

White Gift Service At Bedeque

A Christmas entertainment was held in the Bedeque United Church on Thursday evening December 18 when the members of the Sunday School presented a Christmas Concert...

Nine Mile Creek School Concert

On the evening of December 18, the pupils of Nine Mile Creek presented their Christmas program in Afton Hall...

At the close of the program the audience joined with the pupils in singing Christmas carols. After the singing of "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town"...

Following is the program: Opening chorus: "The Best Day Of All". Welcome recitation—Armand and Carl.

Songs: "Santa Claus Is Coming"—Four girls. "Presents"—Irwin, Jessie, Lloyd, Sandra, Helen, Letha, Gail, Sheldon, Errol.

Dialogue: "Teddy's Christmas Present". Songs: "My Presents"—Preschool children. Solo: "Lonely Little Robin"—Gail, age 5 years.

Solo: "My Presents"—Sandra, age three years. Recitation: "Presents"—Charlie. Song: "Ring Merry Bells"—St. pupils.

Dialogue: "One Candle". Song: "The Snowflakes"—Roma and Janet. Step Dance—Jackie Betts; violinist, Mr. John Betts.

Recitation: "What Do You Think Of Christmas?"—Eileen. Step dance (encore)—Jackie Betts. Drill: "Stockings on the Wall". Gaelic song—Lora Ann and Sheldon.

Dialogue: "Train to Mauro". Song: "Trimming the Tree". Darkie song: "Sing A Song Of Christmas"—Parker and Billy. Dialogue: "Fooling Aunt Julia".

Songs: "Memories of Christmas"—Ann and Mary. Song: "Christmas Bells"—Wanda, Louise, Roma. Dialogue: "Disappointing Dinah".

Step dance—Jackie Betts; violinist, Mr. John Betts (encore). Recitation: "The Shepherds"—Wanda. Song: "On Christmas Eve"—Five boys.

Song: "I Went To Your Wedding"—Janet and Thelma. Dialogue: "Painting a Chair". Minstrel song—Armand and Jackie.

Songs: "Dear Old Santa Claus"—Grades 5 and 6. Song: "Christmas Bells"—Anna and Amelia. Little Joe.

Closing Chorus: "The Merry Christmas Time"—School. Farewell recitation—Anna. Christmas Carols. Song: "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town".

DONT FORGET MISTLETOE According to custom, when there's mistletoe hanging in the doorway, each lad may claim a kiss from a maid who chances beneath it. But he must remove a berry each time and when the berries are all gone, no more kisses are available.

CHRISTMAS WEDDING

Jean knew that Hawkeye, the store detective, was keeping his eyes on Jimmy, and she couldn't help feeling worried. Jean and Jimmy were engaged. They were going to be married as soon as Jimmy got a raise.

They were going to be married as soon as Jimmy got a raise. They both worked in the Mammoth Store and were saving everything they could to buy furniture for their future home.

Hawkeye was exactly like the detectives made famous by the movies. Hard, gimlet eyes, black cigars, derby tilted on his head. It was his boast that nobody ever got by with stealing in this store.

It was this boast that had given him the nickname of Hawkeye. But why, oh, why should he suspect Jimmy of doing anything wrong? It was true his salary was small, but he would be promoted soon, Jean was sure of that.

Jean had had a wishful hope that they might have a Christmas wedding, but Jimmy's raise had not come through. In the meantime, they were carefully budgeting their combined salaries and had bought an expensive piece of electrical equipment for their home.

That had been a thrill. When they were married Jimmy was determined that Jean should not work. Jimmy himself had been brought up in a wonderful home with many advantages, but it had all been lost. Jean had come up the hard way. She'd been orphaned and had gone to work at fifteen.

Old Hawkeye had seen her hand Jimmy a long flat package one day. But they were getting along fine now and had wonderful hopes of soon really belonging to each other. Jimmy's salary as head of the notion department in the basement wasn't large, but Jean knew he'd get a better one soon.

Business was brisk and steady since it was now the week before Christmas Day. Jean and Jimmy walked home together when the store closed, as they usually did, almost too tired for a movie or a walk along the river. They didn't allow themselves many pleasures and some times were so tired they just said goodnight at the door of Jean's rooming house. Jimmy lived a number of blocks further down the street.

But they'd always have a little time together when the store closed. Once every week Jean would say, "Did you bring your bundle?" And Jimmy would say he simply couldn't. But Jean would laugh at him teasingly. "Honestly, Jimmy, I want to do it for you," and at last he'd give in.

Jean hadn't the slightest idea that old Hawkeye had seen her hand Jimmy a long, flat package one day when he'd been working late in the stock-room. She'd done this before since it was the most convenient way. And Hawkeye was always snooping around. He'd even overheard Jean and Jimmy talking one day. Jean was saying, "You must bring the things to me. It's helping us to get ahead. And nobody will ever know."

Jimmy had said, "But, honey, it's not right." Jean had laughed. "I only do it because I love you. You know that." Jimmy's voice was husky with love. "You're so sweet, Jean, I believe you'd do anything for me."

And all the time Hawkeye was keeping his gimlet eyes on Jimmy. But Jean knew he hadn't done anything wrong. And then the next time Jean handed Jimmy the long flat package (Jimmy was working late that night again), they both felt a heavy hand on their shoulders. Hawkeye said, "You two kids come with me."

He took them to Mr. Purvis, the store owner. "It's a clean case, boss," Hawkeye opened the package. "Ha, shirts. Just what I thought. She steals for him." Mr. Purvis said tiredly, "They're not new. They're freshly laundered."

Jimmy's face was crimson, but Jean said proudly, "We're engaged, Mr. Purvis, and Jimmy has to have so many clean shirts. It's so dusty in the basement, so I launder them for him."

Well, it was a clean case at that, and what was more Jimmy received his promotion right then and there, and Mr. Purvis gave them three days off, so they had a Christmas wedding after all.

The traditional Christmas poem, "The Night Before Christmas," was written by Clement Clarke Moore in 1822 and published anonymously the following year. He finally acknowledged authorship in 1844.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS ARE EASY TO MAKE There is true economy and lots of fun in making your own Christmas wreaths—and the job isn't a difficult one at all.

Perhaps the easiest method is to bend a wire coat hanger so that it forms a circle, then wrap it, handle and all, with laurel or holly.

A Country Garden

Continued from page 2

with the migration of the Dutch, British and German settlers. Each country has its own conception of what constitutes a beautiful tree.

Some of us still like real trees decorated with sentimental objects treasured through the years. We like the things that children make with their inventive hands, and think that no tree can approach that which the children do themselves—overloaded with associations, although it may not attain the standard of color or hold expensive trinkets.

You have read and seen many kind of Christmas trees. In some parts of Europe, the trees are hung upside down from the high ceilings.

The Italians use a ceppo instead of a tree. It is a pyramid of wood with shelves somewhat like an old-fashioned what-not. On one shelf, a tin manger scene is placed. The shelves are devoted to beautiful and sentimental objects gathered through the years.

At the top of the pyramid is placed a large gilt pine cone or puppet, and along the sides of the pyramid lighted wax tapers and little flags of many colors.

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SEVEN DAYS

Continued from page 3

in eggs. Add flour mixture alternately with soup; stir until smooth. Mix in nuts. Pour into two greased loaf pans. (8 by 5 by 2 1-2 inches.) or one 9 1-2 inch tube pan. Bake in a moderate heat (350°) about 90 minutes, or until done. Cool; serve with hard sauce or cover with your favorite white frosting. —(I did the latter).

3. Wednesday: Christmas Eve! And kiddies the world over know that this is the nicest eve of any day in the whole year. The Eve they have waited for in breathless anticipation for so many long weeks is really here. "Mom, when will it really truly be the day before Christmas?" asks four year old Mavis who, as yet has a hard time to keep track of numbers. Today she tried a new line. "How many more nights will I have to go to bed before I can hang up my stocking for Santa Claus to fill?"

She will scarcely believe that all the nights of waiting are over and that she can carefully hang up two small brown stockings on the make-believe fireplace in the living room. For long moments she will stand in awe, watching the miniature crib near the tree. Just as the affair, complete with a home-made "hatched" roof, and in the centre, the infant, lovingly watched over by Mary, Joseph and the shepherds—it symbolizes the true meaning of Christmas.

4. Thursday: And so here we are in the midst of a mound of holiday wrappings, tinsel and ribbon, and presents of all sorts. The oldest son of the family, now on his own, teaching ten grades in a country school has his special remembrances from thirty-six grateful pupils. Then there are the gifts from each other of the family and topping them all the extra special ones that Santa Claus delivered! They always seem the nicest after all! "Mom," says seventeen year old Tony, "I think Santa Claus should have brought something different than a toy violin for Mavis." No doubt, he is thinking of all the "musical interruptions" that will disturb his calculations as he ponders over his radio course on tries to make adjustments in someone's balky radio!

But Mavis is oblivious—very much so—is to Tony's worries and she continues to scrape away at "Good-night Irene," on her brand new fiddle. And so to-night everyone is happy here in the House on The Hill. The dining room table has three extra leaves in it; candles glow and wink merrily and I feel so grateful, so deeply thankful that we are all home together.

Mary, the fourteen year old daughter says smilingly, "It's so nice to be home again (from the Convent) and isn't Christmas just lovely!"

5. Friday: Rather a let-down feeling this morning wasn't there? "To-day is one day that I wish was yesterday," says Ronny rather wistfully. Maybe it's tummy-ache that causes a wee bit of the rest, and wistfulness and maybe it's the fact that realization isn't just as nice as anticipation.

However, to Mavis this day is just as good as yesterday for isn't the tree still standing in all its glory—just the same as when she went to bed last night! For her every day is Christmas Day as long as there is a tree in the living room.

This Christmas seemed extra nice for we have a wee stranger to share it with us. We didn't realize when we took him into our home last May at the ripe old age of one week that we were also taking him into our hearts. Now a blonde blue-eyed cherub of seven months he is, as one of our own, and dearly beloved by all. His stocking white and tiny, had to be

reference: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my Brethren, ye have done it unto me." May the Christmas Star shine down on you. And may its glorious light bring you all the joy and cheer of that first Christmas night.

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ELLEN'S DIARY

Continued from page 2

"That's something I must ask Daddy about. And there's another thing," he remembered with a puzzled expression, "would you know whether or not planes can back up? Is there any reverse shift on them, do you think? It may be that he will use his reindeer; but perhaps he will take a notion to come by plane... and what if he should go a little way past the roof?"

There arrived, it so happened, a new calf today; fat hogs went to market; feed was brought in from the direction of the poultry-house but even new seasonal carols, singing the touching and beautiful which met so significantly to benefit mankind down the years.

And in children's hearts, despite sorrow and disappointment for there is an enviable resilience to the young in years, are lovely longings; and in their eyes the light of joyful anticipation. For the Christmas season is especially theirs. It must "keep faith" for them.

"Do you recall Christmas in '40?" a woman asked her older sister on a recent evening. It had evidently been a gala day that year, with gifts and happiness and joy.

"Strange," she replied, "I just can't seem to place it! There is only one Christmas in my life that I can remember especially. It was a year when all the money of the farm had gone to paying the taxes, shingling the house-roof and laying in a few supplies for the winter. There wasn't a cent left over; we didn't have so much as a candy... not a doll nor a toy! What a bleak day that was! But I guess," she offered, "that experience taught me to have sympathy for the less fortunate... to see that no little one in the neighborhood lacks for a Christmas. Dear me," she smiled, "what queer things memories are!"

Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night....

hung up too, and how worried Mavis was for fear Santa Claus might miss such a small fellow. But Santa Claus didn't forget. How could he miss someone so dear and lovable as Garth!

6. Saturday: If the baking has dwindled sadly these past couple of days, they may not make a few extras to-day to "fill a gap"—How about some Yule Crispies?

Three quarters of a cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 egg yolks, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 1-2 cups sifted flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1-2 tsp. salt, 3 tsp. cinnamon, 3-4 cup finely chopped nuts.

Cream butter. Gradually add sugar and beat until fluffy. Add egg yolks and vanilla and beat until creamy. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add to mixture. Combine cinnamon and nuts. Mold dough into 1-inch balls and roll in cinnamon-nut mixture. Pace on ungreased baking sheet and flatten with the bottom of a tumbler which has been dipped in sugar. If desired, place candied sugar. In centre of each cookie, cherry in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 8 to 10 minutes. Store in loosely covered container. Yields five dozen cookies.

7. Sunday: Now as I end my column for this week, I have many wishes I should like to extend to you. Among them, good health, happiness, success, wishes fulfilled and so on but I think "God bless each and every one" covers them all—for if God blesses us, then all else that is good will follow.

So, from me to you, may you have the best of everything at Christmas time. Merry Christmas!

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DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN

Continued from page 3

If they broke up and he came back to me. Have you any suggestions as to how I can go about it?

ANSWER: Aren't you taking rather a lot for granted? You don't mention that the man ever was in love with you and, even if he had been, it's possible he had an honest change of heart. Better leave things as they are, and look around for another boy; if your soldier is destined for you, he'll realize it without prompting from you.

DEAR MISS DIX: As a result of family trouble, I find myself living almost in the past. I have a fine husband and children, but my thoughts never seem to be with them; instead, I keep thinking of things over and done with. IN DISTRESS

ANSWER: Your first need, and an urgent one, is for good medical care. That may clear up the entire situation, and if further treatment is deemed necessary by your doctor, he'll recommend it. You are a young woman and there's no need for you to feel hopeless about the condition.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS 1. Child's carriage (shortened) 2. Agreement 3. Appraise 4. River (Eur.) 5. Keepsake 6. Way 7. Broad street 8. Disfigure 9. River (It.) 10. Stumps of grain 11. Pieced out 12. Constellation 13. Send money in payment 14. Very good (slang) 15. Witty saying 16. Learning 17. More brittle 18. Rough lava 19. River (Fr.) 20. Mend 21. Thin, brittle cookie 22. Flowerless plants 23. Glacial snow 24. Serf 25. Allowance for waste (Comm.) 26. Crucifix

DOWN 1. To incense 2. Garden tool 3. Solar dial (Egypt.) 4. Bills of fare 5. Through 6. Finnish seaport 7. morsel of time 8. Whole 9. Candle 10. Before 11. Greek letter 12. Vase 13. Pedestal 14. Dollar (Sp.) 15. Type measure 16. Apex 17. Field officer (abbr.) 18. Drilled 19. Periods of time 20. Thrice (mus.) 21. Cry of a crow 22. Laughing 23. Deduce 24. Alude 25. River (It.) (poet.) 26. Soak flax

Yesterday's Answer 42. River (It.) 43. Evening 44. Poet 45. Soak flax

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it!

AXYDLBAAXE LONGFELLOW One letter simply stands for another. In this example A W X Y Z for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation EUGQS, WMS ZRSU, TXGVQZK, QZS BT TBEVL—EBES. Yesterday's Cryptogram: MASTERS, THIS SERVICE, ALREADY THAT YOU ARE LITTLE BETTER, THAN THESE KNAVES—SHAKESPEARE.

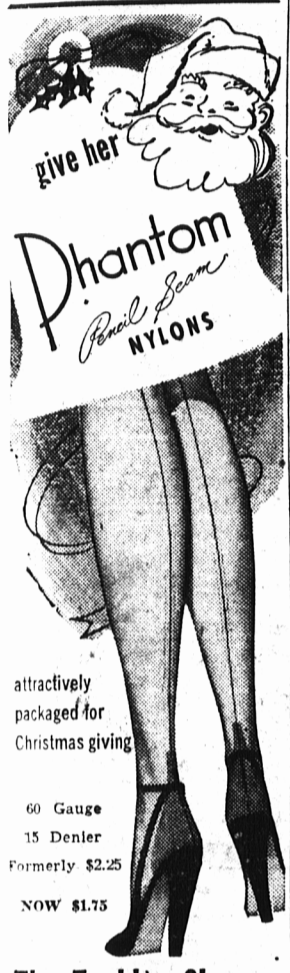
Joyeux Noel

May All the Blessings of Christmas be yours at this, the happiest time of the year!

Palmer Electric 96 Fitzroy St.

Merry Christmas

Robinson Supplies Ltd. 187 Queen St. Phone 2814



The Fashion Shoppe 111 GREAT GEORGE STREET PHONE 55

Advertisement for STERNS LIMITED LAUNDRY, featuring a large illustration of a Christmas tree and the text 'Season's Greetings'.



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A Christmas Poem

Cradled in Mary's loving arms Does little Jesus rest. No sad thoughts of future sorrow— Disturb her tranquil breast. She does not know that sacred head A crown of thorns must wear, Nor those small arms so dimpled now, A heavy cross must bear.

She has not seen that wondrous Star On heard the angels sing Their joyful song of triumph To Christ the new-born King.

She only knows that He is here— This little Son so fair, And tenderly her fingers touch Her Baby's silken hair.

She sees the humble shepherds kneel In worship at His feet, And the Wise Men lay before Him Their treasures rare and sweet.

Advertisement for Merry Christmas featuring a reindeer illustration and the text 'Robinson Supplies Ltd. 187 Queen St. Phone 2814'.