

BALDWIN GOVERNMENT SUFFERS OVERWHELMING DEFEAT IN BRITISH ELECTIONS

London, Dec. 7.—A comparison of the new English Parliament, elected yesterday, and the previous one shows as follows:

Party	Last Parlt.	New Parlt.	Gain or Loss.	Vote.
Con.	346	261	85 loss	4,709,770
Lab.	142	185	43 gain	3,859,409
Lib.	117	153	36 gain	3,554,470
Ind.	10	10	104,802

Six seats are missing, which include one or two in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and a couple from the Universities, returns from which have not yet been received.

The "Mother of Parliaments" is at last beginning to recognize her daughters with the election of eight women to the British House of Commons at yesterday's polling.

Lady Astor, Conservative; Mrs. Margaret Wintringham, Liberal, and Mrs. Milton Phillipson, Conservative, were all returned by their old constituencies, while, in addition to the Duchess of Atholl, new women members of Parliament are the Baroness Terrington, Liberal, and, as the first woman Labor representative, Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Susan Lawrence and Miss Dorothy Jewson.

"I have always thought of Christmas as a good time, a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely. And so I say God Bless Christmas."—Dickens.

The Birthday of the King.

Nineteen centuries ago two kinds of pilgrims made their way to a manger in a stable in Bethlehem of Judea. They were led by the same star. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson, the philosopher of Concord, as the summation of his wisdom in our own time. That is what they did, though they knew not Emerson. They came to worship, and for their faith the air was crowded with the rustle of the wings of angels, and the choir of the bright seraphim, burning like the starlight, sang to them over the head of the Child and Mary the Mother and Joseph and the breathing kine.

First came the shepherds. As they watched their flocks afield the light of a sudden glory surprised them. They did not disobey the heavenly vision; they rose up, like the fishermen who left their nets to the apostles, and devoutly came and brought such little simple gifts as they had and laid them down at the feet of Mary for her Son. They were not rich, they were not powerful, but they were loyal. Silver and gold had they none. The stable was radiant with poverty, for the Christ Child and Mary and Joseph were as poor as they. All they had was light and love and singing and the presence of the angels. But over there in the inn yonder, where there was no room for the Baby and His Mother, there was feasting, and they made merry, and they thought the festival was where they were.

Then came several of the wise and great ones of the earth, and they brought presents worthy of their repute and of the occasion for which their spirits had travelled so long. They brought gold and frankincense and myrrh. Legend has made kings of these wise men, who showed their wisdom most of all in this, that they knew a King when they saw Him, though He was an infant lying in the straw, dependent on His human mother, and with "no language but a cry." Their gifts were splendid. But beyond the gleam of the gold, more precious than the rare and costly frankincense, exceeding in value the aromatic gum from Araby, was the spirit of the homage that they gave.

Mary the Mother greeted the simple men with their poor gifts and the wise, great ones with their sumptuous offerings in the same sweet and touching humbleness that so great an honor was done to her Divine Child whose birthday changed the world. Before those eyes of the infant Christ, the beauty and the glory of the world are not in the things our eyes may see, our hands may touch or any sense may know and feel. Christmas is of the heart, and the heart of the shepherd may be whiter, clearer, purer than the heart of kings. The heart of Herod was foul with his black meditation; but he could not take the Christ alive though he scourged with murder every home in his domain. He could not rob the world of Christmas. He could not take from us in 1923 the light of the star upon the hill in Bethlehem, the light that is still in Mary's face as she holds her Baby in her arms and communes with His eyes in a love "made great enough to hold the world."

Atoms, in a scientific sense, are so small that one million of them, placed side by side, would not measure as much as the thickness of a sheet of paper.

The "peace and good will spirit" of this season ought to make the oldest and greatest co-operative enterprise, the family, still more potent in adding to the richness of life.



May Get Order of Merit.

There is an agitation in Great Britain to admit Ellen Terry, the famous actress, to the Order of Merit, the most exclusive order in the Empire, in recognition of her unique career. The death of Christopher Morley leaves a vacancy. No woman has ever received the Order of Merit so far.

Listen for Old Santa.

Ring out glad bells for Christmas,
And now as in the past,
Let us listen for old Santa
With his reindeers coming fast.

Again the Christmas holly
The laughter and the mirth,
The merry Christmas gatherers
Around the old home hearth.

Though mystery days are over
And our world is filled with care
Visualized, our childish fancies
With those stockings hanging there.

Unselfish in our giving
And making others glad
Brings with it peace, contentment,
Gifts that from God are had.

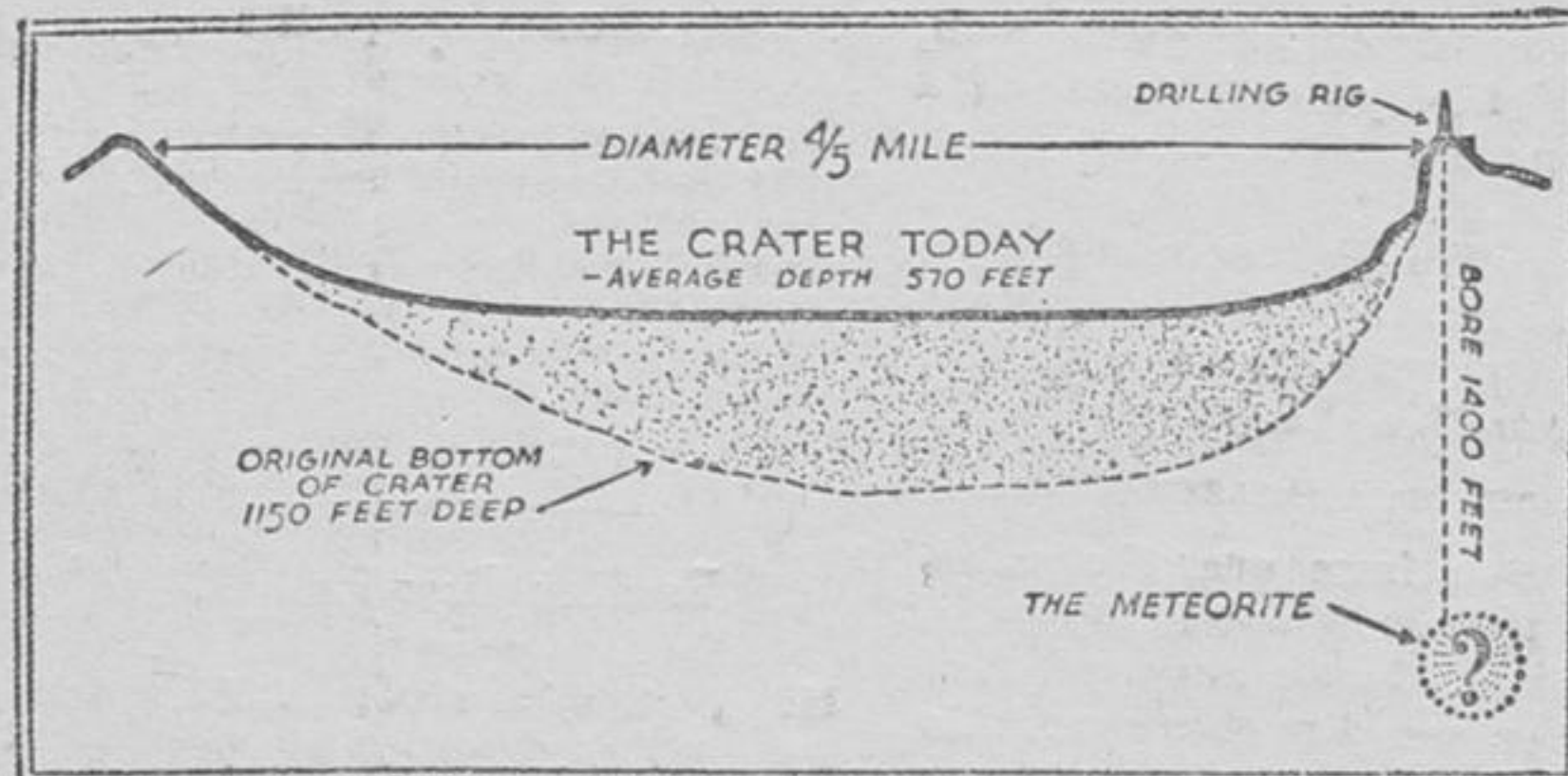
So treasure up the fancies,
And hold the legend dear
While you listen for old Santa
For I'm sure he's nearly here.

I know I hear his reindeers,
And their tinkling bells a-right.
Santa, dear old Santa,
He's on his way to-night.
—Maude Pepper Todd.

Frost.

I shall have winter now, and lessening days,
Lit by a smoky sun with slanting rays,
And after falling leaves, the first determined frost;
The colors of the world will all be lost.
So be it; the faint buzzing of the snow
Will fill the empty boughs,
And after sleet storms I shall wake to see
A glittering glassy plume of every tree.
Nothing shall tempt me from my fire-lit house,
And I shall at night find a friendly ember
And make my life of what I can remember.
—Sara Teasdale.

Once a species of plant has lost its perfume, there is no known way of restoring it.



MINING A METEOR FOR IRON

Experts are at work in Arizona mining for a fallen meteor which fell there many years ago, its history being traced in Indian tribal traditions. It is estimated to weigh a million tons and to consist of 90 per cent. pure iron, not ore, 8 per cent. nickel, and small quantities of platinum, diamonds and iridium, and roughly is estimated to be worth \$15,000,000 in all. After a year of drilling, it has now been reached. The sketch shows the crater created by its fall and the position of the meteor.

Christmas Industries of Canada

For the main part the season which immediately surrounds Christmas-time is a slack one for the followers of Canada's first industry. In the Dominion's short growing season almost ceaseless activity prevails from the opening of spring operations until the threshing of the crop is completed. With the harvested crop marketed, however, a period of comparative leisure ensues, the actual amount of labor entailed being gauged by the amount of livestock the farmer is carrying over the winter. Generally speaking, from November on, Canadian agriculturists calmly pursue a tranquil way until dawning spring carries away winter's snows in roaring freshets and the same diversified round of almost uninterrupted activity occupies them in the production of another crop.

Canada has, however, developed, and is still developing certain seasonal activities which from their nature might be termed Christmas industries. They are instrumental in furnishing the necessities of the Christmas season in many sections of the continent and adding to the holiday's festivities in countless homes. Families who know Canada merely as the name of an expansive country existing to the north of them have the products of the Dominion on their dinner tables. The virgin woods of Canada provide the arboreal decorations peculiarly associated with the day.

The supplying of turkeys and other poultry to the United States market has developed in Canada into a Christmas industry of some proportions. For years the Maritime Provinces have supplied Boston, New York and other large centres. This industry has become an important one in the Western Provinces, and Alberta especially sends large supplies at Christmas-time down across the border. The Egg and Poultry branch of the Alberta Department of Agriculture last year marketed in all 40,000 pounds of turkeys, 20,000 pounds of which went to the markets of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

FAT TURKEYS AND CHRISTMAS TREES.
These turkeys were raised in all

parts of the province and other large supplies were marketed individually. The Brooks irrigated district in Southern Alberta, which has made a name for itself in such a wide diversity of agricultural products, killed 43,000 pounds of turkeys at eight centres last year and marketed them co-operatively, the larger portion going to the United States. The same industry has been found profitable as far north as the Grande Prairie region of the Peace River country, and a farmer in that section last December shipped more than 70,000 pounds of turkeys, whilst shipments of the Grain Growers' Co-operative Association from the same country exceeded this.

The Christmas-tree industry of Canada is a comparatively insignificant one judged from the standpoint of revenue, but sentimentally, for a brief period each year, it is one of transcendent importance. The lavish exploitation and depletion of United States forests for economic purposes has left scant growth for festive occasions and in the demand for the little spruce at Christmas time the vast Canadian forests are called upon for substantial supplies.

For weeks before Christmas the woodsmen have been in the woods selecting the little trees which are to gladden many homes that will never know or suspect their origin. Farmers in certain sections of the Dominion, too, have had sufficient foresight and energy to plant their rough and stony lands to this crop and annually harvest a small but profitable yield of Christmas trees.

In the last fiscal year the United States purchased trees from Canada to the extent of \$83,666, the bulk of which was undoubtedly made up of Christmas shrubbery.

HOLLY AND HOTHOUSE BLOOMS.

Another forest production which is peculiarly associated with the Christmas season is holly. Holly in Canada is almost exclusively confined to the Pacific coast province of British Columbia and residents of that province are just beginning to realize what a

A Christmas Carol

Down through the long ages has come the sweet story
Of how Christ relinquished His heavenly glory,
And came down to earth as a babe poor and lowly
To offer His life as a sacrifice holy.

That night of His birth shepherds heard round them ringing
The wonderful music of angel hosts singing
The birth of the Christ was their triumph song telling,
And "Glory to God in the Highest" came swelling.

Led by the bright star in the East sent to guide them,
Three kings did Him homage, their rich gifts beside them;
They found the young babe in a rude manger resting,
With nothing around to His royal birth attesting.

Thus was our dear Lord born in Bethlehem City
Because God looked down in His infinite pity
Upon the world's sins since the days of creation,
And sent His own Son to bring mankind salvation.
—Norah Sheppard.



Sir Wm. Mackenzie

One of Canada's greatest railway builders, who with Sir Donald Mann created the Canadian National Railway, died on Dec. 5 at his home in Toronto, at the age of seventy-five. Sir William leaves an impression on Canadian history which cannot yet be estimated.

big demand there is for the shrub once it is known it can be obtained. The market is expanding so largely that the industry is beginning to develop into a substantial one. Ranchers are coming in certain sections to engage extensively in its production, and, according to one of these, eight hundred dollars an acre is a fair average income to be secured from holly-growing.

In the popular conception of the northern winter, Canada is the last place to which one would come for flowers at the Christmas season, and it should banish some hardened misconceptions of the Dominion's winter clime to learn that Alberta, in the dead of winter, sends out a profusion of blossoms to decorate the homes of cities in the United States. In the little city of Medicine Hat is a nursery known as "The Rosery" which all the year round, and especially at Christmas-time, distributes thousands of the most delicate blooms over the continent, not a few crossing the border and going to United States cities.

Holiday.

When every bird on every tree
Has sung with all its might;
When flowers amid the meadow grass
Are growing in the light—
Let every heart that leaps at play
Each butterfly a-wing,
Rejoice to see a holiday,
A holiday, a holiday,
A happy-hearted holiday,
Because it is the Spring!

When Christmas snows are on the roof,
And little children sit,
Eating their puddings and their pies
Beneath the candles lit!—
Since God was born on Christmas Day,

Let every girl and boy
Ring all the bells of holiday,
Of holiday, of holiday,
The jolly bells of holiday,
That fill the world with joy.

My love and I in Autumn woods
Sweet scented from the rain
Once wandered for a holiday,
A holiday, a holiday,
When love went with us all the way,
And led us back again.
And tho' no Christmas snows that morn
Lay on the fields so green,
Yet God within our hearts was born,
The little lamb of God forlorn.

Hubby—"Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine, but do you think it's possible that there's ever such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?"

And in and through it all,
May we not forget that greatest gift,
The supply of which increases the more we lavish it
Upon our fellow beings, the gift of love.



THE RUGBY TEAM OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, RUGBY CHAMPIONS OF CANADA FOR SECOND TIME