

Games for Christmas

Continuous merriment should be the keynote of a successful Christmas party, and nothing is more conducive to this than the proposition by the prospective hostess of a varied repertoire of games and puzzles likely to appeal to all the guests and in which all can join.

Sometimes a good deal more fun can be got out of a number of games than from those which have been pre-arranged. Here is an idea that a hostess once followed at Christmas with great success. When all her guests had arrived she announced that she wanted each one of them to contribute to the fun of the evening by suggesting a game, so that everybody should have a really good time.

Thinking a host from the table she said gaily: "I want each of you to think of a dandy game in which all can join; write your suggestions on slips of paper. Place them in the bowl and then we shall all have lots of fun."

The idea was at once seized upon and in a few minutes the little bowl was full of very thoughtful suggestions. The hostess selected the game so chosen. The first game selected was "What is It?" One player went out of the room and the others decided upon a subject either from fiction or history that had a touch of Christmas about it, such as the Star of Bethlehem, Santa Claus, Cinderella, the original Christmas Tree, etc.

Next came "Alphabetic Sentences," someone starting with a word and each player following with another word beginning with the same initial and helping to make up a sentence. This became quite difficult as the game proceeded and caused a good deal of fun and thinking.

"Famous Numbers" was also a good game. For this, the players took slips of paper and wrote on them the year, to name called a number from one side which was answered by the other side with a famous fact connected with it. Thus "7" was called out, the answer might be "The Seven Ages of Man," "We are 'Seven,'" "The Seven Days of the Week and so on."

Another game suggested was "The Chaff." In this game the players are divided into two groups, one group being blindfolded and each player sitting beside an empty chair. Then the players of the sitting group quietly slipped into the vacant chairs and at the word "Begin" from the Mistress of Ceremonies, who led off with the keynote, they all sang "Three Blind Mice" and their blind neighbors had to guess the identity of the singers from their voices. This game is only successful when the players have been able to talk together before-hand. When they are well known to each other it must be the business of the singing one to try to camouflage their voices as much as possible. Those who generally sing in a high key should sing in a low one and vice versa. The blind players who fail to guess might each pay a forfeit. All the while the game is repeated twice, only the blindfold players may retain their seats.

A Poetic Puzzle. No Christmas party is complete without a few puzzles, and here are a few suggestions designed to keep the company amused for hours.

Can you make any sense out of these lines? LDNGSTNTIHMLDTWLGHDM WILSTBDSNWLDSWFTVGLRCHLRSKGM.

When there is a lull in the Christmas proceedings and guests seek entertainment let them try "Game Within a Game." Give each person a pencil and a card on which is to be written the name of a game and the name of a person. Each one in turn tells his name and everybody plays it.

When all have had a turn, and each game has been played, let everyone look over their lists and choose the game they liked best. The originator of the most popular game receives a prize.

One player is sent from the room and the rest decide upon something he must do when called in. When this has been done he is summoned by magic music which is made by having one of the players strike on something which will make a noise. If there is a piano, or a watch or a bell will do.

As he hears the music, which he is to find the music grows very loud, and faint when he is far away. Suppose he is to take a flower from a vase, and give it to one of the players. As he hears the music, the music grows louder and louder, and he is to take a step; then he knows he has done something with it. If he smells it, the music grows faint, and he knows he is wrong. As he starts to give it to the players, the music varies until he has given it to the right one.

One of the persons present is selected as the object to be described. The leader suggests that the person must be described by an adjective beginning with A, and he will not be disturbed by your outspoken impression of him. The players in turn gave their answers; he is an "austere" gentleman, or he may be an "amiable" according to the men-

Here are some forfeits, which will add to the gaiety of the party. Bite an inch off a foot-rule—all that has to be done is to hold the foot-rule an inch away from your mouth and then make a bit at an imaginary object. Kiss the lady you love best with your tongue. Knowing it. You can do this by kissing every girl in the room. This forfeit is naturally popular.

An ordinary feather will provide any amount of fun and is the medium of a game especially popular with children. Select one that will float in the air, and throw it above the heads of the players, who sit in a circle. The object of the game is to keep the feather in the air by blowing it. If the feather touches anyone that person must pay a forfeit.

Fortune Telling. Telling fortunes is another splendid way of keeping a party cheerful. This can be done in many ways, among them being the use of dominoes. Shuffle the pieces face downwards on the table and allow your friends to take up three pieces each. The dominoes can be interpreted as follows: One blank means that the person drawing it will have to be more careful with his money and goods or he will experience difficulties. A double-blank means bad luck in love, a double ace great good fortune. Two-blank signifies hard times ahead; a double-two indicates a legacy and so on. You can attach a meaning to each piece and cause great fun with your answers.

Thought reading is also quite easy but it is necessary in this case to have an accomplice in the room. Required apparatus includes a small pencil, a piece of paper and a small table or stool. Having made your preparations, ask the party to think of any number up to ninety-nine. The assistant writes the number and places it on the paper with the pencil. Then the thought-reader is called in and gives his answer after holding the paper and pencil to his head.

The secret lies in the fact that the thought-reader and his assistant have previously divided the table into nine divisions each of which is numbered. If, supposing the number chosen is 76, the assistant places the pencil on division one and the paper on division five. The "Wizard" thus knows which number to answer, the pencil indicating tens and the paper units. Of course no lines or other marks must be made on the table. The divisions must be carried in the memory.

Donkey. Any number of players can play this game. All form a circle, one player having a ball. This is thrown from one to another, the first to drop a count as "D," the second player to make is "O," the third, fourth, and fifth counts as "N," "K," "E" respectively but the unlucky player who misses it next counts as "Y," and is called the donkey, dropping out of the game, and as a penalty sits in the center of the circle.

Bubbles. Stretch a ribbon across the room. To this attach red card-boards of different sizes. The guests in turn try to hit the stockings with bubbles blown from day pipes. Allow five trials for each pipe. A pair of silk stockings would be a suitable prize to the most successful "blower."

Another game is to ask one person to leave the room while a word with many rhymes is chosen like "night," "tree," etc. The guesser asks questions which must be answered with a word that rhymes with the chosen. The idea is for that person to find the word, and the one who guesses it must pay a forfeit.

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Broken Quotations. This is a good game to play at the beginning of a social gathering, as the guests have to mingle together and thus become better acquainted and the success of a formal gathering passes off. The hostess has prepared familiar quotations which were written on paper and then cut in two or three parts and pinned in different places around the room. The guests are requested to find as many quotations as they can during a certain length of time.

As the parts are scattered all over the room, it isn't as easy as it sounds to find the complete quotations. The persons gathering the most quotations receives a prize.

THE MARKET.—The attendance at the Christmas market yesterday was smaller than on Friday last, owing no doubt to the recent thaw and the roads. The products of the market were of splendid quality and found a ready sale. There were slightly in advance of Friday's market. There was a good demand for geese and ducks, and only a limited supply. There were no turkeys offered. Butter and eggs remained the same. An unusual feature of a market for Dec. 24th was the fairly good supply of fresh codfish, which found ready sale at 8 cts. a pound. The hay oats market outside was fairly brisk. Pork sold at 9 cts.

HAMPTON NEWS.—The people in this vicinity are busy preparing for the Xmas season and have about completed marketing their produce.—Miss Mary Farrar has gone on an extended visit to New York and other American cities.—Mr. Joseph Ince, of Anchorage, Alaska is visiting his old home here and recently delivered a lecture in Hampton Hall relating his experiences in the land of ice and snow.—Mrs. Hattie McKinnon and daughter Dorothy, left last week for Boston, Mass. Before leaving Miss Dorothy was tendered a farewell reception at the home of Hon. John Myers.—Miss May Beer has accepted a position as clerk in the store of Mr. Lloyd Moreside.—Friends of Miss Minnie Inman are pleased to see her out again after an attack of LaGrippe.—The Sunday School of Hampton Presbyterian church are busy preparing for an entertainment and Xmas tree to be held in the hall on Dec. 25th.—Mrs. Minnie McKinnon, Charlotetown is visiting friends in Hampton and Desable.—Mr. Jack Cameron is again confined to his home on account of illness. His friends are anxiously waiting to hear of his speedy recovery.—Miss Kathryn McQuarrie, student at W. C. is spending the Xmas holidays at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McQuarrie.—Miss Janie Ferguson is visiting friends at Cornwall.—Among the guests at Hampton on the 23rd were Messrs. Art Simmonds, Wilton McDonald and Harold Shero. Miss Mahol McDonald, teacher is spending the Xmas holidays at her home in Bellevue.

PERSONALS. Mr. Jack Morris, is home from Lennoxville, for the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rombough leave this morning for Toronto, where they will reside. Miss Kathleen Hornsby, has arrived home from Halifax, for Christmas holidays. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnston, returned home Saturday from Sydney, and later from Montreal and Boston. Messrs. F. McElroy and A. Tierney of New Haven, were visitors in the city yesterday. They left on return to their homes this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Nash and little daughter, Berwick, N. S., arrived in the city Saturday night and will spend Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Nash. Miss Margaret McInnis and Mr. Alexander Stewart of this city, delegates to the International Students' Christian Movement Convention at Indianapolis, Ind., leave for there this morning.

The United Church of Canada. Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its approaching session for an Act making provision for the completion of the union of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the Methodist Church, and the Congregational Churches of Canada, to form The United Church of Canada; incorporating The United Church of Canada; providing for the admission thereto of Local Union Congregations; providing for the holding, use and administration of the property of the said Churches and the congregations thereof; and providing for the carrying of the said union into effect. Dated at Toronto this 7th day of December, 1923.

CAVENDISH SCHOOL. Grade X.—1, Gertrude Clark; 2, Irene Wyand, Grade VII.—1, Ursula Smith; 2, Keith Webb, Grade VI.—1, Anita Webb, 2, Robert Simpson; 3, George Clark, Grade V.—1, Helen Simpson; 2, Ethel Wyand; 3, Ralph McNeil, Grade II.—1, Clarence Gallant, Grade I.—1, Lorraine Webb; 2, Lila Desjardins; 3, Herbert Wyand, Perfect attendance: Anita Webb, Helen Simpson, Ralph McNeil, Doris Smith, Clara Doiron, Marjorie Clark, Lila Doiron, Herbert Wyand.

THE CENTRAL GUARDIAN

SHOP from Holman's Catalog SEE OUR assortment of collars and collar and cuff sets. Prowse and Bros. Ltd.—12-24-31. NOTE: — Advertising locals cost five cents per word, payable in advance. LADIES tea aprons, 50 to \$1.50 Prowse Bros. Ltd.—12-24-31. THANKS.—The Guardian acknowledges with thanks a pretty calendar from Messrs. MacDougall & MacAulay.

ENTERING CIVIC CONTEST.—The Guardian is informed that Mr. H. Craswell, upon the request of a number of electors, is entering the civic contest for Water Commissioner. A HANDSOME DONATION.—The amount of \$100 was collected between a number of Charlotetown travelling men for the poor of the city and this was handed over to Miss Earl, at the Charlotetown Dispensary, as a contribution towards the Christmas fund. This public spirited act is much appreciated.

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The Little Gray Lamb

He stood all alone upon one of the hills outside of Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve, long, long ago. There were other lambs all about him, lying like drifts of snow, so white were they on the purple hills, and the light of the stars made their fleeces look more snow-like and more pure. Wrapped in their long cloaks, the shepherds dozed and watched the red fires that burned in the hollows of the hills.

But the little gray lamb shivered and bleated. He was very unhappy, because he wanted a white fleece. He wanted to be as white as a cloud, as white as the other lambs, but ever since he could remember he had been covered with a fleece of gray.

As he stood, so sorrowful and sad, the little gray lamb called to the moon and cried: "Oh, moon of Bethlehem, pure and bright, I pray you, give me a fleece of white."

But the night breeze, drifting down from the sky and rustling through the bushes all about the little gray lamb, brought the moon's message: "Oh, little gray lamb, alone in the night, I can not give you a fleece of white."

So the little lamb left his place and trotted down the hill and up to the grass of the plain. No one missed him, for he was the least loved of all the flock, being so dull and slow. Not one of the shepherds knew that he had gone, and none of the sheep heard his soft feet on the grass of the hillside.

But suddenly as he journeyed, a strange light filled the sky and dazzled his eyes so that he could scarcely see. The woods were suddenly filled with strange sweet music, and through the swaying branches of the palms and olive trees there could be seen the white wings of angels.

Stumbling along the wood path, his fleeces catching in the thorns, the bushes and the rough stones cutting his feet, the little gray lamb followed the light of the star until he came to the walls of Bethlehem, and entered the gate, and then entered softly over the paved streets.

Ahead of him he saw a strange procession of shepherds carrying gifts, nor did it stop until they came to the door of a lowly stable. There they entered, kneeling at the foot of a hay-filled manger, praising and blessing the little Babe who had come to Bethlehem on this first Christmas Eve.

Patiently, longingly, the little lamb stood in the doorway, apart from all the others, and watched the Babe. He must not even cross the threshold, he thought.

But as the sorrowful bleating of the little gray lamb reached the ears of the Christ-child, He reached out one fair little hand, beckoning to the lamb to come to His side. Then He laid his hand on its wrinkled face, and a strange thing happened.

The little gray lamb was suddenly clothed in soft white fleeces. A child may see this same little white lamb today whose fleeces were once so gray. He is painted, upon the colored windows of great churches, and he lies in stone in green church-yards where the quiet dead are laid to sleep. Sometimes he carries a staff to make a child remember his journey down from the hills of Bethlehem to the manger, and sometimes in old pictures the Christ-child stands by his side with His hand resting on the lamb's white fleeces, as it did upon that first Christmas Eve.

But wherever a child sees him, the message of the little lamb at Christmas time is the same—one of love, and patience, and humility. —By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

EGG CIRCLE. Notes on the 6th, P. E. I. Egg Laying contest for the 6th week, ending December 12th, 1923. Production is rapidly increasing in the 6th P. E. I. Egg Laying Contest, despite the fact that the Barred Rocks have not started to lay to any extent. During the week so far last week's production, 633 eggs have been laid to date. Mr. Sam McPherson's pen of White Leghorns led the Contest for the week with 46 eggs. The Experimental Station's pen of White Leghorns No. 13 second with 37 eggs. Mr. Everett Howatt's pen of White Leghorns third with 35 eggs. The Experimental Station's pen of White Leghorns No. 14 fourth with 34 eggs. Mr. J. J. McGilivray's pen of White Leghorns fifth with 33 eggs. Mr. Edward Bulpitt's pen of White Leghorns tied with the Experimental Station's pen of White Leghorns No. 12 with 29 eggs. The Experimental Station's seventh with 22 eggs. Mr. Sam McPherson's pen of White Leghorns leads the Contest to date with 141 eggs. The Experimental Station's pen of White Leghorns No. 13 second with 132 eggs. Mr. Everett Howatt's pen of White Leghorns third with 104 eggs. The Experimental Station pen with 103 eggs. The Experimental Station's pen of White Leghorns No. 14 fifth with 100 eggs. Mr. J. J. McGilivray's pen of White Leghorns sixth with 92 eggs. The Experimental Station's pen of White Leghorns No. 15 seventh with 76 eggs. Mr. Edward Bulpitt's pen of White Leghorns eighth with 67 eggs.

Choice Chocolates In Superb Packages. Nothing so easy to select and always a welcome gift to the ladies. We have a splendid array to choose from. Boxes 1/2 lb. up to 5 pound. Moirs, Huxley, Ganong, Lowney. Choose now while the assortment is complete. THE WHITE DRUG STORE. J. G. Jamieson DRUGGIST.

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STRAND

Here's a Picture! One that honestly deserves to be spelled in Capital Letters. One that Rex Beach can honestly say is a brilliant picturization of his world-famous novel. One that gives Thomas Meighan The best roll he's had in a long time. A Picture teeming with tense situations, flowing over with thrills, lavish with laughs rich with romance and splendid heart-appeal. Harry Pollard IN "The Newly Rich"

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Prince Edward Today at 2.30. Doors Open 1.45 Tonight at 8.30. Doors Open 7.30 H. Wilmot Marjie The Young-Adams COMPANY OPENING PLAY MATINEE NIGHT "DORA DEAN" 8-BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS-8 And a Novelty Jazz Orchestra Scotch Pipers and Dancers A SHOW FOR THE MASSES Prices Evening 37c, 52c, 80c Matinee Today 26c, 37c, 52c Secure your Tickets now. Ticket Office opens at 9.30 a. m. Daily

Baker collapsed in her husband's arms unconscious. "Hold her!" bade the master of the house, his face white and dawn and he strode to the door muttering terrible menaces. The master took the stairs three steps at a leap, and reached the nursery door, fourth and fifth closed, in a profigious effort at self control. From the passage he saw the little cot that contained his only child and, beyond, the blink of the fire.

Something clanked and the master stopped dead, bereft of power to move; he had heard that grisly thing! They slide off the roof—it's all snow. Then a gurgle of sheer delight that told the quaking father his beloved "Girle" was hiding beneath the bed-clothes from the grisly spectre of a chained lunatic.

He was a brave man Baker, but he had once faced that ghost, and his limbs failed him. "Santa you're awfully cold," came Girle's muffled pipe. "Fill my stocking quick! You're making puss'ry draughty. Baker strove again to enter just if his limbs had been cold stone they could not have been less responsive. Through his reeling brain kept recurring the legend that if only the ghost were boldly faced and told never to return it would be laid for ever; just as only brutality had quelled the bearded maniac who was its original.

Then came the sound of little feet on the nursery floor, and pattering trouble. "Oh Santa I was just going to cuddle you and whisper what I wanted, and you was't here." Again the patter of feet and the plaintive voice: a voice trembling with childish resentment. "If you don't want Girle go away! You're cold as ice and I can't take hold of you at all. Oh, go away and don't come back." Baker managed to totter into the room as something vaguely resembling a wisp of snow vanished by the window with last rustle and clank. "Daddy, daddy!" cried the little girl. "You're too late. I've seen Santa Claus, but he wasn't nice so I sent him away. Oh daddy, my stocking's empty." She

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