



CHRISTMAS GIFTS SHOP EARLY

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Decorating For Christmas

To make pretty table decorations for parties, take some evergreen leaves and treat them as follows: Pour a pint of boiling water in a dish and stir in 1 ounce of either powdered alum or Epsom salts. Stir well and leave to cool a little. Now take a soft camel hair brush and paint your leaves with the mixture. Hang them up in a cool place till dry. They will look as though covered in hoar frost and will sparkle well in artificial light. If possible, add a few bright berries or small knots of baby ribbon.

For curtains trimmed with sprays of holly make an attractive Christmas window. Place a wreath of holly in the centre and festoon a row of flags over the curtain pole and down each side of the window.

Holly tails tied with red ribbon make pretty ornaments for side light chandeliers, or doorways. Use short pieces of holly twisted together and pressed into the shape of a ball.

For the Party Table

A "snow-bank" made of cotton wool, sprinkled with diamond dust, and decorated with sprigs of holly makes a pretty centrepiece for a child's Christmas party table. Attach a little gift for each guest to a red ribbon and conceal it under the simulated snow-bank.

Fasten the other end of the ribbon to each place.

A Santa Claus cobweb will interest the children. This is the idea of a cobweb party by attaching little gifts to strings which may lead through one or two rooms with the mixture. Hang them up in a cool place till dry. They will look as though covered in hoar frost and will sparkle well in artificial light. If possible, add a few bright berries or small knots of baby ribbon.

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Make it Colorful

If there are young children in the home, you should have a real Christmas tree, as nothing else can take its place. Older people may like stunning effects that appeal to the imagination, or symbols in a fairy manner that will do this, but children want it loaded to overflowing with baubles of coloured glass, lopped around tinsel strands that gleam and glitter.



REDDIN BROS.

CHRISTMAS WILL SOON BE HERE

ONCE AGAIN OUR STORE IS FILLED WITH BEAUTIFUL GIFTS THAT WILL REALLY GLADDEN THE HEARTS OF ALL WHO RECEIVE THEM.

THINK OF IT 14 BEAUTIFUL SHOW CASES FILLED WITH GORGEOUS MERCHANDISE - HUNDREDS OF FEET OF COUNTERS FILLED HIGH WITH "SUGGESTIONS"

TRULY YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED—WE DO NOT BELIEVE THAT YOU WILL FIND A FINER DISPLAY OR SELECTION OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF THEIR KIND IN EASTERN CANADA.

OUR LARGE STORE MAKES IT EASY FOR YOU TO SHOP. WE ARE ALWAYS PLEASSED TO SEE YOU COME IN AND LOOK AROUND WHETHER YOU PURCHASE OR NOT.

WHY NOT DROP IN FOR A SODA ICE CREAM OR LIGHT LUNCH AND LOOK OVER OUR LARGE STOCK?

REDDIN BROS.

LEO. M. DOUCETTE—ROY M. SMALLMAN

CHRISTMAS DUMPLINGS

BY MARGARET A. WATSON.

Mrs. Bennet was not old. The early forties can be very young indeed. But before she was twenty she had begun to build a comfortable shelter of routine. Mr. Bennet couldn't help being a little wistful about it.

If there had been children—Mr. Bennet loved children and he loved dogs—he liked cats too. Mrs. Bennet didn't care for "live-stock." Animals were noisy and had to be "run round after," and they meant more work. Children meant even more work.

Sometimes she had wondered, especially on winter evenings when the carol singers were at the door and she was putting neat straight little sprigs of holly behind the pictures in the hall, just what it would be like to have to walk about on tip-toe because "someone" might wake. But of course there would be mud in the hall, and finger marks on the white paint—so it was really just as well as it was.

George was a dog. He knew perfectly well that a dog that didn't behave dog—a dog that didn't bark on the mats and buried its bones in the elderdowns. But he went on thinking how nice it would be to have one to run when the front door of the fire, with the warm weight of a furry head on his foot—to trail his fingers over the chair arm and have them licked scrupulously by a warm tongue. By now, however, George's heart was his private affair.

And so it never told him that Sarah, too, was lonely.

The carol singers were early that year. George liked them. The dark streets seemed to increase his yearning for the light and warmth of human companionship, "good companionship," and George gave sippiness to urchins who didn't deserve them. Mrs. Bennet and the carol singers too. They disturbed her. They rang the front door bell when she was busy, and dirtied her front steps. She could send them away from her door, but she could not send away the pain and feelings they left behind. They crept into the house and there they stayed, following her about—leaning over her shoulder—whispering among themselves. One evening, when she was standing on the fire bell rang, she was pounding things in a basin in the kitchen trying to drown the soft footsteps of the little ghost memories in her heart. And so the telegraph boy had to ring three times when the front door opened.

Mrs. Bennet held the envelope in her hand. Good or bad news?—And who would send Sarah Bennet a wire? The circle of her friends had grown smaller with the years. She was not interested in their efforts. All except Lydia—Lydia Lydia Sherwood, who was so large and jolly, and so equally vague and absent minded. Lydia, who was never out of her "bedroom," and never thought anyone else would be. And the telegram was signed "Lydia."

The telegram boy asked: "Any answer to Mrs. Bennet's telegram?" "No answer," she said. Ten minutes later when George let himself in, Sarah was still sitting before a half-laid table with the telegram.

"Bad news?" said George.

"Very," said Sarah. "It's from Lydia," she added, as though that explained it.

"Oh, Lydia," said George in a pleased sort of way. George liked Lydia—he liked her largeness, her jolliness, her untidy forgetfulness.

"Read it," said George.

"James arriving 10:30. Many thanks, Lydia. 'And who is James?' asked George. 'I don't know how even Lydia dares—I wrote by return and told me pretty clearly. And then her that I couldn't possibly—in any circumstances—and now she does this—Dumps him on us.'"

"But who is James, and why is he coming here, as—well—'a dumpling'?"

"For goodness sake stop saying 'Who is James.' He's one of Lydia's children. Don't ask me which one. I really can't keep count. Her letters are so long and so impossibly written. I don't even read them right through. But they're always full of the children—and the village children—and the farm full of names of people and things and would I be a 'village' now—now she's dumping James here, and for goodness knows how long."

"So James is coming here?" A frown of worry, a smile threatened George's lips.

"On no he isn't—that's Lydia's mistake."

"But why does she want him to?" "Because she couldn't think of anything else to send him. She wrote me a day or two ago, by registered post. But I really hadn't time to decipher it. I gathered some of the children had measles and she had no mink and was running everything single-handed. She wanted a temporary home for James because she hadn't anyone to look after him. She said he wasn't infectious and would be no trouble—and would I be a 'village' And then she said if she didn't hear she'd know it was all right. Would anyone but Lydia be so casual? I wrote at once and told her it was impossible—I just can't understand it."

They sat opposite one another in brittle silence. George's mind was slowly visited by a painful understanding. He got up and went into the hall. He rummaged in the pocket of his raincoat. Yes—there it was. A thin, unposted envelope. Very slowly he came back. "It's the post," said Sarah. "That's what it is—the post."

George sat down again. Least said soonest mended, and this was

not the moment for further breakage.

"You'll go to the station?" said Sarah.

George said "Yes, of course," as though it was a new idea.

That, to Sarah, called for no reply, and she remained silent.

George ventured further. "I've been thinking," he said, "if it's measles—pity to send him back—a nasty thing, I suppose we couldn't?"

"Certainly not," said Sarah, "at least only until Lydia can make other arrangements." George smiled and went to the hall for hat and coat.

Sarah went up to the little slip of a spare bedroom. To-night its shininess gave her less pleasure than usual. She turned on the gas. Its "glow" made her jump. "I was terrified of that when I was little,—the man in the chimney with a gun." She put a hand on the bed. The sheet felt cold and shiny, bare little bed. There was a small pillow store away in the box room,—it was less "grown up." Anyway it would save the pillow-cases. She found it at last at the bottom of the old trunk, not lost, but carefully put away and forgotten,—and with it she found something else just as carefully put away, and as surely forgotten. She found faded photographs, among them, Sally Matthews, who had become Sarah Bennet, and a heart that strangely seemed to belong to them both.

Lydia Sherwood met the telegraph boy in the drive and wondered what new blow fate was dealing her.

"Please let Charles join James for Christmas," she read.

Dear you Sally Bennet she said aloud. And Charles Sherwood, flushed with measles, and misery at the loss of his beloved James, said "Good business" and took a turn for the letter.

Sally Bennett, with James curled beside her, felt the blessing flowing through the house. "I'm glad you didn't post that letter after all," she said, "and she put it just as it was, on the fire. Darling George, it was clever of you to remember Charles' name."

"It wasn't clever," said George. "I'd thought of him often, wondered what he was like." He pulled a photograph out of his pocket. "Lydia sent you that once—about a year ago," he went on quickly—a little out of breath. "I don't know what made me keep it, he looked rather jolly. I don't think he'll have changed much in a year, do you?" Sarah looked at the photograph. A little boy, sturdy, serious, stared back at her. He wore shorts, and a felt cricketer's hat.

"I hope not," she said slowly—I can't imagine anything nicer." George kissed her. "Bless you now and always, Sally," he said.

"The looks very grown up," said Sally. "You don't think seven's too old for a stocking or a tree? And I do want a party."

"There isn't any age too old for a stocking or a tree," said George with a smile. "But Sally darling, a horde of youngsters, they'll ruin the white paint!"

"The paint will wash," she said.

(The End)



A CHRISTMAS HYMN While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David, Christ the Lord;
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign;

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
God-will benefit from heaven
To men
Begin and never cease."

THE STORY OF THIS FINE OLD HYMN

It would not be really Christmas to many people, if such reasonable hymns as "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel" were not sung in the church services at the great Festival. It requires a good organist with a powerful organ, and full choir to withstand the rousing enthusiasm which would "burst" the singing beyond all consideration of measured time, in congregations where children attend the Christmas services. There is a lilt to this old tune and a swing to the grand old words, which uplifts and arouses all hearts and voices not altogether deadened by the clamor of mortal life. Perhaps it is safe to say that this is the true model Christmas Hymn!

The tune "Winchester Old" came first in order of time. It was an outcome of the public rejoicing which ran through Europe when the Holy Scriptures were given to the people in their own language. The all conquering Roman Empire

had for a long time ceased to rule the world. Nations developed their own languages—England in the thirteenth century—and Latin was no longer the universal form of speech. The Vulgate of St. Jerome, and the Old Latin version of the Bible made the sacred books as useless to the majority as were the original Hebrew and Chaldean of the Old Testament, or the Greek of the New Testament.

King Alfred, the Venerable Bede, Wycliffe, Tyndale and Coverdale had already given English folk a taste of the biblical books in their own tongue. When Luther precipitated a universal reformation which was already in the offing, and thereby drove back the movement for many who could not follow the impetuous lead of the German reformer. Great Britain went its own independent way, discarded authority and set something of authority and discipline at the same time, but by its own clergy clung to scriptural tenets and teaching.

An open Bible and Divine services in their own language were the first fruits of the movement. Their ancient churches and for the most part their clergy remained true to the ancient teaching. Their hymns were those of revelation as used in the Jewish church and by the earliest Christians.

To make these more acceptable they were transposed into English verse, sung to what we call hymn-tunes, and became immensely popular. They were in fact the songs of the day to the common folk.

One of these early transpositions or versions known to us as Estie's Psalter, published in 1572, added a few then modern hymns with tunes, and one of those hymn tunes was our Winchester Old.

Our hymn itself appeared in the supplement to a New Version of the Psalms, an edition of which appeared in 1702, the work of two highly talented Irishmen, the Rev. Nahum Tate and the Rev. Nicholas Brady. They had done splendid work for their countrymen in those troublous times when William III. and Mary together occupied the throne of the United Kingdom. He was summoned to serve his king in London, worked as a coadjutor with the famous John Dryden, and succeeded him in the prominence

position of Poet Laureate, of England. He it was who so happily paraphrased St. Luke's Gospel in our hymn.

The New Version gave us such well known hymns as "As pants the hart," "Through all the changing scenes of life," and a few others. In 1745 the first verse of the Christmas hymn was changed in "Scottish Translations and Paraphrases," for Scotland to read:—

"While humble shepherds watched their flocks,
In Bethlehem, pains by night,
An angel sent from heaven appeared,
And filled the plains with light."

The last two lines were changed to:—

"God will be shewn from heaven
To men
And never more shall cease."

But these changes never spread south of the border between Scotland and England, and the old hymn has gone on past a one or two of Christmas as the Rev. Nahum Tate gave it to us.

Christmas Time

What a racket! What a noise! Houses full of girls and boys. Full of laughter, full of fun. Full of joy for everyone.

Christmas-time is here.

Shopping—buying gifts for all—Old and young, and big and small. Faces pressed against the panes. Watching brats and toys and trains.

Christmas-time in here.

The WHOLE FAMILY WILL VOTE FOR THIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

There is no more acceptable Christmas Gift than a General Electric Hotpoint Range. Mother will like the way it cooks better meals faster. Father will like the economy that Measured Heat gives. All of the family will like the tastier meals. See it today.

MADE IN CANADA
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Hotpoint RANGE
Maritime Electric Co. Ltd.

ERSATZ CHRISTMAS
Street-cleaner who has seen better days: "I'll bet it wasn't the real stuff."

NOEL EVENSONG

The children dream on Christmas Eve
Sweet dreams that never die—
A fairyland of Make-believe.
'As once did you and I!
Ah, touch them not, nor undecieve,
They'll need them by-and-by!

Come, let us dream our Christmas dreams
And when we're growing old,
We'll see them shine in purple streams
Amid the Sunset's gold.
Dear friendships made that never fade,
Peace, blessings manifold.

DOUGLAS BUCHANAN

TIGHT BINDING