, visible to the children of men by day, but at night a myriad suns are seen, and a myriad planets twinkle, and worlds innumerable come to view. Of these nightly orbs the moon perhaps is the best known; because of its monthly visits and silvery light. All these planets belong to the celestial order of creation, but may be ranked amongst the material elements of space. But the Aurora Borealis, of which we now write, does not come under this heading; for it really does not exist, and is at best but a reflection of these greater bodies. But though the Aurora be but a reflection, it has ever been a source of wonderment to the dusky and roving tribes which are found within the confines of the Arctic circle. These people are but few in number, and most of them are now Christianized; but in their benighted state they were like all heathen people, full of superstition, and to them the Aurora was considered as a God, to which, during their long Arctic night, they looked with fear.

In the first place they were attracted by the light, and further, they were almost awestricken by its movements, as the very heavens seemed to dance above them, or its inhabitants seemed to be at war. Those who have any knowledge of the Mythology of the ancients are not in the least surprised that poor, benighted men and women, living in ignorance, and blinded by superstition, should thus interpret those moving phantoms of the northern latitudes—the home of the Aurora. At the same time it is well to remember that the brightest displays of the Aurora take place at about latitude sixty, or sixty-five. This statement is established by the reports of surveyors and meteorologists, and by competent authorities upon these phenomena.

Of all the vantage points from which the Northern Lights, as the Aurora is called, may be viewed, the deck of a whaling ship, anchored near the south of Greenland, affords one of the best. To view the Aurora from some city, or from some mountain height, or other promontory, is to be impressed; but to see them at their best, and to catch the action of their movements, one must imagine himself in the far north, with the ships of the New England states or with the Dundee whalers, or perchance one of our own whalers of the early Victorian period.

Let us, therefore, for a moment or two call to mind one of those old barks which years ago sailed away on a whaling voyage. Let us imagine we are one

of the crew, and having arrived in the mouth of Hudson's Bay, or on the borders of Baffin's Land. Let us further fancy that we have been on an eighteen months' voyage, and therefore have spent a winter in these latitudes. The winter brought with it the long Arctic night of many months; as well as its winds and vapours. The dim lights of the ship were but flickering tapers, produced by the oil which had been rendered from the whales. At best it would be dismal on board ship, and the long darkness intensified the lonely situation. Under such conditions no element would be more welcome than light. Hence the attraction and the glory of the Northern Lights to every member of the crew.

If anybody ever saw the northern lights at their best, it would be the whaler's crew, and though they had often beheld them from their more southern homes and had noticed their grandeur and beauty, they now saw them as only few are privileged to do. Let us look at the lights. For a moment they seem to stand still, and then, as if at some word of command, they begin to move, and to expand, until the entire heavens appear as under marching orders, and the firmament becomes a sea of silver light. Movement after movement, expansion beyond expansion, shadow beyond shadow, until the firmament appears as a huge sheet of polished steel—all in action, and yet all silent, but all radiating from some unseen source of light.

This light was, of course, the sun's rays, or the reflection of its rays, and though the benighted tribes of the north knew it not, the whaler's crew was aware that these wonderful and mysterious lights above them, were but reflections of a real light, and that in due time it would appear above the horizon, and bring light and life to all around.

The whalers knew this, and it meant that the icy barrier would again give way, and that the good ship that was bound in the Ice Kings' grip, would soon be liberated, and that the Arctic waters would again splash her sides. But the glory of the Aurora had impressed the crew none the less. They had seen it at its zenith, and to them it appeared as a canopy of silver, dancing and bidding defiance to the long Arctic night. Often had their ship had been storm swept, and enshrouded in blizzards, and for long weeks fast bound in what seemed an eternal ice-bed.

But all the while the Aurora danced about them, and shot out further to the north, and like some army wheeled about, and took up similar position to the south; so that there was not only light over head, but there was the action of a myriad figures, and the countless shapes which defied the brush of the best artist.

But it is not possible to de-

scribe those lights, and even though some of us have studiously watched them for half a century, and have wondered at them, we but fail to perceive their mystery, or interpret their meaning. They reflect a higher power than man's, and in a manner they present a picture of the earth held in the power of the Frost King. The lights appear as so much molten silver, and their reflection upon the sea, and snow, seems to send back a challenge which belongs entirely to the Arctic regions, and which comes and goes with the order of the seasons. Only the whalers and those who penetrate into the far north, are permitted to see those eternal snows, and those mighty icebergs; but not so with the northern lights, for they are seen by the people of the great cities, as well as by the whalers and the benighted tribes of the solitary north.

The Northern Lights tell their own tale. They teach their own sublime lesson to the children of men, and as the seasons succeed each other, they regularly appear, and dance their flirtations during the Arctic night. For ages untold they have taught the one great lesson, the lesson of reflection. In themselves the lights possess no substance; for the substance which they represent, and to which they owe their cintillation, is the Sun—that great centre of heat by which our lower world is sustained. In this respect the Aurora may be taken as an illustration of many people. The Aurora reflects light and action, and seems to defy the blackness of the Arctic night. So with our lives—they should reflect that greatness of character which is the heritage of all true men, and which makes the world bright, and life better.

The old whalers have all gone, and their timbers are limbered on many reefs; and modern ships, and ocean greyhounds, have taken their place; but the Northern Lights have not gone, nor have they been supplanted. As they shone on the old ships one hundred years ago, so they shine still, and as they danced so dance they still; and though their lights be but the shadow of a greater light, they are none the less real. The dusky tribes of the far North still wonder at them, and to a large degree misunderstand them. But though those benighted people may not have been able to solve the mystery of the Aurora, they perhaps have succeeded in doing so, as well as some of the critics and denizens of the cities have done. It was said of old, "that the world by wisdom knew not God," and the same truth applies to-day. Hence some great men have failed to see God, in his own works; but the benighted tribes of the Arctic circle knew that they saw something greater than themselves, and in their ignorance they called these things the spirit of the gods. But now they have come to a better place; and having learned the story of Christianity, they have a clearer vision, and what they once thought of, and looked to, as the spirit of the gods, they know to be the works of the true God.

We may all learn good lessons from these things, for nature is a splendid teacher, and if we open our eyes to its beauty, we shall soon come to understand what the Psalmist meant when he said "all Thy works praise Thee, O Lord." And having seen God in His works, we will the better comprehend His love, and see the meaning of the angels' song, who on the first Christmas morning sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,  
"DIOCESAN MAGAZINE."

We are in receipt of a copy of the Christmas Number of the "Diocesan Magazine" and wish to express to the publishers our congratulations on the excellence of this edition.

The message from the Bishop of Newfoundland is well worth commendation for the true spirit of Christmas shines therein.

We note, too, that there have been three Ecclesiastical appointments recently, viz.—  
Rev. Walter Bugden, Incumbent of Tack's Beach.

Rev. Max B. Way, Incumbent of Bay de Verde.

Rev. Geo. H. Seavey, Curate of Bay Roberts.

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AGENTS for NEWFOUNDLAND.

## NOTICE.

Department of Agriculture  
and Mines.

Farmers requiring ground Lime Stone for use in their ground, will please place their orders with this Department, pay for same and present the order at the Lime Linn, Battery Road, and take in immediate delivery of the material. The maximum amount available to farmers in five tons. Persons operating on small areas of land may purchase proportionately less quantities only. The Pulverized Lime Stone will cost \$6.00 per ton at the Pulver.

Outport applicants requiring this material are requested to communicate directly with this Department.

W. J. WALSH,

Minister Agriculture & Mines.

## NOTICE

To Owners and Masters of  
British Ships

The attention of Owners and Masters of British Ships is called to the 74th Section of the "Merchant Shipping Act, 1894."

75.—(1) A Ship belonging to a British Subject shall hoist the proper national colors—  
(a) on a signal made to her by one of His Majesty's ships including any vessel under the command of an officer of His Majesty's navy or full pay, and  
(b) on entering or leaving any foreign port and  
(c) if of fifty tons gross tonnage or upwards, on entering or leaving any British Port.

(2) If default is made on board any ship in complying with this section the master of the ship shall for each offence be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

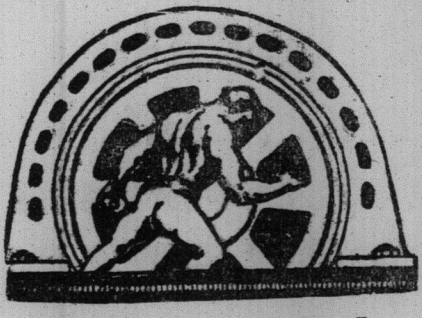
At time of war it is necessary for every British Ship to hoist the colours and heave to if signalled by a British Warship; if a vessel hoists no colours and runs away, it is liable to be fired upon  
H. W. LEMESURIER  
Register of Shipping.

## The Hope Star

Part One.

By G. M. R.

A cheery fire blazed in the open grate as Hope Allison made herself comfortable upon the divan in the living room of her apartment. Two hours previously she had left the office of the Felix Rubber Company in New York, where she had worked as secretary to the President for the past three years. The other members of the office staff wondered among themselves why the usual brightness seemed to have suddenly left her face? There was nothing lacking in the warmth and friendliness with which Hope Allison wished each one, from the Secretary to the janitor, whom she met in the hallway, "A Happy Christmas!" But in spite of this a keen observer would have noted a new sadness in the depths of her grey eyes. Many there were on that Christmas Eve who turned to look, for the second time, at the figure of a girl in a rich fur coat with a small, close-fitting red hat, whose smiling lips were a contradiction to her sad eyes. To smile in the face of difficulties was part of Hope Allison's code of honour. And so, at this time, when one of life's greatest problems presented itself to her, she kept smiling until her maid had cleared the last of the dinner things away and she was left alone with her thoughts. Bittersweet memories brought her back to a Christmas Eve eight years ago, when the bells ringing happily across the snow, which had fallen deeply, seemed to make Mentone, her old-home town, the most wonderful place on earth. It was one of the customs of the Allison family to send baskets of good things to the poor of the community and Hope, the eldest daughter, had learned to look forward with joy to her task of bringing cheer to poverty-stricken homes each Christmas Eve. Eight years ago this very night, the work of delivering the baskets had become doubly sweet to Hope, for David McLaine, her schoolmate and pal had promised to go to the various places with her. David was one of the best pals anyone could have. The honesty and fun which shone in his clear blue eyes, made one forget there were such things as sorrow and disappointment in the world. As they came down the lane after delivering the last parcel to old widow Grayer, David turned to his companion, saying, "Hope, I think you're an awfully good kid to be doing this while the other girls are skating down on the pond!" In an instant Hope turned to ask, "What about you, David? You're helping as much as I." A smile transfigured his face, as very slowly he spoke his re-



### Electrify!

No doubt you INTEND to have Electricity in your home SOMETIME—no home is complete now-a-days without it. BUT WHY WAIT? You want the comforts and conveniences that Electricity affords now, and you can have them with less trouble and less expense than you may think possible. Hundreds of thousands of already built homes have been wired for Electricity—AT SMALL COST. Perhaps you are not familiar with modern methods of installing Electricity, whereby wires are drawn through partitions and under floors by expert workmen. There is no dirt, no disfigurement of walls or woodwork and no interruption of the everyday household routine. GET YOUR HOUSE WIRED NOW! For particulars apply to Mr. F. J. WINSOR, Bay Roberts, agent UNITED TOWNS ELECTRIC CO., Limited.

ply, "I came just to be with you. Someday, when I'm rich, you and I are going to get married, as sure as that star is shining there," and turning, he pointed to the brightest star in the western sky. Since then there was never a time Hope saw that star but David's words came back to her—"Someday . . . you and I are going to get married." At first she believed that David had meant these words, but, after four years of silence, she persuaded herself that it was the magic of the moonlit night and his boyishness that had prompted the words which meant so much to her. When an uncle came from the north-west of Canada and David went back with him, it seemed that a door had closed shutting David out of her life. At first, cards were exchanged at Christmastime, telling their message of remembrance, but for four years there had been an unbroken silence. After the first year that no message had come, Hope began to think that David, the comrade of her schooldays whom she loved, had died in his far off western home. If only these memories would cease to haunt her—if only one could love and forget! If material things could satisfy a yearning heart, then Hope would have tasted complete happiness. Four years ago she entered the office of the Felix Rubber Company and the following year her ambition reached its height when she was transferred to the office of the President as his private secretary. Each year her work was becoming more satisfactory and her salary was increasing. But on that Christmas Eve how paltry all these things seemed! If only David, with his honest eyes and boyish smile, were to come back into her life! As Hope put another log in the fireplace, she remembered part of an old song someone was humming as she came upstairs several hours before.

"I am just a roaming rover, strolling down a lonely lane, Wandering in dreams, wandering it seems, Waiting and wishing in vain. Strolling down the lane of memory in the land of once again Just a rolling stone, lonesome alone, Strolling down a lonely lane." It hardly seemed possible that Hope Allison, one of the most popular members of her set, sitting alone while the freight cast haunting shadows upon the wall of her comfortably furnished living-room, felt her eyes overflow with sudden tears. Just then her thoughts were interrupted by a timid knock at the door and to her, "Come in", her maid entered carrying a large box. "This just arrived for you, Miss", she said as she quietly withdrew. Hope's hands trembled as she took the wrappings off the parcel. As she lifted a magnificent bouquet of white and pale pink roses, she noticed a small piece of paper among the ferns and flowers. Unfolding it, she read the words,—"While roses give their fragrance, my love will remain for you. D. W."

Hope sank down upon the divan with a gesture of helplessness. Strange that in her reveries she had forgotten the events of the afternoon! Forgotten that when she had gone into the office of Donald Wright, President of the Felix Rubber Company, to wish him a happy Christmas, that he had told her of his love for her. She remembered now the look in his eyes as he said, "Miss Allison, I am offering you my love—the only love that has ever entered my life. If you cannot love me in return, give me companionship and I will spend the last ounce of my strength to make you happy. I want to stand between you and everything in life that hurts or disappoints. Are you going to give me the gift I ask of you?" As she raised her eyes, she beheld the form, which had become so familiar to her during the three years she had worked as his private secretary. They stood facing each other. The man, tall and well-built, fast approaching middle age. His dark hair was tinged with grey at the temples. The deep lines upon the pale broad forehead told of

great responsibility rather than the fingerprints of age. His grey-blue eyes were deep in their pleading and seemed to demand the gift he was asking. The lips drawn tightly together, as though expecting a refusal, added greater intensity to his whole attitude. If Hope could have seen his hands opening and closing spasmodically she would have realized the inward battle he was fighting. Hope Allison as she stood there, her slight frame quivering, realized she must speak the words which would close the doors of happiness to Donald Wright, one of the squarest men she had ever known. At length, the grey eyes met his and, after what seemed almost an eternity of waiting, her low, musical voice replied, "Oh, that I could return the great love you have offered me, but my love is already given to one who did not want the gift. I have given the best and I could not offer you second best. Thank you so much for caring. Can you not still be my friend?" She advanced two or three steps toward him and held out her hand. He regarded her pale, upturned face in silence and then, as by a supreme effort, he mastered himself and taking her outstretched hand in both of his, said in a steady voice, "I love you more for being so true to yourself. Little friend, I want you to feel that, no matter what happens, you can come to me and I will be waiting always. Someday" and he lifted his head and as though he were reading the future, continued, "someday if he is worthy the man you love will come back to you and because you have kept faith, you will go hand in hand into the haven, which comes to dreamer-souls who wait. Will you let me know if ever you want me?" She raised her head and her eyes spoke the words she could not utter. In silence she withdrew her hand from his and left the office. As he held the door open for her, she glanced at his face but it conveyed to her nothing of the suffering of his heart. She almost wondered if her refusal meant a great deal to him? But, in the quietness of her home as she gazed upon his gift of roses, she knew that this love would last till the end of all things and her heart mourned that she could not give him a love as strong as his own.

Part Two.

Diane, Hope Allison's maid, was stepping out of the elevator in the main hallway of the hotel where Hope's apartment was, when the clerk stepped up to her and asked, "Is Miss Allison at home?" As she replied in the affirmative, a tall stranger advanced and questioned, "Has Miss Allison any friends in?" Diane would have hesitated another time in giving information to anyone regarding her mistress but then she replied readily, "Miss Allison is quite alone." He thanked her and passed over to the elevator which brought one to the upper apartments.

For a few moments he halted outside the door of apartment 12 before knocking. He waited. Then the door slowly opened and he came face to face with the woman whom he had not seen for eight years! She wondered if her senses were playing false with her? But he was speaking and that could not be fancy. "Am I too late, Hope?" he questioned. The years had changed the form but his voice held the old-time ring; his face had grown older but the same old gladness was shining in his eyes. He had entered the room and was standing with his back to the door. Countless questions came thronging to Hope's mind: why four years of almost unbroken silence? Why did he not want her and come to her before? Had he loved and lost someone else? Then came the thought supreme over all others, "Love means Faith and Trust!" Explanation could come later—David, whom she loved and longed for, had come back to her. And so, out of the depths of her heart she answered, "David, I've been waiting for you!" After they realized that at last they had found each other, David said, "Hope, I've made a mistake. I wanted to climb the ladder of success and have something worthy of offering, before I came to you—" "When we might have been climbing together!" Hope put in. They were standing near the window then, looking out upon the night. The sound of bells came to them bringing them

back to Christmas Eve eight years before. Suddenly they both looked up and there in the Western sky gleamed one star and David, holding Hope's hand in his, repeated the words he had said eight years ago, "Some day soon you and I are going to get married—as sure as that star is shining there!" And the Hope Star gleamed on, guiding two hearts who loved into the haven they longed to find.

### THE PRINCE OF PEACE

"What means this glory around our feet," The magi mused, "more bright than morn?" And voices chanted clear and sweet, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" "What means that star," the shepherds said, "That brightens through the rocky glen?" And angels, answering overhead, Said, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" All around about our feet shall shine A Light like that the Wise Men saw, If we our loving will incline To that Sweet Life which is the Law. So shall we learn to understand The simple faith of shepherds then, And, clasping kindly hand in hand, Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" And they who do their souls no wrong, But keep at eve the faith of morn, Shall daily hear the angel song, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" —James Russell Lowell.

Dec. 10—Shipments of paper from Newfoundland to the United States during the past two months amounted to a total value of \$1,200,000.



**Hello!**  
I HAVE A TELEPHONE IN MY HOME!  
**Have you?**  
It's the handiest thing about our House. We can talk to almost anybody in town—any time. It saves trips and time, and offers the surest protection against fire and sickness. No, it's not expensive. It's the cheapest, best thing you can get!  
**DO IT TO-DAY!**  
AVALON TELEPHONE COMPANY, LIMITED.

**Splendid Values**  
IN  
**Gents Furnishing's.**  
We are now showing complete stocks in the following lines:  
**Men's Caps**  
In all the leading Brands: Maritime, Cooper and Eastern.  
**Men's Shirts**  
In a beautiful assortment of striped Percales, open front and tunic styles, sizes 14 to 16½.  
**Men's Neck Ties.**  
**Men's Braces.**  
**Men's Collars.**  
**Men's Garters.**

**Marshall Brothers,**  
Water Street, St. John's.



### NEWFOUNDLAND NOTICE TO MARINERS NO. 7—1925.

#### Fog Alarm Established

#### Point La Haye St. Mary's Bay,

Lat. 46° 54' 20" N. Long. 53° 36' 40" W.  
POSITION—On Pt. LaHaye, entrance to St. Mary's Bay.  
DESCRIPTION—A 3 inch Diaphone Fog Alarm operated by compressed air by oil engine.  
PERIOD—Three blasts of 1½ seconds duration every 60 seconds, thus—  
Blast, Silent Blast Silent Blast Silent 1½ 2 1½ 2 1½ 52½  
STRUCTURE—Flat roofed engine house, dwelling house and store, all painted red and white horizontal bands.  
REMARKS—This Fog Alarm will go into operation on December 26, 1925.  
W. C. WINSOR,  
Minister of Marine & Fisheries,  
Department of Marine & Fisheries,  
Lighthouse Department,  
St. John's, Newfoundland.



### DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

#### PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Department has found it necessary to effect a change in the matter of paydays. In future pay-days will be observed as follows:—  
Mechanics, Labourers and Other workmen will be paid on Saturday of each week, Bills or accounts for services rendered or goods supplied will be paid fortnightly, on the FIRST AND THIRD SATURDAY of each month excepting petty bills for vegetables, firewood and forage, etc., purchased from residents of outlying settlements which will be paid every SATURDAY.

All bills or accounts properly certified and on hand in the Department for approval and audit on the preceding TUESDAY will be available for collection on the following SATURDAY.

The above also refers to allocations in connection with Roads and Special Grants.

In the event of any SATURDAY being a whole holiday, bills must be in the Department on the preceding MONDAY and payment will be available on FRIDAY.  
All those concerned will please govern themselves accordingly.  
C. E. RUSSELL,  
Minister of Public Works,  
Department of Public Works,  
November 7th, 1925.

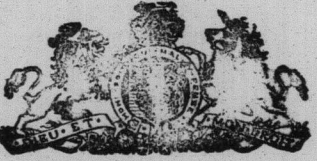
Watch this Space for ADVERTISE-MENT Next week.

### C. & A. DAWE.

Your Satisfaction our First Thought.

## VICTOR FLOUR

Sold by JOHN PARSONS

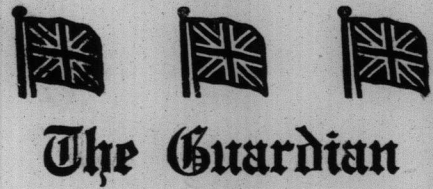


Newfoundland Postal Telegraphs Foreign Connection

### The Commercial Cable Company and its World-Wide Service

THE POSTAL is the only extensive public telegraph service for Newfoundland, and has connection to all inland places. A ten word message costs only twenty-five cents, the address for Central and South America and signature as well as Postal fee, Halifax and Bermuda and telephone transmission to destination is free of cost.  
THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY  
"American Postal Telegraph" connection to all inland places. A "Canadian Pacific Railway" ten word message costs only twenty-five cents, the address for Central and South America and signature as well as Postal fee, Halifax and Bermuda and telephone transmission to destination is free of cost.  
A cheap night, as well as day service is also given to all points in Canada and the United States of America. The Postal has also direct connection with Great Britain, thence to all European points. Rates as low as 6c. per word. Stamps to value of ten cents must be affixed by senders to all cable (foreign) messages from Newfoundland.  
THE POSTAL has also immediate and constant connection with Wireless Stations at Cape Race, Fogo and Battle Harbour, and in Summer with Labrador Wireless Stations. Also with Wireless to and from ships at sea.  
Cable business handed to the Postal ensures quick service via New York or Canso to Brazil, Bahia Pernambuco, Bahamas, Barbadoes and Bermuda. Our connections are as follows:—  
The Newfoundland message benefits largely when you patronize the Postal Telegraphs. Its whole staff (clerical and operators) from Superintendent to Messengers are sworn to secrecy.

"The Guardian" wishes its Friends and Patrons a Joyous Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.



C. E. Russell, Proprietor.

Issued every Saturday from the office of publication, Water St., Bay Roberts, Nfld. Subscriptions (post free) to any part of Nfld. \$1.00 per year. To Canada, United States, Great Britain, etc., \$1.50 per year, post-paid. All subscriptions payable in advance.

Advertising Rates—For display advertisements, 50 cents per inch for the first insertion, 25 cents per inch for each continuation. Special advt. Wanted or For Sale column, 10c per line for 1st insertion, 5c a line for subsequent insertions. Special prices quoted for six or twelve months.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

All advertisements subject to the approval of the management. Birth, Marriage and Death Notices 50 cents per insertion. Notices of Thanks and Lists of Presents, 50c to \$1.00. All small and transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion. The number of insertions must be specified.

Bay Roberts, Thursday, Dec. 24.

Christmas 1925.

Christmas! What a flood of memories comes with the word. To high and low, to rich and poor, to saint and sinner, comes this season, shedding abroad hope and inspiration. There are very few of us to whom Christmas does not bring hallowed thoughts and wonderful memories. From the old man, who is living again the years filled with laughter and tears, to the tiny tot, who with childish fingers, places a stocking near the chimney to await the arrival of Santa Claus, the heart of each of us responds to the message which Christmas teaches.

"Glory to God in the highest" sang the angel choir on that first Christmas night. To-day millions of people are, by their lives of truth and honor, giving the highest glory to God, without whom, life, with its haunting mystery, its subtle pathos, its wistful longings, its lights, its shadows, its bewildering tragedy of pain and sorrow, would be nothing more than a baffling maze.

"Peace"—another note of that angel chor us has awakened a responsive chord in the hearts of men through all the ages. Nations, bowed with the anguish of warfare, have hailed the day when the throbbing of war-drums have ceased and over their pillaged lands has come the soothing hand of Peace.

"Goodwill toward men." This is one of the things He came to bring and it is a gift that we may give our fellowman each hour we live. This means that the Christmas season will find no remembered grudge—no unhealed wound—in any heart.

So will we, by giving our lives, be presenting acceptable gifts to the Christ—the King, whose Birth we celebrate at this time.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mrs. Geo. Hierlihy was in St. John's a few days last week. Misses Margaret Fraser, Rita Greenland and Audrey George returned from Bishop Spencer College on Saturday to spend their Christmas holidays. Mr. S. H. Feder, optician, arrived here from Sydney by Monday's train. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur George went to St. John's by Monday morning's train. Mr. A. E. Baggs arrived here Wednesday night from Boston, Mass., via St. John's. Messrs. Jas. Mercer, Robt. Mercer and W. Earle, of Shearstown, went to St. John's by Monday morning's train.

The Christmas Festival And Its Hallowed and Other Associations

By ALEX. A. PARSONS, J.P.

Welcome the festive season! Once more we hail the day of all days—the only day of its kind in the calendar—the day that appeals to the largest class of minds, by reason of its hallowed associations, fond memories, social popularity, and charitable impulses. Yes, Christmas Day again invites us to celebrate it!

With some persons the day that commemorates our Saviour's death is held as more important than the day which celebrates His birth. Without desiring to compare things that obviously differ, it remains to say that, while the latter anniversary is weighted with greater solemnity because of its human sufferings and our human sympathies therewith, the former anniversary is not of inferior importance on that account. As the greater includes the less, the Nativity of the Messiah includes His gracious and glorious decease, and invests that otherwise all-joyous occasion with sober and momentous interest—just as the divine nature of Messiah invested Him, from the earliest days, with an ever-present consciousness of the great penultimate purpose for which He had come, and of the long lane of sorrow which led up to it. In fact, with this divine vision and sympathetic nature, the daily life-suffering of our Saviour must have been to Him a perpetual crucifixion.

But all things in season! With infinite patience and consideration, we are presented with the Cradle unshadowed by the Cross. The angels rejoice at Messiah's birth and sing not of death, but of Life and Peace! The after events of that life, ever-present to the eye of Omniscience, are only permitted to unfold themselves in their natural order, and without any dark shadow to forecast their coming. In all this there was no indulgence to Him whose eyes first opened in Bethlehem, and no departure from the general modes of Divine operation. With superstitious vulgarity we often try to fill in the spaces of Heaven's "simple plan" with our incumbering traditions; but the Divine way is always the best. Hence we celebrate Christmas "with joy," and claim it as the best day.

The Sabbath was made for man, and the Sabbath is a good day, none the less good because it occurs every week. But the Sabbath is commemorative of much more than the Saviour's birth, or death, or resurrection. As a Divine chronos, indeed, the Sabbath antedates the incarnation, and has never been altered by it. It celebrates the long pause which marked the completion of the cosmic period, when Order was born and Law enthroned, and the Great Architect said, "It is finished," and laid aside His creative energy! It speaks to us more directly of the Eternal Father than of the Personal Son, or rather of the Godhead in the undivided capacity. Hence we find that Messiah never altered the Sabbath day. He only humanized and hallowed it.

But Christmas is not a feast of obligation! Certainly not. To make it so would be something like asking a man to celebrate his own birthday. In that consists the freshness and spontaneity and charm. It is always fresh and charming except when we burden it with "will-offerings", or encumber it with complex social observances it was never intended to bear Christ in a palace: Christ with an aureole: Christ in purple and fine linen: Christ regnant, in short, is not the Christ that Christmas celebrates or is intended to celebrate. The sublimated Babe of Bethlehem may be as good a Christ, or better,

for ought we know, than the original. What I have to say in this connection is that he is not the Christ—that's all.

Christianity is now professed by about four hundred millions of people. The Buddhists number another four hundred millions; the Brahmans and Mohammedans together, four hundred millions more, while of the remaining two hundred and forty millions of people completing the world's inhabitants the original Jews number only seven millions. It will thus be seen that the birth of Messiah is celebrated by slightly over one-fourth of the world's inhabitants.

Are the other three-fourths without religion, or without such comforts and helps as true religion is able to afford? By no means. The Divine order rules and governs the great Mongolian race, with its 630 millions, as well as the Aryan race, to which we belong, and the Negroes and Hottentots of South and Central Africa. A thousand millions of these people have religions of their own: religions to which they are as tenderly and intelligently attached as we are to ours, for the most part, this great majority of the human family are as untouched by Christianity in its religious aspect as they were nineteen hundred years ago. Their religions are probably to them a source of daily cheer, a fountain of strength and consolation, an incentive to good living and noble lives, just as ours is, or ought to be, to us. And, further, it is possible that many of the good fruits of an elevated and benevolent faith are, in these people, developed in a thousand pleasing and delightful forms.

What then? Is there anything in such a fact to cast a shadow upon our Christmas, or to diminish the value of Salem's Messiah? Not in any wise. To say so would be to think in much less complimentary terms of the Great Being who over-rules all, than He deserves, and to limit and foreshorten our own view of His present and future government of men. We need not undervalue the Fatherhood of the Deity—that universal Fatherhood which, according to Pope, "Sees, with equal eye, as Lord of all, A hero perish or a sparrow fall," in order to exalt our conception of that special development of the Fatherhood which sent us a Redeeming Son. On the contrary, it is, or should be, a matter of comfort to us that, while this "considerable number of persons," who do not belong to our communion, continue to live, and move, and have their existence, the great world and being above us both, supplies to them such sort of spiritual relationship as serves to cheer, nourish and enrich their lives, and aid them in performing that part in the great theatre of action which they do perform under the oversight and control of a reigning deity.

It may be asked wherein the essential qualities of true religion do and do not exist, and in what particulars we may "thank God" that we are neither Jews, Turks, nor Brahmans, but have, in Christianity, a religion that will compare favorably with theirs. Meanwhile it may be cheering to us to remember that a religion that began nineteen hundred years ago with a minority of one in Bethlehem, and that one, at the time, by no means a very formidable or promising founder or "Defender of the Faith," has since agglomerated at the rate of 100,000 persons a year, until its various regiments can now send forth an army 400,000,000 strong. And growing, too! Yes, under that baby-banner, "stained with no

crimson and quartered with no crown," the legions of the Cross girdle the globe with their numbers and shake the earth with their tread. No visible Crescent guides their footsteps into the way of peace, and no visible Cross at the head of their column strike fire and death into the hearts of their enemies. No. Their mission is to save, in spite of the recent "World War" and all the blood-shed it brought about: to sow peace by every flowing river: to bind up the broken heart, and make the poor man sing for joy. As glowing Holmes, the nonagenarian minstrel sings:

"It moves in silence by the stream With sad and watchful eyes— Calm as the patient planet's gleam That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine, No blood-red pennons wave; Its banners bear the single line: "Our mission is to save!"

But I am writing about Christmas, and my space is almost exhausted. Just another paragraph or two: It is the glory of mankind that through old to every variety and condition, Christmas comes! How does He come? do you ask. Suddenly, with angels and the heavenly hosts praising the Highest, and speaking peace to all the earth. He comes to bring balm to the broken-hearted and joy to the sorrowing. He comes to point a way to the great distances, the ample perspectives; to open up an unseen world of Hope and Courage, that is studied with the stars of Omnipotence and its vocal with the songs of the King.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement, says Washington Irving, is the havoc it has made among the hearty holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp tappings and spirited reliefs, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and like the sherris sack of old Falstair, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustiness, in the days of the big sailing-sealing fleet and the lure of the Labrador cod and herring fisheries, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners.

Obviously, the world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels, where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its homely and vigorous, its honest fireside delights.

When I speak of fireside delights, my memory takes me back to the early seventies, when I worked as a young printer in the Harbor Grace Standard office. One day, just before Christmas, the proprietor, Mr. William Squarey, sent me to Briggs to "collect subscriptions" and take orders for the approaching New Year. The first house at which I called was the residence of Captain Azariah Munden. A servant ushered me into the large and sumptuously-

furnished sitting room, where I found the grand old Captain at his ease. It was really delightful to see him seated in his "hereditary elbow-chair", by the hospitable fireside, and looking like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness all around. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality, which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old Viking before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I heartily wish the readers of The Guardian, and especially the many personal friends they include, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are all growing older, and better, it is hoped; but, to outward appearance, there is still room, in most of us, for some improvement. However, let us try to feel, on this festive occasion, as Brown-john felt one Christmas Eve, when he sang—

"Grow old along with me: The best is yet to be!"

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mr. Robert Dawe arrived from St. John's on Monday night.

Mrs. Bert Baggs and daughter, Alice, went to St. John's by Monday's train.

Mr. Maxwell Dawe went to St. John's on Tuesday and returned on Wednesday.

Miss Ethel Cave arrived from St. John's on Wednesday to spend her Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cave. Ethel is attending the United Business College.

Big Sale of Dress Goods 2,000 Yards 25 per cent. Under Cost.

Nicholle & Inkpen Co. Ltd. 315 Water Street. St. John's.

Buy Dawe's (Better Built) Doors. Also No. 1 Drum Heading. Wm. Dawe & Sons Ltd., Bay Roberts.

A Letter from Santa Claus

Dear Children,—if I could I'd write a letter to each one. And not like this, to all at once, but that cannot be done. 'Tis nearing Christmas Day, my dears—and I would like to say, I'm busy as ten thousand bees; for stockings, socks and Christmas trees preparing night and day. I may not answer when you write: yet do not take offence. I cannot write to all—my correspondence is immense!

And really I must be prepared in time, at any rate, To go my rounds, 'twould never do to be a day too late.

Some people say I ought to get an up to date airplane. But no, I find my reindeer to be always safe and sane.

I like to try new things of course and not old-fashioned be; But reindeer, now, are just the things to suit a chap like me.

I've used them some few hundred years—perhaps a little more, So I know them and they know me and when we sleep we all agree we will not talk or snore. It sometimes happens on our way we come through cold and storm,

Oh, it is pleasant then to find the chimneys nice and warm.

Before I go into a room where stockings are, I keep so very quiet to be sure that everyone's asleep.

I wonder are they all asleep? It is a big mistake To fill a Christmas stocking when there's anyone awake.

In weather crisp and cold I wear fine buckskin moccasins; So please be careful on your floors to leave no tacks or pins.

I hope you will remember all I've said to you because You know I love you every one, your faithful Santa Claus.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Miss Mildred Bishop, Vera Mercer and Frances Mercer, who are attending the Meth. College, St. John's, arrived here by Tuesday night's train to spend their Christmas holidays.

Mr. Albert Sparkes, of French's Cove, arrived from Boston, Mass., on Saturday.

Mr. R. Gushue and son, of Briggs, were here on Monday to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Elijah Mercer.

Mr. Isaac Earle, of Shearstown (North) went to St. John's on Monday on a business trip.

Messrs. W. Bursey and F. French, of Coley's Point, arrived from Boston, Mass., on Tuesday morning.

Christmas Goods for Christmas Season.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON is fast approaching us and we are consequently confronted with the thought, Where shall we procure a suitable gift for our family and friends, for the giving of such a gift always helps to strengthen the cords of good-will and friendship that helps to make life worth living.

When making your selection we would suggest for you to see our variety which ranks with the best in town and includes such articles as TOYS, BOOKS, FANCY STATIONERY, PERFUME, FANCY CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, SILVER BUTTERS, MARMALADE JARS, BISCUIT BARRELS, FRENCH IVORY PHOTO FRAMES, HAND MIRRORS, BRUSH AND COMB SETS, TABLE CLOTHS, FANCY CENTRE PIECES and BUREAU SCARFS, MISSES, LADIES' and GENT'S HOUSE SLIPPERS.

Also specially for GIRLS and BOYS we can show you some good values in SKATES, HOCKEY STICKS, SLIDES, ETC., and other articles too numerous to mention.

OUR XMAS GROCERIES include all the leading lines at LOWEST PRICES!

A. E. MERCER Bay Roberts West.

"ESTEY" PIANOS and ORGANS for School, Small Church or Hall, the "Estey Organ," Style 6-32 is the ideal instrument,—powerful, compact and inexpensive. Other prices up to \$185.00 in stock. SEND FOR DETAILED PRICE CATALOGUE

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