

Is There a Santa Claus?

This question was raised by a young correspondent of the New York Sun several years ago, and was satisfactorily and finally disposed of by the reply of the Editor:

THE QUESTION

Dear Mr. Editor—Is there a Santa Claus, or is it only Daddy and Mum making believe? I want to know 'cause my brother says that fellows in their grades tell them there is no Santa and that fathers and mothers and friends fill our stockings when we go to sleep. Please Mr. Editor, do tell me if Santa Claus is real or only make believe.

Your little friend
VIRGINIA

THE ANSWER

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would the world be if there were no Santa Claus? It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childish faith, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men see.

You may tear apart the Baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men that have ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside the curtain and view the glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia! In all this world there is nothing else, real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia—Nay ten thousand times ten thousand years from now—he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The Editor.

How Parisians Celebrate

Parisians celebrate Christmas eve with a joyful fete in the restaurants on the grand boulevard. All night the cafes are crowded with singing, gayly dressed people from all walks of life, even the poor clerk and the shabby artist from the Latin quarter managing somehow to save money for this yearly good time.

Christmas Shopping Halted

"I want to do some Christmas shopping today, dear," said a fond wife, "that is, if the weather is favorable. What is the forecast?" At the other end of the table her husband, consulting the paper, read aloud: "Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning and floods."

The Boar's Head

The Christmas custom of "bringing in the boar's head" dates back to the Druids, whose deity, Freya, the goddess of peace and plenty, rode a golden boar.

Christmas Tree Decorations

The decorations used on Christmas trees are made from various materials. The colored balls are generally made from very thin glass.

MAKE A PICTURE OF "THE GINGER BREAD MAN"



Cut out all these portions—each one separately—and arrange them on a sheet of paper so that they form a complete picture. When all are correctly placed, paste them down.

A RAMBLE THROUGH QUEBEC AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES

Some Observations by E. G. Smith Managing Director of Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph

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man digging out clams from the foreshore, just as the tide was receding, he told us that this being July 1st, he intended to have a blow-out. His accent was unmistakably Irish but he insisted that he was a Devonshire man and his wife was Island-born. Thereupon followed a long history which would take another chapter. Time seems of little importance to these good people of Prince Edward Island, if one can judge from the following incident. Seeing a mixed train fully ten miles away before getting up to the place where it was standing, it was discovered that it was parked across the road, as quite evidently there was a small station nearby. There was no sign of life anywhere excepting a few passengers who were dozing in the cars. Waiting another ten or fifteen minutes a farm wagon drew up alongside and the driver, an intelligent young man, was asked how long the train was expected to stay here. "Oh!" he said, "it's hard to say, perhaps a half hour, perhaps an hour or two. It depends entirely upon the amount of freight they have." As a matter of fact it did not take this time but this was the expression.

Charlottetown has a very good newspaper in the *Charlottetown Guardian*. The General Manager, and Editor, Mr. Burnett, a Scotch gentleman, caters to his readers as a good family man should.

A celebrated seat of learning is at Charlottetown, St. Dunstan's University, at which place it was said Senator George Parent and Hon. Lucien Cannon were educated. Many other brilliant men have been turned out of this well run secular institution.

There are no manufactures on the Island, everything being imported. Even Quebec city ice cream cones were on sale there. The fishing industry provides a fair living for the inhabitants. Of course, the main living is from the farms, vegetation being unusually rich and well advanced. Fox farms are innumerable but just what position they occupy in the world's market today is not hard to define. One gentleman in New Brunswick told us that his Province stood highest in Canada in the matter of fox farming.

Prince Edward Island is more or less a country of very young people and very old people, the middle-aged people, to a large extent leaving for the mainland, in other words, Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, etc.

The Canadian National Railways provide a big source of revenue of the population. At present this Government-owned company is building a large modern hotel in the city of Charlottetown.

Returning to Cape Tormentine, well graded, splendid surfaced roads made an easy run down to Amherst, Oxford and Truro, the latter being a town of considerable activity and charm.

Entering the Province of Nova Scotia there is a large entrance arch erected and a pavilion containing comfortable rooms, one large show-room with cases of exhibits of the flora and fauna of the province. A courteous attendant is there to explain routes and various tourist information. Surrounding this exhibit, ornamental landscape work backed up by a relief map of the Province of Nova Scotia gives one a ready and accurate description of the country to be traversed. This relief map is over 150 feet wide and 60 feet deep. It is built up to show the configuration and topography of the Province, cities, towns and important villages are built in, with the principal buildings indicated by blocks of wood painted to represent all structures, main trunk highway appear in red lines and important secondary roads in yellow, at night the map is flooded with electric lights to illustrate all its features.

From Oxford to Truro is 51 miles through the delightful Wentworth Valley, which in itself is over 20 miles long and about a half mile wide, good roads although piled up with heavy gravel, many twists and turns, but all well marked. In contrast to most Ontario roads protection fences are absent. Past Folly Lake to Glenholme presents as fine a piece of country as one wishes to see. It was noticed that many farms had been abandoned for no very ap-

parent reason. It is interesting to see signs on entering villages, "Drive Carefully Please."

The Province of Nova Scotia must renew and widen many of its bridges which are narrow and worn. This, of course, will be but a matter of time as they are already engaged upon a vast programme.

Like most towns Truro suffers from bumpy roads both at the north entrance and at the south. It seems unfortunate that cities do not realize the value of a good smooth approach.

From Truro it is only sixty six miles of a somewhat winding road, well engineered, which joins the Bedford Basin twenty miles out of Halifax. The shores of this wonderful deep-water harbor are lined with summer cottages and those who can afford to live in the country have every reason to be grateful for such a rich natural gift.

Halifax itself appears to be going ahead. There are many new buildings, the Bell Telephone, Famous Playboys, theatre and office building, Eaton's and Simpson's stores. The residential portion of the city has changed from the East to the West end. There is little if any evidence or trace of the terrible explosion during the war. The relief cottages have a veteran appearance, are quite well kept and at the nominal rental of \$26.00 per month it is not too much of a burden upon the working classes.

The Citadel is very much like that of Quebec, in fact the general lay-out resembles Quebec. Dartmouth, immediately facing the city is about a mile away, much in the same position Levis occupies facing Quebec.

Halifax can boast of two ultra modern hotels. The Lord Nelson Hotel somewhat back from the main business streets, faces those celebrated gardens which are surpassed by none in America; and the Nova Scotian, built off Barrington Street, at the steamship terminals and Union Railway station. The first hotel was built by public subscription and it is understood the C. P. R. are largely interested. The latter, however, is owned and operated by the Canadian National Hotel system.

The hotel itself has a spacious approach; several blocks of old properties having been razed and are now ornamented by an elaborate landscape system. There is every possible convenience and although open only a few weeks the place is running as smoothly as any hotel could be. It is interesting to know that Mr. Bert Asselin, who was one time Assistant Manager of the Chateau Frontenac, is managing this hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Asselin are well known in Quebec. Almost coincident with the opening of the hotel they had a new baby son. Mr. Asselin being a Quebecer was most interested in knowing all the news of Quebec friends. Mr. Tribe who was steward at the Chateau Frontenac is Chief Inspector of Hotel Systems and was in Halifax at the time. Several other familiar faces seen around Quebec, Montreal and Toronto hotels were noticed in one or the other of these two fine Halifax hostleries.

Hon. R. B. Bennett being on an election campaign, it was quite natural that topics generally should flow towards election talk. It would appear to be the general opinion that the Maritime Provinces will return Tory members, even as before although one old campaigner, a newspaperman, in Halifax, made it quite clear that he expected two if not three Liberal victories in the Bluenose Province.

A most charming drive from Halifax coming down the peninsula is to Chester. The Americans really found Chester Basin and formed a colony there with the result there are some delightful cottages with a gay and happy summer crowd who desire to keep away from the heat and the noise of the U. S. A. St. Margaret's Bay, Chester Basin and Le Havre River to Lunenburg are unusually pretty places; the 70 mile drive from Halifax being one constant source of scenic delight. Crossing the peninsula to the south shore to Kentville the road surface is not at all good, and the less said about this the better. From Kentville through Annapolis Valley the road is beyond compare. All that has been said about Annapolis Valley has not been oversaid, in fact it is doubtful if a pen picture could be made of this. From Kent-

ville it is worth the ten miles journey to the "Look-Off" which is really the end of a long ridge of hills which divides the valley proper from the Bay of Fundy. Arriving at a point about seven hundred feet there is a vista of sea, river and farm country of almost unforgettable beauty. Seven counties can be seen from this point. Almost beneath one's feet spread like a carpet can be seen Grand Pre and Minas Basin immortalized by Longfellow in his poem, "Evangeline." There is something sad about it all, yet there is such a serenity about the country that paths develop into a stronger admiration for those hardy Acadians who, rightly or wrongly, resisted regulations at that time. How these men and women must have labored building up dykes to protect their homes and crops from the inroads of the devastating tides of the Bay of Fundy.

Annapolis Royal is the real treasure house of Nova Scotia. The Department of the Interior, Ottawa, has issued a delightful book "Guide to Fort Anne" which tells in clear language the stirring history which followed the occupation of Canada by the French at Louisbourg and the successive changes of fortune of the British who made Fort Royal or Annapolis their military and naval rendezvous. Canada's history really commences at this point and it is worth a few days time to see and imbibe some of the glories of this delightfully situated place almost at the head of Digby Basin some 20 miles from Digby. There is a museum at the fort, and periodically throughout the day, a well versed lecturer goes through its various rooms and explains the history of its contents.

Hillside House in Annapolis Valley is noted as having been the stopping place of the present King of England and other members of the Royal family. There is nothing altogether extravagant about it; it is wholesome and attracts people who require comfort and a quiet atmosphere above everything else. There is a delightful golf course at Hillside House and if you do not happen to be an expert golfer you can at least at this season of the year regale yourself especially with cherries.

At Digby the C. P. R. conducts "The Pines," a delightfully situated hotel, high perched on the hills. Digby itself is a busy little fishing town. At present it is a little difficult to handle a car on the "Empress," but a new boat is expected towards the end of next month, which will allow motor cars to travel right on to the boat. As the inconvenience has been more or less uncontrollable owing to the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, there is no doubt the new boat will attract a large amount of motor travel.

Arriving at Saint John we found it foggy and cold in contrast to the heat of Digby, and the beautiful bright days in Nova Scotia. It has been said though, that Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy have been unusually foggy this year. Saint John City itself is going ahead fast and recently during the last few days an order of several million dollars has been placed for the dredging of Saint John Harbor. On the several big tributaries of the Saint John River, and the famed Loch Lomond, are hundreds of summer houses and camps. Saint John has a charm of its own; and people who have travelled very extensively admit its peculiar loveliness, more especially between Saint John and Fredericton, a distance of 60 or 70 miles. It is a fact however, that the river is unusually pretty to Grand Falls, and is navigable to this distance of 200 miles. Beyond Grand Falls it continues its tortuous course to the northern part of the Province, dividing Canada from the State of Maine, finally finding its source in this latter state over 300 miles from its mouth.

There are many good beaches and resorts within a few miles of Saint John and at most inns in these villages one can fare exceedingly well. The people are unusually kind and to use the expression are wholesome. From Saint John to Fredericton there are two roads, the scenic one by the river which is 25 miles longer but well worth it. At the present time there is an extensive road program under way which compels one to take a somewhat long detour; many new bridges, new culverts and much widening is in progress.

Fredericton retains its old charm



THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

MANY, many years ago there lived in Europe a very wealthy man named St. Nicholas. He liked nothing better than to help poor people, but disliked very much being thanked for his gifts. One Christmas Eve he wished to give a purse of gold to an old man and his little daughter, and in order to escape being seen, he climbed to their roof and dropped his precious gift down the chimney. Instead of landing on the hearth, however, the purse fell right into a stocking which was hung up to dry, and the next morning it was discovered there! When other people heard of the strange happening they too hung up their stockings, and soon all over the land it became the custom on Christmas Eve to hang up one's stocking for St. Nicholas to fill.

as the capital seat of the Province; here and there it was noticed that quite ambitious building of property was going on. The covered bridges in this Province are a feature, the one at Hartland across the Saint John River is singularly attractive to say nothing of its utility.

Grand Falls, noted for its power development, is a place well worth seeing. The gorge is comparatively narrow but the volume of water in its steep descent forms a cataract of rare terror. The least said about the roads in Grand Falls proper, the better. They are bad in the extreme.

An easy grade run to Edmundston brings us to the home of the Fraser Mills. The river was almost choked up with logs and here it was notified that the mill at Edmundston was making the pulp which was being pumped across to Madawaska to be there made into paper on the American side.

Certain hotel people would do well to modify their tariffs here, and courtesy is to be expected. Tourists are not all unversed in hotel services and prices.

From Edmundston to Riviere du Loup 75 miles of interesting country, with quite a climb up to St. Honoré, 1300 feet above sea level. Very good roads and extremely pretty country. Somehow the sky in the Province of Quebec seems to have a bluer tint. The lakes are more inviting

and perhaps more home like. It was a relief to get back into the Province to find the roads better protected with all telephone poles whitened. In many places large cans were placed conveniently on the highway for the collection of rubbish from picnic parties. Literally thousands of young trees have been planted on the Quebec highways, which, in the course of a few years will present lovely, cool avenues. There was a little more wicker board effect on the Quebec highways than encountered in the lower provinces. This may be due to the difference in ballasting. Quebec is to be complimented on its marking of the various lakes, rivers, islands on the principal highways. This is education of the right kind and could well be copied by other provinces. The present system of patrolling the roads provides for fair speed and there is no longer any truth in the statement that visitors to this province will be menaced by speed officers with a ticket and fine of ten dollars if they exceed the 30 mile limit on straight open country.

"See Canada first," better still, "see Quebec first." There is much to learn, much to admire, in a trip to the lower part of this Province and the Maritimes. The Quebec Automobile Club is ready to supply an itinerant. The officers are most capable in its preparation.

THE "SMUGGLERS" PUZZLE.



Eight Smugglers are hidden in this picture, see if you can find them.