



May the Christmas season bring joys of Peace to You; and in the coming year may there be no Embargo on your happiness; may your opportunities not be Entrenched; may the Battles of the past be forgotten, and the Bugle call lead you on to loved ones who love you, and watch over you.

Christmas Is Children's Day

The message of Christmas is love. Its emblem is radiant, thankful, contented childhood. Without love and without children there could be no real Christmas. The form might survive but the substance would be lacking.

Unhappy must be the adult who cannot make himself a child again in spirit at the Yuletide. For Christmas is the universal children's day. Men and women are superfluous except as they make themselves partners with those whom the day glorifies.

Let us, then, lay aside the affectation and arrogance of manhood and womanhood and be children again. Let us adopt their point of view and put ourselves in their places—in the places of these sons and daughters of ours and of the sons and daughters of our neighbors. It was only a year or two ago, as it seems, when we hung our well-worn stockings in a row along the mantel shelf, while our fathers and mothers looked on with unfeigned pleasure at the innocent confidence we showed in what the morrow would bring forth.

Even as you and I. It all comes back in a flood of memories. Life was simpler then. Our desires were less pretentious than those of our children voice now. Modest remembrances they were that bulged toe and heel of the stockings mother knit.

Life and its circumstances change, but the essence of Christmas never. The same happy childhood, the same restlessness, the same snail-like creeping of time as the holiday approaches. The same parenthood, too—the same planning across the reading table after the boys and girls are abed, the same loving consideration of what this or that child most desires and how far the family purse can properly be stretched to permit some further purchase.

Every home is assured a Christmas if it has a great, warm heart pulsating in tune with the hopes and joys of childhood.—Exchange.

A Christmas Wireless.
To you and yours a wireless
Along the Good-will line
It brings a Christmas greeting
With love from me and mine.

His Guess.
"Who was it said to him that hath shall be given?"
"I don't remember, but I presume it was some fellow who had eight or nine necktie holders and had just received four more for Christmas."

The Christmas Doll



There once was a doll on a Christmas tree,
Who sighed to the angel that hung above,
"Oh, how I do wish they would keep for me
A sweet little, neat little girl to love;

"A dear little mother to curl my locks,
To rock me to sleep, and to wake me up,
To dress me in cute little gowns and frocks,
And feed me with milk from her silver cup;

A kind little mother, who'd never say
A word that was angry, nor let me fall;
Who'd always be ready to let me play
With bright little friends who should come to call!"

And, strange though the wonderful fact may be,
That little wax doll's little wish came true;
They picked her right off the Christmas tree,
And gave her, my dear little girl, to you!

—Arthur Guerman in the Youth's Companion.

St. Winnifred and the Tree

One story of the origin of the green tree as the Christmas tree among the people of northern Europe is given in a legend of St. Winnifred. It is one of the many thousands of those simple and beautiful beliefs that have attached themselves to the midwinter festival and which generally pass now under the name of "Christmas myths."

It is related that St. Winnifred, a great Christian missionary, began cutting down a "sacred" oak which had been the object of worship by the northern pagans whom he was seeking to lead aright. While he was hewing down the huge tree it was blasted by a sudden whirlwind. Close beside it was a young fir tree, which was not harmed either by the whirlwind or by the fall of the giant oak. Then St. Winnifred is reported to have spoken as follows to the pagans:

"This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your homes are built of it. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are always green. See how it points toward heaven! Let this be called the tree of the Christ Child. Gather about it; not in the wild woods, but in your homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and acts of kindness."

The fir tree, the common evergreen of the northern regions, became the holy tree of the converted pagans, and in its honor or in memory of the thoughts it stood for they decorated it with lights and gifts at Christmas.

NOTHING HAPPENED.



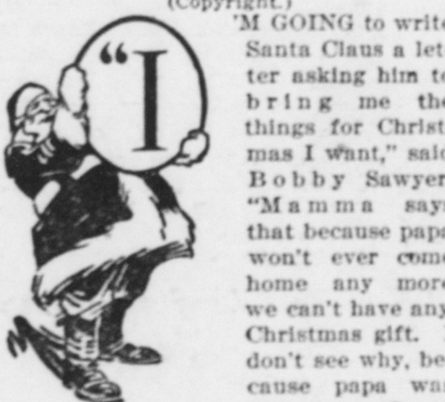
She sat beneath the mistletoe
Without the slightest fear;
She felt no wild, glad tremor, though
She knew he lingered near;
She sat there calm and unafraid,
And sleepily he yawned, for they'd
Been married for a year.

The Best Gift of All



Bobby's Christmas Gift

By Winnifred Barford



"I'M GOING to write Santa Claus a letter asking him to bring me the things for Christmas I want," said Bobby Sawyer.

"Mamma says that because papa won't ever come home any more we can't have any Christmas gift. I don't see why, because papa was lost at sea, Santa Claus won't come as he used to. I hear of children writing to Santa for what they want and I'm going to write to him, too."

So Bobby sat down and wrote his letter. He spelled bugle, bugel, and Christmas, Crismus, and some of the words were so bungled that the old fellow must have had a hard time deciphering them; but all the things Bob wanted were named in the letter and he did not doubt for a moment that Santa Claus would respond generously.

One morning shortly before Christmas, Peter the postman left a letter at the door addressed to Robert Sawyer. Peter who had long delivered the letters of the Sawyer family would not



Wrote His Letter.

give it to anybody but Bobby, saying that Santa Claus required him to give any letters marked "from Kris Kringle" to the child to whom it was addressed and to no one else. Bobby opened it and read:

"Dear Bobby:
"I have received your letter and will bring you the finest Christmas present you ever received in your life."
"SANTA CLAUS."

Bob of course was delighted with this, and he noticed that from the time of its receipt everything about the house seemed to take on a certain cheerfulness. Bobby laid in wait for Peter when he came again and asked him a lot of questions as to how and where Santa Claus gave him the letter. Peter said that he was not permitted to tell children anything about Santa Claus. They must hang up their stockings and wait for him to fill them.

This was three days before Christmas. Bobby who was very watchful detected his mother smuggling in cer-

tain packages. This puzzled him, for his mamma had told him there would be no gifts this year and he did not expect any except what Santa Claus would bring. Bobby asked his mother if what she brought in was intended for Christmas, but she gave him no satisfaction, though she took him in her arms and gave him a bear hug and a dozen kisses. She seemed as happy as if she expected Santa Claus to bring everything she wanted for Christmas.

The day before Christmas a messenger boy came with a telegram for Mrs. Sawyer. She tore off the envelope and read it, and looked very happy, giving the messenger a half dollar. Bobby asked what the telegram was about. She told him it was about a Christmas gift she and all the rest of the family were to receive, and when Bobby kept asking again and again "What is it mamma?" she gave him another bear hug and smothered him with kisses.

Bobby had a sister, Edith, twelve years old, and a brother Jim, ten. Both of them were too old to sympathize with Bobby in his faith in Santa Claus bringing him the gift he had promised him in his letter. Indeed they didn't believe Santa Claus really wrote letters to children. Bobby tried his best to get out of Edith or Jim what made their mother so happy, but they would not tell. Indeed they seemed almost as happy as she. Having failed with them Bobby tried Peter the postman. Peter said he suspected Santa Claus had something to do with the family happiness, but he was not sure. So poor Bobby was obliged to swallow his curiosity and wait for Christmas morning.

Bobby went to bed on Christmas eve determined to resist the sandman and keep his eyes open all night, so that he might get a glimpse of Santa Claus and see what his remarkable gift was. But the sandman soon began to drop sand in Bobby's lids, and he was asleep in ten minutes after his head struck the pillow.

When Bobby awoke the sun was quite high in the heavens. He heard the word "Bobby!" shouted in his ears and at the same time felt himself gently shaken. He did not awaken by degrees, but all at once. And there standing before him and looking down upon him, smiling, was his papa.

"Why, papa!" he exclaimed, "I thought you were never going to come home any more."

"Santa Claus told me that he was to bring me home to my little boy for a Christmas gift."

Bobby threw his arms around his father's neck and hugged and hugged, and it seemed that he would never



"Why, Papa!" He Exclaimed.

let go. Mamma, and Edith and Jim came in and so great was the excitement that Bobby forgot to look for what was in his stocking.

That was certainly the happiest Christmas the Sawyer family ever spent or ever would spend. Bobby was too young to have it all explained to him, but when he is older his mother intends to tell him that his father was on a vessel that was torpedoed and sunk. Mr. Sawyer was reported missing, but he was picked up out of the water by an American cruiser and in time managed to get home. After word came that he was saved the letter was written to Bobby by his sister as from Santa Claus, and afterwards a telegram came saying that his father would be home on Christmas morning.



OBSERVING THE PROPRIETIES



Expensive presents to a girl
At Christmas time, are
not good taste
As that's the case, the dia-
mond brooch
I give to Mary will be paste

MAKE YOUR FUTURE SECURE

Easy Farming Methods in Western Canada and Certain Financial Benefits.

With your crop harvested and marketed, with the disposal of your cattle and hogs completed, you are ready to prepare your financial statement for the year. You will soon know what you have gained, and if the gain made in your farming operations has been up to your expectations and will meet your requirements. Probably you may have been the loser. Your land may have been productive, but it may have been too high priced. The cost of production has been too great. If you have had the remuneration you sought and are satisfied this article may not interest you. If your returns have not been satisfactory, or if your ambition leads you to the laudable desire of bettering your condition, if you have dependents for whose future you have anxiety, you will naturally look around for some place, some opportunity that offers greater advantages and brings satisfactory returns. To the north and west of you lie hundreds of thousands of unbroken acres in Western Canada awaiting the husbandman, and ready to give of its richness to place you where you desire to be placed. For thousands of farmers from nearly every state in the Union the prairies of Western Canada have afforded wealth beyond what they had been led to expect. The excellence of the soil of Western Canada, which comprises the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, can only partially be told by the knowledge of some facts.

Every year for some years past the world's highest prizes for wheat, oats and barley have been carried off by grain grown on Western Canadian Prairies. Beef fattened on the grasses of these same prairies recently brought the highest prices ever paid on the Chicago market. Throughout the entire world the quality of Canadian grain, and Canadian beef and mutton, is recognized. To recite what individual farmers have done, the riches they have acquired would fill volumes. The case of James Wishart of Portage la Prairie is not an exceptional one. His wheat crop this past season yielded him forty-five bushels per acre, and the land upon which it was grown was broken forty-four years ago, and it has been continuously under crop except for an occasional summer fallow. At Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, samples of the wheat of 1918 weighed 68 pounds to the bushel, others 66 and some 65 1/2 pounds. Wheat crops at Condale, Alberta, went as high as 38 bushels acre, while wheat crops near Barons, Alberta, had yields of from 25 to 30 bushels.

Records such as these speak in glowing terms of the excellence of the soil of Western Canada.

The war is over, and we are all settling down to a peace basis. There is a great world beyond the seas to feed and clothe, and thus is afforded the opportunity to lend a hand in the great work. Aside from the philanthropy in which you can play a part, there is the satisfaction of knowing you are amply providing for yourself and for the future of those who may be dependent upon you. Greater progress can be made in this and your own development by availing yourself of the advantages that Western Canada offers in its low-priced lands and high yielding values. There are good schools, desirable social conditions, low taxation (none on improvements) with an enjoyable climate, and the satisfaction of possessing a well tilled soil capable of producing abundant crops for which good prices prevail, at easily accessible marketing places.—Advertisement.

Dick Was Charitable.
At the funeral services for an elderly negro of Richmond, Va., the following colloquy was overheard:
"There ain't no use in talkin'," said Mose Barker; "Dick Williams, he was the most charitable man dis town ever seen."

"I reckon dat's so," said the darkey to whom Mr. Barker imparted this information. And he paused as if waiting for evidence on this point.
"Yessuh," continued Mr. Barker, "Dick Williams, he always owned a plug hat, and durin' my time I ain't never heard that Dick ever refused to lend dat hat to anybody."

Dog Had Something to Say.
The Hon. John W. Davis, appointed our ambassador in London in succession to Mr. Page, is an eminent lawyer.

Mr. Davis tells the story of a very small boy who was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up a busy thoroughfare. "Where are you going to take that dog, my little chap?" inquired a passerby. "I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

Relics of Aztec Era.
Near Phoenix, within the Salt river valley, are to be found seven communal settlements of the same pre-Aztec era, with central buildings that were far larger than that at Casa Grande, a writer in the Christian Science Monitor states. To the northward and northeast every river valley retains evidence of the passage of at least a portion of these peoples, for some reason leaving their cities and their irrigated fields on the plains and seeking the mountains and the upper plateaus.