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WEDDING STATIONERY, INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS in the LATEST STYLES



SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.

A Story of a Christmas Morning and a Boy who Interfered with Santa's Plans.

It was very early Christmas morning; it would have been quite dark in the bedroom if it had not been for the bright street light outside the window.

Side by side against the wall stood two white beds. In one slept Charlie Kennedy, aged five; in the other, Donald Kennedy, aged seven, lay awake.

From the foot of each bed hung a stocking.

"It looks like night out of doors," thought Donald. "But I believe it is really morning, and if it is morning I shall just have one peep into my stocking to see what Santa Claus has brought me."

Donald slipped a bare pink foot cautiously out of bed, then the other followed, and in his blue and white striped pyjamas he crept to the well-filled stocking and emptied the contents on the quilt.

In the dim light he could see a ball, a knife, a Chinese puzzle, an orange, and a box of sweets, also a clockwork motor boat.

He put the things carefully back, then looked longingly at his brother's stocking.

"I'll just peep at Charlie's. That will be no harm," he thought.

Charlie had much the same as Donald, only in place of the clockwork motor boat, there was a cannon. Donald handled it lovingly.

"Santa Claus ought to have known that I mean to be a soldier. He should have given me this cannon," he muttered. "Charlie is to be a sailor, so the motor boat would be just the thing for him. Santa Claus has made a mistake—that's what he has done."

Donald put back Charlie's presents and crept into his warm bed. But he could not sleep; he kept thinking of the cannon and the motor boat.

"I am sure Santa Claus has made a mistake about us. I shall set things right."

And so saying, Donald got out of bed once more, and put Charlie's cannon in his own stocking, and gave his brother the motor boat.

Having done this, Donald once more got into bed, and this time he soon went to sleep.

It was Christmas Day and breakfast-time. Around the breakfast table in the dining-room, decorated with evergreens, sat Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Donald and Charlie, and their sisters Doris and Rose, whilst Uncle Bob was placed between Donald and Charlie to see that they behaved themselves. "as he laughingly remarked.

As they were all chattering, Ellen, the parlourmaid, entered with a tray. On the tray was a letter.

"I wonder who it is from?" remarked Mrs. Kennedy. "I am sure the post has never arrived as early as this on Christmas Day."

"It is addressed to Master Donald and Master Charlie, and I found it in the drawing-room grate, ma'am. It looked just as if it had fallen down the chimney," said Ellen.

"What a peculiar place for a letter! Do let me see who it's from. Shall I read it out to you, boys?" asked his mother.

"Yes, please, mummy. I expect it is from Santa Claus. I dare say he dropped it down the chimney in passing," said Donald.

Mother and father smiled at this suggestion, whilst Uncle Bob grinned broadly.

"Why, it is from Santa Claus, as I said," remarked Mrs. Kennedy, very surprised. He writes:

"Dear Donald and Charlie.—A line in great haste to say that I have just found I have made a mistake about the things I put in your stockings last night. I did not know before which you had settled to be the sailor and which the soldier, or I should have given the presents differently. Now I know, and, to make up, please look in the porch, and the box of soldiers you will find there is for the boy who had the motor boat, and the box of sailors for the boy to whom I gave the cannon. I hope this will please you both. I should have left the sol-

diers and sailors in your bedroom, but it is nearly light as I write this, and I am of a nervous disposition, and should not like you to see me, as I am so shy.

"Your loving friend, "Santa Claus," said Charlie. "And Donald has the cannon." "I suppose Donald has the motor boat, so will get the box of soldiers; and Charlie has the cannon, so will have the sailors."

"No; I have got the motor boat," said Charlie. "And Donald has the cannon." Donald did not say anything, but he looked very, very solemn.

"Oh, why did I change my motor boat for the cannon?" he thought. He looked even more serious still when the parcels in the porch were opened, for the box of soldiers was the most splendid one he had ever seen. There were rows and rows of horses and foot soldiers, with shining swords and brightly-painted coats. The sailors were very nice, but nothing came up to soldiers in Donald's eyes.

"I think there has been some mistake," said Uncle Bob, noticing the piteous expression on his nephew's face. "I had a private talk with Santa Claus, and told him particularly that you were to be the gallant soldier of the Kennedy family, and Charlie the sailor boy. There has been a mistake somewhere, I am sure."

As the hours of Christmas Day went by, the Kennedy children with happy, contented faces, played with their new toys—all but Donald, and he looked more and more solemn.

It was Christmas night; Donald and Charlie were in bed. Charlie was asleep, but Donald lay awake. Presently many footsteps passed the half-open door.

"Uncle, uncle—is that you?" called Donald.

"Yes; why aren't you asleep, young man?"

"I can't sleep; I am worried, uncle. Please sit on my bed, quite close to me. I want to confide in you."

Uncle Bob smiled in the dark.

"Uncle, you seem to know more about Santa Claus than the rest of us; are you friends with him, aren't you?"

"Yes; Santa Claus and I make little plans together sometimes. What is the matter?"

"Well, it is like this. I thought that Santa Claus had made a mistake when I saw the motor boat in my stocking and the cannon in Charlie's, so I thought I'd put the mistake right. If I had left them as they were, I should have had the soldiers; and I do want them."

"I thought something odd had happened," said Uncle Bob. "Another time you must leave Santa Claus to rectify his own mistakes. I am sorry about the soldiers, but you must be content with the sailors."

"I am awake," came from the other bed. "Donald can have the soldiers, I'd really rather have the sailors, but I did not like to say so," said Charlie.

So Donald had the soldiers and Charlie the sailors, and everyone was pleased.

And Donald has made up his mind not to interfere with Santa Claus' plans another Christmas.

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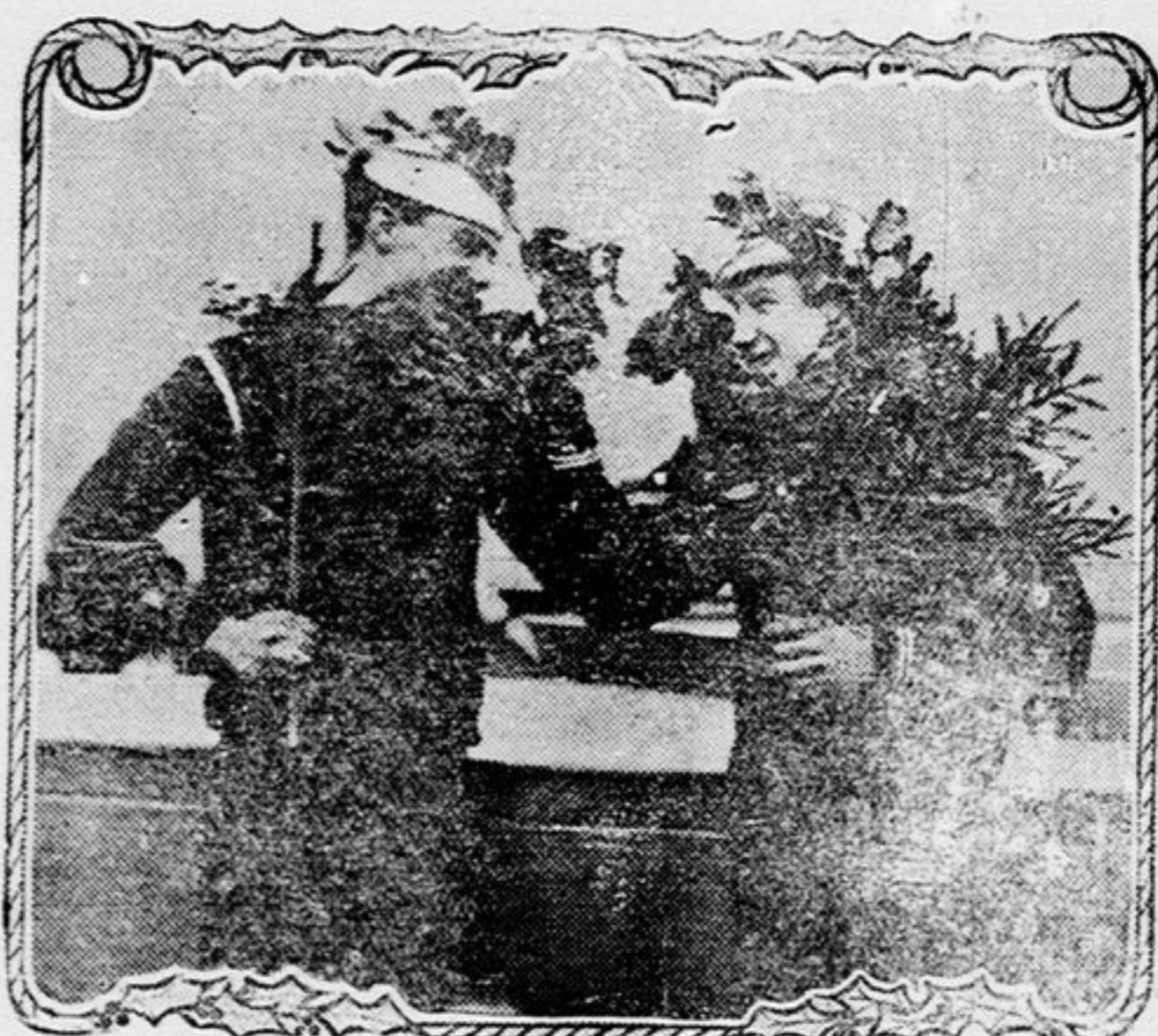
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THE JOLLY JACK TAR BY HARRY SYPHER

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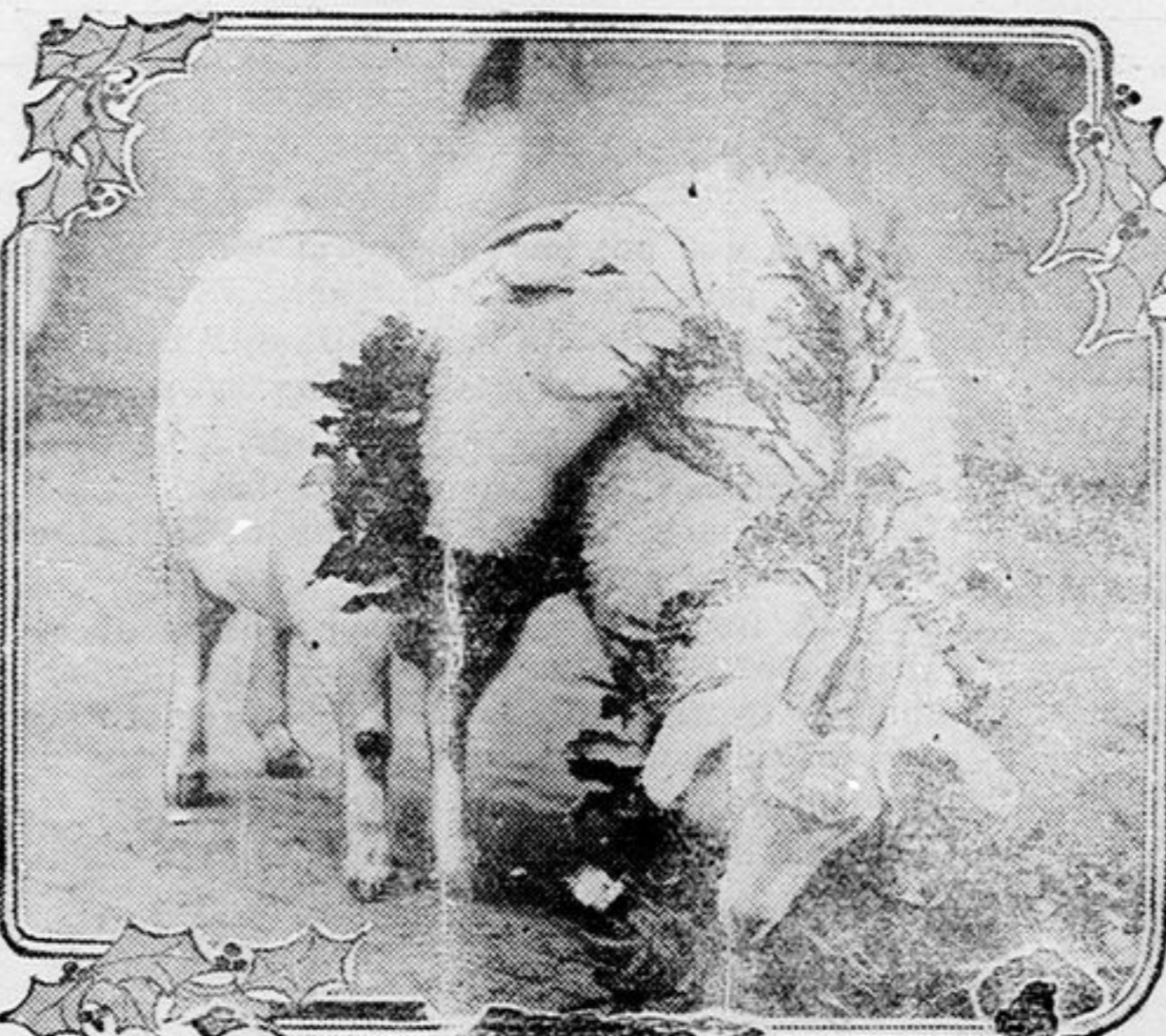
O H, the jolly Jack Tar! he is far away from home,
Aboard the nation's battleship upon the briny foam.
At Christmas time and all times he sails the seven seas;
He quaffs the fragrant spices in every foreign breeze,
And always when the day comes round that comes but once
a year
He sighs to quaff the fragrance of his fireside cheer.



BUT still the jolly Jack Tar upon the billowed brine,
For all his lonesome feeling, is never heard to whine.
From somewhere east of Suez he gets his Christmas greens
And decks himself all over with a wealth of woodland scenes.
With gorgeous glee he decks himself upon the hammock deck,
With evergreens upon his heart and holly round his neck.



THOUGH jolly Jack has not a chance to hang the mistletoe
And kiss the girl he left behind in case she gets below,
He hitches up his trousers and he whistles through his teeth
And goes and makes the mascot goat a jolly holly wreath,
And then he sings a chantey song, with loud guffaws between,
Anent the merry mascot and the wearing of the green.



THEN down within his mess room the jolly Jack Tar sits
And culls a Christmas dinner from the galley and the kits,
And Billygoat and Nannygoat are both remembered, too—
They get a bounteous feast themselves when jolly Jack is through.
For, though they have no spinach, they devour the Christmas greens—
The holly and the shrubbery and all the woodland scenes.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

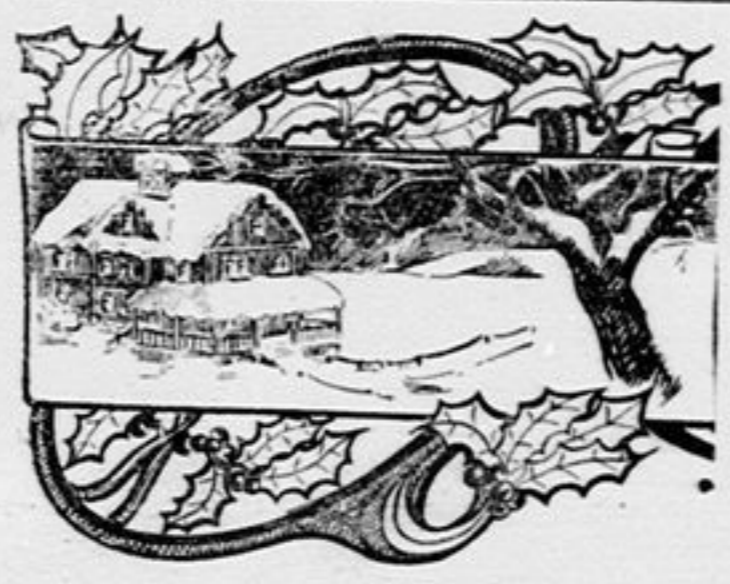
Where the Old Country Gets Its Great Supply of Christmas Trees Every Year.

To tell the truth, we do not trouble very much about the matter. Father bought it somewhere, and while we were asleep—or pretending to be—loving hands covered it with candles, and bags of sweets and toys and dolls and little flags, and made it shine and sparkle like the King's crown. But when we stand before it and clap our hands and cry "O-o-o-h!" we do not, as a rule, stop to bother as to how it is there, or how to get such a thing as a Christmas tree at all.

As a matter of fact, a good many older people have tried to find out where the Christmas tree came from, but nobody seems to be quite certain yet as to how many years ago the good old custom was started.

Some learned men have told us that it came from ancient Egypt. They say that at certain winter festivities the Egyptians used a slip of a palm tree with twelve shoots on it, this, of course, representing the year with its twelve months. I do not think, however, that our Christmas tree has anything to do with that twelve-shooted slip of palm. It is more probable that it is to be traced back through the old customs of the country which gave it to us—Germany.

Far away back in the ages—"once upon a time," as the fairy tales say—the people called Teutons believed all kinds of things about a mystic ash tree with the curious name Yggdrasil. This, with its roots and branches, they thought, united the world of the living and the world of the dead. The



branches of this tree, they supposed, bore gifts for men to take. There you have the idea which most probably led to the custom of having once a year a tree laden with presents.

When the custom really started just as we see it in our homes to-day is doubtful, but the people in the ancient city of Strasburg are proud of the fact that more than three hundred years ago they introduced it. The Christmas tree does not seem to have been mentioned in any book until the year 1605, when an unknown writer called attention to the new custom at Strasburg. In those days, however, the Church did not approve of the Christmas tree—I expect because it was of heathen origin—and we are told that a preacher named Professor Dannhauer, of Strasburg Cathedral, spoke very strongly against it.

Well, the Christmas tree became

very popular indeed in Germany, but you may be surprised to know that it is only about seventy years since it was taken to England. When Victoria the Good married Prince Albert in 1840, many new German customs were introduced into the old country, and the Christmas tree was one of them. At Windsor Castle in 1846 there was a huge tree forty feet high, which was laden with presents said to be worth no less than \$45,000! That was something like a tree wasn't it?—but I do not suppose it gave a bit more pleasure than the little tree you see in a poor man's cottage window.

Since then the Christmas tree has been a prominent feature of the Christmas festivities of the Royal Family. Queen Victoria encouraged the custom.

In Germany at Christmas time every house has its tree, and the trade in fir trees in every German town is enormous. In London something like 70,000 trees of various sizes are sold at Covent Garden.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Celery Soup

Ingredients—One quart of broth, 1 pint milk, 2 heads of celery, 1 large Spanish onion, 2 ozs. butter, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoonful of cream, cornflour.

Method—The broth must be white, made from veal bones or from boiling a fowl. Take the white part of the celery, see that it is quite free from grit, cut it into small pieces, and slice the onion.

Put the butter into a stewpan, add the celery and sliced onion, let them cook for a few minutes, but be careful that they do not brown at all. Now add the broth, and a good seasoning of pepper and salt, and simmer all together until the vegetables are quite soft. Rub through a sieve and return it to the stewpan with the milk, to which has been added a dessertspoonful of cornflour, stir until it has boiled for a few minutes, and just before serving add the cream. Serve very hot, but do not let it boil after the cream has been added, or the appearance of the soup will be spoiled.

Minced Turkey

The trimmings of a large carcass will make a delicious mince. To each pound of minced turkey allow 1 oz. of finely chopped ham and the same quantity of onion. Fry in a little clarified dripping with ½ oz. of flour sprinkled over. To this add ½ pint of stock made from the bones; season with salt and pepper and, if liked, a dash of lemon juice. The mince may be served simply garnished with croquettes (little pieces of fried bread), with or without poached eggs. It may also be used as a filling for petty cases or allowed to get cold; it can be shaped into cutlets, rolled in egg and breadcrumbs, and fried, or is a delicious stuffing for grilled rolls of bacon.

Sausage and Chestnut Dressing

Boil forty chestnuts, and when cooked remove the outer and inner skins. Put them in a mortar and pound. Add 1 lb. of sausage (free from skin), and, if liked, the turkey liver chopped. Mix all together thoroughly and season with pepper and salt.

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