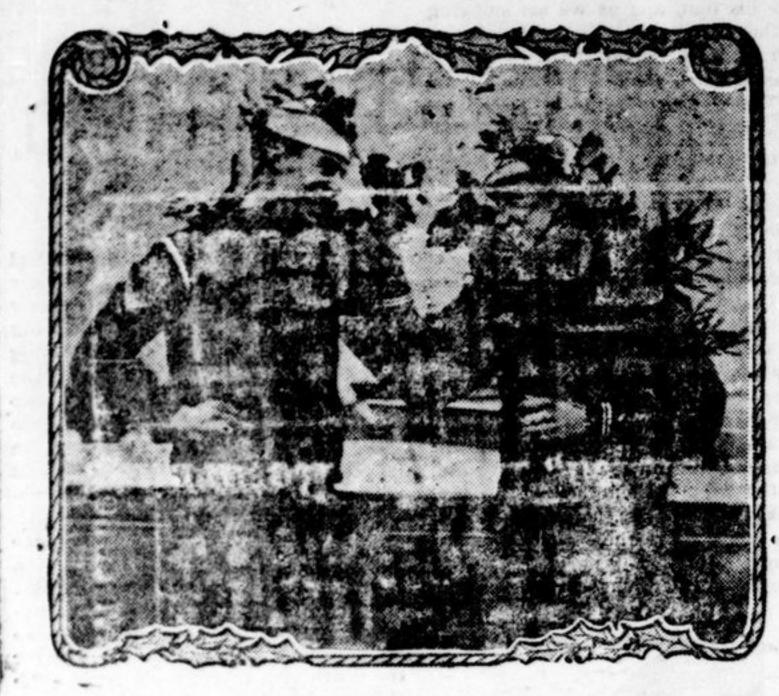
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H, the jolly Jack Tar! he is far away from home, Aboard the nation's battleship upon the briny foam. At Christmas time and all times he sails the seven seas; He quaffs the fragrant spices in every foreign breeze, And always when the day comes round that comes but once

He sighs to quaff the fragrance of his fireside cheen.



DUT still the jolly Jack Tar upon the billowed brine, For all his lonesome feeling, is never heard to whine From somewhere east of Suez he gets his Christmas greens And decks himself all over with a wealth of woodland scenes. With gorgeous glee he decks himself upon the hammock deck, With evergreens upon his heart and holly round his neck.



THOUGH jolly Jack has not a chance to hang the mistletoe And kiss the girl he left behind in case she gets below, He hitches up his trousers and he whistles through his teeth And goes and makes the mascot goat a jolly holly wreath, And then he sings a chantey song, with loud guffaws between, Anent the merry mascot and the wearing of the green.



THEN down within his mess room the jolly Jack Tar sits And culls a Christmas dinner from the galley and the kits, And Billygoat and Nannygoat are both remembered, too-They get a bounteous feast themselves when jolly Jack is through.

For, though they have no spinach, they devour the Christmas greens-

The holly and the shrubbery and all the woodland scenes.





UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

By WAYNE HENRY.

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VE who have loved each other, Sister and friend and brother, In this fast fading year, Mother and sire and child, Young man and maiden mild, Come gather here And let your hearts grow fonder As memory shall ponder Each past unbroken vow.



Old loves and younger wooing Are sweet in the renewing Under the holly bough.

/E who have nourished sadness, Estranged from hope and gladaess, In this fast fading year-Ye with o'erburdened mind, Made aliens from your kind, Come gather here,



Pursue you night and morrow. If e'er you hoped, hope now, Take heart, uncloud your faces And join in our embraces Under the holly bough.

SANE CHRISTMAS NEXT.

Why Should Indiscriminate Gift Giv-

ing to Grownups Continue? Is the movement for a safe and sane fourth of July to be followed by one for an economical Christmas? Do the majority of people feel that the Christmas present has been as much overdone as the firecracker, the toy cannon and the pinwheel?

It must be understood in the outset that the movement to curtail Christmas giving has no relation to the children. The joy of the little ones in their Santa Claus and his bounty is toe beautiful a thing to disturb. It is only the presents to the grownups, to every Tom. Dick and Harry with whom one happens to be acquainted, the presents that are a burden and a bore both to giver and recipient, that it is proposed to abandon.

Frequently these are given through to give me this year."

a sense of duty and cannot be atforded by the donor. Just as frequently they are not needed by the one on whom they are bestowed. Thus the outlay is not justified. It is a deprivation to one without any corresponding benefit to the other. The recipient in turn feels it a duty to make presents to the giver, presents that perhaps he can as little afford and that his friend as little needs. Thus both have had to make sacrifices for which they have received no equivalent good. It is this sort of giving when we expect a return, this giving through a sense of past or prospective obligation, against which there is widespread revolt. It is not in harmony with the Christmas spirit. It is commercial, onerous and lacking in spontaneity. It makes us dread the return of the holiday when we should welcome it with joy.

Fortunately the habit is dying out. Without any preconcerted movement to that end it is still being dropped by mutual consent. A has reached the point of insurgency where he doesn't give a hang whether B remembers him or not. He will not rack his brain and deplete his pocketbook buying unwelcome things for B, only to cause B in turn to hurl, perhaps grudgingly, equally unwelcome things at his own head. All unknown to A the same insurgency has been working in the heart of B, and the irrational custom falls of its own weight. In consequence the day on which we celebrate the birth of the Son of Man ceases to be a bargain counter exchange.

With the children it is different. We give to them for the pure joy of it, without any hope of return. We enter into their joys and partake of the Christmas spirit by sharing it with them. Thus we unconsciously fulfill the command of him in whose honor the day is celebrated and veritably become as little childres.

J. A. EDGERTON.

NEW "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Not by Charles Dickens, but an Incipient Parody on His Famous Story. Barley was dead to begin with. He was as dead as a doornail, which must be going some in the dead line, as people have been using a doornail as a simile of death for several centuries.

But Smoodge was alive and kicking. Smoodge kicked particularly against Christmas presents. He didn't believe in Christmas presents. Barley, his old partner, dead these seven years, hadn't believed in Christmas presents either.

When Smoodge shut up his warehouse and went home on Christmas eve-he lived in lodgings that had been Barley's-the doornail assumed an expression which he had never noted there before. The head of that dead doornail resolved itself into the head of Barley.

"Hey. Jacob; I thought you were dead." cried Smoodge.

"So, I am, Ebenezer." replied the vitalized doornail. "but I've come back to warn you that you will be visited at midnight by three ghosts, one after the other. So long. Eb!"

Barley's ghost again became a dead doornail. Smoodge went to bed and promptly at midnight was awakened by an apparition, it was the first of the three spirits. It seemed to crawl out from under his bed. It danced on the footboard of the bed.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present Past." said the spirit.

"You look to me like one of these slippers my niece gave me last year." "You win," said the ghost and van-

Presently the second spirit arrived. doing a merry dance over the wash-

"You look to me like another slipper," said Smoodge. "I am the Ghost of Christmas Present Present," said the spirit.

"Ha, I see!" said Smoodge. "You're one of the slippers my nièce is going

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Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.20 a.m., and

Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m. 50 p m., and 8 55 p m. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

J. D. McDoneld, D. P. Agent. G P Agent, Montreal J. TOWNER, Depot Agent JAMES R. GUN, Town Agent

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains will arrive and depart as folows, until further notice:-

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent.

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here H. H. MILLER

The Hanover Conveyancer

325 ACRES close to Proton Station, rick dwelling, fine large out-buildings windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Al erta bargains.

533 ACRES near Proton Station and sangeen Junction, fine brick residence splendid barns, splendid soil good wat a prehard &c. Will sell less than \$25 a. cre. A bargain surely A HAROWARE and Tinsmith Busi-

Less than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land. store and dwelling, barn, other frame dwelling and \$4 600 stock GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five niles from Durham; very cheap.

Large number of cheap farm properties. Money to Lend at Low Rates. Lands bought and sold. Debts collected Ail kinds of writings drawn.

Miller is ever set z fied to go ensewhere. Our methods seem to please. "Always Prompt, - Never Negligent,"

No man who doies business with H. H.

In a justy the third of the promised spirits came in. It jumped upon the bed and slapped Smoodge in the face. "I'm en." said Smoodge; "you're an other shipper."

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Presest Future," said the spirit sepulchral-

"Yes, I know," remarked Smoodge. "My niece will present you and your mate to me next Christmas. Became

People's Mills



A small or large bag of a fine grain, white, putritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get For information see R. L. Thomp- your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more R. MACFARLANE. Town Agent | wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through. Don't forget.

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A blend of & Manitoba and & Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour SOVEREIGN

Our pure Manitoba four, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat for either bakers or domestic use

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Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots. Goods delivered anywhere in town.

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Read or All up-to-date flour and feed and P.M A.M. grocers keep our flour for sale. If your grucer does not keep it come to

> the mill and we will use you right. Call us up by telephone No. 8. All kinds of Grain beaght at Marke

John McGowan



SANTA CLAUS has JUST ARRIVED

at the BIG 4 with a big lead of Christmas presents for all, coneisting of

Toys of all kinds Dolls Picture Books Rocking Horses Doll Carriages Sleighs Fancy Cups and Saucers Drums

Hank'f Boxes Shell Boxes Mouth organs Toy Watches Purses Silk Hanker is Motor Searls

Work Bexes

Wool Shawls Toy Pianos Candy, Nuts &c. SHOP EARLY AND GET YOUR PICK

H. BEAN

as old man spe never sends me anything but slippers. But these ghostly visits have taught me a lesson. Hereafter I'll be a better man. I'll give my niece a Chantecler hat instead of the usual pair of gloves, and maybe next time she'll give me a silk T. SAPP.

HE had written to him: "It wil seem quite like old times have you with us again longer than four years since you wer

change in our yearly program for Christmas. It is really the children day, as it was when you and I fir spent it together. (I hesitated whe I went to write how many years ag It must be eighteen.) But I think t ther and mother-and I-take quite much interest in it as grown people in the circus-quite for the children sake, of course.

"I would ask you to dinner imme ately on your arrival Christmas e but if I dared to suggest the presen of an outsider there would be a h bub among the powers that rule pursery and-at this season-the tire household. I simply dare not anything save that we should like have you come at 9 precisely, so t we may have a little chat before arrival of our other guests." And indeed as he walked up the

nue with his long prairie stride Chi mas eve he was depressed to everything so little changed from night four years since, when he left New York for the west to n over his life in a new pattern of

Here was the familiar door and old bronse doorknob which had been on a level with his eyes. And old butler, whom the Stantons had for twenty years, opened the doc him and answered his greeting w respectful "Good evening, Mr. I side," giving him his Christian as if he had called only the eve before. But the hall was hidden mass of evergreen and holly, an electric bulbs glowed in their s like huge berries in the greenery. here he seemed suddenly a stra coming now on the old Chris spirit to which his absence had him an alien. It bewildered hi saddened him.

He entered the front drawing and saw the hem of a skirt disa through the portieres which but tween that and the second di room behind it. Some one was n a Christmas wreath in the middle dow, a woman's figure. He d know her. She turned to gree with an eager, "Why, Burnside so glad to see you!" and grast brown fingers with a warm cla white hand.

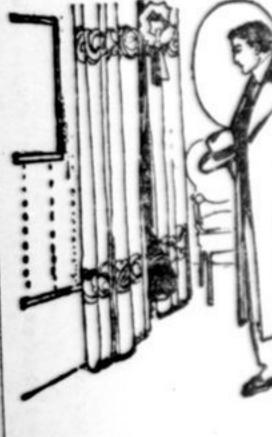
She was not of that girlish for which he had remembered. S the elder sister of her old self. the excitement and pleasure of him her voice and manner wer of the girl whom he had loved--four years before. He smile sadly. "How you have grot

She arched her eyebrows "And you?" she laughed. "Why as broad and brown as a so shouldn't have known you. Y

changed!" "Have I?" He caught at it She saw the trouble in h "They'll all be delighted to looking so well"-she avoided

big and strong." He saw the picture of himse be carried in her memory of it pained him. He had thou his letters would have told i She held the wreath up to was pretending to hang it in dow," she confessed, "so that be the first to see you. And know you when you passed." He smiled again, and they together. "How are they a

"As well as ever," she sai gan to tell him of them-how dren had been growing; mother was aging. "And fa whispered, "is so deaf. Yo



let him see you notice it. grip last winter." As her life was the old round full. I ride-with a groom jolly as when we used to er. But you-you must borseman by this time?" He remembered those a fool he had been to forf "Yes," be said vaguely age i have been away!" "And what a lot you ha reminded him. "You dan proud we have been of ye read your letters and Ste father as soon as they

had risen. She went ove dow to hang the wreath. to him. "He used to wa almost as eagerly as I di "Yes, you were all v sighed. It was unkind, t to say such things wh nothing by them.

"Did you meet any