



THE ALTERED EVE.

(From "In Memoriam.")

The time draws near the birth of Christ; The moon is hid, the night is still; A single church below the hill Is pealing, folded in a mist.

A single peal of bells below, That wakens at this hour of rest A single murmur in the breast, That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound In lands where not a memory strays, Nor landmark breathes of other days, But all is new unhallo'd ground.

-Alfred Tennyson.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.

By Bernard Freeman. A star came out of the East, And a Dream came out of the West; They thought that the world could set, They dreamed that the Dream was best.

The Dream of an Empire vast, As the world's night-bordered hem, The Star of Eternal Love— They met at Bethlehem.

And the Dream became a star That fell through the night and died; But the Star became a dream Fulfilled through aeons wide.

WHAT DOES JOHNNY WANT

(By Montrose J. Moses.)

Dear Santa Clause: don't want a thing that girls would like; don't want a velocipede, but a bike; don't want a gun that will not shoot; don't want an engine that won't toot; don't want mittens for the snow; don't want a horse car that won't go; don't want anything to wear; don't want an apple or a pear; don't want anything made of tin; don't want a top that will not spin; don't want any book I can't use; don't want a best pair of shoes; don't want a ship that won't sail; don't want a goodly-goody tale; don't want a game that I can't play; don't want a monkey that won't Bray; don't want a small fish pond like Fred's; don't want one of those baby sleds; don't want paints that are no good; don't want building blocks of wood; don't want you to think I am queer or I don't want you to think I don't want anything this year yours truly, JOHNNY.

P. S.—I was just about not to say, don't want you to forget me Christmas Day.

THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

The Three Kings brought their frank incense, their red gold and their myrrh. The Shepherds brought the fragrances that night-winds softly stir. The Angels brought their Heaven's songs, their notes of ecstasy. But I have sought, O Christ Child, sweet, to offer up to Thee.

The road they went still winds its way, a silver thread afar, And still above the purple dusk shines out the wondrous Star. But where the Kings in splendour rode, where shepherds' swift steps trod, My weary feet would faltering climb the way that leads to God.

Would there be place for one like me, so travel-stained and poor? Would there be those that said me nay, that stay'd me at the door? Or shall I start my pilgrimage with all my thoughts one pray'r, And, kneeling where they kneel, at last, blest Christ Child, find Thee there?

-Augusta Hancock.

THE CHRISTMAS LIST.

We have written a letter to Santa And asked him to call Christmas Eve; We have sent him a list just mentioning a few Of the things we'd be glad to receive.

Bobby, of course, wants candy, A sled, hockey skates, and a stick; A football, bicycle, an Indian suit And a gun guaranteed not to kick.

A school-bag, a tool-box, some money (He said he could do with a dollar) A Boston bull pup with a long pedigree And a handsome, wass-studded dog collar.

He has asked for a bank and an air-ship, And a book of adventure to read; Now my list is different, quite sensible, too, Just mentioning the things that I need.

I've asked dear old Santa for a tank well, A bracelet and one or two rings, Some "handies," daintily monogrammed, And ribbons and those sort of things. I suggested a pretty silk work-bag,

And a trunk filled with clothes for my doll, A mirror, a paint box, a new party dress— And really, I think that is all.

When our letter to Santa has found him, I'm sure he'll be glad to receive This hint as to one or two things she might bring When he calls with his pack Christmas Eve.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT GAME

(By Elizabeth Jerome)

In the place of the Christmas tree, which is not always obtainable, try the following way of distributing the Christmas gifts. It is particularly good in a family where some of the children are reaching the age when the tree and Santa Claus do not interest them.

Have each member of the family choose beforehand a favorite color—Baby's may be white—then let the respective packages be wrapped in tissue paper, or tied with ribbon or twine of the chosen color, of course labelling them as usual to prevent mistakes.

Then have them all hidden, here, there, everywhere, anywhere—even in the auto or garage, where Daddy or Brother might be expected to enter during the day.

After breakfast, for it is too long and exciting a game to start before the morning meal, on with the hunt. No one must divulge the hiding place or touch the package of another, except for Baby—all can serve Baby. Such shouts of joy and delight as each bit of personal color is spied and pointed upon. A gift has been known to turn up most unexpectedly even later in the week, making the fun last right on until New Year's. Until you try this novel distributing game, you don't know how much it will add to the festivities of the holiday.

FORETELLING THE FUTURE

At Christmas time, in the Russian provinces, as at Hallowe'en, in other countries, popular superstition holds that it is easy to read the future. The girls read the future by breaking in a glass of water and deducing their fate from the shape it takes, first leaving it before the shrine of some saint, or by pouring melted wax into cold water. The final test of fate is to put a ring of each guest into a large pan covered with a cloth, being careful to place three bits of charcoal and small pieces of bread and salt at the psychic angle of the pan. The rings are all turned with a spoon while the girls sing songs. At the end of each song a ring is pulled out and the song that has been sung is known to foretell the future of the owner of the ring.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

A Merry Christmas to all our readers! This is the old-fashioned greeting and probably cannot be improved upon. It is an expression of the Christmas spirit, the spirit of good will which by universal assent is abroad in the world at this particular season, an echo, faint perhaps, of that proclamation of nearly two thousand years ago, of "Peace on earth and Good Will to men." Let us give it full rein. "Christmas comes but once a year but when it comes it brings good cheer." It is especially the children's holiday season, the season of homecomings, of the reunion of friends, of kindly feelings towards all. It is—ought to be—the time of all others when the poor should be remembered, when out of the abundance of the rich the poor should receive their portion.

We have had a prosperous year. Peace and plenty have been vouchsafed, and our Island province is wealthier, more prosperous and its people more contented with their inheritance than ever before.

AGRICULTURE

The year has been a prosperous one. The harvest grown was an average one. The hay crop was above average and was well saved. The grain crop was exceptionally good proving, as nothing else could, that our farmers are learning the greatest of all agricultural lessons, the conservation of soil fertility. Successive cropping has not exhausted our soil because of the more scientific methods adopted by the later school of agriculture. The early crops were especially good and were well saved. Unfortunately in some sections the late grains suffered from the continuous rains in October and there were some losses, but on the whole the harvest secured was a good average.

The potato crop was, perhaps, below average, and the October rains, accompanied as they were by unusually warm weather, caused serious rot in some localities. Prices, however, were good and compensated largely for the losses occasioned by rot. Other crops were also at least up to average.

FUR FARMING

In the great though still new industry of fur farming phenomenal advances were made. At the end of 1912 there were ten fox companies with legislative charters, having an aggregate capitalization of \$385,000, and seventeen companies incorporated by letters patent with a capitalization of \$1,206,900, making a total capitalization of \$1,541,900. At the end of 1913 there are thirty-one companies with legislative charters, having a capitalization of \$2,279,000; seventy companies incorporated by letters patent with a capitalization of \$10,662,900, making a total capital invested in the fox business of \$12,941,900.

In addition to these there are two large companies, having a combined capital of \$500,000, one in the State of Maine and the other in Nova Scotia, both owning ranches in Prince Edward Island. Besides these there are several projected and formulated companies which have not yet been registered. The number of registered companies at the close of the present year is 101 with a total capitalization of \$12,941,900 as against 27 with a capitalization of \$1,541,900 at the close of 1912. The growing interest abroad, as well as at home, and the fact that

A VALUABLE PET.

foreign capital is being freely offered for investment in this great enterprise bespeaks for it a great future, and there can now be no reasonable doubt that fur farming will shortly be one of the most important and profitable of modern industries.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY

Second in importance only to fur farming is the recent move made for the conservation and development of the oyster industry of the province.

For many years, the former days of the colony in the hands of fishermen drew upon the water beds and their drafts were always honored. But the constant drain eventually began to make itself felt; withdrawing from capital without making any compensating deposits, reaping without sowing can end only in depletion and this condition has for several years stared this once great industry in the face.

Successive provincial administrations had grappled with the subject; jurisdiction over the inland waters had been, according to an interpretation of the British North America Act, somewhat vaguely divided between the federal and provincial governments and any solution of the problem seemed impossible. Premier Matheson, on assuming the government of the province in 1911, grappled with the situation and happily arrived at an amicable agreement with the federal government. The provincial government was given management of the oyster areas.

Under this arrangement steps were at once taken to convert the barren and depleted oyster areas into cultivable oyster farms. Richmond Bay, by far the wealthiest oyster section in the province, was surveyed and laid off into definite, measured areas. Of the 30,000 acres in the Bay, 14,000 acres were reserved for public fishing and the balance offered to lessees at a rental of one to five dollars a year per acre. Of this latter quantity 5,000 acres have already been leased, in blocks of various sizes, to eight companies formed during the past year with a capitalization of \$518,000. Other companies are also in process of formation and, no doubt, within another year or two the remainder will have been taken up.

Already the companies have done considerable development work, cleaning up the bottoms, planting seed oysters, and generally preparing for extensive operations. Two of the newly organized companies have secured modern oyster dredges, each capable of landing from forty to fifty barrels of oysters an hour and being also fully equipped for dredging, levelling and otherwise cultivating the bottoms.

When under proper cultivation these areas will yield from 200 to 500 barrels an acre, from which it will be readily seen that there is much of promise and room for indefinite expansion in this industry alone.

There are other oyster areas in the province, notably St. Peters Bay, East, West and North Rivers, Percival Bay, Orwell Bay, Vernon River, Tracadie Bay, Murray Harbor and several others that might be named. These following the lead of those who have undertaken the work in Richmond Bay, will no doubt be redeemed from their present bareness and

converted into profitable oyster farms.

OTHER FISHERIES

During the year the off shore fisheries were much above the average. The mackerel struck in early in the season and in exceptionally large numbers, especially at the east end of the province, Souris, dealers gloom having handled more than had been taken around the shores of the province in any single year since the historic catch of 1893. Cod and lobster were also abundant and the year's fishery statistics when published will, we believe, show a very large increase over any previous year.

OUR THANKS

The production of a special Yuletide number of this description is impossible without the assistance and support of the general community, and we take this opportunity of thanking our subscribers and others who have so readily come to our assistance. We are especially indebted to Mr. W. S. Louson, who has kindly placed at our disposal so many of his beautiful illustrations of Island scenes, the Managing Editor of the Boston Journal, who gave us permission to reproduce the illustrated article on the Island and its industries, (in which also there are many of Mr. Louson's photos); to Mr. A. A. McLean, M. P., for the excellent photo cut of the Fathers of Confederation, and last, but by no means least, the commercial community and fox industry, without whose advertising support it would have been all but impracticable to go to press with such an undertaking. To each and all of these we tender our grateful thanks.

A LEGEND OF THE HOLLY AND THE MISTLETOE

In sword and sash and scarlet coat Upon a Christmas day, Through frosty woods and hoary fields A soldier rode away. She watched him through the falling snow, A young and lovely maid, In milky pearls and flowing robes Of velvet green arrayed.

With rumors of the distant wars The months went slowly by, Till once again the Christmas bells Were pealing to the sky; And, walking in the lonely wood, A bush the maiden found, With thorns as sharp as little swords And scarlet berries crowned.

She leaned against an ancient oak And wove a wreath to wear Of scarlet berries, bright and gay, And set it on her hair, And, lo! the pearls upon her breast Were changed to berries, too; And, rooted to the oak, a branch Of mistletoe she grew.

When sweet and clear the Christmas bells Ring out o'er vale and hill, The maiden-mistletoe is seen, In pearls and velvet still And with her in the revels ruled By music, mirth, and folly, In sword and scarlet still arrayed, Behold the soldier holly!

JOHNNY, STOIC.

"Mamma," said Johnny, as his mother was going out to make a call, "if you will let me go just this one time, I won't ask for anything to eat." "Very well," said the mother. "Get your hat." Arrived at the house, Johnny perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless, as a savoury odour came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out: "There's a lot of pie and cake in this house." The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise and he added: "But what's that to me?"

OLD CHRISTMAS RETURNED.

(Old Carol.)

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined, Come, here is good news for told, assure your mind; Old Christmas is come for to keep open house, He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse; Then come, boys, and welcome for diet the chief, Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef. The holly and ivy about the walls wind, And show that we ought to our neighbors be kind, Inviting each other for pastime and sport, And where we best fare there we most do resort; We fall not of victuals, and that of the chief, Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

All travellers, as they do pass on their ways, At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay, Themselves to refresh, and their horses to rest, Since that he must be Old Christmas's guest; Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minced pies and roast beef.

HOLY NIGHT

(From the Painting by Walter Fife)

Holy night, peaceful night, Through the darkness beams a light Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep, O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace,

Silent night, holy night, Darkness flies and all is light; Shepherds hear the angels sing: "Alleluia! hail the King!" Jesus, the Saviour, is born, Jesus, the Saviour, is born,

Silent night, holy night, Guiding Star O lend Thy light; Give the Eastern Wise Men bring Gifts and homage to our King, Jesus, the Saviour is born, Jesus, the Saviour is born,

Silent night, holy night, Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light; With the angels let us sing Hallelujah to our King, Jesus, the Saviour is born, Jesus, the Saviour is born,

A TIME-SERVER.

In a moment of executive ardour, one of the minor members of His Britannic Majesty's Government, immediately after entering upon his appointment, determined to master the details of his departmental work instead of leaving them to subordinates in the manner of his predecessor in office.

Meeting one day a neatly attired person on the staircase of his suite of offices; the newly fledged chief determined to test the man's efficiency, with a view to improvement, and asked at what hour he usually came to his duties.

"Oh," said the other. "I usually stroll in about twelve o'clock." "Stroll in!" echoes the rising statesman, in mild disapproval. "Then I presume you do not leave until a late hour?"

"Well," the man began, coolly, "ordinarily I get away about three o'clock in the afternoon." "Get away at three! This must be seen to by me at once; Pray, Sir, will you be good enough to tell me to what section of this department you are attached?" "Certainly. I come every Monday to wind the clocks."

THE CHURCH AND MISTLETOE.

Mistletoe is never used for the decoration of churches at Christmas. Almost every other kind of evergreen used, but never the mistletoe. This is an example of the continuance of an old custom or sentiment. Mistletoe was perhaps not used by the early church because it was the sacred plant of the Druids, and so might be held to have pagan associations. Another and perhaps stronger reason or its cravings in an English church and that is to be found on a tomb in Bristol Cathedral.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY

Hoot! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way, Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's day, Knowin' that we already have three of ye, an' seven, Christmas present o' Heaven!

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse, An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, an' Nellie she have no shoes, An' Sammie he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his shame), An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time to name!

An' all o' the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folk fall, An' Boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all, An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight, An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what he shall eat at night;

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' somewhat to do, An' but for the preacher's woman who often helps us through, An' but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her part, Ye'd a seen us all in heaven afore ye was ready to start!

An' now ye have come, ye rascal so healthy an' fat an' sound, A-weightin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound! With yer mother's eyes a flashin', yer father's flesh an' build, An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready for to be filled!

No, no! don't cry, my baby! hush up, my pretty one! Don't get my chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just in fun. Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'us folks, But we don't get much victual, an' half our livin' is jokes!

Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest? Come, sit upon my knee; I'll tell ye a secret, youngster, I'll name ye after me. Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play, An' ye shall have yer carriage an' ride every day!

Why, boy, do you think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old, But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold; An' if I shall fall on the road, boy, still them yer brothers, there, An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair!

Say! When ye come from heaven, my little namesake dear, Did ye see 'mougat the little girls there, a face like this one here? That was yer little sister—she died a year ago, An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the enow!

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offer'd 'em for you, I'd show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd, Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from God!

CHRISTMAS GEOGRAPHY

The great Christian festival, whose name has such a homely sound to British ears, has given that name to several places about the world. Chief among these are three islands, all British. One is a coral island, partly covered with luxuriant vegetation, and about six miles long and four broad. It is situated in the Indian Ocean, hundreds of miles from anywhere, and was added to the British Empire on June 6th, 1888, by the captain of H. M. S. Imperieuse, who landed with an escort, and claimed it in the name of the Queen. Another Christmas Island in the Pacific is a centre of the guano industry, and the third is just off Cape Breton. Then there are the Christmas Cataracts on the river Berbine, in British Guiana; Christmas Sound, about 150 miles north of Cape Horn; Christmas Harbor in Kerguelen Land, a lonely island of some 1,500 square miles in the Antarctic Ocean, and Christmas Hill, a district in County Evelyn, Victoria.