



Mr. Santa Claus - that's me!

As a Christmas shopper I'm tops. I never make a mistake; My gifts to friends and relatives are always exactly what they want. My secret? Listen . . .

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CHARLOTTETOWN BRANCH - W. R. CRUIKSHANK, Manager

Is There A Santa Claus? IT'S 50 YEARS OLD BUT EVER NEW

Editors Note: Due to requests each year we are publishing the following Christmas editorial, originally printed in the New York Sun, Sept. 21 1897:—

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus promptly the communication below expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun.

"Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. 'Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' 'Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?'"

"Virginia O'Hanlon, '115 West Ninety-Fifth Street,' Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They think that nothing can be that is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge."

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know they abound and give your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there was no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginia. There would be no childish faith, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have to enjoy, except in sense and sight, the eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove. Nobody sees Santa Claus but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world. You can't see the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The Prince Of Peace

Out from the darkened pathways The helpless and distressed turn yet again Unto the stable with its star-lit door, To seek the Child again. Where all the world's uncomfited have found From pain and grief a new Divine release. Looking upon the Face of God's The little Prince of Peace. —Constance Barbour

Hunting the Wren In Old Ireland

One upon a time in Ireland, the wren was hunted and killed on Christmas morning; a branch of holly and bright ribbons were attached to his body which was carried from house to house by wren boys who sang songs and expected to receive a dole from each household. The story goes that during the Danish-Irish war, the Danes were resting after an arduous march and the Irish were creeping up quietly. All of a sudden a wren, spying a few crumbs which the drowsy Danish drummer had dropped on the drumhead, swooped down and began to peck at the crumbs. The pecking awakened the boy, who aroused the camp; the Irish, driven off and defeated, blamed the wren. Modern Irish, ashamed of the once-honored tradition say the guilty bird may have been a starling or a sparrow anyway, and now welcome the wren to their farms and homes.

A Christmas Folk Song

The little Jesus came to town; The wind blew up, the wind blew down; Out in the street the wind was bold; Now who would house Him from the cold? Then opened wide a stable door, Fair were the rushes on the floor; The ox put forth a horned head; 'Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed.' Uprose the sheep, were folded near; 'Thou Lamb of God, come enter here.' He entered there to rush and feed. Who was the Lamb of God indeed. The little Jesus came to town, With ox and sheep He laid Him down; Peace to the byre, peace to the fold, For that they housed Him from the cold! —Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Mistletoe Distinct As Yule Decoration

Mistletoe, that distinctive Christmas green so common in many parts of America, is usually thought of as merely good holiday decoration or as a creator of open season on ladies fair for otherwise bashful swains. Mistletoe did not always hold this position in our lives. The Druids called it "all-heal," and thought it held many miraculous virtues. The Scandinavians dedicated it to their goddess of love, Friga. Presumably this goddess of love is responsible for the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. Mistletoe is a parasitic which infests branches of various trees of both hardwood and conifers, but mainly on hardwoods. Among the Celts and other mistletoe which grew from the oak was considered to have peculiar magical virtues not possessed by that from any other trees. Some even considered it so rare as to be only cut with a gold knife. Another old tradition is that the mistletoe supplied the wood for the holy cross, as previous to that time it was a forest tree but after the crucifixion was condemned to exist only as a dwarf parasite. Mistletoe was taken over into the Christian tradition in due course and dedicated to the Christ Child. An old rhyme reads: The mistletoe hough At our Christmas board Shall hang to the honour Of Christ our Lord.

The 'Greatest Gift

Those who give themselves grow richer. The kindly word, the spontaneous smile, the thoughtful deed—these are outward expressions of the goodness inside the hearts and mind of men. Those of us in the newspaper business must record the little things that make news day by day. Often we wish there were less of pettiness in the world and more of



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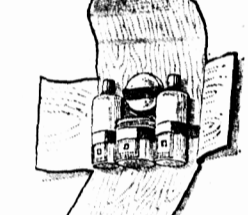
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Christmas Cards By The Billion

By J. P. McEvoy in Saturday Review of Literature Years ago Christmas card designs were pretty well limited to (a) cardlets that had been burning a considerable time and were running all over the place, (b) camels alone, (c) camels with Wise Men on them, (d) Wise Men leading camels, (e) bells, (f) a row of medieval dead-end kids (carol-singing waifs) lined up under a lighted window holding a roll of wallpaper and saying "Ah!" But "the Art attracts—the Sentiment sells," say the dealers and every year the art has grown more attractive. This year's Christmas cards will include superb color reproductions ranging from Raphael to Matisse to Grant Wood to Dalí. So keen is the competition (there are more than 100 publishers) and so avid the demand for novelty (more than 1,500 million Christmas cards will be bought this year), there is no letup in the pressure for something newer and better. The biggest company in the business today is Hall, Brothers of Kansas City, Mo., who make 1,000,000 Hallmark greeting cards a day and have salesmen calling on some 15,000 dealers with 5,000 different greetings "for all occasions." Incidentally, you can buy "Mother" cards for as much as \$5 each, but 3 cents is top for Pop. No comment. They seem to succeed very nicely. People mail more than 3,000 mil-

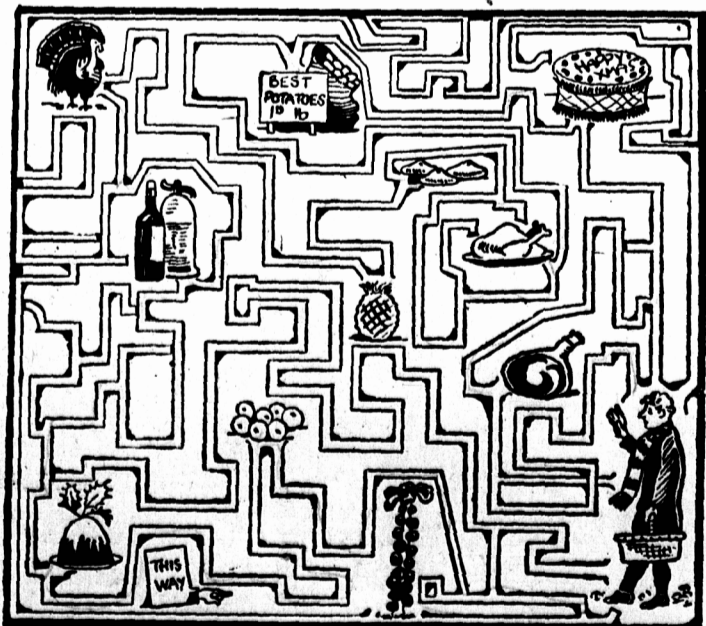
Inasmuch As We Did It Not

Still, as of old, in the east the Star appears, stabbing our darkened world with blinding light, And lo, as of old, it goes before us. Still it swings miraculously through the brooding night, nor comes to rest, nor pauses anywhere, nor stands fulfilled above any stable door.... The inn is gone, and the stable, too; and the Star circles in restless motion. It stops no more. Till there is a welcoming roof, and swaddling clothes, and arms that shelter with love, and gifts from far of help and healing... All through our night, it swings—the Star that the wise men followed, the promising Star—seeking one lowly roof in the midnight wild where a homeless mother may enter and lay her child. Blanche Pownall Garrett.

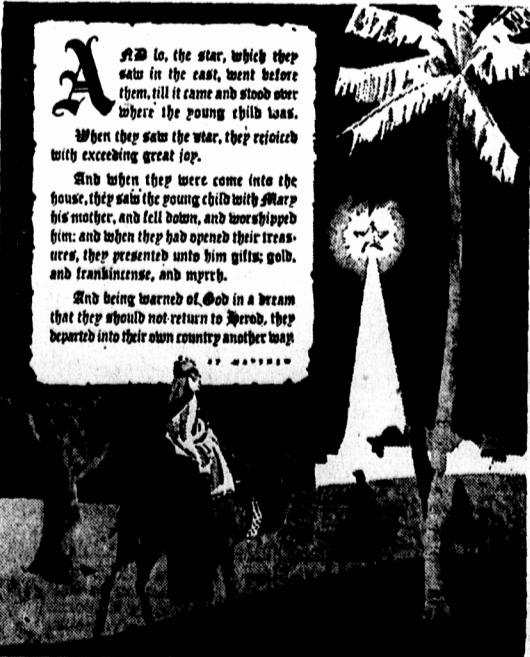
A Carol of the Stable

Before the flame was in the east, Before the cock should crow, I rose, I felt upon my cheek The first sharp flakes of snow, And heard the north wind blow. I took no lantern for my feet, So well they knew the way; Out to the barn I went, to see The oxen kneel and pray— It being Christmas Day. Each in his place they stood, and turned Their mild soft eyes on me; And whether they were risen from prayer Or had not bowed the knee, Was more than I could see. But as I met their gentle gaze My own cheek was not dry; I knelt to Christ among the beasts Less blind of heart than I, And wept, I well knew why. More than my home, more than my heart (Both crammed with worthless things) The stable seemed a fitting roof For shepherd-saints and kings And folded angel-wings. To such a place of innocence Although it be not broad, Might come the holy ones of heaven. Might come the purple-shod, To kneel and gaze on God. —Audrey Alexandra Brown

THERE'S A MEAL IN THIS MAZE



Young Charles, in the lower right corner, was sent out to collect, from various addresses in the country, a number of good things for the family's Christmas meal. The job took a long time, which is not surprising if you can trace the way he went. Try to work out the course he took, remembering that you must collect every article shown in the maze, and that you must not cross the line, nor cover the same path twice.



As in the star, which they set in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. When they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrror. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

Ogden's FINE CUT EASY TO ROLL—DELIGHTFUL TO SMOKE. Advertisement featuring a cartoon of Santa Claus and a dog, and a large image of an Ogden's cigarette pack.