

YEAR 77—NO. 286.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Where the Old Country Gets Its Great Supply of Christmas Trees Every Year.

To tell the truth, we do not treasure very much about the matter. Father bought it somewhere, and while we were asleep—or pretending to be—loving hands covered it with candles, and bags of sweets and toys and dolls and little flags, and made it shine and sparkle like the King's crown. But when we stand before it and clap our hands and cry "O-o-oh!" we do not, as a rule, stop to bother as to how it is there comes to be such a thing as a Christmas tree at all.

As a matter of fact, a good many older people have tried to find out where the Christmas tree came from, but nobody seems to be quite certain yet as to how many years ago the good old custom was started.

Some learned men have told us that it came from ancient Egypt. They say that at certain winter festivities the Egyptians used a whip of a palm tree with twelve shoots on it, this, of course, representing the year with its twelve months. I do not think, however, that our Christmas tree has anything to do with it, twelve-shooted whip of palm. It is more probable that it is to be traced back through the old customs of the country which gave it to us—Germany.

Far away back in the ages—"once upon a time," as the fairy tales say—the people called Teutons believed all kinds of things about a mystic ash tree with the curious name Yggdrasil. This, with its roots and branches, they thought, united the world of the living and the world of the dead. The



branches of this tree, they supposed, bore gifts for men to take. There you have the idea which most probably led to the custom of having once a year a tree laden with presents.

When the custom really started just as we see it in our homes to-day is doubtful, but the people in the ancient city of Strasburg are proud of the fact that more than three hundred years ago they introduced it. The Christmas tree does not seem to have been mentioned in any book until the year 1605, when an unknown writer called attention to the new custom at Strasburg. In those days, however, the Church did not approve of the Christmas tree—I expect because it was of heathen origin—and we are told that a preacher named Professor Dannhauer, of Strasburg Cathedral, spoke very strongly against it.

Well, the Christmas tree became



very popular indeed in Germany, but you may be surprised to know that it is only about seventy years since it was taken to England. When Victoria be Good married Prince Albert in 1840, many new German customs were introduced into the old country, and the Christmas tree was one of them. At Windsor Castle in 1846 there was a huge tree forty feet high, which was laden with presents said to be worth no less than \$45,000! That was something like a tree wasn't it?—but I do not suppose it gave a bit more pleasure than the little tree you see in a poor man's cottage window.

Since then the Christmas tree has been a prominent feature of the Christmas festivities of the Royal Family. Queen Victoria encouraged the custom.

In Germany at Christmas time, every house has its tree, and the trade in fir trees in every German town is enormous. In London something like 70,000 trees of various sizes are sold at Covent Garden.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Celery Soup

Ingredients—One quart of broth, 1 pint milk, 2 heads of celery, 1 large Spanish onion, 2 ozs. butter, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoonful of cream, cornflour.

Method—The broth must be white, made from veal bones or from boiling a fowl. Take the white part of the celery, see that it is quite free from grit, cut it into small pieces, and slice the onion.

Put the butter into a stewpan, add the celery and sliced onion, let them cook for a few minutes, but be careful that they do not brown at all. Now add the broth, and a good seasoning of pepper and salt, and simmer all together until the vegetables are quite soft. Rub through a sieve and return it to the stewpan with the milk, to which has been added a dessertspoonful of cornflour, etc until it has boiled for a few minutes, and just before serving add the cream. Serve very hot, but do not let it boil after the cream has been added, or the appearance of the soup will be spoiled.

Minced Turkey

The trimmings of a large carcase will make a delicious mince. To each pound of minced turkey allow 1 oz. of finely chopped ham and the same quantity of onion. Fry in a little clarified dripping with 1/2 oz. of flour sprinkled over. To this add 1/2 pint of stock made from the bones; season with salt and pepper and, if liked, a dash of lemon juice. The mince may be served simply garnished with croquettes (little pieces of fried bread), with or without poached eggs. It may also be used as a filling for patty cases or allowed to get cold; it can be shaped into cutlets, rolled in egg and breadcrumbs, and fried, or in a delicious stuffing for grilled rolls of beef.

Sausage and Chestnut Dressing

Boil forty chestnuts, and when cooked remove the outer and inner skins. Put them in a mortar and pound. Add 1 lb. of sausage (free from skin), and, if liked, the turkey liver chopped. Mix all together thoroughly and season with pepper and salt.

"Dear Donald and Charlie,—A line in great haste to say that I have just found I have made a mistake about the things I put in your stockings last night. I did not know before which of you had settled to be the sailor and which the soldier, or I should have given the presents differently. Now I know, and to make up, please look in the parcel, and the box of soldiers you will find here is for the boy who had the motor boat, and the box of sailors for the boy to whom I gave the cannon. I hope this will please you both. I should have left the sol-



SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.

A Story of a Christmas Morning and a Boy who Interfered with Santa's Plans.

It was very early Christmas morning; it would have been quite dark in the bedroom if it had not been for the bright street light outside the window.

Side by side against the wall stood two white beds. In one slept Charlie Kennedy, aged five; in the other, Donald Kennedy, aged seven, lay awake.

From the foot of each bed hung a stocking.

"It looks like night out of doors," thought Donald. "But, I believe it is really morning, and if it is morning I shall just have one peep into my stocking to see what Santa Claus has brought me."

Donald slipped a bare pink foot cautiously out of bed, then the other followed, and in his blue and white striped pyjamas he crept to the well-filled stocking and emptied the contents of the quilt.

In the dim light he could see a ball, a knife, a Chinese puzzle, an orange, and a box of sweets, also a clockwork motor boat.

He put the things carefully back, then looked longingly at his brother's stocking.

"I'll just peep at Charlie's. That will be no harm," he thought.

Charlie had much the same as Donald, only in place of the clockwork motor boat, there was a cannon. Donald handled it lovingly.

"Santa Claus ought to have known that I mean to be a soldier. He should have given me this cannon," he muttered. "Charlie is to be a sailor, so he motor boat would be just the thing for him. Santa Claus has made a mistake—that's what he has done."

Donald put back Charlie's presents and crept into his warm bed. But he could not sleep; he kept thinking of the cannon and the motor boat.

"I am sure Santa Claus has made a muddle about us. I shall set things right."

And so saying, Donald got out of bed once more, and put Charlie's cannon in his own stocking, and gave his brother the motor boat.

Having done this, Donald once more got into bed, and this time he soon went to sleep.

It was Christmas Day and breakfast-time. Around the breakfast table in the dining-room, decorated with evergreens, sat Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Donald and Charlie, and their sisters Doris and Rose, whilst Uncle Bob was placed between Donald and Charlie to see that they behaved themselves, as he laughingly remarked.

As they were all chattering, Ellen, the parlormaid, entered with a tray. On the tray was a letter.

"I wonder who it is from?" remarked Mrs. Kennedy. "I am sure the post has never arrived so early as this on Christmas Day."

"It is addressed to Master Donald and Master Charlie, and I found it in the drawing-room grate, ma'am. It looked just as if it had fallen down the chimney," said Ellen.

"What a peculiar place for a letter! Do let me see who it's from. Shall I read it out to you, boys?" asked his mother.

"Yes, please, mummy. I expect it is from Santa Claus. I dare say he dropped it down the chimney in passing," said Donald.

Mother and father smiled at this suggestion, whilst Uncle Bob grinned broadly.

"Why, it is from Santa Claus, as you said," remarked Mrs. Kennedy, looking very surprised. He writes:

"Dear Donald and Charlie,—A line in great haste to say that I have just found I have made a mistake about the things I put in your stockings last night. I did not know before which of you had settled to be the sailor and which the soldier, or I should have given the presents differently. Now I know, and to make up, please look in the parcel, and the box of soldiers you will find here is for the boy who had the motor boat, and the box of sailors for the boy to whom I gave the cannon. I hope this will please you both. I should have left the sol-

ders and sailors in your bedroom, but it is nearly light as I write this, and I am of a nervous disposition, and should not like you to see me, as I am so shy.

"Your loving friend,
"Santa Claus."

"How thoughtful of Santa Claus to write!" said Mrs. Kennedy. "I suppose Donald has the motor boat, so I'll get the box of soldiers; and Charlie has the cannon, so will have the sailors."

"No, I have got the motor boat," said Charlie. "And Donald has the cannon."

Donald did not say anything, but he looked very, very solemn.

"Oh, why did I change my motor boat for the cannon?" he thought.

He looked even more serious still when the parcels in the porch were opened, for the box of soldiers was the most splendid one he had ever seen. There were rows and rows of horse and foot soldiers, with shining armor and brightly-painted coats. The sailors were very nice, but nothing came up to soldiers in Donald's eyes.

"I think there has been some mistake," said Uncle Bob, noticing the piteous expression on his nephew's face. "I had a private talk with Santa Claus, and told him particularly that you were to be the gallant soldier of the Kennedy family, and Charlie the sailor boy. There has been a mistake somewhere, I am sure."

At the hours of Christmas Day went by the Kennedy children, with happy, contented faces, played with their new toys—all but Donald, and he looked more and more solemn.



PLAYING SANTA CLAUS.

A Tragedy of a London Fog in the Suburbs of Streatham—But It Ended Well.

By C. Malcolm Hinks, in the Novel Magazine

Police-Constable Parker stood at the corner formed by the aristocratic thoroughfare known as Acacia Grove and the much less dignified street known as Church Road, in the London suburb which, for the purpose of this story, shall be known as Streatham.

It was Christmas Eve, but the weather certainly did not tend to inspire one with a feeling of peace on earth and goodwill towards mankind. The crossing-sweeper, who was turvily eyeing the constable, had been sworn at and rewarded in the ratio of three to one.

"When it's snowy," he confided to a butcher's boy, who had stopped to re-light the stump of a cigar he had found in the gutter, "people think it's real Christmas and does yer well, but this bloomin' fog gets 'em. Would you unbutton yer top coat to give a chap like me a penny a night like this?"

"No, I bloomin' well shouldn't!" declared the butcher's boy with decision as he moved off.

P.C. Parker stamped his feet on the damp pavement and wished himself anywhere but where he was. This was his first experience of a London fog, for he had been in the Metropolitan Force only a few months, and he did not like it.

"Bloomin' ole to be in on Christmas Eve!" he growled. "Only six o'clock and yet hardly a sign of life about the place. Why couldn't they let me do a beat in the 'igh Street? There is somethin' goin' on there at all events, even if you can't see it proper for the fog."

As he had come on duty he had marched along the High Street where the light from the shop windows, the naphtha flares on the costers' stalls, the branches of holly and evergreen, the gaily-dressed grocers' windows, and the rapidly-moving, and for the post part, happy-faced, crowd, did convey something of that peculiar, indescribable feeling that people associate with Christmas.

"Give me Muggford!" growled the constable, as he turned and slowly began to pace his beat. "Don't believe in all the talk about London streets paved with gold; I've only seen 'em full of snow. Law! At Muggford, we knew it was Christmas, festivities we had, and—beg pardon, sir!"

An old gentleman had almost collided with him, for the fog was gradually becoming thicker, and the lamp-posts in Acacia Grove were few and far between.

"Ah, constable," said the old gentleman genially, "can you direct me to a house in the road of the name Westdene?"

"Westdene, sir?" suggested P.C. Parker thoughtfully. He had been in the force long enough to know that it paid to be civil to benevolent-looking old gentlemen on Christmas Eve.

"Yes, that's the name. Absurd idea, constable, giving a fancy name to a house in a road like this. In my young days a number sufficed, and postmen were much happier."

"No one 'as a number in Acacia Grove," said Parker; "they've all got names, rum 'uns, too, some of 'em. It's difficult to see names properly in this 'ere fog, and as I'm walking along that way maybe you'd like me to show you the house?"

"That is very good of you; you see I am er—setting as Santa Claus."

P.C. Parker glanced at the large bag in the old gentleman's hand, noted the kindly smile, and felt sad.

"Kids of to-day don't believe in that sort of thing, sir; they look at each thing to see if there's a label with the price on it."

"You are a very cynical young man," observed the old gentleman, as with difficulty he kept beside him.

"Bee all frolics in the Force," said P.C. Parker shortly.

The old gentleman nodded as

though such an experience were an excuse for anything, and then they walked on in silence for a few yards.

"I want to make this one of the old-fashioned, fairy Christmases for my grandchildren, constable," he said at length, "and—er—really I'm glad I've met you, you see, I'm going to do a little amateur burgling."

"Oh, are you?" said P.C. Parker shortly, stopping in his walk and regarding his companion severely.

The old gentleman laughed.

"I thought you'd think it funny," he said. "You see, I'm Mr. James Brittendon, and I'm going to stay with my son Charles for Christmas; they don't expect me until ten o'clock to-night, but I caught an earlier train than I expected from the country, and as I came along Holborn it struck me that I would give the youngsters a great surprise. I'm going to get in through the nursery window, leave the toys I've brought, go and dine somewhere, and then return to the house and tell them that under the table in the nursery they will find a lot of things that Santa Claus has left."

"Ow do you know you're goin' to get in so easy?" demanded the constable, still regarding the old gentleman with some suspicion.

"Oh, I shall manage all right. You see, I want to startle my son and his wife as well as the children. I was always fond of a joke—ha, ha, ha! What! Is this the house? Thank you, Good-night, officer! Merry Christmas! Drink my health to-morrow, will you?"

"Good-night, sir, thank you, sir—same to you!" gasped P.C. Parker, gazing blankly at the coin which the street lamp just above him disclosed to be a half-a-sovereign.

"Lor," he muttered, as he resumed his beat, "fancy avin' any suspicions against a generous gentleman like that. I'd like to be one o' them kids an'—ah—rick, I don't believe there are any kids at that house. I've never seen 'em, anyway. Now, I wonder if the old buffer is up to any little game. I'll go and see what—curse the fog, it's coming on worse than ever!"

He turned and walked back towards the gate of the house where he had left the amiable amateur Santa Claus. The old gentleman's story about the children was probably a blind—he had thought to throw him off the scent. Then the half-sovereign was bribery and corruption. Probably it was bad; he tested it with his teeth; no, it wasn't bad; but all the same—

"Help! Police! Thieves!"

A dishevelled servant girl had run to the gate of Westdene and her piercing cry came weirdly through the fog. P.C. Parker broke into a run.

"Bless my soul! They've altered the route. Now, how on earth am I to find the nursery?"

Mr. James Brittendon deposited his bags on the floor and gazed round in blank bewilderment. On his last visit he remembered the nursery had been the room on the first floor that was approached by a flight of iron steps from the back garden. Several of the residents in Acacia Grove who possessed the same arrangement used it as a morning room, and sat out on the little balcony at night, but his son had turned it into a nursery. Mr. Brittendon had expected to have had to climb through the window overlooking the balcony, but had found the door unlocked, and so saved himself trouble.

"If I go out into the hall I may meet a servant or someone and the

families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM BOURQUE, Fox Creek, N.B., Canada.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every sick suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

after a very good of you; you see I am er—setting as Santa Claus."

P.C. Parker glanced at the large bag in the old gentleman's hand, noted the kindly smile, and felt sad.

"Kids of to-day don't believe in that sort of thing, sir; they look at each thing to see if there's a label with the price on it."

"You are a very cynical young man," observed the old gentleman, as with difficulty he kept beside him.

"Bee all frolics in the Force," said P.C. Parker shortly.

The old gentleman nodded as

A Pure Product of a Perfect Process

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

is made from the best cocoa beans, carefully selected, cleaned, roasted, freed from shells and the excess of fat, and then, by a perfect mechanical process, is reduced to a very fine reddish-brown powder. It is absolutely pure, healthful, and makes a most delicious drink. Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package.

52 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief, they permanently cure Constipation. Mild, pleasant, and safe. Beware of cheap imitations.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Wm. Carter

BUILDERS

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER AT LOW PRICES.

ASBESTOS PLASTER FOR SALE.

ALSO COAL AND ALL KINDS OF WOOD.

S. Bennett & Co.
Cor. Bay and Barrack Sts.
Phone 941.

AFTER SUFFERING YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Fox Creek, N.B.—"I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me, and cause soreness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better, and I can walk with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM BOURQUE, Fox Creek, N.B., Canada.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every sick suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.