

IN THE LOWLY MANGER.



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

By Marian Sachs

"Yes, dear, Santa Claus will come quite early this time for he has many children to visit, and, of course, it wouldn't do for my little girl to be caught awake." So little Margaret kissed her Daddy good night, and, although her big blue eyes were already heavy with slumber, reluctantly suffered herself to be led upstairs to bed. Daddy's significant wink to Edward, the big brother of eight summers, served to remind the latter that, though he had his private notions about "Santy," he wanted to be up real early for the fun that Christmas morning promised in the Roberts home. When the children had gone, Harvey Roberts found the warm hearth in the library before which he lounged a comfortable refuge after a trying day. The glowing embers reflected the grateful warmth in his heart for the peace he now enjoyed, and as he gazed dreamily into the fire the activities of the day spread themselves, a panoramic picture, before his mind. So many things had crowded in at the last moment. The Evans contract had barely gotten off, and with a thousand other things to be cleared up, Jones, the insurance man, had come to see him about insurance. Of all days of the year, thought he, to come doling out tales of misery—the folly of unfortunates who found their graves early, the hardships of widows, the sufferings of orphans, Great Scott! whatever misfortune the world held, surely one banished

thoughts of sorrow on Christmas Eve! "Are you going to be long, Edith?" he called to his wife upstairs, for, of course, the tree was still to be trimmed and other arrangements completed for the kiddies' enjoyment on the morrow. The faint reply from above, however, told him that, although the other two children were asleep, little Margaret was not yet in the grip of the Sandman. So Harvey settled himself deeper in the cushions of his armchair, and all was silent save for



the "tick, tock" of the clock in the hall. . . . The snow had gathered in a heavy drift on the window sill outside, covering a good-sized corner of the window pane, and except for the feeble glow from the oil lamp on the rickety table, seemed the only bright spot in the scantily furnished cheerless room. The blue-eyed little girl of perhaps four years sat at one end of the table, whose humble setting promised a meagre repast for three. Facing her sat a pale little woman who crooned her youngest baby to sleep while seeking to stem the tide of eager chatter which poured from the little mouth opposite. The child's question, "Mother, dear, Santy won't forget us, will he, even if Daddy isn't here?" had unloosed a flood of emotion, and a sob long repressed broke from the mother's lips. Her faltering reply served temporarily to calm the little girl's anxiety, but the mother's thoughts rambled on. How hard a blow Harvey's death had been to her, no one could ever realize. But added to the sorrow that endless time would not assuage, the material suffering forced upon her and the children seemed well nigh unendurable. It was the old, old story, a young father devoted to his loved ones, cut down in the flush of manhood. His radiant hopes for the future had blinded him to the immediate necessity of providing against that ever-present emergency, and though Jones, the insurance agent, had pleaded with him earnestly, he was constantly put off until a "more convenient time." So when the fatal hour struck, it found him unprepared. After the immediate expenses following the catastrophe had been

cleared, practically nothing remained. And so this Christmas Eve—how different from those other years!—found Edith awaiting the return of their new bread-winner, her brave little boy, whose pitiable earnings served to sustain the little family. "There's Ed now," said Margaret, just as the door opened, and a little chap, his dinner pail in his hand and a smile lighting up his face, put in



his head and called, "MERRY CHRISTMAS!" "Harvey, I'm sorry to wake you, but we have to unpack that box of toys for the children"—and a second gentle prod from Edith brought Harvey Roberts back to grateful consciousness. Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him in half bewilderment. "Thank God," he thought, and a sigh of relief escaped him, "it was only a dream!" and aloud: "Yes, I was so long, I'm going to call him up and

while you were putting the children to bed. By the way, dear, that insurance agent Jones has been after me since I was a boy. He says I deserve it. Just an Ounce of Prevention. When you say a girl changed color these days it usually means she has dyed her hair or bought a new shade of rouge.

Kingston Milling Co. LIMITED Flour and Feed Millers

"White Rose" and "Hungarian Patent" For sale by all dealers

Encourage Home Industries

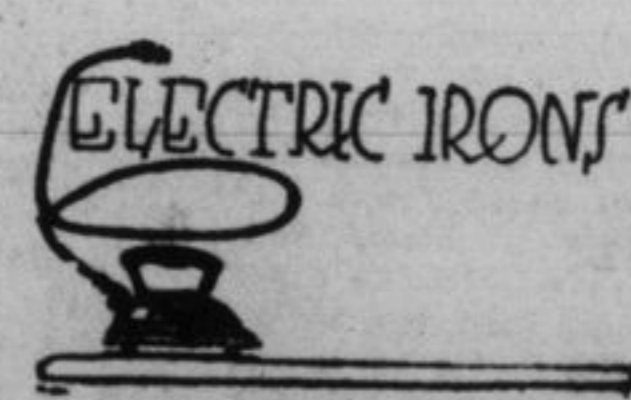
H. Kelly J. S. Driver The K. D. Manufacturing Co. LUMBER, LATH and SHINGLES WHOLESALE AND RETAIL PACKING CASES (ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER)

OUR SPECIALS ARE: Hemlock, White Pine, Matched Spruce, all grades of best Shingles, Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lath. Our prices are the lowest. We are also large manufacturers of Oval Picture Frames, Serving Trays and Hand - Painted Parchment Lamp Shades. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Phone T681J - - - Montreal Street - - - Kingston, Ont.

CHRISTMAS ELECTRIC STORE

Most beautiful assortment of Boudoir Lamps we ever had, from \$3.50 to \$25.00. Lovely Rose, Blue and Amber Silk shades.



- PARLOR FLOOR LAMPS At reasonable prices \$20.00 and up TOASTERS, \$4.50 and up. IRONS, \$4.50 and up. Complete Stock of WIRELESS Goods for your Boy. FLASH LIGHTS—ALL KINDS. HOOVER VACUUM CLEANER \$62.50 EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER \$55.00 TABLE LAMPS, \$3 and up. DESK LAMPS, every style COFFEE PERCOLATORS, GRILLS, HEATERS, CHRISTMAS TREE OUTFITS, COLORED LIGHTS

The H. W. Newman Electric Co. 167 PRINCESS STREET PHONE 441