once, however he was wrong,

"Please, Moester," the woman wheed-

led in a queer foreign accent, "buy some

Mulling glanced at the old-Yashlened

#### .The Bree Press' Christmas Story BABABABABA

THE RESIDENCE AND ASSESSMENT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF THE PERSON

THE SOUL OF A TREE

By HODGES MATHES

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ed up for Christmas giving, in 1/4 lb., I lb., 2 lb. and 4

Wiles' Candy Counter Offers

twenty-second floor, Blake Mulling attorney and counsellor, gured down at the slushy pavements far below. The filing clerk, the stenographer, and the office boy had gone home, but the young lawyer lingered at the close of the dull December day. Presently turning back from the window, he began to look over a tray full of papers

on his deak. r of clients and the accustomed routine. past few months, since a series of particularly brutal gang outrages had finally Even the apathetic Department of Justice had been prodded into securing conwho had long believed themselves immune from the processes of law.

tables, at only, per lb.

b. packages, at, per lb.

the | chacure attorneys, including Blake Mulline, had quickly built up a lucrative practice that well-established and selfrespecting law firms would not handle, furnishing defense counsel for as principled a set of crooks and thugs as ever sat in the shadows of the prison

a ceaseless round of interviews and con-The day had brought its usual throng ferences, examinations of venal, lying witnesses, and every shady trick in the Business had picked up rapidly in the shyster's bag. It had taken Blake Mullins three years to become hardened to the sordid business, and even yet he stirred the big Midwestern city to action. had occasional returns of loathing and qualms of conscience. The atmosphere of a great city's underworld was not his victions and meting out stiff prison native air. He had been born and rearsentences for a number of "higher-ups" ed in the remote fastnesses of the south-

and the gallows. To-day had been like most other days,

ACTON, ONTARIO

Christmas Git

mused half aloud. "But somehow I'd be how I make the money that's putting de Chreestmas greens. Only one dolla de Stidle and the younger children through basket. Verce beauty my arrt"

> In the dark woods far up the slopes Big Bald, the light early-winter snow had disappeared except under the shady edges and in the deep glens where the sun penetrated only for the short midday hours.

In the gathering dusk he turned his

tains he was referred to pridefully as

growed up right here in Lost Cove, an'

now he's a big lawyer out yander."

"I guess I've done pretty well,"

School at the Lost Cove Academy according to local custom, had closed at Thanksgiving, to open again in January, allowing the mountain familie to employ the intervening weeks gethering forest evergreens for the holfday market. Hundreds of families depended on "galackin"," as they called it. for their winter "cash money."

Dave Mullin's log house on Tumbling reverle. There would be snow in the Fork to the galax beds on the steep ridge Unakas by now, he reflected. ern mountains, in the very heart of the rear the top of Big Bald. Save when It would not be like this gray snow blue Unakas. His rise from a lowly the snow lay a half foot deep on the that lay on the roofs and the streets of In consequence then of the rising re- mountain boy to the financial success, higher slopes, the whole family, includ- the city. Back home in the mountains form wave, a group of hitherto rather of a prosperous city lawyer had been one ing Mother and the two comely girls, the anow would lie dazzling-white under Sudie and Sophie, would hurry through the dark firs until the last flake should the early breakfast and with baskets, be alchemized into an immaculate crystal balls of twine and the old sled drawn by droplet by the soft magic of the southern the gray mare Jenny, would set out at sun. Pure as snow-the words meant scrup on the winding trail to the big something down there.

> It was chilly work in mid-December. his overcoat to go to the bachelor apart-In the lush fern beds under the dripping ments that he called home. He had cliffs, the snow would lie for days un- stooped to pick up a bundle of valax broken. Here the valux leaves grew six leaves that had fallen to the floor, when inches wide and the green-and-russet his eye caught the end of a slip of paper coloring was richest. The "galackers" had to flick the ice crystals from the crisp Dip and held it under the desk lamp. leaves on top of the snow and dig deep into the frosty earth below to avoid Tennessee." breaking the long stems.

Sudh Mullins, nineteen and as pretty Mullins cat down limply in his chair. as a picture, was the champion "galacker" of the family. Her nimble fingers had the trick of pulling the largest and B'g Bald." aldniest leaves with scarcely ever broken stem. Her judgment in sorting and grading the day's "pull" was quick and accurate. In almost no time the shipping crates would be filled with tidy bundles, each with a hundred "number one's," "two's," or "three's," ready for the truck that daily plied between the picking grounds and the shipping point at the county seat.

"Every time hit gets nigh Christmas I keep thinkin' of Blake," declared Sudie with a sigh, as the finished her grading one evening.

"So do I Sudie," replied the mother. 'I shore wish't we'd git another letter from him. We hain't heard sinst the middle of August. I reckon he's gittin' wenned plumb off from Lost Cove."

"Looks sort o' that wa," agreed Dave. Sometimes I'm afeared Blake has got so educated un' sittled that he's fergittin' his people an' the place whar he was asleep. The sleepwalker could not

"I hope he ain't lettin' his feet go direction of the canal, the motorist DA astray in the ways of wickedness an' turned him around in the opposite dirdevilment," said the mother, wistfully, ection and then hurried to find a police-"His last letter, back in the summer, nan. The motorist met Police Constable hald he was takin' a lot of cases for them Fuffet, and drove him back to the scene racketeers. I don't rightly know jest They found that the man had walked What they air, but I've got a feelin' they some distance, and had finally codapsed

"But, Mother," argued Sudie, "we know covered he said that, following a cycling Blake ain't the kind to git messed up accident a week before, he had several in no meanness. But I sure wish we times found himself wandering on the could hear from him again. Here it is read after going to bed. might' nigh Christmas an' not a scratch

of a pen from him." "Well, Sudle, I reckon ye ort to have writ him. Maybe they's time to send

him a letter yit." "But, Maw, don't ye remember hi letter got burnt up in the stove, an' we

hain't got his address." "That's too bad," answered the mother gloomily. "Folks ortn't to git lost from

each other thataway." "Looks like around Christmas time he would git to thinkin' about these mountains an' set down an' write some thin anyhow, cuggosted Dava

Sudie finished her grading and six big wicker hampers stood ready for the truck in the morning. "Maw," she said, as she surveyed the completed task, "ain't it funny how city folks that never gaw a mountain in their lives will pay good money for-little-bunches of stuff like

thut!" "City folks has quare notions," observed one of the younger boys sagely. "I've noticed 'em come in here an' spend a whole week trampin' an wrastlin' about, lookin' at the sun goin' down un' lavin' over hit like hit was the first time

"Anyhow," Sudie went on, "I often set and wonder jest where these baskets go to, an what folks say an' think when

Before she went to bed Sudie cut a sheet of letter paper into narrow strips. on each of which, by the light of the smoky oil lamp, she wrote her name and andress. She tucked the slips away, each in the iniddle of a hunch of galax leaves. It was an unusual expression of sentiment on the part of the mountain girl, bred as she had been in the stoicism of the hill folk, and she was half ashamed of the act of weakness and loneliness. She would not have had the rest of the family see her do it for anything in the

sorting the papers in the tray. One of

the everyday romances of American them had been a typewritten balance sheet with an Itemized list of fees and

commissions since the first of the month. "Not bad," he chuckled. "Three hundred fairly bursting with the Christmas spirit tetter than" the corresponding month last year, and this only the twentieth. Year'a? Well, here you are! Suddenly the door of the office was pudding to serve cold-a plum pudding pushed open and a frumpy woman look-"that smart boy of Dave Mullins'-jest ed timidly within. "Another bum's wife it a grateful touch of lightness to apwanting me to get her husband out of all," was Mullins' inward comment. For heavier, traditional fare served on December 25th.

> DE LUXE PLUM PUDDING I package hemon or cherry-flavored

gelatin Dush of sait tempoon cinnamon

wicker basket in which the assorted tenspoon cloves greenery was packed. It had the familia pint warm water marks of the southern mountaineer's primitive handleraft. "I'll take this basket," he sald, handing the woman

He set the basket on a stand near the window, where the last rays of the daylight fell upon the glistening galax leaves. It must have been that bit of luster that suddenly brought him bolt upright with eager custosity. "Why," he exclaimed aloud, "that never grew in of Tennessee!"

Sitting there in the falling darkness, Plake Mullins, sophisticated attorney for It was but a mile and a half from the underworld, fell into unwonted

Sousing himself, he rose and put on "Hello-what's this?" he unrolled the

"Packed by Sudie Mullins, Lost Cove His face went ashy white, and Blake

"I might have known! No galax ever grew like that anywhere except on the He fingered the slip of paper tenderly

"Dear little sister! She sent her big brother a . Christmas greeting. I'll wire this very minute!" He reached for the telephone, heal-

tated, and pushed it away; then he picked up a railway time-table instead. "I'm going to spend Christmas, a cleanwhite Christmas down in the hills with the folks. And if I ever come back to this town. I'm going to stay out of the muck of it and help to make it a clean place-clean enough for Lost Cove folks to live in-so help me God!"

ENCOUNTERS SLEEPWALKER

A motorist driving along the Liverpoo road. Warrington, in the early marning, saw a man, clad-only in a shirt, walking in the middle of the road. He stopped his motor car and found that the man the awakened, and as he going in the am't no high-class sort of folks to run in the road. He was taken to hospital. suffering from exposure. When he re-

IMPOSSIBLE

"I can't possibly stay in this company after the way the manager has treated inc" solemnly declared the tragedian. "What's he done now?" demanded the

"Taken my name off the salary list."

Are you in search of a dessert that is

cup finely cut raising cup finely cut cooked prunes

cup finely cut citron cup finely cut nut meats

with nutmeg. Serves 10.

Combine gelatin, salt, and spices; add warm water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill. When slightly thickened. M old in combined fruits, nuts, and corn Turn into mold. any nursery! That came from the hills firm. Unmold, Serve with a foamy sauce or with whipped cream flavored

NEEDLESS COMFORT

The cinder in your eye, the tiny pebble in your shoe, these are the things that wear you out. You can do a big day's work with less nerve strain than results from a rusping collar or an ill-ntting W. pair of shoes. Few people luck courage for the great crises of life, but a big proportion of them whimper over petty

Some of these triffing vexations are unnecessary. There is no excuse for wearing a collar with a saw-toothed udge, or shoes that are too tight. It is your business to keep free, as far as possible, from these distracting discomforts that make it difficult for you-to do your work best, some discomforts will remain. With all your foresight, all your effort you cannot altogether avoid that which is painful and vexatious. If you have not frittered away your nervous energy battling annoyances due to your own carelessness and neglect, however, you will have strength for the rest.

A DINNER ALL DESSERT

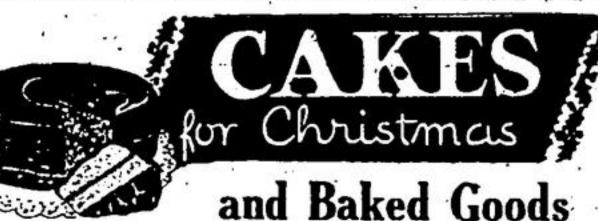
Only children think they would like to live on candy and ice cream. experience soon sets you right on that Too much sweet destroys the

Some of you imagine you would enjoy the life lived by the few whose sole occupation is to amuse themrelves, who ke have money enough to gratify every whim and live to do so. The chances are you never have met a person of this class, but if you had, you would quickly | No change your opinion. Of all restless, discontented people pleasure-seekers take the lead. Living on sweets not only means that you get tired of your menu. It also means that you acquire a had les

care of indigestion. Do not pity yourself if a day's work intervenes between you and an anticipated pleasure. Do not pity yourself because the Christmas holidays are sandwiched in between two busy terms of school. The pleasures of life get their flavor from contact with toil and nobody is more to be pitied than the fellow who. because he does not have to work in to support himself, tries to live on

Internal parasites in the shape worms in the stomach and bowels of children sap their vitality and retard physical development. They keep the child in a constant state of unrest and, if not attended to, endanger life. The child can be spared much suffering and the mother much anxlety by the best worm remedy that can be got, Miller's Worm Powders, which are sure death to worms in any shape.

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THUNA

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hit ever did go down!" they buy 'em."

For a full half hour Blake Millins had tat at his desk. He had nearly finished