

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

GIFTS IN HANDKERCHIEFS

For Men and Women

Handkerchiefs embroidered in white and colors, all put up in boxes suitable for Holiday gifts.



Christmas Specials

WE DESIRE TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND PATRONAGE IN THE PAST AND TO WISH YOU ALL THE JOYS OF THE SEASON.

HAIR BOWS

Boxed for Christmas Gifts.

Each bow contains 1 1/2 yards of ribbon of fine Quality.



Give **PICTURES** for Christmas.

A complete line of small ornamental pictures suitable for gifts.

S. A. DEXTER

THE VARIETY STORE 63 South Main Street.

A BIG VARIETY OF CHINA AND GLASSWARE

PRACTICAL GIFTS FOR MEN

NECKWEAR
SUSPENDERS
ARM BANDS
GARTERS.

DOLLS, GAMES and TOYS for the LITTLE FOLKS.



Christmas Gifts of a Century Ago

In a New York newspaper of 1814 Christmas gifts were verified as follows:

"An assortment of Bibles, well calculated for the amusement and instruction of Young Persons, among which were Burton's Lectures on Female Education and Manners; Foster's Essays on various subjects; Rassias Chatechism of Nature, an excellent little book, price 3s.; Burder's Village Sermons; Mrs. Chapon's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind."

"A. T. Goodrich, No. 284 Broadway, corner of Cedar street, has just received an extensive assortment of fancy articles, Books, Prints, Medallions, Landscapes and small books for children, that are well adapted for purchase or gift, at this season of complimentary presents."

"By the last arrival from Europe, were also received several of the latest and best Novels, Poems and Miscellaneous Works:

"Fine letterpaper; visiting cards; Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books; Wallets and Memorandum Books; Fine Penknives; Cases of Best Silver Eyed Needles; Opera Glasses and Snuff Boxes."

The Place of the Nativity



In a place built, like Bethlehem, in many cases against the soft limestone rock it often happens that the existence of a cave where the house was to be was a great attraction since it offered a ready, dry, above ground cellar as a specially suitable spot for household animals and for a room. It would seem that Joseph was at last able to get room in some such back portion of a house, and there, we are told, Mary bore her divine Son.

A cave below the high altar of the Church of the Nativity is now shown as the very place where this august event transpired; a little recess, shaped like a clam shell, its floor of marble wrought into a star in the center, bearing in Latin the words, "Here Jesus Christ Was Born of the Virgin Mary." A row of lamps hangs round the outer edge, the right to attend to them being a jealously watched matter, each of the ancient churches, the Greek, the Latin, the Armenian and the Coptic, having one or more of these under its care.

The evidence for this site is so strong that most persons accept it as sufficient, reaching up, as it does, to within living memory of the days of the apostles. But even if this be an illusion the fact remains that in this petty village the Saviour of the world was made man for our redemption. No wonder that we read of the anthem of the angels, for surely nothing could draw forth the interest of the heavenly population like the exceeding grace God was showing to sinful man.

The scene of the visit of the shepherds is pointed out as on a rough slope, facing the village, at some distance to the east, Bethlehem lying far above on its mountain seat. One can follow the shepherds in their journey to see the unspeakable wonder. They would go along the rich valley of Boaz and then up the terraced hill by a path still in use, nor is it uninteresting to reflect that, while simple shepherds were led by angels to the manger, the high priest and the great of Jerusalem, so near, slept through that most illustrious night of all history, quite unconscious of what had happened. But we know of it, and may God grant that if we cannot go with the shepherds to Bethlehem we may one day go to the right hand of God and worship him there, who that night lay a little child in Mary's arms.—Dr. Cunningham Geikie.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

And May Your New Year Also Be a Happy One

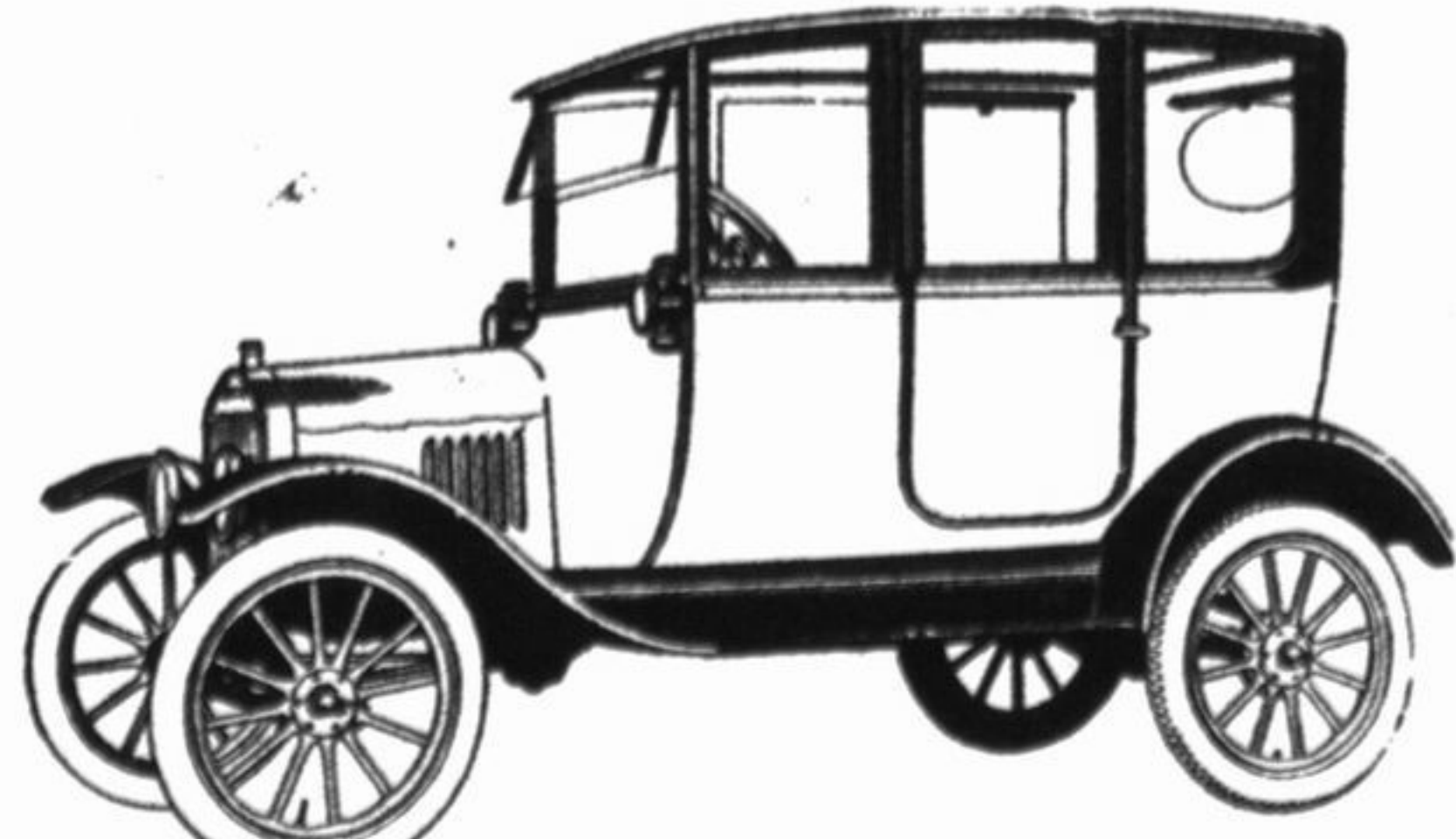
E. H. FLECK, Phone 85

E. F. BUCHHOLZ, Phone 428-W

Buy your wife or daughter a **FORD** for Christmas.

The Universal Car

RUNABOUT	SEDAN \$695.	TOWN CAR
\$345.		\$645.
TOURING CAR		TRUCK
\$360.		\$600.
COUPELET		ALL F. O. B.
\$560.		DETROIT.



Hinsdale South Side Sales Rooms

FORD DISTRIBUTORS and Service Station.

HINSDALE ILLINOIS.

The Christmas Story

7 HERE was peace on the lone Judean hills,
And the shepherds watched their flocks by night,
When there came from the silent, starry sky
A burst of glory, a dazzling light,
And the angel choir from far away
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
And we hear the song o'er lapses of years
As it echoes in our hearts again.

They sang in notes of heavenly joy;
They brought a message from God to men,
For the Prince of Peace had come to earth
And a child was born at Bethlehem.

The Christ had come, the King of kings,
That we might God in His beauty see
And hearts be light in blessed hope
That death should be swallowed in victory.

And they left their flocks and hastened on
To the city of David to see the babe,
The Saviour of men and the Son of God,
The humble child in a manger laid,
And they marvel at that which had come to pass
And return with glory and praise to God,
While the chorus echoes within their hearts
As back to the lonely hills they plod.


As the shepherds of old, let us hasten on
This Christmas day to Bethlehem town,
To be with him through the whole of life,
To bear the cross and to gain the crown,
No more shall we find him a lowly child,
But there forever with God above
He watches and guides our feeble steps
Till he brings us home with his infinite love.

How sweetly, how gladly to all the world
There comes a message of hope today,
For Christ is born and man is free
And pain and sorrow must pass away,
How sweetly and silently into the heart
The Christ Child comes this blessed night
To make us noble and good and true,
For the light of the world is a wondrous light.

Dear Christ, may we follow with willing hearts
The path of duty, where thou hast led,
That sin and shame may have an end
And that joy may fill our souls in stead,
And on this thy glorious natal day
We shall catch the sound as the glad bells ring
Till we hear thy summons to come away
And in heaven above thy praises sing.
—Rev. Norman Van Pelt Lewis to Philadelphia Public Ledger.




A Christmas Riddance



BY WILLIS BROOKS

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

OUR village paper had issued a very creditable Christmas edition. I was looking over the news section by the front window. My wife sat near, absorbed in the story part.

"What's that?" she asked, listening. She was always on the lookout for more eggs. What she heard certainly did sound like a hen announcing the arrival of one-twelfth of a dozen.

"That," I answered, "is Ezra Barnstable in a state of amusement."

We looked through the window, and, sure enough, here he came down the street, an expansive smile illuminating his moonlike face.

"What on earth can the man be laughing so about all alone?" my wife wanted to know. She was that way—never content to let a man be happy unless she knew the reason why.

So I went to the door and sang out

to Ezra, "Isn't it kind of stingy to enjoy it all by yourself?"

When he had unwound the wool tip pet from his neck and taken the rocking chair which the missis had set before the fireplace for him he leaned back and cut gashes in the atmosphere with another flourish of his sharp exclamations. "I've heard of Santa Claus playin' tricks before now," said he, "but I don't guess he ain't never played none no funnier than this."

"It was like this: Three, four days ago my boy Chet come home with a rabbit—one of them big white critters with the pink eyes—that he'd swapped off one of his mittens to the one armed Mayhew boy fer. When he come in, I luggin' the thing in his arms, his ma ast him whose it was, an' he said it was his'n an' its name was Jimmy an' Eddie Mayhew give it to him.

"Them Mayhew boys ain't givin' nothin' away fer nothin'," says she. "What'd you give him fer it?"

"Chet knowed he was cornered, so he owned up that he'd give Eddie one of his wool mittens. 'I don't never wear but one much anyhow,' says he, 'an', besides, Eddie's a poor, one armed boy, an' his hand was cold, an' it was comin' Christmas.'"

"I seen the look in his ma's eye, an' I felt sorry fer Chet, so I says, 'Chet,' says I, severe-like, 'you come to the barn along of me, 'like I was goin' to lek him.

"That satisfied his ma. So Chet an' me went to the barn an' made a box to keep the rabbit in. I knowed the

thing 'd freeze to death if he kep' it anywheres but in the house, an' I knowed his ma wouldn't listen to his doin' that, so I puts him up to gittin' rid of it by invitin' his Cousin Artie over fer Christmas an' givin' it to him fer a Christmas present.

"Artie, you know," Ezra explained, "is my wife's brother's boy. You remember my wife's brother, Dan Baker, over in Center township, the one that died an' left a widder with eight children?"

"Wasn't when Chet told his ma what he was goin' to do she said he could keep the rabbit in the attic (th' Christmas an' not a minute longer. So he writ to Artie, an' 'this mornin' bright an' early here comes the hull family—Mia's Baker an' the hull eight children.

"Chet, he hadn't even got up yet, but I roused him out, an' when he come down he tolt Artie about the Jimmy rabbit he was goin' to give him. Then Mia's Baker chips in an' says she never 'lows one o' her children to accept presents unless all the others gets the same thing. 'It makes the others jealous,' says she, 'an' creates dissensions.'

"I seen trouble comin' to Chet in flocks an' herds an' I says to myself 'You know, if one way to settle this thing. You know, if you give a rabbit a little cuff on the back of his neck he never knows what hit him. So I sneaks up to the attic, but ole Santa Claus had got there ahead of me.'

Ezra rocked back and let out a few more staccato notes of merriment.

"What had happened?" my wife asked.

"Wait 'till I tell you," said Ezra. "I called Chet to come up quick, an' he come a-runnin'. 'Look here,' says I to him, 'you give the eight little ones to the children an' the old one to Mia's Baker. If you do it nice she can't refuse 'em, especially when the little rabbits needs the services of Jimmy fer awhile yet.' So Chet he lugged the hull box o' rabbits downstairs an' made such a eloquent presentin' speech that the widder couldn't do nothin' but thank him an' take the hull mess home with her."

Christmas Means Love.

We cannot picture it without seeing the spangled Christmas tree girt with the faces of gleeful youngsters, glad parents and happy bodies returned home from town or far metropolis. It sounds like bells and crackling logs and shouts of children. And even our old, round shouldered, sorrow ridden planet, with his eye knocked out on his cheek, pauses to smile from sea to sea, and love is everywhere rejuvenated.—James Whitcomb Riley.

Christmas Greens.

A quaint old writer thus spiritualizes the practice of Christmas decoration. "So our churches and houses, decked with bays and rosemary, holly and ivy and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of his Deity—that the child that now is born was God and man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing and should live forevermore."