

MACLEACHERN AND PROWSE ARE ENTIRELY ELIGIBLE

Cases of Amateur Hockey Players Whose Standing Was in Doubt Have Been Probed Thoroughly.

MONTREAL, Dec. 24.—At the meeting of the Quebec Amateur Hockey Association and the Eastern Canada League on Saturday afternoon with each team in that represented, much progress was made in straightening out the confusion wrought by a number of the players on the Sons of Ireland team of Quebec who were registered under the residence rule. The changes of residence of each player on the Quebec team were made into with the result that the players in question, namely, Rhéme and Brisebois were put in good standing and will be eligible for the season. The fact that the players were in Montreal recently is explained, they being here to

Silver Wedding Anniversary

A number of friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard MacRae, of Point Prim, on the evening of Dec. 20th, 1924, to celebrate the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. A very enjoyable evening was spent in music, games, etc. Mrs. Millie MacRae and Mrs. Mable MacLeachern furnished the music, while those present heartily joined in the singing of songs both new and old. The following address was read by W. H. MacInnes:

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard MacRae, Point Prim.

It is certainly with the greatest pleasure that we gather here in your hospitable home tonight, to join with you in celebrating your twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. It is a great blessing to see a couple dwelling in peace and unity for that length of time, and we heartily congratulate you and hope that you may live a great many more years of usefulness and happiness together. Hospitality is one thing that marks this home. No friend or stranger ever stepped within its gates but received a hearty welcome, and a cordial invitation to "hide a wee."

There is beauty all around when there is love in every sound. There is joy in every sound, when there's love at home. Peace and plenty here abide, smiling sweet on every side. Time doth softly sweetly glide, when there's love at home.

That God may bless this home, and all the homes throughout the land, and that you and yours may spend a very happy Christmas and New Year and many of them, is the wish of all your friends.

"May the house that kindly sheltered you and all that you hold dear, Be the dwelling place of gladness, And of never ending cheer."

Please accept this gift from us tonight, with our very best wishes for a happy future.

The gift which consisted of a chest of silver, was then presented by Mrs. John D. Macdonald, after which Mr. MacRae, on behalf of Mrs. MacRae and himself, thanked those who were present, and also those who were unable to come on account of the stormy night, for their kindness in giving them such a beautiful and useful gift. He also thanked them for their good wishes, which they both greatly appreciated, and reciprocated. He hoped that all present would enjoy their evening together. A beautiful supper was then served by the ladies present, to which all did ample justice, shortly after which the gathering dispersed after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The Christmas Guest

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (Dec. '24)

Kenneth Irving Brown

There are times when a man yearns for his home and the companionship of his friends. I had reached such a state of mind after four months in South America in search of flora for my botanical museum.

I lay back in the native dugout, lost in pleasant thoughts of home and a land where Nature was lauded. Pedro, a native Carib guide, between the lazy strokes of his paddle, had told me, in a lingo of distorted English and incomprehensible Spanish, of Caspatia, a tiny Carib town inland on the Mulatto River which he knew, of the villagers' "heart warmth," and of their isolation. If I understood him correctly, no white man had visited them for 20 years.

"And this is the day before Christmas," I mused. "We shall spend Christmas Eve at Caspatia; I shall be their Christmas guest." The thought was ironical, and I smiled bitterly.

It was approaching twilight when the village came into view. It consisted of a score of small huts with novel grass-roof, many of them built on stilts for protection against the attack of wild animals.

An old man espied us and stood as if rooted to the spot, staring intently at us. Then with a wild shout, such I have never heard he cried: "Hombres, hombres! venid!" and straightway running from the huts came men and women. They stopped abruptly when they saw us, with one accord they put their knees and bowed their faces in the dust, all the while making a rhythmic moan strangely beautiful.

I knew not what to make of this strange performance and my guide offered no information. As I stepped ashore, not a person stood for even peered at us, though had closed eyes; evidently that which I had taken for a moan was a prayer.

"Tell them we want to spend the night here," I said to my guide. No sooner had he spoken than they dashed toward me. In no human eye have I ever seen expressed such emotion as was written in theirs. Their eyes scanned my face with a hunger and avidity quite disconcerting. When I raised my arms to them to signify that I would be their friend, they fell at my feet; they even kissed my sandals.

The entire performance was incomprehensible to me. Amusement at the presence of a white man hardly accounted for their apparent worship. Presently I stroked down to the bank of the stream and sat in wonder, while the shadows of twilight thickened.

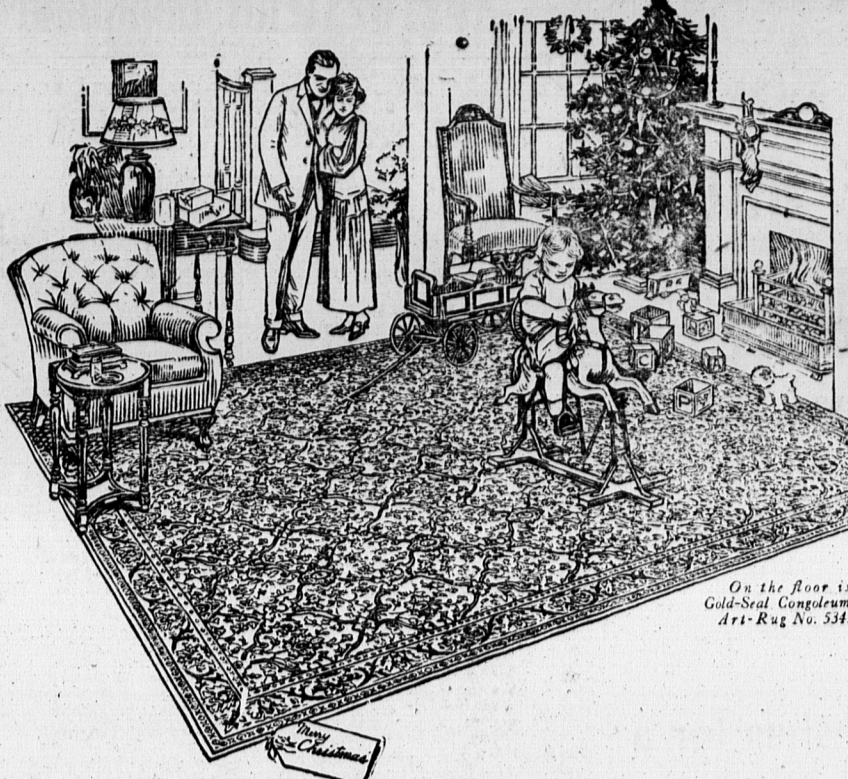
I could see the hombres and mures in the distance. They were talking in soft tones. Suddenly one of the muchachos, young and slender, came toward me. She walked with difficulty, leaning heavily upon a staff at each step. Apparently her left side was paralyzed. Her foot dragged as a leaden weight, and her arm hung useless. No one moved among the group in the background, and yet I could see they were watching her intently. The young girl was trembling violently. I rose, wondering what was expected of me, and as I did she stumbled. Her staff fell from her hand and she pitched forward. I caught her easily, and held her trembling body for a moment. Then, with a cry of ecstasy, the young thing leaped from my arms and flew back to the shadows. As if waiting for this moment, her friends raised their voices with cheers and then arose a solemn chanting, crude yet beautiful in its sincerity and resplendent in its recurring note of joy. I longed to know the secret of the mystery.

The muchacha's staw lay at my feet. Could it be that these poor people, hearing of our progress in medicine, believed in the white man's miraculous power to heal? Faith is the ability to believe the incredible, I had heard it said.

I was so astounded at what had taken place, and so disconcerted by the plaintive chanting, that I hurried to the old father and made signs that I would retire. He understood and led me to the largest hut, where they had prepared a spreading of fresh palm-leaves with a blanket covering—the choicest sleeping-accommodation the camp offered. I knew—and I accepted with a gracious heart.

It was dawn when I awoke. Christmas Day—and yet how unbelievable. What was Christmas Day in a land of wilderness and black fold. What could it mean to these Carib Indians? It was with a feeling of wretchedness that I recalled past Christmas.

The dream was dispelled as I became aware of the voices which had awakened me. yet they stirred something within which quieted the loneliness of my heart. There about the hut were gathered the inhabitants of the camp, with their arms laden. At sight of me they bowed themselves to the ground; then slowly one by one they came



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Congoleum Title Writing Contest Winners to be Announced January 10th

The interest in this Contest was so widespread and the replies of such excellence that the judges, in spite of unremitting work, were unable to come to a decision by the time this advertisement went to press. They promise to announce the names of the winners in time to publish them about January 10th.

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and laid their offerings at my feet with amazement and doubt. "You see, I stood as a man in a dream. At the foot of my ladder we heaped great skins of tiger and lynx, bananas, curiously carved images, and a reed basket woven in intricate design.

I did my best to express my thanks by smiles and gestures, but my confusion was turning to puzzled incredulity. I wanted to question my guide. They brought me food; and when I had eaten I sought my guide. "Pedro," I said, "we must stay, at once."

He went to my host with word that we were going. The old man hurried to my side and through Pedro and pantomime begged me to stay. Then, seeing I was resolute, he motioned me to remain for a moment while he called the villagers together. Grouping themselves about me, they fell on their knees. By frantic gesticulation my host endeavored to communicate an idea to me. "Bless," said Pedro. They wanted me to bless them. I, an old, hamesick, botany professor! I lifted my hands and repeated the words: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." Then, turning to my companion, I entered the dugout, and we pushed off.

"Pedro, what did it all mean?" He looked at me with eyes filled

"I don't know; tell me," He hesitated, but at last he spoke. "Christ come." No white man entered such words with deeper reverence.

"Christ come!" I echoed, as I remembered their greeting and the incident of the night before. "Yes, old missionary tell—Christ come. He come day fore Christmas; come no river at shade-time in dugout with hombre. He stay all night at Caspatia."

I sat stunned by the thought. This then was the reason for the muchacha's confidence. It was an idea which made me tremble. How inconceivable their childish faith, how perfect their adoration!

The canoe moved on. In the distance I heard music. It was the solemn chant they had sung for me when I came; they were singing it again as I left them. . . . Pedro leaned toward me. "It is true, no es verdad? You are, you are—He?"

THE PASSING HOUR.
"All my life I've been unfortunate—when still a child, I was left an orphan."
"What did you do with it?"—Purple Cow.
A young undergraduate was taken before his death for turning up two days after the beginning of the term. "I'm awfully sorry," said the young man. "I really couldn't get back before. I was detained by most important business."
The professor looked at him sternly. "So you wanted two more days of grace, did you?" he asked.

Sporting World Recorded Many Deaths In 1924

(Associated Press)

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The world's sport lost many of its outstanding figures during 1924.

Baseball mourned the death of one of the diamond's greatest leaders in Frank Chance, former "Pepper" of the Chicago Cubs, and in "Fats" Moran, former Philadelphia and Cincinnati National League clubs to pennants. The Reds suffered a second loss when Jake Laubert, veteran first baseman died.

Football lost one of its most conspicuous directing figures when Percy D. Hanton, creator of the famous "Harvard System," died after making rapid progress in getting Columbia in the front of midion ranks.

Edward F. "Pop" Geers, grand old man of harness racing, died in an accident after a remarkable driving career over a half-century.

Auto racing took an unusually heavy toll, 15 fatalities marking the season. The most prominent were Jimmy Murphy, winner of most of the world's speed classics, and Carlo Rosio, famous Italian driver and former winner of the 1906 Indianapolis race.

Frankie Jerome, leading contender for the bantamweight boxing title, died in a hospital from the effects of a blow sustained in a fight at Madison Square Garden by Bud Taylor.

TWENTY-THIRD

(Continued from Page 1)

struck it three times with the golden hammer, saying as he did so, "Aperite mihi portas aeneas."

And the singing continued as follows:

"Ingressus in ecclesiam, adorandum."

The blowing of the golden trumpet struck a large sate later, but for the purpose on which a cross had been raised. The young man, the door to the Pontiff's blows was announced. He went back to his throne and it was only several moments later that the solemnity of ceremonies, by means of a special yellow silk rope on the other end of which a bell was attached, marked the beginning of the ceremony was over, and that the door might now be let down. Slowly the massive door was lowered and immediately rolled away.

This done, the penitentiaries of the Vatican basilica, using sponges, washed with holy water all parts of the aperture left bare after the Holy Door was removed, and also dried these parts by special brass driers. At this juncture the bells of St. Peter's, followed by those of Rome's other 400 churches, pealed to the tiding of the Holy Year had actually begun. Simultaneously the Pope, standing erect on the throne, chanted prayers of thanksgiving for having granted him grace for inaugurating the Holy Year and the Sistine choir sang the sublime music of Palestrina. Then the Pope, holding a lighted candle in his left hand and a cross in his right, went to the Holy Door and knelt on his knees, singing the Te Deum.

The Pontiff was the first to cross the threshold, followed by Cardinals Bisiotti and Lega, and then by all the other cardinals, who kissed the doorpost as they passed.

Thus then went into the chapel of the Protos where he entrusted the custody of the Holy Door for the ensuing year to the religious brotherhoods of Rome. In so doing he delivered an address in which he recalled the meanings of the Holy Year and Holy Door. He explained that the Holy Door is symbolical of the marvellous eternal doors of the City of God, to which admission is granted only to those who have purified themselves through expectation or through acquiescence in indulgence.

He emphasized the importance of the injunction that the Holy Door should never be profaned, and ended imparting the apostolic benediction.

After a short rest the Pope ascended the Sedia Gestatoria and, in the same procession as that preceding the opening of the Holy Door, was carried to the altar of the confession in the centre of the basilica directly underneath the great dome.

Standing on the altar, the Holy

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BRINGING UP FATHER



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—By GEO. McMANUS