You want him good and healthy
You want him big and strong,
Then give him a pure wool jersey
Made by his friend, Bob Long.

Let him romp with all his vigor
He's the best boy in the land,
And he'll always be bright and smiling,
If he wears a Bob Long Brand.
—Bob Long.

BOB LONG
BOYS' PURE WOOL WORSTED JERSEYS
Known from "Coast to Coast."
FOR HARD WEAR, COMFORT AND SMART APPEARANCE
R. G. LONG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - - CANADA
145 *Look for the Label*

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 R Free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers. Allays pain. Price $1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 141 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

FIRE

are started in many unforeseen ways, and it is difficult to guard against all danger no matter how careful you may be, but a FIRE INSURANCE POLICY with a reputable company will protect you against all financial loss by fire.

If you are uninsured you should take out a Policy at once. Write, call or phone.

Hyndman & Co. Ltd.
61 Queen St. Ch'town.
Telephone No. 67.
The Oldest Insurance Agency in P. E. Island

SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For any member of the family using Glasses—
A nice, new, stylish pair of Eye Glasses, or Spectacles would be just the thing.
Lorgnettes, Opera Glasses, Eye Glass Holders and Chains, and Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens are other suggestions we have to offer.

G. F. Hutcheson
Optometrist and Optician

As the World Looks to a "Shut-In"

AS THE WORLD LOOKS TO A "SHUT-IN"

I can remember one evening last winter, just before Christmas, when I went out in my wheel-chair with my father. We passed along one of the busiest avenues of the town where the windows of the brightly-lighted shops were gayly decorated in the festive red and green.

My own spirit seemed to imbibe the Christmas cheer and as I watched the hurrying throng of shoppers, I was playing again, I was smiling at every one and was counting the number of smiles I received in return. We were out for two hours and, of all whom we passed, but four returned my smile.

Alas! it seemed the very world had forgotten how to smile—all except me! And who am I? If you but ask some one who will be told, no doubt, that I am an unfortunate little shut-in who, for 17 years, has sat in an invalid chair.

"How can you smile so cheerfully? How can you appear to be so happy?" people have asked me so many times; and when I reply that I not only appear to be happy but that I am happy, they turn away with a sigh and a sympathetic smile.

Indeed, if I consider myself as unfortunate as others would have me, I fear I should not be able even to pretend I was contented. But what others have deemed my misfortune, I look upon as a great new experience. I do not feel that I have always been shut away from the outer world. I feel that at some time I have been like other people. I have seen the world from their point of view and now I am experiencing something entirely different. I am seeing another "look-out."

My isolation from the daily turmoil of this great outerworld does not lessen my interest in it, however. In fact, is affords more opportunity for studying its wonderful resources, both natural and artificial; its masterpieces of art, music and literature. How many times I have heard people say, "If I but had time I should like to read these books or visit some of the art galleries." But they never manage to see them.

Once, when discussing with a friend, my favorite works of literature, I mentioned "Ivanhoe."

"You have read it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"And you enjoyed it?"

"The story, itself, was immensely interesting." She replied. "But the first half of the book I found rather boresome. There was so much description of skies."

This friend pitied me sincerely, because of my affliction, but little did she imagine that the feeling of pity was mutual; that I, in turn, pitied her because of an affliction which was far beyond her own comprehension.

What is so wonderful in this outer world, with its endless competition and strife, which is so far superior to the sheltered peace of the shut-in world?

The man on the stage does not envy the one in the audience, nor does the man in the audience envy the one on the stage. Yet, without one there would not be the other.

So it is with the great play of life and whether we be chosen as actor or spectator what matters if the play goes on? And who will say either is more fortunate than the other?

Santa Clau Secrets'

The tradition of Santa Claus has always had its mystery, and it has always had its years when circumstances sought to push the mystery aside. "There ain't no Santa Claus!" has been a dreadful announcement in many a life, so dreadful that no one with a spark of human sentiment can fail to regard it as calamitous.

Yet no realism can utterly brush the traditions aside. Certain Santa Claus images may be shattered, but the mystery remains. Gifts are real, to be weighed and measured. But there are secrets behind them and the spirit of Christmas, by whatever name or sign it is known, carries its hidden sentiment, its obscured methods of evoking the magic that illuminates the festive of youth and friendship.

The children who wonder, who peer at the sky long in advance of the fateful hours, are not more in the dark as to sources than many a grown-up. Where do the wonders come from? Who invokes these resplendent dolls? Whose wizard work is reflected in these extraordinary locomotives and windmills and soldiers and inhabitants of far away jungles? Whose patient labor and astonished ingenuity devises these delightful surprises — actually brings them into being for some one else to pick up for transfer to just the right final ownership?

The story never gets told. You may ask the gray-haired old man in one workshop, and the golden-haired youn woman in another workshop, but none of them can tell you more than a bit of the story. A Sherlock Holmes might do a lot of tracing. He might even find the crippled soldier—soldiers almost as much broken as some of the wooden ones will be a week after Christmas, and still miss half the romance of the great fact. Who shall tell the full history of the tens of thousands of hands that weave the tapestry of Christmas magic? Only a true poet, perhaps, could guess what mother hearts and hands, what sister and friend and fellow-worker have been doing and will be doing until the very brink of the great day, to bring note of surprised pleasure where affectionate or kindly imaginatios chooses to have it struck. "To have it done by Christmas!" That sentence visualizes enough to convict any sour old skeptic that fashions may come and fashons may go, but that Chrstmas has an eternal youth.

Behind many a simple gift will lurk a pathos that may never be guessed. Behind many an acknowledgment of happiness will lie more than ever can be expressed.

A State lunch in China contains 146 dishes.

Express trains pass each other at a velocity of 90 yards a second.

THE NATIVITY

Through the earth, no war drums beat
Marshalling hosts to bloody cheer:
High uphung the armour bright
Rests besides the idle spear.
Glorious Juda, shorn of pride,
Hated tribute meekly brings,
Proudly o'er its prostrate foe,
Caesar's Eagle folds its wings.

In the noon of drowsy night,
While the Sinful Herod sleeps
And each Shepherd, on the hills,
Patiently his vigil keeps:
Issuing from the Womb of Light.
More resplendent than the moon,
Angel voices rend the air,
"Christ your King is newly born."

Moon and stars, in pallor flee
Heaven's new, intenser light:
Mute with awe, the Shepherds gaze,
Marvelling at the wondrous sight.
Loud the vibrant clouds repeat,
"Peace on Earth! Goodwill to men!
To the promised Saviour go!
Haste! oh haste to Bethlehem!"

Soon the gladsome note grows faint
Faint and fainter—then expires!
Soon the moon resumes her throne,
And the stars renew their fires.
Noble were those Shepherd men,
Loved of God, though rude and poor:
First are they their King to greet,
First the Man-God to adore!

In a stable cold and bare
Lies the Saviour of Mankind,
On His naked, tender frame,
Beats the bitter winter wind.
Fitter lodgings for its King
David's birthplace would not yield,
Pampered riches housed their God,
With dumb creatures of the field.

While the Purse-proud, dead to shame,
Locked in sluggish sleep repose,
On their couch of eider down
Little heed they Mary's woes.
With scant raiment round her Babe,
Anxious care contends with grief,
Mother-love with moistened eye,
Vainly strives to bring relief.

When the night recedes to dawn
Nature, dazed, mistrusts her eyes,
For a brighter orb arose
Than the monarch of the skies.
Hastening on their star-lit road,
Fast the Royal Wizard's ride
Bearing incense, gold and myrrh.
From the sacred Ganges tide.

Greet the mild-eyed Prince of Peace,
For whose advent David sighed:
Doleful lamentations cease!
Rachel's bitter tears be dried!
Knocking at each cottage door,
Deep contentment floods the vale,
Lighting up each lowly home,
With a love that cannot fail.

Sullen, like a guilty thing,
See each castle wrapped in gloom,
For the coming of the Christ,
Sounds for them the knell of doom.
Idle are base Herod's threats,
Idle are his cunning wiles:
At the frowning of the Great,
Justice throned, in pity, smiles.

E'en the mightly lord of Rome
Quakes before a nameless dread,
For the scepter of his power,
Reared in slaughter, drips with red.
E'en the Eagle, of his pride,
Startled, quits its bloody feast:
And its piercing gaze is quenched
By new splendors in the East.

(Rev.) AUSTIN BRADLEY, S. J.
Montreal

A Silver Tea Caddy

By Sophy F. Gould

She was a frail-looking little girl, who had been self-suporting for over three years, since her mother died, and was tired now, as she walked through the street crowded with shop-girls like herself.

Listlessly, in order for a minute to avoid the onrush of hurrying humans, she paused before a shop window where antiques of all kinds were grouped attractively.

There was little in the window to interest a mite of a girl earning a paltry $6 a week, yet of a sudden her eyes, a moment before so tired, lighted excitedly, and a casual observer might have noticed how exquisitely beautiful they were. The tired line of her mouth also relaxed, and hopefully she stepped closer to the plate glass and peered for a long, concentrated moment at a silver tea caddy of quaint design. After a second's hesitation she opened the door and walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the woman who greeted her inquiringly. "How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman looked her surprise, as she noted the shabby black coat and much-worn skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she asked kindly, for something in the girl's eyes made her know she was in earnest. "It is $25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gasped, and as suddenly as it had come the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I could never afford that." She gripped her pay envelope firmly and, turning, walked out of the shop.

In her tiny room, as she cooked her meagre dinner over the gas plate, and later, when lying wide awake in her narrow bed, she thought of the beautiful tea caddy. She thought until it became a cherished ideal, vested with wonderful scenes among the great people of the world.

The following day she neglected her lunch, and hurried to the shop to once more view the wonderful caddy.

When she entered the woman greeted her warmly, for the expression in her eyes had proved haunting to the woman all the past night.

"Did you really want to buy the caddy?" she asked, as she handed it to the girl, "for if you do—"

"I must buy it," she interrupted, as she took it reverently in her two hands, "but I can't pay the money all at once." She hesitated.

"How much could you pay?" The woman suddenly understood the girl's need, and a great kindness came to her. "Perhaps we could come to terms."

"I have $2 that I have saved, and I think I can spare 50 cents each week. I only make $6," she added, apologetically.

"Six dollars!" the woman gasped, as the enormity of the girl's project came to her. "You may have it at your own terms," seh said impulsively.

"Oh!" For a moment the girl held it to her breast, then she handed the money without regret to the woman.

In the days that followed the woman became very fond of the girl, for she came often to gaze with awe upon the silver caddy of quaint design and in the short visits the woman learned to know what a difference an ideal can make in a life. In watching the girl's love for the thing that kept her poorer than she need have been the woman found her own life broadening.

On Christmas eve a young man persistently tried to buy the caddy, until the woman finally told him the story of its sale. He listened in wonder, and then asked for the name of the girl, who seemed so great a marvel that he wanted his mother to see and help her.

The same evening, after the young man had left, the girl made her final payment, and with a wild joy throbbing in her heart carried the tea caddy home, and with it a beautiful bunch of holly, a festive touch from the woman.

She had pinched hard to save the 50 cents each week, but her reward was great, and worth the happiness the ideal had always given her.

It was again Christmas eve, and a dainty woman, wrapped in a soft fur coat, opened the door of the little shop, and with extended hand came to the woman. "Merry Christmas!" she exclaimed "Don't you remember me?"

In the deep, winsome eyes there was something familiar, and suddenly the woman threw her arms about the girl, and peering over her head espied the man.

"We have just been married," he explained. "My mother found he for me, and we wanted to come to thank you for what wou have done."

"I have missed your example so." The woman held her very close, laughing softly through her tears, for they were suddenly all so happy, and it was Christmas, for outside faraway bells were ringing.

A Christmas Classic

"A Visit From St. Nicholas," Written By Clement C. Moore 100 Years Ago and Known to Every Child

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein deer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name;
"Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donder and Blitzen,
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AT WEDDINGS

The New York Post remarks that in some parts of the world their are queer customs still extant which make the marriage ceremony rather complicated. In northern districts of England, for instance, it is considerd important that marriage should take place while the moon is waxing, and not waning, if the bridal couple are to be followed by good fortune. In the north country it is also essential that an even number of guests be asked to the feast, for an old superstition has it that otherwise one of the guests will die before the year is out. In the Highlands a most unlucky omen is seen if a dog should run between the bride and groom on their wedding day. In Derbyshire the bees must be told the event and their hives gaily decorated. In parts of England and Scotland there exists an ancient custom, the source of which is unknown, demanding that a part of the wedding cake be broken over the head of the bride, the guests scrambling for the pieces.

None of these usages, however, can compare with the Chinese custom of hanging bacon and sugar on the sedan chair of a bride, in order that the demons shall refrain from molesting her on her wedding journey The Chinese bride also feels compelled to stand in a round, shallow baset while she dresses for the ceremony, if she is to posses a good temper and amiable disposition.

MOTHERHOOD

(By. E. Johnson)

Or source of life; O, channels of light!
O, mother of nations yet to be!
We hear the tramp of your unborn sons,
And we know that the world shall yet be free.

Is there anything greater in the world than a good mother? Well has a great poet of democracy said: "Through you I wrap a thousand onward years! Through you I plant the best beloved of me, and of America." Goodness and greatness are Siamese twins. Goodness, the elder, always comes leading greatness by the hand. And if you kill goodness, then greatness must die. Canada stands crowned with good motherhood. She is our queen. Let us be careful that we lose not our crown.

If you plant a good apple tree you will get a good apple, unless you pluck the young fruit too soon, while it is green and immature, in which case it will wither and become a bitter poison; or unless you let some insect sting the fruit in the bud and leave a worm at the core that will make it rot through and through, until it is neither good for food nor good for seed. It is only good for a fertilizer for worms. Is the heart and mind and soul of your children not worth as much as an apple?

Said the French during the war: "Our women are not, nor ever have been, innately immoral or impure. But even since 1870 Germany has kept up a continual propaganda against the purity of France, sending over a flood of indecent literature and illustrated magazines and articles to discredit us before the world and to demoralize us at home.

And we, mothers of Canada, sometimes wonder who or what is carrying on, apparently, a similar propaganda against the purity and goodness of our girls and boys, he potential parents of our country's future and the civilization of our race. It is the slow, insidious developments, becoming a little worse, and a little worse, and a little worse, until the evil has reached such stupendous proportions that it makes it possible for such evil to continue; and everyone passively submits to it like they do to influenza, consumption, or the "black plague," which decimates and reaks down the very heart and hope and health of the nation.

But someone had to start a propaganda against consuumption and influenza to stamp out these death-dealing plagues. And someone has got to raise his or her voice against the incoming waves from the ocean of sensuality, lest it sweeps over and drowns out our civilization in drowning out the purity of our race." Said an actress in one of these socalled morality dramas: "Men are snakes vultures, human beasts. I know, for I have been married four times." And as one looked at the picture of a semi-nude woman lying on a sofa holding a man's hand, and "vamping" at him, as the little girls say of the "vampire" plays that are advertised in the papers from time to time, one feels sure she must know, if any woman on earth does, for no one else could bring out the snake, the vulture and the human beast" in a man like one of these "vampire women" could. To the pure maiden the man she loves is a saint, a demigod, or a hero; to the pure, good intelligent wife the husband and father of her children is the earnest good, faithful upholder of all that is best in his age and civilization, staunch for right, true as truth, a man whom both his times and his God can trust. If he fails her and is not good as she believes him to be—well! may she never find it out! And may he never fall victom to the vampire whose husbands (four of them! One wonders how she came to have so many) became under her sireen development, snakes, vultures, human beasts."

'But," I seem to hear some man or woman say, 'you are talking about ideal marriages where love exists. But what if it don't exist. What if the woman has no inspiration for the man who is tied to her?" Well, if he is capable of inspiration, and Heaven bless the men who are, he will find it in the lives of his pure sons and daughters. It will flow like an ever widening river outward to bless the sons and daughters of the race. He don't need the impure basilisk eyes of a vampire for inspiration to make of him a "snake, a vulture, a human beast." He don't need to be married (and, we presume, divorced also) four times in order to learn that is all she will ever make of him. The ancient idea of a vampire was "a dead man or woman who, though dead, found the craving of lust insatiable, and fastened its thoughts on a living man or woman until they sucked his life away. Don't forget that ancient definition of a vampire. It applies to the living vampires also, a dead soul with insatiable lust and vanity, who has no heart or sympathy for all the homes it wrecks or the misery it makes. Why, even Turkey, that benighted, polygamous nation, is turning to monogamy as the panacea for the awful horrors of polygamy, of which Mrs. Montgomery in "The King's Highway" say the poor women, the mother and wives of those homes are such helpless slaves of their lords and master's wishes and for them to leave home at any moment, homeless, shelterless, childless without protection, or support, that the poor things are afraid to speak up for their own children if the father is treating them unjustly or cruelly. And the ones who keep the favor of the master longest are always the spying, tricky, unprincipled women who flatter the lord of the home continually and "set him up" against all his less lustful, less unprincipled wives.

I have been reading many magazine articles and stories in the last few months whose trend seems to be the breaking down of the home life of the nations. These articles, etc., are written mostly by women, advocating the new freedom. We wonder how they would like that kind of freedom? But unless I read the signs of the times wrong, they will face even greater horrors than that.

The Land of Santa Claus

(La Touche Hancock.)

He comes with a face so jolly and red,
Driving along in his reindeer sled,
And no doubt you think from his wintry looks,
Which you've often seen in the picture books,
That he's left a cold and icy shore
To visit the children, rich and poor;
And I don't suppose you'll understand
When I say that he comes from Sunshine Land!

Ah! that's a secret that you never knew,
But now you'll believe it is really true
When I tell you he comes from a land of spring,
Where a million flowers are blossoming,
Where all is happiness and delight,
Where all is crowned with eternal light—
A country which lies quite close at hand—
From the garden fields of Sunshine Land!

'Tis there each year he gathers the toys
For all the good children, the girls and boys,
Whomever he thinks it is best to please;
And he fills their stockings and Christmas trees,
For in that fair land for ever and aye
It is one long, rapturous Christmas Day!
And though he looks aged and very cold
His heart is as young as it was of old;
For he comes from a Sunshine Land above,
A Saint of Mercy, a Saint of Love!

Sir John Alcock

(St. John Telegraph)

It was the irony of fate that Captain Sir John Alcock, the only air pilot to make a non-stop flight acrss the Atlantic, should have met his death while engaged in comparatively unimportant flying in France a few months after the successful feat which won him a knighthood.

Alcock was a brave man. His trip through the air from Newfoundland to Ireland proved that. None but an aviator of iron nerve would have attempted such a thing, and his nerve did not desert him when on more than one occasion during the dangerous journey he was forced to battle for his life and that of his navigator while his machine was being tossed about by adverse air curents in a huge bank of fog with the angry Atlantic but a few feet below him. He accepted the honors heaped upon him— honors which he richly deserved—with dignified modesty, and continued in the profession in which he became the most famous of all aviators. His untimely death will cause world-wide regret.

It is difficult to understand why the trip of Alcock and Brown across the Atlantic was never described in greater detail for the benefit of the public. The aviators themselves were willing enough to talk about it, but they usually described their experiences in terms altogether too general to satisfy the public interest. Perhaps Brown may now be prompted to give to the world a detailed record of their sensational journey in memory of his friend who will fly no more.

To a Lady, With Slippers

O pretty slippers, small and slight,
Be sure to lead her steps aright;
And when her dainty feet you hold,
Guard them alike from hurt and cold

Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve
Opens the Pores and Penetrates

A Remedy for Chest Colds, Head Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Earache, Spasmodic Croup and kindred ailments. Apply freely to the skin just over the affected parts and rub it in.

GROVE'S
O-PEN-TRATE SALVE
is also an Excellent Germicide for the Nose and Throat.
It should be applied to the nostrils so that you will be continually inhaling the vapors while in the presence of patients who are sick with contagious diseases, or when you are entering crowded cars or other public places during an epidemic of Grip or Influenza. Any Grip or Influenza germs breathed through the nose are destroyed by this germicide salve before the germs can reach the throat.

FOR THE SICK
Place One Level Teaspoonful of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE in a hot saucer in the sick room. The Antiseptic Vapor rising from the heated salve makes breathing easy for the patient. It induces sleep and is a great comfort to anyone suffering with Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Diphtheria or Pneumonia. The Healing Effect of the Vapor relieves the patient and is very comforting. Price 35c per box. If your Druggist hasn't any, send 35c in postage stamps to Paris Medicine Company, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, and a full-size box will be mailed to you promptly.