



## Christmas in Jerusalem

**T**HE war years found us in odd places. In the mud of Flanders we fancied we heard the Christmas chimes, and dreamt of fire-side and festive fare. The burning sun of the desert scorched us, and made us wish for the snow-covered pastures of old England, or even the murk of a London fog. Back through the years floats a recollection of the land that saw the shepherds follow the guiding star that led them to Bethlehem. It was Christmas in Jerusalem. The night was heavy and threatening. In the old city, guarded by its massive walls, very little was stirring. All day long ceaseless barter had been going on in the arcades. Cold though the weather was, the biting wind that had prevailed all through the day, would appear to have lost itself in its narrow byways, and, giving it up as a bad job, gone out into the wider world to blow to its heart's content, for, here, the somnolent atmosphere of antiquity prevailed untroubled by the winter blasts. A weird place to ramble in the darkness of a Christmas night. A wonderful place in which to conjure strange images. That figure that slides away into the darkness down through the ancient passage called Via Dolorosa, where Christ carried His Cross amid the jeers of the soldiery, he might be a thousand years old for all the change there is in him. Out of the darkness stumbles an old Jew. He looks as ancient as the very walls around, and equally redolent of the past. Up cobbled arcaded lanes one stumbles; the darkness is intense; and then out into a great square where huge cypress trees rise on either hand. The night is more open here, but still dark. Suddenly through a moving wrack of cloud bursts the moon, for seconds only, but, in those seconds, flashes, white in the light, the mighty dome of the Mosque of Omar. For a moment the light rests on the gate where Christ entered the Holy City, while the girls flung flowers in His path, and then all is darkness once again and silence. Silence—except for the guns that have opened out beyond the ramparts. Outside the walls of the old city darkness still reigns supreme; except that the wind and rain are more in evidence, and the thunder of the guns is greater. Few people move in the streets. Now and again comes an anxious enquiry, "Do you think the Turk will come back?" One answers optimistically and the door closes. Moving onward towards your billet, a ruined house on the outskirts, the realization of candles comes to you. Each window boasts a number. They twinkle and sparkle. Every house displays them. Of course!—it is Christmas; Christmas in Jerusalem. And so amid the thunder of the guns you sit down and drink to those at home, to friends and enemies wherever they are, a merry Christmas, even though the toast is drunk in stewed tea.

## Was It Santa Claus or Cupid?

**I**T was Christmas Eve—quite the most glorious Christmas Eve Virginia Ray had ever known. Everything was ready for the party—her party—from the "Merry Christmas" place-cards to the splendid Christmas tree that would be ablaze all evening with little lights and colors.



"HERE COMES DADDY!" — A scene enacted in many Canadian homes daily. To these two children Daddy is the one hero. They think of him all day long and talk about him incessantly, and when the time approaches for his return home from his business they are at the window, with smiling faces, and happy indeed is the one who sees him first and cries "Here comes Daddy." The picture is from a photograph.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS from the air—Now we know who sends the snow to us in the early morning of the day of all days. These youthful aviators wear on their faces the unconcerned look, when up in the air, of veterans; yet they are too young to have been long accustomed to high flights. The faded leaves over the boy's shoulders show there is still that on earth which he loves. Taken from life.

## Tiny Tim's Carol

"**G**OD bless us every one," prayed Tiny Tim. Crippled and dwarfed in body, yet so tall Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, not dreamed, indeed, That it, at best, could give to him the while But pitying glances, when his only need Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!" Enfolding all the creeds within the span



Of his child heart, and so, despising none, Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise, Lifting a finger over the rhythmic swing Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes Turning earthward, listening.

The anthem stilled—the angels leaning there Above the golden walls—the morning sun Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer—"God bless us every one!"

## For HIS or HER CHRISTMAS

Jewelry HE or SHE  
"Wouldn't Mind"  
Getting



White or Green Gold  
Pocket Watches

Gruen Elgin Waltham  
Hamilton Civitas  
\$750 to \$70.00



Tie Pins

of Striking Design

Gold Filled Solid Gold  
White Gold Diamond Set  
\$1.50 to \$25.00



Admirable  
Cuff Links

Silver Gold Filled  
Green Gold White Gold  
\$1.00 to \$12.00



Adorable

Wrist Watches

Girls' Special, 15-Jewel  
White or Green Gold-  
Filled \$12.50

Other Attractive  
WRIST WATCHES  
\$15.00 to \$50.00

Of course, all these  
are Guaranteed



Diamond-Studded  
Bar Pins

\$12.50 to \$75.00

Also many other Bar Pins  
in Silver and Gold  
beautifully designed  
\$1.00 to \$10.00

OO

Also a great assortment  
of other useful and  
beautiful Gifts in

Jewelry, Silverware  
China, French Ivory  
Leather Goods  
Stationery, etc.

—at—

"The Gift Shop  
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