

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL**

May nothing evil  
you befall

May **CHRISTMAS JOY**

And **CHRISTMAS CHEER**  
Be with you all  
throughout the  
Year.

**GREETINGS**

**PROWSE BROS.  
LIMITED**

**'Twas the Night Before Christmas**

By E. O. Laird

Don and Doreen were twins. Although you never would have guessed it by looking at them. Don had dark hair, a pug nose with seven freckles marching across it, firm round cheeks and chin. Doreen had golden curls all over (the wind blew them that way), a straight little nose with no freckles, and three of the most lovable dimples in the world. Uncle Jerry sometimes called her "Dimples."

The twins were eight years old, and they adored Uncle Jerry with whom they were spending the winter.

Uncle Jerry lived in a white country house with blue shutters and a red roof. All around it was a grassy lawn dotted over with tall trees.

The trees were leafless now, and the grass gray and frozen, because it was almost Christmas. For a long time the twins had smelled Christmas in the kitchen. Mrs. Pinkie, the elderly housekeeper, kept whisking the spiciest things in and out of the oven. They could see it all over the house; in the green and red, and silver and gold decorations; in the holly wreaths at the windows; at the fireplace in Uncle Jerry's study where limp stockings hung; two red on one side, two blue on the other. Below each pair was a fancy clocked sock.

"Bless my heart!" Uncle Jerry had exclaimed in great surprise. The first time he saw them. "Do you expect poor old Santa to fill them all?"

"Of course we do," the twins had chorused. Dimples adding: "We're going to hang one of Mrs. Pinkie's beside the kitchen range, where she will see it first thing Christmas morning."

Don explained: "We're hanging up just one, it's so tremend'jus!" Uncle Jerry had wrinkled his forehead. "I think we should help old Santa a bit. Let you, Don, Dimples and I buy some gifts for Mrs. Pinkie. If we leave them nearby I think Santa will put them in her stocking for us. You see, Santa has so many boys' and girls' stockings to fill, he might not have anything suitable for Mrs. Pinkie." The twins nodded gravely. "Ah, well, not bother him with mine."

Don and Doreen held a hurried consultation. "We'll look after your Uncle Jerry," promised Don. "Doreen and Santa and I."

After that there had been several shopping trips to town. Mysterious packages began popping out of the most unlikely hiding places all over Uncle Jerry's house. For instance, Mrs. Pinkie, one day, mopped a soft bundle from behind the divan. Then, Uncle Jerry, taking a book from the highest shelf of the toy bookcase that lined his study, was struck in the face by something not so soft. Even the man who came to tinker at the radio bumped into them. He threw out two or three parcels with such a bang they almost burst their gay wrappings.

And, now it was Christmas Eve. Mrs. Pinkie had gone into town to spend it with her sister. Her stocking still hung limply near the range; but, beside it, on a chair, was heaped a number of packages.

Uncle Jerry and the twins were in the study. Outside, snow fell softly on the windows, melting against the firelight that danced within. Uncle Jerry sat in his big armchair at one side of the fireplace, Doreen on his knee. Don was on a low stool at the front, from which vantage point he occasionally poked the wood fire into fresh burning. Uncle Jerry had repeated "The Visit of St. Nicholas" a bright little story right after. "It was lucky Santa used an airplane now, because there wasn't enough snow for a sleigh."

Uncle Jerry rubbed a sleepy eye. "Now, please, Uncle Jerry, about the Babe in the Manger."

Uncle Jerry began: "Once upon a time in the land of Judaea—"

"Where is Judaea, Uncle Jerry?" asked Don.

"Away across the sea, in the old world, Don."

"How far?"

"Donnie, don't interrupt," said Doreen. "Go on Uncle Jerry."

"Once upon a time on the hillside of Judaea, near the little town of Bethlehem, there were shepherds, who watched their flocks all night."

"Why, Uncle Jerry?" asked Don.

"Well, you see, Don," explained Uncle Jerry, "wild animals might come and devour the sheep and lambs, or robbers might steal them. So, all night these shepherds lay on their sides on the hillside, were sitting there quietly resting, perhaps talking over what had happened that day, when suddenly a bright light shone about them."

"Like lightning, Uncle Jerry?"

Well, more like a bright light turned on in this room, Don, where we now have firelight. The shepherds were afraid of the great light, but a beautiful angel appeared to them and told them not to be afraid, that he had good news for them. In the town of Bethlehem was born this day a Babe who would be their Saviour. The angel said the shepherds would find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

"Wasn't there any crib to put the Babe in, Uncle Jerry?" asked Doreen.

"No, Dimples," said Uncle Jerry. "You see, when Mary, the Babe's Mother, and Joseph came to the Inn there was no room left. So they went to the stable. The Babe was placed in a manger."

"When the angel had given his message, suddenly the air was full of angels singing, 'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace, Goodwill toward men.'"

When the angels had gone away, the shepherds hastened into Bethlehem, and there they found the Babe, as they had been told, in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

"Now, tell us about the Wise Men, please, Uncle Jerry," begged Don.

"The Wise Men of the East saw a bright, beautiful Star in the sky. Somehow because of their great wisdom they knew this Star foretold the birth of a King. They set out to find the Babe that they might offer gifts and worship Him."

"For many weary days, they travelled over mountain and plain and desert, always following the bright Star. It led them to Jerusalem where lived Herod, the

**Perhaps Santa To Be Held Up With Evacuees**

By JACK BRAYLEY  
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LONDON, Dec. 22 — (CP)—Canadian youngsters shouldn't wait up for Santa Claus this Christmas, he probably will be late. He expects to be held up in Britain where he starts his beneficent whisk around the world, Greenwich being No. 1 time belt.

Change of address of 1,500,000 children evacuated to safety zones has badly snarled his delivery list. He'll have a long tough job sorting it out. The advantage of wide chimneys in the country over cramped pots in the congested areas will only partly make up for lost time.

It wouldn't be so bad if he was sure the children would be at their new addresses when he finally locates them. But despite official frowning the march of evacuated children back to their homes in the cities continues apace. And the Christmas period is expected to see a rush brought on by the return from France of fathers on special leave.

"Cool Lumme, I don't 'arf 'ope old Father Christmas knows 'bout our 'excavation' on young Londoner confided to his Somerset host the other day. When the countryman assured: 'E will an' all,' the boy followed up with 'I 'ope e won't forget mummy and daddy then.'"

Will Help Him Out

But the government is "taking steps." A triumvirate of Whitehall Father Christmases — Santa here is Father Christmas — are discussing plans to reunite families for the big day and also give teachers a Yuletide break. The teachers accompany the children to their country reception depots.

Walter Elliot, Minister of Health, Earl De La Warr, president of the Board of Education, and Captain Euan Wallace, Minister of Transport, are tackling the problem.

On one point they've already made up their minds. Whitehall won't sanction the return of the children for Christmas, not even for the day. For in that time there might be an air raid and all the precautions taken thus far would have proved useless.

The problem may be solved by the Ministry of Transport, in co-operation with the railways, providing a scale of cheap fares and a special service enabling parents to visit their children. But this raises another big question — where can the parents stay?

Billing officers are making a

The Directors and Staff of

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Wish for you at this time

A Joyous Holiday

and

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

**In Memoriam**

WILLIAM RAYMOND MCINNIS

A large circle of friends and relatives were shocked to learn of the death on November 23rd of William Raymond McInnis, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McInnis, Earncliffe, at the early age of 9 years and 10 months.

About five years ago he sustained an injury to his eye, which after being successfully operated upon, caused him no discomfort till last May, when he underwent a minor operation. On October 10th he entered the hospital again for the same purpose, and it was discovered that other complications existed, which seemed to be beyond the control of modern science. Although having the attendance of the best medical specialists, he gradually grew worse till the above mentioned date, when God called him to his Heavenly home.

Billie, as he was familiarly known was a general favorite in the community, particularly among the school children who sadly miss their little playmate. But it is in the home, that the loss is most keenly felt, where his childish voice, and merry whistle, is heard no more. He possessed a very bright, lovable disposition and while suffering intensely never complained. His cheerful smile won the hearts of all who knew him.

He was frequently visited during his illness by his pastor, Rt. Rev. Mr. Maurice McDonald, who administered the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church.

There are left to mourn, his grief-stricken parents, and the following brothers and sisters, Frank, Reggie, Helen (at present a student in Prince of Wales College), Gerald, Marion, Louise and Russell.

His funeral, which took place to St. Joachim's Church, Vernon River, was the largest held in the community for some time, friends coming from all great distances to pay their last tribute of respect.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Byrne Morrissey, George Hayden, Eugene Ooady, Howard Tweedy, Walter Grant and Roy Young. Requiescat in pace.

(Patriot Please Copy)

**Johnnie (shocked): "I should say not, Dad!"**

"Why?"

"Because if I had all I wanted I should have eaten up a Christmas pudding, a turkey, two ducks, ten sausages, eighteen apples, two pounds of nuts, five pears, sixteen oranges, three boxes of dates, a quart of ice cream and a dozen bottles of ginger ale!"

**Carols**

Songs of joy and praise, often accompanied by dances, have been sung by the English for more than a thousand years, being handed down from the Druids to the Christian Church. "On Christmas Day in the Morning," and "The Cherry-Tree Carol" are found in many languages, with slightly different words.

**STUDIOUS FISH**

BOSTON, Dec. 21 — (AP) — Now comes the story of the studios cod. The crew of the trawler Arlington reported today hauling in a 20-

pound cod and finding lodged in its mouth a school notebook, three inches wide and six inches long. The book was the name "molo lugl razza," and data on freezing fish.

**Christmas Trees**

The Christmas tree which all Canadian boys and girls regard as a necessary essential for proper Christmas celebration, was introduced into England from Germany by Queen Victoria. The custom of loading the young spruce with gifts originated with the ancient Romans, who used them at the Saturnalia, a feast held in honor of Saturnus, the god of agriculture and civilization.

**A Good Reason, Too**

Little Albert: "I was awake when Santa Claus came, Dad." Father: "Were you? And what did he look like?" Little Albert: "Oh, I couldn't see him. It was dark you know. But when he bumped himself on the wash-stand he said, 'There, that will do, Tommy. Get on with your mince pie.'"

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**CHRISTMAS WREATHS**

A lovely Wreath is hanging Upon our big front door, And in 'most all the windows I'm sure you'll find some more.

The snow is softly falling On roof and porches wide, It's wondrous Christmas weather, And smile-y time inside.

**CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL**

- Sunkist Oranges, large size, doz. — — — 49c
- Sunkist Oranges, medium, dozen 27c and 39c
- Island McIntosh Apples, doz. 12c, 19c and 35c
- Chocolates, 1 lb. box — — — 29c, 39c and 55c
- Grapes, per lb. — — — — — 12c
- Christmas Candy, per lb. — — — 19c and 25c
- Mixed Nuts, per lb. — — — — — 18c

Also all kinds of cigarettes in Christmas wrappers.

And when you get your order don't forget to ask for 1940 beautiful calendars.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

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