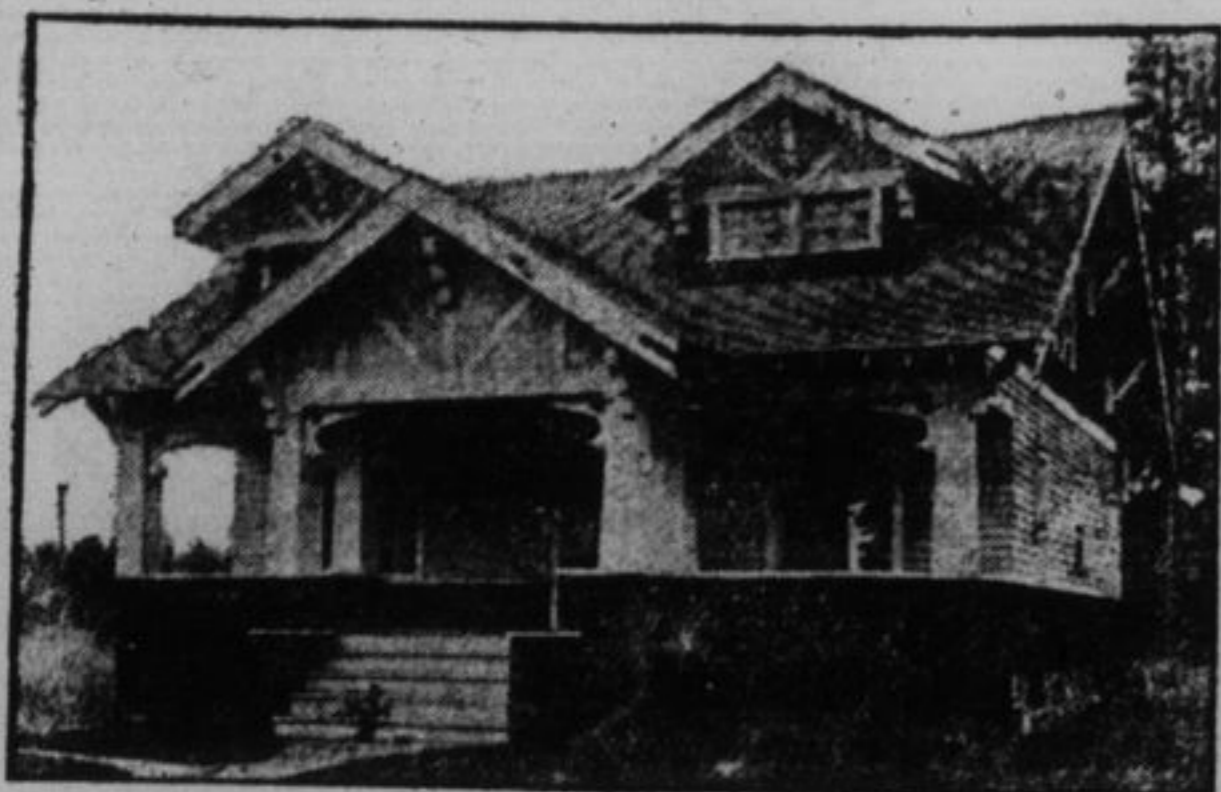


THE HUTCHESON-WILSON CO.



WHY PAY RENT?

When we will sell you a Home and let you pay for it in small monthly instalments.

If your Home should burn to-morrow, would you be sufficiently protected with insurance? We represent only reliable companies. We issue every kind of Insurance Policies.

Attention to: Druggists, Doctors, Grocers!

We are distributing agents for well-known manufacturing chemists. Come in and let us show you our different lines.

THE HUTCHESON-WILSON CO.

'Phone 1207J : : 269 1/2 Princess Street

Manufacturers' Agents—Public Accountants—Income Tax Consultants—Real Estate—Insurance.

PLUMBING WORK DONE RIGHT

For Plumbing and Heating Equipment, let us give a price on your work. Contract and Job Work given first-class attention.

H. APPLETON

417 PRINCESS STREET Phone 575W.



A Gift Worth While For the Men

If husband's or brother's Suit was called for each week and delivered nicely sponged and pressed, all minor repairs taken care of, wouldn't it be a nice Christmas gift to him.

Ladies! Think it over — then come in and let us explain our contract system to you.

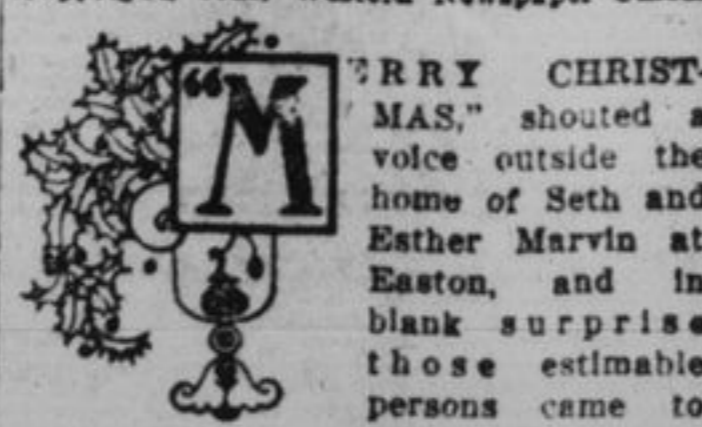
D. S. COLLIER

(Successor to Warwick Bros.)

Holiday Prodigals

By Walter Joseph Delaney

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS," shouted a voice outside the home of Seth and Esther Marvin at Easton, and in blank surprise those estimable persons came to the porch and viewed Uncle Gregory Thearle just departing. To the fence was tied the fattest, sleekest calf they had ever seen.

"Why, what is this?" inquired Mr. Marvin, staring vaguely.

"Can't you see—fatted calf! It will do for Christmas, eh? You'll need it. I'll be over later; good bye till then and Merry Christmas!"

He went his way waving his hand imperiously and chucking and shaking with half-suppressed jollity.

"He must mean the boy, Oh, Seth, can it be that they are coming home?" palpitated Mrs. Marvin.

"I don't know, but there is some hidden mystery in the actions of our relative. You know he always liked Bob and Tom and Ned. Perhaps he has kept track of them."

Mr. Marvin sighed and he had reason to do so. And his loving loyal helpmeet cheerlessly echoed the aspiration. Then eyes met and there were mutual tears in them. Then Seth went to the woodshed and came forth again holding a hatchet and a saw.

"Where are you going?" inquired Esther curiously.

"Over to the woods. I'm going to get some evergreen and holly. It is as well to be prepared for a surprise."

Just as fall had set in the three sons of the worthy couple had left home secretly one night after writing a note, honest and respectful, announcing that they had heard of positions in a distant factory, and realizing that a mortgage on the home and hard times were distressing the dear old father they felt it their duty to do something toward the family support.

For three months regularly there had come a draft for quite an amount, but no other word from the runaways.

And now—on Christmas eve—there were three glad, grateful visitors to the little cottage: Tom, Bob and Ned once more rested under the dear old home roof. The news got about town.

The lads were popular and had many true friends. Three, particularly, arrived with their sisters just as the prodigals wished and hoped. And in the evening the same welcome coteries made the old home cheery with their chatter at the supper table. Then appeared Uncle Gregory. He winked and blinked at his three prime favorites, the boys, and brought two turkeys for the holiday feast.

"But the fattest calf for the prodigals," he queried chucklingly. "So appropriate, and it will last a week."

And an hour later Uncle Gregory blossomed forth in his most felicitous

style. He handed a folded legal looking document to Mrs. Marvin.

"What is this, Uncle Gregory?" she inquired.

"Release of the mortgage these dear lads hoped to pay through their own exertions, but they are only boys, if good ones, and the task was too heavy for them. And, by the way, lads, here's a bank book. I consider you a good investment and I have donated what will take you through college and prepare you for battling with the world—well educated men."

"I declare!" murmured Mr. Marvin and there was a catch in his throat.

As to Mrs. Marvin she came up to the old man and placed her loving arm about him and kissed him fervently.

"Yes it is a genuine surprise, indeed," voiced Mr. Marvin. "Blessings come thickly when we most need them."

And the three charming girls were more beautiful to the returned prodigals than ever, and old Uncle Gregory seemed to renew his youth amid the glowing happiness of that gloriously happy Yuletide hour.

"It will be mistletoe and kisses next Christmas," he instructed, with a chuckle for the three lovely girls who each sat close to their admiring lover and who felt that the Christmas bells were ringing especially to celebrate their Christmas happiness.

"Prodigals returned!" murmured Uncle Gregory rapidly, "but practical ones. Dear, me! truly this is peace on earth, good will toward all men" and he left for home smiling through his happy tears, and singing the refrain of a happy, merry old Christmas song.

They consider a horse a fool, because after it has been rescued from a burning building it will try to rush back into the flames again. But what can you say about the Miras who are hanging over the marriage license desk almost before the ink on their divorce decree is dry?

Many a man has been well roasted for being too raw.

A Christmas Movie

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.



"THE sweet voiced Christmas chimes were echoing out a chorus melodious and reverential and Mabel Durand sat in the parlor of her cozy little flat absorbed in reveries that the season naturally brought to her. Her face was not a happy one, for her memories were freighted with a sadness that had shadowed her life for nearly ten years.

She had wedded Rodney Durand, a close friend of her brother, now dead, and both had been employed in the prosperous mercantile house of her father. He, too, had now passed away and Mabel was alone in the world, except for her little daughter, Erma, only ten years old. The little one came tripping joyously into the room at that moment.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "what do you think? Our neighbor in the next flat, Mrs. Brayton, wants us both to be ready in an hour to go with her to the movies."

Mrs. Brayton had been a cheering element in the lonely life of Mabel Durand for over two months.

Mrs. Durand had more than once during their brief acquaintanceship conversed with the neighbor she seemed to especially like about her past history. It was a tragic one. Two years after her marriage to Rodney Durand her husband had been arrested and sentenced to prison for embezzlement from her father.

"I loved Rodney and I always shall," insisted Mabel. "There must be some mistake in the fearful charge they have brought against him."

"There is none," replied her father sternly. "He has disgraced us. He stole from me boldly."

Still Mabel hoped and waited and at the end of two years when Rodney was released from prison she bore silently the reproach of never hearing a word from him.

So Mabel had talked of her broken life and now it was Christmas time again and the occasion brought a sad remembrance of those days in the happy past when she and little Erma had known a tender-hearted husband and a gentle indulgent father.

Mrs. Brayton, chatted casually all the way to the theater and told her she had seen the picture play twice and was greatly impressed by it.

"It is the story of the life of a wronged, misjudged man," she said, "and I know it will interest you."

The screen outlined the course of business in a modern counting room. Then as they entered a new figure, little Erma pressed close to the side of her mother and exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, that actor looks just like the picture you have of dear, absent papa."

Mrs. Durand gasped and tottered

in her seat. The gentle, soothing hand of Mrs. Brayton steadied and quieted her.

"Do not be startled or excited, dear friend," she whispered. "I had a purpose in bringing you here, as you will soon know, perhaps gratifyingly. The principal of this movie is Rodney Durand, your husband and my brother. For his sake I have got acquainted with you; for both your sakes I have brought about this climax."

The story of the embezzlement crime was faithfully depicted and it showed another as the real criminal—her own brother. Her husband had taken his blame, bearing the penalty and reproach to save her brother from disgrace.

At a critical moment her brother had sent a full confession to Rodney, taking the blame for the crime. In plain view Rodney, in the action of the piece, destroyed it.

"Do you comprehend now?" questioned Mrs. Brayton softly.

"Oh, how we have wronged my poor, dear Rodney," sobbed Mabel. "Can you forgive him? Will he ever forgive me? Oh, that I could find him."

"You shall," and when they reached home, Mrs. Brayton left her friend for a few moments to reappear with her brother.

Higher swung the glad some chime bells, merrily echoed the happy sweet voices, and beside the little Christmas tree that had been trimmed for Erma, those three earnest souls joined in the joyous knowledge that their paths would lead together from the threshold of that Christmas eve into broad sunny pastures of love and happiness.

They used to say of some girls that they wore their hearts on their sleeves, but we guess if they desire the men to see them these days they have to wear them on their stockings.

The women who were so keen about getting equal rights with men, to vote are now assuming the men's right not to vote.

A Holiday Romance

By T. B. ALDERSON

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.



"TWO feet deep of snow. Why, it's a regular Christmas gift for me!" observed Rolfe Darion hopefully, as he awoke from a night of profound slumber and glanced out through the street window of the chill

bleak lodging house where he was one of wanderers who had no other home.

As he descended to the well-heated office room of the institution he paid little attention to the lounging crowd of idle and battered men. He paused only to address an old man with a pair of crutches by his side. He slapped him in a friendly, familiar way on the shoulder.

"If I can only get a snow shovel," he observed, "I will see to it that your meals and lodging are well provided for over Christmas."

"Bless you, my friend!" murmured the other gratefully. "You have been very kind to me," and Darion left him with a genial good-bye and started forth for a day of hard, earnest work.

Darion was passing some cottages adjoining one another when the door of the nearest one was opened and a pleasant faced lady beckoned to him.

"You look as if you were seeking work," she said. "Would you clean off this sidewalk and a path to the coal shed for half a dollar?"

By the end of an hour he had his task completed.

"You must come in and share our lunch, if you will," invited the young lady. Chancing to glance through the window he noticed in the next yard a

young girl battling with the heavy snow with a frail broom.

"She doesn't make much progress," he observed to his hostess. "If you will lend me your shovel I will soon clear a path around the house for her."

He lifted his cap politely, explaining his purpose. Alice Brill, young, frail, grateful, bestowed a winning smile upon the friend in need. She announced frankly that they could not afford to pay for the service offered.

"You needn't worry about that," he declared lightly. "It will make me feel the better for doing a little act of kindness, so near to Christmas."

Darion regarded Alice Brill with more than ordinary interest. He had heard the girl and her father in the next house discussing their neighbor. It seems that the father of Alice had sold some store property in the town for over four thousand dollars, representing about all he had in the world.

He had hidden it in his bedroom, some one forced open the window and Brill awoke next morning to find his little fortune gone.

Darion worked, sturdily at sidewalk and garden paths and had pretty nearly completed his task when Alice came out on the rear step.

"I wonder if it would be too much to ask you to get the ladder and climb up to the kitchen roof and push off the massed snow there?"

Darion was only too glad to grant the request. He was pushing the last shovel of snow over the eave troughs when he startled Alice, who had come out again to watch the progress of his work, by springing free of the roof, waving a dark object in his hand.

"I found it lodged in the gutter spout, where it must have fallen from the hand of the thief," he announced breathlessly. "It is a pocketbook filled with money."

That that it was, and Rolfe Darion, a welcome spectator to the wild delight of the Brill, lingered long in the house, blessed by the gratitude of Mr. Brill and his beautiful daughter. What more natural than that they should invite this cherished guest to Christmas dinner, for a royal one they were sure of now, but Darion surprised them and congratulated himself in appearing neat, trim and in a new suit, for at the lodging house that evening he found an unexpected letter from his estranged uncle containing a liberal remittance and asking him to return to the home roof and forget that they had ever quarreled.

Merry Christmas, indeed it was for that little group, and when Rolfe Darion bade Alice Brill good night after a day of rare enjoyment and happiness, he wondered if the ardent hope of his soul might become a reality before another yuletide celebration in his winning of a Christmas bride.

Before marriage a fellow tells a girl he is not half good enough for her, and very soon after marriage she convinces him he was entirely too cautious in his estimate.

A wife wants her husband to be jealous, but not too jealous; good, but not too good; bad, but not too bad; but he never can be too rich to suit her.



He Brought a Fatted Calf.



In Plain View Rodney Destroyed It

W. KENT MACNEE

Bank of Commerce Building

General Insurance Agent

Automotive Equipment

Tourists' Bureau "Manufacturers' Agents" Accessories

"We Can Get It"

Phone 51AW G. V. DREDGE 100 Brock St., Kingston, Ont. B. H. EYLES

A Canadian Product

See this beautiful Waltham at your Jewellers

THIS model is designed especially for the man who wants Waltham accuracy at a very moderate price. It is a genuine Waltham movement produced with all the painstaking care that has built up the Waltham reputation throughout the world. It presents a fine appearance that is matched by a fine performance. We have no hesitation in saying that nowhere in the world can an investment of \$25.00 return you greater time-keeping service and satisfaction.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Product in Canada

189 St. James St. Montreal

CANADIAN PACIFIC

No. 3 VANCOUVER EXPRESS FOR WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

EACH WAY - EVERY DAY TORONTO - VANCOUVER From Toronto - 10 p.m. Daily

STOPS AT AND CONNECTS FOR PRINCIPAL POINTS

Standard Sleepers, Dining Car, Tourist Sleepers, Compartment Observation Car, First-Class Coaches and Colonist Car.

The most beautiful scenery in Canada is along the line of the Canadian Pacific.

Magnificent Rocky Mountain Resorts at Banff, Lake Louise and Glacier. Passengers for California should arrange their trip to include the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS IN WESTERN CANADA OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

"Royal Alexandra," Winnipeg; "Palliser Hotel," Calgary; "Vancouver Hotel," Vancouver; "Empress Hotel," Victoria.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.