Section One

# The Express

Pages 1 to 8

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## WHAT HAS HAPPENED ON CHRISTMAS DAY

How many know that Christmas day was first celebrated in the year 98, although not as a Christian festival until forty years after that date? It was not until the fifth century that it was permanently celebrated on December 25th. Many interesting events have occurred on Christmas, and many traditions cling to that day. They make entertaining and instructive reading for old and young alike, so a few are jotted down here as we linger over the "walnuts and wine."

When Christmas comes on Sunday it is considered a most lucky day. It means a good winter and an unusually fine summer. Should a child be born on a Christmas Sunday it will be favored by good fortune all its life.

Two notable coronations occurred on Christmas day—that of Charlemagne as emperor of the west in the year 800 and that of William the Conqueror at Westminster Abbey in 1066. Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was baptized on Christmas day, 496.

The pilgrims, who condemned all church festivals, spent their first Christmas in America working hard all day long amid cold and stormy weather and commenced the building of the first house in Plymouth, 1620.

It is a significant fact that no great battles have occurred on Christmas day. They have occurred on the 24th and the 26th of December, but the anniversary of the advent of peace on earth has ever been observed by a cessation of hostilities. A notable exception, however, is that of the battle of Okeechobee, Fla., in which Zachary Taylor defeated the Indians in 1837.

On Christmas day of 1861 President Lincoln and his cabinet met and decided to comply with the demand of Great Britain for the release of Mason and Slidell, who had been captured while on their way to England and France as representatives of the confederacy.

In 1868 President Johnson made Christmas day memorable by issuing a proclamation granting full pardon to every one who had taken part in the rebellion.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose grand discovery of the law of gravitation resulted from the simple fact of seeing an apple fall to the ground, was born on Christmas day, 1642.

William the Conqueror was crowned king of England, Christmas, 1066.

Christmas night, 1776, Washington crossed the Delaware, fought the battle of Trenton the next day and defeated the British.

King John of England was born Christmas day, 1166.

Christmas day begins in the middle of the Pacific ocean on the one hundred and eightieth parallel of latitude, and there is where Santa Claus starts and ends his great and only journey of the year.

In Russia Christmas day comes on January 6th, for its calendar is the old style. Santa Claus in that country is pictured and thought to be by the children an old fellow very much like a bearded peasant, who flies around with a small pack on his back, his team a span of small horses.

Bees in southern countries are believed to sing in honor of Christ's coming. Reverence for the manger is shown by the cattle, which kneel on Christmas eve, while sheep in pastoral regions, according to the shepherd's tales, march in procession to commemorate the visit of the angel herds.

In the rural districts of England if a cock should crow during the stillness of a December night one might hear a peasant say, "He is scaring away the evil spirits from the Christmas holy day."

In Austria and parts of northern Germany food is prepared with greatest delicacy on Christmas eve and placed upon tables in order that the Virgin Mary and the angel, in passing during the night, may not be compelled to fast. A light placed in a window in order that the Christ child, in traversing the streets, may not fail.

Countrymen in Poland assert that upon Christmas night the heavens open and the scene of Jacob's ladder is re-enacted. To the saints alone, however, is it visible.

### CHRISTMAS

Though doubters doubt and scoffers scoff,
And peace on earth seems still far off:
Though learned doctors think they know
The gospel stories are not so;
Though greedy man is greedy still
And competition chokes good-will,
While rich men sigh and poor men fret;
Dear me! we can't spare Christmas yet!
Time may do better—maybe not;
Meanwhile lets keep the day we've got.

Come to us, Christmas, good old day,
Soften us, cheer us, say your say
To hearts which thrift, too eager keeps
In bonds, while fellow-feeling sleeps.
Good Christmas, whom our children love.
We love you, too! Lift us above
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!
Open our hands and stir the fires
Of helpful fellowship within us,
And back to love and kindness win us!

Edward Sanford Martin

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY IN AMERICA

The first American observance of Christmas day was far from a merry one. It was spent by Columbus and his ship's company among scenes of peril, disorder and excitement consequent upon the greatest disaster which had befallen the expedition. On Christmas eve the admiral's flagship, the Santa Maria, which had so stoutly plowed unknown seas since that distant September day when she dropped astern the outermost Canary Island, laid her clumsy Spanish bones to rest off the coast of what is now Haiti. Her crew spent the following day, Christmas, partly on the Haitian shore and partly on her consort, the tiny caravel Nina.

The story of the disaster and the day may be told in this wise:

Sailing from the Tortugan roadstead, the flagship squared away for the coast of Haiti and entered upon her closing days.

In the morning watch of the 24th, the day following their return, Columbus gave orders that the expedition should start for Guacanagari's capital. The yards of the two craft were triced away, and a start was made in a light wind that blew almost dead ahead.

A strong current was sweeping the ship quickly along. Directly in her path was a sand bank, on which the breakers swept with a roar which open ears could have heard a mile away, but which now sounded no warning to any on board. Suddenly the Santa Maria's keel grated heavily for some moments on the submerged sand, and then she struck violently and lurched to one side with a strain which sprung her masts.

"Jesu Maria!" he exclaimed. "We have grounded!"

Christmas morning dawned on a scene of singular interest. Our fancy likes to range back through four centuries to the new world's first Christmas and that remote and otherwise insignificant sand spit in the Caribbean, to that forgotten picture in which the devout children of holy mother church and the loyal subjects of their most Catholic majesties of Castile, Aragon and Leon toiled in thankful fellowship with the generous savages whom they had regarded as heathen. To seaward of the stranded vessel lay the caravel Nina and a small flotilla of canoes. Around floated spars, casks, coops and general wreckage. It had for some hours been evident that the ship was doomed to lay her bones to rest in Davy Jones' locker, and the admiral, with the coming of daylight, began to transfer to the Nina what was left of her provisions. In this work the cacique and his younger brother directly assisted him.

Toward noon the Spaniards discontinued work. For almost eighteen hours they had labored with scarcely an intermission and nature could stand no more. Their immediate prospects were as bright as they could reasonably hope for, as the more portable provisions and stores had been transported to the Santa Maria's consort. They now determined to rest until the cool of the day, when they should resume work. On coming to this decision they rowed to the shore and, in accordance with their custom, erected a cross on the highest point within convenient distance. This done, the yellow banner of the Spanish kingdoms, with its castles and lions, was displayed, and mass was celebrated in honor of the anniversary. Toward nightfall the work of transferring was taken up, but so great had been the moral and physical strain on the crews that it was soon judged best to await the ensuing morning, and after a vesper chant all hands, save a small watch turned in, some on the shore and some aboard the Nina. Thus ended Columbus' Christmas in the year of discovery, 1492.

* * * * *

### SANTA CLAUS AS OTHER TONGUES PRONOUNCE IT

Germany—St. Nicholas, Kriss Kringle; Holland—Sunder Klass, Sint Nicalaah, Sinter Klaas; Switzerland—Samiklaus; Heligoland—Sonner Klas; Voralberg—Zemmnklas; Alsace-Lorraine—Nnecht Duprecht; France—Le bon papa, le bon de Noel, petit Noel; Austria—Nikio or Nigio; Russia—Elka (fir tree); Italy—Babbino; Poland—Giviazka (little star); Scandinavia—Kristine; Bohemia—Jericek; Denmark—Julenissen; Ireland—Niamb Nicklause.

# THE MISTLETOE.

THE hanging of the mistletoe at this coming Christmastide invites the usual tour across the mystic, musty pages of the past. This branch of the holiday's decoration treasures within it sweets that to the young people are most tempting. It was the same ten centuries ago, and so it will be for centuries to come.

While their ladyships were waiting
And their lordships were debating
There were other genuflections going on
It is hardly worth while stating
That acoustic osculating
Baptized that British Christmas before dawn.

The sacredness of the mistletoe has always been respected, particularly by the Britons and the Scandinavians. It was a part of the religion of the druids, and they regarded it with the utmost veneration, but restricted their worship of it to the plant when found growing on the oak. The oak was the favorite tree of their divinity. Tutane, which the books say appears to have been the same as the Phoenician god Baal, or the sun, was prayed to under different names by the early pagans. At the period of the winter solstice, which was about Christmas time, a great festival was celebrated in honor of Tutane. When this anniversary arrived the Britons, accompanied by their priests, the druids, went forth with glorious pomp and jollity to gather the mistletoe, which they believed to possess wonderful curative powers. With them they took two white bulls and sometimes human beings to be sacrificed.

Upon finding the oak with the mistletoe clinging to it the chief druid, clad in white, the emblem of purity, ascended the tree and with a golden knife cut the vine. As it fell it was caught in the folds of the robe of another priest. Then the bulls and sometimes the humans were offered to Tutane, and various festivities followed. The mistletoe thus gathered was cut into small portions and distributed among the people, who hung it over the entrances to their dwellings to notify the sylvan deities that they were welcome to shelter during the season of frost and cold.

These rites were retained throughout the Roman dominion in Britain and for a long while under the Jules, Saxons and Angles.

The most beautiful legend regarding the mistletoe and the one from which it derives its mystic powers is of Scandinavian origin. Balder, the god of poetry and eloquence and second son of Odin and Freja, had a dream in which it was intimated that he would be killed in battle. He communicated this to his mother, who, to prevent the fulfillment of the dream, exacted a promise from all the animals and plants and obtained an oath from them that they would do Balder no hurt. With his invulnerability assured, as he thought, he entered the combats of the gods and was very successful in slaying all who came forward to engage him. They struck him with their arrows, but he plucked them out and derided his antagonists as they fell mortally wounded before him.

It was about time for Loke, his arch enemy, to challenge him or suffer the ignominy of cowardice, but Loke was a schemer.

He disguised himself as an old woman and, determining to discover the secret of Balder's immunity from death, called upon Freja. He addressed the mother with complimentary remarks upon the valor and good fortune of her son, and the goddess replied that her son was safe from harm, as all the productions of the world had sworn not to injure him. Loke was very much discouraged and was about to go away when Freja added that there was one plant she did not conjure because of its insignificance. With well feigned indifference Loke inquired the name of it, and Freja said it was the mistletoe.

The designing Loke procured a shoot of the mistletoe, made an arrow of it and then sought the assembly of the gods. There he met the blind Heda and concluded that the humiliation of Balder's family would be more complete if Balder should be killed by a sightless god. So he asked Heda, "Why do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?" Heda replied that he was blind and unsupplied with arrows, whereupon Loke gave him the mistletoe arrow and said, "Balder is in front of thee." Heda shot, and Balder fell pierced and slain.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Careless of Her.

"You look annoyed. What's the matter?"

"Bertha told me a secret the other day and I can't tell you what it is."

"Why not?"

"I've forgotten it."

### Lacking In Experience.

Maude—What is the luckiest day to be born on?

Claude—Don't know. Only tried one.—Illustrated Bits.

### Crowded London.

There are 900,000 Londoners who are living two or more in a room, while there are 26,000 who are crowded six into a room.

### Mostly Women.

According to the official return, no fewer than 42,676 of the 60,508 old-age pensioners in the County of London are women

"Under the Mistletoe!"

### CHRISTMAS REUNIONS

How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life are on this day reunited and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good will which is a source of such pure and unhallowed delight and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations and the rude traditions of the roughest savages alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence provided for the blest! and happy! How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken!—Charles Dickens.

# GAMES

HAVE you ever played "telegrams?" It is a game for a crowd of young or old, or both. Not a very deep or intricate game, nor yet a particularly elevating one, but, nevertheless, full of jolly, mirth provoking qualities and just the thing for your holiday party.

To carry out the idea properly slips of yellow paper should be handed to each participant and pencils provided for them. Each one is to write thirteen different letters at the top of their slip—that is, any thirteen from the alphabetical twenty-six, but without repetition.

For instance, one might write B, G, K, L, M, T, E, W, C, S, H, O, R.

Another A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, and so on

The slips are then to be passed along to right hand neighbors, who must make an understandable telegram of thirteen words, using the characters at the top of the slips handed them for the first letter of each word. To thoroughly illustrate, take the first example given above. Here is a specimen "telegram" from it:

"Better go Kingston late Monday. Try express Willie candy soldier. Hope orders rushing."

Note the fragmentary sentences, such as are generally employed in correspondence of this sort. The possibilities for good humored fun in the compiling of "telegrams" among a crowd of friends are endless. But, of course, they cannot be satisfactorily illustrated in public print. As in any similar game, care should be exercised in not becoming dangerously personal.

At first glance the second example of letters as given above (the first thirteen in our alphabet) might seem to be difficult of extension. But such is not the case in the wide latitude of sense (and nonsense) allowable in the game. For instance, here is only one way out of the thousands in which it can be quickly written.

Upon completion the "telegrams" are gathered up in a basket and read aloud, either by a disinterested party or somebody selected from among the players themselves.

The only way to appreciate the game of "telegram" is to try it.

## A CHRISTMAS EVE GAME.

**The Woodseller Affords Pleasant Entertainment For Holiday Party.**

A very amusing Christmas game is the woodseller, and it is capable of several variations, including the ever popular forfeits. Any number of persons may join in the game.

The person who starts the game writes the name of some kind of wood on a paper and folds the paper so that no one can see the word written upon it. He then goes around, all the rest of the players being seated, and says:

"I have a load of wood to sell."

Each person in turn asks:

"What kind?"

The answer is:

"Find out."

Then the person mentions one kind, and if it happens to be the wrong one, the woodseller goes to the next, and so on, until it is finally guessed right. When the right one is named, the one naming it becomes woodseller.

All who make mistakes must pay a forfeit, to be redeemed at the end of the game. Those who name a wood twice pay. The list of woods is a long one, but the best known ones are the very ones that the players are most apt to overlook in naming them. A clever person can make much fun by the manner of calling out his wares and another by witty rejoinders.

### THE TREE.

You don't dig it up.
You don't hew it down.
You don't roam the forest.
You simply go forth and buy it.
And that's an easy matter nowadays.
There's only one thing needful, and that's cash.
The tree may be purchased prosaically of one's grocer.
More venturesome souls trolley or motor to some freight yard, choosing from original packages.
Yet others literally "shop" for them and when at last their choice is made bear them off in their motors or on their backs or engage an expressman.—Philadelphia Record.


# JAMES STARK AND SONS LIMITED

## HASTINGS ST. WEST
### BETWEEN ABBOTT AND CARRALL

There is scarcely a thought of Christmas giving that does not find expression in this popular store. The crowded cases and fixtures are glowing witnesses to this fact. They are literally crammed with every conceivable requirement for this season of the year. Every department is displaying something for Christmas, either of a novel or useful nature that will appeal to all who are seeking for suitable gifts. Pay this store a visit when next you are over in Vancouver. It will repay you. SHOP EARLY.

### Ormulu, Gold and Silver-Plated Novelties

Jewel cases, trays, candle sticks, hat pin holders, pin cushions, and a host of other pretty novelties for Christmas gifts moderately priced 35c and 75c —Main Floor.

### Community and Reliance Silver-Plated Cutlery

We carry a full line of this popular make of Silver Plated Cutlery in Cabinets, Sets or individual articles. Would make excellent Christmas Gifts. —Main Floor.

### High-Grade Furs for Christmas Gifts

In buying furs for Christmas Gifts you cannot do better than by coming to this store. All our Furs are made in accordance with the present-day fashion and only the very best skins obtainable are used. The prices are the lowest possible.

A few descriptions follow:—

Handsome large Mink Cape of fifteen natural dark skins, trimmed with tails and paws, lined with fawn silk moire. Price .....$200.00

Fine quality dark Canadian Mink, made in square effect back and front. All finished with heads and tails. Lined in brown satin. Price .....$130.00

Large barrel shaped Muff of five dark Canadian Mink skins, finished with heads and lined with brown satin. Price.....$140.00

Large Boulster Muff of fine Canadian Mink. Four large skins trimmed with tails and paws, lined with brown messaline silk. Price $98.50

Hudson Seal Muff in large Boulster shape. Plain style, lined with grey satin. Price .....$30.00

A full range of medium priced Furs from $20.00 to $55.00.

—THIRD FLOOR

### Christmas Umbrellas with Detachable Handles

We can sell you one that will wear. The qualities are superb and you can have your choice of several hundred detachable handles that comprise the most beautiful range in Vancouver. The Umbrellas are priced from $2.00 to $6.75.

Men's handles, in plain or fancy styles, from 50c up to $5.00.

Women's handles, in plain, Directoire or mounted styles, from 50c to $12.50.

—MAIN FLOOR

### New Irish Crochet Collars and Novelties

A wonderful collection of new Irish crochet, cluny and silk maltese lace novelties, any of which would make a most acceptable gift for the ladies this Christmas. They are hand worked in most beautiful designs by experts. Each from $2.25 up to $12.50.

### New Jewellery Novelties

An immense express shipment just arrived of the inexpensive sorts, but the styles are right up to the minute.

New Bracelets, representing every new fad; plain, chased or stone set .....98c to $4.98

New Lockets, Hearts, round or oblong effects in profusion. .....$1.69 to $4.98

New Vanity Boxes, Mesh Purses, Silver Card Cases and various silver novelties; many original effects.....75c to $4.00

New Earrings; for unpierced ears .....75c to $4.50

New Gilt and Silver Purses; a lot of dainty novelty shapes; with or without long chains; .....25c to $3.98

—MAIN FLOOR

### "Toys," "Toys," "Toys" a Wonderful Collection

A greater variety of toys than are to be found at this store would be hard to find. There are thousands of them for you to select from. Mechanical toys, that are both amusing and instructive; dolls that walk, talk or sleep; horses, wheel goods, soldiers, Noah's arks, and a large assortment of other toys too numerous to mention. We would particularly draw your attention to the new toy (Trippel Trappel), otherwise animals of every description that have a lead attached and which walk in a very natural manner. This toy is the latest invention direct from Germany. Another new toy is the money making machine, which turns out dollar bills while you wait—a really wonderful novelty. No matter what your boy or girl may fancy, we have it here. Come and inspect our stock—it will amuse both the grown ups and the little ones.

### Women's Handbags Christmas Display

Our bag stock is brimful of this season's newest things and priced right, too.

GERMAN SILVER BAGS—In small sizes for coins or in large 8-inch ones. Price from 25c up to $17.50

LEATHER HAND BAGS—You will find English, German, American and Canadian made bags in wonderful assortments and in every color and kind of leather with neat plain or elaborately decorated frames. Priced from .....98c up to $30.00

—MAIN FLOOR

### Christmas Neckwear in Great Variety

A tremendous assortment of the season's very latest things in Neckwear for women has just arrived by express. Included are Bows, Stock Collars, Jabots, Robespierre and fancy effects. Each one in a dainty gift box. Priced from....35c up to $8.75

—MAIN FLOOR

### Art Needlework Christmas Novelties

Now is the time to buy fancy novelties so suitable for Christmas gifts. We are showing a great variety including tie racks, handkerchief cases, glove cases, pin cushions, hat pin holders, whisk holders, spool racks, collar bags, pipe racks and a large assortment of other novelties too numerous to mention. Moderately priced from ....25c up to $4.50

—FIRST FLOOR

### New Tailored Waists for Christmas Gifts

Just in, a large shipment of new tailored waists, suitable for Christmas gifts in plain shirtwaist styles, made of linenette and pure linen. The linens are hand-embroidered in a variety of neat designs, fancy pearl buttons; several different styles to choose from. In all sizes from 34 to 46. Moderately priced from

$2.50 up to $5.00

—THIRD FLOOR

### Christmas Ribbons Exceptional Values

Thousands of yards of beautiful new ribbons for your Christmas fancy work in every desirable shade. Dainty holly ribbons in bolts of 5 yards. Per bolt .....15c

Silk taffeta ribbon, ¼-inch wide, in bolts of 12 yards. Each .....10c

Silk taffeta ribbon, ½-inch wide, in bolts of 12 yards for .....25c

Silk taffeta ribbon, 1¼ inches wide. Per yard .....5c

Silk taffeta ribbon, 2½ inches wide. Per yard .....10c

Silk taffeta ribbon, 5 inches wide. Per yard .....15c

—MAIN FLOOR

### Christmas Novelties from Staple Section

Every corner of our staple section is brimful of choice novelties, suitable for Christmas gifts. For instance—

Bedspreads, embroidered, all-over and hemstitched on union linen; size 76x96; each .....$6.50

Combination set, including linen bedspread with insertion and edging of torchon lace, two shams and one runner to match. A choice gift; the set for .....$16.50

Imported Battenberg sideboard scarves each .....$1.75

145 heavy embroidered centrepieces and scarves; sizes 20x30 and 18x64; each only .....95c

300 choice cluny lace centrepieces, hand-made Madeira embroidered sideboard scarves and table centres, imported from the world's most reliable sources, priced far beyow the usual. Each from $4.50 up to $18.75

Doylies to match in Maderia, embroidered or cluny lace.

—MAIN FLOOR

### New Brassware a Christmas Suggestion

Scores of different things to choose from—Jardinieres, Vases, Fern Pots, Writing Sets, Smokers' Sets, Trays, Candlesticks, Tea Pots, Finger Bowls, Etc., Etc. Any of these would make a Christmas gift that is both useful and ornamental to any home. Enticingly priced at from...15c up to $12.50

—FIRST FLOOR

### Men's Furnishings Christmas Suggestions

We have searched the world's markets and imported direct everything that we thought would make the most acceptable gifts for men this Christmas. Here you will find neckwear in all the latest styles and colorings. Individual suspenders or in set of suspenders, armlets and garters, handkerchiefs and many other lines, all of them in dainty gift boxes, priced at

50c, 75c and $1

—MAIN FLOOR

### Made Up Cushions for Christmas Gifts

These cushions are complete—made of best quality figured satins, velvets, repps and linens, finished with silk frills or cords. Exceptional values at from .....$1.25 up to $2.75

—FIRST FLOOR

### Hearth Rugs for Xmas Gifts

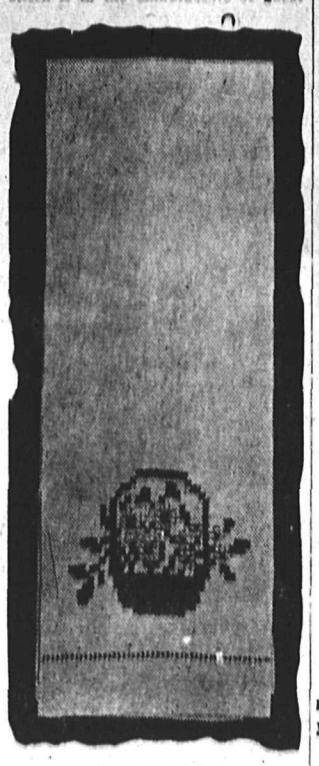
The elegant range of hearth rugs shown in our fourth floor department makes buying a pleasure, enabling your making a satisfactory choice of a rug for the fireside, hall or archway, that will both save the carpets and brighten the rooms. Complete variety in Wilton rugs, Mohair rugs, Axminster rugs, Smyrna rugs, Tufted rugs, at from $1.00 up to, each.....$12.50

—FOURTH FLOOR

# FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

## Old Fashioned Cross Stitch Used For Making Charming Gifts.

The recent revival of cross stitch for needlework goes merrily on, and not the least attractive and useful means of employing this old fashioned stitch is in the manufacture of guest



GUEST TOWEL IN CROSS STITCH.

towels for Christmas presents. The illustration shows a very dainty model with quaint basket design carried out in dull blues, tans and pink. A fancy work bag in creamy linen with little flowers of cross stitch across the lower end of it for a border and the owner's initials in cross stitch above would be an appreciative gift for the housewife.

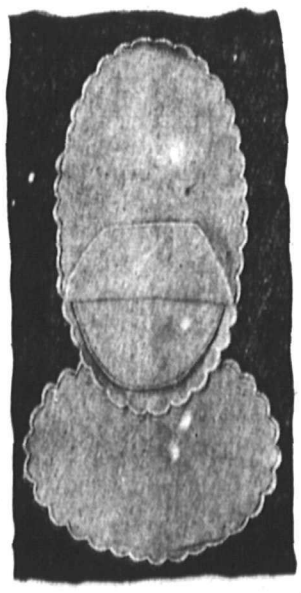
### Not a White Elephant Gift.

One of the most useful presents for a busy woman is a simple mending bag. A more elaborate present may become a "white elephant," where an everyday necessity of this kind will prove its worth repeatedly. A useful gift for a busy mistress of a household is that of a cretonne pocket, suspended from a folding wooden frame, after the manner of a camp stool. The frame can always be procured easily and only requires sufficient cretonne of a dainty pattern to form the nucleus of an eminently serviceable sewing kit. When not in use it can be folded up and placed in a corner, while it has a distinct advantage over the ordinary sewing bag, in that when the frame is extended the whole of the contents are visible at once.

The cretonne should be gauged on to the frame, with a heading of about an inch extending above the rods, while inner pockets for the sewing addenda can be added to suit individual taste. The round or square wooden boxes in which crystallized fruits are bought can be transformed into things of beauty, with the help of a yard or so of cretonne. Very fine cretonne should be used, and this should be pasted on the box.

### An Extremely Useful Offering.

The housewife who is careful of her handsome mahogany dining table will be charmed to receive on Christmas morning a set of linen table mats. The number is only limited by the



LINEN TABLE MATS.

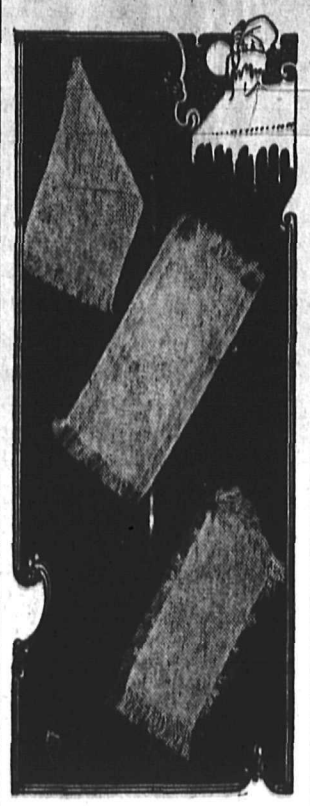
donor's generosity, but as a rule the set consists of a large mat for the meat platter and four of the protectors for use under vegetable dishes.

To make these mats two pieces of heavy white linen are required for each pad, which is buttonholed together except at one end, where an opening is left in which to slip asbestos mats cut a trifle smaller than the outer linen covering. The difference in size of the linen and the asbestos mats is employed to form a border, which in turn is outlined with a row of machine stitching.

These mats may be of colored linen, but white is a safer choice unless one knows the color scheme most affected by the person to whom the present is to be given.

### Short Lengths of This Make Attractive Holiday Remembrances.

Very dainty powder rags may be made of short lengths of Dresden ribbon fringed at the ends. A bit of chamois is stitched to the under side of the ribbon, and it is with this the powder is put on. Such toilet accessories will be much appreciated by most wo-



RIBBON POWDER BAGS.

men and are gifts that are inexpensive yet useful.

Two bits of fancy ribbon thus fringed may be stitched together to make sachet covers.

The dainty colorings and charming varieties in these Dresden ribbons suggest numerous uses for such odds and ends at the Christmas season.

Such a simple thing as a package of good pins can be placed in an attractive holder. Take a piece of ribbon five inches wide, fold it in half and then fold the edges back on themselves. Make this case a little longer than the paper of pins. Fasten the edges at the corners after fringing them and place a bow of narrow ribbon at each end, allowing for a short ribbon handle. This can be made to match the bureau trimmings and can be hung at the side within convenient reach.

## MERE MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

### The Offerings That Women Friends May Prepare For Him.

In selecting a gift for a man a girl is limited to articles for his desk, sofa cushions, calendars and bits of embroidery.

A man will like this attractive case for brushes, which is made of very

BRUSH CASE.

wide ribbon in a novel blue and white and pale green figured design. It is lined with green china silk and is fitted with separate compartments for the different brushes. The back of the case may be made over a frame of cardboard, while the front can be stiffened with canvas. A narrow dark blue and gilt braid ornaments the edge, binds the two sections of the case together and gives body to the flaring bow of ribbon along whose face it is run.

Do not forget a round bag for collars. A circular disk of stiff cardboard six inches in diameter can be cut and covered with linen. Measure off a strip six inches wide and as long as the circumference of the circle. Sketch some simple design on it, repeating the motifs three times and embroider.

Attach rings to the upper edge and whip on the straight piece after joining at the straight edges. Run ribbon through the rings.

### Last Minute Giving.

The only Christmas spirit evolved by last minute preparation is a cynical disgust for a holiday that should be attractive. It is like a worker who says she can work only under pressure. Before long she and the work suffer.

### The Christmas List.

Do not think of Christmas giving as compulsory. Examine your list carefully and blue pencil each name that is not necessary. The instant a Christmas gift becomes a burden it is as poison to the Christmas spirit.

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS

## Charming Presents That Cost Little in Time or Money.

Any pretty trifle made to contain pins makes an acceptable gift for Christmas. A traveling convenience that is as useful at home as abroad is made after the manner of the old time needlebook that rolled up. The foundation of it is a strip of ribbon or silk—morocco and chamois can also be used, likewise canvas—about six inches wide and twenty inches long. Lay this flat on the cutting board and cover it with two thicknesses of cotton batting. Put a layer of coarse white flannel next to this and then one of coarse holed white net. Bind the edges neatly together with a satin ribbon matching the outside of the convenience, and then turn up four or five inches of the bottom of the strip and tack the ends to form a pocket. About five inches from the top put a plump pincushion with corners reaching to the strip edges. Have this an inch and a half deep and stick it full of varicolored pins—blue, green, red, pink, white and the ordinary sorts. They will look best if stuck in in some ornamental manner. In the space above the cushion put black and white safety pins in several sizes.

### A Neckwear Gift.

If you are in a hurry to get together a very presentable last minute gift take a look into your lacebox and rescue a few bits of lace and net, then

NET JABOT.

set to work on a stock collar and jabot like the one seen in the illustration. A wide piece of fillet lace forms the high collar, which is edged at the top with folds of malines and black velvet.

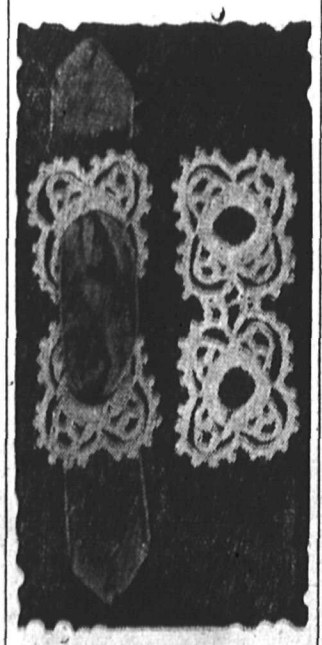
The "fall" is of gathered malines in two layers, each one trimmed with insertion matching that used for the collar. A pump bow of black velvet finishes the pretty gift.

### An Easy to Make Jacket.

A combing jacket is something any woman would appreciate, especially if it is as pretty as some of those the shops are showing. The dainty things in the big stores are all but absolutely shapeless, two perfectly straight breadths being used to form a sort of jaunty kimono sack, with pointed back and front. The two lengths have the ends cut bias, this shaping making the front and rear points, and the sleeves are made by catching the breadth edge to edge under the arm. White flannel combing jackets are pretty with blue or pink satin ribbon bindings.

### Make a Crochet Buckle.

The girl who crochets can turn out in a few hours several of the crocheted buckles like the dainty one pictured.



CROCHET BUCKLE.

Mercerized white cotton of a rather coarse number is used. Velvet ribbon is looped through the buckle with charming effect.


# TO THE XMAS GIFT BUYERS

of North Vancouver we extend an invitation to view a rare showing of Valuable CHRISTMAS GIFTS. A hint of the showing is contained in the following:

## Silver Gifts

A long list embracing Souvenir Spoons, Bon Bon Dishes, Napkin Rings, Fruit Dishes.

## Holiday Watch Showing

Our fine collection embraces Howard, Waltham and Elgin, in solid gold and gold-filled cases. Our new stock of Howard Watches make a fine line of Xmas gifts.

## Gifts for Men

A rare gathering of useful, dignified gifts for men including Watch Fobs, Scarf Pins, Signet Rings and Cuff Links, etc.

## Cut Glass

Our display includes Choice pieces such as Fern Dishes, Vases, Comports, Bon Bon Dishes, Water Sets and Fruit Bowls.

## Jewellery for Milady

No other store hereabouts shows a finer collection of Jewellery that is more appropriate for Christmas giving and in perfect good taste. It includes: Bracelets, Rings, Lockets, Brooches, Pendants, Watch Fobs, Etc.

## Clocks

Our stock of Mantel, Chime, Parlor and Bedroom Clocks is complete.

Our low expenses enable us to sell much cheaper than other stores which have high rent to pay.

Try us for engraving. Our work is artistic and accurately done on the premises.

We have had long experience in railroad time inspecting so can give you entire satisfaction in watch repairing.

# George Somerton

**JEWELLER and SILVERSMITH**

**Recently opened 143 Lonsdale Ave., North Vancouver, B. C.**

# Xmas Greetings to Our Clients

"P. G. E."
"Pleasant Greetings Everyone"
"C. P. R."
"Christmas Presents Rejoice You"
"H. S. & P."
"Health, Strength and Prosperity"
"Is our earnest wish for thee"

## Green & Walsh

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE

104 2nd St. E., North Vancouver

WITHOUT its plum pudding Christmas would not seem Christmas in many households.

Tradition has much to do with the partiality to a pudding of this sort for Christmas, and, whether it is handed in by a neat maid in cap and apron, by a stately butler in livery or by the unpretentious housewife herself, it should not appear on the table until it is time to serve it.

Place the pudding on a generous platter, decorate it with bits of holly and dress with a good sauce, which should be in a separate dish.

As the pudding improves with age, it may, like fruit cake, be prepared in advance.

To keep it fresh until Christmas wrap in oiled paper and keep in a tin which has a tight fitting lid.

Then the pudding need only be warmed up when sent to the table.

### How to Make the Pudding.

If you intend to make a boiled pudding see that all molds and basins required are perfectly dry before greasing them and then use good butter for the purpose. Take care that the molds are filled to the top with the mixture and that it is pressed well down. Have clean pudding cloths. Dip them in boiling water and flour them before tying over and allow for swelling.

Let the water be bubbling violently before putting the molds in it. See that the water covers them.

As it evaporates in boiling add more boiling water so as not to check the cooking, which must go on steadily all the time.

Plum puddings properly made and boiled will keep at least a year if hung in a cool, dry place.

### When Baking the Pudding.

If you prefer to bake the pudding take one and a half cupfuls of beef suet free from skin and chopped fine, one and a half cupfuls of raisins stoned, one and a half cupfuls of currants which have been washed and picked over, one cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, four eggs, one cupful of milk, half a cupful of citron cut in very small pieces, a pinch of salt, half a grated nutmeg and one glassful of orange juice.

Put all these ingredients in a deep bowl, adding the eggs just as they drop from the shell, flour and baking powder sifted together and, lastly, the orange juice.

Mix into a batter which should be very short. Pour into cake tins which have been liberally buttered and bake in a steady, even oven for two hours.

Serve with a lemon or vanilla sauce

### English Plum Pudding.

For a rich old fashioned plum pudding take eight eggs, one pound of best butter, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of seeded raisins, one pound of sliced citron, one pint of milk, a small loaf of bread, half a teaspoonful of ground mace, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of salt.

Break the bread in small pieces and crumble it in the milk, add the beaten eggs, the creamed butter, then the fruit well floured. Grease a cloth, put a large plate in the middle of it and heap the pudding on the plate. Then tie it up securely, but leave plenty of room for the pudding to swell. Boil for three hours, adding more water from time to time if necessary.

Serve with a sauce of butter, creamed with sugar and flavored with nutmeg and lemon juice. When ready to serve stick almonds all over the pudding, first blanching the almonds Make a little hole in the top of the pudding and pour half a pint of brandy over it and serve blazing.

### A Cheap Pudding.

What could be more economical than this pudding. Mix together one and a half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of grated suet, one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of cleaned currants or chopped prunes, one cupful of grated carrot, one cupful of grated potato, one-quarter of a cupful of minced orange peel, nutmeg, cinnamon and clove to taste.

To make the sauce beat together one tablespoonful of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one-half cupful of brown sugar. Set on the stove until heated, then turn in hot water, a little at a time, and cook until the consistency required. Add four tablespoonfuls of grape or apple jelly, with spices or flavoring to taste, and serve hot.

## SANTA CLAUS IN THE CITY

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

Copyright, 1912, by American Press Association.

IN days of yore old Santa Claus
Had a delightful time.
The chimneys all were big and wide
Through which he had to climb.
But nowadays our modern ways
Afford him little ease.
When he climbs through our skimpy flues
He has an awful squeeze.

They say he has an ample form,
With girth profound and vast,
And first thing anybody knows
Some day he'll get stuck fast.
But this is not the worst of it,
For how can Santa crawl
Into a modern city flat
That has no flues at all?

His bursting pack upon his back,
He clambers up the walls.
Climbs ladders like a steeplejack,
To make his midnight calls.
And once some city children saw
A roly poly shape
On Christmas eve go past their flat
Upon the fire escape.

With buildings twenty stories high
And flats on every floor,
More girls and boys who want more toys
Than ever were before,
The way poor Santa Claus is worked
Is certainly a shame.
But he is such a good old sport
He never quits the game.

If buildings should grow taller yet
And still more girls and boys
Keep being born, each one to get
A longer list of toys,
I do not know how Santa Claus
Can visit such a mob.
But, I'll be bound, he will be found,
As always, on the job.

### Real Christmas Weather

THE greatest snowstorm in the experience of England began falling Dec. 24, 1836, and continued during Christmas day. The snow in some places reached a depth of forty feet. All travel was blocked. There was no communication, not even between houses, and avalanches buried many people in their dwellings, where they were frozen.

### The Evergreen Boob

Mabel—That nearsighted Mr. Boob actually asked me on Christmas night if the wreath of evergreen in the parlor were mistletoe.

Alice—What did you tell him?

Mabel—Why, what could I? If I told him it was he might try to kiss me, and if I told him it was not he is such a poor sport he wouldn't even take a chance!


## West Vancouver Acreage

The following are below the market price:—

D. L. 1081, N.E.¼ 4.27 acres, $1.400 per Ac. ¼ cash.
D. L. 1082 N.W.¼ 4.75 Acres, $1.400 per Ac. ¼ cash.
D. L. 816, Block 20, 3 Acres, $900 per Ac. 1-3 cash.
D. L. 1100, S.W.¼ 18½ Acres, $800 per Ac. ¼ Cash.

## JOHN ALEXANDER & CO.

121 Lonsdale Avenue, North Vancouver, B. C., and
Cor. Marine Drive and Marr Road, West Vancouver, B. C.

To Succeed in Business YOU MUST Advertise

## HAY, FLOUR AND FEED

POULTRY SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY

Timothy Hay (new)
Clover Hay, (new)
Alfalfa Hay
Crushed Oats,
Oats,
Linseed Meal

B. & K. Chicken Chop,
B. & K Scratch Food
B & K Cracked Corn
Lee's Egg Maker
Lee's Insect Powder
Swift's Beef Scraps

PRICES RIGHT — DELIVERIES PROMPT

THE
Brackman-Ker Milling Co., Ltd.
OFFICE: 116 ESPLANADE, EAST — PHONE 4

## Are You Moving

We do moving of all kinds. Give us a trial. We also have heavy teams by the day—express and baggage, or when you want wood, call or phone 97. We have a large stock of mill wood 12x16 inch lengths. Furnace wood a specialty Prompt deliveries.

NORTH VANCOUVER TRANSFER COMPANY
12 Lonsdale Avenue
Phone 97. Wood C.O.D.

## City Woodyard

FIRST CLASS CORDWOOD

$4.50 PER CORD

Stove wood, 16-in. $3.25 per load, 12-in. $3.50. Prompt delivery. Phone 556, office and yard. Corner 4th and Mahon Ave. t.f.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
364 University St., Montreal.

# XMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

Are easy enough to buy once you know what and where to buy them. That's where we come in; ours is exclusively a Mens' Wear Store. We have been studying and catering to mens' wants for a number of years and can help you a lot when it comes to deciding what to buy. We want you to understand that we guarantee everything we sell. If it isn't good enough to guarantee, it isn't good enough for us nor for our customers. Anything bought for Xmas Gifts will be cheerfully exchanged after Xmas if it does not suit.

HOUSE COATS AND SMOKING JACKETS
$3.50 to $12.00 each

RAIN COATS
$9.00 to $27.50 each

SHIRTS
$1.00 to $4.50 each

BRACES
50c to $1.50 each
In fancy boxes.

TIE CASES
$1.50 each

MUFFLERS
50c to $3.00 each
In fancy boxes.

SUIT CASES AND CLUB BAGS
Plain or fitted with Toilet Articles to $20.00 each

DRESSING GOWNS
$5.00 to $15.00 each

UMBRELLAS
75c to $10.00 each

UNDERWEAR
$1.50 to $6.50 per suit

ARM BANDS
25c to $1.50 each
In fancy boxes.

BRUSH AND COMB BAGS
$1.50 each

SWEATERS AND SWEATER COATS
$1.50 to $7.00 each

CUFF LINKS AND STICK PINS
50c to $2.50
In fancy boxes.

OVERCOATS
$10.00 to $30.00 each

WALKING STICKS
$1.00 to $8.00 each

SOX
25c to 75c pair

GARTERS
35c and 50c
In fancy boxes.

BRACE, GARTER and ARM BAND SETS
$1.00 to $2.50 per set
In fancy boxes.

HANDKERCHIEFS
Silk or Linen initialed or plain.
25c to $1.00 each

SUITS
$10.50 to $30.00 each

HATS
$1.50 to $5.00 each

TIES
25c to $1.00 each
In fancy boxes.

COLLAR BOXES
$1.00 to $2.50 each

SOCK, TIE AND GARTERS
Silk—to match.
$1.50
In fancy boxes.

GLOVES
75c to $2.50 per pair
In fancy boxes.

SHOP EARLY We will serve you just as cheerfully at eleven o'clock Xmas eve as any other time, but it is to your own advantage to pick while the picking is good.

# CHAMBERS The Campbell's Clothing Man

23 HASTINGS ST., EAST, VANCOUVER, B.C.

HAVE YOUR OTHER PARCELS SENT HERE—WE'RE NEAR THE WHARF AND YOU CAN EASILY GET THEM ON THE WAY HOME

Come in and see the goods. That's the real test.


## CHRISTMAS WITH THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

LANDLUBBERS that you are, did you ever reflect that there is a world where Christmas is as meaningless a day as the 24th or 26th of December? Did you ever think far enough beyond the spicy vapors of your own plum pudding to realize that the seafaring folk were living their Christmas day as if they knew naught of its fame? They do know what it means, however, as well as ever do you, but winds lash and waves thump on the 25th as on every other day, and it's a foolish sailorman who counts on turkey or holly berries. The chances are he'll see little of them.

Christmas is disobliging enough to come in the very beginning of the maddest weather, and the weather never gives way one inch. The pilotboat people and the life savers make pathetic little attempts at holding holiday, but ten to one they will be nothing more than attempts. If the sea chooses to make merry in its own way the sea commands and must be obeyed.

The captains of the life saving stations along the beach try each year to celebrate with their men. A turkey is always brought to the headquarters and a good meal prepared around it as a star attraction. But anywhere from drumsticks to nuts and raisins may come the signal from the coast guard. Perhaps a crab fishing boat has capsized; perhaps it is a big ship going down—the result is the same. The Christmas turkey is left to grow cold, the mince pie is forgotten, and it's off to launch the lifeboat and then to the oars and away. Night or day the summons may come. If at night there are a flashing of lights on the beach and a fight, man against storm, in the blackness of the surf.

On the lightship provision is made for a good dinner, but there the pleasure ends. Day and night the ship rides at anchor ten miles off shore. Always the clanging of the fog bell is heard and the lights are watched, and break in the monotony there is none, save for a better bill of fare than usual and an extra glass of grog, then back to the bell and the lights again, and men forget what Christmas celebrated or that it was celebrated at all.

It was during the carving of the last turkey that the bells rang fiercely, for a fog was driving in past the heads, and lights were being enveloped in it. Two new men were among the crew, and they sprang, frightened, away from the table. The old sailors assured them that it was no trouble out of the ordinary, but they could not be induced to come back to the dinner. They are blear now and are laughing at other new men, but their companions have not forgotten to mention the dinner that they missed by gazing shudderingly into a winter fog and expecting the death of themselves or some one else every moment.

Christmas is a lottery to the pilots. No man of them knows when his turn is coming to guide a ship into port, and ships must be guided when it is their captain's will. Some of the pilots may have a snatch of the day at home in the midst of Santa Claus gossip and tin horns and stuffed stockings. Who ever the other pilots may be, they are on the water with a good dinner stowed away awaiting its opportunity, which may or may not come. If a ship is suddenly sighted, then never mind the dinner.

The life on the great steamers and sailing vessels is more systematic, and it is worth while to prepare for as much merriment as the homesickness of empty sea view will permit. There may be a Christmas tree and music and dancing; but, be you a seadog or a landlubber, it's all the same—you would rather be at home over a table that does not roll and spend a good Christian Christmas with all its traditional nonsense.—San Francisco Call.

### Let Father Do It.

Effie—Shall I put on my mackintosh and run out and post this letter, mother?

Mother—No, dear, it's not fit for a dog to be out on a night like this. Let your father post it.—London Opinion.

### Her Fortune Teller.

Mrs. A.—Did you ever go to a fortune teller?

Mrs. B.—Yes, once. Before I was married I went to the probate court to see how much my fiance's father had left him in his will.

### Correct Diagnosis.

Tess—Really, it was a love match.

Jess—Nonsense! He's old enough to be her grandfather. She simply married his money.

Tess—Of course, but you don't doubt that she loves money, do you?

### Cutlery.

"I call 'em the cutlery family."

"Why so?"

"Well, the daughter spoons, the father forks out the money and the mother knifes the other guests."

### His Profession.

"There goes a man whose life is nothing but one long regret."

"Mercy! How sad! What is he?"

"An editor."

### Club 613 Years Old

London.—The Southampton Town Bowling Club yesterday opened its 613th season, a large attendance witnessing the president, Mr. Alan Fincher, bowl the first wood on the ancient green in Queen's Park. The club claims to have been in existence since 1299.

## Christmas Menus

**A PLAIN MEAL.**

Celery Soup.
Roast Pork, Tenderloin.
Apple Sauce.
Turnips in Cream Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.
Celery and Nut Salad.
Frozen Eggnog.
Coffee.

**A DELICIOUS DINNER.**

Blue Points on Half Shell.
Celery. Olives.
Roast Turkey With Oyster Dressing.
Giblet Gravy. Cranberry Jelly.
Candied Yams. Mashed Potatoes.
Pickled Pears and Peaches.
Malaga Salad.
Plum Pudding With Brandy Sauce.
Ice Cream. Cakes.
Nuts and Raisins.
Coffee.

**A ROAST GOOSE SPREAD.**

Soup. Bread Sticks.
Olives. Celery. Salted Peanuts.
Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing, Apple Sauce.
Glazed Sweet Potatoes. Lima Beans in Sauce.
Chicken Croquettes. French Green Peas.
Lettuce. Cheese Straws.
Plum Pudding.
Glace Meringue. Bonbons.
Nuts. Raisins. Fruits.
Crackers. Cheese. Cafe Noir.

**TEMPTING VIANDS.**

Blue Points.
Cream of Chicken.
Boiled Sheep's Head.
Julienne Potato.
Rice Croquettes With Curry.
Roast Duckling.
Mashed Browned Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Mince Pie. Biscuit Tortoni.
Roquefort Cheese and Crackers.
Coffee.

### Bar on Sunday 'Movies'

London.—The Middlesex county council has intimated to all the holders of cinematograph licenses in the county that if they are convicted for opening on Sundays their licenses will be jeopardized.

### Speaker's Daughter Scoutmaster

London.—Miss Mildred Lowther, only daughter of the speaker of the house of commons, is acting as scoutmaster of the Penruddock troop of Boy Scouts in Cumberland.

## BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

**Some Famous People Who First Saw the Light on or About Dec. 25.**

There is some uncertainty about the year and date of the birth of Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross and famous philanthropist, who died this year, more than ninety years old, but it is generally believed that she was born on Christmas day in 1820 or 1821.

Lord John Morley, the celebrated British author and statesman, Gladstone's lieutenant and secretary of state for India in the Asquith cabinet, was born on Christmas eve, Dec. 24, 1838. Seven years later to the day King George I. of Greece first saw the light.

Lord Marcus Beresford, brother of the famous British admiral, was a Christmas day baby, as were also Lady Grey Egerton and the Countess of Rothes, one of the survivors of the wreck of the Titanic.

Among those who were born on Dec. 26, "just too late for Christmas dinner," were Admiral George Dewey, the Earl of Leicester, Sir James Linton, the painter; the Duchess of Leeds, Sir James Rankin, member of the British parliament, and James D. Stephens, representative from California in the American congress.

### How Authors Slept.

Are authors early risers? Bjornson, Tolstoy and Goethe were all advocates of the "early to bed, early to rise" principle. Byron, on the other hand, turned night into day, and Alfred de Musset, in a letter to Aimee d'Alton, writes, "I generally sleep till 2, and sometimes till 5 in the afternoon, when I have boxed the ears of the night." Probably the laziest genius on record was Rossini, who practically did all his work in bed and would rather recompose a whole page of music than trouble to get out of bed and pick up a sheet of manuscript that had fallen onto the floor. —London Chronicle.

### Naturally Surprised.

An old German furniture dealer had a woman customer who was a great talker. Nobody could get away from her when she started in. One day he sent a clerk to the lady's house to try to collect a bill. When the clerk returned empty handed the old German said:

"Vell, vat did ze lady say?"

"She did not say anything, sir. She was mute," replied the clerk.

"Vat!" exclaimed the surprised German. "Vas she dead?"

## DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Cornelia Bentley Sage has been appointed director of the Buffalo Fine Arts academy.

So numerous are the jewels of Mrs. MacVeagh, wife of the secretary of the treasury, that she is obliged to have a card catalogue system to keep track of them.

Dr. Eliza J. Dadmun is the first woman to be appointed school physician in Boston. Dr. Dadmun will receive the same salary as is paid to male school physicians—$500 a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ashdown of Los Angeles think their three-your-old daughter Josephine is the youngest and smallest swimmer in the country. The child is a good diver. The water in the pool where she takes her daily plunge is seven feet deep.

Mrs. James W. Pinchot, mother of Gifford Pinchot, goes in for the collection of rare laces. She possesses examples of every period of lacemaking in nearly every country and has just acquired a remarkable specimen of Philippine lace. The collection is valued at $150,000.

Mlle. Helene Miropowiski, who was the first Frenchwoman to be admitted to the practice of law in France, is very outspoken in her belief that women are not capable of becoming judges. She is a frequent visitor to England and has become enthusiastic over the English methods of administering justice.

### Their Christmas Presents.

I.

Little Penelope Socrates,
A Boston maid of four,
Wide opened her eyes on Christmas morn
And looked the landscape o'er.

"What is't inflates my bas de bleu?"
She asked, with dignity.
"'Tis ibsen in the original.
Oh, joy beyond degree!"

II.

Miss May Cadwallader Rittenhouse
Of Philadelphia town
Awoke as much as they ever do there
And watched the snow come down.

"Well, I'm glad that Christmas has come again,
You might have heard her say,
"For my family's one year older now
Than it was last Christmas day."

III.

It was Christmas in giddy Gotham,
And Miss Irene de Jones
Awoke at noon and yawned and yawned
And stretched her languid bones.

"Well, I'm sorry that it's Christmas.
Papa at home will stay,
For 'change is closed, and he won't make
A single cent all day."

IV.

Oh, windily dawned the Christmas
In the city by the lake!
And Miss Arabel Wabash Breezy
Was instantly awake.

"Ah, what's that in my stocking?
Well, in two jiffs I'll know!"
And she drew forth a grand piano
From away down in the toe.

—Boston Courier.

## A QUEER PRESENT.

**The Memento Henry Irving Once Presented to Helen Keller.**

In J. Henry Harper's book, "The House of Harper," he tells a story of Helen Keller and Henry Irving. They met at Laurence Hutton's house, and the blind girl seemed to be so conversant with "Hamlet" that Irving invited her to "witness" his performance, and she readily accepted. "After the second act Irving sent word to her that he should like to have her come on the stage if she was so inclined, and when she arrived he showed her around and explained the stage setting. She ran her hands gently over his costume and seemed to be much pleased with his makeup.

"As she was leaving to return to her box Irving thought that he ought to give her some little memento of the occasion. He realized that in his costume as Hamlet there was nothing he could readily spare, but as it was his custom to put on his eyeglasses as soon as the curtain went down he took them off and handed them to her.

"In the middle of the next act he suddenly recalled the fact that Miss Keller was blind, and he told me that it almost broke him up when he thought of the faux pas he had made."

### Things China Knew Long Ago.

There is a distinct tradition of flying machines at a very remote date in China, according to the author of "The Civilization of China," and rough woodcuts of such cars have been handed down for many centuries. There are even hints of the X ray, there being a record of a physician of the fifth century B. C. who was able to see into the viscera of his patients, while another physician, who lived about 1,800 years ago, was accustomed to use an anaesthetic and operated upon the bowels and offered to cure the headaches of a military commander of his day by opening his head. Hypnotism has been used for hundreds of years, but is forbidden by law. The ranks of the Boxers were largely recruited from the society of the vegetarians, who neither eat meat, smoke nor drink.

### The Office Boy's Windfall.

It takes little to encourage a poet. A typographical error, says the Washington Star, fanned the flame of hope in the breasts of the Crestville versifiers. The local editor had written this notice for the head of the editorial page:

"Poultry taken in exchange for subscriptions and advertising." But in the paper the note appeared as "Poetry taken in exchange."

However, the only person who profited by this error was the office boy, for the next fortnight he sold to the junkman a quarter's worth of paper from the wastebasket every day.—Youth's Companion.

# Scotch Clothing House, Ltd.

**Cor. Hastings & Abbott Sts.; also 77 Hastings E.**

## Extraordinary Purchase of over 800 Blue and Black Serge Suits

**$12.75**

Young Men's Blue Serge Fine Twill Suits, cut in three button style, sizes 34 to 37 ..... $12.75

**$15.00**

Blue and Black Serges, Vicunas, Worsteds, Cheviots, in young men's and ordinary. Extraordinary values, size 34 to 44 ..... $15.00

**$18.75**

Fine Weave Blue Worsteds, in sizes 36 to 44, two or three button style $18.75

**$25.00**

Stout Men's, Men's and Young Men's Blue and Black Suits, in fine twill Worsteds, Vicunas, Cheviots, in fact all weaves. Sizes 33 to 48. Special ..... $25.00

**OVERCOATS**
Black Meltons
Tweed Ulsters
**Special, $12.75**

**OVERCOATS**
Fine Black Vicunas
Black Beavers
Tweed Overcoats
**Special, $15.00**

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# My First Christmas Dinner in Victoria

BY D. W. Higgins

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—Matthew vii, 7, 8.

On the 22nd day of December, 1860, nearly forty-four years ago, I sat in the editorial room of the Colonist office on Wharf street preparing a leading article. Mr. DeCosmos, the editor and owner, had contracted a severe cold and was confined to his room at Wilcox's Royal Hotel, so the entire work of writing up the paper for that issue devolved upon me. The office was a rude one-story affair of wood. It had been erected by a merchant early in 1858 and when he failed or went away the building fell into Mr. DeCosmos's hands. On the 11th of December, 1858, Mr. DeCosmos established the Colonist, which has ever since filled a prominent and honorable position in colonial journalism. Our office, as I have remarked, was a rude affair. The editorial room was a small space partitioned off from the composing room, which contained also the little hand-press on which the paper was printed. A person who might wish to see the editor was forced to pick his way through a line of stands and cases, at which stood the coatless printers who set the type and prepared the forms for the press.

The day was chill and raw. A heavy wind from the southwest stirred the waters of the harbor and hurling itself with fury against the front of the building made the timbers crack and groan as if in paroxysms of pain. A driving rain fell in sheets on the roof, and drops of water which leaked through the shingles fell on the editorial table, swelled into little rivulets, and leaping to the floor chased each other across the room, making existence in the office uncomfortably damp. As I wrote away in spite of these unpleasant surroundings I was made aware by a shadow that fell across my table of the presence of someone in the doorway. I raised my eyes and there stood a female—a rare object in those days, when women and children were hardly ever met upon the streets, much less in an editorial sanctum. I rose to my feet at once and removed my hat. In the brief space of time that elapsed before the lady spoke I took her all in. She was a woman of scarcely forty, I thought; of medium height, a brunette, with large, coal-black eyes, a pretty mouth—a perfect Cupid's bow—and olive hued cheeks. She was richly dressed in bright colors, with heavy broad stripes and space-encircling hoops after the fashion of the day. When she spoke it was in a rich, well-rounded tone. Taken all in all, I sized the lady up as a very presentable person. When I explained to her in response to an enquiry that the editor was ill, she said that she would call again, and went away after leaving her card. Two days later, on the 24th of December, this lady came again.

"Is the editor still ill?" she asked.

"Yes; but he will be here in the course of a day or two."

"Ah! well, that is too bad," she said. "My business is of importance and cannot bear delay. But I am told that you will do as well."

I assured the lady that I should be glad to assist her in any way. Thanking me, she began:

"My name is Madame Fabre. My husband, who was French, is dead—died in California. I am a Russian. In Russia I am a princess." (She paused as if to watch the impression her announcement had made). "Here I am a mere nobody—only Madame Fabre. I married my husband in France. We came to California. We had much money and my husband went into quartz mining at Grass Valley. He did not understand the business at all. We lost everything. Then he died" (and she drew a lace handkerchief from her reticule and pressing it to her eyes sighed deeply). "Alas yes, Emil passed from me and is now, I trust, in heaven. He left me a mountain of debts and one son, Bertrand, a good child, as good as gold, very thoughtful and obedient. May I call him in? He awaits your permission without."

I replied, "Certainly," and stepping to the door she called, "Bertrand! Bertrand! my child, come here, and speak to the gentleman."

I expected to see a curly haired boy of five or six years, in short trousers, a beaded jacket and fancy cap, whom I would take on my knee, toy with his curls, ask his name and age and give him a "bit" with which to stuff his youthful stomach with indigestible sweetmeats. Judge of my surprise, then, when preceded by a noise of a heavy tread, a huge youth of about seventeen, bigger and taller than my self, and smoking a cigar, appeared at the opening, and in a deep, gruff voice that a sea captain or a militia commanded would have envied, asked—

"Did you call, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child," she sweetly responded, "I wish to introduce you to this gentleman."

The "child" removed his hat, and I noticed that his hair was cut close to the scalp. Having been duly introduced, at my request he sat down in my chair, while I took a seat on the edge of the editorial table, which was very rickety, and would scarcely bear my weight at the present day.

The mother gazed at her son fondly for a moment and then proceeded:

"'Bertrand's fortune was swallowed up in the quartz wreck, but he is very sweet and very patient, and never complains. Poor lad, it was hard upon him, but he forgives all—do you not, dear?"

"Yes," rumbled the "child" from the pit of his stomach, but the expression that flitted across his visage made me think he would rather have said "No" had he dared.

"That being the case I will now explain the object of my visit. As I have said, we have lost everything—that is to say, our income is so greatly reduced that it is now a matter of not more than $1,000 a month. Upon that meagre sum my dear boy and I contrive to get along by practising the strictest economy consistent with our position in life. Naturally we wish to do better and then go back to Russia and live with the nobility. Do we not, Bertrand?"

"Yes," rumbled the "child" from his stomach again, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, now, Mr. H." the lady went on, "I want an adviser. I ask Pierre Manciot at the French Hotel and he tells me to see his partner, John Sere; and Mr. Sere tells me to go to the editor of the Colonist. I come here. The editor is ill. I go back to Mr. Sere and he says, 'See D. W. H.; he will set you all right.' So I come to you to tell you what I want."

She paused for a moment to take a newspaper from her reticule and then continued:

"After my husband died and left the debts and this precious child (the "child" gazed abstractedly at the ceiling while he blew rings of smoke from his mouth) "we make a grand discovery. Our foreman, working in the mine, strikes rich quartz, covers it up again, and tells no one but me. All the shareholders have gone—what you call 'busted,' I believe? We get hold of many shares cheap, and now I come here to get the rest. An Englishman owns enough shares to give him control—I mean that out of 200,000 shares I have got 95,000 and the rest this Englishman holds. We have traced him through Oregon to this place, and we lose all sign of him here." (Up to this moment I had not been particularly interested in the narration.) She paused, and laying a neatly gloved hand on my arm, proceeded:

"'You are a man of affairs."

I modestly intimated that I was nothing of the kind, only a reporter.

"Ah! yes. You cannot deceive me. I see it in your eye, your face, your movements. You are a man of large experience and keen judgment. Your conversation is charming."

As she had spoken for ten minutes without giving me an opportunity to say a word, I could not quite understand how she arrived at an estimate of my conversational powers. However, I felt flattered, but said nothing.

Pressing my arm with her hand, she went on:

"'I come to you as a man of the world. (I made a gesture of dissent, but it was very feeble, for I was caught in the web). "I rely upon you. I ask you to help me. Bertrand—poor, dear Bertie—has no head for business. He is too young, too confiding, too—too—what you English people call simple—no, too good—too noble—he takes after my family—to know anything about such affairs, so I come to you."

Was it possible that because I was considered unredeemably bad I was selected for this woman's purpose? As I mused, half disposed to get angry, I raised my head and my eyes encountered the burning orbs of Madame, gazing full into mine. They seemed to bore like gimlets into my very soul. A thrill ran through me like a shock from an electric battery, and in an instant I seemed bound hand and foot to the fortunes of this strange woman. I felt myself being dragged along as the Roman Emperors were wont to draw their captives through the streets of their capital. I have only a hazy recollection of what passed between us after that, but I call to mind that she asked me to insert a paragraph from a Grass Valley newspaper to the effect that the mine (the name of which I forget) was a failure and that shares could be bought for two cents. When she took her leave I promised to call upon her at the hotel. When the "child" extended a cold, clammy hand in farewell I felt like giving him a kick—he looked so grim and ugly and patronizing. I gazed into his eyes sternly and read there deceit, hypocrisy and moral degeneration. How I hated him!

The pair had been gone several minutes before I recovered my mental balance and awoke to a realization of the fact that I was a young fool who had sold himself (perhaps to the devil) for a few empty compliments and a peep into the deep well of an artful woman's blazing eyes. I was inwardly cursing my stupidity while pacing up and down the floor of the 'den" when I heard a timid knock at the door. In response to my invitation to "come in" a young lady entered. She was pretty and about twenty years of age, fair, with dark blue eyes and light brown hair. A blush suffused her face as she asked for the editor. I returned the usual answer.

"Perhaps you will do for my purpose," she said, timidly. "I have here a piece of poetry."

I gasped as I thought, "It's an ode on winter. Oh, Caesar!"

"A piece of poetry," she continued, "on 'Britain's Queen.' If you will read and find it worthy a place in your paper I shall be glad to write more. If it's worth paying for I shall be glad to get anything."

Her hand trembled as she produced the paper.

I thanked her, telling her that I would look it over, and she withdrew. I could not help contrasting the first with the last visitor. The one had attracted me by her artful and flattering tongue, the skilful use of her beautiful eyes and the pressure of her hand on my coat sleeve; the other by the modesty of her demeanor. The timid shyness with which she presented her poem had caught my fancy. I looked at the piece. It was poor; not but what the sentiment was there—the ideas were good, but they were not well put. As prose it would have been acceptable, but as verse it was impossible and not worth anything.

The next was Christmas Day. It was my first Christmas in Victoria. Business was suspended. All the stores were closed. At that time in front of every business house there was a wooden verandah or shed that extended from the front of the building to the outer edge of the sidewalk. One might walk along any of the down-town streets and be under cover all the way. They were ugly unsightly constructions and I joined the aldermanic board and secured the passage of an ordinance that compelled their removal. Along these verandahs on this particular Christmas morning evergreen boughs were placed, and the little town really presented a very pretty and sylvan appearance. After church I went to the office and from the office to the Hotel de France for luncheon. The only other guest in the room was a tall, florid-faced young man somewhat older than myself. He occupied a table on the opposite side of the room. When I gave my order the landlord remarked, "All the regular boarders but you have gone to luncheon with their friends. Why not you?"

"Why," I replied, with a quaver in my voice, "the only families that I know are dining with friends of their own whom I do not know. I feel more homesick today than ever before in my life and the idea of eating my Christmas dinner alone fills me with melancholy thoughts."

The man on the other side of the room must have heard what I said, for he ejaculated:

"There's two of a kind. I'm in a similar fix. I have no friends here—at least none with whom I can dine. Suppose we double up?"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, let us eat our Christmas dinner together and have a good time. Here's my card and here's a letter of credit on Wells, Fargo's agent to show that I am not without visible means of support."

The card read, "Mr. George Barclay, Grass Valley."

"Why," I said, "you are from Grass Valley. How strange! I saw two people yesterday—a lady and her 'child' who claimed to have come from Grass Valley."

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# Dinner in Victoria

Continued from Page 6

"Indeed," he asked, "what are they like?"

"The mother says she is a Russian princess. She calls herself Mme. Fabre and says she is a widow. She is very handsome and intelligent, and, "I added with a shudder, "has the loveliest eyes—they bored me through and through."

My new-found friend faintly smiled and said, "I knew them. By-and-bye, when we get better acquainted, I shall tell you all about them."

After luncheon we walked along Government to Yates street and then to the Colonist office. As I placed the key in the lock I saw the young lady who had submitted the poetry walking rapidly towards us. My companion flushed slightly and lifting his hat extended his hand, which the lady accepted with hesitation They excharged some words and then the lady, addressing me, asked, "Was my poem acceptable?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss—Miss ——"

"Forbes," she interjected.

"I have not had the time to read it carefully." (As a matter of fact I had not bestowed a second thought upon the poem, but was ashamed to acknowledge it.).

"When—oh! when can you decide?" she asked with much earnestness.

"To-morrow, I think"—for I fully intended to decline it.

She seemed deeply disappointed. Her lip quivered as she held down her head and her form trembled with agitation. I could not understand her emotion, but, of course, said nothing to show that I observed it.

"Could you give me an answer to-day—this afternoon," the girl eagerly urged.

"Yes," I said, "as you seem so very anxious, if you will give me your address I shall take or send an answer before four o'clock. Where do you reside?"

"Do you know Forshay's cottages? They are a long way up Yates street. We occupy No. 4."

Forshay's cottages were a collection of little cabins that had been erected on a lot at the corner of Cook and Yates streets. They have long since disappeared. They were of one story and each cottage contained three rooms—a kitchen and two other rooms. I could scarcely imagine a refined person such as the lady before me occupying those miserable quarters; but then, you know, necessity knows no law.

The girl thanked me, and Barclay accompanied her to the corner of Yates street. He seemed to be trying to induce her to do something she did not approve of, for she shook her head with an air of determination and resolve and hurried away.

Barclay came back to the office and said: "I am English myself, but the silliest creature in the world is an Englishman who having once been well off, finds himself stranded. His pride will not allow him to accept favors. knew that girl's father and mother in Grass Valley. The old gentleman lost a fortune at quartz mining. His partner, a Mr Maloney, a Dublin man and graduate of Trinity College, having sunk his own and his wife's money in the mine, poisoned his wife, three children and himself with strychnine; but the strangest part of the story is that three months ago the property was reopened and the very first shot that was fired in a tunnel laid bare a rich vein. Had Maloney fired one more charge he would have been rich. As it was he died a murderer and a suicide. Poor fellow! In a day or two I will tell you more. But let us return to the poetry. What will you do with it?"

"I fear I shall have to reject it."

"No! no!" he cried. "Accept it! This morning I went to the home of the family, which consists of Mr. Forbes, who is crippled with rheumatism, his excellent wife, the young lady from whom we have just parted, and a little boy of seven. They are in actual want. I offered to lend them money to buy common necessaries, and Forbes rejected the offer in language that was insulting. Now, I ask you, implore you, to go immediately to the cottage. Tell the girl that you have accepted the poem and give her this" (handing me a $20 gold piece) "as the appraised value of her production. Then return to the Hotel de France and await developmepts."

I consented. The road was long and muddy. There were neither sidewalks nor streets, and it was a difficult matter to navigate the sea of mud.

The young lady answered my knock. She almost fainted when I told her the poem had been accepted and that the fee was $20. I placed the coin in her hand.

"Mamma! Papa!" she cried, and running inside the house I heard her say, "My poem has been accepted, and the gentleman from the Colonist omce has brought me $20."

"Thank God!" I hear a woman's and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened.' On this holy day—our Saviour's birthday—we have sought and we have found."

This was followed by a sound as of some one crying, and then the girl flew back to the door.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your goodness."

"'Not at all," I said. "You have earned it, and you owe me no thanks. I shall be glad to receive and pay for any other contributions you may send." I did not add, though, that they would not be published, althought they would be paid for.

A little boy with a troubled face and a pinched look now approached the front door. He was neatly but poorly dressed.

"Oh! Nellie, what is the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Johnnie," answered Nellie, "I have earned $20, and we shall have a Christmas dinner, and you shall have a drum too." As she said this she caught the little fellow in her arms and kissed him, and pressed his wan cheek against her own.

"Shall we have a turkey, Nellie?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she replied.

"And a plum pudding, too, with nice sauce that burns when you put a match to it, and shall I have two helpings?" he asked.

"Yes; you shall set fire to the sauce and have two helpings, Johnnie."

"Won't that be nice," he exclaimed, gleefully. "But Nellie, will papa get medicine to make him well again?"

"Yes, Johnnie."

"And mamma—will she get back all the pretty things she sent away to pay the rent with?"

"Hush, Johnnie," said the girl, with an apologetic look at me.

"And you, Nellie, will you get back your warm cloak that the man with the long nose took away?"

"Hush, dear," she said. "Go inside now; I wish to speak to this gentleman." She closed the front door, and asked me, all the stores being closed, how she would be able to get the materials for the dinner and redeem her promise to Johnnie.

"Easily enough," said I. "'Order it at the Hotel de France. Shall I take the order?"

"If you will be so kind," she said. "Please order what you think is necessary."

"'And I—I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" she eagerly inquired.

"That you will permit me to eat my Christmas dinner with you and the family. I am a waif and stray, alone in the world. I am almost a stranger here. The few acquaintances I have made are dining out, and I am at the hotel with Mr. Barclay, whom you know, and, I hope, esteem."

"Well," she said, "come, by all means."

"And may I bring Mr. Barclay with me? He is very lonely and miserable. Just think that on a day like this he has nowhere to go but to an hotel."

She considered a moment before replying; then she said, "No, do not bring him—let him come in while we are at dinner, as if by accident."

I hastened to the Hotel de France, and soon had a big hamper packed with an abundance of Christmas cheer and on its way upon the back of an Indian to the Forbes house.

I followed and received a warm welcome from the father and mother, who were superior people and gave every evidence of having seen better days. The interior was scrupulously clean, but there was only one chair. A small kitchen stove, at which the sick man sat, was the only means of warmth. There were no carpets, and, if I was not mistaken, the bed covering were scant. The evidence of extreme poverty was everywhere manifest. I never felt meaner in my life than when I accepted the blessings that belonged to the other man. Mr. Forbes, who was too ill to sit at the table, reclined on a rude lounge near the kitchen stove. Just as dinner was being served there came a knock at the door. It was opened and there stood Barclay.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you to take me in. I cannot eat my dinner alone at the hotel. You have taken my only acquaintance" (pointing to me) "from me, and if Mr. Forbes will forgive my indiscretion of this morning I shall be thankful."

"That I will," cried the old gentleman, from the kitchen. "Come in and let us shake hands and forget our differences."

So Barclay entered, and we ate our Christmas dinner in one of the bedrooms. It was laid on the kitchen table, upon which a table cloth, sent by the thoughtful hosts at the hotel, was spread. There were napkins, a big turkey, and claret and champagne, and a real live, polite little Frenchman to carve and wait. Barclay and I sat on the bed. Mrs. Forbes had the only chair. Johnnie and his sister occupied the hamper. Before eating Mrs. Forbes said grace, in which she again quoted the passage from Scripture with sat down to, and I enjoyed it as did all the rest. Little Johnnie got two helpings of turkey and two helpings of pudding, and then he was allowed to sip a little champagne when the toasts to the Queen and the father and mother and the young and rising poetess of the family were offered. Then Johnnie was toasted, and put to bed in Nellie's room. Next it came my turn to say a few words in response to a sentiment which the old gentleman spoke through the open door from his position in the kitchen, and my response abounded in prevarications about the budding genius of the daughter of the household. Then I called Barclay to his feet, and he praised me until I felt like getting up and relieving my soul of its weight of guilt, but I didn't, for had I done so the whole affair would have been spoiled.

Barclay and I reached our quarters at the Hotel de France about midnight We were a pair of thoroughly happy mortals, for had we not, after all, "dined out," and had we not had a royal good time on Christmas Day, 1860?

The morrow was Boxing Day, and none of the offices were opened. I saw nothing of the Princess; but I observed Bertie, the sweet "child" as he paid frequent visits to the bar and brandy and water and rum and gin, and bought and paid for and smoked the best cigars at two bits each. As I gazed upon him the desire to give him a kicking grew stronger.

By appointment Barclay and I met in a private room at the hotel, where he unfolded his plans.

"'You must have seen," he began, "that Miss Forbes and I are warm friends. Our friendship began six months ago. I proposed to her, and was accepted, subject to the approval of the father. He refused to give his consent because, having lost his money, he could not give his daughter a dowry. He would listen to nothing that involved an acceptance of assistance from me, and he left Vancouver Island to try his fortunes here. He fell ill, and they have sold or pawned everything of value. The girl was not permitted to bid me good bye when they left Grass Valley. After their departure the discovery of which I have informed you was made in the Maloney tunnel, and as Mr. Forbes has held on to a control of the stock in spite of his adversities, he is now a rich man. I want to marry the girl. As I told you, I proposed when I believed them to be ruined. It is now my duty to acquaint the family with their good fortune and renew my suit. I think I ought to do it today. Surely he will not repel me now when I take that news to him as he did on Christmas morning when I tendered him a loan."

I told him I thought he should impart the good news at once and stand the consequences. He left me for that purpose. As I walked into the dining room, I saw the dear "child" Bertie leaning over the bar quaffing a glass of absinthe. When he saw me he gulped down the drink and said:

"Mamma would like to speak to you."

I recalled the adventure with the eyes and hesitated. Then I decided to go to room 12 on the second flat and see the thing out. A knock on the door was responded by a sweet "Come in." Mme. Fabre was seated in an easy chair before a cheerful coal fire.

She rose at once and extended a plump and white hand. As we seated ourselves she flashed her burning eyes upon me and said:

"I am so glad you have come. I do want your advice about my mining venture. In the first place I may tell you that I have found the man who owns the shares. He is here in Victoria with his family. He is desperately poor. A hundred dollars if offered would be a great temptation. I will give more—five hundred if necessary."

"The property you told me of the other day is valuable, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes—that is to say, we think it is. You know that mining is the most uncertain of all ventures. You imagine you are rich one day and the next you find yourself broke. It was so with my husband. He came home one day and said, 'We are rich'; and the next he said, 'We are poor.' This Maloney mine looks well, but who can be sure? When I came here I thought that if I found the man with the shares I could get them for a song. I may yet, but my dear child tells me that he has seen a man from Grass Valley named Barclay, who is a friend of that shareholder, and," she added, bitterly, "perhaps he has got ahead of me. I must see the man at once and make him an offer. What do you think?"

"I think that you might as well save yourself further trouble. By this time the shareholder has been apprised of his good fortune."

"What!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and transfixing me with her eyes. "Am I, then, too late?"

"Yes," I said, "you are too late. Forbes—that is the man's name—knows of his good fortune, and I do not think he would sell now at any price."

Her great eyes no longer bore an expression of pleading tenderness—they seemed to glint and expand and to shoot fierce flames from their depths. They terrified me. How I wished I had left the door open.

"Ah! she screamed. "I see it all. I have been betrayed—sold out. Have you broken my confidence?"

"I have never repeated to a soul what you told me," I replied quietly.

"Then who could have done it?" she exclaimed, bursting into a fit of hysterical tears. "I have come all this way to secure the property and now find that I am too late. Shame! Shame!"

I will tell you. Barclay is really here. He knew of the strike as soon as you did. He is in love with Miss Forbes and has followed the family to tell them the good news. He is with the man at this moment."

"Curse him!" she cried through her set teeth.

I left the woman plunged in a state of deep despair.

I told her son that he should go upstairs and attend to his mother, and proceeded to the Forbes cottage. There I found the family in a state of great excitement, for Barclay had told them all, and already they were arranging plans for returning to California and taking steps to re-open the property.

Miss Forbes received me very cordially, and the mother announced that the girl and Barclay were engaged to be married, the father having given his consent. The fond mother added that she regretted very much that her daughter would have to abandon her literary career, which had begun so auspiciously through my discovery of her latent talent.

I looked at Barclay before I replied. His face was as blank as a piece of white paper. His eyes, however, danced in his head as if he enjoyed my predicament.

"Yes," I finally said, "Mr. Barclay has much to be answerable for. I shall lose a valued contributor. Perhaps," I ventured, "she will still continue to write from California, for she possesses poetical talent of a high order."

"I shall gladly do so," cried the young lady, "and without pay, too. I shall never forget your goodness."

I heard a low, chuckling sound behind me. It was Barclay swallowing a laugh.

They went away in the course of a few days, and we corresponded for a long time; but Mrs. Barclay never fulfilled the promise of her poetical gift. Perhaps her husband told her of the pious fraud we practiced upon her on Christmas Day, 1860. But whether he did or not, I have taken the liberty, forty-four years after the event, of exposing the part I took in the deception and craving forgiveness for my manifold sins and wickedness on that occasion.

What became of the Russian princess with the pretty manners, the white hands and the enchanting eyes, and the sweet "child" Bertie? They were back at Grass Valley almost as soon as Forbes and Barclay got there, and from my correspondents I learned that they shared in the prosperity of the Maloney claim, and that Mme. Fabre and her son returned to Russia to live and die among their noble kin.

THE END

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A noted professor of music was supervising the work of an orchestra at rehearsal and he became much annoyed with the conductor for his erratic use of the baton. Stopping the band, he said to the culprit: "Mistaire Jones, you would make a beautiful conductor—for zee omnibus; you vas always behind."

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The dapper little ribbon clerk gazed languishingly into the dark eyes of the handsome brunette waitress.

"Isn't it wonderful," he gurgled, "how opposites seem to be attracted to each other?"

"It sure is," agreed the beauty. "I noticed only today that the tallest man at the lunch counter ordered shortcake."

## GRAB BAG IS LOTS OF FUN

There are many jolly games that can be played on Christmas night, and one of the jolliest is the grab bag, which has afforded much fun in times past.

There should be a big muslin bag—a pillowcase will answer—tied from the chandelier. In this bag put dozens and dozens of little gifts, not one of them expensive; just all sorts of trinkets that you can pick up for a few pennies each, every one neatly tied in paper, so no one knows what's inside.

Then a boy or a girl is blindfolded, given a cane in one hand, turned round three times and told to strike at the bag.

It is great sport for the watchers to see the frantic efforts made to hit that bag, and equally exciting when, having succeeded, the blindfolded player dips into the grab bag and pulls out a gift.

Such fun it is to open the packages! For there are enough gifts in the bag to give every brother or sister or cousin lots of hits

### Premier and Explorer.

Hon. T. Mackenzie, the new Prime Minister of New Zealand, has a worthy record as an explorer. As early as 1885 he made pioneer journeys into the wild West Otago district. He was associated with Quinton McKinnon when the latter discovered the well-known McKinnon Pass. In 1888 he had charge of a relief party that searched the Matterhorn for Prof. Mainwaring Brown, and discovered the pass between Lake Manapouri and Hall's Arm. Three passes were discovered by him later between Lake Manapouri and Dusky Sound. In 1898 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Land surveying and bush farming have also been among Mr. Mackenzie's many interests.


**For Christmas Presents**

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December 25th, 1912.

THE READERS OF THE "EXPRESS"
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Yours respectfully,

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