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Magic Baking Powder is scientifically made and has never failed to give the maximum leavening efficiency. Because of this and the uniformly satisfactory results obtained by its use, we recommend it as Canada's perfect baking powder.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

A Jolly Christmas

There's a jolly old fellow comes 'round every year,
With a bag full of toys and a smile of good cheer.
He's a clever old rascal and quick as a flash;
He can come down the chimney in one single dash.
It was last Christmas eve as I sat by the fire;
Perusing my paper and smoking my briar.
That I heard in the chimney a curious noise.
And out popped St. Nicholas loaded with toys.
There were ashes and cinders all over his clothes:
And a funny black smudge on the side of his nose
But his eyes were so bright and his smile was so droll,
That I said to myself, "What a jolly old soul!"
He whispered to me, "Are the kiddies in bed?"
Tospeak might have woke them, I nodded my head.
I didn't stare rudely, but couldn't help note
His snug looking cap and his lovely red coat,
It was trimmed all with fur and hung quite to his knees.
So there's not any danger that Santa will freeze.
But do not suppose that he was idle the while
That I was admiring his garb and his smile.
Ah! no, he was working as fast as could be,
Preparing the stockings and loading the tree.
There's a dolly for Kate and some soldiers for Dick,
For Tom there's some skates and a nice hockey stick.
There are sweeties to last them I'm sure quite a week.
And a wee rubber doll for the baby to squeak.
There was nobody slighted nor anybody short:
I tell you St. Nick is a jolly good sport.
He had his work done in a much shorter space
Than it takes me to tell, for he worked such a pace,
Then satisfied quite that his work was all through,
He turned himself 'round and, without more ado,
He picked up his pack and the chimney he gained.
Then he turned with a look that could not be explained.
'Twas a mingling of kindness and mischief and fun,
And the best Christmas wishes all rolled into one.
I am glad that it's time for him soon to be back,
With his merry good humor and bulging great sack.
I shall sit up again with my feet by the fire,
Perusing my paper and sucking my briar.

Eastern Guardian

..*BARGAINS — Ladies and Gents Winter Coats. This shipment just arrived. Was delayed by Factory. Manufacturer made a big reduction; I am doing the same. M. C. McGowan, Kilmur. 10991-22-21

..*FRANCIS SLEIGHS— The Auto-back cutter we build is the acme of perfection and sells cheaper than any other of its class. Also other styles in cutter and piano box(at reasonable prices and terms to suit customers. Why buy imported sleighs, when you can get a better article direct from the builders in your own Province? J. S. Francis & Sons, Fortune Bridge, P. E. I. 11020-23-21

Merry Christmas

Of Christmas past let us remember now
Only the smile, forgetting all the tears,
Only the hopes, forgetting all the fears!
Life's way is all to long, that we should bow
Beneath the ancient burdens of dead years

Of Christmas in the future let us speak
Only with courage, looking for the best.
Only with hope, leaving to faith the rest!
Life's day is all too short that we should seek
To dim its brightness at our own behest.

And in the present Christmas let us give
All help, from care the suffering to release.
All zeal, to share our happiness and peace!
For life is long enough for love to live
And short enough for bitterness to cease.

The Baby's First Christmas

It was our baby's first Christmas and she was spending it in a little two-roomed sod shack. While outside, lay miles and miles of dazzling white snow, which as far as the eye could reach covered the apparently, endless, Saskatchewan prairie. While here and there, away in the distance curled the blue smoke from the chimneys of other settlers who, like ourselves, were new to the country.

Such a sick baby she had always been! And the world for her was indeed a house of pain. But, long since, we, as homesteaders had learned to "make the best of it" and we were trying to make the Christmas Day a happy one, so we roasted the turkey (given us by one of the aforesaid settlers) and reheated the mince pie, and set the table with our best china and silver and made it all look as "Christmassy" as possible.

Then our nearest neighbor, who lived two miles distant, came with the greatly longed for "mail from home," which he had brought from the town twenty miles away. (This was long before the day of rural routes, and daiy mail delivered). I am afraid our dinner was neglected, as we eagerly unwrapped the parcel. First came a dress for "The Baby," then many other little, loving gifts from the grandmother who had never seen the little new grandchild. And we were not forgotton either!

There were raisins in the parcel, big purple ones and chestnuts from the old tree on the hill-side and maple sugar from the old sugar bush on the back of the farm, and oh, joy of joys! A woodsey-smelling spring of pine. We knew that tree, many a happy hour had we spent underneath its branches, swinging to and fro, with never a thought beyond the present.) And was there something more? Indeed, yes! At the very bottom of the box lay a fragrant branch of cedar, and then we showed it to a dear old gentleman who years before, had come from Ontario (and who always declared he wouldn't go back.—"No sir, not for the whole of it") his eyes filled with tears, and we knew then, what we had always suspected that he was secretly longing for a sight of the "old province," once again.

The short winter day was drawing to a close, and after giving our little Indian pony an extra sheaf of oats "because it's Christmas," my husband said—we drew our chairs close to the fire, and with our dog Buster's beautiful St. Bernard head on my knee, and the baby in her father's arms, we gazed a while into the glowing coals—and saw there, many pictures—the old homes back East—the lights and busy streets of a city we loved so well—and many a dear face. But the baby grew restless, so her father held her close, while he told her of another little Baby, who long long ago, spent His first Christmas in a manger, in a far away land, bright with "the beauty of the soothing musical voice of the story teller. perhaps because something of the beauty of the story reached her baby mind; the blue veined eyelids covered the great weary brown eyes, and the sick baby slept, and for almong the first time in her life, wakened as from a pleasant dream.

She is a big girl now—too big to hold upon my knee, but I knew that, this Christmas eve, just as she has done so many times before, she will sit close beside us, and beg for the story, which to her, never grows old. "Tell me all about my first Christmas." And when we have finished will come the oft repeated query, "Shall we go back some time mother? Shall we father? And, with the fire light shining on her soft brown hair, we shall promise once again—"Sometime dear, some time."

—M.G.S.

The Curious Christmas Tree

(Continued from Page 1)

into Bobbin's room and gave him a shake.

"It's Christmas," she said. "And no tree!"

Bobbin sat up in bed and blinked. It would never do for Jane to cry on Christmas morning.

"There's the birds' tree," he said.

He gave Jock a thump. "Run and dress, Jane," he said, "and then we'll hurry down to the pasture and see what the birds do when they find their tree."

In ten minutes the three children, well bundled up, were creeping softly from the house. The sun was just rising as they reached the pasture.

"Oh, look!" cried Bobbin and Jock and Jane with one voice.

The little tree had changed wonderfully in the night. Among the popcorn and the cranberries gay bells and streamers of tinsel were shining. Bags of candy dangled among the branches; so did a glittering trumpet, a camera, a Noah's ark, a jumping jack and other gifts. At the foot of the tree stood a tall wooden soldier, as if on guard, and at the top was a smiling yellow haired doll.

Bobbin and Jock and Jane stood still and gaxed, too astonished to speak. Then they turned and went racing home.

In the front hall they ran right into the arms of their father and mother.

"Three cheers for Christmas spent together!" father said.

When the cheering was over, the whole story came out. Mother told how they had opened the box at the station and taken out the snowshoes that were in it and some of the toys and ornaments. As soon as the storm had stopped they had filled two bags and their pockets and started home on snowshoes. When they reached home, about midnight, Cousin Lizzie had told them of the tree, and then—

"And then you trimmed it again," Jock put in joyfully. "Let's go and take off the gifts!"

When they reached the tree they found that some of the gifts had already been taken off. The strings of pop-corn looked very ragged, and many of the cranberries were missing. At the feet of the wooden soldier a flock of snowbirds were chattering among the crumbs.

A nuthatch flew to the top of the tree and then flew off with a lump of suet in his bill. A flock of sparrows came next: then a wren. The feathered crowd kept up a joyful clamor.

The onlookers stood very still, watching. "What a Christmas tree that was!" said little Jane.—Margaret Ely Webb, in The Youth's Companion.

Lady Astor Thanked

Merry Christmas From Canadian Soldiers

TORONTO, Dec. 23.— Sir Edward Kemp, who during the war was the Canadian Overseas Minister, has acknowledged the Christmas message carried by the Canadian Press from Lady Astor to her friends in Canada as follows:

"The soldiers was passed through the Canadian hospital at Cliveden remember wth deep feelings of gratitude your personal solicitude for their welfare in the dark hours of affliction.

"They deeply appreciate the sacrifice Lord Astor and yourself made on behalf of their dependents as well as themselves. If it were possible for each one to send a message, I am sure it would say: 'We wish Lord Astor and Lady Nancy and the children a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year'."

In Royal Audience

Prince to Receive Cherokee Chief If King Cannot

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Efforts are being made to secure for Dr. Tewanna White Elk, chief of the Cherokee Indians, an audience with the King. This may not be possible before the chief returns to Canada, but if the audience with the King cannot be arranged, the chief will be received by the Prince of Wales. Dr. White Elk is described by the London press as one of the most picturesque personalities that has ever visited this country.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MARGARET MATHESON

There passed away in Rose Valley in November, Mrs. Margaret Matheson in the 76th year of her age. Twenty four years ago her husband the late Neil Matheson passed away, leaving a lonely and sorrowing wife and family. Mrs. Matheson bravely faced the future and courageously bore the burdens that were laid upon her.

She brought up a famly of four sons and three daughters. John D. is in the old home—with him and his family the mother spent quietly her closing years. The other sons are the Rev. Dan Matheson of California; Angus in Spokane and Duncan in Boston. The daughters are Mrs. Wm. Taylor, Rumford, Me.; Miss Florrie in Boston and Mrs. John D. McArthur, Greenbank, P. E. I. There also survices three sisters Mrs. Flora Buchannan, Bradalbane; Mrs. Christy McLellan, Inkerman and Mrs. R. Nicholson, Charlottetown.

Mrs. Matheson was a consistent members of the Presbyterian church in Rose Valley and was interested in all that concerned the progress of the Kingdom of God. In her last illness which was only for a week she had comfort in the visitation of her pastor. But she had what is better still. She knew that through "the one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. 2.5). She had direct access to God, who invites His children to "come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." She was quite willing to go hence confident in the truth of the Apostles words that "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. John Stirling. Interment was in the cemetry in Hartsville. The pall bearers were Hugh McLure, Hugh Gillis, Malcolm Nicholson, Rod. Ncholson, Jas Frizzle, Henry Dixon.

In our own home towns and villages, hosts of satisfied friends buy RED ROSE TEA today, as they did 28 years ago—because it is still the same good Tea.

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13

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Charlottetown

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to all our Friends
in Town and Country
MILLER BROS.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

...its Third Husband

...e Frederick Gives Incompatibility as Cause

...LADELPHIA, Dec. 23. — ...e Frederick admitted tonight ...he was separated from her ...husband, Dr. Charles Ruther... She is stopping at the Ritz-...n.

...ere was no misunderstand... said Miss Frederick, "but just a complete lack of understanding—incompatability.

"Dr. Rutherford and I were married last February, but we have not lived together since last May. I have not instituted divorce proceedings, nor do I intend to do so, if Dr. Rutherford cares to do so, it is up to him."

Miss Frederick's second husband was Willard Mack, actor-playwright, and Frank M. Andrews, wealthy architect, who designed the Hotel McAlpin, her first.

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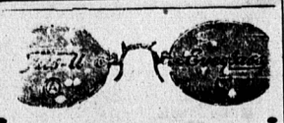

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