



The Christmas Echo

Children's Edition

London, Canada, December, 1920

A. Talbot & Co. Publishers

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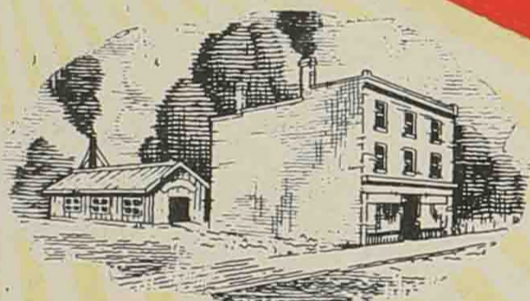
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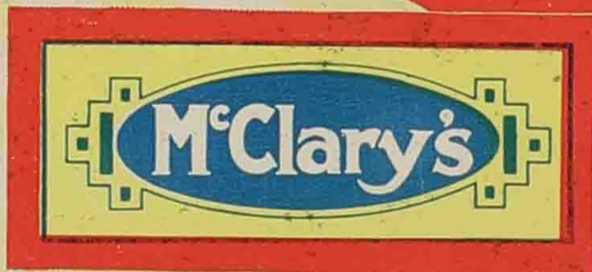
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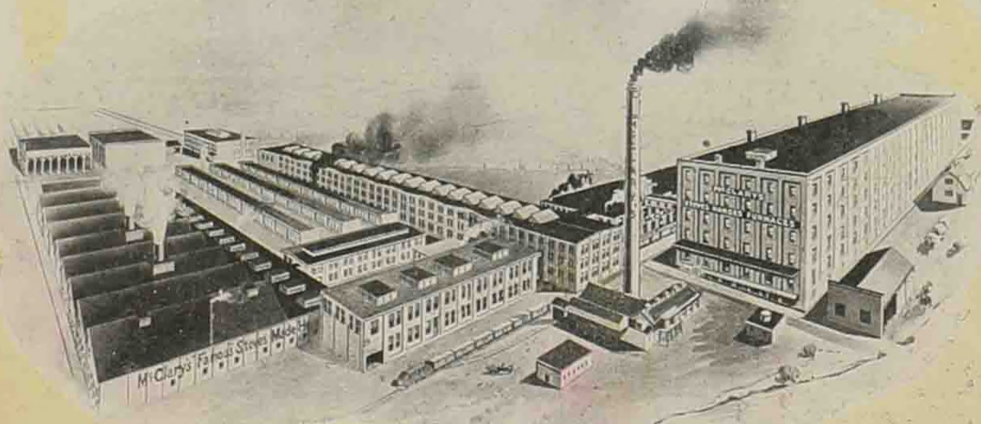


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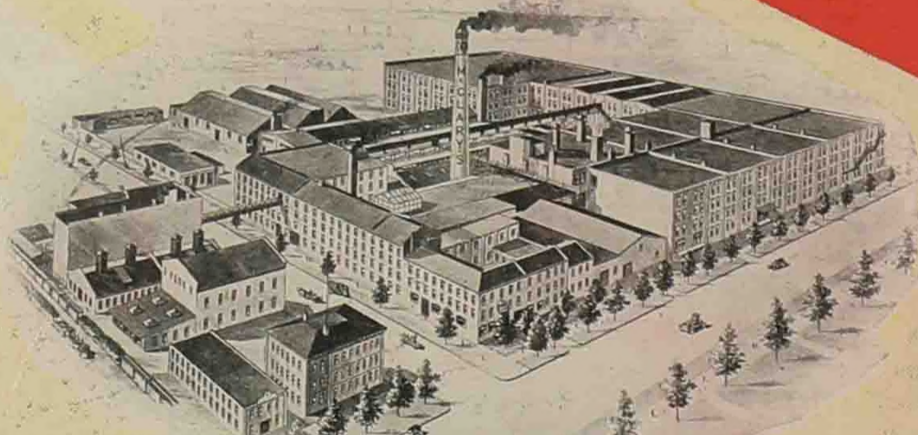
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LONDON, CANADA.



1920



WEEKLY PAYROLL FROM \$20,000 TO \$25,000.

Gift of Edward Phelps, Nov. 23, 1979

Ed 3

THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR

By Rev. G. A. Leichter, Pastor Adelaide Street Baptist Church.

Matt. 2:9.



ND lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, 'till it came and stood over where the young child was.'

Luke 2:14.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

This old physician, Luke, has taken time to write us a wonderful account of the coming of the Saviour. More than any other he enters into detail and makes the story a living reality to us. There are some fine details we should miss were it not for this faithful presentation.

We are drawn again in a peculiar fashion back to the cattle-shed in Bethlehem for there-from light and hope have streamed throughout all succeeding centuries. The Christ has demonstrated and is demonstrating His power with men. More impulse for good and more hope for time and eternity have come from that way-side caravansary than from all the Royal families since first man formed monarchies and kingly households. Bethlehem is an ever-growing source of wonder and the Christ ceases not to excite within us the best in life.

The coming of Jesus was a revelation, not only of God in human flesh, but also a revelation of innate human capabilities and capacities.

May I illustrate. "The traveller passing through bleak and barren lands sees in them Nature's penal settlement, where she imprisons the exhausted remnants of cyclopean forces which once rent asunder the planet's surface." No fertile and undulating plains; no stream fed valleys; no beauty of blooming shrub and blossoming tree; all a dreary waste. And yet beneath that arid surface the expert geologist often detects precious stone and metals, the nations bountiful resource.

So began the kingdom of Heaven on earth in helplessness, poverty and neglect. The King coming through the flesh portals of the most despised race of earth, His heralds obscure sheep tenders, His throne a manger and His palace a stock-pen.

But with all these adverse circumstances attendant, the feeblest mind must certainly see the exhausted resources of the Christ. His Grace was sufficient unto salvation. The munificence of His moral and spiritual being could not be overlooked. The regeneration he brought was sufficient for the gravest emergencies of experience.

This Christmas time celebrates the triumph of humility, the manifestation of God to men through man. That manifestation must be obeyed; its results must be appropriated by faith or else the rich veins of blessing remain beneath the surface untouched, hidden by a veil of doubt.

Will you see then that the message of the star is I. A MESSAGE OF A SAVIOUR.

And that was no inconsequential undertaking. Contributory circumstance designed to bring success to the attempts of the Saviour were conspicuously absent. He was not the creature of a successful circumstance. His day and age were dull, listless and totally minus any flame of divine fire. His contemporaries were cold and without abilities of any extraordinary proportions. No leader of any consequence had spoken in the land in four centuries and the listless people reflected only the decadence of their leaders. This transcendent man of the many centuries certainly entered no Palestine Renaissance, breathed no air of encouragement, saw no expanding horizon save that which was spread by virtue of His own holy capabilities.

On the other hand Jesus Christ brought the one great regenerative force of all the centuries. Impulses impossible of implantation by mortal hand; powers strangely foreign to human thoughts; fathomless depths of insight and oceanic reaches of consciousness known to none save God himself predetermined each step from the sheep-pen to the cross and back to Heaven.

There you face the demanded qualifications.

a. He must have a patience that would tarry with the sick and sin-burdened until He had loaded every care upon His own burden life. No depraved soul must weep in agony of shame for his sins any longer for the Lord must carry the load and brush away the tear.

b. There must be a superb setting aside of personal satisfactions and a willingness to weep over a city that had hardened itself to crucify Him.

c. He must not faint in the Garden of His pain and tears nor at the cross of His sacrifice.

Where could such a character be found? Search the pages of the most authentic record of profane history and you search in vain. But lend your ear to the dim distant past. The night still, and not even the murmur of a night wind or the bleat of a restless sheep disturbed the peaceful sleep of Palestinian shepherds.

Suddenly, the heavens burst and the final crescendo of the Hallelujah chorus of Heaven's Messiah swept the souls of the startled sheep-tenders.

"Unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." There began that fathomless career wherein, reason, conscience, affection, grace, truth, light and life, blended and spread in such stupendous proportions that the world stood in open-eyed wonder. A new conception of life and a new covenant with God came with Christ's coming. Into that stagnant and inert century He breathed a new fire and the powers that were born on that night of the stars waited not for the lengthening maturities of experience. From the humble shepherd-folk they swept their way to the very throne of temporal governments until the Kings of earth feared for their sovereign rights. He waited not for coming powers, his powers were ever His; His noon ever at its prime and His sun unwearied.

He never faced a situation in which he was baffled. The Marriage Feast at Cana; the Funeral at Nain; at the tea-table in Simon's home; with Magdalene in her grief; in the midst of the foulest abysses of harlotry and shame; through the transfiguration on Mt. Hermon; in the midst of the children as they shouted and played about Him in the corn-fields there was never a soul betrayed or disappointed.

"For unto you is born, a Saviour." Not self constituted, not elected, not chosen by some tribunal whose selection was governed by personal prejudices. "BORN a Saviour." I have no fear about His being able to handle salvation for He was born for such a purpose.

II. THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR WAS A MESSAGE OF SERVICE.

Do you not see that it was while Shepherds "watched their flocks" that the wonder broke upon them? Do you not see that an activity was involved in their seeing the Christ child. They went! And if folk to-day would see the beauty of the Christ it will be as they go on errands of interest and service.

This is a living Christ who came upon the morn of Earth's first Xmas and from His coming has issued life for all who will accept it.

Jesus found man wandering, alone and trembling in his helplessness. Man had been left to his boasted conscience. Nature and might were leading the way and man was consequently wandering near the valley of defeat. Greece was speaking from her porches of philosophy and Rome from her Forum but the race was helpless. Man needed more than political, artistic and intellectual supremacy. He needed a new actuation for deed and thought. He needed to learn afresh that life consisted not in what a man could call his in-



Rev. G. A. Leichter

any temporal sense. He must learn that the kingdom of heaven was not in eating and drinking, satisfying self, but in giving and serving.

Only one personality in history capable of thus impressing humanity His coming was announced by a star and a heavenly carol and his going celebrated by the hiss of lip and spear.

Since Jesus came life stands on a new foundation. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," was stamped as genuine by the blood of the cross. Service loomed large and is increasing in meaning since His day, and if we are to accept the challenge of untold opportunities we must make a journey to the cattle-pen and to the cross to first fully understand the meaning of service.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "Go ye, therefore," Because of the former statement! Because it involves our going, this being His friends.

And so may the Christmas Child speak to our souls that we move out into larger activities.

LONDON'S SCHOOL CHILDREN.

If a community's prosperity is to be judged by its public school children then this London of ours is one of the most prosperous of cities. It can with truth be said that no city the world over can produce a finer lot of school children than London. Visit any one of the twenty-two schools of the city and you will see a splendid lot of men and women of the future—healthy-looking, happy-faced and well-dressed, indicating the best of home conditions and general prosperity.

In this issue several pages are devoted to reproductions of group photographs of children of public schools, which we feel sure will prove of interest, not only to the pupils themselves, but also to their fathers and mothers and the public generally.

The group photographs of London public school children appearing in these pages were taken for the Christmas Echo by Mr. Arthur A. Gleason, who had the kindly co-operation of the Board of Education and Inspector C. B. Edwards in his work.



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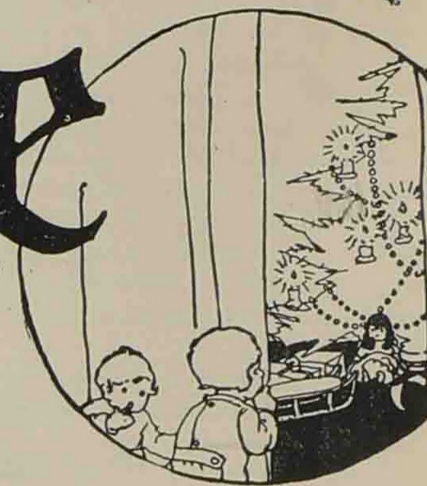
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TOY TOWN (In the Basement)

We know the boys and girls will gather aplenty, but we wonder if the grown-ups realize that they can have a lot of fun by spending a few minutes there themselves.

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"His Master's Voice" Christmas Records
(Third Floor.)

Hello Dad!

Going to give the kiddies a good time this Christmas? Gee! but it's great to see how they look forward to it and enjoy it.

Between you and me, have you provided for the future of those youngsters? Have you made certain that they will be able to live comfortably, no matter what happens to you? Have you a guarantee that Santa Claus will always fill their stockings?

People like you and me, that haven't got six figure accounts in the bank and bales of bonds in a safety deposit box, have to depend on life insurance to protect the kids---and Mother.

What would the amount of the policies you have now do in the way of providing an income?

Just think it over.

Merry Christmas to all the family.



Hello Kids!

Have you seen the London Life Calendar for 1921? This is the picture we have put on it. Ask the London Life man to give you one.

Don't forget that the London Life Insurance Co. is a Canadian Company for Canadians and its home is in London, Canada.

**A Merry
Christmas!**

LONDON LIFE ART CALENDAR FOR 1921

London Life Insurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE LONDON CANADA



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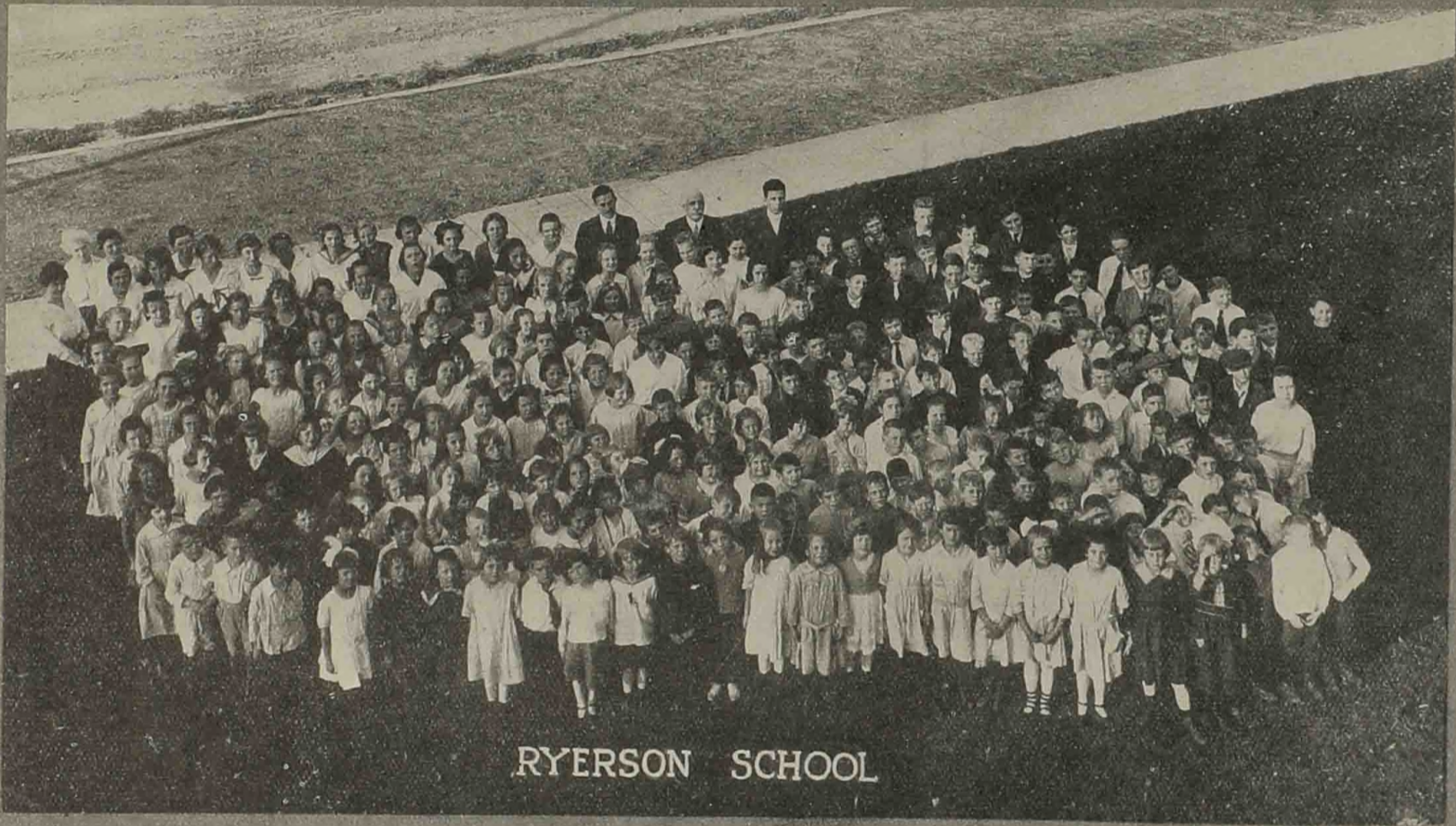
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TOY WORLD.

This year will be a year of years, everything will be beyond a child's happiest dreams.

Store open each evening until Christmas

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FOR BOYS OR GIRLS

SANTA CLAUS has placed a Thimble in the window of Peel's Toy Store, Richmond St., and has left a Prize with Mr. Peel for the first boy or girl who discovers it.

Look in Mr. Peel's Toy Store Window and search out the Thimble. When you find it, say nothing, just come right in and tell Mr. Peel and receive the prize left by Santa Claus. It's worth trying for.

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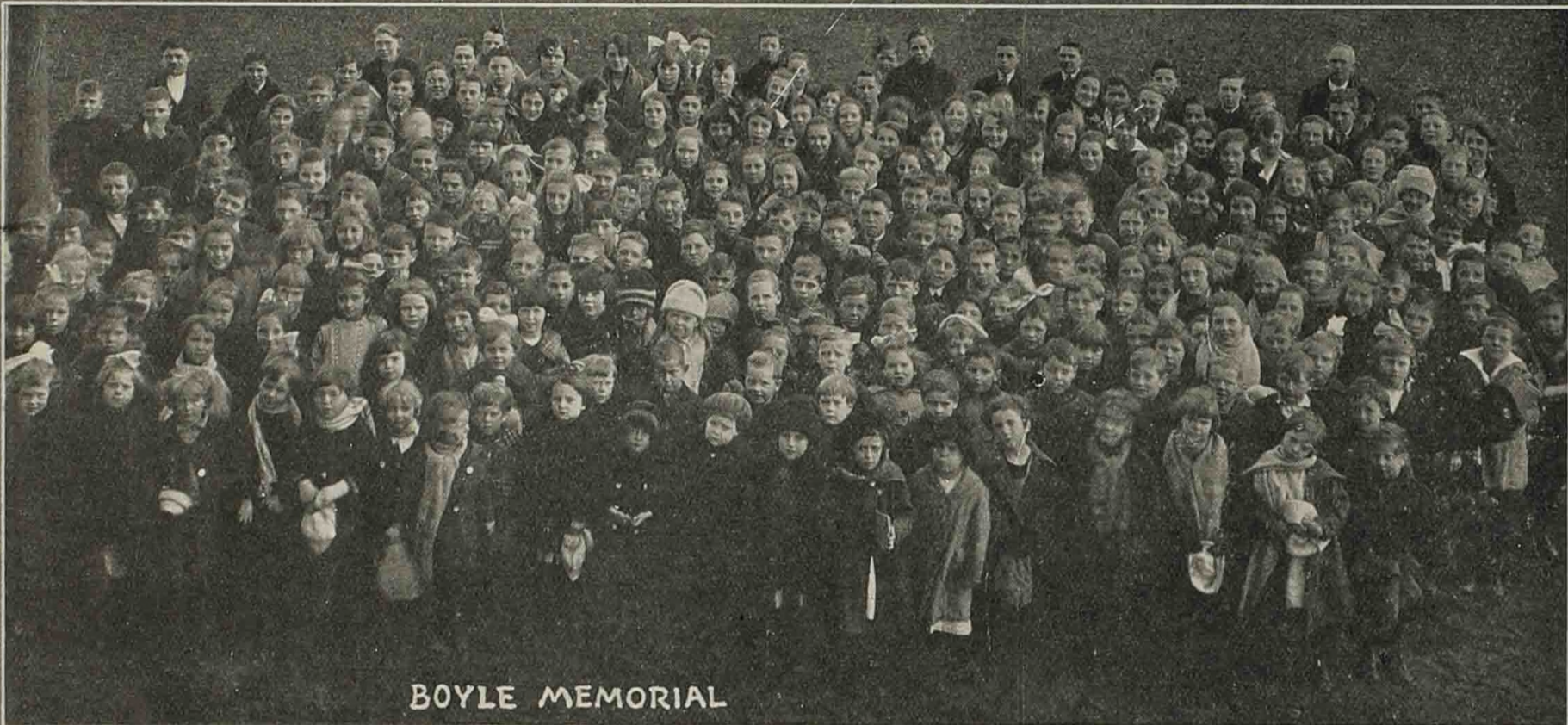


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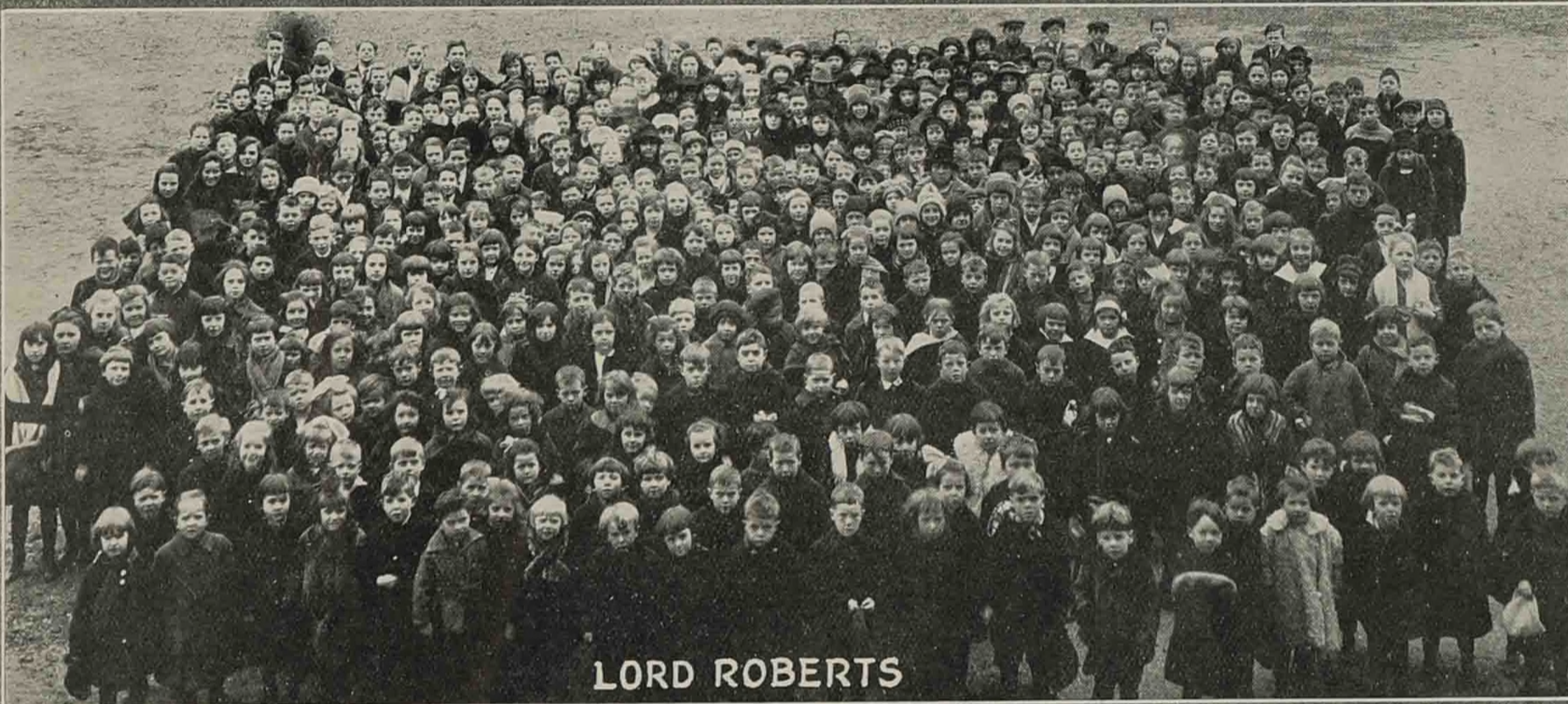
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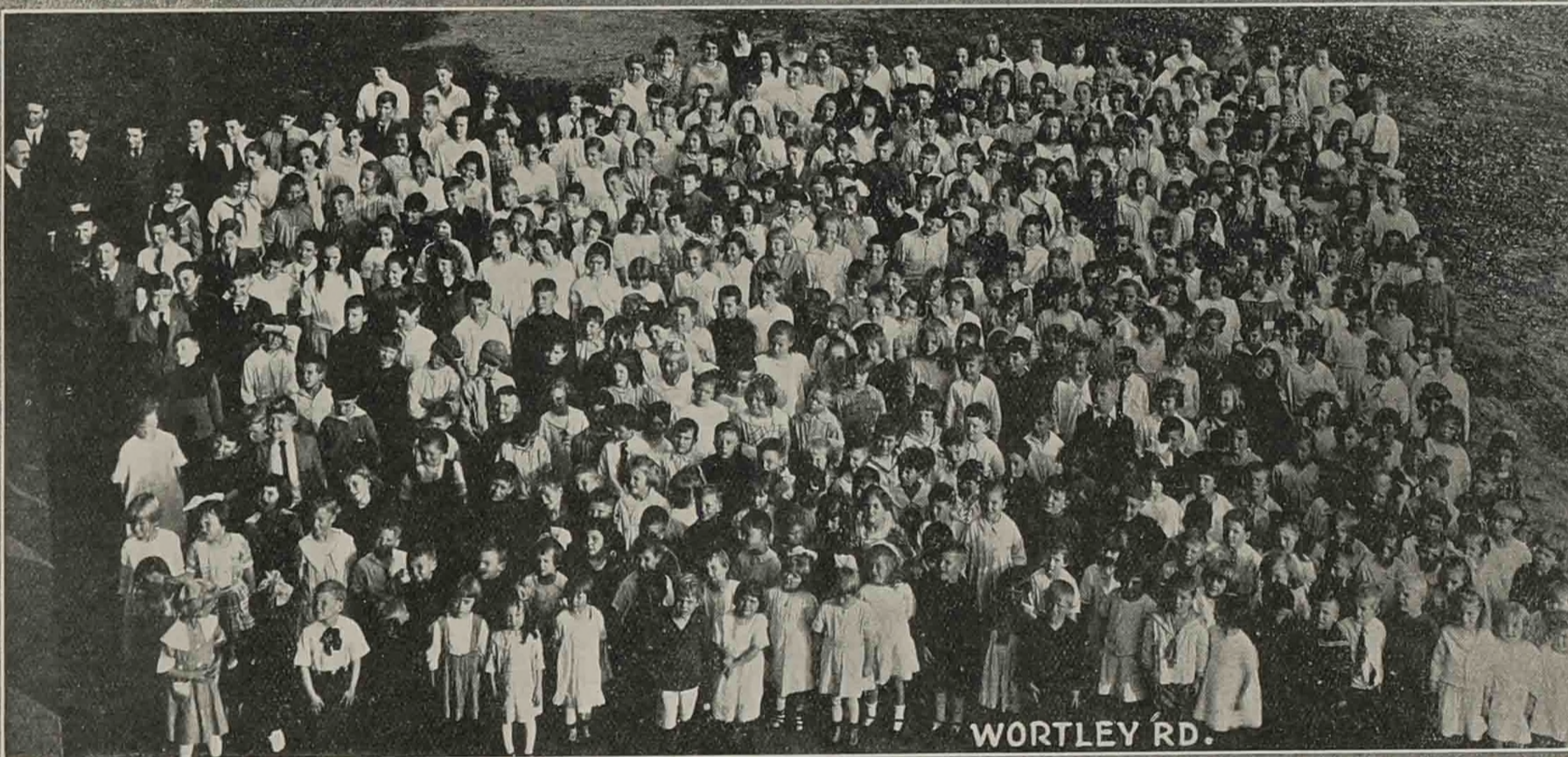
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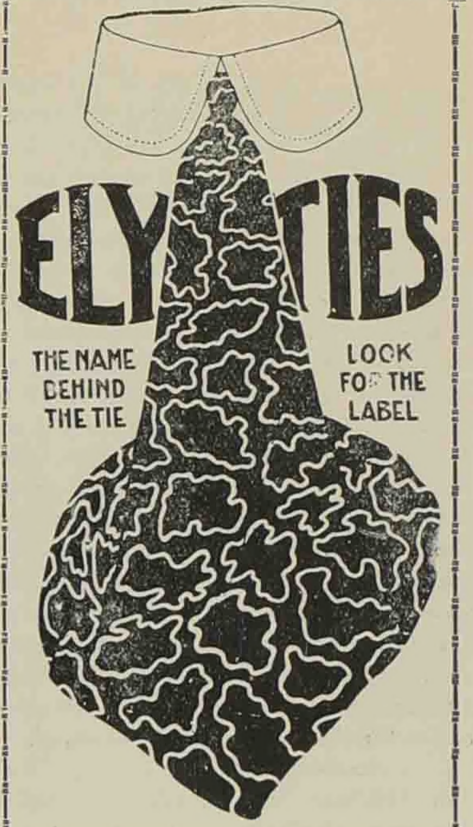
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At our shop gift seekers will find dozens of Ely's exclusive neckties from which it is easy to make selections.

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In the spring we purpose opening an exclusive department for the little folks, where Millinery welfare will be our special care.

The ladies will find that Johnstone's will give better satisfaction than ever.

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Fashion*

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Millinery**

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THE CAUSE OF THE CHILD

IT must be generally acknowledged that in matters affecting the welfare of the child the women, the mothers, are invariably first to take action. Not that the sterner sex is indifferent to such matters, for when it comes to producing the money needed for providing for the care and comfort of embryo men and women, even those who require medical and surgical attention, the men never fail. But the mother is ever closer to the child than is the father. It is she who cares for the little ones from the cradle up to the time when they cease to require special care, is solicitous about them through the years of adolescence and even after manhood and womanhood have been reached keeps a watchful eye on them. While the time and attention of the one are taken up with business matters, the whole heart of the other is given up to the children of the home, the nursing of them through illnesses and the imparting of moral instruction. Here is seen the reason why it was women who conceived the project of a children's hospital for London. It was their thought which started a movement of great importance to this city and Western Ontario and which insures the establishment in London of an eleemosynary institution that has long been much needed.

It was shortly after the signing of the armistice in November, 1918, that the scheme for the establishment in the city of London of a Children's Hospital by the Municipal Chapter of the Independent Order Daughters of the Empire was launched, the aim was to erect a suitable building to serve not only as a hospital, but as a "living memorial to our soldiers that will help to repair the ravages of war by saving lives of children," the

The promoters advance six reasons in support of the project:—

- "(1) To provide the most approved, scientific medical and surgical care for our sick children.
- "(2) In order that the most helpful, correct appliances may be available.
- "(3) Because adults and children cannot be treated with satisfaction in the same hospital.
- "(4) That our sick children may have the benefit of the accumulated best in education and experience among the community's medical profession.
- "(5) That they may have hospital care as close to their homes as possible.
- "(6) Because humanity's universal love of children is in itself sufficient reason for building a hospital for their healing.

The need for a hospital of the kind in question will be readily seen when it is stated that the births in Ontario in the year 1917 numbered 62,666 and the deaths 33,289, of which 5,791 were children under five years of age; that one-fifth of all the deaths of children under two years old are preventable;—

The London Children's Hospital, a front view of which is shown on this page, will be three stories and basement, the latter being of grey stone and the building itself of red brick, except the centre of the front, which will be of white brick to give the "memorial" tone. The hospital will have accommodation for one hundred beds, with private and public wards for medical, surgical, orthopedic and eye, ear, nose and throat patients; also an out-patient department, with special arrange-



PROPOSED WAR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, LONDON, ONT.
Photographed from a wash drawing by the architects, Messrs. Watt & Blackwell

ment to come as a gift from the men, women and children of Western Ontario. It was pointed out at the time that the Children's Hospital, Toronto, was the only institution of the kind in Canada, and large though that is, it came far short of the country's needs. There were, it is true, and there still are, preventoria such as that at Toronto, and wings in connection with large hospitals given over entirely to the care and treatment of children, but it was felt that something more than these was needed. Years ago the Local Council of Women furnished a ward of ten beds in Victoria Hospital solely for children with splendid results, and it is to the credit of the Local Council that it is heartily cooperating with other organizations in this present movement, considering it a continuation of a work inaugurated by them.

Having decided on the project the next step taken by the I. O. D. E. was to form an executive of four members, those appointed being Mrs. A. H. Smith, convenor; Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, honorary secretary; Mrs. Cl. T. Campbell, honorary treasurer, and Mrs. E. H. Young, assistant secretary. Following this was the selection of an advisory board with Mayor Little as honorary chairman and comprising representatives of various men's organizations and prominent professional and business men. A general committee was also chosen. This is composed exclusively of women, and includes a representative from each of the local chapters of the I.O.D.E. and other organizations of similar character, in all some seventy-two of them being represented.

Of course the real work in connection with the establishment of such an institution is the raising of funds; but in this instance the work does not appear to be very difficult. The executive started by approaching the county councils of Western Ontario, with the result that a grant of \$12,000 was secured from Middlesex and one of \$500 from Huron. Hope of obtaining grants from other county councils has by no means been abandoned. Each will be interviewed again, and possibly, if necessary, a third time, the desire being to give every one of the counties for whose benefit the hospital is intended a chance to assist in its establishment.

The active sympathy of the women's institutes was easily enlisted at the outset, and the members of over four hundred of them in this part of the province are now at work securing aid in the form of district cots. It was necessary for the local I. O. D. E. to obtain permission (which was readily granted) before approaching outside chapters of the order, but even before the appeal had been made many of them had voluntarily forwarded contributions or had endowed cots or rooms. The various battalions of Western Ontario are also to be appealed to to endow cots or rooms, each to bear the name of the battalion giving the endowment.

Under the plan adopted a cot may be endowed in perpetuity for \$1,000 and a room for \$2,500. The Royal Arch Masons are endowing a double room at a cost of \$5,000 and the eight blue lodges of the city are understood to contemplate endowment of some sort. The Shrine Circus held in the city the week of November 14 showed how heartily in sympathy with the movement the local patrol are.

ments for child clinics and instruction of mothers. The total cost of the building is estimated at \$200,000.

The site of the hospital, which has been donated by the London Hospital Trust, is on the corner of Ottawa avenue and Colborne street, immediately opposite Victoria Hospital and in the same block as the new medical school. When completed the hospital will be maintained by the city of London.

Not only will the hospital fill a long felt want in serving for sick children, but it will prove a valuable adjunct to the medical school and enable student nurses of Victoria Hospital to take special training in children's diseases. It will also provide vocational training for the youthful patients and include a gymnasium and exercise room, and will be thoroughly up to date in every respect.

The executive and all the officers hold purely honorary positions, and no expense whatever is entailed in the promotion of the undertaking.

The building committee consists of Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Gartshore (chairman), Gen. Panet, ex-Mayor C. R. Somerville, W. F. D. Jarvis and Dr. W. J. Tillmann, and it will be given charge of the funds.

The promoters have every reason to be proud of the success which has thus far attended their efforts to raise the necessary funds. Early in November there was cash on hand to the amount of \$27,000, and \$5,000 in victory bonds. Since then the Shriners' circus has netted the sum of over \$2,600. Then there is \$25,000 as the share of the Welfare fund raised last spring and to be paid over on April 1st next, which makes a total of \$59,000 already assured. If the rate-payers of London approve of the grant to be submitted to them on New Year's Day the sum of \$50,000 will be added to the total, enabling the promoters to start the year with neat sum of \$109,000, or a little more than half the total sum required.

By submitting the \$50,000 grant to the electors the City Council enables the public to take part in this excellent work, and they should esteem it a privilege to give a helping hand.

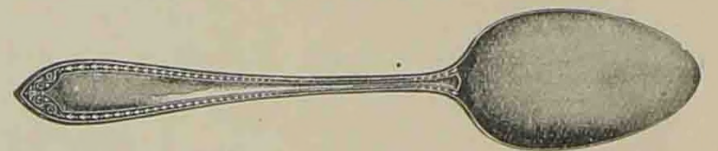


These troubles may be corrected if taken in time

Gold Medal Grade Christmas Presents

The Gift Useful—Gives Comfort, Pleasure and Charm

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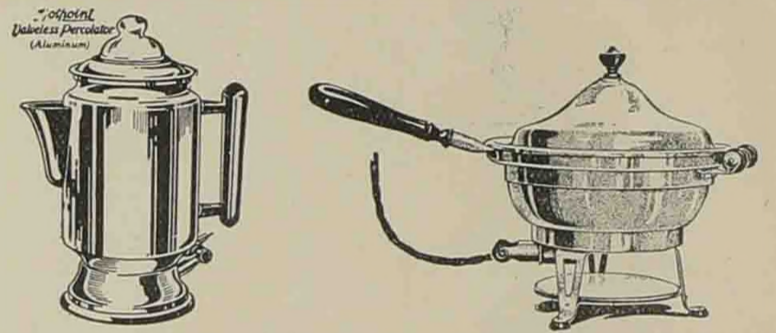
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ART PHOTOGRAPHY OF CHILDREN



Princess Winter Garden

The Ballroom Beautiful and Fairyland of Dancers

It is doubtful if there is in London a more popular place of amusement than the Princess Winter Garden, on Queen's Avenue. Established, in the autumn of 1915, it at once jumped into public favor, and today it is recognized as one of the best resorts of the kind in the Dominion.

The Princess Winter Garden has reopened for the season under new management and the promise of a most successful period. A new heating system has been installed, making the place more comfortable than ever. The dancing floor is the largest in Canada, and every effort is made by the management for the comfort of patrons.

Special attention is paid to private parties, many of which are held in the Garden each season.

Everything about the place is bright and cheery, while the special attractions are of the highest class. The Princess Orchestra of ten pieces is of itself an attraction that draws many citizens who do not dance themselves, but like to see others indulge in this most healthful recreation. There is accommodation for 1,200 spectators.

The recent greatly increased popularity of dancing is mainly due to the influence of the Princess Winter Garden in the community. The Garden is an ideal place in which to spend an evening, or to rest after an automobile ride. Citizens entertaining friends from a distance at this festive season may afford them delight by taking them to the Princess Winter Garden for an hour or two. Not only citizens of London, but visitors to the city, consider the Princess Winter Garden a delightful spot.

Dancing Every Evening

GENERAL ADMISSION
15 CENTS

Telephone 4660

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the unusually artistic and distinctive portraits of Arthur A. Gleason. We publish herewith one of his groups of London children, showing the work of Mr. Gleason as an artist in one of its happiest conceptions.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN LEGEND

Elise Trout relates the legend that on every Christmas Eve, the little Christ Child wanders all over the world bearing on His shoulders a bundle of evergreens. Through city streets and coun-

try lanes, up and down hill, to proudest castle and lowliest hovel, through cold and storm and sleet and ice, this holy Child travels, to be welcomed or rejected at the doors at which He pleads for succor. Those who would invite Him and long for His coming set a lighted

candle in the window to guide Him on His way hither. They also believe that He comes to them in the guise of any alms-craving, wandering person who knocks humbly at their doors for sustenance, thus testing their benevolence. In many places the aid rendered the

beggar is looked upon as hospitality shown to Christ. This legend embodies the true Christmas spirit which realizes, with a rush of love to the heart, the divinity in every one of "the least of these" our brethren.

MISS EVA BRADSHAW; ARTIST

By Margaret Wade.

TO secure and write an interview with one of London's leading painters, Miss Eva Bradshaw: That was the commission.

It had been made the commission for the reason that while Miss Bradshaw holds a host of people in a warm friendliness that is characteristic of her, all-embracing, from the tousled urchins who sometimes pose for her, to the successful and distinguished people of the artistic, business or professional world who are proud of their privilege of entree to her studio, too little, still, is known by our citizens generally of the credit reflected upon this city by her work, have felt the distinctive charm or realize the real value of her art.

The day was one of those mild, misty gray ones by which November sometimes chooses to prove its kinship with April. A long street of dull-eyed buildings from which an occasional light was beginning to drop its reflection into the gleaming pool of the wet pavement brought us, my sponsor and myself, to an unobtrusive doorway entering on a flight of stairs that led, in turn, to the studio; the same studio, we are told, that for a time housed London's immortal painter, Paul Peel.

At the threshold we were met by our hostess in the severely black costume, relieved with touches of white, which is her choice for street wear. "Just going out, or just coming in?" was my sponsor's breathless query. "Just come in. Come right along; I was expecting you." And the words, commonplace in themselves, through media of tone and handclasp, became warm hospitality.

We went in, and seated ourselves, gratefully, close to the cheery coal fire that burned in an old-time fireplace. Presently, when she had changed to studio clothes, we drank a cup of tea with our hostess, putting aside a bowl of brushes here, or moving a palette there, to make way for thin sandwiches or teapot; because her studio is heir to all the disarray of its kind, that delightful disarray that bespeaks the true artistic temperament which will not be bound to systematic and routine orderliness.

After that we looked at her pictures. Not many of them. Because lovers of the beautiful, Londoners largely but with a growing number of residents of farther places, do not leave much of her work with her. Without exception, the canvasses shown to us belonged to one of two classes—flower studies, or portraits, for which her preference, we found, is strongly toward the latter.

Miss Bradshaw, who studied under Miss Florence Carlyle and very briefly at the Chase School, New York, shows in her work a remarkable sense of color which is always charming, whether in a simple bunch of flowers or in her more advanced figure studies. Her color is very pure and true, full of a brilliance and piquancy which is the outcome of the most careful and searching study of tone values.

Her work is at once spontaneous, sympathetic and full of character; though broadly treated, it never lacks solidity. And her method, a broad, simple and direct style, shows that she is able at once to grasp and depict the characteristic essential of her subject, whether a study in still life or portraiture.

This year, as has been the case before, she has had two pictures accepted by the Royal Canadian Academy.

When we had sat down again my sponsor looked at me expectantly—rather urgently, indeed—as if now were the moment to launch the interview. But I didn't do it. I looked at this beautiful, gracious woman, with the grave eyes and the happy laughter, and felt, somehow, that probings into her struggles and her ambitions, or questionings as to the meaning and possibilities, to her, of her art, would be impertinence. So I listened instead. And, the conversation turning upon the autumn day and the motor ride from which she had just returned, this is what I heard her say:

"I never believed a day could be so beautiful. Most people love the gay colors of autumn, but I always think they need the grays that come later. And to-day the fields were gray, shading away into distant mauve; and the skies were gray, with just for a moment a shaft of brilliance across the west; and the woods were gray. Gray of the mists and the tree-trunks and the distances—Oh, those wonderful, wonderful grays."

And what if I did fail to ask all the regulation questions, and am unable to tell you where she was born, or how many pictures she paints a year, or whether she prefers oranges or grape-fruit for breakfast-



Miss Eva Bradshaw

fast? I can tell you the far greater thing:

That to one who has met and overcome her difficulties with the unconquerable spirit of youth; who turns from the garish refulgence of October to the rugged beauty of November; and from an assured success in the interpretation of flowers in all their varied and lovely moods, to the greater undertaking of the

portrayal of soul out of the strong lines and the gray tones that life lays on the human face and form—to one who does these things, the future can only hold the true success of life-long progress toward the very highest of which such a one is capable.

It pays to learn to control one's temper. Because if one simply lets fly the moment one feels inclined, very soon anger has very little effect.



Mother and Children

ORIGIN OF THE MISTLETOE

Many, no doubt, supposed that it was just to cut some Christmas greenery, but there was a lot more to it. At St Nazaire, Nantes, Tours, at La Rochelle, Brest and Bordeaux, at Havre, Rouen, and in the suburbs of Paris, northward through all Belgium to the edge of Holland and eastward through Alsace to the Rhine and southward to the Mediterranean and the edges of Spain and Italy the boys went out into the woods, orchards, meadows and river sides to climb a tree and cut a bough, and in so doing they performed an act of strictly racial character unique among all such doings.

The oak, among the ancient Druids, was always held sacred. Many of their rites were performed in oak groves; and since they noticed that only rarely did the mistletoe appear on this sacred tree they regarded the plant of such a parent with peculiar reverence.

It was cut on New Year's Day with pomp. The Arch-Druid, in white, ascended the tree, to which stairs and platform had been erected. Beneath, the people awaited a picnic banquet; and two white bulls were held ready for sacrifice. With a golden sickle the Arch-Druid cut the mystic boughs, caught, as they fell, in a white mantle. "Then they slay the victims," says odd Pliny, who lived at the time, "praying God to prosper His gift to them unto whom He has given it. Prepared as a drink, it produces fertility and is a remedy for poisons." It was further supposed to possess great healing powers and be a sure protection against ghosts!

By a later tradition which grew up in ignorance of the usages of the past, the mistletoe was supposed to have furnished the wood for the Cross. Up to the Crucifixion, it had been a regular tree, but thenceforth it was condemned to exist only as a parasite—a weak and puny bush, growing only by the sap of other trees. Hence the refusal to admit the mistletoe into churches, which continues to-day, by ancient habit at least in England and France. But the Church's dread of pagan superstitions still to-day persisting gives a corollary explanation.

How it acquired its parasitic habit no man can say; but we know that it owes its continued existence to the seed being carried along with a dose of sticky liquid to the tender branch of some new tree.



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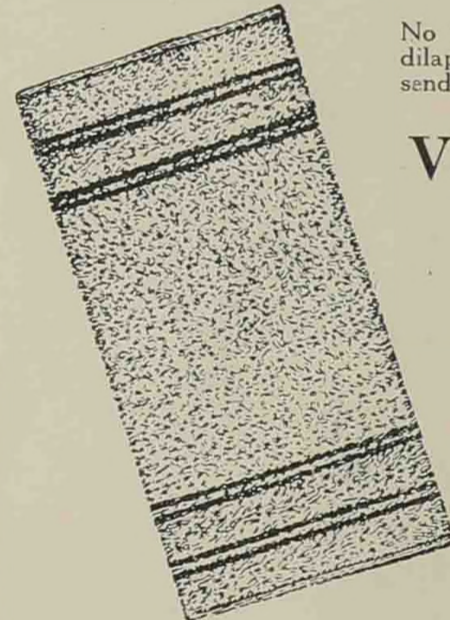
A. B. Marx.

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ART TREASURES IN LONDON

BECAUSE of the lack of a public art gallery London is not an art centre in the generally-accepted sense; but in so far as the number of art lovers and collectors and the wealth of their private collections can make it such a centre this city is well deserving of such a title. These art-loving citizens have it in their power to give an art loan exhibition which both for number of paintings and the fame of artists represented would be a credit to any city in the Dominion, and the wonder is that such exhibitions are not of more frequent occurrence. These local art collectors are for the most part connoisseurs, their advice and judgment being relied on by persons purchasing.

specialty is domestic subjects. Each picture is of the homely kind that tells a story and holds the attention.

Hensall is an Englishman, having been born in Manchester in 1856, his father being the late Benjamin Hensall. So popular are his works in his own country that pictures of his have been purchased by the municipal authorities of Birmingham, Leeds, Hull, Manchester and Bristol for permanent collections. He received his education in the South Kensington Royal Academy Schools, and won the South Kensington medal in 1875. His pictures won high praise at the Royal Academy exhibition in 1880, the Chicago International Exposition in 1893, the Paris Universal Exposition in 1900, the Paris Salon and other great exhibitions. He was



The fame of London's private art collections is by no means local merely; they are talked about outside of the city, and not infrequently visitors make a point of viewing one or more of them. It is to the credit of these local picture owners, too, that as a rule they are ever ready—indeed they esteem it a pleasure—to show their collections.

Among the art treasures of London are represented works of the greatest painters dead and living. These include canvasses from the studios of the leading Canadian artists.

The work of British artists are likewise much in favor here, among the most popular being Henry Hensall, R. W. S., many of whose splendid water colors are to be found here. As will be seen from the reproductions on this page Hensall's

honored with the A. R. W. S., in 1883, and became a member of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts in 1901. Mr. Hensall is married and is much devoted to his home. His recreations include cycling and golf, in both of which he is an enthusiast.

The originals of the pictures on this page are owned by the following Londoners:—
 The Knitting Lesson by Mr. Thos. H. Baker.
 In Disgrace by Mr. A. Talbot.
 The War News by Mr. J. D. Keenleyside.
 The Foster Mother by Mr. Robt. Coates.
 My Love Has Gone a Sailing by Mr. A. Talbot.
 The Sewing School by Mr. A. Talbot.
 Faithful To Duty by Mr. Lew Graves.
 Grandmother's Care by Lt.-Col. T. S. Hobbs.
 The Lass That Loves a Sailor by Mr. Robt. Coates.
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DON'T DIE IN THE SADDLE.

People speak usually of "dying in the saddle" as of something that is meritorious beyond all doubt. Well, it shall not be denied that it is entirely honorable—for a cavalry man. It may, however be regarded also as well deserved punishment for a mounted bandit. Which shows that the merit of it all hinges upon circumstances, more especially so when we reflect that even the cavalry man might possibly have preferred to live, rather than to die, in the saddle. What we should aim at is, therefore, not to die in the saddle but to remain as long as possible fit for some saddle, and by this fitness we refer, of course, (with due appreciation of its physical application) to the impressableness and vigor of mind and soul.

Turn mere occurrences into experi-

ences, in the professional pursuit of life as well as outside of it; have a hobby, or better, have several hobbies. Love the daily work; love humanity; love all God's nature, for unless our heart is eloquent with love we can never draw a response from other hearts, and all our playing, singing, conducting, and composing remains meaningless.

THE OLD HOME.

"I like, when the world seems to be going very wrong, to think of a little green corner in the old home of my youth, where I used to read a book under a gnarled apple-tree. I remember how, in the springtime, the pink petals fluttered down on the page of my book. There is nothing so lasting or so true as those fleeting memories of childhood."—Anon.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES



LITTLE light has been shed by psychologists and other scientists on the thoughts of children of tender years, but there can be no question about it that their little minds are busy during their waking hours. Occasionally the parents and others of the household are enlightened on the point to some extent by those pets of the home by the quaint remarks which fall from their lips. Many of these "cute" sayings are really witty, the more so, of course, because the wit is unconscious; others are marked by a wisdom that would do credit to their elders; all are kept as family treasures or are retold for the benefit of visiting friends.

On this page will be found a number of childish witty and wise sayings contributed for the Christmas Echo, all going to show that "out of the mouths of babes" we grown-ups may learn something.

INQUISITIVE MARGARET

While little Margaret's mother was telling her, one Sunday afternoon in October that God saw all things and knew all things, an aeroplane appeared overhead. After gazing at it for a moment the child looked at her mother enquiringly and asked, "Does He know they have got out and are playing up there?"

WHY NOT THE SAME DOCTOR?

Five-year-old Bess longed for a little baby sister and asked her mother why she didn't ask the doctor to bring one. "O", replied the mother, "he won't bring us one." Then a bright thought struck Bess. "Who brought big sister?" she asked. "Dr. M—" replied mother. "Who brought me?" was the next question. "Dr. M—" was again the answer. "Then," said Bess with the air of one about to clinch the argument, "why don't you get Dr. M— to bring another one?"

A HARD CASE

Little Betty was "calling" on the next door neighbor, when the latter began to flatter and pet her. "My!" exclaimed the lady, "how hard your little fat arms are." "I guess it's because I wash them in hard water," said the wee 'un.

WONDERING MARGERY

Mother was pushing wee Margery along in her go-cart when they reached a Grand Trunk Railway crossing. Seeing the clouds of smoke ascending from a locomotive's funnel the little one turned to mother and asked:—"Does God like the smoke going up to Him's eyes?"

WHAT TEACHER SAID

Five-year-old Teddy went to kindergarten for the first time in skirts, much to his disgust, for he had long "wanted to be a boy." On returning from school his proud mother asked him what the teacher had said to him. "She said," replied Teddy, "Gosh! why don't they put you in pants?" But Teddy was found to be a fabricator, because he had an object in view.

PROTESTED HER INNOCENCE

Mr. Johnson, the Sunday school superintendent, though a kindly man, possessed a very stern voice and manner, and not infrequently the younger scholars became afraid of him. One Sunday afternoon the school was assembled for "review," and Mr. Johnson demanded, "Who took Joseph's coat and put him in a well?" There was silence for a moment. Then scared-faced Tilly, in the infants' class, held up her hand and said, timidly, "Please, Mr. Johnson, it wasn't me."

TOMMY'S RICH UNCLE

The Sunday school teacher was telling her class about the rich man, pointing out that he had less chance of getting into heaven than a camel had of going through a needles eye, when little Tommy spoke up. "My Uncle Will," said he, "is a rich man. I know it, because he has bought an automobile and has some money left."

POOR DADDY DOESN'T COUNT

Little Ernie's pet dog Paddy was run over and killed one day recently. Ernie's mother broke the news to him when he came home from Kindergarten, thinking that the sooner it was all over the better. "Ernie," she said; "poor Paddy has been killed." To mother's amazement Ernie took no notice whatever of what had been told him and went out to play.

In the evening he was taken to bed by his nurse, but was not long up-stairs before terrible screams were heard proceeding from his bedroom. The mother rushed up in panic, and when she reached the bedroom she found Ernie sobbing as if his heart would break. "Why, what's the matter?" she asked. "Somebody has been and killed Paddy," he sobbed. "Why," said mother; you took no notice when I told you about it at lunch time." Replied Ernie in broken voice, "I—I thought you said Daddy had been killed."

HERBIE'S REVISED VERSION

The Rev. S. Salton's little son, Herbie, three and a-half years old, came from Sunday school and was asked if he knew the golden text. He answered, "Yes, Papa; it was 'There is a friend that sticketh his brother.'" "Herbie's new version of the text," writes Rev. Mr. Salton, "was surely applicable to too many of our friends."

RATHER ROUGH ON DAD

The president of the Ladies' Aid was "calling" at the parsonage, and desiring to get on the right side of small Donald, the minister's son, asked him, "And what do you want to be, Donald, when you grow up? Do you want to be a minister, like Dad?" "No," replied the wee one, in tones of disgust, "I want to be a man."

WILLIE CHANGED HIS TUNE

Little Willie, three years of age, had been very naughty, so mother, for the first time in his life, turned him over and gave him a spanking. It could not have been a very severe one, for Willie turned a laughing face to his mother and cried, "Do it again, mama!" So mama did it again, and she must have put a little more muscle into it this time, for when



THE PET OF THE HOME

Willie turned his face it was no longer wreathed in smiles, and he changed his cry to, "Don't do it again!"

DAD WAS SLOW

Freddie's mother was out one evening and his father took advantage of her absence to show that he could cut the little chap's hair "as good as a barber" and save some money. Dad was making a pretty good job of it, but was far, far slower than a barber would be. Freddie, being a hustling little fellow of six, grew impatient. Finally he asked, "Are you nearly done, daddie?" "Very nearly, my boy," was the reply; "I've only got the front to do now." "I'm afraid," said the youth, with a sigh, "that the back will grow again while you're finishing the front."

FRANK WAS WILLING, BUT—

Four-year-old Frank's grandfather came to visit him for a few days. Frank is very fond of the old gentleman and the first night insisted on sleeping with him. On the second night Frank's mother asked him if he was going to sleep with grandfather again. Said Frank, confidentially, "No, mother, I'd like to, but he sleeps so loud I can't sleep myself. "It seems grandfather is a terrific snorer."

JACK'S IMAGINATION.

It was in the spring and the Sunday School superintendent had been telling the children about the birds and

(Continued on page 37)

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LONDON WOMEN'S CLUBS



PART from what are commonly known as welfare organizations — such as those having in charge the leading charitable institutions of the city—London is the home of a number of women's clubs which are doing excellent work along educational, social, patriotic and artistic lines. These clubs have proven of pronounced benefit to the community, their influence being felt on all sides. What is undoubtedly a splendid sign in connection with these organizations of women is the downright earnestness of the members, each one taking the work in which she is engaged to heart, the result being the achievement of real good. In these clubs women have demonstrated that they are not one whit behind the other sex in grappling with problems and providing solutions therefor. There is reason to believe, too, that the clubs will prove splendid training schools for

the establishing of libraries in isolated districts where alienborn are settled in large numbers. In Western Canada chapters of the order have adopted schools for the teaching of Canadianism to the foreign-born children,



Mrs. Ronald Harris, President Red Cross

who in turn teach their parents, all of which makes for the betterment of conditions and tends, perhaps, to prevent future dangers of which some people express dread. Surely here is an educational movement of real importance. London is one of the strongholds of the Daughters of the Empire, having no less than nineteen chapters, including the Municipal Chapter, to which all send delegates, and a total membership of between four and five hundred. Great as has been the order's past, its future promises to be even greater.

The local Red Cross Society, which during the four years of awful war, did such splendid patriotic work on behalf of the brave soldiers, has by no means ceased from its labors because of the return of peace. On the contrary it stands ever ready to enter heartily into any good work that may present itself. Just now the local Red Cross is taking active part in a nation-wide movement for the relief of the starving people of war-swept Europe. All accounts agree that conditions in certain parts of that great continent are appalling. Women and children, bereft of husbands and fathers by war, are in a deplorable condition, and deaths from lack of nourishment and proper clothing have been told of. Of the total sum which Canada has been asked to raise towards keeping human beings from perishing six thousand dollars has been allotted as London's share, and there is reason to hope that the new

and art are also included in its programme. The club has been the means of bringing to London speakers of more than national reputation, whose addresses have been found to be of real educational value. This has been the programme of the past and will continue to be in the future, with the addition of new work that may come before them from time to time. The membership is made up of many of the foremost women of the city, who find the club to be of no unimportant personal value. That women have taken up with such work shows that they are as willing as are their husbands and brothers to bear a share in making this London a better city and this Canada a better country. There is a social phase of the club deserving of consideration. In meeting together from time to time members become better acquainted than they could possibly be by any other means, and friendships are made that might be impossible other-



Mrs. Victor Blackwell, President Woman's Music Club.

wise. The Women's Canadian Club is certainly worth while.

The Mothers' Clubs of London, though among the younger of local organizations, are of the most aggressive, and were designed to fill a want which was long felt. Their work is along educational and social lines. Practically every public school in the city has its Mothers' Club, and there is also a Union Mothers' Club with which all are affiliated. In cooperation with the school principals and teachers the clubs have been able to perform work of far-reaching effect. They form a connecting link between the school and the home and have been able to effect improvement where improvement is needed. The club meetings are always of interest, the discussions being considered of sufficient importance to find space in the press. More than one reform can be credited to them. It was mainly



Mrs. A. T. Edwards, 2nd Vice-President Red Cross

year will not be very far advanced before the total amount, perhaps more, will have been contributed. This is only a sample of the work which falls to the lot of the local Red Cross from time to time. What is more, the members are ever found entering heartily into any movement having for its object the amelioration of the woes of mankind. So long as there is work of the kind referred to to be done, the local Red Cross may be relied on to cheerfully do its part, just as it did throughout the four years of struggle for liberty.

London is the proud possessor of two Canadian Clubs, a man's and a woman's,



Miss M. Raymond Convener Programme Committee Woman's Music Club

but it is of the latter, the younger of the two, that we desire to speak. The primary aim of the Women's Canadian Club is the creation of a broader Canadianism and the fostering of the true national life. For that reason its object might reasonably be termed educational. The encouragement of music, the drama



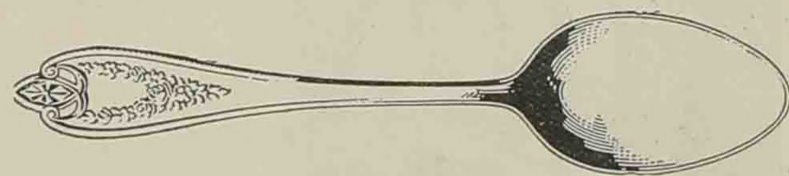
Mrs. F. E. Leonard, President Woman's Canadian Club

through their influence that women candidates for the Board of Education were first nominated and the three nominees were elected two years ago and a fourth last year and were, it not for the efforts of the clubs it is doubtful if a woman would have been appointed to the Board of Health at the beginning of the present year. The Mothers' Clubs have shown a keen desire to have anything of an objectionable character eliminated from public amusement and

Continued on page 28

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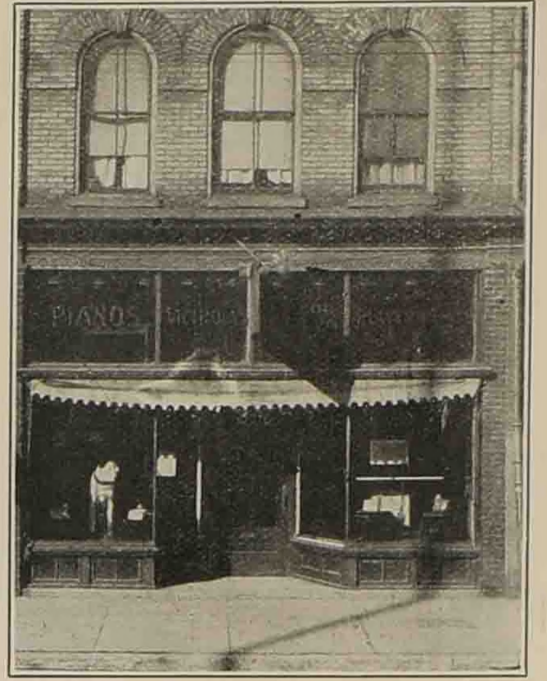
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and you will find on display these wonderful instruments. As we say, and we will always say as long as there are piano dealers who are willing to take advantage of their customers, it does make a difference where you buy your piano. It makes the difference—open and above board transactions based on integrity and confidence on one hand, and doubtful dealings in which the customer must be careful to protect himself on the other.

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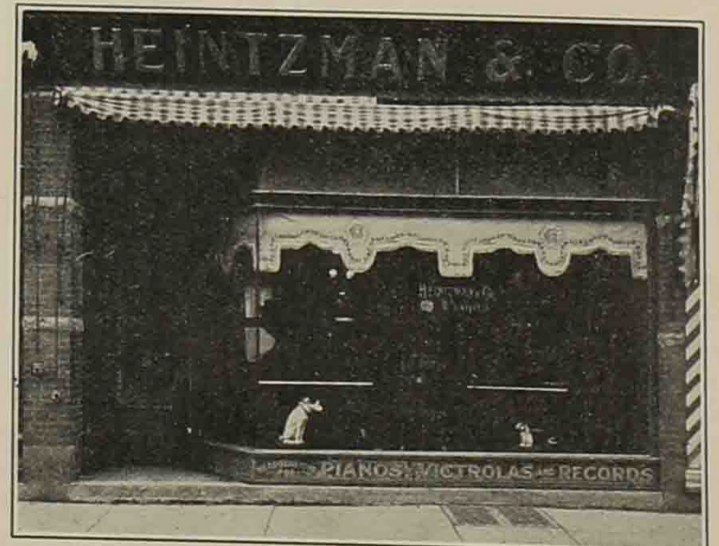
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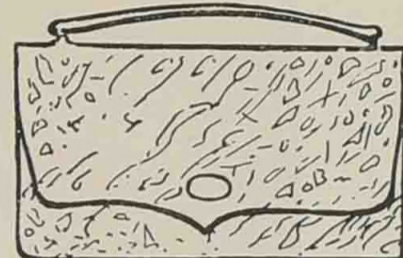
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CHRISTMAS LEGENDS.

The cock crows for Christmas in England; in Italy the bees sing; in the Netherlands the cattle kneel; in Switzerland the sheep go in procession; to the Indian the deer kneels; in the German Alps the cattle have the gift of language given them on Christmas Eve; in Austria candles are put in the windows so that the Christ Child may not stumble as He goes through the village streets. On Christmas Eve in Scandinavia all the shoes in the household are put together on the

table, signifying that all the members are to live in peace and harmony during the coming year; a bath is also taken by every member of the family on the day before Christmas. In Norway a sheaf of wheat is placed on a pole in front of each house for the birds. In Peru every door of every house is open, and hospitality abounds to the stranger as well as to the friend. And so in every land is there a different legend or custom celebrating the Christ's birthday.

A Present for all the Family



Why Women Fall in Love With The Overland Sedan

THE Overland Sedan has made enthusiastic friends of women who have ridden in it. It is the *modern* way of being carried smoothly over the ruts and bumps. As the Sedan Chair of old was swung clear of road bumps by a man at each end, the new *Triplex* Springs cradle the Overland over rough roads.

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As men take pride in its sturdy performance and mechanical excellence so women delight in its comfortable riding qualities and in its many little refinements such as a dome light, silk curtains, adjustable sliding windows and velour upholstery.

Sold in London by **FRANK McLACHLIN** London Overland Sales

THE AWAKENING OF SCROOGE



CHRISTMAS EVE is the time to settle down and hear the story of Scrooge and old Marley's ghost as Dickens tells it to us. It was in the good old days in the Merrie England of stage-coaches and pantaloons and big, merry fests for any occasion like Christmas Day. Scrooge was an old man—a grasping, covetous, mean old sinner. The cold in his heart froze his old face, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his walk, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; the heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet were better than he, for they often "came down" handsomely and Scrooge never did. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say gladly, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When are you coming to see me?" No beggars stopped him on the street, no children asked him the time, no man

around the room, saying, "A merry Christmas to everybody. A happy New Year to all the world. Hul-lo here! Whoop! Hul-lo!" And he called out of the window to a boy:

"What's to-day?"

"Eh?" asked the boy, wondering.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day!"

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night!"

And he sent the wondering boy to the poulterer in the next street to buy the biggest turkey they had, and sent it in a cab to Bob Cratchit.



EVENING PRAYER

or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place. Even the blind men's dogs dragged their masters into doorways and alleys when they saw Scrooge coming. But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked.

But one Christmas Eve Scrooge had a dream in which he encountered in turn the ghosts of the Christmases past, present and yet to come who showed him pathetic scenes in his own life and the lives of those he knew.

These glimpses Scrooge had had of the past, present and future had made him very sorry for himself because he hadn't enjoyed Christmas, and when he woke up he said, "I will live in the past, the present and the future."

He was so glowing with his good spirits that he got quite giddy, and frisked

And presently he dressed and found himself out on the streets in a clear, frosty Christmas air, with people hurrying to and fro, and he felt so happy that he beamed on everybody and went to church.

And in the afternoon he went to his nephews' house for dinner, and such a wonderful time!

But the next morning he was early at the office and waited for Bob Cratchit, who was eighteen minutes late. Bob must have thought his master had gone mad when Scrooge clapped him on the back and told him he had raised his salary!

And he did. And he became a second father to the Cratchit family and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die. He became as good a man as the good old city knew, and everybody said that he knew how to keep Christmas well.

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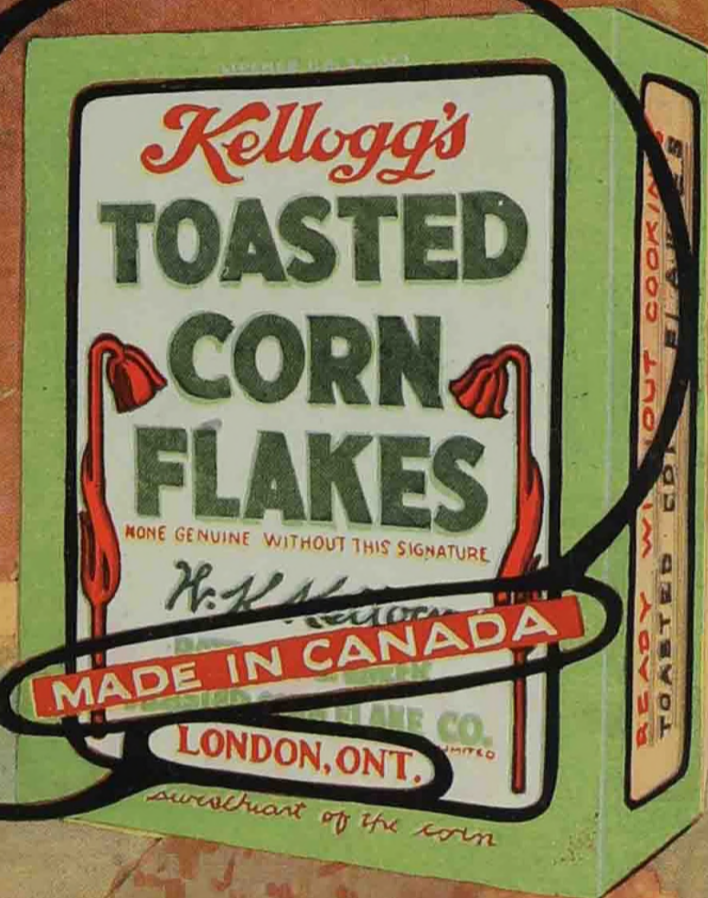
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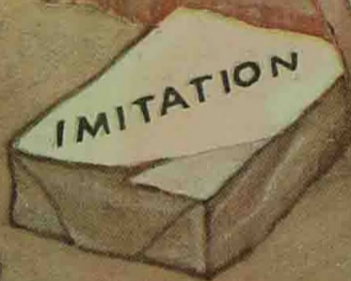


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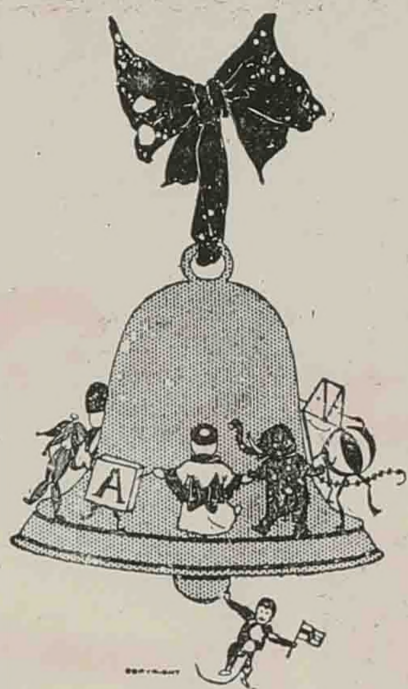
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Service is our watchword and our officers make it a point to be genuinely interested in the Success of our customers.

Would you not like to make an account with this Bank—the foundation of your plans through life.

THE DATE OF CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS is the one birthday that is remembered by men in practically every country in the world, yet there is a vast uncertainty as to the actual date of the event which it commemorates. It was not till the beginning of the 5th Century, A.D., that there was any general consensus of opinion on the subject.

The earliest mention of December 25 was the date as made by Theophilus of Antioch, about 171-183 A.D.; and Hippolytus, in the year 202, says that Jesus was born at Bethlehem on the 25th December, a Wednesday, in the 42nd year of Augustus. But both these passages are believed to be spurious and later interpolations.

Epiphanius in Cyprus, 375 A.D., said: "January 6 is the date of Christ's birth." John Nice tells us, however, that Epiphanius later came around to the opinion that December 25 was the proper date. But as late as 385, January 6 was observed as the birthday in Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Ephraem Syrus also held for January 6. In his time the Baptism, the Star of the Magi, and the Marriage at Cana were also celebrated on the same day—all being held to be "epiphanies" or revelations of God. In 385, Pope Siricius calls January 6 the "Natalicia," the birthday of Christ.

The Armenian patriarch Nerses, in the 12th century, defends his people for not observing December 25, in the following terms:

"Just as He was born after the flesh from the Holy Virgin, so He was born through Baptism and from the Jordan, by way of example unto us. And since there are here two births, albeit differing one from the other in mystic import and in point of time, yet it was appointed that we should

forbade any merriment or religious services on Christmas, on the ground that it was really a heathen festival. Charles II. changed all that, but in Scotland even yet, New Year's Day is much more regarded than Christmas.

CHRISTMAS THE WORLD OVER

All the peoples of the world treat with the highest respect and love and confidence, mothers, babies and old men. So when the old men found through a star a young mother with a new baby in a manger in a stable, the report of the birth of Christ was spread and His birthday became Christmas. The day is universally kept as a sacred holiday by all Christian nations of the world. It was not until four years after His birth that the Year One was fixed, and it was a fitting tribute to Him that our new calendar began a short time after His birth.

In different parts of the world Christmas is celebrated as the climate dictates. South of the equator our Christmas falls in July weather, as it is midsummer there, and snow, ice, reindeers and sleds unknown. How Santa Clause grew in the minds of children as an old man with long white hair and whiskers is not certain. Perhaps it is the artist who has put the idea into the youthful mind.

In Canada we eagerly hope that December 25 will be a white Christmas, that there will be snow on the ground. Otherwise, it wouldn't be a real Christmas to us. But south of the equator, in tropical countries, a white Christmas is unheard of, snow is an unknown quantity and Christmas is a day that calls for linen suits, straw hats and iced drinks.

To us it wouldn't be much of a Christmas unless we could have our sleigh rides, our Christmas trees, our snowball



THE DUNCE

feast them together, as the first, so also the second birth." That argument would make Christmas fall on January 6.

But Pope Leo, long before this, in 447 A.D., in his 18th Epistle to the Bishops in Sicily, repudiates their teaching that Jesus was reborn of the Holy Spirit at His Baptism. Therefore they should not celebrate the birth and the baptism on the same day.

Where then did we get authority for the date that we now observe? John of Nice has preserved a letter written by a Bishop of Jerusalem to the Bishop of Rome, in which the latter is urged to look in the archives of the Jews, who were brought to Rome after the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70, and to ascertain from them, if possible, the real date of Christ's birth. The Bishop of Rome consulted the writings of Josephus, the Jewish historian, and found the date to be December 25. Chrysostom in 392 confirmed this account of the date.

So far as our British ancestors are concerned, it is interesting to note that Bede tells us that December 25 was kept as a feast long before Christianity was introduced. He relates that "the Angli began the year on the 25th of December when we now celebrate the birthday of our Lord, and the very night which is now so holy to us they called in their tongue Modrerecht (mothers' night)."

In 1644, the Puritans in England by Act of Parliament

feast them together, as the first, so also the second birth." In the tropical countries they have none of these things, for their weather in December is about the same as ours on Dominion Day.

How, then, do they celebrate the day? In the United States, specially in the South, there are carnivals, Mardi Gras and so on, but the people do not enter into the spirit of such things with the wild abandon which marks a carnival in a Latin country. The blood of its people is warmer than ours, their dignity is less stiff and when they celebrate it is some celebration.

The streets are thronged with the people—men, women and children—in festive costumes. Paper ribbons of gaudy hue and confetti by the bushel is scattered everywhere, perfect strangers link arms and dance, bands bray and violins, guitars and other musical instruments add to the gaiety. Almost any old thing goes so long as you don't get too rough. You can chuck a pretty miss under the chin and get away with it, you can shower some high personage with confetti or soak him with little wax balls filled with perfumed water and he will not feel offended. For it's carnival time and a person who is sensitive had better stay indoors.

Giving of presents is not so much in vogue with them as is the case with us. The people spend their money on the carnival.



You Need Glasses

If you find it necessary to hold reading matter at an unnatural distance from your eyes—more or less than thirteen inches—

If eye fatigue compels you to lay aside your newspaper, magazine or book after reading a short time—

If you feel an inclination to rub your eyes to obtain relief from the burning and smarting sensation, that indicates eyestrain—

If you can no longer "thread the needle" with the ease and skill of former years—

If you find work is getting on your nerves—

If your head aches; if type blurs; if your brain refuses to concentrate on the work you have to do—Let us examine your eyes, make, fit and adjust your glasses.

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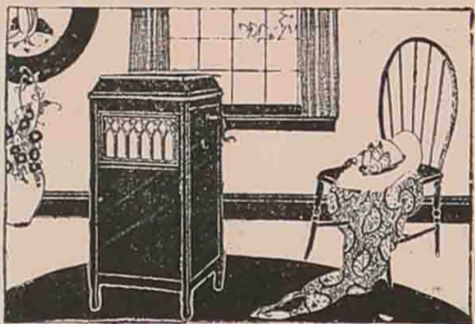


Early Christmas Morning

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STARR Phonograph

will be a wonderful gift for the family to gaze upon and to enjoy.



Selected days before the happiest and most sacred holiday, delivered just in time to be placed beside the sparkling tree, accompanied with a

selection of joyful melodies, and played before the boys, girls and grown-ups—can you think of a more pleasing picture of home-loving happiness?

You need the STARR—the phonograph of the sweetest, purest tone—in your family circle.

Its silver-grained spruce singing throat is so vibrant and melodious, its words so "human," that you will think of it almost as a member of the family.

Don't you think this Christmas is the time to fill that empty place in the parlor or living-room—and with a truly wonderful STARR.

Call for a demonstration in our private parlors.

STARR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

265 Dundas Street

Phone 2364

Season's



Greetings

IN the last two Christmas issues of THE ECHO we have taken the opportunity of expressing to you the Season's Greetings.

We again have the opportunity and gladly avail ourselves of the privilege.

We thank you for the business with which we have been favored, and hope to serve you acceptably and to continue to enjoy your patronage. We sincerely wish for you

**A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year**

Wm. Trafford Furniture Co.

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For good results in

Cleaning and Dyeing

Continue to send your Clothing and Household Goods to

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TRIALS OF THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER.

See the belated Christmas shopper! Behold her by the thousand in the downtown stores, and milling about the streets with a mad, acquisitive light in her eye. Make way for the home-body who is out on her annual Christmas jamboree. For the remaining days between now and Christmas she must have the right of way. "Making lists," is the principal indoor sport these evenings.

"Come, Jim," cries the spouse, as soon as the crumbs are shaken from the supper cloth, "come, let's make a list!"

And Jim takes pad and pencil and sits down with a great show of eagerness. And the spouse dictates the names of kith and kin in order of seniority, even down to the merest friend who is within the circle of gifts for Christmas. The list grows longer and longer; and so does Jim's face. But it is not safe to argue or even to make comments.

Then is put down the gift opposite each name, beginning with "mother" and "father," and so on through the list, completing column 2.

"Now let's put down what they'll probably cost opposite each item," she adds.

That's column three: Jim's column: the one he takes a personal interest in.

"Add it up," she cries.

"A hundred and nineteen dollars and sixty cents," intones Jim; in solemn voice.

"Oh, dear!" she sighs. But Christmas madness makes the gentle creature blind. Her spirits do not dampen.

"That won't leave as much for you as I had planned," she says.

And the man never bats an eye. Why remind her that after the grocer, butcher, tailor and insurance have been dealt with—However, this Christmas madness of the ladies has its compensating symptoms.

She sets forth at 8.30 a.m. armed with her list; prices and all. She is going to make a day of it. The unwise husband, who is not thoroughly acquainted with her malady, spends a miserable day, picturing her buying up wagon loads of handbags and umbrellas and silk camisoles and pieces of Colport or Crown Derby. He need have no such anxieties.

The poor mad thing rushes about down-town from 8.50 a.m. till 5.10 p. m., when the sheets are thrown over the counters; and she succeeds in spending \$6.20!

Christmas madness has its balancing evils. For instance, the first thing she decides to look at are hand-bags for mother-in-law. She locates the hand-bags in an emporium and after examining immense counters-ful, she thinks she will run over to the rival store, and see what they have. And the effect of her madness is this: she is thrown into a panic. She becomes incapable of choosing between the hand-satchels in the first store and those in the second. It is a pitiful state of mind she works herself into. She rushes between the two stores, narrowly examining her favorite hand-bag in each, until finally, feeling doubt and confusion enveloping her poor demented mind like a cloud, she frantically decides she will leave mother-in-law's present till later, and maybe she'll see something else—

Then she proceeds to get the next item on the program; an umbrella. And the same panic is encountered.

When evening falls and she arrives home, wasted and worn by the madness and by her struggles at counters and on the street car home, she has tears—poor, mortified, not-understanding tears—in her eyes as she says to Jim:

"The awfulest day! All I got was Cousin Aggie's mobcap, Bert's house-slippers and the children's fire-reels and box of paints!"

Jim is vastly relieved. Finally, a couple of days before Christmas, with her sanity almost restored by the desperation of her position, she goes down and completes her list—ah, a sadly corrected and amended list—and totaling it all up with Jim on Christmas eve, finds the whole jamboree has cost only fifty-six dollars and seven cents. No! seventeen cents, that's counting the postage on mother-in-law's bed-room slippers!

But when you think of an aeroplane-view of a big city, and all the houses in it, and all the kitchens, and stoves, and sinks; the rooms to be made up and swept and dusted; the square miles of linoleum to be cleaned, and the billions of knives, forks, saucers, plates to be washed the children to be tended—who will deny these gentle ones a few days' madness?

YOUR FUTURE.

It is a natural instinct and a pleasant diversion to dream of one's future. The good old platitude that distant hills look greenest has much truth to commend it.

Unfortunately, so many worthy souls regard the future as something entirely dissociated from the present.

"Some day," says the young man with a congenial bent for writing, "I shall be an author."

With which rosy thought he proceeds to squander his time and his brains with inane pleasures.

"I shall be a great pianist," affirms the daughter of the house, and dances into the small hours until her pretty head is incapable of sustained study.

So the world goes on—with people always sighing for the moon.

If you want success in the future, get a firm grip on to-day. To-day is the parent of to-morrow.

Don't make the future an excuse for neglecting the present. Achievement requires a stronger foundation than a wish.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

The goodness of the meadows and the pasture-lands is wrapped up in every package of Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Only the purest products of Canada's finest dairies are used in preparing this wholesome cream-food

15¢ Packages at your grocer's "Spreads Like Butter"



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RUGGLES MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY LIMITED ORGANIZATION EXPENSES LESS THAN 1 PER CENT.

<p>Saving Usual Underwriting Expenses Makes possible Generous Common Stock Bonus</p>	<p>Contrary to the usual custom, Ruggles Motor Truck Company Limited, has been organized without promotion expenses of any kind other than the indispensable legal fees.</p>	<p>7 Per Cent. Preferred Has First Claim</p>	<p>Ruggles Motor Truck 7 Per Cent. Preferred Stock carries one share of Ruggles Common Stock with every share of Preferred purchased.</p>
<p>Owing to the spirit of service displayed by members of the London Chamber of Commerce and some of the city's big business men, the usual promotion expenses have been entirely avoided.</p>	<p>To date the entire promotion and organization costs have been actually less than one-third of one per cent.—constituting a record in industrial flotation costs.</p>	<p>No Bond Issue</p>	<p>Ruggles Motor Truck Preferred is the first claim against the assets of the company after current liabilities are met, as there is no bond issue outstanding against the company's plant and equipment.</p>
<p>Common Stock Makes Investment Doubly Attractive</p>	<p>Purchasers of Ruggles Preferred not only buy a first-class 7 per cent. security, but they receive gratis a like amount of Common Stock, which, in the opinion of the officers of the company, will earn dividends of a substantial character from the outset.</p>	<p>Big Men In</p>	<p>London's most successful financial men are large holders of Ruggles Motor Truck Stock Preferred and Common.</p>

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LONDON

ONTARIO

JIMMIE'S ESCAPE

Little Jimmy Brown had been working havoc with his mother's "second best" china dinner set. Cup after cup had been mutilated by losing its handle in an

"Jimmy, the next time you break the handle off another cup I am going to whip you. You simply must learn to take care!"

Hurrying out she found the floor strewn with fragments of her best Coal-port china.

But Jimmy smiled in delight as he

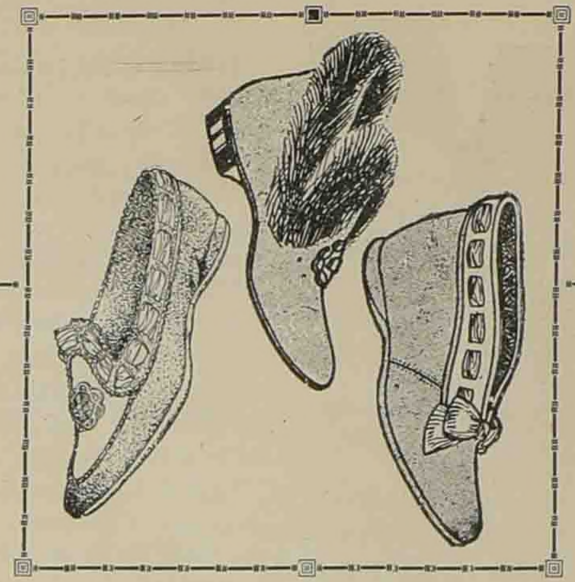


PLEASANT MOMENTS

unfortunate slip through little Jimmy's baby fingers. Finally, after the fourth cup had been thus denuded, his mother admonished him sternly.

For a time the four-year-old was more careful, then one day when his mother was serving afternoon tea to some callers, she heard a crash from the dining-room where she had left the tea-tray.

stopped to pick up the piece of a broken cup to which the handle was intact, and held it out to his mother, exclaiming exultantly, "See, mother, the handle didn't break off! Isn't that lucky?"



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A REMEMBRANCE OF LASTING UTILITY ENJOYED BY ALL—A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

WOMEN'S Cozy and Boudoir Slippers, felt or leather, dainty and warm—all colors \$1.00 to \$2.75

Felt Juliets for house wear, leather soles and heels. Delight Mother with a pair of these \$2.00 and \$2.50

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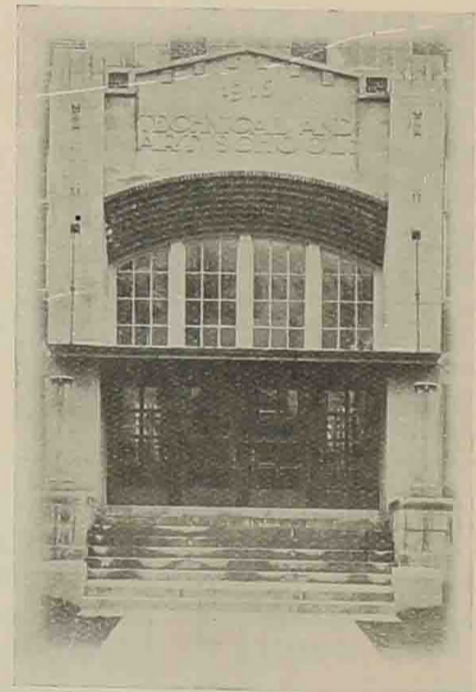
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CHRISTMAS INSPIRED THOUGHTS



CHRISTMAS! How many images the word calls up! We think of carol singers and holly-decked churches where people hymn in time-honored strains the birth of the Divine Child; of frost and snow and, in contrast, of warm hearths and homes bright with light and color, very fortresses against the cold; of feasting and revelry; of greetings and gifts exchanged, and lastly, of vaguely superstitious customs, relics of long ago, performed perhaps out of respect for use and wont or merely in jest or with a deliberate attempt to throw ourselves back into the past, to re-enter for the moment the mental childhood of the race. There are a few of the pictures that rise pell-mell in the minds of Canadians at the mention of Christmas. How many other scenes would come before us if we could realize what the festival means to men of all nations! Yet even these will suggest what hardly needs saying—that Christmas is something far more complex than a church holy-day alone, that the celebration of the birth of Jesus, deep and touching as it is to those who hold the faith of the Incarnation, is but one of many elements that have entered into the great winter festival.

At Christmas, which has ever been a good holiday especially for the young, there is, as everybody knows, a profusion of good things. The final cause of a great many existences is Christmas Day.

An English writer asks, "How many of that vast flock of geese, which are now peacefully feeding over the long, cold wolds of Norfolk, or are driven gabbling and hissing by the gozzard to their pasture—how many of these very geese were called into being simply for Christmas Day? In the towns, with close streets and feited courts, where the flaring light at the corner of an alley marks the only bright spot, a gin-palace, there a goose club is held, and there for a short time is the resting place, side by side with a bottle of gin, of one of those wise-looking and self-concentrated gobblers whose name men have generally and, as we think, unjustly, applied to the silly one amongst themselves."

But it is only the profusion of good things, of cakes, puddings, spices, oranges and fruits, from sunny Italy and Spain, from India and from Asia, from South America and even from distant Australia; it is not that amongst us, as long ago with the Franklin in Chaucer, that at this time—

"It snows in our house
Of meate and drinke;"

it is not that we have huge loads of beef chins, ribs, sirloins, legs, necks, breasts, and shoulders of mutton, fillets of veal, whole hogs, and pigs in various stages, from the tender suckling to the stiff-jointed father of the family, whose "back hair" makes good clothes brushes, and whose head is brought in at college feasts; it is not that the air gives up its choicest fowl or the waters yield the best fish;

plentiful as these may be with us, they are nothing in profusion to the kindly greeting and good wishes that fly about in the cold weather and that circulate from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In England the whole coast is surrounded by a general "shake hands." The coast guard on their wintry walks do not greet each other more surely than old friends all over England do. As in the mother country, so in this Dominion, there is a heartiness in the greetings between friends and acquaintances at Christmas time that is absent at all other seasons of the year. And a cheerful thing it is, at this season of peace and goodwill, at this time of universal equality, on the anniversary of the day which

"To the cottage and the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down,"

to think that we can touch and hold each other with friendly hands all over our land. We all of us shake hands on Christmas Day. Leigh Hunt had a quaint fancy that he had, as it were, by lineal descent, shaken hands with Milton. He would argue thus:—He knew a man who had shaken hands with Dr. Johnson, who had clasped the hand of him who had shaken Dryden's right hand, who himself had thus greeted Andrew Marvell, who knew Master Elwood, the Quaker friend of Milton, who knew Milton himself; and thus, though our late Sovereign Queen Victoria had her hand kissed, not shaken, by her subjects, yet doubtless she would clasp the hands of her children, who shaking those of others, would let the greeting and the good wishes descend to the lowest on that ladder of society which all were trying to climb.

As for hearty good wishes, spoken in all kinds of voices, from the deepest bass to the shrillest treble, we are sure that they circulate throughout this broad Dominion and are borne on the wings of the post all over the seas. Erasmus, visiting England in the time of Henry VIII., was struck with the deep heartiness of our forefathers' wishes—good, aye, and bad, too; but he most admired the good ones. Other nations ask in their greetings how a man carries himself, or how doth he stand with the world or how doeth he find himself; but the English and their children on this side the

Atlantic greet with a pious wish that God may give one a good morning or a good evening, good day, or god'd'en, as the old writers have it, and when they part they wish that "God may be with you," though we now clip it into "Good-bye."

Surely Christmas is worth while if only for the sincerity of the greetings at that time.

"Dearest," said the young husband, "can't I get you a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas?" "Oh, darling," whispered the far-seeing young thing, "I will take the ring now, and let Christmas bring its surprises just as usual."

THE WAITS

At the break of Christmas Day,
Through the frosty starlight ringing,
Faint and sweet and far away
Comes the sound of children singing,
Chanting, singing,
"Cease to mourn,
For Christ is born,
Peace and joy to all men bringing!"

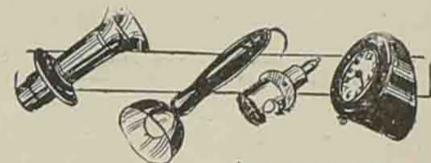
Careless that the chill wind blows,
Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,
Noiseless foot falls on the snow
Bring the happy voices nearer.
Hear them singing
"Winter's drear,
But Christ is here,
Mirth and gladness with Him bringing!"

"Merry Christmas!" hear them say,
As the East is growing lighter;
"May the joy of Christmas Day
Make your whole year gladder, brighter!"
Join their singing,
"To each home
Our Christ has come
All Love's treasures with Him bringing!"



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Season's Greetings,

With sincere good wishes for a Very Happy Christmas and all prosperity in the New Year.

E. N. HART
PRODUCE MERCHANT
Market Lane



LONDON WOMEN'S CLUBS

Continued from page 15

have agitated for "clean shows." It is along all these lines that the clubs will continue to work throughout the coming year.

The Girl Guides is another organization which makes for better citizenship. It is a movement which has been taken up by the churches, to several of which companies of Guides are attached. The aim is to make the very best women of the girls of to-day. At the company meetings the Guides are given lessons in sewing, housework, etc., while at the annual camps these lessons are put to actual use. It has been found that by occupying a girl's attention with matters of real importance to them now and in the future they think less of over-attractive dress and seek companions among those of their own sex rather than of the opposite one. A work such as this, designed to make good, sensible women, is certainly one deserving of every encouragement. No less a personage than Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of England is patroness of the Guides.

The local Council of Women is a body with which all the organizations here referred to and most of the charity societies are affiliated. It is a sort of parent body, which sends delegates to the annual meetings of the National

Council, by which the recommendations of all are got into concrete form and, when considered necessary, laid before Parliament. In fact it is through the Council that the voice of women is heard by the legislators. Every movement having in view the moral, social and political welfare of women has the warmest sympathy of the Council. It must not be supposed, however, that the Council is without initiative, that it contents itself with passing on the recommendations and suggestions of subsidiary bodies; on the contrary the Council is a real live body, a body that does things and does them well. Just now and for some time to come it is and will be engaged in enlarging and extending its work along social and other lines. The organization is more than local, more than national; it is world-wide in its extent, the local Councils being parts, and important parts, of a great international machine for the betterment of world conditions. The London Council is one of the real live ones; indeed it is doubtful if any city in Canada possesses a branch of the great organization which has better things to its credit than has London. The Council is splendidly officered, having for many years had at its head London's grand old woman, Mrs. H. A. Boomer.

WEALTH AND WELL-BEING.

Speaking of a man of very great possessions, Boswell once said to Dr. Johnson: "The proprietor of all this must be happy." "Nay, sir," the Doctor replied, "all this excludes but one evil—poverty."

An essential condition of happiness is health, and all the wealth of Midas will not buy it. Wealth, ill-employed, is actually a foe to health when it is used for self-indulgence. There are many forms of this vice, some gross and disgusting, others that hardly descend below the level of weaknesses.

Idleness is too often regarded as one of the latter kind. It is the most common form of self-indulgence, and, at first sight, the least objectionable and harmful. In reality it is a deadly evil. It saps a man's moral fibre and undermines his physical strength.

Brain and muscles grow flabby for want of use. The power of enjoyment is lost in a constant surfeit of good things. Even sleep—"great nature's second course"—is, in time, denied to those who will not woo it with tributes of exertion. Nature's inexorable laws have ordained that life and well-being shall be the rewards of effort.

Happy, then, is the man who has work to do, who must fight for his existence, earn his pleasures, and merit his repose. And the highest form of happiness is the consciousness of duty faithfully done.

BERNICE LUCILLE PERKINS.



This little lady was eleven years old at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit to London in 1919. As a girl Guide of St. Paul's Cathedral she took part in the reception at the Grand Trunk to H. R. H. who returned her salute and showed her through his private car, giving her some of the dainties of the royal table. When she was retiring from the car the Prince kissed her on the cheek, telling her to "be a good girl until I see you again." Bernice is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Perkin, 360 1/2 Richmond street.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS.

"Is there a really truly Santa Claus?" is a question often asked at this season of the year by children. The little ones are evidently affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They doubt unless they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, 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, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist and we all know that they abound and give to life its highest beauty and joy.

Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no children. There would be no childlike faith, then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

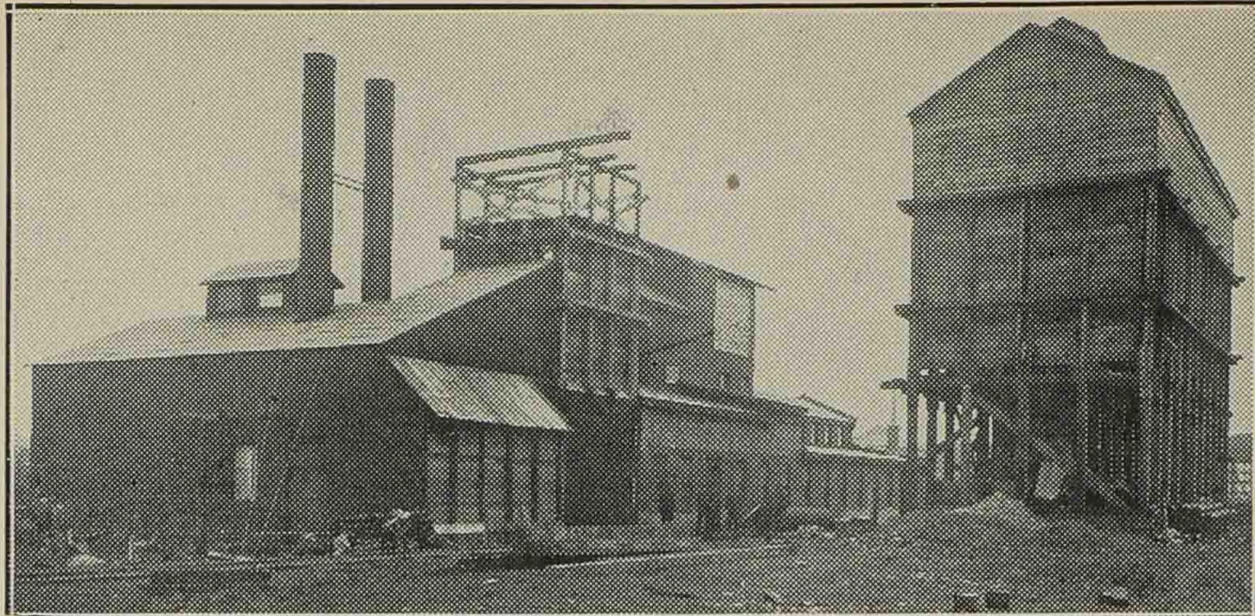
Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. Any child might get his or her daddy to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those which neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that is no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart 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 nor even the united strength of all the strongest men 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, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

QUOTE WISELY.

One must be a wise reader to quote wisely and well. And then what service is rendered his reader by advertising him where the good things are, besides the modesty of the practice. An author should esteem himself honored by being wisely quoted; his fame is published the more widely, as the volume circulates and is read. Let wit celebrate wit with its own ever-flowing hospitality.—A. Bronson Alcott.



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95 per cent. purest anthracite coal with 5 per cent. liquid hydro-carbon binder. The anthracite used is what is known as "screenings" and is not adulterated with slate, lumps or any other foreign mineral. The Dutch process under which Nukol is made is leased to the makers of Nukol in Ontario under special license.

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The Port Stanley Nukol plant will have a capacity of 15 tons per hour and will run 20 hours per day, giving a yearly capacity of over 90,000 tons. The profit on each ton will probably average at least \$4.00, but for the sake of conservative figuring we will place it at only \$2.00 per ton. This gives an annual net profit on a year's operations of \$180,000.

The 8 per cent. preferred stock is a bona fide first lien on the assets of the company as there is no bond issue. Out of the \$180,000 net profits each year would be paid the 8 per cent. dividends on the 200,000

shares of preferred stock. Also because this preferred stock is participating after the 8 per cent. dividends have been paid on it, 8 per cent. will then be paid on the common stock; then all the surplus profits available for dividends will be divided equally among the preferred and the common stock.

A 25 per cent. bonus of common stock is being given with the first 25,000 shares of preferred stock sold after this announcement, after which the common stock bonus will not be given. Those who act promptly, therefore, will be most likely to secure the extra free shares of common stock.

In addition to sharing what must be generous profits, shareholders are given the opportunity of purchasing Nukol for fuel in their own homes—thus solving the fuel problem. *Nukol positively will not be sold to non-shareholders* as the company is conducted strictly on lines of co-operation among share holders.

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While so many other countries have been and are still suffering from the war and famine we as a favored people have been enjoying many comforts and such freedom that European countries are deprived of at this time and for a long time to come.

On the eve of the New Year let us all give up thanks for these numerous blessings and take on new strength to maintain this confidence and work for greater development of our much envied country, Canada.

Let us take on more faith in each other. Be more truthful, more considerate, more kindly to one another. Then conditions will surround us that will be more than satisfactory.

The world is just what we make it. We get out of it just what we put in. While we have lost materially in the war let us realize more what we have won spiritually. Let us try and deserve the good things of life. Let us practice more the Golden Rule.

There is now good promise that things will be brighter for 1921. Let us extend a glad hand to everybody who is trying to make the world better and safer to live in.

Let us take stock of ourselves. We all need new thought, higher ideals, as an example to our children.

Let us begin 1921 with a new and

nobler spirit to each other, and greater thankfulness to our Maker Who gives us all the good things of this life and the world to come."

A. MACINTYRE BRUCE.

CHARACTER.

The wisdom of the ancients and the Moderns has never been able to answer the question: "Why is life?"

Those whose lot has been cast in the shadows and in the lonely paths of sorrow ask themselves the question again and again.

But there comes no answer. Life remains the great perplexity.

Yet there is an answer hidden in the human heart. It is the instinct for the achievement and making of character. Fame, riches, power, merely intensify the misery of existence if they be obtained at the price of character.

The declining years, with their shadowy goal, terrorize only those who have ignored this great truth.

The building of character is the highest calling of man. It is life's answer to the challenge of death.

HOPE.

There are certain outstanding elemental emotions that sway mankind.

Love, hate, passion, fear—these are always at war, and humanity is their battle ground.

But there is one spiritual quality that is more lasting than any of these. It is the quality of hope.

No matter how cruel life may be, or

how terrible the ravages of tragedy and sorrow—the soul hopes on.

It is one of the most sublime inheritances to which humanity is heir.

It comes to the tired spirit like dawn after night, like rain after drought.

Because men live, they hope. It is instinct with life. It rises above the power of reason, and hushes despair by its message that the soul is immortal.

The man or woman who has ceased to hope has ceased to live.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

We are sometimes apt to face the future with dread—the dread of uncertainty. Our craft may be gliding smoothly down the river, leaving occasional rapids, which have been safely navigated, behind. But what lies beyond? To where does the river lead? Is it to a sea, gray and storm-tossed, which will threaten to endanger, if not engulf our craft? Or will the sea be blue and sparkling, with just enough ripple to add a little excitement to the voyage and test the skill of the navigator? We cannot know, but why fear?

The sea may be rough—but if we try to strengthen our craft before we come to it, the danger will be lessened. If the sea be blue, it will hold no terror for us. If it appear stormy as we approach, the storm may have subsided by the time we reach it. On the other hand, the sea may never be reached by us. While journeying down the river, we may receive a call from the shore to put into Port.

So why fear?

COUPON
L. MORNINGSTAR, Fiscal Agent,
PORT STANLEY NUKOL COMPANY LIMITED
Without obligation to me please send booklet
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THE SPIRIT OF YULE



IS but a myth, the old man said
With impatient toss of his stately head
While across the snow like a silvery chime
The bells pealed out at Christmas time
The Spirit of Yuletide, "Bah" he said

As he paced about with angry tread;
"As a childhood's fancy 'tis very well,
The same as the witch, or fairy spell
But for men, full grown 'tis frankly folly,
This fuss of mistletoe, trees and holly."

He crossed to the window with angry stride
And pulled the tapestry aside,
And he looked across the drifted snow,
All white and still in the moonbeams' glow.
And he saw the lights from the windows near
As they gleamed on the snow with Christmas cheer.
Then he quickly turned to his old armchair
To continue his game of "Solitaire".
But his thoughts kept wandering astray,
And that night it seemed he could not play.
They carried him back through the flight of time,
While the bells continued to peal their chime,
And his fingers strayed to the old gilt frame,
The picture of her who had shared his name.
For many years it had stood just there
On the desk beside his old armchair.
"Ah me," he muttered, "and can it be
My life went out when she went from me,"
And all that is left is a heart of steel
That can calmly turn from the mute appeal
Of the city orphan, left alone
Ah me! it seems my heart is stone!"

Then his thoughts stole back through memories' halls,
Where the pictures of old adorn the walls,
And he thought of the days when the old house rang
With the Christmas songs that children sang.
But then, she had led their childish song,
That had echoed so loud and free and strong;
But—What!—Oh what of the old guilt frame!
Was he mad? He thought she spoke his name,
And there before his astonished eyes
She stood, and smiled at his dumb surprise
He looked and the frame stood empty there
While she stood alive beside his chair.

"I came," she said, "on this Christmas Eve,
For I heard your jest and could scarce believe
That you really meant the words you said
While you paced about with angry tread.
The Spirit of Yule is real and true
Tis not merely a myth that your childhood knew;
Tis the Spirit of Love in the hearts of men
That will bring the smile to the lips again
Of some little child whose want and need
You could aid to-day by some kindly deed,"
Then she called in a voice so low and sweet,
And he heard the scamper of childish feet,
And out of the gilded frame they pranced
And before his eyes they tripped and danced.

"These are the children," she turned to explain
"That will make this old house glad again."
Then he saw they were thin, and poorly clad;
Yet their eyes were bright, and their hearts seemed glad.
"These children are orphans," she quietly said,
"But their hearts are glad to-night instead."
So out in the halls that were silent and dim
And into the rooms that were empty and grim
They went, while the old house echoed and rang
With the Christmas song that children sang.
And she turned and smiled at his dumb surprise,
While the love shone out of her sparkling eyes.
"Tis the Spirit of Yule, in the hearts of men
That has brought that song to their lips again.
Dear heart", she cried; "won't you keep it there?"
Then she called them back to the old armchair
And they all trooped into the gilded frame;
Then she waved, and smiled, then vanished again.

His hands went out, "Oh stay" he cried.
"Oh stay, my love with me abide."
He awoke—and his hands clasped the empty air
He had fallen asleep in his old armchair.
"Tis no myth, the spirit of Yule," he said,
As he turned to go with stately tread.
And that night, some little one smiled again
For the Spirit of Yule filled the hearts of men.

L. M. SACHSE.

DISCONTENT.

Have you ever noticed how one thoroughly discontented person can upset a whole holiday party? He or she perhaps gets up in the morning in the grip of a thoroughly bad attack, and the chances are ten to one that before breakfast is over the whole party will be effected, for discontent is a most infectious complaint. Discontented people who allow their discontent to get the upper hand of them ought to be isolated for the good of the community.

"O Lord, whatever happens, keep me from getting sour," prayed the inimitable Mrs. Wiggs, and many of us would do well to echo the prayer, for to be sour and discontented is to spoil so many things, not only for ourselves, but for other folk too.

FAITH.

A young man was once able to do good service to a friend. In return the man gave him a piece of paper. "If ever you have the chance of going abroad," he said, "try to buy the piece of land marked red on that map. I know for certain there is oil many feet down, and you will make your fortune." The young man was full of the idea, and saved until he has enough money to go abroad, buy the land and the drilling apparatus needed.

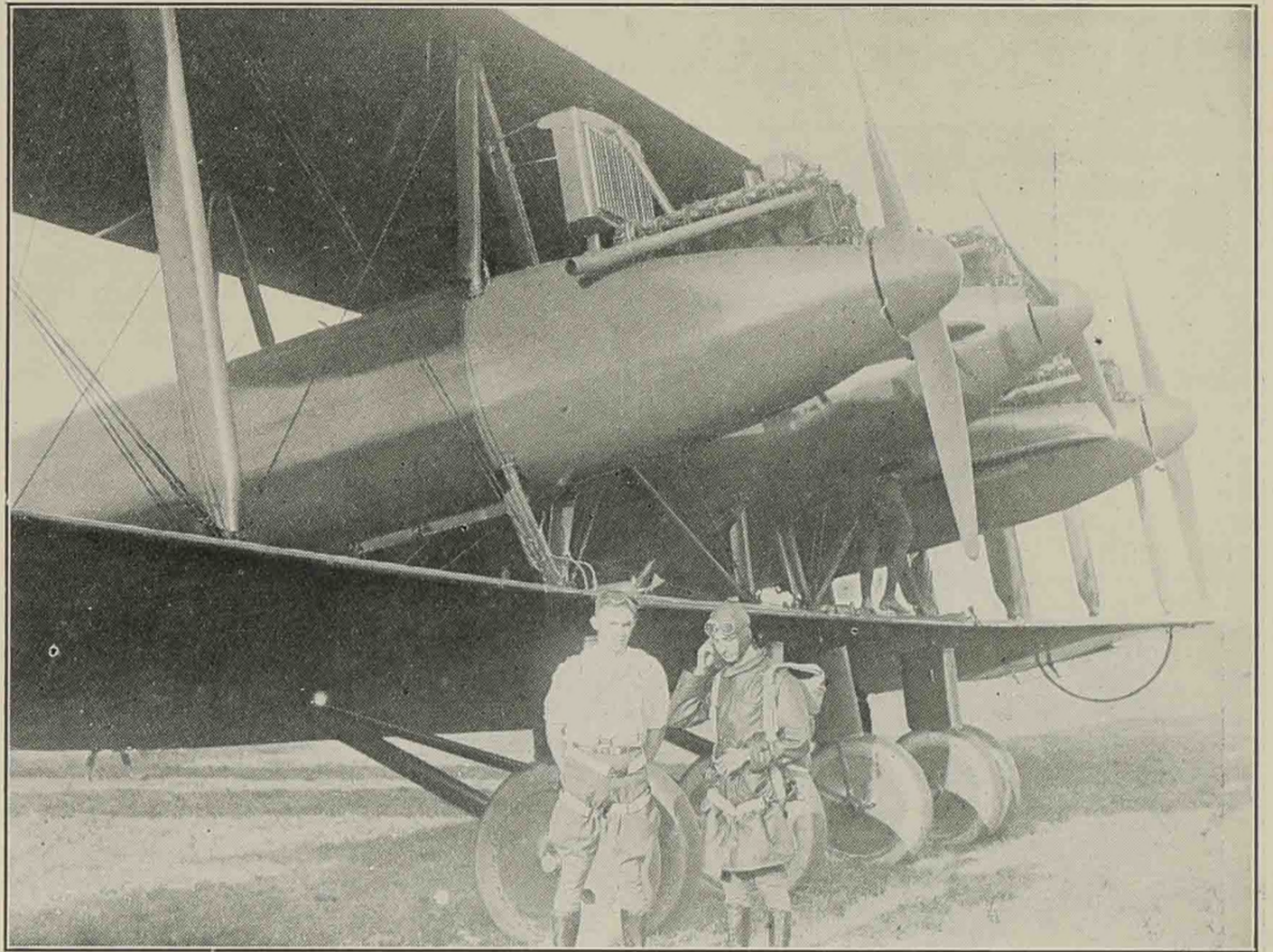
And then he set to work, but after drilling for a long time and finding nothing, he gave it up, and sold the land for what it would fetch. Yet two days after the sale was completed the new purchaser "struck oil," and now is a rich man.

NATURE OUR TEACHER.

Many inventions have been the result of close observation of Nature. Making paper from wood is one of the world's most important discoveries and industries. An old hornet's nest was the cause of a doctor making close and painstaking search as to how the paper nest and journals require, so one day he took the hornet's nest to a friend, and they tried to see if it was possible to make paper in a like manner to the little hornet. They sat down, took the nest to pieces, analysed it carefully, and decided that if

isfactorily, and paper made from wood pulp was the result.

Logs are now floated down a river to a pulpmill. In an amazing short time each log comes out in great masses of pulp, ready to be sent to the paper mill to be rolled, chemically treated, and dried.



MONSTER MACHINE THAT WILL FLY AS EASILY AS A BIRD—This ponderous 3-fuselage machine will carry four tons of bombs. Its wing spread is 155 feet, and its three 400 horse-power motors are capable of driving it 105 miles an hour. It is the latest marvel in aircraft.

was made, and making him think that it might be possible for human beings to manufacture paper of the same kind. The doctor knew that there were not enough rags and cotton in the world to supply the enormous quantities of paper which newspapers a hornet could make paper out of wood, man could do the same. The doctor first discovered that the hornet chewed the wood into a fine pulp. They then decided to make machinery which would accomplish this in huge quantities. The experiments were at last completed sat-

It is then delivered in great rolls, ready to feed the monster machine such as print this paper.

It is interesting to know that the copy of Christmas Echo you are holding now was, not so very long ago, part of a flourishing spruce-tree in the forest.



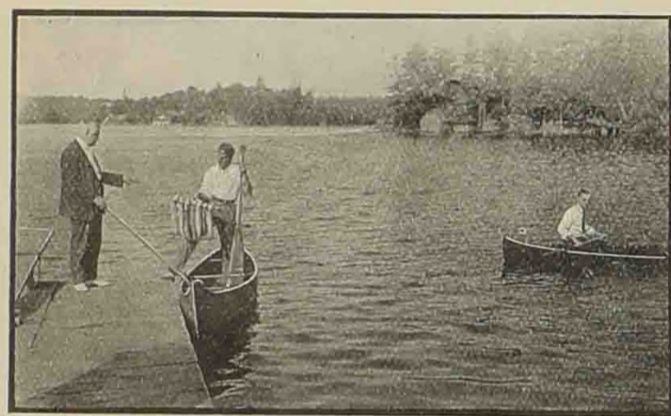
THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR RACE—France, Great Britain, and the United States competed recently for the Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup over a course of 187½ miles in France. The cup was won by Sadi Lecomte, in a Nieuport. The upper of the above pictures shows the United States entry; the lower shows Great Britain's entry.

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ONTARIO

SPIRIT OF SANTA CLAUS

The good old man has many names, and the preparation for his coming is different in various lands. But though in some places he is called Santa Claus and in others Kris Krinkle, and in others Father Christmas, or Saint Nicholas, in others Bonhomme Noel, while in still others Knecht Clobes, he is really in all lands and in all languages the same spirit of good doing and loving kindness. Saint Nicholas is a spirit.

Long, long ago there was a real man named Nicholas, who was very rich and who had fine possessions, but he was not happy. The sight of poor and suffering people saddened him, and he decided that only by giving comfort to others could he hope to know true happiness himself. In the night, when the townfolk were in bed, he went from house to house in the poor neighborhoods and left upon the window-sill gifts that would enable the poor to buy for themselves warm clothing and good food; and all these gifts he gave in secret, so no one would know whom to thank, and no one could trace the source of the blessings. But the door of good deeds is always discovered, and one night a poor man waited until he saw the mysterious hand place a purse upon his window-sill. Then he caught up a lantern, and, running to the door, saw Nicholas leaving his gift at the next house. "Thank you, thank you," cried the poor fellow. "Do not thank me," said Nicholas; "than God who has sent me to you for his blessing." When this good man died people called him Saint Nicholas, and his memory prompted others to go on with the good work he had begun.

The best part of carrying on the work of Saint Nicholas was that it was done in secret. Nobody knew who gave the gifts that brightened the day, and nobody knew who to thank, but better still was the noble spirit that caused men and women to wish to give gifts for which they could receive no "Thank you." They gave, and they gave in secret, just for the love of doing good and for the joy of giving happiness to others. This is the spirit of Santa Claus, that slips each year into the hearts of men and women and boys and girls, and which prompts them to slip gifts into the stockings of their friends on Christmas Eve.

LIGHTING THE "CHRIST-CANDLE"

An old tradition has it that "a lighted candle set in the window on Christmas Eve will guide the Babe of Bethlehem to your home, that He may bring you happiness." In some countries it has long been the custom so to mark the coming of Christmas, and John H. Stedman, of Rochester, N. Y., has originated a movement to spread it in his country. In a pamphlet urging all to light the "Christ-candle" on Christmas Eve he says:

"The Irish will tell you that the Christ-candle was always lighted in their homes in the Emerald Isle as it has been for years and years in Norway and Sweden. Boston has had it for a decade. In Rochester 1916 was our third celebration—the first year a few houses shone—the second over a thousand—the third nearly every one; and it has spread to town, village, and country over a forty-mile radius. Many far-away homes Wisconsin, Maine, California, Florida, kindled their candles from ours, and when you have lighted yours you will appreciate why."

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

No other holiday has so rich a heritage of old customs and observances as Christmas. In England the Yule log has from time immemorial been haled to the open fire-place on Christmas Eve and lighted with the embers of its predecessor to sanctify the roof-tree and protect it against those evil spirits over whom the season is in every way a triumph. Then the wassail bowl, full of swimming roasted apples, goes its merry round. Then the gift-shadowing Christmas tree sheds its divine brilliance down the path of the coming year; or stockings are hung for St. Nicholas to fill during the night. Then the mistletoe becomes a precarious shelter for maids, and the Waits go through the snow from door to door, singing their mellow old carols, while masquerades and the merry Christmas game of snapdragon are not forgotten.

ICE CREAM

for that

Christmas Dinner

Why work and worry preparing Plum Pudding when it is so easy to secure Ice Cream of seasonable flavors.

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CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

for your selection. Place your order early. It will be delivered so packed that it may be used any time throughout the day.

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and a Bright New Year

Gifts Speak Louder Than Words

Prove your good-will and love by sending your friends pretty and useful gifts. Every department of our store is prepared to help you in this most laudable desire.

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GLOVES, Kid and Silk.
HOSIERY, Silk, Lisle and Cashmere.
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CORSETS and BRASSIERES, best makes.
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Staple Department

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TOWELS and TOWELING.
TURKISH TOWELS and BATH MATS.
PILLOW CASES and DAY SLIPS.
BEDSPREADS, Marseilles, Dimity and Honeycomb.
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BLANKETS, all kinds and sizes.

4th Floor.

MILLINERY—All that is new and smart in hats.

2nd Floor.

Dress Goods Department

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GEORGETTE CREPE and NINONS.
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LACES, INSERTIONS and EDGINGS.
CURTAINS and CURTAIN MATERIALS.

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- Diamond Rings (special values)
- - - - - \$40.00, \$50.00, \$65.00
- Diamond Ring (cluster and
fancy) - - - - - \$75.00 to \$450.00
- Brush, Comb and Mirror Sets
- - - - - \$15.00 to \$100.00
- Bangle Bracelets - - - - \$1.00 to \$20.00
- Fine Pearl Necklets, Vanities, Card and
Change Cases, Feather Fans, Perfume
Bottles, Incense Burners.

FOR A GENTLEMAN:

- Thin Model Pocket Watches, \$22.00 to \$150.00
- Waldemar Chains - - - - \$3.00 to \$40.00
- Knives (gold and silver) - - \$4.00 to \$15.00
- Set of Links and Studs - - - \$3.00 to \$25.00
- Pens and Pencils - - - - - \$1.50 to \$25.00
- Cigarette and Match Cases, Fine English
Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarette Tubes,
Bill and Ticket Cases, Canes and
Umbrellas

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WHEN SANTA OVERSLEPT

I wonder what would happen if I let a Christmas Eve slip by without paying a visit to the earth?" mused Santa Claus, as he filled his pipe in Toyland.

"Ah, I fear me the earth would be a very unhappy place if all the children—the young children, and the women children and the men children, woke up on Christmas morning and found only empty trees, and empty stockings, and empty baskets, and empty hearts to greet them," answered the Gift Fairy.

"Brew me a potion of dreams hot and strong, and I will sleep and rest me a while before I begin my work," said Santa Claus.

The Gift Fairy fluttered her silvery-white draperies into the heart of a cloud where the dreams were kept. She took down a dipper of pearl vapor studded with silver stars and looked around for the choicest ingredients wherewith to mix a drink of dreams for Santa Claus. The choicest of all was the dream of love.

Brimming she bore the dipper to Santa Claus.

"A-ha," he said, as he smacked his lips. "There's something in that drink that takes me back hundreds of years." "It's youth, and love, and summer time, and rest," said the Gift Fairy.

"The wine of life," said Santa Claus. And he drained the last drop and settled himself to sleep.

The Gift Fairy turned the moonlight down a little lower, and bade the wind sing softly.

And Santa Claus slept and slept and slept, and when Christmas Eve came he was still sleeping.

Greatly troubled the Gift Fairy called and shook him, but she could not wake him.

She grieved that she had made the brew so strong. At last in despair she decided to go down to the earth herself and do the work of Santa Claus in her own way, so that the earth children would not lose faith in him. For she knew that when people lose faith in Santa Claus a big ray of sunshine goes out of their lives.

There was no time to lose. She took a bag of good will seed from the crook of an upturned rainbow, and leaning out of a rift hailed a comfortable-looking aeroplane that was passing by, and set out on her Christmas Eve trip to earth.

Her plan was to drop a good will seed into every heart, so that the people would give so many gifts to each other that they would never know that Santa Claus had not been around. For you must know that the fruit of good-will is generosity. She hoped for an abundant harvest.

The Gift Fairy worked swiftly. Very soon she had the whole world running hither and thither with gifts for each other.

People, smiling, looked at each other and said what a wonderful Christmas it was going to be.

Strange and wonderful things happened when the good-will seed began to sprout.

The withered heart of an old man came to life again and he sent a red, red rose to the woman whom he had loved and left in his youth. And she, when she smelled the rose, let a tear of forgiveness drop into its petaled heart.

A rich woman who, her life long, had lived for pleasure and pride, gathered a multitude of little children from the slums of a great city and fed them.

And many, many, many other deeds of love were performed, so that while Santa overslept the Gift Fairy saved the day.

THE GREATEST OF GIFTS

Christmas is the birthday of one whose chief contribution to the human heart and mind was His message of boundless, universal love. He brought to the world the greatest thing in the world, and that is why the season of His birth has won such an intimate place in our hearts, and why His name is praised wherever Christianity is.

What word of seven letters reads backwards and forwards the same? Reviver.

What sort of lions are allowed in the Park? Dandy lions (dandelions.)

When is a fish out of its element? When it rises and takes a fly.

Are You a Trustee?

IT is one of the functions of this Company to act as agent for Trustees. We undertake the active administration of the trust, thus relieving the Trustee of the burden of management while still retaining a control over the trust assets. Our facilities for finding high-class investments, the collection of revenue, management of trust property and custody of documents appeal to Trustees.

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STEEL-CUT CHAFFLESS

Leave it in a hot place for ten minutes and then you have a beverage of unsurpassed excellence.

Remember, it is the aromatic oil of the coffee bean that gives it the real flavor and not the bitter substances which are brought out by boiling the coffee after the water is poured on.

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for it.

A Message To Ye People

Eat ye not too muche of ye turkey and ye plum-pudding.

Eat ye more of ye Neal's Good Whyte Bread.

It will not give ye severe pains under ye sashe and it is ye treat of any time. Greetings of ye Yuletide



PRINTING EXERCISE
**NEAL'S
GOOD WHITE BREAD**

CHRISTMAS THREE YEARS AGO

DECEMBER 25, 1917.—A thin rain was falling from a sodden grey sky. The moisture gathered on the naked black limbs of the trees beside the road, then fell in large drops on the men standing in a motionless row in the mud below.

They were prisoners of War—English, French, Canadian—from a strafe camp, halting on the road at an order from their guards, who stood all round them. Near was a cart, piled with the tools they used to work in the swamp, which was being drained. The Hun captain sat on his horse; he looked glaringly clean and fat beside the unwashed ill-fed prisoners, in their rags.

Three men stood before the captain, two guards, and a tall young boy in Canadian khaki, who held himself proudly erect, though his hands were tied behind him, and his face and clothes bore the bloody, muddy signs of a desperate struggle.

Four prisoners had made a break for freedom, plunging into a wood, and running in different directions, so that only one was caught, and the Hun captain glared at him, quite beside himself with rage.

"You shall be made an example of, swine," vaunted the big man, breathless with passion; then he checked himself and spoke softly, wheedlingly—"Eh, you don't want to die, a fine man like you. There was a plan, oh, yes, the four of you would separate, that was a good thought; but you meant to meet somewhere. Come now, just one little word; your comrades shall never know, and if through it I retake the others, you shall be sent from here to the best camp in the land, and treated as though you were a high-born lord. Quick! will you speak, fool?"

A faint amusement mingled with the scorn in the boy's eyes, as he stood there silent; and the Hun's fat softness vanished. He shook as if some dark thing from the underworld possessed him in place of a human soul, as he screeched out orders that his men hastened to obey with something of pleasure in their wooden faces.

The boy was struck down, and belabored with blows from rifle butts, and kicks; until the prisoners compelled to watch, realized it was not a punishment, but a savage execution. It seemed to take a very long time.

The rain still drizzled down from the drear sky. At the head of their line went the cart with the tools, and flung across them lay the soldier who had been punished. He was breathing very loudly and painfully as the cart jolted on its way, but he was not unconscious.

He could see the black network of boughs against the grey sky above him, but he did not feel the atrocious pain in his broken limbs, thrown across the rough edges of pick and spade, because of the woman he could see sitting in the cart beside him.

She wore long flowing robes, and a head covering of shining white and bright blue, and when she lifted his head on to her lap, he tried to speak with his battered lips, and tell her he was all blood, and filth and vermin, and not fit for her to touch. Then he saw her face.

Like to the holiness and beauty of the high blue sky was her face, with its starry eyes and tender lips, and he knew she could not be defiled, for her touch would make clean whatsoever it rested upon.

For a little while the boy lay still; it was very good not to be alone, and to have his pains blunted till they were easily bearable. Even the painful struggle for breath was not so hard when he was held in the arms of that wealth of brooding motherlove. Then he tried to force words. "You must go, directly," he said, in intention at least, "The Hun is a dirty beast even to his own women, and you are not of them, I know. Go quickly—I shall be all right—before he speaks to you. How did he come to let you here at all?"

"Because he dwelleth in the darkness he hath created around him," answered the woman and her voice was that of one who sits in the eternal calm of God. "His eyes are holden so he cannot see us—he will never be able to see us who are of the Light."

For a moment the boy looked at her incredulously, but her eyes made him understand that what she said was the most natural thing in the world; and he

said with shy reverence—"I wonder who you are?"

For an instant there appeared in the Woman's arms a Child, whose face was like a star, and awed, the boy murmured—"Madonna." The vision of the Child passed, but the Woman was there so real and comforting, that he only thought that it was Christmas Day.

The cart started down a hill, jolting among the stones on the road; and the boy clutched at the Woman's hand—this dying was very hard. She soothed the pain with her look and touch; as a starving cur, nosing at the heels of the prisoner gave a shrill yelp of terror and fled, while the horse of the Hun captain shivered violently, for both animals saw the young man who came swiftly to the cart.

Behind him glowed a glory of opaline light shaped like unto wings, and he wore armor of pearl and amethyst, iridescent with a thousand lights. His face showed he was one having great authority, but who was also very gentle, for in truth he was the kindest angel ever sent to earth—he whom the Hebrews call Samuel, the Angel of Death.

In his hand he carried an unsheathed sword; its blade was like a long, blue flame; and he touched the boy's shoulder, saying—"Rise up, thou knight of Christ."

The boy stood up instantly, dazed for the moment, and almost intoxicated with the fulness of life that rushed through him.

He was not surprised that the dreary road had vanished; it seemed quite natural that he should be on that rocky hillside under the friendly stars. Up higher he could see a little snow laying, but through it rivulets of water were running, showing green grass underneath, that even in the faint light gleamed like emeralds. All about his feet was thick, rich grass; sheep were feeding near, with shepherds, who came to greet him, and he knew at once they were old friends.

"Come with us to Bethlehem," they said, "We go to worship the King. For each Christmas night the vision of what once happened there appears again, and we, no matter in what lives we are, we come back."

The boy saw Bethlehem, looking, as did the shepherds just like the pictures in the old Bible at home. But he looked with surprise and interest at the trenches they were passing, with pits for big guns. "Hurrah," the boy shouted, "We've got Jerusalem."

The shepherds smiled at him. "Of course," they said, "what else could have happened? We knew you were to win, first the Holy City, and then the War, from the beginning."

The boy laughed happily; and then they were walking quickly down a straggling street of flat-roofed, Biblical looking houses to a big church with a khaki-clad sentry before its door. The boy was surprised that instead of halting them, the man stared towards them as if he hardly saw them, then bowed his head and crossed himself, as they passed him, and went into the lofty church, where a hundred lighted lamps swung between the Corinthian columns of grey marble that upheld the roof of cedar wood.

Then they were going down a spiral staircase, of fifteen steps, to a crypt—the Grotto of the Nativity. It was an ancient cave, long and narrow, and low-roofed; centuries ago a stable for a long-past inn. Now its native rock was everywhere hid by richest marble; but the boy did not notice that or the gorgeously illuminated altar. Beside the hollowed out trough in the rock—once a manger—but now lined with white marble, and marked by a silver star, sat the Woman who had been with him in the cart, and in her arms again was the vision of the Child. And the boy knelt down, to consecrate the wonderful life of his that he knew was just beginning.

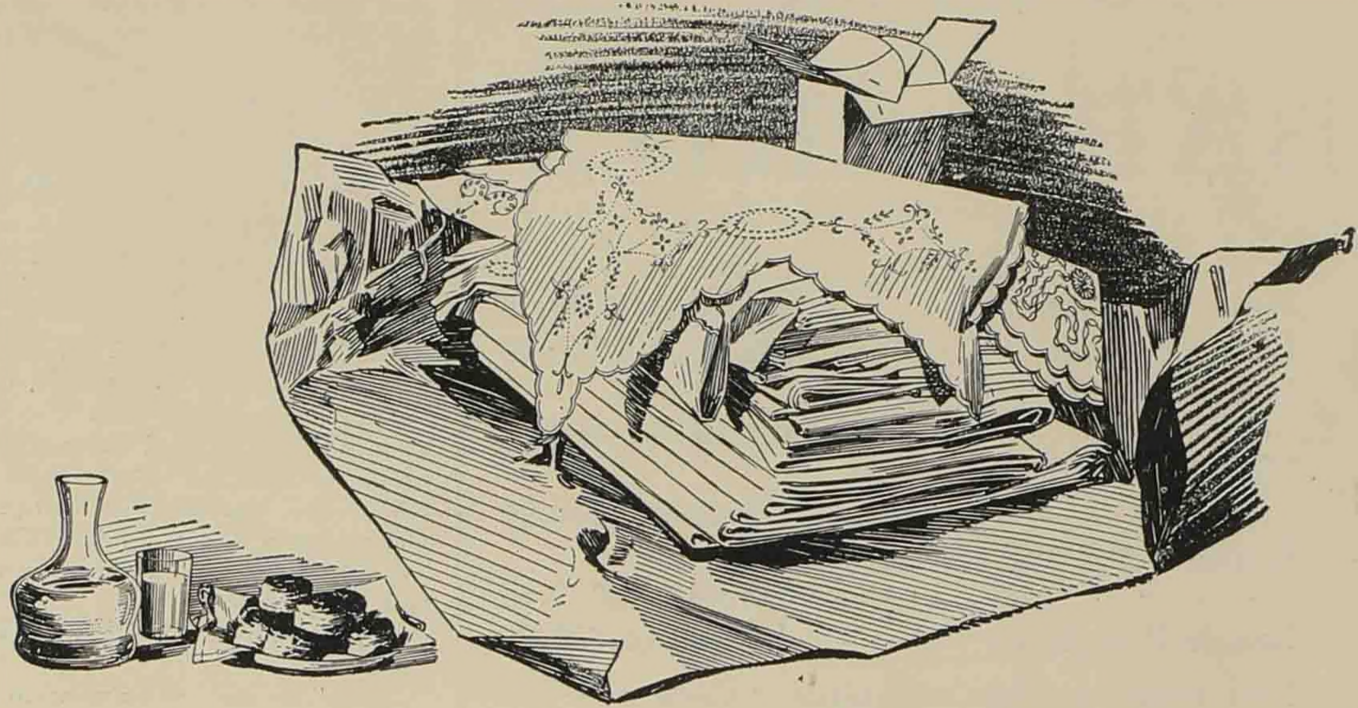
Away on the muddy road the rain still fell, and the naked black trees gathered the moisture on their branches, to drop it on the men below. The Hun captain was looking at a thing on the cart, and swearing—"Curses on the swine to die so quickly."

But was he dead? This story is a tragedy indeed—

"Unless perchance, our eyes can see therein

The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin; A double picture with its gloom and glow, The splendor overhead, the death below."

PARISIAN LAUNDRY CO.



The Laundry Soda You Eat With Your Biscuits

Our telephone tinkled a few days ago. We lifted the receiver and a lady-like voice drifted to us over the wire.

"I've been reading your advertising," it said, "but I've been told you use chemicals. And—well, I'd like to send you my washing, only I'm afraid those chemicals would ruin my clothes. Do you actually use chemicals in washing?"

You will be interested in knowing what we informed her. It was this:

Like the goblins that in our childhood days lurked around the corner, the "chemicals" that laundries use have been imagined by many housewives to be fearsome things—and most certainly never to be used on the family wash. The words "chemical" and "harmful" have been thought of as having one and the same sinister meaning.

We suffer from a misunderstanding of the term "chemical", for we live on "chemicals"—on some of the very same "chemicals" that help clean our clothes. The water we drink, for instance, is a chemical compound of the gases oxygen and hydrogen. We breathe air that is a chemical mixture of oxygen, nitrogen and inert gases. Everything we wear and use is "chemical", only most of us haven't appreciated it heretofore.

No work can be done without the assistance

of "chemicals" in some form. These helpful "chemicals" are friendly "chemicals".

In common with those of the housewife, our friendly "chemicals" are sours, a mild soda, Javelle Water, chipped soap, and pure soft water.

Consider these.

In the dressing served with your salad is a higher concentration of free acid than will be found in our sours.

Everyone has eaten more excess soda ash in biscuits than is commonly used on the family washing in the laundry.

The snowy whiteness which you secure with bleaches is obtained by us with an even milder preparation—Javelle Water. It was this same Javelle Water that was so helpful during the war in purifying wounds.

But these materials are only incidental in our laundry. Our principal "chemical" and real cleansing agent is pure, soft water. This water in which your clothes are washed by us is changed as many as from nine to twelve times in the washing process. It is this soft water, with creamy suds, that gives to our laundry work its characteristic beautiful appearance. The sum of our methods is clothes conservation.

Visit us and be enlightened. You will find us well qualified to take over the burden of your family washing.

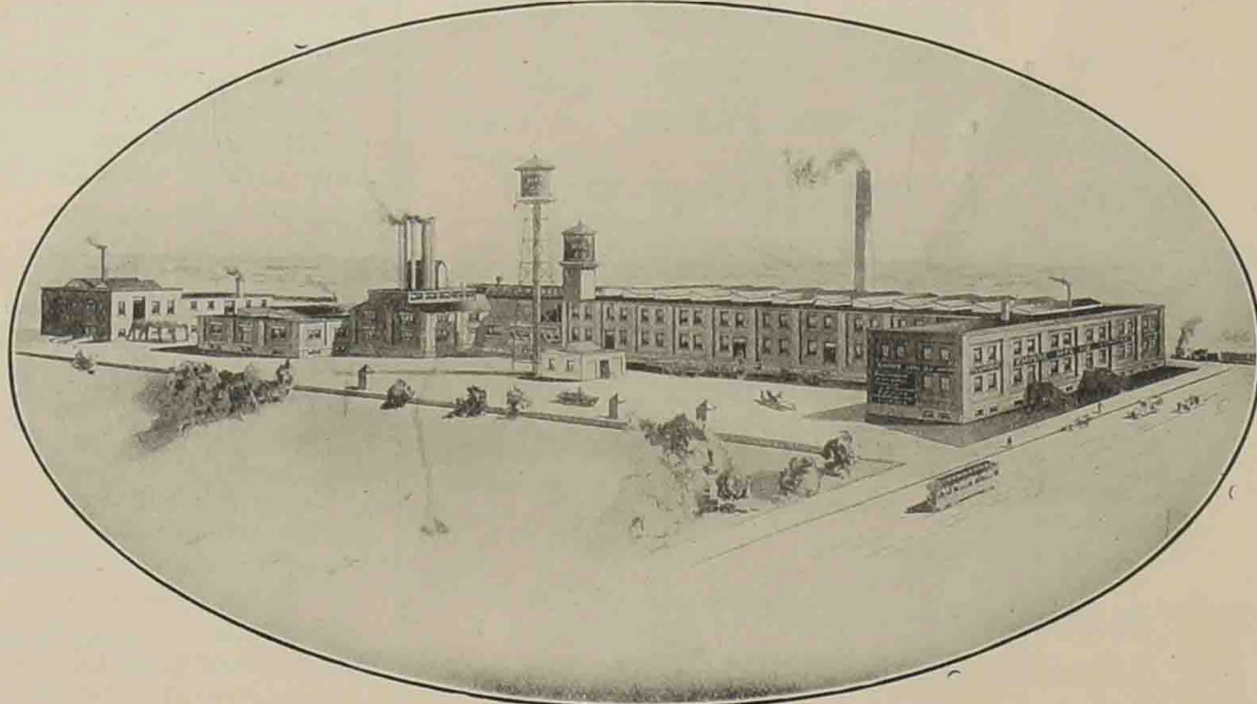


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Empire Brass Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Plumbers Supplies

You prospective builders—You who contemplate remodeling—You who are building homes and apartments—have the opportunity to select Empire high-grade plumbing goods. Your plumber is glad to install them because he has no trouble with them.

LONDON

ONTARIO

THE SOUL OF CONTENT

"I'm sick of staying at home," said Betty Bunny to her brother one afternoon. "It's very dull. You dig and dig all the time and don't speak to me."
 Billy Bunny rested on his spade and flapped his ears.
 "But I'm so busy, sister, getting the garden ready."
 "Well, I want some fun," said Betty. "Do you suppose there is a place all crowded with good times?"

little tune and then he straightened his aching back for a moment. Looking upwards, he saw a blue sky. He sniffed the air, and found it fresh and sweet. Then he looked at his work. What a lot he had dug!
 He was almost on the last spadeful when he heard Betty's voice.
 "Back so soon, Betty?" he said. "Did you find the place where the good times are hidden?"
 "No, I did not, Billy," said Betty.

"I have been here all the time," said Billy. "I like it out here in the air and sunshine."
 "I believe you did find the good times place," declared Betty. "I wish I had stayed at home and helped you. It seems as if you don't find good times when you look for them."
 "Maybe that is so," said Billy. "But Betty, digging makes you hungry."
 "Let's see if supper is ready."



"MADONNA AND CHILD"

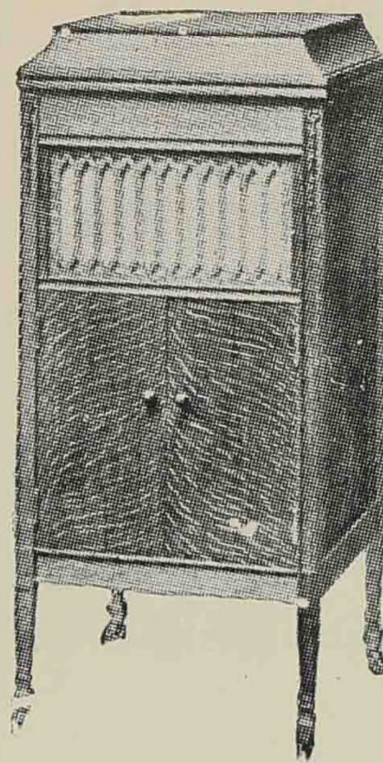
One of the finest of the many paintings of D. Morelli, a modern Italian artist. There is something particularly fascinating about this picture, the mother-love for the child being very tenderly portrayed.

Billy didn't reply. He was digging again.
 "Why don't you reply?" said Betty. "I suppose you wouldn't come with me to find the place?"
 "No," replied Billy. "I must go on digging. Daddy Rabbit said it might rain to-morrow, and I want to finish my work."
 "Well, I'm goin' anyhow," decided Betty. And off she hopped.
 Billy went on digging. He whistled a

"I've hopped all day, and, oh, I feel so tired! I don't believe there is a good times place."
 And Betty sat down and the tears began to trickle down her whiskers. Then suddenly she looked up at Billy.
 "Why," she cried, "I believe you found the place where good times are hidden! You were whistling when I came along, and you look so happy now. Tell me, where have you been?"

CHRISTMAS TIME RIDDLES.
 Why are pens, ink, and paper like fixed stars?
 Because they are stationary.
 Why can the world never come to an end?
 Because it is round.
 What roof covers the most noisy tenant?
 The roof of the mouth.
 What gets wet with drying?
 A towel.

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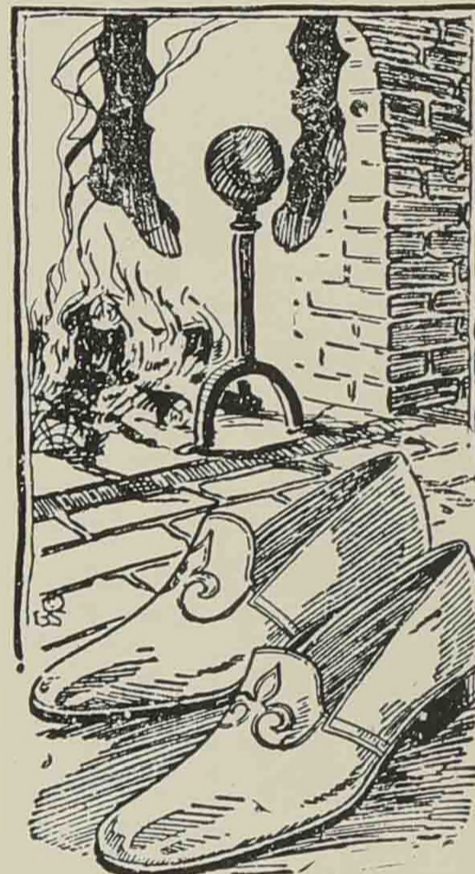
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CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND

MERRIE old England" writes Walsh in his "Curiosities of Popular Customs," "was the soil in which merrie Christmas took its firmest root." Even in Anglo Saxon days we hear of Alfred holding high revelry in December, 878, so that he allowed the Danes to surprise him, cut his army to pieces and send him a fugitive. The court revelries increased in splendor after the conquest. Christmas, it must be remembered, was not then a single day of sport. It had the preliminary novena which began Dec. 16, and it ended January 6, or Twelfth Night. All this period was devoted to holiday making. It was a democratic festival; all classes mixed in its merry-makings. Hospitality was universal.

With the rise of Puritanism the very existence of Christmas was threatened. Even the harmless good cheer of that season was looked upon as pagan, or, what was worse, Popish.

Puritanism brought over with it in the Mayflower the anti-Christmas feeling to New England. In old England the feeling culminated in 1643, when the Round-head Parliament abolished the observance of saints' days, and the "three grand festivals" of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, "any law, statute, custom, constitution or canon to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding." The King protested, but he was answered. In London, nevertheless, there was an alarming disposition to observe Christmas. The mob attacked those who by opening their shops flouted the holiday. In several counties the disorder was threatening. But Parliament adopted strong measures, and during the twelve years in which the great festivals were discontinued there was no further tumult and the observance of Christmas as a general holiday ceased.

The general court of Massachusetts followed the example of the English Parliament in 1659, when it enacted that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or any other way, any such day as Christmas Day, shall pay for such offence five shillings."

The restoration of English royalty brought about the restoration of the English Christmas. It was not till 1681, however, that Massachusetts repealed the ordinance of 1659. But the repeal was bitter to all Puritanism, which kept up an ever attenuating protest even down to the early part of the nineteenth century.

THE GLAD EVANGEL

When the Child of Nazareth was born the sun, according to Bosnian legend, "leaped in the heavens and the stars around it danced," writes Kate Douglas Wiggin. A peace came over mountains and forest. Even the rotten stump stood straight and healthy on a green hill-side. The grass was beflowered with open blossoms, incense sweet as myrrh pervaded upland and forest, birds sang on the mountain top and all gave thanks to the great God.

It is naught but an old folk tale, but it has truth hidden in its heart, for a strange, subtle force, a spirit of general good-will, a new-born kindness, seem to animate child and man alike when the world pays its tribute to the "heaven sent youngling," as the poet Drummond calls the infant Christ.

When the three wise men rode from the East into the West on that "first, best Christmas night," they bore on their saddle-bows three caskets filled with gold and frankincense and myrrh, to be laid at the feet of the manger-cradled Babe of Bethlehem. Beginning with this old, old journey the spirit of giving crept into the world's heart. As the Magi came bearing gifts, so do we also—gifts that relieve want, gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendship, gifts that breathe love, gifts that mean service, gifts inspired still by the star that shone over the city of David nearly two thousand years ago.

Then hand the green coronet of the Christmas tree with glittering baubles and jewels of flame; heap offerings on its emerald branches; bring the Yule log to Whe firing; deck the home with holly and mistletoe.

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

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- Sacred Heart Convent - - - - -

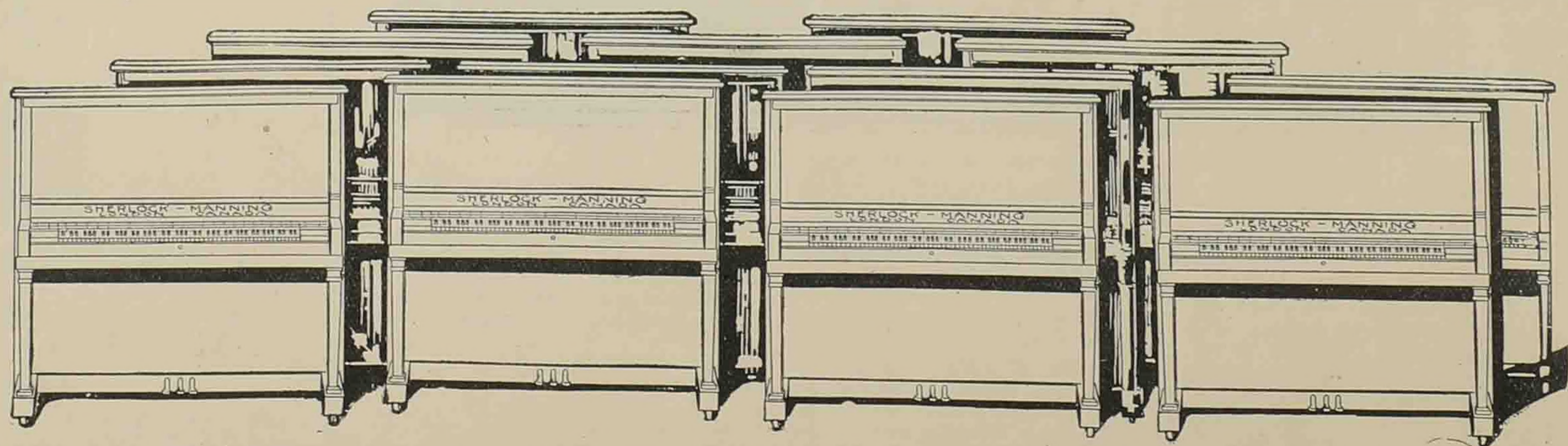
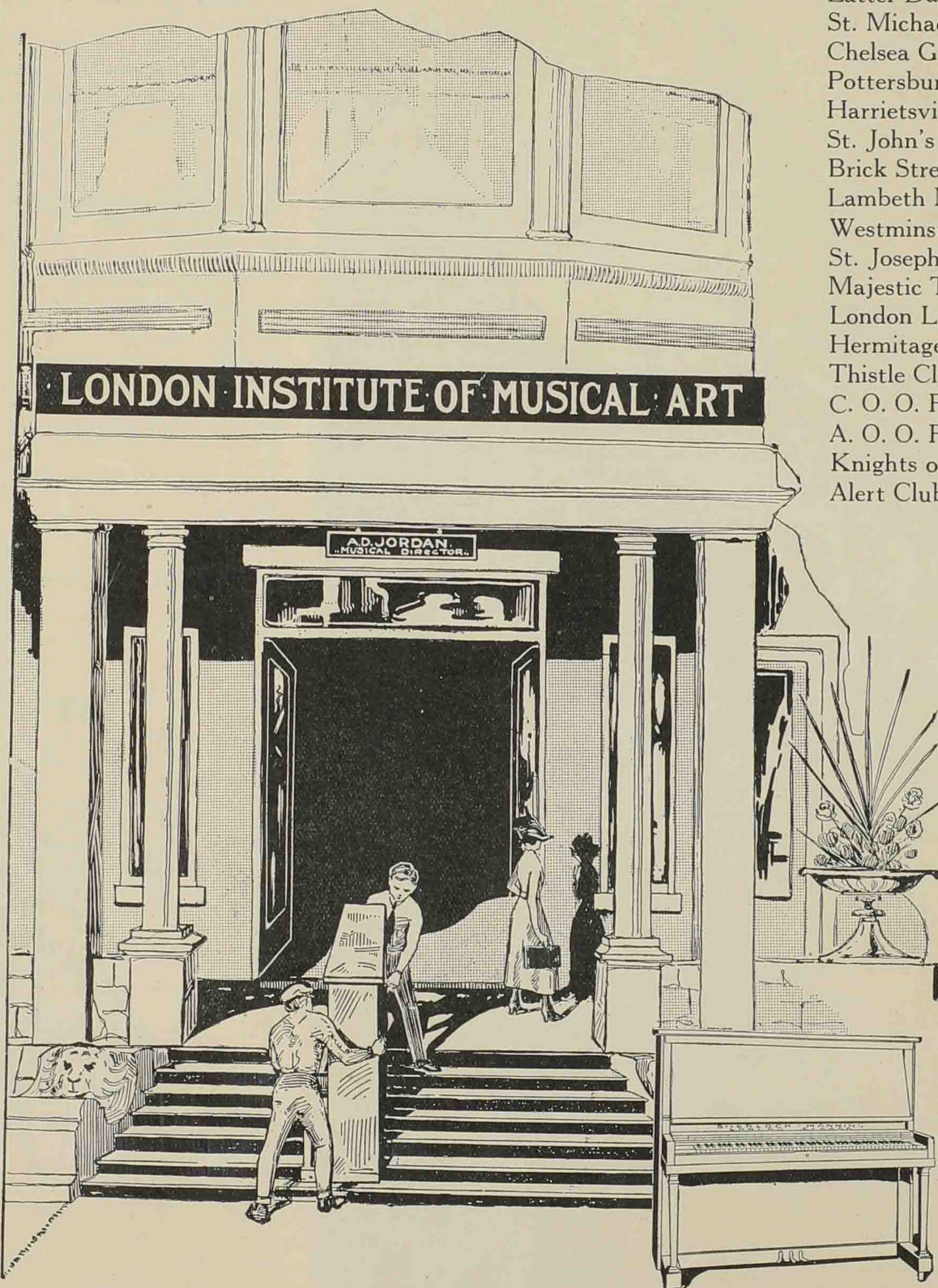
- Centennial Methodist Church
- Hamilton Road Presbyterian Church
- Egerton Street Baptist Church
- Hyatt Avenue Methodist Church
- St. Matthew's Anglican Church
- Ridout Street Methodist Church
- Latter Day Saints' Church
- St. Michael's Church
- Chelsea Green Presbyterian Church
- Pottersburg Presbyterian Church
- Harrietsville Methodist Church
- St. John's Methodist Church
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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

The Spirit of Christmas is in the air. You can feel it. You cannot see it, for spirit is elusive, invisible, but you know that it is hovering over you and the other people, swooping down gently to kiss the lips of a little boy, to touch with light finger the pinched heart of a man who had forgotten just where his heart fitted in, to open wide the eye of a woman who had looked out at the great wide world through half-closed lids. The wonderful, generous, beautiful spirit of Christmas!

You know, just how or why it is impossible to say, that you and the rest of us are feeling just a little different to our usual selves.

We may not be able exactly to figure it all out, but we were never nearer to the great big heart of things as they are. All the rest of the year we let the world swing in, surround, submerge us. We are quite content in our smug, self-satisfied way to have it so. We've got to scramble for ourselves. But when the Spirit of Christmas unseen waves over us the magic of the wand that changes hearts and eyes and minds and souls all these things are different. The cloak of materialism slips from us and we stand forth, each of us, in all the naked beauty of women and men made in the image and likeness of God.

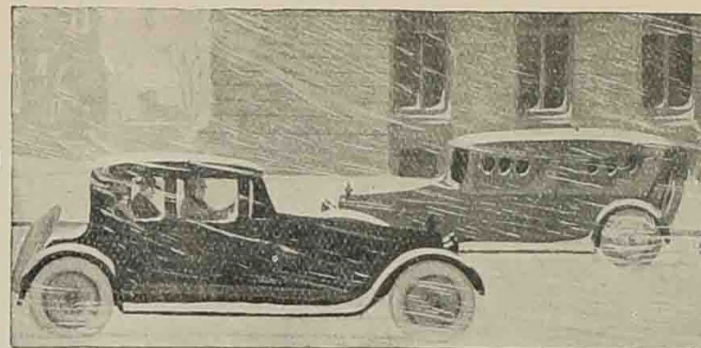
The spiritual purging of the days of Christmas to our souls is like the effect of a clean, sweet, cool draft of air from the rain-scoured moors sweeping through the heated, fetid, artificial atmosphere of a tinsel-decorated gilded, palace of unnatural delight.

What is the Spirit of Christmas? Is it not simply the bubbling up of the waters from the mighty fountain of spirituality that is hidden deep down somewhere in humanity's make-up? Sentiment, even in these days of dollars, don't care, and disillusion, rules our lives to a greater extent than we ever think possible. Think about it seriously some time, cast your mind's eye back over the milestones in your life, and you'll be surprised how much many a turning was brought about by sentiment. It is there with all of us, love for this, love for that, the strong goal of affection pricking us to fresh effort, new endeavor. Have you ever thought of it like that? Thus it is that the spirit of Christmas is simply the spiritual embodiment of the massed affection in all of us, the desire each of us has to be a little tender just once in a while by way of change, the crying out of the better part of us for self-expression.

Am I my brother's keeper? I am? You are? We may overlook the fact for fifty-one weeks of the year and pat ourselves on our selfish backs and say: "Thank God we are not a failure as Jim Jones is," but are we not some way responsible because Jim Jones is a failure? With the spirit of Christmas playing havoc with your heart in that fifty-second week of the year, think about it.

THINK OF OTHERS.

Selfishness should have no place at Christmastide. The season commemorates the greatest of all gifts to man—that is to all the world, not merely to family and friends. That is the larger, the real view of it; any other falls far short. As we have the poor always with us, what better way of marking the occasion than by remembering them and making happier for them this season of peace and good will?



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The heat is there—in the exhaust. Just send that hot exhaust gas through a

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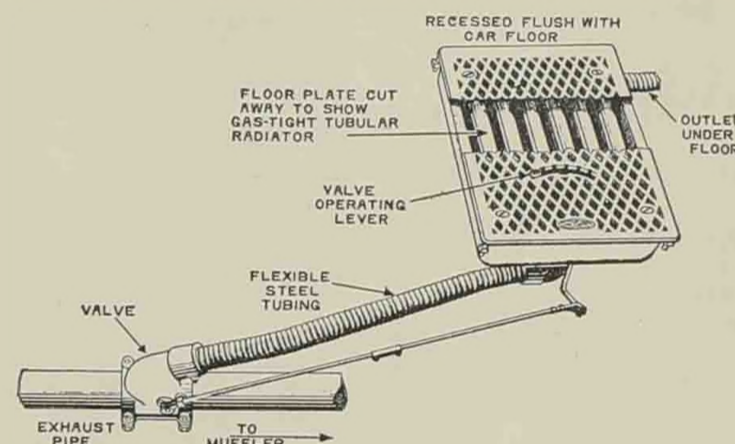
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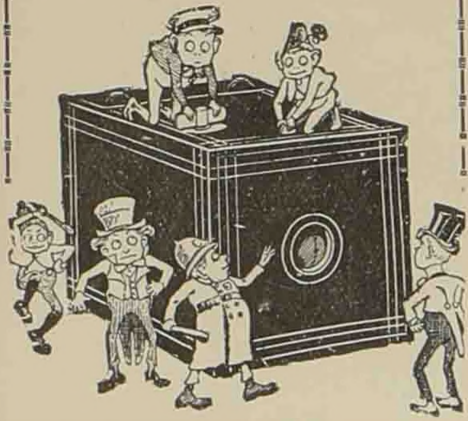
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White Wagons

DICKENS AND THE CHILDREN



CHRISTMAS! A well-known public man once said that "Charles Dickens, to a great extent, made the keeping of Christmas what it is." There is little doubt that the master-author's Christmas stories infused into the hearts of the peoples of the whole world that Christmas spirit which is so prevalent to-day—the spirit of love and charity.

Charles Dickens as a child-lover is unique. "I love these little people," he says in the "Old Curiosity Shop," "and it is no slight thing when they who are so fresh from God, love us." His experience in his own child-life, his childish hunger, and his experience of the blacking business, throughout his works one finds that he never forgot that period of his life, and he never ceased to sympathize with suffering childhood. His portrayal of the sufferings of Paul Dombey, the intense interest displayed in the unrequited love of little Paul's sister towards her austere father; fire dreams of little Pip in "Great Expectations," friendless and homeless Joe in "Bleak House," and, above all, his little cripple Tiny Tim. Full of pathos and childlike simplicity and tenderness, yet he could hurl fierce denunciation at criminals and the instigators of crime,

dreaded that he might be taken from him."

"Spirit" said Scrooge. "Tell me if Tiny Tim will live." "I see a vacant seat," replied the ghost, "in a poor chimney corner and a crutch without an owner carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die." But Charles Dickens did not let Tiny Tim die, much to the delight of all who read this Christmas Carol.

Charles Dickens realized Yuletide as a time for peace and good will, and worked indefatigably to that end. There is little doubt that he was the means through his works—of bringing the nations upon earth nearer together at Christmastide. With his magic wand he strikes the rock of our self-centred indifference and forth gush tenderness and pity and joy. In the "Christmas Carol" he turns the hard and selfish man into a warm-hearted and grateful one; "The Chimes" a Christmas story of bells that rang an old year out and a new one in; in "The Cricket on the Hearth," a fairy tale of home; "The Battle of Life," a love story, and in "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain," a fancy for Christmas time. To the great author Christmas and the children were imaginable.



GOOD MORNING

against cruelty and wrong. He can make us shudder as well as laugh and cry.

Christmastide will always remind lovers of Charles Dickens' works the intensity of purpose which the great novelist depicts Yuletide, and shows the great lover of children he was. In his "Christmas Carol" we have Tiny Tim, the poor little crippled son of Bob Cratchit—who somehow gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see. The home life of the Cratchits, portrayed by Dickens, the joyousness of his children around the Christmas fare, and the seriousness of all faces when the father proposed—"A Merry Christmas to us all, dears. God bless us!" And when all the family re-echoed it, Tiny Tim came in last with his weak voice—"God bless us every one!" And then the master-author tells us how "Tiny Tim sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand to his, as if he loved the child and wishes to keep him by his side and

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

The harmless and good old Christmas custom of kissing under the mistletoe is a perennial source of discussion and dispute, but have you any idea how it originated? This is the story:

Balder, the Scandinavian god of poverty and eloquence—so says the legend—sought immunity from the violence of his enemies by extracting from everything, in earth, fire and water, a promise to do him no hurt. Foolishly, he forgot to obtain this assurance from mistletoe; and Loki, his great enemy, on learning this, induced a hireling to shoot Balder with an arrow made from a bough of mistletoe.

Now, the other gods and goddesses, on hearing of the death of Balder—who was a great favorite with them—prayed that out of the love they bore him he might be restored to life. Thus, when this came to pass, mistletoe, instead of being the emblem of death, became the emblem of love, and, as such, was given to the goddess of love to keep and guard, while everyone who passed under the bough she held in her hand was expected to salute her with a tender kiss.

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OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

(Continued from page 11)



their habits. The teacher of the infant class thought to improve the occasion by asking the little ones if they had noticed the birds building their nests. There was silence for a moment, when little Jack said, "I haven't seen any of them building their nests yet, but I've seen a lot of them sitting around thinking about it."

NO ROOM FOR BAGGAGE

Little Dick, three years old, was greatly excited because the family was leaving the lakeside next day for home. A neighbor jokingly asked him, "Won't you take me with you?" "No, we can't," was the reply; we are not going to carry any baggage with us."

WHISKERS AND TEMPER

Little Mollie was watching Daddy shaving. He had not been in the best of humor, and Mollie, as she watched the operation, and thinking he was always better tempered after he had shaved, was much interested. Suddenly she asked, "Daddy, does oos whiskers hurt you?"

WOMEN ARE ALL ALIKE

Ruddy little Ruth, who had seen four summers, pleaded with her mother to be allowed to play with the children next door. At last her mother reluctantly consented. Ruth had not been gone long when she returned crying and in ill-humor because she had been hurt while at play. Mother tried to comfort the little one when she blurted out, "Yes, if you hadn't let me go over there to play, I wouldn't have been hurt."

HARRY WAS PERFECTLY INNOCENT

Tiny Harry was with his mother the other day when she was on a shopping expedition. In one store a good-sized dog kept walking around the little fellow, eyeing him furtively. Finally Harry looked up into his mother's face and remarked:—"If that dog bites me it will be his own fault."

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

There are many superstitions connected with the coming of Christmas. The bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel in honor of the manger and the sheep to go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angel to the Shepherds.

Howison, in his "sketches of Upper Canada," relates that on one moonlit Christmas Eve he saw an Indian creeping cautiously through the woods. In response to an inquiry he said:—"Me watch to see deer kneel and look up to Great Spirit."

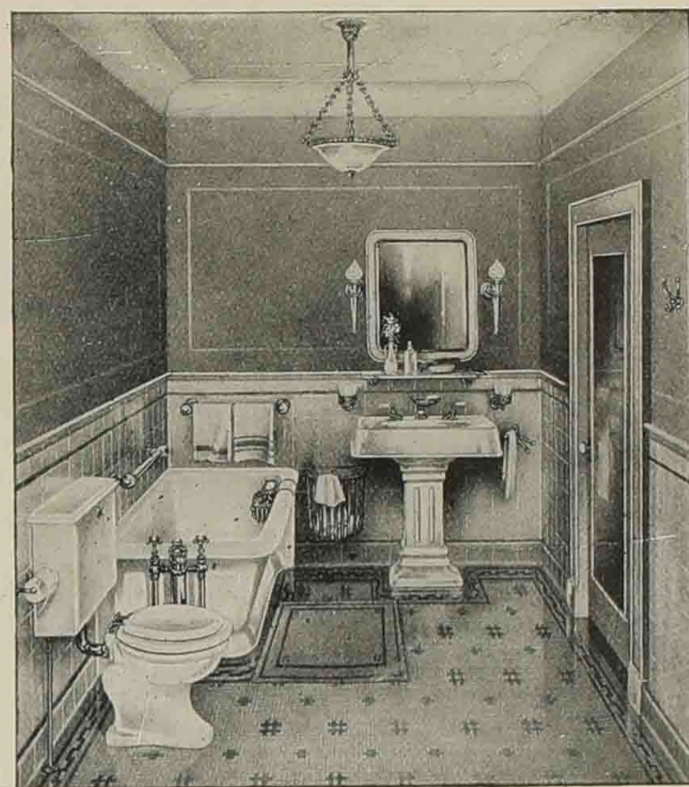
In the German Alps it is believed the cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve, but it is a sin to play the eavesdropper upon them. An Alpine story is told of a farmers' servant who did not believe that the cattle could speak, and, to make sure he hid in his master's stable on Christmas Eve and listened. When the clock struck twelve he was surprised at what he heard. "We shall have hard work to do this day week," said one horse. "Yes, the farmer's servant is heavy," answered the other horse. "And the way to the churchyard is long and steep," said the first. The servant was buried that day week, says the legend.

There is a beautiful superstition about the cock that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Marcellus, in Hamlet:—"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, The bird of dawning singeth all night long; And then, they say no spirit can walk abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to Charm;

So hallow'd and so gracious is the times."



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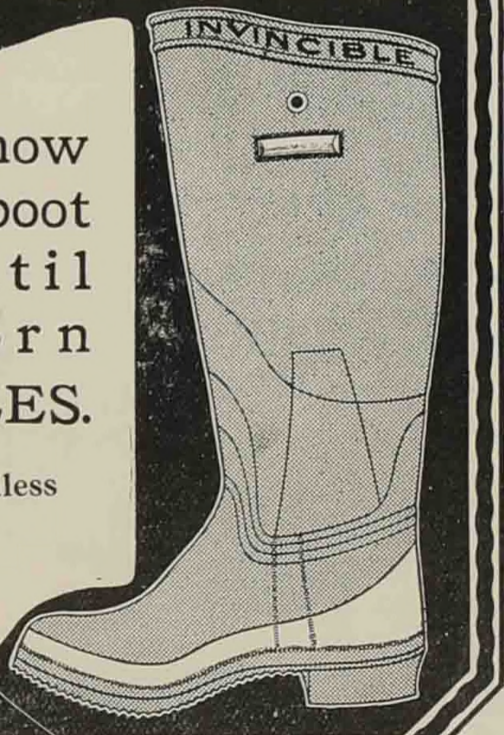
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KEEP YOUR TORCH ALIGHT.

Among the national games of ancient Greece was the race known as the torch race of Pan. The great rule was that a man must carry a lighted torch, but only for as long as he was able to run swiftly enough to keep it well alight.

As soon as his speed began to slacken and his strength to flag, before the torch could grow dim he had to hand it on to the next man in the relay of runners

who stood fresh and eager, ready to continue the race.

It is a little parable of life. It matters little how far we run, or whether we win the race or not. The thing which alone matters is that we hand on the torch, bright and undimmed, to those who come after.

We must see to it that we pass on the torch burning bright and clear to others.

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That Help Solve the Perplexing Question: "What Shall I Give?"

Here's a logical answer to your annual problem of the Christmas shopping season. Can you think of a gift more practical, permanent and pleasing than Furniture? Hardly! Well, then, consider these few suggestions we offer.

As we do each year, we have stocked up with hundreds of pieces that serve very acceptably as Christmas gifts. A few are shown you below—come into our big store and we will gladly show you hundreds of others.

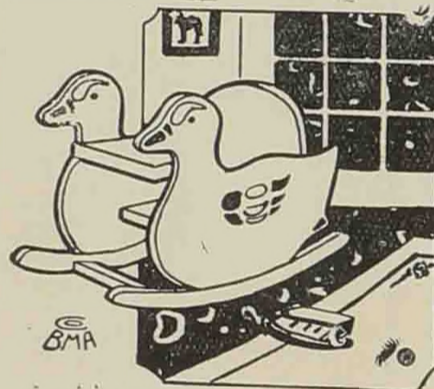


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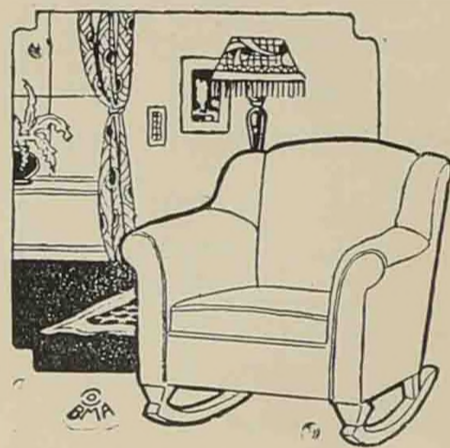
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| Balls | Tools | Kiddy Cars |
| Games | Boats | Tanks |
| Autos | Fire Engines | Ouija Boards |
| Building Toys | Sand Cranes | Elevators |

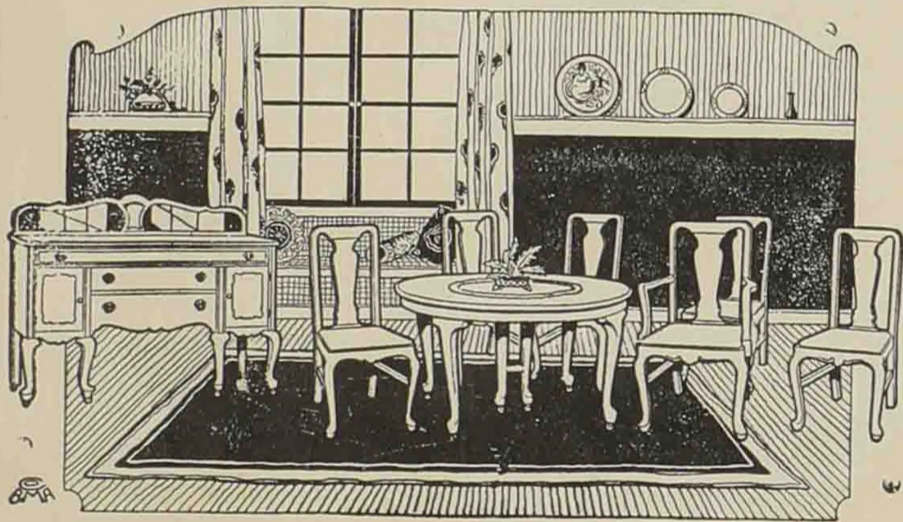
COME AND BRING THE CHILDREN.



A Comfy Leather Rocker

A piece of furniture like this will make staying in nights the easier. Every member of your family appreciates comfort—here they have it, and it's a very sturdily built rocker, too—an unusually good value priced very reasonable now.

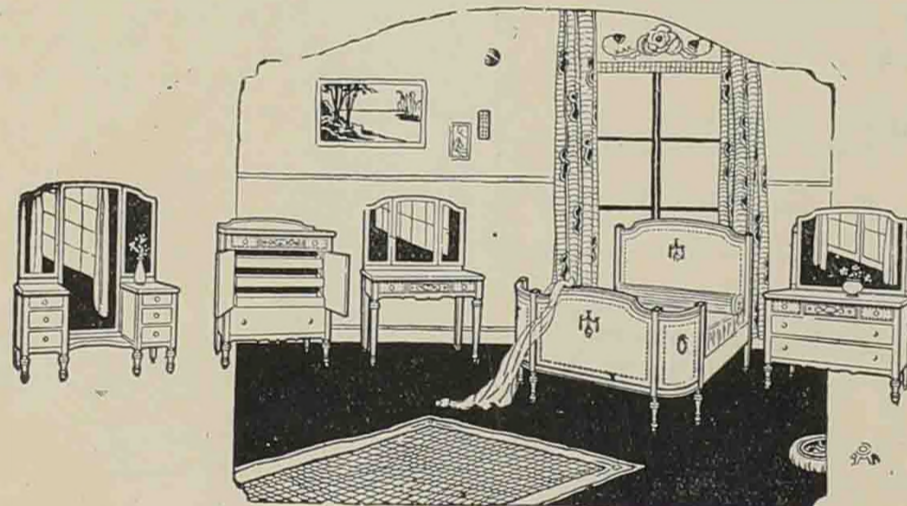
One of the New Queen Anne Dining Room Suites



Such an outfit of dining furniture makes an attractive and welcome Christmas gift—what housewife wouldn't be pleased with it—8 big pieces—all her dining room needs? See it for yourself!

Like the illustration, there's an extension table, with spacious buffet with plenty of drawer space and six upholstered slip-seat dining chairs—at a very small cost.

Bedroom Suites Always Make Acceptable Gifts



Something that all the folks will appreciate no matter which one gets it—a new bedroom outfit in one of those distinctive period designs. It would surely make an ideal present.

We offer a large stock in your choice of ivory, mahogany, walnut and oak—any combination you want, with or without vanity dressers. Settle one of your gift problems right here!

Wouldn't a
New Rug
Please Them?
See Our Big Stock

Ontario Furniture Co. Limited
230 Dundas Street - - London, Ont.

Christmas Brides!
See Our Home Outfits

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN

In the old days they used to celebrate Christmas with wassail, punch and the flowing bowl and a sore, sore head in the morning. Such, however, is no longer the vogue. It is no longer fashionable to carouse and revel and make the sweetest, saddest time of all the year an occasion for guzzling and topping.

A changed order of things has undoubtedly had much to do with it. It is not merely that the modern viewpoint is different from that prevailing in the merrie old days, that the moral outlook

is different, that prohibition rules where roystering once held sway, that in these days when lives are lived at a hurricane rate folk welcome Christmas as a sort of annual, spiritual rest house by the way, where they can stop short, take stock, oil the works before rushing on again; that despite modern materialism the spiritual status of Christmas is higher than in the days of the Apostles.

No, remember that the boar's head, and the snapdragon, the holly and the mistletoe are following the flowing bowl into oblivion and the turkey is showing signs of flying after them. The high cost of living has helped to rob the festive season of some of its "merry" trimmings.

Christmas is becoming yearly more and more a time of little family gatherings, more and more a season of the heart and not of the stomach, more and more an intimate touching of hands and a turning back of memory, more and more a delicious affair of the home.

But Christmas to the children never changes. The flowing bowl may be smashed. The cost of living may soar higher than the mountain tops. Christmas to the grown-ups may become a time of prayer, a time of remembrance, a time for sadness or rejoicing, a time of rest, but to the kiddies it remains still Christmas, the surprise-packet time of all the year, on which little minds are

concentrated for weeks in wondering fanciful thoughts.

We need to keep it Christmas still for the sake of the kiddies.

If child-thoughts should ever cease to be child-thoughts and babies born into the world knowing it all, blase and bold and everlastingly tired, then God help the world. We must try to see in these days when the world is a harsh, exploded sort of place for grown-ups that it still remains the wonderful world for the children and that Christmas stays the one mystic, mystery, magic time of all the year.

Don't Neglect Your Will

NO MAN OR WOMAN with property should let another day pass without making a WILL. By it you can provide for those dependent on you with your own intimate knowledge of each individual in mind.

IF YOU DIE WITHOUT A WILL the law arbitrarily provides for the distribution of your property—possibly not at all as you would wish.

MAKE YOUR WILL and appoint an executor whom you know will carry out your wishes. An individual executor may die; he may be unable through business cares or illness to administer your estate as you would wish.

THE SAFE WAY is to appoint this Company the executor of your will thus insuring efficient, responsible and prudent administration, with absolute fidelity to the terms of your WILL.

THE CHARGES OF THE COMPANY are always reasonable, and never more than allowed to an individual.

THIS COMPANY solicits your favorable consideration when you make your WILL.

Correspondence or a call is invited.

THE FIDELITY TRUSTS COMPANY OF ONTARIO

Dominion Savings Building
LONDON - - CANADA

T. H. PURDOM, K.C., President
W. J. HARVEY, Manager

Were You Prosperous in 1920?

Are you worth more now than you were at the beginning of the year?

Many of the Citizens of This City and District Are.

How do we know?

They started accounts in our Savings Department and now have snug sums at their credit.

You Can Do It, Too

Begin the New Year by opening a Savings Account at any of our Branches. Save part of your income each week. Deposit regularly and at the end of the year you will have a snug sum to your credit.

We will help you by adding interest to your account.

The Bank of Toronto

Four Offices in London

Cor. King & Richmond Sts.
Cor. Dundas & Adelaide Sts.
Cor. Richmond & John Sts.
Cor. Dundas & Talbot Sts.
Cor. Dundas & Wellington Sts.

Cuts Grease

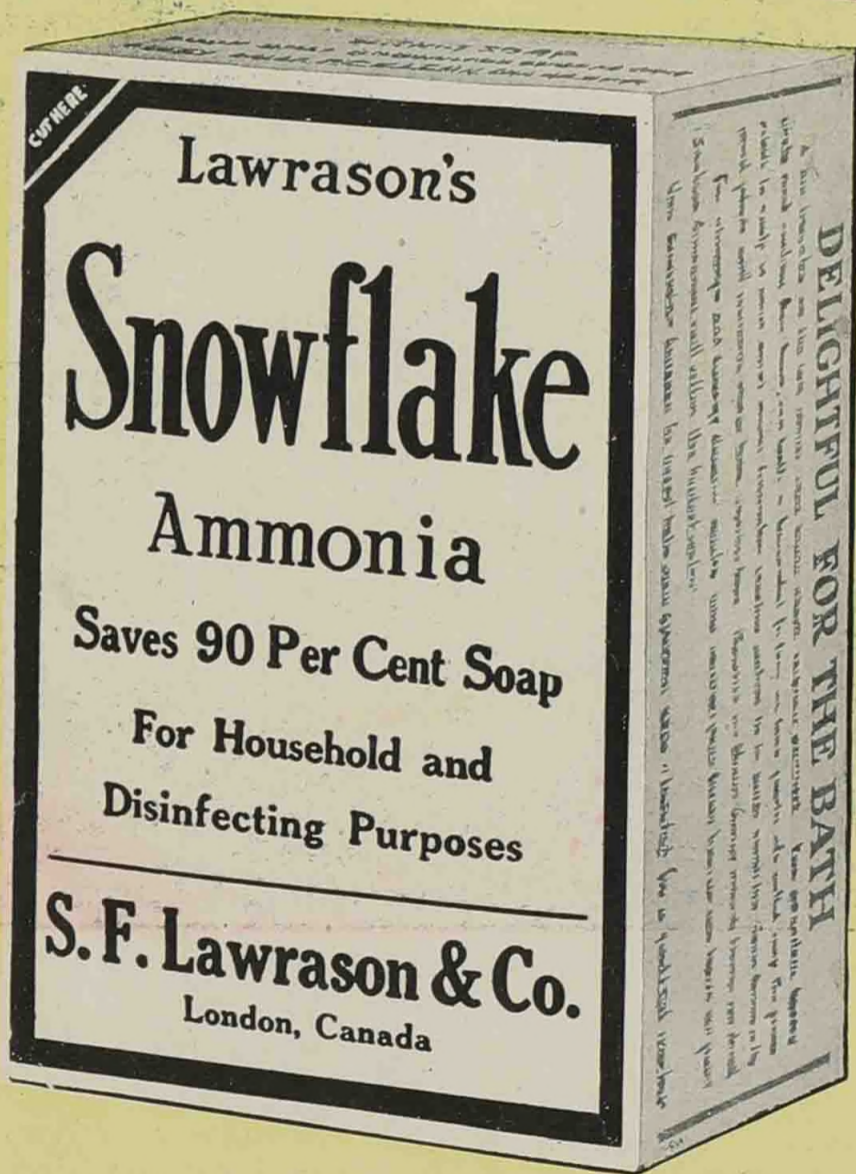
WHEN dish water is run in sinks, the grease congeals and sticks to the drain pipes. Use Snowflake as directed below; it will saponify and make the grease soluble in water.



To clean sink or drain pipes

Dissolve 1/2 to 1 package Snowflake in pail of boiling water and pour slowly down sink. Will remove all Grime and Grease.

100% Soluble





Painted by Coles Phillips for Luxite Textiles, Inc.

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Hose as Shapely as the Curves of the Figure

THE translucent shimmer of Luxite Hosiery half reveals and half conceals. Its texture is so wonderfully soft and silken you can draw a Luxite silk stocking through your finger ring. Luxite launders beautifully because these hose contain no adulterations whatever—nothing but super-fine materials and pure dyes. Naturally Luxite Hosiery wears long and always looks beautiful.

LUXITE TEXTILES OF CANADA, Limited, London, Ont.

COLES PHILLIPS