

SANTA'S DIFFICULTY

And How he got out of it—A Story for the Little Folks, and for the Big Folks too. By "Philo."

When low the sun his latest ray,
Across the hills is sending,
Old Santa Claus starts on his way,
The world's good will attending.
The laurel green and holly bright,
Bids welcome to his coming,
He greets them all on left and right
A Christmas ditty humming.

That night he visits every home
With team of reindeer ponies,
And scatters gifts with open hand
To all his little cronies;
Aid dreaming children, boys and girls,
Their stockings hung up early,
Shoe bells and dials with curls,
And all they long for truly.

Kriss Kringle sang the song with a
cheery voice, but had not got further
with it than the second verse, when
Santa interrupted him.

"You can alter those two last lines
Kriss. It's all very well to put in a goodly
number of 'dolls with curls and
balls' and all the rest of it, but I am
about tired of making gifts that are brok-
en up ten days after Christmas. I am
going to change the order of things this
year and change it very materially too."

Kriss Kringle's blue eyes opened as wide
as saucers, and he fairly gasped the
words:

"Why! Grandpa Santa, not toys?"
"Oh yes! toys! toys! and lots of toys.
But not all toys. And there's just my diffi-
culty. The people up here in my de-
scent have a goodly quantity of toys ready for
the children, as they are making them all
the year round. But there are not enough,
not nearly enough," and Santa looked very
solemn and thoughtful.

"When I first began going down chim-
neys and filling stockings, ever and ever
so many years ago, a very small number
of things did. The world wasn't so big
you know, and the children were satisfied
with very little." Kriss looked as if he
understood it thoroughly, and Santa went
on:

"Children in those days hung up a
stocking, and I filled it with what I
thought best for them, and there was 'an
end of it. Now-a-days they write me
letters for months before Christmas tell-
ing me what they want, and they hang up
two or three stockings for me to fill. It
takes a mighty lot of stuff, Kriss, a
mighty lot." Kriss nodded.

"Now here's one of the letters I got to-
day. You'll see that even the children are
getting tired of toys. Listen! It's writ-
ten over a month ago and has just got
here."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
Nov. 2, 1904.

Dear Santa Claus:—
I thought I'd like to tell you what I
want for Christmas this year, besides toys
and books. I want a nice warm muff like
Dolly Gray's, and a big collar of white
fur hanging down from it. And a new velvet
bunnet and a pair of gloves. And if you want
to give me some more, I wouldn't mind.
I'm a good girl and go to school every day.
You like good girls I know.

Your little friend,
DAISY BROWN.

Santa's eyes twinkled as he said:—
"So you see Kriss, Daisy Brown gives
me the tip as they say, and I'm going to
follow it. Don't you think it's a good
idea?"

Kriss was silent. North Pole residents
place little value on furs as Christmas
presents, as they are a question of every
day attire in that region, but there is no
accounting for tastes thought Kriss. And
beside that, how could they with such
short notice make a whole heap of things
like that for Santa Claus to take with
him when he started off on Christmas
Eve? "Where's that letter from?" asked
Kriss without answering Santa's question.
From Prince Edward Island. Pretty
up-to-date children down there," was the
reply. "Guess so" said Kriss. "Will we
have to make those things?" he queried
rather half heartedly, as if he didn't fancy
the task.

"Oh dear me, no!" laughed Santa as he
saw Kriss' doubtful face. "You haven't
time. But I have been thinking
the matter all over for I have
hundreds of letters beside that,
and they set me thinking. It seemed
pretty hard to settle just at first but I
finally know a way. I'll take a trip to
Charlottetown myself and see what I can
buy them for. I'll save lots of trouble."
"When'll you go?" asked Kriss, "and
how'll you get there? There's not
enough snow here for the reindeers after
age, you have to come well behind,
and you always travel that way."
"Never mind that part of it. I've
travelled the road often enough to know
how to get there, Kriss Kringle, you may
bet your life on that."

Santa had waxed slangy for the occasion
but the language was forcible.
"You see to it that the reindeers are
harnessed Kriss, and I'll get ready to leave
right away. It's moonlight too, and I'll
have the time of my life getting around
Charlottetown incognito."

"What does incognito mean?" question-
ed Kriss, who, although a well enough
educated boy, had never been away from
the North Pole except when he went on
Christmas Eve to help Santa, and had
never heard the term used.

"Mean? Why it means being Santa
Claus when nobody knows it. I'll be
jolly fun," laughed Santa. "But
here's another letter Kriss. This boy
travels along the old road, no innova-
tions for him. I'll leave him some-
thing sensible this time. This letter is
from Charlottetown too."

Dear Santa,—
I want a little automobile, a train that
goes on a track, a pair of skates, a pair of
boots, a wife and no boys. Good

night and God bless you.
Your little boy,
GROVER ROBERT.

"That's a dear little chap. I brought
him for a Christmas present him-
self, ten years ago this Christmas Eve. I'll get him
a warm cap and some other useful things
and then he'll know what to ask for next
Christmas. I believe it's a great deal my
own fault that children always look for
toys, so I will begin from this out to
teach them differently. Bless their dear
little hearts! How I do love to see them
on Christmas morning; for many and
many a time when I have been late getting
home it was because I waited to see the
youngsters at their stockings, taking out
what I had brought them, and saying
over and over again, 'Dear old Santa,
How I love him.' The jingle of bells told
Santa that everything was ready; so
wrapping himself up in his big fur coat,
and putting his lighter coat and hat into
the sleigh, he said good by to Kriss and
Mrs Santa and was off. Now there is no
use telling how Santa Claus enjoyed his
journey through the moonlight night, the
stars agleam in the blue sky. Jack Frost,
Santa's little dog, trotting along behind
the sleigh, and the reindeers going as fast
as they knew how. And no secrets must
be given away by telling where Santa got
his breakfast and where he put his rein-
deers up at. But about eleven o'clock in the
morning a rosy-faced, cheery voiced old



A ROSY-FACED CHEERY VOICED
OLD GENTLEMAN

gentleman appeared in Moore & McLeod's
store, went right through the shop, up the
stairs just as if he had travelled the way
often before and knew it by heart, and
going through to the fur department asked
Miss Foster to show him all the furs in the
shop, he wanted to buy them all. While
Miss Foster turned around to make a
selection to commence with he said:—
"Well, perhaps children's furs will do to
day. But I want all sorts and kinds, and
I want all you have." Miss Foster thought
it a large order and was much pleased
at it, and he asked again:— "Have you got any
children's collars of grey fur with white
fur on them anywhere and as he spoke
he took Daisy Brown's letter from his
pocket and read the description of
what she wanted over again to make
certain of it. And sure enough, there was
the very thing, a double collar the
part that turned up near the face for
stormy and cold days made of grey astrachan,
a deep fringe of white Thibet furs
prettily all around the shoulder part.
The small stole in front made of white Thibet
alone.

"Wasn't it dainty? and hadn't Daisy
Brown good taste?" thought Santa.
The muff to match was of the white Thibet
the sweetest, prettiest thing, Santa said
himself, that he had seen for a long while.
So he bought it for \$12.00. The collar
alone was \$7.50, the muff \$4.50. After
that he went into an elaborate kind of
purchasing, or at least what seemed so,
for he bought children's ruffs and muffs
until he had every one in the shop, and
orders had to be telegraphed on to the
wholesale firms Moore & McLeod deal-
ing with for more, so as to give other people
a chance to get some for Christmas, too.
Among these he bought were white
rabbit ruffs with four tails only 75 cents
apiece. Imitation ermine ruffs 95 cents,
white bear collars, \$1.35, white Thibet and
handsome white rabbit collars for \$2.25
each. "Now there are a lot of youngsters
provided for in that line" said Santa to
himself. "But I mustn't forget the
babies." It's a long time since Santa
bought anything for his own babies, and
in truth they did not dress like the babies
of the present day, so he had to depend on
Miss McLeod to help him in his choice.

"I want some pretty bonnets for little
girls, Miss," he said to her, "and—yes, I
I want when the dainty things were shown
him was almost rapturous. He chuckled
audibly as one after another was handed
to him; and mentioned names to himself
in what he considered an undertone, but
which Miss McLeod plainly heard, and
wondered strangely as to whom it could
be who knew all the little girls about
town and yet could not possibly be related
to them all.
First there was a charming little bonnet
of white bear fur, made to fit close to the
face, with the crown of white silk.
This was only 90 cents. Another was
all white bear and cost only 85 cents.
Still another was of white silk trimmed
with brown fur ribbon and insertion, for

\$1.35. A little beauty of white rabbit fur,
lined with blue silk cost Santa but \$1.50.
Then for some of the bigger girls he chose
first a navy velvet bonnet piped with
white velvet, warmly lined and flaring
away from the face, \$1.55.

Next a navy felt with a full crown, cur-
tain and big frill. This was trimmed with
white yak insertion and cost only \$1.65.
Again he chose one of corried cardinal
silk trimmed with grey fur. The price of
this was \$2.40. At the same money were
velvet and silk shirred hats with corded
crowns and white facings, the colors of
that at this time. But the refusers tickled
These also cost \$2.40. (The little beauty
which I think Santa bought for Daisy

gets destroyed as soon as Christmas is
over? "I certainly do," was his answer.
"But you know a certain amount of the
other has to be given too, for Santa Claus
set the example and what he does is
always right."

"Indeed!" said Santa to himself. "Well
Santa must learn better sense I think.
But I don't think that children play like
they used to. They are just small men
and women nowadays. Now when I was
a boy,—but here he stopped, for if he
said much more he would give away who
he was, and he was determined not to do
that at this time. But the refusers tickled
his fancy. "Just models of the big wo-
men" he said. "Didn't I say so? even in

with what Miss Moran said were stole
collars and puff sleeves, and had brass
buttons on them. A blue cloth refer abe-
said was very popular and cost only \$2.05.
Santa Claus looked very wise and as if he
understood it all; but I am sure that if
Kriss Kringle had been there Santa would
have winked at him in that sly old way
of his. It is a good thing that he didn't
wink then and there, because it would
have told at once who he was, and it will
be remembered that he was travelling,
as he told Kriss Kringle, "incognito."

"Now for the boys" said this wonderful
purchaser. "Got to give them some
show. A motley collection was the result
of Santa's search through the men's de-

partment of the shop, for the boys' wear
in the gentlemen's department.
Boys' shirts in Hannelette and
sophys, some with collars and
some without, in price from 35 cents 50,
75 and 85 cents each were the first articles
chosen. Then came caps 50 and 75 cents
each. Next collars in all the new styles,
real good linen 15 cents apiece two for 25c,
four ply linen 25 cents each, and special
ones for Christmas, 3 for 50 cents. Under-
wear from a dollar a suit up to whatever
you want to pay, good fleece lined more of
it woven; ties from 2 for 25c to 50c each;
braces in boxes, braces without boxes,
warm Scotch woolen gloves 25, 35 cents a
pair, sweaters 60, 75, 90 and \$1, and extra

fine German wool sweaters at \$1.35 and
\$1.60.
Lovely kid mittens for 35, 50, and 75
cents, nice Mocha gloves and mittens
30 and 75 cents.
Boys' handkerchiefs hemstitched 6, 8, 10
and 12 cents each in lawn. Linen ones
hem or hemstitched 18, 20, 25 and 28 cents.
Half a dozen done up in boxes especially
for the Christmas trade were sold at
special prices according to the quality.
Then lovely silk handkerchiefs for boys
were sold at 32 cents each. White shirts
of all grades went to fill Santa's big order,
while the dear old girl marched about
from counter to counter inspecting
everything buying all that he took a
fancy to, and making everyone feel that
Christmas was near at hand, even if they
could not understand why they felt so.
Santa's policy of giving makes every one
happy, and his bright, beaming person-
ality even though unknown shed warm rays
of good nature, kindness and generosity
all about him, despite his "incognito."

There was a big draft on Santa's purs-
e when the large number of
children who had been provid-
ed for was taken into consideration.
He had not forgotten little poor children
who think of Christmas as a day for rich
people's children only; little ones who
were not exactly poor, but yet not suffi-
ciently well off to have any money to
spend for Christmas, children with no
mothers to choose Christmas presents for
them, and children earning their own liv-
ing while the days of childhood were
scarce more than begun. Children of the
richer people; boys and girls who in the
joy of their own gifts remember that there
are others to whom they can give out of
their full and plenty; and in fact children
of all classes were remembered by Santa
that day. And he provided for all suit-
ably; the poor with gifts that would bring
warmth and comfort; the rich with gifts
they could share with the poor, and so
bring about again the times that dear old
Santa himself remembered, but now so
long since past:—

"When the rich man he ped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great."
It was fast gathering into dusk when
Santa's purchases were ended, and a
mountain of parcels stood awaiting deliv-
ery.

"Just bring them as far as the door," he
said. "I'll attend to them after that."
This was done and a few moments suf-
ficed for Santa to take them all and pack
them snugly in his sleigh, which in some
way was waiting at the door just in time.
But before leaving he went through the
shop, through each and every department

once more, and said "good bye" to all the
girls who had waited on him. Then going
up to one of the members of the firm who
was standing by looking on at the jolly
old gentleman making his farewells, he
said, "It's not often you have a customer
stay all day buying Christmas presents I
suppose. And especially one whom you do
not know at all, and who after being
here all day you still cannot place?"

"Not very often," was the reply. "But
that does not make any difference when
the customer is pleased with the things
we have for sale, and with the way we
used him. I trust you are satisfied."
"Looks like it," said Santa with a nod
towards the door, where the full packed
sleigh awaited him. "But I must be off.
Yet I would like to make you a suggestion
before I go, if I have your permission?"

"You have it," was the answer.
"When you are putting up your decora-
tions for Christmas, put in a good promi-
nent place—or in fact in every prominent
place in the shop, in great big letters,
'Patronized personally by Santa Claus.'"
"Are you—?" but before the sentence
could be finished a whiff of cold air
came from the open door, the jingle of
sleigh bells was heard, "A Merrie Christ-
mas" was called out in a hearty, cheerful
voice, and the vision of fleeting reindeer
told the story to those who had waited
on Santa all that day.

"Down chimney way, thro' open door,
And everybody knows it;
Full forty thousand leagues or more,
The old man gaily goes it.
Full four and twenty hours he drives,
As only he is able,
Until his reindeer team arrives
Again at his own stable."

"I'll leave the chimney part until the
next time I go to Charlottetown" said
Santa to himself after he had finished the
song Kriss Kringle had been stopped in
singing the day before, "and if I'm short
of anything on Christmas Eve, when I get
round to fill the stockings, I know just
exactly where to go to get it. The girls
know precisely what to sell an old fellow
who doesn't know himself what to get, the
boys are just as well posted about their
part of the show; the goods are cheap,
and they are as good as they can be had
in the universe, and heaps of time is saved
in getting things all ready to give. Get
up, Chris! Gee now Rex! that's right.
Easy boys, not too fast. But by George!
I hope they'll put up those placards! for
nowhere in Charlottetown is there a bet-
ter assortment of Christmas presents to
choose from than at MOORE & McLEOD'S.

ENGLAND SLIPPING INTO SEA.
A gentleman of an old Shrewsbury
family, named Corbet, says T. P.'s
Weekly, bet and won his wager that
his leg was the handsomest in the
county or the kingdom! No doubt
the tribunal empowered to pronounce
this new Judgment of Paris was
feminine, but who the ladies were is
not recorded. Nor is it on record
who were the judges that decided a
somewhat similar bet in George II.'s
reign.

A bet was made that the slums of
London would be razed in vain
to find an uglier man than Heidregger,
master of the revels to His Maj-
esty. At last an old hag was un-
earthed somewhere in St. Giles,
whose hideousness was supposed to
surpass that of the master of the
revels, and the judges at first were
inclined to admit the lady's pre-
eminence. Before, however, pro-
nouncing a final decision, they be-
gunning a final decision, they be-
gunning a final decision, they be-
gunning a final decision, they be-

The alarming extent to which the
sea is diminishing the area of the
British Isles is hardly realized.
It is no longer safe to build near
the coast line in many places, so
persistent is the encroachment of the
waters.
Freshwater Bay, in the Isle of
Wight, is a case in point. Here there
is great danger that Freshwater and
Totland will be entirely cut off from
the rest of the Isle of Wight, and a
circumstance making the matter ex-
ceptionally serious is that on the
portion which would be isolated are
all the fortifications of the western
part of the isle, including the Need-
les Fort, with its powerful ordnan-
ce.

The extent of the ravages of the
sea may be judged by the fact that
the continuous cliff road which form-
erly went round this portion of the
Isle has been cut and now leads
straight over the cliff into the sea.
A prominent resident of Freshwater
expressed the opinion that prompt
protective measures should be adopt-
ed by the War Office, the local au-
thorities and private owners of land
acting together.

In the current issue of The Life-
boat Society's journal an astounding
statement is made. It is said
that parts of the Holderness coast,
in Yorkshire, between Bridlington
and Spurn, are being swallowed up
by the sea in exceptional years by as
much as twenty feet a year.
At Fakenhall, Suffolk, in 1884 the
institution had two lifeboat houses
on the seafloor with timber slipways
for launching the boats. Not only
has every vestige of the houses and
slipways disappeared, but many of
the buildings standing some distance
from the inland have been washed
away.

There are other parts of the coast,
according to this journal, where to
erect any thing of a character in-
tended to be permanent would be
simply throwing money into the sea.
The difficulty of dealing with the
encroachment is that the sea is in-
exorable, and if its advance is stop-
ped in one place it, will force its way
in another.

Plants for the Window.
Petunias and other border plants
should be dug up and potted just be-
fore frosts for the winter window
garden. Keep them cool and shaded
for about two weeks; then cut down
the tops, and they will soon send up
a new and thrifty growth.



THE YEARLY ANNIVERSARY

known by the well loved and beautiful name of Christmas, is especially a home festival, and it is the only festival of the year connected indissolubly with the idea of giving. To make all and every one happy, is to open our hearts and give with a good will never so hearty as at the Christmas time to all to whom we can offer a gift, to those we love, and to those who love us, to the newsboy who brings us our daily paper, to the help we employ in our homes, and to the needy who have none to give to them. In fact to open our hearts in extending in tangible form and in so far as our purse will allow, the compliments of the season.

And it's easier to give than to choose the gift therefore with the idea of helping you in your choice we put this special issue of The Guardian in the hands of its readers, confident as we do so that somewhere in its pages you will find just what you want for some one in particular, and all you give to in general.

So with the hope that you will profit by and act upon the suggestions given and enjoy the matter written especially for you at this "Happy Glorious Christmas Tide," and with best wishes for the coming year.

We are,
For mutual benefit,
Sincerely Yours.

MOORE & McLEOD.

Brown instead of the "bunnet" she asked
for was made of brown velvet and grey
fur, faced with pale blue silk and it cost
\$3.40.

These hats were duplicated in felt of
the same shape and shades at \$1.40. A
nice range of soft felt hats were bought at
from 65 cents to \$1.35.

"Now" said Santa, "For girls' reefers
and cloaks. I mustn't forget them." So
off he trotted to Miss Moran to see these
and left Miss McLeod to attend to his big
order.

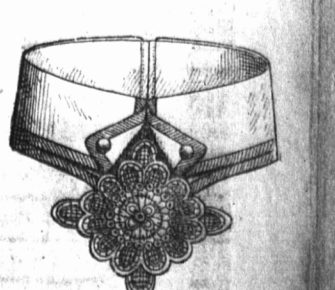
"Don't you think" he asked Miss Moran
"that Christmas presents such as I
have been buying are better suited for
young folks, than a great lot of stuff that

dress. No doubt this last remark was
occasioned by the similarity between the
girls' garments to those of the mothers
and big sisters.

One warm, comfortable reefer of moder-
ate price for moderate purses as well as
purses of unlimited capabilities like San-
ta's was of the generally worn plain reefer
style in red rough cloth, with plain reefer
collar, trimmed with white braid.
This was only \$3.95.
Beauties Santa bought of brown cloth
trimmed with light brown broadcloth and
piped with white, \$5.50.

The cloaks he chose ranged in size from
12 to 18 priced \$3.25, \$6.15 and up to \$12.
These were just like the larger styles,

partition of the shop, for the boys' wear
in the gentlemen's department.
Boys' shirts in Hannelette and
sophys, some with collars and
some without, in price from 35 cents 50,
75 and 85 cents each were the first articles
chosen. Then came caps 50 and 75 cents
each. Next collars in all the new styles,
real good linen 15 cents apiece two for 25c,
four ply linen 25 cents each, and special
ones for Christmas, 3 for 50 cents. Under-
wear from a dollar a suit up to whatever
you want to pay, good fleece lined more of
it woven; ties from 2 for 25c to 50c each;
braces in boxes, braces without boxes,
warm Scotch woolen gloves 25, 35 cents a
pair, sweaters 60, 75, 90 and \$1, and extra



Two new designs in ladies' neckwear. We will send
either anywhere postpaid on receipt of 25c.

Moore & McLeod.