

THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS

"During a scarcity of food he (St. Nicholas) was once entertained by a man who used to steal children and serve up their limbs to be eaten by his guests. But when the dish was set before the saint, he detected the fraud and going to the tub where the remains of the children were salted down, he made them the size of the cross, and they rose up whole and well." Amer. Envy.

Christmas Reborn

My heart's throbbin' like it used to, old tunes play along its strings At the thought of Christmas come and the thought of Christmas things. And the thought of little children climbin' out of little beds With the Christmas candles, throwin' golden glory on their heads. And a-standin' like I've seen them all about the Christmas tree. There is memories, a plenty, comes along the years to me. But no memories are sweeter than the memories that come Of the fur-of-Christmas mornin's and the children with their dreams.

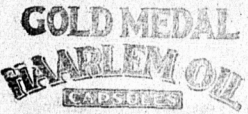
Little children tippity-tap down the stairs in nighties white, Then a sudden rush an' chatter, and a squealin' of delight. When they see the tree a-standin' in the crispy Christmas dawn And a look has made them certain that old Santa Claus is gone— For although they write to Santa tellin' what they'd like to get, They are always sort of scared that they will find him there till yet. When they're gettin' up so early, so they give a squeal to see That he's got his work all finished and has left the Christmas tree.

Children late years ain't been gettin' all they wish him for. For his work was interfered with by the horrors of the war; But the war is done and ended, and we've got to rise and go. All the gals for this here Christmas that we ever used to know. Got to do our shopping early, and enough for years gone by. Got to bring back Santa Claus and get the Christmas tree, an' try To forget that there was hatred in the world, an' grief and tears; Got to go our shopping now and brighten up the comin' years.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headaches, indigestion, insomnia; psoriasis; passage of urine, you will find relief in



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1893. All drug stores, etc., a box. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitations.

The Christmas Tide On Fifth Avenue

From-front of silk and of satin, Visions midst veiling and fur; There on the curb a swart Latin Preferring his busts, connoisseur. Flutter and peering and dimples, Top coat and meshed ankles slim; A foreigner vending his simples, Who has a moment for him?

Windows with lavishment satiny, Thresholds that eddy and stream, Chariots lined and in waiting— Varnish and cushion and gleam. Beauty, free limbed and full throated, Wealth, purple clad and full fed; A rose lying draggle, unnoted, Crusaded by the hurrying tread.

Rhythm of feet on the paving, Rhythm of joy in the air, Perfume and sensuous craving, Carnival, brilliant and fair. From-front of silk and of satin, Top coat with sealskin enticed; At the marge the sad face of the Latin Patiently proffring a Christ.

Christmas Carol

While Shepherds were reclining, In Bethlehem's plains at night, They saw a bright star shining; Emblem of greater light. Jesus from realms of glory, The Son of God our King, Came to the manger lowly; To rail salvation bring.

From fields afar, the wise men By angel song beguiled, Came near unto the manger; And saw the Holy Child. Then from their eastern treasures, Of frankincense and gold, Gave all unto the Saviour; And in His cause enrolled.

Come ye, unto the manger The place where Jesus lay; And see the Blessed Stranger, To Him your homage pay; Then join the song of angels, Praise God, ye men of earth For all His gifts and graces; And for a Saviour's birth.

W. C. TURNER
Charlottetown
Dec. 25, 1919.

Christmas Carol

The wise men from those fields afar And Shepherds from the plains Followed that bright and shining star. And unto Bethlehem came They saw the Blessed little Child There in a manger laid They loved that face so sweet and mild And to Him homage paid.

Jesus who came from realms on high To show men how to live And teach all men the way to die To sacrifice and give. The wise men from their treasures brought Of frankincense and gold Gave all unto the Christ they sought And stayed within His fold.

Jesus is now enthroned on high Let us His praise sing While heaven and earth together vie To praise our Shepherd King. Glory and praise to God of love For peace to men on earth He sent His Angel from above To tell of Jesus birth.

W. C. TURNER,
Charlottetown
December, 25, 1919.

There's a Song in the Air

There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep prayer. And a baby's low cry! And the star rains its fire While the beautiful sing For the manger of Bethlehem Cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth. Aye! the star rains its fire While the beautiful sing For the manger of Bethlehem Cradles a king!

In the light of that star Lie the ages impelled, And that song from afar Has swept o'er the world. Every heart is aflame, And the beautiful sing In the homes of the nations That Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light And we echo the song That comes down through the night From the heavenly throng. Aye! we shout to the lovely Evangel they bring. And we greet the world's cradle Our Savior and King.

—Josiah G. Holland.

Christmas Romance

(BY WRIGHT A. PATTERSON)

Me preparing for Christmas—me. Goodness knows I wish I was, but Christmas going ain't for me no more. And just because I was a-baking something to eat to-morrow, which happens to be Christmas, she thought I was preparing for that day a special."

Betty Green sighed as she placed the pie in the oven, and pulled a kitchen chair up beside the stove. The new neighbor, who had but recently moved into the town, and who knew nothing of Betty's history, had just left. With the Christmas spirit everywhere she had thought of course Betty was preparing a feast for the day.

"Now, if that water-logged old Mary Ann, as he did a-going on four year ago, I guess I could be preparing for Christmas like other folks. If there hadn't been nobody else, Jim and me could of enjoyed Christmas, and then maybe there'd been somebody else—somebody what just about new would be bringin' lolls or tin cans, and if so Jim and me would a been having a Christmas tree for that somebody, and we'd be a-having the best Christmas in all South Cove.

"My, how I did try to keep Jim from saying that that Mary Ann. Anybody what knew anything about ships knew she wasn't fit to go to sea in, but Jim says it's the only berth he's likely to get, and taking it would bring about our marrying just that much sooner, and the Mary Ann or Jim ain't never been heard of since she left that little American place she went to round the Horn on her way to China."

The bright eyes of Betty Green were wet with tears as she opened the oven door to raise the pie to a higher shelf. Ever since Jim Busby failed to return in time for the wedding, which Betty had so carefully prepared for four years ago—a wedding which was to be the big event of the Christmas season at South Cove—she had had a lonesome life.

Two months after the Christmas that was to have been Betty's wedding day her aged father had been carried to the village cemetery, leaving her alone in the world. With no other relatives, and with no friends except those at South Cove Betty remained in the little fishing town in which she had been born nearly twenty-seven years ago.

With the baking finished, Betty left the kitchen and went into her bedroom. She wanted nothing so much as to be alone in that room that had been her father's—in that room where she kept carefully preserved the wedding clothes she had lavished so much care upon four years ago. These clothes and the faded photograph of Jim Busby on her bureau were all that were left her of her romance. With these she would spend her Christmas eve, would live over again the courtin' days. And Jim should be there with her. That would be her Christmas.

With care she took each garment from its wrappings in the bureau drawer and spread them on the bed. The pretty wedding dress which Sarah Glover had helped her make—yes, she would put it on tonight just as she had planned to four years ago. Jim would like her to do that; he had always liked to see her prettily dressed, and maybe Jim might see her from the spirit world tonight.

As she fastened the gown she almost forgot that Jim could not be there, that it was all a make-believe. As she stood before the mirror the smile of four years ago came back again. She noted the color on her cheeks; it was like a bridal blush.

A rap at the door dispelled the illusion she had permitted herself for a few moments. She could not go to the door in that dress. The caller would have to wait, but he did not wait. She heard the door swing, a heavy step on the floor, and a voice, oh! such a familiar voice—calling Betty!

"Jim! My Jim!" she answered, as she pulled open the door of her bedroom and sprang into the arms of a strong, broad-shouldered man.

Far into the night she listened to Jim's tale of shipwreck on the Patagonian coast, of the months and years of practical captivity before he could get back to a seaport.

"And now," he said, "I am home to claim my Christmas bride."

"And I have our Christmas baking done," said Betty.

A quarter of a pound of paint will cover one square yard, first coat.

PLENTY OF PROOF

Teddy sat upon the step of the stairs that led to the street and read his chin in the palm of his hand. Some of the fellows came along and hulloed to him, but Teddy didn't answer. He didn't want to play with the fellows just now, for he was battling with great sorrow.

Tom had said it, so it must be true, for Tom was eight years old and didn't have to go to bed until 8 o'clock. Teddy's hour for retiring was half past 7, and he realized that the extra half hour made a man of the world out of Tom, while it left the unfortunate Teddy still a baby.

Tom had stuck his hands into his pockets—Tom's trousers were lovely and rough, just like his father's—and had swaggered around telling all the fellows that there wasn't any Santa Claus! When questioned further, he had said that there used to be, but that this year there wasn't going to be, and there never would be again.

No Santa Claus! If Teddy hadn't been six years old, he might have cried, but of course one as old as he never cries.

Teddy wondered if he'd better tell his mother. He decided he wouldn't. Why should his mother, whom he loved so dearly, be made to suffer any longer than was necessary?

It was hard, though, during the next two weeks, which seemed like years, not to tell, and when Christmas eve came and his mother gayly brought out his biggest pair of stockings and hung them up at the end of the mantel he could hardly keep back the tears.

He was disappointed he and his mother would be when they got up in the morning and found the stockings empty! She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Are you tired, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem as happy as usual!"

Teddy assured her, as well as he was able for the lump in his throat, that he was perfectly well. His mother, like the wise one she was, didn't press the question. She merely drew up her low rocking chair and sat beside the bed until she thought he was asleep and then crept quietly down stairs.

Teddy lay for a long time after she went, watching the freight flicker on the walls. He couldn't go to sleep and besides what was the use, when here wasn't anything to wake up for? A good many tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes, but he didn't care now.

He must have lain there for about four or ten hours, he thought, and had just shut his eyes to rest them from the light, when he heard a sound, a very little bit of a sound. He sat up quickly in bed and listened eagerly because it sounded, it really did sound as if it might be sleighbells. In a minute, he didn't know just how, he was leaning out of the window.

He didn't feel as if he had walked there at all, but more as if he had just skimmed along without any effort on his part, as if he had been some sort of delightful fish bird. He leaned away out of the window, not feeling a bit afraid of falling, and looked down upon the street.

Yes, down there on the street, as plain as day, he could see the reindeer shaking their long horns and prancing until the bells that seemed almost to cover them filled the air with their musical jingle. And then here was a gleam of red. Somebody was climbing up into the sleigh. There was the echo of a jovial voice calling, he horns of the reindeer quivered joyfully, then the whole turnout, seemed to leap into the air, and like a flash was gone!

Teddy rubbed his eyes. It was funny! He thought he was at the window, but here he was in bed. He sat up and looked around the room. The fire in the grate had gone out, but the gray light of the morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. Teddy did out of bed and crept softly to the fireplace. The stockings were bulging in all directions, as has been their exhilarating wont in other years! He put out his hand and touched one of them gently. It was no dream! The stocking was full to overflowing!

With a little sighing, whispering wheeze of joy and relief Teddy clasped his hands until the knuckles showed as white as the snow outside. Then with a cry of absolute delight he dashed into his mother's bedroom. She opened a pair of sleepy eyes at the sound of the pattering little feet. Teddy threw himself upon her, laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother," he cried. "He came after all! Santa Claus did come! Santa Claus did come! He did, he did, he did!"

CHRISTMAS— THEN AND NOW

What a vast difference there is in the Christmas of today, from the Christmas of our forefathers. In those days there was not the hurry-scurry shopping, and costly, somewhat useless gifts given with the thought that the receiver might give a finer one in return. The gifts given in those days were gifts of love, wholly in keeping with the day celebrated, says a correspondent in an exchange.

For many weeks and months did mother spin, color and wind the yarn, and knit on wooden needles or a bone hook the warm neck scarf or mitten for her loved one, every stitch bearing a message of love. And then as the time drew near how savory the kitchen smelled every time one entered, but, of course, nothing was visible for mother or aunt or grandmother had safely hidden away the tender gingerbread and spice cakes, and the brittle molasses taffy, plates of butterscotch and other candy rich in nut meats.

What happy times when the stockings of all sizes, and almost all colors, were hung on the mantel shelf above the wire fireplace where old Santa had no trouble at all to come down and deposit the numerous things from his pack in the dangling stockings.

Everyone was remembered with some sort of a gift, none were forgotten, and I feel sure the home-made goodies were devoured with as much relish and with less after effects, as the store goodies of today. There were no coal tar dyes in the Christmas candy grandmother made.

Then when the team was hooked to the farm sled, with the farm wagon bed on it partly filled with straw and bed covers, what a fine ride to church over the shinin' snow, to hear a real Scripture sermon about the birth of our Saviour, on earth peace, good will to men.

Day of Days for Kiddies

Christmas Outranks All Other Holidays of the Happiness and Merrymaking of the Youngsters.

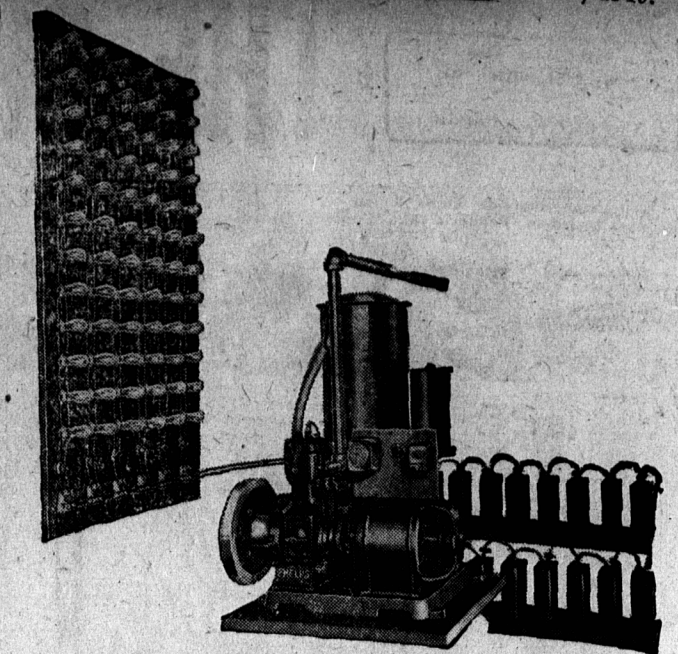
Above all other holidays, Christmas is children's day. If possible, they should be made happy on that day. But they should not be permitted to be selfishly so.

In times past there has been a tendency on the part of many of us to give too many gifts, and too expensive ones to our children. We have been wasteful. We should not love our children less—indeed we would show greater love—by being careful what we give them. Too many toys incline children to be both wasteful and destructive. When the youngsters are left to invent some of their play-things their imaginations are developed, and they become more capable of doing things or themselves and taking care of themselves.

For Colds or Influenza and as a Preventative

Take "Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"

Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature E. W. Grove on the box. 30c



NEW BRUNSWICK BROKERS LTD
Fredericton N. B.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DIVISION

Tin: Table in Effect, October 6th, 1919

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME.

Read down	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Read up	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
2.45	12.40	6.25	Dep.	Charlottetown	Arr.	6.35	12.40
3.59	2.14	7.21		Hunter River	Arr.	5.37	11.24
4.45	3.05	7.55		Emerald Junction	Arr.	5.00	10.38
6.10	4.45	8.45	Arr.	Borden	Dep.	4.10	9.40
4.10	6.40	Dep.	Borden	Arr.	6.10	8.45	
5.00	8.05	8.05	Dep.	Emerald Junction	Arr.	4.40	10.38
5.34	8.53	8.42		Kensington	Arr.	3.58	10.03
6.05	4.35	9.20	Arr.	Summerside	Dep.	3.20	9.30
6.20	12.00	Dep.	Summerside	Arr.	1.35	9.00	
7.23	1.36		Port Hill	Arr.	11.59	7.58	
8.18	3.10		O'Leary	Arr.	10.34	7.03	
9.08	4.18		Alberton	Arr.	9.18	6.13	
9.45	5.20	Arr.	Tignish	Dep.	8.15	5.35	
6.50	3.05	Dep.	Charlottetown	Arr.	10.00	5.50	
8.45	4.15		Mount Stewart	Arr.	8.45	4.15	
9.22	4.42		Morrell	Arr.	7.55	3.40	
9.52	5.02		St. Peters	Arr.	8.17	3.17	
11.25	6.05	Arr.	Souris	Dep.	6.55	1.15	
7.20	Arr.	Elmira	Dep.	5.35			
9.00	4.15	Dep.	Mt. Stewart	Arr.	8.45	3.55	
10.10	5.04		Cardigan	Arr.	7.47	2.39	
10.50	5.25		Montague	Arr.	7.23	2.10	
11.30	6.00	Arr.	Georgetown	Dep.	6.45	1.00	
Sat. Daily ex. only Sat. & Sun.			Charlottetown	Arr.	10.40	10.05	
P.M. (P.M.)	4.00	3.30	Dep.	Vernon River	Arr.	8.45	8.51
6.15	5.15		Murray Harbor	Dep.	6.45	7.20	
6.45	7.25	Arr.		Dep.	6.45	7.20	

Except as noted, all the above trains run daily, Sunday excepted. H. H. MELANSON, Passenger Traffic Manager, Toronto, Ont. W. T. HUGGAN, District Passenger Agent, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

"His Master's Voice" Records for Xmas.

A gift that goes straight to the heart of every music-lover who has a Victrola?

You can yourself choose the music you wish to give, or you can purchase a Record Certificate, which enables the recipient to choose the records.

MILLER BROS

Christmas

I saw three ships come sailing in. On Christmas day on Christmas day;

I saw three ships come sailing in. On Christmas day in the morning?

Play whither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas Day, on Christmas day;

Pray whither sailed those ships all three, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;

Or, they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day, on Christmas day;

And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day, on Christmas day;

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day, on Christmas day;

And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

SAMUEL KENNEDY JR.

Our Sleighs for our Roads

We are showing our usual complete line of Sleighs and Cutters. The assortment is right up to date and better than ever.

FUR ROBES--SASKATCHEWAN ROBES--SLEIGH BELTS--HORSE BLANKETS

These lines are now complete. We carry a wide range and can suit all styles and tastes.

HARNESS

We have almost every style to choose from and a complete line of harness parts.

Lowest Prices—Easy terms to suit customers.

134 Kent Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Sleighs and Fur Robes (vertical text on left)

Harness, Sleigh Bells, Horse Blankets (vertical text on right)