

# Symbol of Christmas

The elements which betoken Christmas are many and varied, ranging from the Eastern Star, the Three Wise Men and the Manger, to flowers and animals, as the ass, the camel and, to children most of all, the reindeer, which they picture as speeding Santa Claus on his way from rooftop to rooftop as he distributes gifts to the little ones the world over.

Few children, in America, at least, are not familiar with the poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by

*"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 mama 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 midday to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.*

*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, Dunder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"*

*As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.*

Clement Clarke Moore. The eight tiny reindeer which pulled Santa in his sleigh are dear to their hearts for, even in the mechanized world of today, they know that Santa's appearance the night before Christmas depends entirely on these steeds.

The fact that St. Nicholas lives in a climate of ice and snow accounts largely for the belief that reindeer are his beasts of burden—these animals being almost solely used for this purpose in the far reaches of Europe and Asia.

*And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.*

*He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.*

*His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.*

*The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a round little belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.*

*He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.*

*He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.*

*He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:  
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"*

## Mr. Winkle To War

### CHAPTER XIII

"Why," said Amy, "I hardly know you." She seemed surprised. She touched the buttons of his uniform.

"How are you?" he asked.

"I'm fine," she examined him again in some admiration. "I never thought you'd look like that in a uniform. And your stomach—it's gone. You'll have to have your picture taken."

"Well," he asked again, "how are you, Amy?"

"I'm fine," she repeated.

"You stood on the railroad station in that state of minor embarrassment when first greetings are over and they had to proceed from there. To fill the gap he asked, 'Where's Penelope?'"

Mrs. Winkle, as they walked to the car, explained that she hadn't brought Penelope. She wanted to have him all to herself at first. She hadn't even told the neighbors that he was coming, and wouldn't until tomorrow, when she would tell them.

Mr. Winkle drove for the novelty of feeling a regular car under his hands. It seemed light and dancin' after the trucks and commandeered cars with which he had dealt lately in his field training. He sensed Amy looking at him.

"You've put on weight," she spoke in an aggrieved tone.

"I wrote you about it," he reminded.

"At least ten pounds."

"Twelve and a half."

"You never did that before," she sounded still more hurt. "No matter how much I fed you."

"It isn't the cooking," he assured her. "It's the exercise and being outdoors that makes you eat more."

Though he knew she felt better after he said this, a restraint remained between them. They found they could not at once, and easily, take up where they left off. The months in between, during which each had had another life, interfered and came between them. They had to get to know each other over again.

Mr. Winkle sensed her staring at him anew, in a different way. He glanced at her, and saw that her gaze was contemplative, searching, a little suspicious.

He feared that she was reverting to being a termagant, and that the effects of his suddenly being made into a soldier were wearing off. He supposed he couldn't be sure about that until after the war and he returned, if he did, to his regular life.

"Wilbert," she asked, "did you see any women?"

"I told you I'd send you a postcard when I found somebody else," he said. "You didn't get one, did you?"

She admitted slowly. She sat staring at him and he turned to look her for an instant straight in the eye. "I'm glad I didn't," she told him in a low voice.

Mr. Winkle was happy when she dropped the subject.

It was his turn to feel hurt when they reached the house and sneaked inside so none of the neighbors would see him.

Penelope, instead of greeting

him joyously, as would have been expected, scrunched down on the floor, crawling and beaming, and staring at him with disapproval. Mrs. Winkle scolded her, but it made no impression. Even when Mr. Winkle spoke to her coaxingly and let her sniff his hand, she wouldn't accept him or have anything to do with him. So far as Penelope was concerned, he was a stranger in his own house.

This distressing welcome made him think he must have even a different smell as a military man. Perhaps there was actually something to that. He understood dogs could sense fear in another animal, that it was one of their keenest instincts. Penelope was applying it to him, sniffing at the mouse him.

Amy believed it was simply his uniform. "She won't know you until you've taken it off."

"I'm not supposed to do that," Amy looked down. Her lashes came up once and then covered her blue eyes again, which had flashed brightly. She murmured shyly, "Oh, yes, you are."

Mr. Winkle couldn't get over the impression that he was popular with women and sought after by them.

He looked forward to the luxury of sleeping late in the morning and having breakfast in bed. He planned it with Amy as content, reunited, and acquainted again, they lay holding each other closely.

"I'll make you a poached egg," she said.

"Toast and coffee, and bacon."

"I'll have the newspaper, too."

"You can be a king."

"Prize the Winkle King."

"You can sleep until ten o'clock."

"Eleven," he decided.

It was barely daylight when he awakened. He expected to hear the bustle of many men moving and cursing and the bugle tooting its dreadful call. He listened but quite sure of where he was. He heard Amy's light breathing. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 5:45.

He tried to go back to sleep again. This was the morning of his kingship.

But the king couldn't sleep any more. Harsh habit interfered, refusing him his crown.

It being also his accustomed thing to eat, he felt hungry. After a time he got up quietly, put on his bathrobe, over his pajamas, and went out. Downstairs, Penelope growled, snarled, when he spoke to her, and snapped when he made to pat her. He wandered outdoors just as a strange newboy delivered the paper. The boy looked at him, startled, then interested, then wise, and went away whistling.

Mr. Winkle didn't approve of such precocious behavior in one so young.

He investigated the kitchen, over Penelope's continued protests, and devoured odd assortments of food. He had an idea that tickled him.

Sometime later, with a daintily prepared tray and the newspaper resting at one side of it, he went in to awaken Amy. Her eyes went wide and staring as he saluted and announced: "Breakfast in bed for you, queen."

The potatoes had one thousand questions to ask about Jack. Mrs. Pettigrew put nine hundred and ninety-nine of them, and most Mr. Winkle was able to answer. He assured her that her boy was now a man who could take care of himself. She re-

## ROVING REPORTER CHECKS OLDEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

In Chicago, a roving reporter for a daily newspaper was given the assignment to go out and ask various persons what were the oldest presents they had saved from past Christmas holidays.

What he learned from a young musician was that when he was 12 years old his parents gave him a red, white and blue decorated snare drum. That very drum started him on his professional music career.

The musician said it was more than "just a gift," for it had influenced his whole life.

Then the roving reporter asked a housewife what gift she had saved from her early days. She replied that it was a doll given by her mother. Since her mother is dead, she keeps it in her memory for it has great sentimental value.

Another woman, a "collection correspondent" told the reporter that when she was eight years old an aunt gave her a doll. She, too, as a fitting remembrance of her aunt, has kept the doll even though little of the original remains, having had to replace its head and clothes. It still retains its charm, she said.

Another young man, a cutter by trade, was stopped and asked what he had saved. He said that the Christmas following the death of his mother, his father gave him her ring. He had it made over to fit his finger and has worn it ever since. He has hopes of passing it on to a child of his own.

## UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT

LIVERPOOL, England.—(CP)—The unsinkable lifeboat invented by Francis Lowe of Liverpool was a success the first time it was used. The boat, which has an extra buoyancy compartment, a keel tender round the hull and maintains stability when inclined at 100 degrees, had its first trial when a ship was torpedoed and saved 80 men.

## Weekly Live Stock

(Continued from page 17.)

**Western Cattle Markets**  
Liberal eastern orders served to support western markets, and the steady grades of cattle held to firm rates. Local demand at WINNIPEG centred principally around the better grades of cattle and these sold well, with the heavier kinds of steers at \$11.75 to \$12 and slaughter steers of mixed weights up to \$11.50. CALGARY ruled steady, with some top heavy steers at \$11.75 and most good kinds at \$11.50 down. Trade at EDMONTON was on the dull side, with packers rather indifferent due to a large hog run, and good steers were quoted at \$10.50 to \$11.25. The top at PRINCE ALBERT was \$10.75. MOOSE JAW \$10.50 and an odd \$11. REGINA \$11.25. SASKATOON \$11.50 and VANCOUVER \$11 and \$11.50.

## Exports to United States

Dairy cattle exports to the United States during the week ended December 9th totalled 350 head as against 477 head in the same week last year. Exports since the 1st of January are 30,340, compared with 23,488 in the corresponding period a year ago.

## Strong Cattle Market

Cattle were good sellers throughout the week, with Toronto paying \$15 to \$15.50 and an odd \$16 for choice veal. Montreal, a similar range of \$15 to \$15.50, and a few top \$16. Winnipeg was firmer, with good material at \$13 to \$14, some top \$15; Calgary up to \$10.50; Edmonton \$11 to \$12.50; Prince Albert up to \$11.50; Moose Jaw \$11; Regina \$13.50; Saskatoon \$12.50; and Vancouver \$11.

## Hogs Unchanged

Hog prices held to previous levels and Toronto paid \$17.05 to \$17.15 for the base grade, Montreal \$17.15, Winnipeg \$16.50, and Calgary \$16.50. At Edmonton the base grade also sold at \$16.50, with receipts very heavy, while Prince Albert remained at \$15.50. Moose Jaw at \$15.50 to \$16, Regina \$15.50 to \$16, Saskatoon \$15.50, Vancouver \$15.50 to \$16.75, and Edmonton also unchanged at \$17.15.

## Hog Gradings for Dominion

in the week ended December 4th totalled 21,222, as against 194,288 in the corresponding week year ago. Gradings from January 1st to December 4th total 6,319,044 this year, compared with 5,870,147 in the same period of 1942.

## Lamb Prices Variable

Lamb prices were heavy at Toronto, resulting in a drop of 25 cents to 50 cents, good ewes and wethers making \$12.25 to \$12.50, while Montreal settled down to a basis of \$12.25, with some sales at \$12.50. In the west, markets maintained a steady tone, Winnipeg paying up to \$11, Calgary \$10.50 to \$10.75, Edmonton up to \$10.50, Prince Albert \$9.75, Moose Jaw \$10, Saskatoon \$9.75.

## NEWSY NOTES

By ANNEBOLA

(Continued from page 13.)  
For defence the creature can exude a milky fluid from pores in its skin; this is probably distasteful to the smaller carnivora.

It is probable that these three are the only Salamanders found in Prince Edward Island, but it is advisable to check up on any that come to hand, retaining this key for their purpose, in what is known of their life-history is interesting from the evolutionary point of view, charmingly situated on a rocky island, they are valuable as insect destroyers and are consequently worthy of protection. (To Be Continued.)

**Hexham**  
In the Guardian of Dec. 6th., a paragraph stated that seamen from a Canadian destroyer spent their leave helping farmers in Hexham, Durham, and Cranleigh, Surrey. Cranleigh is in Surrey, all right; but Hexham is in Northumberland and lies about 20 miles west of Newcastle. It is a picturesque old town, charmingly situated on a little plateau overlooking the wide valley of the Tyne, and the present writer has many pleasant memories of visits to the town and its environs. Its history is supposed to reach back to Neolithic times, and from remains discovered it is known that wealthy Roman officials once had villas there.

In Saxton James Hexham rose to importance. He is said to have been the town on the holy burn (rivulet). The greatest figure in its history is St. Wilfrid, from whom it derived its episcopal dignity, its splendor and celebrity. This eminent man, born about the year 634, had studied Lyons and Rome and secured the glory of sacred architecture. On his return to England he was appointed to the see of Hexham, and in 662 he was made Bishop of the court of King Egfrid, where Queen Etheldreda gave him the lands which had formed part of her dowry and which were now in the district of Hexhamshire.

At Halgates St. Wilfrid built the church of stone built in Saxton times, all others being wooden buildings. There are descriptions of this church for nine months, that say: "throughout England this church was deemed the first (i.e., the best for workmanship, and unrequited beauty, and nothing equal to it exists on this side of the Alps."

St. Wilfrid obtained for his church the right of sanctuary, which extended for one mile outside it.

The outer boundaries were marked by four crosses at the cardinal points of the compass. Once inside the bounds a homeward sale from pursuers, but had to undergo a trial by ordeal. The sanctuary was thus akin to the Cities of Refuge instituted under the Mosaic law.

But there was trouble at court and when Queen Etheldreda retired to the valley, King Egfrid married Ermenburga, who hated St. Wilfrid and persuaded the King to take away his lands. Wilfrid went to Rome and the Pope gave orders for their restitution; but on his return St. Wilfrid was most unjustly seized, imprisoned for nine months, then banished from Northumbria. He found a refuge in one of the south Saxon kingdoms and there took up work of a missionary character. (To Be Continued.)

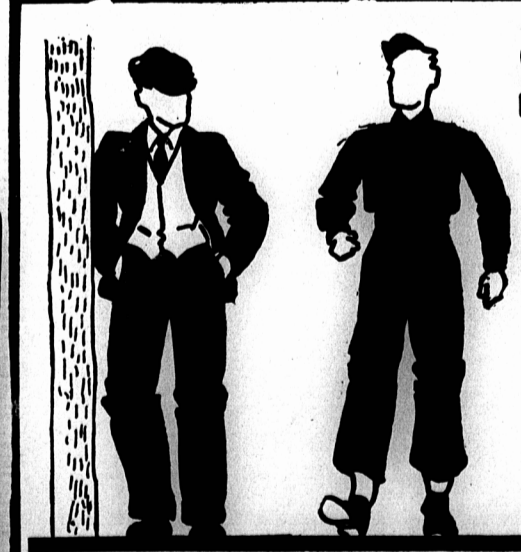
**The Bacon Situation**  
Talking to a young farmer about the "Bacon for Britain" situation, I found that he was quite mistaken in some of his ideas. "In the first place (I said) we must get rid of the idea that Canada is doing these people a great favor in supplying them with bacon; it is a purely commercial transaction. The British consumer pays 75 cents a pound for the bacon that he buys. I got a letter from a Yorkshire farmer, and he was saying prices over there, and that was one of the items." "Yes, that may be," said he, but why is the British consumer so particular about the kind of bacon he wants? "You mean why doesn't he like fat bacon? Well, if he wanted fat he could get them a lot cheaper than 75 cents a pound; moreover they are not as necessary over there as in the colder climate of North America. The Briton is under a great strain both from long and arduous labor, and from the ever-present

**Somebody** see Dorothy Dix & poster last week, by asking her the reason for the command laid down in Deuteronomy 22:5. Dorothy said she was not in the confidence of the Almighty or words to that effect, and let it go at that. Dorothy was a little bit of a devotee of reading the Scriptures, and noted that it stood by itself, and that the next verse is the first Game Law of which we have any record.

In verse 5 the intention is, clearly, to set up a religious taboo; a custom amongst primitive people for banning something supposed to be prejudicial to the community. The taboo, in my opinion, was to prevent the practice of a common among Eastern nations at that time—and not unknown to the Greeks and Romans of our date. Dressing in women's garments, and using cosmetics, were articles employed by that peculiar class styled pathics or catamites. There was not the same urgency to prevent women from wearing masculine apparel, but their inclusion made the taboo complete and easy to remember. It may be at the present day it is to some satisfaction to women "to wear the breeks" but they most certainly lose in attractiveness.

**Genus of Thought!**  
What is so rare as a day in June? Well, if you asked us, says the Winston-Salem (N.C.) Journal, we'd say it is a national election company in which politicians on both sides didn't promise to remedy the plight of the poor farmer.

And the Dayton (Ohio) Journal: "The election year always restores our faith in humanity. It's so encouraging to see his men loving the farmers."



# SLACKER OR SOLDIER

## The Choice is Yours!

Yes—but listen to that still, small voice of conscience. Let IT be your guide. Are you really playing the part you should in your country's fight for freedom? Are you honestly satisfied to be in "civies"? How will you feel when your friends start coming home from overseas service after the war?

Don't let anyone tell you there are enough men in the armed services. Your country needs more men overseas. Needs them badly and needs them NOW. If you are between the ages of 18 and 38 (specialists and tradesmen up to 45) and physically fit, delay no longer. Get into Canada's Army and do your bit—with the rest of the boys. Gain the satisfaction that comes with knowing you are doing your duty!

## HOW TO ENLIST

Apply to any of these Recruiting Stations: Halifax (Coggswell St. next Hospital), Yarmouth, Kenville, Truro, New Glasgow, Sydney, Charlottetown. Or sign and mail this coupon to District Recruiting Officer, M.D. 6, Halifax, N.S., for further information.

Name.....  
Street..... City.....

- INFANTRY**—Here more men are wanted to be trained as signallers, mortar-men, machine-gunners, wireless operators, armorers, drivers, motor mechanics.
- ARMORED CORPS**—Highly skilled drivers, gunners, wireless operators and motor mechanics are also needed to form part of the tank crews.
- ARTILLERY**—Still another group of specialists is required for anti-aircraft, anti-tank, field, medium and survey regiments.

The early shopper steps-out with satisfaction as he gets his choice of Christmas presents

