



Sharing Christmas
by
Jocile Webb Pearson

I AM a happy little tree. I stand beside the front entrance of a white cottage on a quiet street. Each Christmas time I bloom out in beautiful colored lights, and all who pass share my beauty and catch something of the joy of Christmas.

But I was not always happy like this. Once I lived in a great forest, surrounded by trees so tall I could only catch a glimpse of the blue sky above me, and I felt very small and lonely. I, too, wanted to be tall; to look out on the big world like the others and feel the sun shining through my branches. I would stretch out my limbs as far as I could, and send my roots deeper into the earth, but my progress was so slow I grew discouraged.

One day I saw a man and a boy coming through the forest. The man carried something over his shoulder and they seemed to be looking for something. Then the boy saw me and cried: "Look, father, there is just the tree we want." He ran over to me and fairly hugged me in his eagerness. The man looked me over. "Fine," he said. But when he began digging with the thing he had carried on his shoulder I began to tremble. I felt my roots snap one by one and soon I lay a tumbled heap on the ground. Life seemed over for me.

Next I was tied to a funny looking thing on wheels, that spluttered and growled when the man and boy climbed in and we started off down a twisty little road that wound through the forest, then out on a big shining highway until we came to a wide driveway that led through a sloping lawn to a white cottage.

Here I was untied and put into a large earthen jar filled with sand and carried into the house, and set in a corner of a big room beside a sunny window. Oh, the joy of having the sun on my branches. I began to feel less scared and to look about me.

In a big mirror opposite I could watch the man as he fastened me upright. Then he put a string of



Two Little Faces Pressed Against the Window Pane.

lights from my top to my toe, whistling softly as he worked. Then I heard a door open and a rush of feet—a little boy and a girl dashed into the room crying: "Mamma, come quick, and see our Christmas tree." They clapped their hands and danced about me. Soon the mother came with a box filled with shining lovely things and my plain green dress was covered with sparkling jewels. I hardly dared look in the mirror for I remembered I was only a humble tree after all, and what I saw could not be me at all; but the great silver star on my topmost branch made me feel very happy. I seemed to draw courage from just looking at it.

After a time I was left to myself. I was glad as I needed to rest up a bit and get used to my strange surroundings. It grew dark outside and snow was falling; but inside my star shone and a quiet peace came over me.

Then once more the doors opened and a merry group of people came in. This time there were Father and Grandfather and Grandmother, too; and Mother leading the little boy and girl. Everyone was saying how lovely I was; but I did not want them to look at me. I wanted them to see two little faces outside pressed against the window pane. The boy saw them first. "Look, Daddy, Mamma!" he shouted and pointed to the window. "There are two children out there. Bring them in, Daddy; give them some of our Christmas." And the little girl clapped her hands and cried: "Oh, do, Daddy, it's cold out there!"

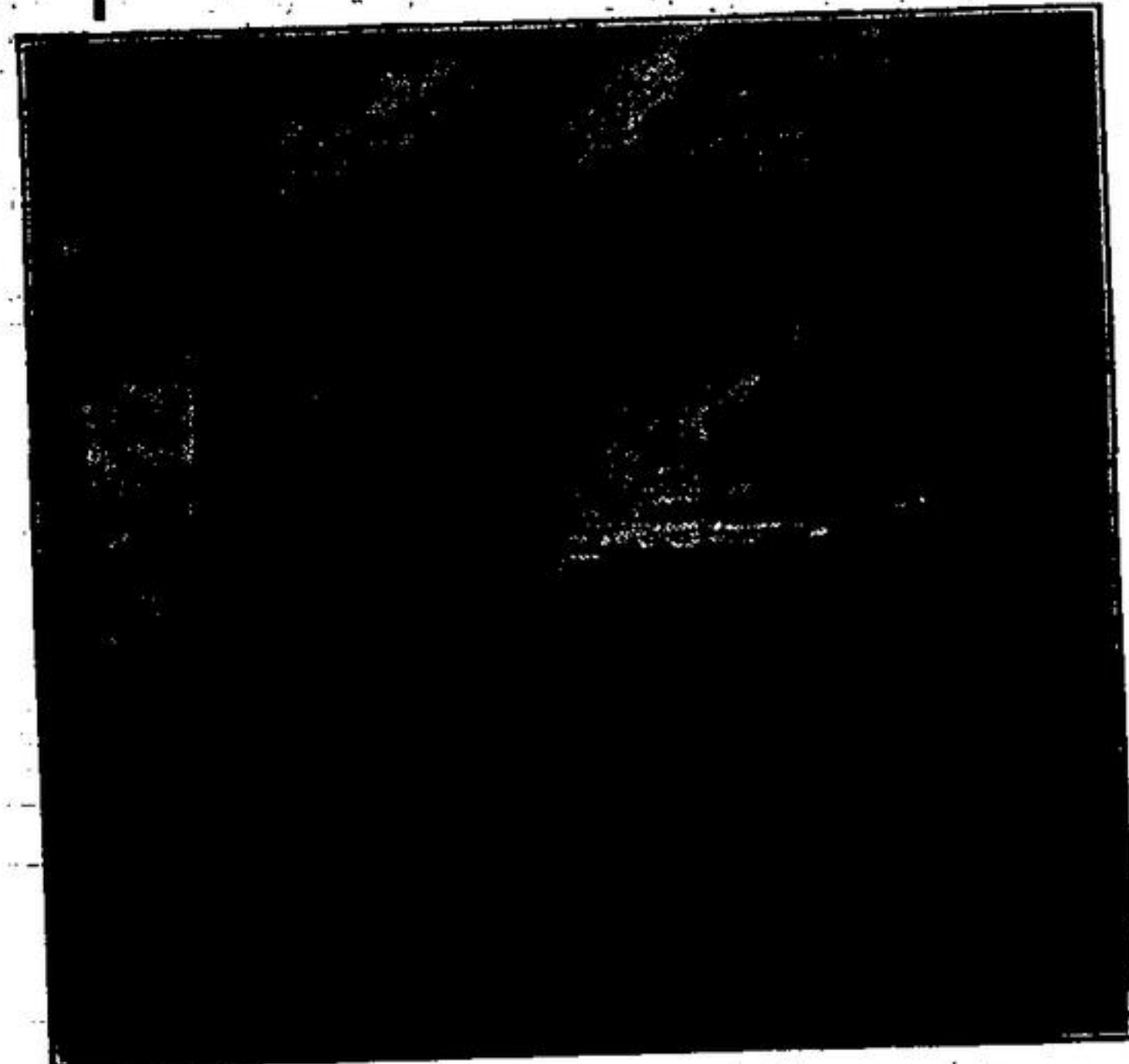
When they were brought in looking rather scared, but glad, I was so happy I almost shook my bangles off. Then Mother made music on a big box with shining keys and everyone sang Christmas carols. Then Father told the old story of the Shepherds and the Star that led to the Christ Child. Then a jolly man with a red coat and a pack on his back gave everyone presents, including the little strangers. There were candies and nuts, plenty for all, and such a babble of happy voices. I felt the thrill of it myself and the big star glowed in sympathy.

Kemshead's Home Bakery

DELICIOUS...
CAKES — PIES — CHICKEN PATTIES
CHRISTMAS CAKES

SPECIAL — Wednesday and Saturday
Doughnuts — Cream Goods — Meat Pies
PHONE 317 — GEORGETOWN

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
SUMMER SUNSETS



Silhouettes against the sunset make striking snapshots.

SUMMER'S gorgeous sunsets are splendid snapshot material, and sunset pictures are easy to take, whether you have a simple box camera or a high-grade folding camera with ultra-fast lens.

Charming silhouettes of persons can be made with the sunset as a background, and sunset shots across a lake or stream, with reflections, are remarkably beautiful. The effect of a sunset is heightened by a good foreground, such as a "frame" of trees or overhanging leafy branches. In the country, try shooting the sunset with a piece of farm machinery silhouetted against it. A plowing scene, with straining horses silhouetted against the sunset sky, makes a successful snapshot.

One of the most important points in picturing sunsets, is to obtain a strong, vigorous cloud effect. Good clouds are often better than a riot of brilliant color, at least for black-and-white picture purposes. In many

cases, a more striking result will be obtained if you place a color filter over the camera lens. The filter brightens its own colors, and darkens its opposite or complementary colors. When in doubt, shoot one picture with the filter and one without. A good sunset is worth an extra shot or two.

Either chrome type or panchromatic film is excellent for sunset pictures. Short exposures are desirable, in order to subdue detail in the foreground. If yours is a box camera which has a choice of lens openings, use the smaller opening. With rapid-lens cameras, try an exposure of f.16 at 1/50 or 1/100 second. If the sunset is quite bright, and you are shooting across water, you may use an opening as small as f.22.

Watch the sunsets—keep your camera loaded—ready for action—and you will add many a charming snapshot to your collection.

John van Gulder.

BALLINAFAD

A special part of the service Sunday morning was the presenting of White Gifts by the children of the congregation. The story of the origin of the White Gift was told by Mrs. A. Forman. These gifts will be sent to All Peoples' Mission in Hamilton.

Miss Joy Russell of Ashgrove spent the week end with Joanna Shortill. The young men of this community have been busy this past week making a skating rink, on the corner of Mr. C. McEneaney's farm.

The Sunday School will hold their annual Christmas concert Friday evening, Dec. 16th, in the church.

"I want a box of powder for my sister, please," said the angel child. "The kind that goes off with a bang?" asked the jolly old chemist. "No, clever, the kind that goes on with a puff."

—Send the Herald as a Christmas Gift to your friends. A gift that will last for 52 weeks.

Cold Turkey Deserves Conserve

By Frances Lee Barton

WHEN the remains of the once noble turkey appear on the dinner table the day after Christmas, it's just as well to have a culinary surprise up your sleeve. For while cold turkey is very good, indeed, its appearance will be not unexpected! So instead of a dish of cranberry sauce flanking the turkey, why not introduce cranberries in the form of a conserve? This conserve is so easy to make, by the modern short boil method and bottled fruit pectin. You'll get about 12 glasses from only a few pounds of fruit—enough conserve to last you right into the New Year.

Cranberry Conserve
7/8 cups (3 1/4 lbs.) prepared fruit; 5/8 cups (2 lbs. 6 oz.) sugar; 1/4 bottle fruit pectin; 1 cup chopped seeded raisins.

To prepare fruit, add 4 cups water to about 2 pounds fully ripe cranberries. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Sieve pulp for jam, if desired. Add 1 cup chopped seeded raisins.

Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before adding pectin. Boil hard 1 and 1/2 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Skim; pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 12 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

A Santa Clause? Of Course There Is!



How the late Jacob A. Ellis, of New York, explained it to a little friend.

NO SANTA CLAUS? Yes, my little man, there is a Santa Claus, thank God! The world would indeed be poor without one. It is true that he does not always wear a white beard and drive a reindeer team—not always, you know—but what does it matter. He is Santa Claus with the big, loving Christmas heart, for all that; Santa Claus with the kind thoughts for everyone that make children and grown-up people beam with happiness all day long.

And shall I tell you a secret which I did not learn at the post-office, but it is true all the same—of how you can always be sure your letters go to him straight by the chimney route. It is this: Send along with them a friendly thought for the boy you don't like; for Jack who punched you, or Jim who was mean to you. The madder he was the harder do you resolve to make it up; not to bear him a grudge. That is the stamp for the letter to Santa Claus. Nobody can stop it, not even a cross-draught in the chimney, when it has that on.

Because—don't you know, Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas; and ever and ever so many years ago when the dear little Baby was born after whom we call Christmas, and was cradled in the manger out in the stable because there was not room in the inn, that Spirit came into the world to soften the hearts of men and make them love one another. Therefore, that is the mark of the Spirit to this day. Don't let anybody or anything rub it out. Then the rest doesn't matter. Let them tear Santa's white beard off at the Sunday School festival and growl in his bearskin coat. These are only his disguises. The steps of the real Santa Claus you can trace all through the world as you have done here with me, and when you stand in the last of his tracks you will find the blessed babe of Bethlehem smiling a welcome to you. For then you will be home.

CARROLL'S

SALMON Party 1/2-lb. 15c
Sockeye tin
PORK and BEANS 21-oz. 7c
tin

CHATEAU CHEESE 1/2-lb. pkg. 16c
SHELLED ALMONDS 1/4-lb. 14c

FIGS 10c

DATED C.A.S. COFFEE 1-lb. bag 36c
TENDER LEAF TEA 7-oz. pkg. 28c

BISCUITS Chocolate Bridge Dainties lb. 15c
FLOUR Five Roses 24-lb. bag 74c

BAKING POWDER Carroll's 16-oz. tin 17c
JEWEL SHORTENING 2 1-lb. pkgs. 23c

CUT PEEL 21c

BLEACHED RAISINS lb. 18c
AUSTRALIAN CURRANTS 2 lbs. 25c

RAISINS Seeded Lexias 2 lbs. 29c
PINEAPPLE Singapore 18-oz. Sliced tin 9c

CAMAY TOILET SOAP 5-cake 5c
CHIPSO SOAP FLAKES Pkg. 9c and 19c

ROLLED OATS 5 lbs. 19c

LUX FLAKES Pkg. 9c and 23c
CARROLL'S CLEANSER 2 tins 9c

WHITE BEANS 3 lbs. 8c
HEINZ SOUP 2 16-oz. tins 25c

ORANGES Navels—New crop Real choice Nice Size 1 7c doz.

Carrots 5 POUNDS Special value Coreless 9c

Parsnips 4 POUNDS Washed Delicious 9c

Turnips 5 POUNDS Waxed Table quality 9c

ONIONS 4 POUNDS Nice Size Sound and dry 9c

Apples 4 POUNDS Fair cookers Nothing better for eating 19c

Bananas 3 POUNDS Nice size Delicious Golden Yellow 21c

Lettuce 2 Large bunches LEAF Fresh and crisp 9c

GRAPES 3 POUNDS Large berries Crisp and sweet 25c

Grapefruit 9 Marsh seedless Medium large Delicious flavor 25c

Mushrooms, First Grade Butter, Priced to Save
CARROLL'S

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