## A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a fostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the siums to view the good things-things forbidden to her pocketbook-brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur fined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate wicket of the well dressed crowd. Chil-Gren from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squalidly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the provid's greatest thoroughfare.

At the Rialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeit presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's carawan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and os-



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and mights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and graving in the delirium of typhoid wer. He had been absent from Tin "painter's bridge" for nearly a fort-

might, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one el had filled his place, and now he wa forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant sav-Ings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have Sbeen that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden

curis. And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 b'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow | "Yes. I know, dear Santa, but I am

I mis cage by the sweet voice at a child. She had "a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager." No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a proscenium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsa! was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on. Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a pull at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company: Dear Sir-I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we-my little daughter and myself-in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I dislike very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a tinkling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vender on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy hearts, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as fol-

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it-just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair, sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

crying because I am arraid I'll water up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stocking, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."-Atlanta Constitution.

CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a great time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Callao, which was our des-

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we would have been in the water when a steamer picked us up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the

### OUTDID UNCLE SAM.

How an Old Lady Found a Person the National Postoffice Couldn't.

"The fates call and mortals obey." The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made, "I went to that sale not because I wanted to or was interested or expected to buy anything, but because I've an impertinent grandniece who hinted I was too old to be in such a crowd.

"After awhile the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mended almost to death. I was just about to force it on that grandniece of mine and make her distribute it to some poor families when I found a letter in the pocket of the coat. I've kept that letter. The writer was a young girl from down east in Massachusetts. She was sending that clothing as the only Christmas gift she could make for her brother Ben, who lived in a city in Wis-

"Well, when I read that letter I just sat down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. 1 made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, -, Wis. Would you believe that that postman in that Wisconsin town really found that poor boy and gave him the bundle? And now I've a letter from the girl in which she tells me both she and her brother are in much improved circumstances, that Ben has a fine position in a furniture factory and that they are soon to be together for good." -Washington Star.

Vacations as Christmas Presents. In a letter to the employees of the Bourne mills of Fall River, Mass., announcing the regular profit sharing dividend on Dec. 24 last, Treasurer George A. Chase said: "The board of directors has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experiment of a vacation week in August, 1907. The mills will close Aug. 24 and reopen Sept. 3, thus allowing you ten days of rest and recreation. In lieu of regular pay you will get an extra dividend on your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages,". This tromise was faithfully kept

### The Kaiser's Christmas.

ROBABLY no European court gives Christmas presents on so extended a scale as the kaiser's. Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to bestow. The empress and her seven children mysteriously dash about Berlin and Potsdam, visiting jewelers, toyshops and other establishments where something new or striking is to be had, and they hold a levee every morning of tradesmen whom they have no time

The kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas box giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the desires of the happy recipient. Early in December, he makes a list of the persons to whom he intends making presents. His wife heads the list, and at the foot is usually some old pensioner or invalided housekeeper who has served the Hohenzollerns for half a century.

Soon before Christmas the royal mint sends the kaiser a bag of bright, new



HE BELLOWED OUT THE ONE WORD "MA-

gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces. His majesty fills his pockets when he goes walking in the parks at Potsdam, and the little children and old men and women who are fortunate enough to meet him or soldiers standing sentry. stamping in the snow, are certain of a gift, accompanied not infrequently by

The kaiser's best side is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the kaiser came upon a half frozen sentinel with very red nose and eyes. The sentinel, with stiff fingers, brought his rifle to the salute.

"Cold day," said his majesty. The sentinel did not reply, but his teeth "How long have you been on duty?"

asked the kaiser. Still no reply. "Stupid!" said his majesty. "Why don't you speak when I address you?" The sentinel moved his jaws and lips, but no word escaped. The kaiser burst out laughing and, turning to his ad-

jutant, said: "Take this chap into the palace, put him before a fire, thaw him out, particularly his jaws, see he gets a big hot drink and a big feed, and, here," turning to the sentry, "take this and drink my health and the empress'!" The soldier found voice at last. He

bellowed out the one word "Majes-The empress is always practical with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the best elements of the people. Her unassuming ways, entire freedom from hauteur, consideration for servants and kindly interest in the welfare of the poor and helpless endear her in ever widening circles of Germans. She is fond of pre-

senting ladies with costly lace. The young princes, headed by the crown prince, show little discrimination in their gifts-scarfpins, rings, dogs, cigarette cases, matchboxes, and so on, being their staple gifts, varied sometimes by a book, a picture or a statuette. Victoria Louise's gifts of dolls to her friends are numerous. To favored friends she does not mind presenting kitchen ranges and furnished dolls' houses. She is in close association with the matrons' and soldiers' orphanages at Potsdam, and the number of little girls who receive her gifts is enormous. Stores of oranges and honey cakes are collected by her for distribution on Christmas eve.-New

Turkey Once a Side Dish. Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses,

THE THREE WISE MEN. Were They? - An Unsolved Christmas Mystery.

One Christmas mystery remains unsolved. Who were the wise men of the east-the magi who followed the star of Bethlehem from afar to do homage to the newborn Saviour?

The simple story as told in the Bible is one of the most familiar in Christmas lore. Any child could recite it in detail. Painters and sculptors have made it the theme of the most inspired products of their brushes and chisels, but to this day the identity of these wise men remains a mystery. A search of the great paintings in which the subject is treated produces a bewilderment. There are half a hundred different ideas presented. The varying versions of the books of the ages are as many.

It is fair to assume from the fact that the visitors were received at court by King Herod and that they carried gifts of value that they were in their own country men of royalty or close to it. Herod evidently deemed it well to treat them with deference, for disquieted though he was by their news of the comet that was to lead them to the birthplace of the Redeemer he dissembled and told them that when they had found the newborn he would return to worship with them.

Much of our information about the early days of the Christian era comes from the monks of the fourteenth century, who delved deeply into historical sources since lost to the world. Their story of the three wise men has received wide credence. According to these monks, the wise men were three great kings called Caspar, Melchoir and Balthasar. Caspar was the oldest and from the north. At the time of the birth of Christ he was sixty years old, and for more than two-thirds of that time he had ruled in Arabia. Balthasar was black, a native of Saba, from the east, and forty years old. The soungest was Melchoir, from the south, whose country was Tarshish. He was twenty years old. Impelled by some mysterious power,

they dropped all the cares of state and followed a single star thirteen days and nights without eating or sleeping till it led them to Jerusalem.

Then the story follows that of the Bible until they returned to their own countries.

The story does not stop here. It tells circumstantially the after life of the three wise men. The good Apostle St. Thomas journeyed to their country and baptized them, and all three went out to preach the doctrine of the Christ.

They were slain by barbarous gentiles, and later the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, recovered their sacred bones and took them to Constantinople. Thence they were carried to Milan and finally found an ultimate resting place in Cologne, where they now are.-New York Post.

### WHEN SANTA WENT ASTRAY.

Miracle of the Loaves Repeated For Washington's Poor.

The day of miracles has not passed, according to the firm belief of a hundred or more poor people in Washington. Last Christmas day Almas temple of the Shriners gave its annual dinner to the poor. It was a well planned affair, generously contributed to, and turned out a big success. But the most notable thing about it was not on the programme and made the hit of the occasion.

While the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 loaves of bread. The huge six foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from the Christmas tree. In the middle of one of his stories there entered another big, fat Santa Claus, carrying a colossal basket full of bread, and behind him were three or four negroes, also carrying baskets of bread. One of the Shriner committeemen at once inferred that some one had sent a gift of bread to be distributed and signed a receipt for the 150 loaves. In a few minutes they were handed around to the heads of families, and an additional smile of Christmas joy went around with them. When the festivities were nearly over and the crowd had begun to offsperse a man came running in and ask-

"Did you get 150 loaves of bread?" "We did," was the reply. "What did you do with it?" "Gave it away."

"Well, that was an order from the Carroll institute. It came here by mistake. But it is all right. We are glad you gave it away, and if you need more let us know," and the man went away, evidently fully satisfied with the incident.-New York Times. An Old Christmas Custom.

A century or two ago there was a custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each house clad in a motley robe, & mask and a huge flaxen wig. Knocking on the door, he called in a loud voice for all the good children to appear and receive the gifts which the Christ Child, the Christ-Kindlein, had sent them. This was the primeval Kriss Kringle. Coleridge describes this custom and records that the bad little children had a rod left for their correction,-Brooklyn Citizen

# What Grandpa Knows.

OME folks say 'at Red Riding Hood She didn't live at all nor go Down where th' wolf was in 'at wood, But grampa says 'at it is so! An' some folks say 'at Goldilocks Don't meet th' bears an' run away, A-bumpin' into trees an' rocks, But grampa's seen her many a day.

My grampa takes me on his knee An' tells me all 'bout Puss in Boots An' 'bout th' fairies you can't see For their in-vis-their funny suits. An' he knows where the beanstalk is 'At Jack th' Giant Killer climb' To get 'at gold an' things o' his, 'Cause grampa's seen it many a time.

An' Cinderella, too, my pa Ist laugh an' say 'at he don't know, But grampa-w'y, my grampa saw Her slip 'at slipper on her toe! An' Simple Simon-would you think He never was like some folks say? But grampa only laugh an' wink, 'Cause he has seen him many a day.



CAUSE GRAMPA'S SEEN IT MANY A TIME 'At Alferd Brown, 'at lives nex' door

To us, I don't like him, 'uhcause He say 'at he don't think no more 'At there can be a Santa Claus, But grampa whisper in my ear 'At Santa will find me all right, 'Cause he has seen his sleigh an' deer An' pack o' playthings many a night

My grampa knew Boy Blue an' all Th' children 'at live in th' shoe. When Humpty Dumpty had 'at fall He's standin' close as me an you! An he say ist to don't bublieve

Th' folks 'at say there ain't no chime O' reindeer bells on Christmas eve, 'Cause he has heard 'em many a time. -Chicago Tribune.

From the Yuletide Cynic. Thank heaven, it isn't only the aristocrat who can have a family tree at

Be Christmas white or Christmas green.

It's all the same to you If Christmas finds you all serene And doesn't make you blue.

It doesn't take a magician to transform a small boy into a turkey gob-When Santa Claus comes down the

chimney he chases many a man up the It's the vanity of the sex that

prompts the female turkey to wonder how she is going to be dressed for the Christmas dinner.

is the place to buy

A fine selection of

Clocks, Jewellery, Watches, Fine Gold Wedding and Gem Rings.

Souvenir Goods and other articles | be finally passed by the Council the Municipality (in the event of the too numerous to mention.

We would call attention to our special line of Watches, Watch made to last, moderate in price and that the votes of the electors and that the votes of the electors and Locket chains, Lockets, etc., and fully guaranteed. Also Children's Toys.

Call early, no trouble to show Goods,-w2.



Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for all those painful pliments of women. It will entirely care the worst forms of Female Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements and consecment Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life, It will surely cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Female Weakness than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors in an early stage of deve-

lopment. That Bearing down Feeling. causing pain, weight and headache, is instantly relieved and permanently cared by its use. Under all circumstances

it acts in harmony with the female system. It corrects.

Irregularity, Suppressed or Painful Periods, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Eloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General

Debility. Also Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't-care" and want-to-be-left-slone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulancy, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sura indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the organs. For

Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vegetable

Compound is unequalled. You can write Mrs. Pinkham about yourself in strictest confidence. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO. Ton-

MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ELDON.

BY-LAW No. 311

A By-Law to Prohibit the Sale or Liquor by Retail in the Township of Eldon.

Whereas, a petition in writing has been presented to the alauciapal Council of the lownship of Eidon signed by at least twenty-five per cent of the total number of persons appearing by the last revised Foter's list of the municipality to be qualified to vote at municipal elections praying for the submission of a bylaw to prohibit the sale of siquer by retail in the municipality. Therefore, the Corporation of the Township of Eldon, by the munici-

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pal Council thereof enacts as fol-1. That the sale by retail of spirituous, fermented or other manyfactured liquors in any tavere, inn or other house or place of publi; entertainment, and the sale except by wholesale of the same in shops and places other than houses of public entertainment within the municipalit of the Township of Eldon, be and the same is hereby prohibited. 2. This by-law shall take effect on

the first day of May next, A. D. 3. The votes of the electors of the 1908.) Township of Eldon shall be taken at the following times and places, on MONDAY, the SINTH DAY OF JAN-UARY, A. D. 1908, commencing at the hour of nine o'clock in the Foreboon and continuing until live o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, by the following Deputy Returning

Polling sub. div No. 1 - Pizak's Hall, Lorseville, John P. Campoel, Deputy Returning Officer. Foling, sub. div. No. 2 - School Section Hail, Hartley, Archie E. Campbell, ir., Deputy Returning Officer.

Officers:

Polling sub. div. No. 3-McKenzie's Hall. Kirkfield, F. J. McRae, Deputy Returning Officer. Polling sub, div. No. 4-- Residence

of D. Hutchinson, Bolsover, James McGirr, Deputy Returning Officers 4. On THURSDAY, the second day of January, A. D. 1908, the keeve of the said Township of Eldon shall attend at the office of the Clerk of the Township in the Village o Lorneville in the said township at ten o'clock in the forenoon to appoint tersons to attend at the various polling places aforesaid, and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clark on behalf of the persons interested in and promoting of opposing the rassing of this by-law respective. 5. The Clerk of the Council of the said Township of Eldon shall attend at his office in the village of Lorne ville in the said township at ten o' clock in the forenoon on Wednesday, the eighth day of January A. D. 1908. to sum up the number of votes for and against this by-law.

Dated at Lorneville in the Township of Eldon this twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1907. Read a first time at Lorneville at a

TAKE NOTICE

D., 1907.

moeting of the Council of the said township of Eldon, on Nov. 25th, A.

That the above is a true copy of a A choice selection of fine proposed by-law which has been taken into consideration and which will be finally passed by the Council assent of the electors being obtained thereto in accordance with 6 Edward VII, Chap. 47, Sect. 24 S. S. after one month from the first poo lication in the Lindsay Post, the date of which rublication was Friday, the sixth day of December, A. A., 190% en thereon on the day and at the hour and places therein fixed.

B. STACEY.

Jan. Jan. Whitby Jan. 2 terporo Jan 9 Here at Jan . Lindsay

Bears the

Signature