

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FROM KING'S COUNTY

Christmas Adoption

By Winifred Norling

"What's wrong, Carol? You look pretty blue."
"So would you, Jane Harfield, if you'd been here as long as I have and never once been adopted for Christmas. I can't help being fat and unattractive, and I always look my worst in these togas."
"Poor old Carol! If only the people who want children for Christmas knew you as well as we do, you'd be the first chosen every time."
"Thanks, Jane," muttered Carol. Day, as she and her friend walked down the well-polished stairs. She was thinking of the many previous occasions on which she had gone down them so full of hope, only to find herself passed over. She was used to it now, but it did not lessen the hurt. It was not that she was ugly, merely not pretty, and the daughter of one of the Governors was far fatter than she.

It was the custom at the John Hay Orphanage for the children to be given a party about a week before Christmas. Party Day was an unofficial Open Day, and people in the neighborhood came to choose one or sometimes two of the children as their Christmas guests. Most of the lucky ones had a wonderful time, and returned with presents, too. Poor Carol had been at the party year after year, but never once had she been chosen to spend Christmas outside the orphanage.

As the afternoon passed, Carol realized that things were running true to form. Child after child was called by Matron and introduced to some lady or gentleman or both, and arrangements were made for Christmas. The party was nearly over and most of the guests had gone, when a lady and gentleman came into the room with Matron.
"Matron wants you Carol," beamed the little girl. "I hope your lady's as nice as mine."
Too bewildered to do more than smile at Julie, Carol walked to where Matron was waiting.

"Ah, Carol, this is Mrs. Pritchard. She and her husband want to give you a lovely Christmas. They are friends of Lady Mortlake, and they want to have you for ten days."
"Me?" Carol breathed, a faint flush staining her usually pale cheeks. "They want me?" she repeated incredulously.
"Yes, dear, and why not?" said Mrs. Pritchard brightly. "You are old enough to be a companion. Can we fetch her when we leave Mortlake Park on the 22nd. Matron?"
"Don't bother about frocks and things," cut in Mr. Pritchard, before Matron could speak. "My wife can get her anything she needs. Unfortunately our house isn't quite ready for us, people

never keep their promises these days, and so we shall have to spend the holiday at a big country hotel. You have probably heard of Regal Lodge, Matron. It's pretty comfortable, and Carol shall have a good time."
That night Carol could not sleep. The wonder of it all was too exciting. Not only was she to be adopted for Christmas, but she was to spend it in one of the most expensive and exclusive hotels in the country. Matron had told her that, and Mr. Pritchard said they would buy her a frock. Perhaps it would be blue embroidered with pearls, or would pink with sequins be nice? Green suited her best...She drifted at last into the dream world, where anything was possible and Christmas at an expensive hotel seemed nothing unusual.

Carol had been at the beautiful hotel for some days, and strange to say she was not enjoying herself.
"Perhaps it's because I'm used to having lots of children round me," she muttered, admiring herself in the mirror. "Mrs. Pritchard's awfully kind, and this is a lovely frock, but..."
She broke off, unable to give voice to her feelings, and turning from the mirror made her way down to the lounge.

For once the luxurious room was not crowded with laughing people, and rejoicing in its emptiness, Carol ran lightly across to the fireplace and stood gazing up at the painting hanging above it.
"So you're glad to get away from the crowd, too," said a voice.
Swinging round Carol saw a

boy of about her own age sitting half hidden in one of the deep chairs.
"I didn't know you were here," she faltered. "I suppose we're down early."
"You're with the Pritchards, aren't you?" asked the boy. "Are you a niece? Uncle says he's sure Mrs. Pritchard hasn't a daughter, and I believe I've heard you calling her Aunt Sonia."
"She likes me to call her that, but I'm not really her niece," Carol admitted. "I've just been adopted for Christmas. I'm Carol Day, and I live at the John Hay Orphanage."
"I'm Richard Bantock, and I'm an orphan, too," the boy told her.



"But Uncle Tim's my guardian as well as my real uncle, and he and Aunt Claire are wonderful to me. Shall we pal up? Most of the other kids here aren't my type."
"Am I?" questioned Carol, surprised and pleased.
"You're not a fool who thinks only of her appearance, like the other girls here, and there aren't any boys of my age. How long are you staying?"
"A week, I think. The Pritchards have been abroad, and the house they are having built isn't quite ready. But they hope to move in at the New Year, and then I shall go back to the Orphanage."
"Funny!" mused Richard. "Uncle said they lived in Cumberland. I believe he met them somewhere when he was on circuit. He'd forgotten their name, but he never forgets a face. They stayed at the same hotel. It was the time when there was a burglary, and Aunt Claire lost her pearls. That's why it has stuck in his memory. I expect he'd not have recognised them otherwise. Have you known them long, Carol?"
"No," Carol looked worried. "Oh, Richard, I oughtn't to say this, because they've been awfully kind to me, but - well, I don't like them very much."
"Neither do I, and it shows your good taste. I believe they're phony," Carol gaped.
"Oh, no," she cried involuntarily. "They must be all right or Matron wouldn't have let me come here with them. Why, they're friends of Lady Mortlake."

chards had given her for Christmas. "It's half-past two."
"As she looked back towards the shrubbery, she saw the two men, and Luke Pritchard hurrying towards the house. In a moment the shadows swallowed him up, and Carol turned from the window without drawing the curtains. Noiselessly she crossed to the door which connected her small room with the Pritchards' big one. It was locked, she knew, but stooping, she peeped through the keyhole. The key had been removed, and she could see that the light in the next room was still burning. Faint sounds of movement reached her ears, and with her heart in her mouth, Carol slipped to the floor and knelt there waiting. After what seemed hours, she heard a door open and close.
Then Sonia Pritchard spoke. "Well, did you meet him?"
"Yes, my dear, and everything's fixed for Friday. Judd seemed a bit upset to find the Fanshaves

were staying here. He says Sir Timothy was at the hotel in Surrey when we made that big haul, and he has an uncanny memory for faces. I assured him we'd aged at least twenty years in the two that have passed since that night. He was amused to hear you'd acquired grey hairs and a big niece. That last though he thought excellent, though he gumbled a bit about the expense. But I assured him the respectability gained was worth it. He insists on our staying and facing the music again."
"Why? Haven't we done enough of his dirty work? Oh, Luke, I sometimes wish we'd been content with small parts in the province. Money isn't everything."
"You seemed to think so once, and anyway, it's too late now to back out. Judd's found just the chap to double for Timpon and we've only to suffer with the rest

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"Perhaps it's the moon," she muttered, sitting up. "I'll draw the curtains and see if that helps." The centrally-heated room was delightfully warm, and Carol gave a wriggle of pleasure as her bare feet touched the thick pile of the carpet.
"Better than linoleum," she half-laughed, thinking of the bare Orphanage dormitory which she shared with nine others. "I do hope it'll be fine enough for Richard and me to go out together in the morning."
She crossed to the window and, before drawing the heavy curtains, looked out at the clear sky and moon-drenched garden. A sudden movement from below made her draw back into the shadows, but she stood there watching. Two men stood talking, half-hidden by the trees, and one of them she felt sure was her adoptive uncle.
"I wonder what he's doing out there at this hour," she breathed, glancing at the watch the Prit-

and badger the police sufficiently. It's completely foolproof, and who suspect the hotel detective, or suggest his being searched? Go to bed now, or you'll show signs of wear tomorrow."
"What if Mrs. Boffyn doesn't wear her emeralds?"
"She will. Leave that to me and don't fuss. Poor Claire Fanshawe is destined to lose her pearls again. I wonder if Sir Timothy will buy her a third string with the insurance money?"
Somehow Carol managed to crawl back into bed, where she lay thinking over all she had heard. What ought she to do? who would accept her word against that of people like the Pritchards? She had no proof. Finally she decided to confide in Richard and having come to this decision, she fell into a troubled sleep.

Once Richard and Carol were clear of the house and grounds the next morning Richard turned to Carol with a friendly grin. "Spill the harlots," he invited. "One doesn't need to be a detective to see you've something to tell me."
"Oh, Richards. It's awful," Carol began, and then the whole story came tumbling out.
When it was finished he whistled softly.
"What are we to do?" demanded Carol. "I fell awful. They've been so good to me, and I can't betray them."
"Course you can. They only took you to further their own ends. They'd sacrifice you tomorrow if it were any good. You are merely a pawn in the game. Sorry, I didn't mean to be brutal, but we've got to tell Uncle Tim everything. He'll know what to do.

Sir Timothy Fanshawe did know what to do, but he kept his counsel. Not even Richard knew what steps his uncle was taking. Outwardly everything went on as usual, and somehow Carol managed to play her part. Far too soon for her, it was Friday evening and everyone was dressing for the dance. Thanks to some hasty coaching from Richard, Carol could join in the dancing without drawing the curtains. Noiselessly she crossed to the door which connected her small room with the Pritchards' big one. It was locked, she knew, but stooping, she peeped through the keyhole. The key had been removed, and she could see that the light in the next room was still burning. Faint sounds of movement reached her ears, and with her heart in her mouth, Carol slipped to the floor and knelt there waiting. After what seemed hours, she heard a door open and close.
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The "Christ Flower"

One flower appears in most homes at Christmas time — the chrysanthemum you can imagine other flowers at the end of December. Actually, the chrysanthemum — which means "Christ flower", has its origin in the story of the Saviour's birth.
It is said that the Wise Men, when trying to locate the stable where Mary and the Child were lying, saw a small starlike flower at the side of the road. One of them stooped down to pluck it — and as he did so, the stable door opened, revealing the birthplace of Christ.
That first chrysanthemum, was it became known, was white. Today, the flowers that grace our Christmas festivities may be any colour from blue to vivid orange, proof of the florist's art.

wife to come with me," he said. "There are a few questions I want to ask you."
"Why us?" demanded Sonia Pritchard, angrily. "Haven't I been robbed, too? I want my sapphires."
"All in good time, madam."
"My niece, she will be worried," began the frightened woman, but the Inspector cut her short.
"Lady Fanshawe will look after her. Come quickly, please."
Lady Fanshawe did indeed look after Carol. All the girl's physical handicaps appeared to her kind heart and since Sir Timothy appreciated Carol's intelligence, and Richard obviously welcomed her companionship, the Fanshaves decided to adopt her, not only for Christmas, but for always.
"We are bona fide, my dear," laughed the judge, "and our references will stand more investigation than the Pritchards', whose acquaintance with Lady Mortlake was based on a manufactured school friendship. Matron has agreed to let you stay with us while the necessary formalities are being completed, and then you shall be Carol Fanshawe. We've always wanted a daughter, haven't we, my dear?"
"I can't say anything," murmured Carol. "I'm so happy, because I know you really want me for

myself, and I've never been wanted before."
"Shucks!" cried Richard. "You are O.K. and I'm all for this adoption. Being adopted for Christmas is all right, but it's not a patch on a Christmas adoption. You can take my word for it."

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Music By Bach, Handel

For a great many people the posed the musical theme of "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks." It is a strange fact, but both Bach and Handel were born in 1685 lived for many years within thirty miles of each other, and never met. Yet today, the Christmas music they wrote is sung by men, women and children in countless churches of many faiths all over the world.
The reason for this is that both Bach and Handel were church musicians. One of their tasks was to compose songs for church congregations to sing. They proved themselves masters of beautiful, easily followed melodies in their Christmas music. Our most famous Christmas oratorios and carols came from Bach and Handel.
"How Brightly Beams the Morning Star" was composed by Bach and his "Christmas Oratorio" contains the themes of several other popular chorales.
In almost every town and village in America this Christmas a church choir will render at least a portion of George Frederick Handel's "Messiah." When carolers sing "Joy to the World" they'll be singing part of the "Messiah" too, for that carol comes from themes found in the great oratorio. Handel also com-

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Holiday Cheer
To all our friends and customers — may you enjoy the happiest holiday season ever!

DUVAR'S RADIO SERVICE
MONTAGUE

Montague Garage
MONTAGUE

Holiday Greetings
Among all the gentle joys Christmas brings to everyone We wish for you an extra share Of peace and festive fun.

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MONTAGUE

KING'S MILL
MONTAGUE

At Yuletide Good Wishes for a most enjoyable Christmas!

BROOKVIEW Service Station
MONTAGUE

DOUG MACLAREN, PROPRIETOR

Merry Christmas

We Hope Santa Is Good To You!
We do hope you have an old-fashioned and delightful Christmas! And may 1937 be a year of health and prosperity for you in all your ventures.

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MONTAGUE

Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas!

Taking this opportunity to express our keenest appreciation of your good will and patronage. May the New Year further our pledge to serve you to the utmost of our ability.

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Plumbing & Heating
MONTAGUE

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year TO ALL

Preston D. MacLure
Electrical Contractor
Office next to Doug's Service Station
MONTAGUE

SEASON'S GREETINGS
To All Our Customers and Friends

With the passing of another year, we wish to express to you our sincere appreciation of the cordial relations existing between us as well as to convey the season's best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year.

BUD'S AUTO ACCESSORIES
MONTAGUE
PHONE 127-2

JOY!

Greetings!

Christmas means so many things: a gaily decorated tree, brightly wrapped packages, a warm fire burning in the fireplace, stockings being hung for Santa Claus, beloved old carols...but most of all a spirit of love and peace...the glorious message of that first Christmas. May all these joys be yours.

MONTAGUE ELECTRIC
GILBERT R. CLEMENTS

GREETINGS!
Our Sincere Thanks For Your Loyal Patronage This Past Year

MONTAGUE GOLD STORAGE LTD.

GREETINGS!
To our friends and customers at this merriest of Seasons. May your Christmas Cheer be the best ever and continue throughout the New Year.

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Furniture — Self Service Groceries
MONTAGUE
PHONE 80

"THE GOD OF LOVE AND PEACE SHALL BE WITH YOU"

THE HILLSIDE INN
(MONTAGUE)

Wishes to extend Warmest Greetings of the Holiday Season to its Patrons and Friends.

"I wonder what he's doing out there at this hour," she breathed, glancing at the watch the Prit-