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THE GREENDAL Co. Ltd.

MEN'S WEAR

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LETTER Christmas

"Wonderful weather for Christmas!" Timothy Rowan thought as he tramped home through the snow with an armful of mail from the post office.

But he was apprehensive, for in the bundle was a letter from Caroline, his daughter. Why, he kept asking, would Caroline be writing now, the day before Christmas, unless to tell her parents that she wouldn't be home for the holidays?

No Caroline for Christmas! Why, never once in her 24 years had Caroline been away. But, then, she was building her own life in the city, now—new friends, new interests. And spending the holidays with two old parents was probably pretty dull.

But how would Rachel take it? If only someone, anyone, would spend Christmas with them to relieve the loneliness! Well, how about young Tom Wakefield, with whom Caroline had once been in love, a fine young chap who didn't have a home, and who probably would miss Caroline this Christmas as much as he and Rachel would?

A few minutes later Timothy was tramping downtown through the snow again, and into Tom Wakefield's garage.

"Merry Christmas, Tom!" he shouted, walking into the small office. "Same to you, Mr. Stone!" cried Tom. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, Tom," Timothy began, "you can make a couple of old people pretty happy if you'll come to dinner with us tomorrow. You see—I don't expect Caroline will be coming and, well, it would be nice if you'd join us."

"Gosh, thanks Mr. Stone!" Tom answered. He turned red, then pale. "I'll be there!"

Back home, Timothy was reprimanded. "Well, Mr. Stone where have you been, leaving me all alone with this news about Caroline?" Rachel's eyes sparkled. "I know, darling," Timothy said, "it's too bad she can't be here for Christmas, but I've asked Tom Wakefield to join us. It'll be kind of nice having him, remembering how he and Caroline used to be so close. You know, I think that boy is still in love with her—"

Timothy found himself shrinking from the room.

Mrs. Stone smiled. "Well, we'd better get busy, since company's coming. Fix a fire in the hearth, will you?" And as Timothy went off on his errand, her eyes followed him, smiling.

The Stone household was a busy place Christmas morning. While Timothy tended his stock and poultry, Rachel fixed the turkey, set the table and then went upstairs to dress. And shortly after noon Tom Wakefield arrived, handsome young Tom, and the three of them sat down in the living room before the fire for a short visit before dinner.

Then an automobile horn blared out front, and Timothy ran to the window.

"It's Caroline!" he shouted, beside himself. "Rachel, come quick! She must have come in on the noon train!"

Then she burst into the room, lovely Caroline, laughing merrily, tossing her bags on the floor and running to her parents.

Suddenly she saw Tom, standing white and tense beside the fireplace, and momentarily her mouth fell open with surprise.

"You may be a pretty smart man, Timothy," she explained quietly as she lifted the turkey from the oven, "but we fooled you that time! You just assumed because Caroline wrote the day before Christmas that she wasn't coming home. What she said in the letter was that she was tired of the city and was coming back to stay."

"Of course," she smiled, "I'll give you credit. Poor Caroline's heart was breaking for Tom, so you invited him here today makes everything perfect!"

As I, busy for the most part with the affairs of home and family, the best and fairest government, the Island has yet enjoyed.

Until tomorrow. Diary — Goodnight!

For Christmas GIVE

Winchester CIGARETTES

They're Blended Right!

Under The Mistletoe

Here is a story with a touch of Christmas about it. What the well-bred young lady was supposed to do in years gone by is set forth in an old book on etiquette published one hundred years ago. In the chapter on Christmas festivities the Editor found the following: "Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe." According to the author, in some parts of England it is deemed unlucky to introduce it into a house before Christmas Eve. The wood of the holly is very often hard and white like ivory and so it is popular with turners who will often in a contrary manner, dye it black in imitation of ebony and then use it for inlaying and for handles of metal teapots and walking sticks, etc. A curious habit noticed in the holly is that it will leave the upper part of the tree without protection, giving prickles only to those leaves which are near the ground. It is no doubt considered quite unnecessary, as well as a waste of energy, to give protection to branches which are beyond the reach of rabbits and cattle.

Among the Romans, holly was regarded as an omen of peace and goodwill, but in the language of flowers it means foresight. In old England the laurel, once in popular use for Christmas decorations, has been replaced by the holly and the ivy. An old English song closes with these words: The Holly and the Ivy

Now both are full well grown; Of all the trees that spring in wood The Holly bears the crown.

HUMOURING THEM

Auntie: Are you hanging up your stockings tonight, Freddie?

Freddie: Oh, yes Mother and dad seem to expect it, and it would be a pity to disappoint them!

Dick Whittington And His Barge

So sorry to have to disillusion you, but many of the well-known pantomime stories are not true to fact. Every child is led to believe that when Dick Whittington walked to London to become Lord Mayor, he was accompanied by his pet cat. The truth of the matter is that Dick brought coal up the Thames in barges known as "cats." His black cat is a myth. Robinson Crusoe is another of the pantomimes based on fact—but the good deal of licence with the facts, as also did Defoe, who wrote the book. For instance, Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, was not wrecked on a desert island. He could not see eye to eye with his skipper, and was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez. "Robinson Crusoe" lived there alone for nearly five years before he was rescued by a man-of-war. But there is no mention in the true story of Alexander Selkirk of "Man Friday."

Dorothy Dix Says—

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Many a good, sweet, domestic-minded girl is an old maid because Mother wouldn't let her marry the nice butcher with whom she was in love and who would have fed her on files mignon, but Mother expected her to make a brilliant match. Many a poor preacher would have made a good farmer; many a mechanical-minded man who would have been happy and prosperous with tools in his hand, is a rank failure as a professional man. For none of us can be happy and successful unless we are doing the work for which Nature intended us.

And so often our parents guess wrong when they attribute to us talents and abilities that we do not possess.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

ful Allies is the cause of Christian civilization. Let us remember this through the dark times ahead of us and when we are making the peace, for which all men pray."

QUICKIES

By Ken Re. is



"But, doctor, are you sure my pulse is normal—you have your hand on the wrist watch I got with a Guardian Want Ad!"

ours and others threshing, a grain fork set down for the last time and he overalled, sweat-stained, yet with steady fearless eyes that in his farming had known much of life and death called to his accounting. When we mentioned this day at hand to Jamie this evening he thought that perhaps he had heard the honoring salute of guns from the city but then on consideration decided the gun fire must have come from nearer at hand. "I guess maybe it was only hunters after rabbits," he said "in the woods up at the other farm."

He came to remain to tea with us as did the other members of his family. Then in the stillness of tonight, which is cloud-hung they went again to their home cares.

James and I went to the polling booth this afternoon to cast our ballots in this island election—exciting as always a privilege which is the prize of Democracy. It is a right, folks should not regard lightly nor should anyone be careless in the discharge of this privilege and duty. It is one of my hopes that eventually there shall come a day when folks everywhere accepting it in this light will come fully as they come now on a Sabbath to the Churches of their choice. Not until then, I fancy will the best results afforded by the voice of the people have been entirely reached. The returns of today's vote are now coming in. James and Mr. C. from the house on the hill are here in the kitchen. They smoke neighborly pipes, chatting sometimes of farm interests and again silently listening to the election news. It is already evident that the Government-as-is being sustained. The contest so gallantly fought by the three parties interested is now over and to the winners belong, naturally a period of elation. And then I suspect that any personal rejoicing will presently be put aside, in the realization that in their winning they have taken up fresh aspirations and responsibilities and so must in their success at once gird loins for the future. There will be, I am sure, a quiet searching of hearts and a re-consecration to the service of the country. In past years, truly great men have written proud names indelibly in the pages of the history of Island government, "giants" in statesmanship whose mantles would not be light to assume. May the shadows of many a one of those come from past records to inspire and encourage the men who make up the Powers-That-Be to give all Islanders even the housewives such Goodnight!

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