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Legislation Library

The Islander

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VOL. VII., No. 39 CUMBERLAND, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1916. Subscription price, $1.50 per year

SUFFERING FROM HAIG-UE?– London Passing Show.

Letter from Col. J. W. Warden.

In the Field, France,
Nov. 18th, 1916.

His Worship The Mayor,
Cumberland, B. C.

My dear Mr. Mayor:—

Just a few lines to report on the doings of the men of your district and city who came Overseas with me in the 102nd. We were such close neighbors for a few months and you rendered the Battalion so many kind services that it is only right that I should let you know how excellently your lads have done.

You have probably heard of the prowess of Sergt. M. M. Brown, who enlisted in your city and became senior N. C. O., in my Machine Gun section. In our first battle at Regina trench he very greatly distinguished himself and has since been recommended for the D. C. M. I regret to say that he was wounded at the time, but he absolutely refused to leave his guns until everything was consolidated.

Well, everybody cannot win decorations. To some the opportunity never comes; others find the opportunity but are unfortunate enough to miss official recognition. It is only the minority who attain the medal, though it is almost true to say that all deserve it. I am sure that this is true of the contingent furnished me by Cumberland and vicinity. They have indeed done well, and you should be very proud of them, as I am. I can assure you that the 102nd., Battalion takes no second place over here now, having distinguished itself on three separate occasions within a very short period, and the men from Cumberland stand high in the Battalion. Be proud of them, and show your pride in them when they return. Yours very sincerely. J. W. WARDEN,

Lieut. Col. O. C. 102nd. Bat.
North British Columbia.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Haywood regarding her son Abe Haywood, who was reported missing:

16th., Battalion, The Canadian Scottish, B. E. F., Nov. 8, 1916.

Dear Mrs. Haywood—The Commanding Officer desires me to convey his sincere sympathy on the anxiety you must be going through regarding your son, 628,050, Pte. A. W. Haywood, reported missing 8-9 October. We have been urable to find anybody who can give us any information and we sincerely hope he has been taken prisoner. Should any further information regarding him turn up, you will be notified at once.

SYDNEY D. JOHNSTON,
for Capt. Vadyt. Lieutanant.

At Ilo Ilo Theatre.

TONIGHT

1st Episode of the

SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE

Fifteen Act Serial

ALSO EPISODE 13 OF

"The Girl and the Game"

CANADA WANTS NO TRUCE NOW

Saskatoon, Dec. 12.—"It is the determination of the people of this land—of the peoples of the British Empire—that there shall be no truce. There shall be peace, which means peace for many years to come. That is the spirit of the people of Canada, as it is the spirit of her men at the front, in the hospitals and in training.

So spoke Sir Robert Borden at the great meeting here tonight. The application of his words to the news of the day swept over the audience, and in an instant there was a tumult of applause. When it died down the Premier went on to quote the famous words of Abraham Lincoln, when he pledged his countrymen to victory in their just cause.

"That," he continued, I believe to be the spirit of Canada and of the whole Empire today. We here in Canada need not call any one to witness that we did not want war. Our thoughts were of peace; we were engaged in a great peaceful enterprise of nation-building, and perhaps we were in danger of sinking into materialism. Nothing was further from us than the thought of war.

"But beneath all this lay buried in the heart and soul of our country the sacred fire of liberty, which broke into flame as war encompassed us, and will continue to burn clear and bright long after we have brought this war to the only possible conclusion. We fight, not only to maintain the Empire, not only for the rights of small nations, not only to enforce a decent regard for the sanctity of treaties, but to preserve the future democracy of liberty and of humanity.

"Unless we bring this war to that conclusion, then I say to you tonight—the people of Canada—that all our sacrifices, all our blood, will have been in vain. But I have no doubts about the Dominion. All the British Dominions and the Mother Country are bound in the indissoluble resolve that there shall be no peace until we have won by our arms the warrantry and safeguard we demand as a peace that shall endure, a peace that shall guarantee the liberties of mankind."

Mr. R. B. Bennett, Director General of National Service, referring to recent news dispatches said that a patched up peace would mean disaster. He urged organized effort as against haphazard effort, and stated that the filling in of the National Service cards which would be sent out the first of the new year was obligatory, although there was no penalty for non-compliance. Mr. Bennett made an appeal for loyal co-operation on the part of the Western people to help win the war. Men must be organized to fight, to work and to pay. He urged thrift and economy.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—1 Martin Orme Piano, in good condition. Can be seen any time. A Bargain. Also 10 shares of Cumberland and Union Water Works shares. Apply P. O. Drawer 226. Cumberland, B. C.

Mrs. Simms wishes to receive pupils at her house in Jerusalem for pianoforte instruction any time by appointment. Apply for terms at the house, or P. O. Box 353, Cumberland.

FATAL SHOOTING ACCIDENT OCCURS

A fatal accident occurred in the vicinity of Black Creek on Sunday afternoon, when Wallace McBride, an employee of the C. P. R, roundhouse at Courtenay, was shot and killed. W.J. Farnell, Reginald Carwithen, King Rees, and the deceased Wallace McBride, started out on a hunting trip on Sunday morning last. The hunters, who were close friends, separated and met again several times in the woods during the day. In the afternoon Rees, Farnell and McBride were together and about to cross a sixty-foot log in the thick brush when McBride left the party without informing Rees and Farnell. Rees seeing the thick brush move fired the fatal shot thinking he had shot a deer, and that McBride his partner was still coming on behind. Upon going to the spot, to their horror they found McBride lying in the brush with a bullet wound in his head.

The remains were brought to Courtenay and Rees gave himself up to the police. Rees was overwhelmed with grief at the unfortunate accident.

Coroner Bickle held an inquest on Monday, when the jury returned the following verdict:

"We, your jury empanelled to enquire into the cause of the death of Wallace McBride, from the evidence produced find that the deceased met his death while hunting in the vicinity of Black Creek on December 10th in the company of W. J. Farnell, King Rees and Reginald Carwithen, by wandering away, unknowingly to the other members of the party, and accidentally met his death through being mistaken for a deer and was killed instantaneously by a bullet fired from a rifle while in the hands of King Rees, who we think should be given his liberty.

Samuel Calhoun, foreman, W. H. Kirkwood, Samuel Robinson, James Cairns, Andrew Smith, and H. D. Forde. The jury also requested the following recommendation to be forwarded to H. Stewart, M. P. P., and the Hon. The Attorney General, that a clause be inserted in the game act making it compulsory for all parties while hunting in the bush to wear some easily distinguished color of uniform that can be easily distinguished and so prevent these regrettable accidents so frequently occurring.

King Rees appeared before Magistrate Hicks Beach at Courtenay on Wednesday morning and was allowed to go after the unfortunate accident had been explained in detail to the presiding magistrate.

Samuel McBride of Chemainus, arrived at Courtenay on Sunday evening and took the remains to Chemainus for burial on Wednesday morning, the father and King Rees travelling by the same train.

Indian Woman Burned to Death

Annie Rabison, an Indian woman of the Salmon River Tribe, was burned to death by the burning of an Indian house at the Campbell River Reserve on Sunday morning. Coroner Bickle held an inquest at Campbell River on Tuesday with the result that Johnny Klakivatzie was arrested and taken to Quathiaski Cove where he will be charged with the burning down of the Indian house that caused the death of Annie Rabison an Indian woman.

THOMAS E. BATE, Candidate for Mayor in the coming municipal election.

The City Council.

The city council held their regular session in the Council Chambers on Monday evening, His Worship Mayor Parnham, presiding. Ald. Bate, Banks, Brown, Carey and Henderson were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

There were no communications, neither were there any bills or accounts.

The council decided to call a special meeting on Monday evening next for the purpose of giving the new electric lighting system further consideration and to invite the manager of the Cumberland Electric Light Co. to be present.

Ald. Bate's By-law to amend section seven of the Pound By-law requiring all cows to wear bells when at large was given its first reading.

The city clerk was given instructions to make preparations for the purpose of holding the coming municipal election in the Council Chambers.

The Court of Revision met at the close of the council meeting and passed the voters list as presented without removing or adding any names thereto.

The Board of Licence Commissioners consisting of mayor Parnham, Ald. Macdonald and Thos. D. McLean, met in the Council Chambers on Monday evening and granted all applications for the renewal of liquor licences.

A special meeting of the Cumberland Conservative Association will be held in the Committee Rooms on Monday evening, December 18th. H. S. Clements, M. P. is expected to be present.

TOWN TOPICS

The son of Henry Richards aged three months, died on Wednesday morning and was interred in the Cumberland Cemetery the following day.

There will be a service at Holy Trinity Church on Sunday evening the 17th inst.

John Wood, of Victoria, representing the International Correspondence Schools was in town on Thursday.

Ellen Reese has returned home for a short vacation.

Thursday was pay day at Union Bay, yesterday at Bevan, and today in this city for the employees of the Canadian Collieries.

Frank Sawford, of Union Bay, chief electrical engineer of the Canadian Collieries, was here on official business on Thursday.

The "Battle of the Somme" was shown in the Ilo Ilo Theatre on Thursday and Friday. The Canadian Collieries ran a special train and granted excursion rates from Union Bay and way points on Friday to allow the residents of outside points the priviledge of seeing the "Battle of the Somme".

Ilo Ilo Items Next Week

There will be a change of program each day this week, the programs to consist of a Bluebird, two Mutual Masterpieces, a Redfeather, and two serials, the "Secret of the Submarine" and the 14th., chapter of the "Girl and the Game." These are all programs which are shown only in the best houses everywhere.

Monday's program will be a Masterpiece in five acts, featuring Charlotte Burton and William Russell in "The Bruiser" These two actors have made a great name for themselves in special features as well as in the "Diamond serial.

Tuesday's program will be a Bluebird with Louise Lovely, who was seen here last week in "Father and the Boys." She is just as lovely as her name indicates. She appears this week in "The Grip of Jealousy," and is supported by Lon Chaney and Marcia Moore.

LOST

On Dec. 9th between Cumberland and Courtenay, a package containing a "Boy Scout Suit". Will finder kindly return to Harold Banks, Cumberland, or to Charles Willard, Courtenay.

Every rose has its thorn; Roumania's hard lesson.—Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Islander

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1916

Do You Believe in Santa Claus?

Do you believe in Santa Claus, in the gray haired saint of universal childhood? Now, do say that you do. for all the little golden-haired Tinker Bells who bring flashes of light and the sound of melody in our homes are just eager to know the truth.

The silvery locks of Santa Claus do not signify old age or senility although there is no biography which tells of the time and place of his birth. He is just as active virile and boyant in this wonderful twentieth century as he was when the children of long ago awaited his coming on Christmas eve. He finds his way around this great world of ours at the Christmas tide in his marvellous sled just as readily as if steel rails and electric wires did not form an almost impossible network over hill and dale, through forest and glen. Of course, Santa Claus does not need spectacles—and he does not wear a monocle—for he lives in the sweet and tender light of children's smiles. His queer little ears—always tied up in a crimson muffler, for Santa Claus is the very embodiment of the spirit of winter—are ever open, ever alert to the sound of children's happy laughter.

So long as these sweet, alluring things shall be, so long will good Santa Claus reign without a rival in the affections of children who lisp their prayers at mothers knees and in those of other children, who at the blessed Christmas time, catch the echoes of the merry prattle of their own little ones who have grown into man's and women's estate.

Santa Claus' reindeer with their spreading antlers, may have walked two and two out of the ark, when it rested on Aarat's crest after the flood subsided, but who cares? The gift of eternal youth is theirs and they are too busy to bother with family records of chronological tables. Each year the rythmic patter of of their tiny hoofs will be heard on your roof on Christmas eve if your heart keeps young and true and your ears are still attuned to the faintest whisper of God's own messengers. Santa Claus finds his happy way into the homes of the rich and the poor alike; into the palace and into the cottage, wherever children have been sent to brighten and to bless.

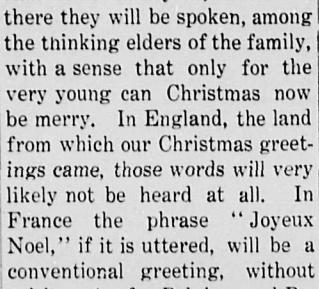
The life of that child is peculiarly pathetic and incomplete which has not been unquestioning, unfaltering belief in Santa Claus. Without the mysterious joys of anticipation on Christmas eve, the richest child has lost one of the most exquisite phases of earthly happiness. Woe be to him who willfully destroys the beautiful personified in good old Santa Claus.

Christmas.

All over the Christmas world fathers and mothers and children are wondering sadly whether they shall ever again be able to utter with a confident and happy heart the Christmas greeting—Merry Christmas! Those words will be heard in many an American home this year, but even there they will be spoken, among the thinking elders of the family, with a sense that only for the very young can Christmas now be merry. In England, the land from which our Christmas greetings came, those words will very likely not be heard at all. In France the phrase "Joyeux Noel," if it is uttered, will be a conventional greeting, without spirit. As for Belgium and Poland and Serbia and Roumania, is it conceivable that any of the miserable people of those countries, where all alike are wretched, should not think of Christmas as the bitterest, most tragic day in all the year?

In our own country, perhaps the most hopeful and heartening sign is the fact that for so few persons can Christmas be merry. Were we so sunk in selfishness so content in our prosperity, so happy in our immunity, as to observe Christmas with a thankful and a merry hearts, there would indeed be no health in us. The measure of our Christianity this year is to receive its supreme test. Is our self-denial growing more rigorous with the increasing destitution of the world? Out of our resources are we giving more to the afflicted and spending less upon ourselves than ever before?

Each one of us must make his own answer. Chritmas this year should be the day when the day when a man communes with his conscience.—Youth's Companion.



YOU will want several of these good-looking Rugs the moment you see them. They're different in texture from ordinary grass, fibre or fabric rugs; cost less and wear longer.

No place for dirt to settle and frequent washings won't harm them.

Every room in the house should have a Congoleum Rug. Come in today and let us tell you all about them.

A. McKINNON
The Furnture Store.

This is to urge you

that you get your Suits Cleaned, Repaired and Pressed for one month. Then form your own conclusion. If it leads to better spirits, better health, continue it. If it does away with dirt, improves your appearance, continue it. Remember a well-dressed man always wants the best.

Also you must get your shoes cleaned; and don't throw your tan shoes away because they are old—have them dyed.

Ask for the Monthly Rates.

Local agents for
The Victoria Hat Works,
Victoria, B.C.

Cumberland
DYE WORKS

FIREWOOD

Slab Wood for Sale at $3.00 per Load. Cash or. Delivery. Phone 95 L.

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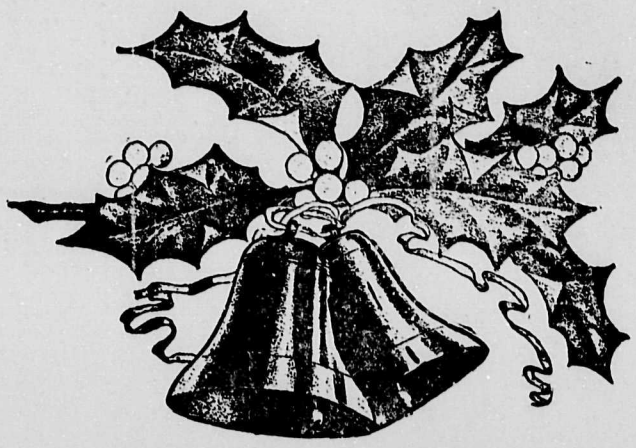
Campbell's

HOLIDAY GIFT SUGGESTIONS!



Dry Goods Dept.

Silk, Silk Crepe de Chene, Organdie and Voile Waists in the newest of the season's designs.

The latest novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, very suitable for Holiday gifts.

Ladies' Handk'fs in silk, silk crepe de chene, linens, muslins ond lawns, also a large and varied assortment of Handk'f Boxes from 25¢ to $1.50 box.

Silk Dress Lengths and Waist Lengths in all shades suitable for evening wear.

Special value in silk Motor Scarfs in all plain self colors and combination shades.

Silk and silk crepe Kimonos in short and full lengths, also quilted Kimonos.

Special new designs in Needlecraft. Stamped Centrepieces, Tablecovers, Doilies Tray Cloths, Necktie Racks, Tea Aprons.

Ladies' Coats, Sweater Coats, and Sweater Coat Sets, Ladies' Fur Sets, and Odd Muffs.

Xmas Holly Ribbons, Dresden Ribbons, Checker and black and white Stripes.

Celluloid Hand Mirrors, Hdk'f Cases, Xmas Papetiers, Vases and Jardiniers, Picture Frames in silver and celluloid, Comb and Brush Sets, Pin Cushions, Hand Bags, and Perfumers. Special value in ladies', misses', children's house Slippers.

Extreme styles in ladies' High Top Shoes, black patent with white kid uppers and black buttons. Also black vici kid in lace and button with colored cloth uppers.

Gents' Dept.

Special value in gents' Ready-to-wear Tailored Suits, in worsteds, tweeds and serges.

Special value and popular prices in boys' 3 piece Suits and 2 piece Norfolk Suits in tweed and serge.

New patterns in men's Smoking Jackets and Dressing Gowns at popular prices.

Men's Xmas Neckwear in novelty designs, floral, club stripes, and black and white checks and stripes

W. G. & R. Shirts in silk and silk mixtures, with detachable collar and turned cuffs.

Invictus Shoes for men in patent, vici kid and calf; also with plaid and fancy cloth tops in button and laced, patent and vici, Oxford and pumps.

Gents' silk and silk mixture Umbrellas, self-opening, with plated and sterling silver mountings.

All wool Sweaters and Sweater Coats, in all shades. Newest styles in Hats and Caps.

Trunks, Suit Cases and Club Bags.

Gents' plain silk and knitted Mufflers, all shades.

Gents' all silk Suspenders, one pair in fancy box.

Fancy boxed sets, Suspenders, Armlets, Garters.

A large select assortment of gents' silk Armlets from 25¢ to $1.50 per pair.

Plain and undressed Kid Gloves, in tans and greys, silk and wool lined; plain and fancy silk Handk'fs, Souvenir Handk'fs, Irish linen and lawn handk'fs, Dressing Cases, Military Brush Sets, Shaving Sets, Badger hair Shaving Brushes, Pocket and Bill Books, Watch Fobs, Cuff Links, Tie and Collar Pins, Cloth Brushes. Ebony Hair Brushes.

Campbell's

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The Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, wants men for immediate service Overseas, in the Imperial Royal Navy

Can lidates must be sons of natural born British subjects and be from 18 to 38 years of age.

PAY $1.10 per day and upwards. Free Kit. Separation allowance, $20.00 monthly.

Apply to the nearest Naval Recruiting Station or to the Department of the Naval Service, OTTAWA.

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Long distance is always short distance with the telephone. No one appreciates the telephone more than the person who has one.

British Columbia Telephone Co., Ltd.

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1 upwards Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor. S50

SAVINGS BANK:—This Bank pays interest at 3% per annum on all deposits of $1 and upwards in this department. Small accounts are welcomed.

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. A. J. BURNSIDE, Manager.

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QUEEN BEER
IS PURE, HEALTHFUL AND APPETISING.

Beer is Beneficial, but itmustbe Good

Ask for QUEEN Beer

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UNION HOTEL

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Dealer in

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, and

General Merchandise, at the Lowest Prices.

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And

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Bevan, B.C.

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Ornamental Trees and Shrubs,
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EVERGREENS - ROSES - RHODODRENDRONS

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Dominion Nursery Company,

2184 4th Ave., W., Vancouver, B.C.

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

COAL mining rights of the Dominion in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories and in a portion of the Province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,500 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or sub Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns shall be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10.00 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THOS. E. BANKS

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND UNDERTAKER

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Phone 67

Agent for the NANAIMO MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

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Estimates and Designs furnished on Application

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Fresh Bread Daily

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First Class Hotel at Moderate Rates

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Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

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For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

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Fresh Beef,
Pork,
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Sausage and Hamburg Steak made every day.

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Comox Co-Operative Meat Market.

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For further information apply to
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Columbia Grafonolas range in price from $20.00. Very easy terms can be arranged.

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PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

Orders Receive Prompt Attention
Repairing a Specialty

West Cumberland

One Christmas Eve

By Harry T. Barker

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

He was grinning like a schoolboy at the gyrations of a mechanical clown. His bluff hearty laugh seemed to come straight from his heart. His long white whiskers, bearskin coat, merry eyes and full-round figure—suggested the veritable Kris Kringle to a T.

Men, women and children were all smiles as they looked him over, but too polite to linger and embarrass him. The proprietor of the store, observing the slight halt in the passing procession, beckoned to the stranger.

"My friend," he spoke rapidly, "could I have a word with you?"

"A dozen, if it suits you," responded the other heartily, and followed his interviewer inside the store.

"It's just this," explained the store man: "we've got a Santa Claus—see him yonder, in that booth, shaking hands with the children?"

"I see him," nodded the Westerner.

"He is on till midnight and I can't spare him. A family here—the Moodys—best people in town—want me to send them up a Santy. You're just made for it. Come—ten dollars cash and it won't take you an hour. I'll furnish the robe and cap."

The Westerner smiled queerly. I'll take the job," he replied.

Directed by a lad from the store, he was piloted to the Moody mansion, admitted and shown into a room off the main parlor, where a Christmas tree stood, loaded and ablaze.

All around it the hired Santy gazed keenly, almost eagerly. He appeared to be scanning the various framed portraits on the wall and seemed disappointed, as if in that inspection he missed something he had expected to find.

A servant came and helped him on with his costume, directing him in what he should do when the children entered the festal room. An admirable Santy he made. He went through his part in a merry heartsome way, then quietly slipped out through the side door and proceeded down the street. He seemed to have been over the ground before, for he reached his destination by pursuing lanes and byways where he would not be observed in the costume he still retained.

It was in the snow-drifted garden of a neat but humble little cottage that he finally halted.

"I'll do it," he spoke to himself, "if I can work it. Maybe I'm not forgotten here!" He knocked on the door and a woman opened it.

"Don't be scared, ma'am," spoke the Westerner. "You see, I've just been up to the Moodys—relatives of yours, I believe—acting Santa Claus. Knew that you had a little one here, saw the tree and thought maybe I could make her happier by going through my act."

"Oh, would you?" cried the lady in quick delight. "Indeed, it would cap the climax of all her Christmas eve joys."

"Smuggle me into the room with the Christmas tree," suggested the Westerner buoyantly. "I'll do the rest."

It was passing strange, but, conducted into the apartment and half hiding behind a screen, the Westerner studied the walls of the room circumspectly, just as he had done at the Moody mansion. A great glow spread over his face as he noticed a portrait over the piano, in the special place of honor. It was wreathed with holly and evergreen.

"No, not forgotten; that's certain," he uttered in an intense tone. "I guess I've landed in a real home spot."

The little one of the household came in, leading the children of some poor neighbors. They screamed and then fluttered with delight as Santy came into view. Then their eyes danced as his jolly manner restored confidence. He handed out the presents from the tree. The air quivered with the joyful shouts of the happy little ones.

"'For Uncle Reuben,'" he read the card pinned onto an old worn woolen stocking. "Where's he? Come on, Uncle Reuben!" he shouted into space, and his tone was a sob.

"Oh, he isn't here," prattled little Esther, stepping forward. "He hasn't been for two Christmases. That's him," and she pointed to the holly-wreathed portrait. "He'll come back some time, though. Mamma says so, don't you, mamma? And every Christmas I put a nice card in his old stocking, and then I save them all up, to give to him when he comes back."

A choking sound came from the throat of the Westerner. He turned aside and reached under his robe. It was to unclasp a great belt buckle, a belt bulging with gold.

"Your Christmas gift, Mary!" he cried to the mother of little Esther. "Only a trifle out of a whole mine—it's full of the stuff," and he threw it into her lap.

Then off went costume and cap. "Don't you know me, Mary?"

"Uncle Reuben!" she gasped.

"Uncle Reuben and Santa Claus, both in one!" shouted the Westerner hilariously. "Little Esther—come!"

And Esther bounded into his arms in a wild transport of recognition and delight.

Santa From the South

By DeLysle Ferree Cass

While the newspapers throughout the United States were busily announcing the warlike operations of Gen. Sancho Fernandez here, there and elsewhere that December, it was a fact that the revolutionary dictator of Mexico was really in Washington, D. C., where he had been peremptorily summoned by the president.

His conference at the capitol was short and very much to the point. It was pointed out with painful decisiveness to the Senor General Fernandez that hereinafter he would have to make his ragged army respect the rights of U. S. A.

The pill that General Fernandez was thus made to swallow was not sugar coated, but it unquestionably did him good. He went down the White House steps that day before Christmas a sadder and a wiser man. However the dictator of Mexico was a philosopher.

General Fernandez muffled his face deep in the soft warmth of his fur-collared greatcoat, and started off down the avenue.

By and by he came to the business district where throngs of last-minute shoppers were bustling about. Snow had begun to fall heavily—great fleecy flakes that filled the whole air and, supplementing the gay holiday decorations and shouts of street hawkers,

gave the scene an air of fairylike unreality.

The jolly, free-handed Christmas spirit was contagious, but it made him feel very lonely. He wanted a comrade—someone, anyone, in all this big, busy city, who would hail him simply as a friend and not as the celebrated General Fernandez.

He came to a street corner where he heard his own name shouted in a shrill, childish voice close by.

"Huxtree there, people! Huxtree poiper! Spend a cent and read all about General Fernandez the Mexican butcher! He's murderin' women and babies down there right now! Big battle at Guaremo; three hundred killed! Huxtree here, all about the bloody General Fernandez!"

At first the dictator scowled; then smiled queerly and approached the ragged waif at the newsstand. She was blue with cold and a-shiver beneath scanty rags. Below an old shawl, her thin, prematurely-aged face looked wan and pinched.

Genuine pity—an unusual thing in the dictator—seized him as he surveyed her.

"Do you really believe that this General Fernandez is as bad as all that?" he asked her with a whimsical half-smile.

The street waif stared up at him suspiciously.

"Gwan away from here, you dude! Can't y' see I'm tryin' to sell my poipers? Tonight's Christmas eve an' I wanna sell out so as to go in one of the big stores an' see Santy Claus."

"How many papers have you left to sell, little girl?"

"Twenty-one."

"I'll take them all. Here's a quarter. You can keep the change."

"Whadda y' doin' this f'r?"—still suspicious.

The great General Fernandez smiled at the waif sadly, indulgently.

"Child, I'm a stranger here and I'm ever so lonely. Everybody else has a welcoming home tonight—has someone to whom he can give presents and know that they'll be appreciated. It's Christmas eve and I too want to forget myself for a while and play Santa Claus for somebody."

"If I really thought y' meant all that," muttered the waif skeptically, "I'd say, why not practice some o' y'r good intentions on me. Lordy knows, I need 'em."

The dictator's face became radiant. He laughed whole-heartedly as he had not done before in years and took one of the wee girl's half-frozen hands hands kindly within his big gloved one.

"It shall all be just as you say," he cried, much to her astonishment. "Come along with me now—first somewhere to get you a warm coat and hood and some furry mittens. Then we'll go to a fine restaurant. And after you've eaten every bit you can hold, we'll go see the toys and you can pick out your own present."

"Y'r not kiddin' me, mister?"

"On my honor, no."

"Then, if it's all the same to you, let's hit the toy departments first. I've had m' eye on a big yellow-headed doll—real hair it is, too!—there in the Emporium f'r six months."

"We'll do just as you say, kiddie, but on one condition."

"What's that, mister?"

"You must tell me that you don't believe all the things you said about General Fernandez of Mexico."

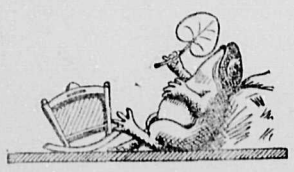
"I'll call him Santa Claus if that'll suit y' any better, mister."

"Under present circumstances that name strikes me as quite appropriate for him," murmured the dictator. "But come on now. It's going to be a really merry Christmas after all."

THE HOME-STAYERS

MAYBE you've noticed that of all home-lovin' things, a toad beats everythin' else to a frazzle. Mostly everythin' else will on occasion wander a little way from its domocile, but a toad—not him. He sticks right to home and lets on he's happy whether he is or not. And I reckon he is purty happy, too, 'cause he never frowns at his wife nor scolds his children as I've heerd on.

He never gets the idea that there's



a better huntin'-ground somewhere else; so long as there are enough flies and fish-worms right on his home lot he's sure happy and contented.

Without wishin' to hint that in many respects the toad shows that he's endowed with more genuine good sense than a human, I will say, that lots of us could hew a leetle closer to the example he sets without in any way warpin' our marvelous judgment. Restlessness is bound to breed disatisfaction and there's no gettin' 'round the fact that the home-stayer is the happy man arter all.

If we wanter get the receipt for all-round, genuine happiness, we should keep our optics glued to the toad.

Open at Both Ends

A Devonshire lady once sent to her son a pair of trousers by post, which is, of course, cheaper than parcel post.

The postal officials wrote to her, "Clothes cannot be sent by book post If you will refer to the 'Post Office Guide' you will see under what conditions articles may be sent by book post."

"After a few days the lady replied. "I have looked in the 'Post Office Guide' and find that articles which are open at both ends may be sent by book post. And if trousers are not open at both ends I should like to know what is."

He Deserved It

The dandy sauntered into the village shop and asked, with an offensively supercilious air:

"Do you sell puppy biscuits in this rotten little shop?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," said the shopman, suavely. "Shall I put them in a bag for you to take home, or will you eat them here?"

Still Hanging Around

"Who's that?"

"That's Freddie Firefly, an old flame of mine."

A True Socialist

An amusing story is told of a Devonshire man who invited a Socialist to visit his estate and see what he had done for the villagers.

As they drove about the men touched their hats and the boys and girls "bobbed" and curtsied.

Soon they passed a man smoking his pipe, who took no notice of the squire.

"Ah!" said the Socialist. "That's the sort of man for me. No bowing and scraping."

"No," replied the squire; "that's the village idiot."

And so he was.

The Marvels of Nature

The stage-drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist, who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs, inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Oh, yes, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded."

Very Curious

Sandy came to Canada from a Highland village where the "post office" is included in a little general shop that sells, not only stamps, but bacon, and practically everything else you can think of.

The first day Sandy reached Montreal he walked into the post office there, and asked doubtfully:

"Will this be the post affice?"

"Yes," he was told.

"Funny post affice funny postaffice," said Sandy. "No hams!"

THE BIG STORE

Christmas Suggestions

The Season of Remembrances is due once again, when the many anticipations of joy and gladness is made more real by the Xmas gifts received. We have laid out for your inspection, on our counters and in our cases, many suggestive and suitable gifts for the Season.

Appropriate Remembrances for the Ladies:

Ladies' crepe de chene waists in shades of pink, maize, white and cream. Price $4.95 and $5.95.
Ladies' striped silk Waists, a rich beautiful quality, white and green, $6.75.
Ladies' white Japanese silk Waists, good quality, splendid washing silk, Prices $2.75 and $3.50.
Ladies white silk Corset Covers. Price $2.25
Ladies' white silk and lace Corset Covers. Price $1.75.
Ladies' Silk Mufflers, most desirable as a Xmas gift, $2.25 up.
Ladies' Umbrellas, smart handles, most acceptable, prices from $2.50.
Ladies' Collars, a very wide range at prices to meet every purse. Prices from 25¢ to $1.50.
Ladies' Boudoir Caps, a real smart assortment, from 75¢.
Ladies' beautifully embroidered Aprons, $1.00 each.
Ladies' Felt Slippers, warm and comfy, prices $1.25 to $2.50.
Ladies' fancy Handkerchiefs, from 15¢ to $1.00 each.
Ladies' silk fibre and silk sweater Coats, prices $7.95 to $20.00.
A select assortment of Cut Glass in the newest designs and at prices which will meet your approval.

Suitable Gifts for Gentlemen:

Gentlemen's new and up-to-date Ties, price 65¢ to $1.50 each.
" Armlets, in sets, from 35¢ to 75¢.
" Sox in fancy designs, prices 50c. to 75c. a pair.
" Sweater Coats, prices from $2.95 to $10.00.
" Fancy Shirts, prices from $1.25 to $2.00.
" Valises and Suitcases, prices from $2.50 to $9.75.
" Pullman Slippers, price $1.50 to $2.50.
" Silk Mufflers, price $2.95 to $4.00.
" Fancy Caps, price 75c. to $1.50.
" Fobs and Cuff Link Sets, a smart assortment.

We have a large stock of Practical Gifts for Boys and Girls which will be most acceptable.

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"As far as loving thoughts, careful consideration and an abundance of gifts can make it, this Christmas will be a merry one for our gallant boys in France.

There is one thing, however, that might be lacking to complete their pleasure, ready money, and this may now be sent in a very convenient form, thanks to the foresight of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, which has obtained a supply of French Bank Notes for this particular purpose.

These notes may be enclosed in your Christmas letter to "your boy" at the front; not as a remittance, but merely as an additional Christmas remembrance."

These five franc notes are current in the Republic and consequently represent actual cash which can be used anywhere in France; they may be furnished at the Cumberland branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

FOR SALE
Good sound horse, rubber tired buggy and harness, ($100.00 complete). Phone 91R Courtenay.

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Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening 7.30.
Choir Practice, Thursday evening 7.30.
Pastor, Rev. Jas. Hood.

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FOR SALE.—
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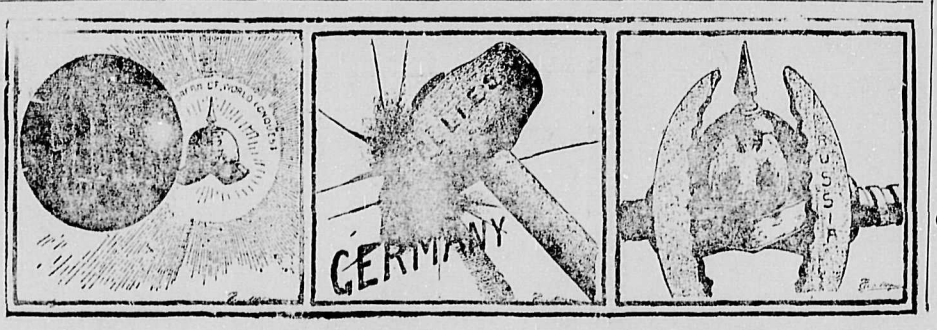

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