

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Hark, the herald angels sing "Glorious is the new born King"

Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the Everlasting Lord,

Vell'd in flesh the Godhead seen, Hail the incarnate Deity!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die;

Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home;

At Christmas Eve

When boys and girls are all in bed And fast asleep at night,

With footsteps soft and light, He brings them many a pretty toy

A ball, a train, a top for Ted, A soldier, and some books;

For Dollie, too, are many things, She'll find them when she looks,

And all good little boys and girls, Wherever they may be,

With pins—the same as we, Oh, Christmas is a happy time

For little girls and boys They get such lots of lovely treats

And dolls, too, as I have seen, Have many Christmas joys

Hail Smiling Morn and the King Whom thou dost herald,

We hail thee, O Smiling Morn, for the dark night is past,

For the dawn of good tidings of great joy to all people,

With the radiance of thy coming our spirits eyes are eastward bent,

Our souls were sufficed with these luminaries,

From the inner recesses of our hearts we have raised ceaseless cry,

"Watchman, what of the night?" Aye, we were not the children of darkness,

For the dawn of good tidings of great joy to all people,

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New Year's Day In The Morning

(By Blanche Gertrude Robbins, in East and West.)

"Whoever first crosses the threshold on New Year's morning,

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CHRISTMAS IN PALESTINE

A well-known missionary tells of Christmas in the Holy Land, and he is qualified to speak for he has passed more than a score of Christmas days there.

"Only three out of these two and twenty anniversaries were fine, as regards the weather," he says. "On the other nineteen it either rained or snowed. This also is true: Palestine is the land of flowers, but at Christmas almost the only blossom to be found is a small iris, except in some sheltered nook, where an early crocus has broken into flower."

"Were it not for our gardens," continues the canon, "the altars of Christendom would be bare of flowers on the birthday of Christ in the land where He was born."

"We decorate our churches in Jerusalem with feathery sprays of pepper tree, which has bright red berries, and with branches of fir, also with palm branches, which are plentiful in the country, although not growing in Jerusalem."

"The man was muttering deliriously—at least it seemed deliriously—to Derry. Grandfather's cheeks had gone suddenly white. He leaned forward and laid his hand on the white locks of the man with the young face, and his pulses quickened for in those black eyes he saw the flash of the MacPhail spirit. Derry was thinking hard of the thing that had puzzled Grandfather—the swing of the axe in the hand of the stranger."

"Rodney, Rodney—our Rodney, who was missing, and whom we mourned—as most all these years," muttered Grandfather, huskily. "Rodney—why, of course—wasn't I stupid to forget—funny how it is all coming back," then a spasm of pain crossed the man's face and he dozed off for words.

"Quick, get him into the house, for he is in pain," commanded Grandfather, and Derry beckoned to the woodchoppers to help him carry the brother to the camp.

In the dusk of the evening Grandfather sat beside the injured man's bunk with the little mascot playing about.

"Daddy says I am to call you Grammie," laughed the little mascot. "And you will have to learn to say 'Granny,' too," urged Derry. "Say, but the little shaver ought to be back in the clearing with Granny and Shirley this minute. Camp isn't a fit place for him."

"He does be needing mothering, that's sure. I can't help thinking what Granny could do for him, if only he were here," said the mascot. "I don't see how we can get the liddle out to the clearing yet and his dad won't be able to hobble for another two weeks," protested Grandfather.

"Listen, Grandfather, the river is solid," broke in Derry excitedly. "If I leave before midnight I can make the clearing by daybreak—New Year's." Tuck the liddle fellow in his bear skin and strap him to my back, and he will travel as snug as in a Pullman. It will be a prime skate down the river."

"A good idea, Derry, and likely the little mascot will sleep all the way," agreed Grandfather. "But it will be a strenuous skate, boy."

By the light of the moon Derry MacPhail set out down the river, the little mascot snuggling in the bear skin pocket, and strapped to the boy skater's back. Twice through the night Derry halted, and turning inshore built driftwood fires to warm himself by. The soft sleeping sound of the youngster made Derry laugh softly.

Never before had Derry MacPhail skated the length of the river and his pulses tingled with excitement. The frost was nipping his cheeks and his fingers, but he was assured Jack Frost had not crept under the bear skin.

Day was breaking when he came in sight of the clearing and the smoke curling from Granny's chimney. He climbed the bank and kicked off his skates. As he swung across the fields he was whistling. There would be none earlier than he in crossing the threshold with a New Year's greeting.

As he flung open the door, he sniffed the appetizing odor of coffee and bacon. Laughing, he crossed the threshold, slipped the straps that held the bear skin and the mascot, and swinging the bundle toward Granny he called out:

"A happy New Year, and may this gift bring prosperity to your household!"

Granny sprang forward and caught the bundle in her trembling arms. The little mascot—sleepy-eyed and rosy-cheeked—yawned drowsily and then smiled one of his roguish smiles into Granny's face and tightened the strings of her bear skin.

"Oh, what a wonderful wonderful New Year's gift," exclaimed Shirley. "And Derry, there's a story—there is something more wonderful you are not telling us yet—"

"It is the part of the gift that brings prosperity to the household," laughed Derry. "I remember Granny once said that true prosperity was happiness, and the little mascot's got it aplenty for the household of MacPhail," ended Derry mysteriously.

Bells

Christmas bells, merry bells, Sleigh bells gladly bringing Dreams of story-books and drums, Bright-eyed dolls and sugar-plums As their silvery echo comes

Through the darkness winging Christmas bells, welcome bells, Dinner bells are singing Songs of peace, based to a brown Pudding, sauce, and pie to crown These—the merriest bells in town—Here's to keep them ringing.

In some parts of Ireland holly is quite right. The mistake amounts

THE STORE WITH THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR EVERYONE

An early visit will assure you a happy and economical solution of your Gift problems.

FOR LADIES

French Ivory Mirrors, Hair Brushes, Combs and Manicure Sets, Hudnuts, Yardley, Pivers, Colgates, Coty's Roger and Gallet, Seeleys, Vantines Toilet Goods and Perfume. We would draw special attention to Vantines Compacts, Cream and Powder. Ask to see the Butterfly design. Cutex Sets in Xmas wrappers. Eversharp Pencils, Chocolates in handsome Baskets and Decorated Boxes.

FOR MEN

Cigars in Xmas packages that will delight the most particular smokers. Cigarettes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, Tobacco Pouches, Military Brushes, Playing Cards, Shaving Brushes, Razors and Shaving requisites.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Camera, makes a gift that will be a pleasure for years. The special Brownie Gift Box at \$5.00 containing a No. 2 Brownie, Album, 2 Films, Photos, Paste, Portrait attachment and a years free subscription to Kodakery is the ideal present. Kodaks from \$6.70 to \$23.25. A nice assortment to choose from.

FOR BABY

Ivory Sets, Rattles, Powder Boxes and Puffs, Brushes, Thermos Bottles, Bibs, etc.

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The MacKinnon Drug Co.

THE RECALL AND KODAK STORE

Christmas Traditions

Never a Christmas passes without accidents from fire. Last Christmas a schoolmaster who had dressed up as Santa Claus was badly burned through the cotton wool of which his white beard was made, catching fire.

It is not easy to find a substitute for cotton wool but it is not difficult to make cotton wool fireproof. Dissolve an ounce and a half of powdered alum in hot water and cook the wool in it. Then dry the wool and fluff it out again. Cotton wool treated in this way will smoulder but will not blaze.

Even tissue paper can be made quite safe by dipping it in a solution of ammonium sulphate, boracic acid and water. It must be dipped just enough water to make a liquid about as thick as thin paste. Then spread it on the fabric with a brush.

If you want to be lucky at Christmas and during the ensuing year the superstitious will tell you that you must pick up every pin you see lying on the ground during Christmas week.

When eating your first piece of Christmas cake save a crump. If you carry it in your pocket until the right shoe before the fortune teller will attend you the whole time. As soon as you lose the crump you may expect trouble.

When putting on your clothes on Christmas morning you will not be lucky unless you remember to get into the right sleeve of all your garments first. You must also put on the right shoe before the left.

Scan your garments carefully to make sure that they are free from holes. Whatever happens do not put on anything with a hole in it, otherwise your purse will leak throughout the year. To preserve your luck wear something new on the right shoe only a tie or a piece of fresh ribbon or lace.

Should you happen to tear a garment when putting it on do not have it mended until next day for sewing on Christmas Day is said to bring bad luck.

Tradition has it that the first turkey came from North America, where it was discovered by the early Spanish navigators. One of Sebastian Cabot's chief lieutenants is said to have introduced the turkey to Britain. This is supported by the fact that William Strickland, who accompanied Cabot on several of his voyages, adopted a turkey rampant on his crest as being granted arms in 1551.

At any rate the popularity of the turkey as the principal item in the Christmas dinner menu has lasted well over 300 years.

How the turkey got its name is a mystery. It certainly has nothing to do with the country of that name and for want of a better reason some authorities have suggested that the bird christened itself by its constant reiteration of a sound that resembles "turk-turk-turk."

When you are tackling your turkey on Christmas Day you may like to remind the company that the bird's succulent meat was highly esteemed by sixteenth-century churchmen that by Archbishop Cranmer's orders only one "dish of turkey-ribs" was permitted at feasts and banquets.

In some parts of Ireland holly is quite right. The mistake amounts

Christmas Traditions

regarded as the special tree of the fairies. In Rutlandshire there is a superstition that it is unlucky to take holly into the house before Christmas.

To ward off evil the cradles of Italian children are often decorated with holly.

Holly is valued as a wood by cabinet makers. It is white and hard.

The faces of babies in India and Persia are often washed in the liquid in which holly bark has been soaked as a charm against evil spirits. Holly was once considered an antidote for poison and a protection against lightning.

Holly trees are grown in almost every part of the world. The leaves on a holly in the Himalayas are from eight to ten inches long.

The South American native drink, mate, is made from the leaves of a species of holly.

Holly has been popular for decorations since the time of the Druids.

About 200 years ago a London tooth powder manufacturer named Austin, had a huge Christmas pudding made to advertise his specialty. It weighed 900 pounds and took 14 days to boil. When ready it was borne in procession with flags flying and bands playing to St. George's Field where an assembled throng was awaiting the arrival of the dainty, to which they were to help themselves.

Unfortunately, the pudding never reached its destination. A mob waylaid the procession, seized the pudding and distributed it among its own friends.

Another huge pudding was drawn through the streets of Exeter to Paignton Fair, where it was distributed among the poor. The contents of this dainty included 400 lbs. of flour, 200 lbs. of suet, 240 lbs. of flour, 200 lbs. of curants and raisins. It required boiling for four days before it was ready to eat.

An ancestor of Earl Grey once had a mighty pie made for his Christmas dinner. It weighed 150 lbs. and its circumference was 12 feet. Inside the pie were geese, turkeys, wild duck, woodcock, snipe, partridge, pigeons and rabbits, as well as a few blackbirds and curlews.

An ancient rhyme gives a list of the various delicacies which a housewife of the period was expected to provide for the Christmas festivities:

Brawn pudding and souse and mustard withal, Beef, mutton and pork, shred pies of the best Of pig, veal, goose and capon and turkey well drest, Cheese, apples and nuts; jolly carols to hear— And this in the country is reckoned good cheer.

If you ask a schoolboy which is the shortest day in the year he will answer "December 21." This indeed is the general idea, yet not a correct one. A year is not an exact number of days, but actually consists of 365 days 5 hours and 49.7 seconds.

In order to correct this error we add an extra day in leap year. Even this does not straighten matters for it takes the year back to 48 minutes too much. For this reason the shortest day is sometimes December 21 and sometimes December 22nd.

In order to make up for the 48 minutes error, leap year is omitted in every full century year not divisible by 400. But even this correction does not put our reckoning

Legnd of Befana

By B. Y. Williams

In old barbaric splendour slow they came Across the desert plain—the three great kings

From out the East, each bearing precious things To greet the Christ. Before them

And humble dwellers near to Bethlehem Came out to see them and to add their store

Of meager gifts to those the Magi bore.

But one, Befana, took no heed of them.

Too busy she with daily tasks! Their story later. But they came no more;

And old Befana sits beside her door Through all the years, still waiting their return.

Oh, heart of mine, this is the Christmas Day— Fold for a time your busy cares away.

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