

Filling the Christmas Stocking

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

Where there are children the Christmas stocking should never be forgotten. Nothing can take the place of it, for nothing else arouses quite so much speculation and pleasurable anticipation as what Santa Claus will put into that homely article.

The general distribution of gifts may well take place after breakfast is out of the way; but no child can be expected to wait very long for the "feel" of something old Santa has left. If all his gifts are given immediately on waking, excitement will run high, and dressing and breakfast will be gone through with great difficulty. Also, a considerable quantity of candy and nuts will have vanished before the morning meal is served, and with them will have disappeared all signs of an appetite.

As a means of avoiding these conditions the Christmas stocking serves a good purpose. Carefully filled, it will satisfy the child's longing for "Christmas the first thing in the morning," will give him a taste of Christmas goodies without destroying his appetite for breakfast, and will leave sufficient expectancy concerning the other things coming so that he will readily submit to being properly bathed and dressed.

An orange for the toe of the stocking, some especially-desired toy which will prove of untold interest, some article of dress in which he can "parade around," a handful of popcorn, a small box of animal crackers and a stick or cane of pure sugar candy should make a stocking sufficiently bulging to please any child. All the food it contains can be consumed without continual warnings of "Don't eat too much now," or "Better save the rest until after breakfast." The toy and the one other gift will hold the child's interest until every one is assembled for the big distribution, which need not be hurried.

The Light Divine.

How gracious and how fair a sight,
When on that first glad Christmas night,
The lovely little Jesus lay
Upon His bed of fragrant hay,
Within a stable stall.
The light divine about His head,
And all around His manger bed
The soft-eyed cattle, and anear
His mother Mary, quick to hear
And mind His slightest call!

O might we be as quick to hear
And to respond to that Voice clear
As Mary was that stilly night
When shone the star of peace so
bright,

To point the shepherds' way!
The light that shone about His head—
The light divine—might we be led
By some such radiance to see
The path our feet unerringly
In faith should walk to-day!
—Louella C. Poole.

The Christmas Road.

Whenever snowflakes float and fall,
I do not think of city street,
Where purity immaculate
Becomes the prey of trampling feet;
Ah, then, I feel an impulse steal
Along the heart-strings to my soul,
My thoughts turn westward with the
wind,
My heart leaps up to roam again
A country road—a Christmas road,—
Where 'round the turn I'm home
again!

God wants the Open for His art,
And all along my country road
He shows a white magnificence
Of marble frieze in Grecian mode;
Ah, does He know I want to go
Away from all this pushing crowd,
Where mother's light is leading me,
Is guiding me to roam again
A quiet road—a Christmas road,—
Where 'round the turn I'm home
again?

—Wm. L. Young.

Joys of December.

Oh, I love the bleak December,
In spite of his rime and snow,
For then I well remember
Comes the cheer of the ingle glow,
The gleam of holly ember
And the rite of the mistletoe.
—Arch. Crombie.

For Christmas the weather
should be of that Pickwickian
kind in which the grass is "crisp
and frosty," the air has a "fine,
dry, bracing coldness," and the
day is one "that might induce a
couple of elderly gentlemen in
a lonely field to take off their
greatcoats and play at leapfrog
in pure lightness of heart and
gaiety."

Have YOU done your bit To help burned Ontario face a northern winter?

COMMITTEE
W. H. ALDERSON (Chairman)
Toronto Board of Trade
Ontario Government
A. J. YOUNG, North Bay,
Ontario Government
GEO. G. COPPLEY, Hamilton and
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Ontario Associated Boards of Trade
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GEO. BRIGDEN, Toronto
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R. A. McINNIS, Iroquois Falls,
T. & N. O. Associated Boards of
Trade, and Farm Organizations
in Northern Ontario
K. W. McKAY, St. Thomas,
Ontario Municipal Association
J. J. MORRISON, Toronto,
United Farmers of Ontario
MRS. H. P. PLUMPTRE, Toronto
Ontario Division
Canadian Red Cross Society
MRS. A. H. WILLETT, Cochrane
Women's Institute

THE indomitable folk of Northern Ontario deserve your practical sympathy. Remember, eighteen hundred families have been burned out—and must start all over again. These wonderfully rich farms, mines and aggressive young towns will re-build and come back to their own—but it takes time. And in the meanwhile they must live, they must have temporary shelter and there's nobody to give it to them if we don't.

Suggestions for contributions from Clubs, Factories, Organizations, etc.

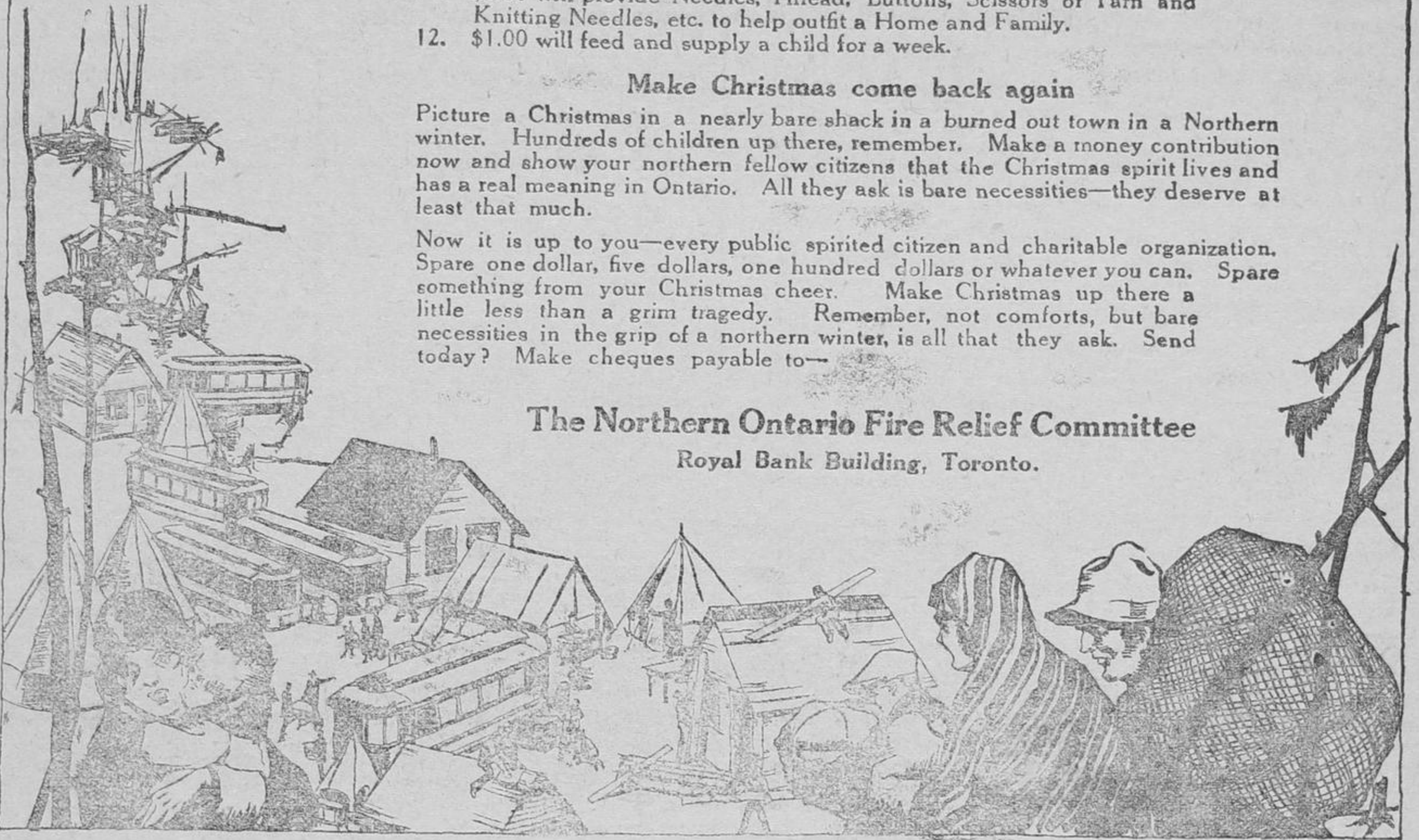
- \$500.00 will provide a Shelter Shack for a Family and Rough Stable for Cattle.
- \$350.00 will provide a Shelter Shack for Family.
- \$200.00 will provide Food and Supplies for a Family to May 1st, 1923.
- \$100.00 will provide a Wagon for Settler.
- \$75.00 will provide a Set of Harness (double).
- \$50.00 will provide a Set of Bobs or Sleigh for a Farmer.
- \$25.00 will provide a Sewing Machine for a Home.
- \$20.00 will provide Kitchen Furniture for a Family.
- \$15.00 will provide Cooking Utensils for a Family.
- \$9.00 will feed a Family for a week.
- \$5.00 will provide Needles, Thread, Buttons, Scissors or Yarn and Knitting Needles, etc. to help outfit a Home and Family.
- \$1.00 will feed and supply a child for a week.

Make Christmas come back again

Picture a Christmas in a nearly bare shack in a burned out town in a Northern winter. Hundreds of children up there, remember. Make a money contribution now and show your northern fellow citizens that the Christmas spirit lives and has a real meaning in Ontario. All they ask is bare necessities—they deserve at least that much.

Now it is up to you—every public spirited citizen and charitable organization. Spare one dollar, five dollars, one hundred dollars or whatever you can. Spare something from your Christmas cheer. Make Christmas up there a little less than a grim tragedy. Remember, not comforts, but bare necessities in the grip of a northern winter, is all that they ask. Send today? Make cheques payable to—

The Northern Ontario Fire Relief Committee
Royal Bank Building, Toronto.



Christmas With the Prince

A week before Christmas and not a thing had been done about it! No, sir, not one thing! All the scribes and wise men of the court had been poring over catalogues for months, and the prime minister had visited every shop in the kingdom, but here it was, as I say, the week before Christmas and nothing done.

Instead of jollity and cheer the whole kingdom was plunged in gloom. And all because—well, I'm sure you will laugh at the idea—the young Prince of Pumperdink could not find a single thing he wanted for Christmas. There he sat at a golden table and there before him lay a long, white scroll, headed thusly—

"Christmas List of His Most Royal Highness, the Prince of Pumperdink." A continual stream of courtiers passed through the room, each one with a suggestion, but at each the prince would sigh deeply and shake his head.

"Have that already. Have dozens of those. No—no—NO!" And out the courtiers would tiptoe, for the prince was growing so cross that not infrequently he flung the golden ornaments on his desk after the offending lords and ladies. Shocking, I admit, but, nevertheless, true! "What's the good of Christmas when you won't get any presents!" he grumbled. "And last year I received the same things I did the year before that—"

"But your Highness has already everything that heart can desire!" mildly observed Jan, the court jester. "But his Majesty the king demands that I write this list, as he spent two months shopping for me last year and still found nothing that I had not already. Can none of you blockheads about here do anything?" the prince screamed, his patience entirely exhausted.

"I'll look into the matter," chuckled the jester, refusing to be ruffled, and turning a somersault which made the prince smile in spite of himself.

"Why are you the only one who has not suggested anything to me?" exclaimed the boy, suddenly.

"You never asked me," laughed the jester. "Let the wise men of the country solve the problem—for they tell me I know nothing but nonsense."

Just then a page from the king came timidly into the hall and asked the prince if his list was ready, as the king and queen could not wait any longer.

"NO!" roared the prince, with such a threatening gesture that the poor little page fell over backward. Thumping on the table, the prince called loudly for the scribes and wise men, who were busily at work in the next room.

"Write this list—and at once!" he ordered. "And see that there is nothing on it that I have already!" The old wise men seized the list with trembling hands and retired in great confusion. My, how un-Christmas-massy everything was. One would think that this prince was a terrible chap. But, really, at other times no one could be more considerate and charming.

Jan sighed and looked out the window, where a lot of peasant's children were rolling in the snow.

"Would your Highness care to skate this afternoon?" he asked.

"Or we might go see the Christmas players in the village," he suggested, brightly.

But the prince only shook his head and stared glumly into the fire. The jester continued to look out of the window—truly it was a problem and truly his young master needed helping. But could he, a humble jester, hope to solve a question that even the wise men gave up as hopeless? He drummed on the pane absently, and continued to watch the merry youngsters below. Then, all at once he sprang into the air and snapped his fingers with glee.

"I have it—I have it!" he exclaimed, hopping around on one foot. "The prince looked up in surprise. "What?" he asked curiously. "Why, the answer to your riddle," laughed Jan. "Listen—" He whispered long and earnestly in the prince's ear and next thing the two went rushing out of the room together.

"The royal coach at once—at once—do you hear me?" called the prince. "At once, at once, and lively, please. And mind your q's and p's," trilled Jan, hopping after the prince. The footmen ran this way and that, and next thing the great coach of

state, with ten prancing horses, came rattling up to the door.

"We'll drive ourselves, thank you," said the prince, and while every one stared with wide eyes, Jan and he ran up to the prince's apartment.

Down they came, with arms full of rich robes, and games, and books, and toys of every sort you have ever imagined. Then up and down ten times more, till not a single thing but the beds and chairs remained, ran the two.

They piled it helter-skelter into the coach, and with a wild whoop drove off toward the village. Was there ever such a gay ride? To right and left the prince tossed his treasures among the cheering peasant children, while Jan held in the high-stepping white horses.

Then back they galloped for a second load and a third. Even the royal stables were visited and all the prince's pet ponies trotted out and given to the little children.

And fun! Why, the prince had never had so much fun in all his royal young life. "Why, this is a regular Christmas!" he beamed, as he and Jan trotted the tired horses back. The cheers of the village still sounded in their ears, and the joy on the faces of boys and girls who had received the gifts was no greater than the happiness reflected on the face of Jan and the prince.

"Christmas is giving," chuckled the jester. "And NOW, Prince Pauper, what a Christmas list we shall write together, so that the king and queen will also have the happiness of giving to you." And what a list it was, indeed, for the prince had kept only his dog and needed everything, from buckled shoes to collar buttons.

"I'll do this every year," laughed the Prince of Pumperdink. "And I hope he will, don't you?"

My Hand in Thine.

When baby eyes in mother's eyes
Their heaven found;
When baby feet first followed hers
In joyful round;
When baby lips from hers did learn
My Name divine;—
How tenderly my mother placed
My hand in Thine!

—Jessie Colby.

After all is not the intangible gift of love, of unreserved confidence, of helpful service and of real companionship the most precious gift of all?

A True Gift.

I know a very poor woman who has nothing to give in the way of material presents, but who does more good according to her means than any one else I know of. She makes a point of going about among poor people before Christmas, trying to cheer up and comfort the cripples, the unfortunate, the sick and discouraged, all those who are in trouble. She gives such a wealth of love, of sympathy, of encouragement, of sunshine, of good cheer, that they feel richer after she has visited them than many dollars' worth of material gifts would have made them. Mere things are cold and unsympathetic in comparison with what this poor woman gives them.

No one is so poor that he cannot give something. Where love is there is always something to give, for "love never faileth." But where love is not, where the Christ spirit is absent, there is poverty, indeed.

The demand for Christmas trees need not interfere with the welfare of the forest. It can be made a source of revenue and also a means of improving a stand of young trees. The right way is to go through the woodland and mark the most vigorous saplings to be kept for a mature stand; then from the inferior trees to cut those that are of the right size and shape to be salable.

Christmas—Giving, not Getting.

