

Mrs. Clyde Smith is seriously ill at her home.

Russo Bros. are driving a very fast butcher wagon.

Mrs. Louisa Fay, widow of Geo. Fay, died Dec. 2nd, in Boston.

Will Westcott was awarded the contract to collect garbage next year.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Berry will spend the winter with their son at Hatfield, Pa.

Thos. C. Elvins has been very ill, but has recovered sufficiently to return to town this week.

It is stated that Wilson S. Turner will extend his garage to cover a lot back of his present building.

There will be a Christian Science service held in W. C. T. U. Club house on Sunday evening, at 7.45.

There will be a cake sale this afternoon, in Littlefield's office, given by the High School basket ball girls.

Two new trucks have arrived in town,—a Studebaker for Walter J. Turner, and a Ford for John L. Campbell.

The Rod and Gun Club will hold game banquet next Thursday evening, at 7.45, at the Raleigh, members only.

There was a fair-sized audience at the Navy League entertainment, Monday evening,—so many having their engagements. But the interest was keen.

Mrs. Alfie White is selling the old Cross stamps which so many patriotic people attach to their letters about Christmas mite. She has them on sale at Simons' Candy Kitchen.

The gypsies had hardly settled down in camp before a constable from Mt. Holly, accompanied by constable Farrar, took one of the men to that place, charged with conducting a flim-flam game.

The Civic Club will have dainty serviceable Christmas gifts on sale, at their Club House, every Monday and Thursday afternoon, from three to five, and Saturday mornings, seven to nine, until Christmas.

Joe Melino's horse ran away, Wednesday afternoon; Joe was thrown out, the wagon ran over him, one wheel passing over his head. Result, a broken jaw, and bitter fears more serious injuries.

Next Thursday, 16th, will be a busy day in our town schools. Parents, and all others interested, are always welcome, but that day has been named to induce all to come. There will be no special exercises, only the regular daily program.

The "Happy Family," a group of young people, took a trip to the city camp Thursday evening, but the people had retired. For the reason—fear perhaps—one young couple took to their heels; for aught the reporter knows, running yet.

The roof of Jackson's ice house caught fire about 11.55 yesterday, and the alarm sounded. The fire did not go into service,—the employees having doused the flames from a nearby chimney which badly smoked the blaze.

Rev. W. Leon Tucker, who has been announced, will give a Bible study, commencing next Thursday morning, in the Baptist Church. He is a union movement, and all invited to attend, and receive instruction from one of the best preachers in the country. Sessions will be held at 3.30 and 7.30.

Clement Browning, a former resident here for many years, and a friend of Mrs. Pauline R. Potter, died suddenly of apoplexy, last Friday night, at their home in Newark. Clem, as he was familiarly called here, was well-known and liked, and the news of his death was a shock to many.

The address by Irvin J. Flood, of the Baptist Church, Thursday evening, was necessarily postponed on account of Mr. Flood arriving in town in a very sick condition, brought on by a heavy cold. It was a disappointment to all, but has promised to give them good assurance another time. Pastor Cusack took the service,—which was acceptable.

We had a good letter from our esteemed friends Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marshall. They are now in their third year in the Masonic Home, Burlington, and appear to be well and happy.

Grand Army Post meeting this afternoon, three o'clock, in the Republican office. Of the one hundred and twenty members, a few years ago, but eight now remain, and of these, one or two are too infirm to even attend a meeting.

Hammonton is about to have an up-to-date basket-ball hall. Union Hall has been rented by three Hammonton young men, for the entire winter, for this purpose. All sport-loving people will be pleased to hear this, and will, of course, attend the games.

Regarding information, privileges, etc., call on Irvin J. Hearing, Business Manager, Edw. Reeves, Captain of Team, or Wes. Vaughn, Manager of Team.

A very large black cat, weighing thirteen and one-half pounds, which had been killing game and worrying gunners and dogs for several years, was shot by Wm. Blazer, Jr., on a bridge near Folsom, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Sts. It had evidently taken to the woods rather than mankind, and lived on rabbits and quail. W. P. Bakley skinned it, and after it is cured it will grace the neck of a pretty young miss. The animal's fur was as soft as that of the expensive kinds.

To the People of Hammonton:

On Dec. 20th, at the time of the annual Children's Entertainment in the High School, there will be a donation party for the poor.

Food and provisions of all kinds, new clothing, toys, etc., needed. Cash, for the purchase of necessities; or orders on dealers, may be sent. Contributions may be made up baskets or Christmas stockings, or all of one article.

Arrangements have been made to co-operate with others, so there may be no duplications, and all be remembered. The work will be carried on in the true Christmas spirit. May we have your aid?

Alumni Entertainment Com. Address P. O. box 302, Town.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church. 10.30 a.m., "Looking Ahead." 12.00 m., Sunday School. 3.00 p.m., Jr. Epworth League. 7.00, Men's Meeting,—round table talk.

7.30, Preaching; topic, "A Man Who Did Not Delay."

Baptist Church, Sunday, Dec. 12. 10.15 a.m., Prayer circle. 10.30, Morning worship; theme, "The Shepherd of Our Souls."

For the children, "The Story of a Spider."

Mrs. Chapman will sing. 11.45 a.m., Bible School. 6.30 p.m., Y. P. S. C. R. prayer service.

7.30, evening praise. Theme, "A Mighty Savior."

All-Soul's Church.—Universalist. Sunday morning, the pastor, Dr. W. H. Gardner, will preach on "Christianity on Trial."

Sunday School at 12 m. 7.30 p.m., theme, "The New Thought Movement."

St. Mark's Church. Third Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, 7.00 a.m.; Morning Prayer and Litany, 10.30; Sunday School at 11.45; Evening Prayer, 7.30.

Presbyterian Church. Morning worship 10.30; theme, "The Church as the Conscience, Interpreter, and Guide of the Social Order."

Sabbath School at noon. Men's organized Bible Class, Teachers' class, and Your class.

C. R. Meeting at 7.00 p.m. Evening worship at 7.45; theme, a trip through the "Land of Begging Again."

Thursday evening, 7.45, prayer meeting.

Three cottage prayer meetings during the coming week, will be announced in the various Churches to-morrow,—preparatory to Dr. Tucker's Bible Study, next Thursday, lasting for a week, in the Baptist Church, afternoons at 3.30, and evenings, 7.30.

BANK BROS.

BUY IN HAMMONTON

BANK BROS.

This Store is brim-full of new things, suitable for Christmas Gifts. Do your shopping before the rush is on, and while stocks are complete

Silk and Crepe De Chine Waists

A shipment just unpacked. They come in individual Christmas boxes, and will make a very handsome gift. New stripes in light and dark colors; also plain white.

At \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, and \$3

Waists at \$1, \$1.50, and \$1.75 of plain white, and white with stripe; also trimmed with lace; high or low neck.

Dainty Beaded Bags.

A suitable Christmas gift. The very newest creation in hand bags; some of contrasting color beads in showy designs, in contrasting colors of green, white and blue; also plain color chain and frame. Priced at only \$3.50 and \$4

LEATHER Hand Bags.

With the newest style chain and frame; a complete assortment, ranging in price from \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and on up to \$6

Combs, Hair Pins, and Hair Ornaments

The new silver with stone setting—combs and hair pins. Also new style back combs. Prices range 50 c to \$1.50

Kid and Silk Gloves

Made of selected kid skins, with reinforced seams and tips, in black, tan, gray, and white. Priced at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2

Silk Gloves at 50 cents

Long Silk Gloves at \$1, and \$1.50, in black and white.

Will put them in Christmas boxes.

Opera Bags, Fans, Silk Scarfs, and numerous other appropriate things,—all backed with our guarantee, and priced very low.

Toyville is Ready

All kinds of amusing and instructive things are here.

Santa Claus will be here soon. Bring the children to see the many nice things we have here—

Carriages, Trains, Dolls, Building Blocks, Spelling Boards, Desks, Chairs, Automobiles, Games, and hundreds of other things too numerous to mention

Traveling Bags and Suit Cases

Make very useful gifts. They were made for us by America's best manufacturers and we priced them very low.

Traveling Bags at \$1.50 and \$2, with reinforced corners and riveted handles, in black and tan.

Traveling Bags at \$2.50, \$2.75, and \$4,—

Of leather, tan and black, reinforced with extra heavy leather corners, and strong handles

Traveling Bags at \$5, \$6, \$7, and up to \$10.

Made of selected stock cow hide, leather lined and hand sewed; in black, light and dark tan.

Sizes are 16, 17 and 18

Suit Cases at \$1, \$1.50 and \$2

Suit Cases at \$3 and \$3.50, made of leather, with strong reinforced corners and sides, and straps all around

Suit Cases at \$5, \$6, and \$7.50. Of cowhide, corners reinforced with extra heavy leather.

There are some very light ones among them, classed as Ladies' suit cases. They are made somewhat different from the ordinary.

Catalogue of Items suitable to Give Men

Sweaters

Worsted or Shaker knit. You will find our stock complete. They range in price from 50 cents to \$6, and all prices in between.

Smoking Jackets

In dark and light gray; also brown; with contrasting collar and pocket. Prices from \$4.50 to \$6.50

Bath Robes

Blanket robes and light weight ones; in dark and light colors; \$2.50 to \$5

Pocket Books and Wallets

A wide assortment, black and tan; many with note-books and an extra change pocket. Prices 25 cents to \$1.50

Kid Gloves

Unlined, for dress, or heavy lined with fleece or fur. Prices, 48 cents to \$3

Driving Gloves

Lined and unlined; also fur and plush top ones, from 48 cents to \$3

Neckwear and Suspenders

Packed in individual Christmas boxes, at 25 c, 50 c and \$1

Hosiery by the Box

Or single pair, in many different colors. Holeproof Hose at \$1.50 per box. Guaranteed for six months

Handkerchiefs

Initial or plain, range in price from 5 c to 50 c

Woolen Shirts

With attached collar, in gray and new military blue, and brown. \$1, \$1.50, \$2

House Slippers

And bedroom slippers in many colors; 48 c to \$2

Bank Brothers' Store

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Hammonton, New Jersey

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Use Bell Phone 37-J-4, or leave orders at Turner's Garage. Residence, Winslow, N. J.

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Wm. B. Phillips
Attorney-at-Law
Hammonton, N. J.
517-519 Federal St., Camden

PULPIT TOPICS

LESSONS FROM THE TREES.

"Behold the fig tree and all the trees."—Luke, 22: 29.

The Master was always interested in trees. As a boy He must have learned from his father, Joseph, the carpenter, to distinguish the various kinds of trees and woods. When He called His first disciples you remember that He saw Nathaniel under a fig tree. Zachaeus climbed into a sycamore tree that he might see Jesus, and perhaps the trees have a message from the Master for us to-day, if we will only seek it there. Our Lord likened the Kingdom of Heaven to a mustard seed because of its rapid growth. On His final entry to Jerusalem St. John says that the multitudes strewed palm branches in His way, and it was at last upon a tree that He was crucified.

Our Lord drew many of His illustrations from natural phenomena, for objects of natural phenomena afforded clear and striking examples of the truths that were nearest His heart. The lilies of the field afforded a wonderful illustration of God's care for His creatures and of the uselessness of sordid anxiety. If two sparrows that are sold for a farthing cannot fall without the knowledge of the Father, how dare we think that we are alone in the world? The parables of the Sower and the Plowman are homely illustrations of rich moral and spiritual truths. They are used for a purpose, and not as ends in themselves.

What is the lesson of Christ's interest in fruit trees, or, in other words, what human and moral lesson do His words impart? I shall now proceed in my own poor way to bring out what this lesson seems to be. I mean to distinguish different types of men by their ideals. This is slightly different from distinguishing men by the different objects that they regard as their highest good. It is distinguishing men by what they strive for. There are many motives to action. Sermon after sermon has contrasted the man who was motivated by the desire for wealth, power or social influence, with the saint who acted only for the love of God. The trouble, it seems to me, with these types was that they were largely abstractions. I have never met any men who have been wholly enslaved to any of the former idols, or wholly ennobled by God's divine presence.

Have our actions in the past year been controlled by what other people were doing? Have we been the slaves of custom? Have we gone to church because others did so, and hence inferred it was the proper thing to do? Have we contributed to hospitals, homes for the aged and other charities simply because our friends were doing so?

The second class of men is those whose object is not to do as others do, but to develop their own character; to bring out and make explicit the beauty they feel within them. We will find this class of men forever arrayed against the conventionalists. They are the insurgents. They do what seems good in their own eyes. If a custom does not seem adequate to express their wishes, they arm themselves against it. They go to church, if they go at all, because they think it a direct benefit to themselves; that is to say, they act from selfish motives. There are many examples of this type to-day.

There is another type of character that we find to a great extent within the church. Mystics, whose ideal is to help others and make the world a more livable and lovable place, but whose emotional largeness of heart does not find expression in largeness of achievement. Their fund of sympathy is inexhaustible. They can see the terrors of poverty, and also the danger of many possessions; men who are always waiting for a fuller revelation of their duty, but who ever sit and listen. True revelation comes to such men, if it comes at all, in action. They are in a state of chronic inactivity, and seldom do anything definite.

The last class I wish to mention is that of the producers of fruit. These are the men of all ages who have been the servants of God. For them, custom is only useful when it expresses human needs; for them, character, noble and sacred as it is, is only a means for the greater glory of God; for them, worship is as highly regarded as by any, but it is always wedded to and completed by service; for them, love of God and love of man are of equal and correlative value. "By their fruits ye shall know them." These are the men who have seen the vision of the needs of their own age, be that vision one of religious liberty or of freedom of the slaves or of the individual, or of the bringing closer together of all races and classes and nations and conditions of men, that a just understanding of one another and relation to one another may bring speedily the day when war shall be no more. These are they who feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and in prison and give sight to the blind. Our civilization is built upon the noble laws and institutions they have left behind. They were the sowers, and we share freely the fruit it cost them much labor to produce. The Christian ideal of character in this regard is the supreme end of our life bringing forth fruit; not for ourselves, but for the benefit of the whole human race, that the world, when we die, may

be more worthy of the Christ and His little ones. Was it not for this reason that the fig or fruit tree ministered to the wants of men, that the Master was interested in them above all other trees? Most of His parables and illustrations were drawn from nature, because He saw beautifully illustrated in nature the truths that were most needed for men. As the sprouting of the fig tree was to be a sign to the early Christians that the fall of Jerusalem was near, so may every fruit tree bring home to us the eternal lesson that the Master wishes us all to learn. Let us try to see with His eyes the glory and nobility of the tree that produces fruit. With us the issue lies; we can determine what kind of a tree or a man we shall be. Which shall we choose?

The maple, the elm, the oak, the willow and all the tamarisks of custom are shedding, and have shed, their bright garments. Are not these trees like the first type of customary moralists whom we described? Their only boast is their compliance with the fashionable call of the seasons. If we advance a few steps further we find that the large pine tree is no observer of seasons at all. Here is our individualist. He has not a coat of many colors; but the coat that he has he feels he needs in winter most of all. The seven kinds of evergreens have all of them a pleasant individual odor. They produce no fruit, however. So anxious are they to secure all the light and warmth they can that no small tree or shrub can grow in their shadow. Truly they are an ideal type of the Superman with their craving for strength and height and their disregard of the shrub.

The nut trees have all the essential elements that go to make good fruit trees, but they encase every production in a hard and almost impenetrable shell. They hide what light they have under a bushel. They are good absorbers and consumers, but have to be squeezed like a sponge before they give up what they have. Is not sympathy without action like a nut? The heart that we all admire is inclosed in a wooden impotence. These trees know what good fruit is, but in a cold and hostile world they are afraid of the venture of faith.

At last we come to the fruit trees, the fig, the olive, the apple, the pear, the peach and the plum, not to mention more. "Behold the fig tree and all the trees." The fruit trees have and ever will be man's delight, and through human care and selection man has increased their productivity. Has man taken the same care to enable and make numerous the class of fruit bearing men? Alas, too often the reverse is the case. How many of the creative benefactors of mankind have been put to death? I fear the number is very large. But in spite of all persecution, in spite of at times a hostile environment, in spite of neglect till the harvest, the fruit trees regularly produce their fruit, some a hundred-fold, and some even more. In summer the apple trees could not sport and dance to the breathing of the summer wind, for they were hampered with heavy responsibility, but now that the harvest is come, their joy is full, for "By their fruits ye shall know them."

POCKET-TELEPHONE.

A Dutch inventor has devised a simple little instrument that seems to be a decided improvement over the present-day telephone. The receiver and transmitter are so small that they may easily be carried in the vest-pocket, taking up no more space than an ordinary watch.

Notwithstanding its diminutive size, the instrument appears to have the advantage over the telephone of transmitting messages with perfect clearness and distinctness.

The receiver is so small (being not more than one inch in length and about the thickness of lead pencil) that it may be placed in the ear, connection being maintained by a thin wire. Either a single or double receiver may be used, and the hands are left free to make notes of any messages transmitted.

At a demonstration of the invention recently at the University of Utrecht, the wireless telegraph was brought into requisition in connection with the telephone, as it is called, with entire success.

PATRIOTIC.

A school teacher recently gave his pupils a lecture on patriotism. He pointed out the high motives which moved the territorialists to leave their homes and fight for their country.

The school teacher noticed that one boy did not pay attention to the instruction, and as a test question he asked him:

"What motives took the territorialists to the war?"

"The boy was puzzled for a moment; then, remembering the public sentiment of the local regiment at the railway station, he replied:

"Locomotives, sir."

Honorable: Is this the office of Quilley's Quick Cure?

Patent Medicine Man—Yes.

"Give me six bottles for my wife."

"Tryed all other remedies without success, eh?"

"No; she ain't ill at all; but I saw in your advertisement where a woman wrote after taking six bottles, 'I am a different woman,' and I have hopes."

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Topic for December 12, 1915.

A GLORIOUS OUTLOOK.
Rev. 7: 3-17; Rev. 21: 9-22: 5.

"We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5: 1). We are taught to look forward with assured confidence to a more glorious life under more glorious conditions. "In My Father's house are many mansions," Jesus said, just before leaving this world; "If it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto Myself." (John 14: 2-3).

There are no ifs or ands or buts for those who are members of the body of Christ. They must be with Him where He is, because that is His will for them. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." (John 14: 1-4 and 17-24). That is the real glory of the future life—to be with Jesus and behold His glory.

And we shall share His glory, for it is written that when we shall see Him as He is we shall be like Him. As we gaze upon Him, His image will become stamped upon us and His glory will be reflected from our faces as the moon reflects the glory of the sun.

In his extraordinary vision of Heaven John saw wonderful things there, and he tells us about them and about the place itself. His descriptions are, of course, symbolical, and are evidently designed to supply food for the imagination, that we may be able to form some conceptions, even though they must be very vague, of the glories and joys of our future home.

It matters little what form our anticipations in regard to the future life may take if we only keep before our minds the thought that the great joy of that life is to be with Christ in the presence of God. We may safely allow our imagination free scope in regard to details, because the glory and joy of that home will exceed our wildest dreams; but we cannot afford to think of Heaven as a purely imaginary idea; we cannot afford to fill our minds continually with thoughts of this life, without cherishing any anticipations concerning the future life.

Jesus was strengthened to endure the cross despising the shame by the thought of "the joy that was set before Him"—the joy of presenting His ransomed and glorified church to God. (Heb. 12: 2). And Paul was sustained through long years of suffering by looking forward to the "crown of righteousness" in the next life.

Jesus taught us not only to look forward with anticipation but also to make preparation for Heaven: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven." He said. (Matt. 6: 20).

One thing that we do not know about Heaven is that it is the home of joyous song, and joyous song is one of the chief sources of pure joy.

THE NEIGHBOR.

There are few things so conducive to happiness as a good neighbor.

A neighbor is a neighbor, one whose only claim upon you is living near.

Friends you make for yourself; neighbors are the gifts of God. To acquire a real neighbor shows that you have some knowledge of how to adjust yourself to the inevitable. It is a compliment to you to say that you have made a pleasant acquaintance of an enforced intimacy.

How do you get along with your fellow-passengers on a two weeks' ocean voyage? What would you do cast away on an island with a dozen strangers? Are you gifted in discovering the link of common humanity?

Our neighbor knows the fine line between intimacy and intrusion. She seems never to call when we don't want her. She has a rare instinct that nicely judges just when to approach us. She knows how to receive. It is a joy to give her things. She can take them with just the right expression of appreciation, not so much as to be over-sweet, nor so little as to leave a bad taste.

She knows how to give. It is done with supreme tact. When we had sickness she sent to us the most wonderful soup, not plain soup in a bowl, but soup all benedictioned and with flowers by it, and a little note. It was not a soup, it was a sacrament of neighborliness.

She borrows and brings back. She lends just in the right spirit.

We have never made formal calls. We have no conventional equations to maintain. We don't know who our friends are. She doesn't know ours. She never inquires into our family affairs nor tells her own. She is not a friend; she is a neighbor, which is rarer.

When I have nothing else to do I go over and talk with her. She respects my little egotisms, obnoxious and crazy conceits, regarding them not as a friend anxious for my welfare, but as a relative concerned about my soul's salvation or my salary, but as an amused and interested bystander, in a word, she has the neighborly mind.

When there was craps on our door

she broke through her reserve and spent much time at our house. But she was unobtrusiveness itself. She helped everywhere. She aided the girl in the kitchen, she looked after matters of hats and dresses, she swept, she went upon errands, and at precisely the right moments she talked to us. Nothing was too menial nor too delicate for her to undertake, as one human spirit for another.

She is not beautiful; she is charming. She is not pretty; she is lovely. She is not young-bodied, but her mind is smitten with incurable youth.

She is neighbor. She stands by. She is human, and if you dig deep enough into the human you will find the divine.

THE ARCTIC MAIL.

The mail service to the hinterland of Alberta, although it still leaves much to be desired in the way of regularity, has improved a great deal in ten years. A decade ago there was only one mail a year—that conveyed by the Hudson Bay winter packet. Passing travelers (in the season of open navigation) who were thoughtful enough to take the trouble might bring in infrequent letter mails, but magazines never ran the gamut of picture-hungry traders and roustabouts. They were appropriated en route, and newspapers accumulated wherever these volunteer mail carriers happened to drop them.

On my journey to the north in 1901, writes a contributor, I found, piled in the corner of a log-walled house, at the western end of Lesser Slave Lake, a collection of newspapers. Knowing what a treat they would be to the isolated settlers, I packed the whole bundle into a gunny sack and threw it on top of my wagonload. At Peace River Crossing, I arranged for my passage down the river three hundred miles to Fort Vermilion. The craft was a huge raft, then loading in shallow water about fifty feet from the shore.

The next day we pushed off and began our long drift down stream, and two or three days later I thought of the mail, which was nowhere to be seen. An anxious search followed, and at last, from under a pile of hay at one end of the raft, we pulled a soggy, dripping mass—my precious mail sack. The spot had been dry enough when the sack had been thrown there and inadvertently covered with hay, but the subsequent loading had completely submerged that end of the raft.

I was advised to tie a rock to the sack, sink it, and keep "mum." What I did do was to put the sack where it would drain, and on reaching my journey's end to open every paper out to single sheets and dry them. They were very wrinkly, to be sure, and the operation used all the floor space in my friend's house for some days, but the six-month-old news was so eagerly devoured by the settlers that we felt well repaid.

Some two weeks after we left the Crossing, a Hudson Bay clerk arrived from Scotland with his bride, also bound for Fort Vermilion. The season was late. Daily the freeze-up was expected, but Tom Carr hurriedly built his little raft and started down the river. Besides himself and his wife, their camp outfit and food, their only load was a late packet of letters, brought direct from Edmonton, and a gramophone for the factor.

Shore ice had formed, and daily pushed its edge farther into the current. Ice pans, varying in size from tea plates to huge disks fifty feet across, drifted with the stream. Hourly they grew in size, jostling each other, crushing viciously against the advancing shore ice as they fought their way down the current. Then came a day when the ice pans jammed and froze into a solid mass.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Tom and his wife made their way to shore, where he made a cache of the mail packet and the gramophone. Above the cache he placed a tripod of poles to identify the spot when, later in the winter, he should pass that way.

The seventy-five-mile tramp back to the Crossing was very trying, and Mrs. Carr's "stove" shoes were in shreds when they trailed wearily into the settlement. Then, late in February, with his wife in a carload and accompanied by the annual Hudson Bay Packet dog-train, Tom once more set his face northward. Arrived at the cache, what was his dismay to find that, after freezing the river had thawed, risen several feet, flooded over his cache, and frozen solid again. But for the tripod of poles it would have been impossible to find it.

He carefully chopped the ice from round the letter packet and lifted out the whole in a solid block. He removed the gramophone in like manner, loaded everything on the dog sleighs, and carried everything on to the fort.—Youth's Companion.

EGGED OFF.

Mrs. Houschier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh), who is also appearing in *The Woman*, tells a story of two actors who were discussing their professional careers. One of them mentioned that since he last saw the other he had left the stage.

"But why did you leave the stage?"

"Well, the other replied, 'I had a hint that I was not suited for it.'"

"I see," was the friend's comment.

"The little birds told you, eh?"

"Well, no; not exactly," was the only. "But they might have become birds if they had been allowed to hatch!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

For December 12, 1915.

JEHOVAH YEARNS OVER BACKSLIDING ISRAEL.
Hosea 11: 1-11.

Golden Text—I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love. Hosea 11: 4.

In common with other prophetic books, this book of Hosea is a strange mixture of reproaches, warnings, threatenings, and promises and assurances of undying love.

It gives us the impression of a struggle going on in the mind of God as to how He should deal with His rebellious people. When He thinks of their persistent sinfulness, He feels that they must be punished very severely. But He has no sooner pronounced judgment upon them than His love asserts itself and revokes the sentence.

So we find a continual reversal of judgment thus:

"Ye are not My people, and I will not be your God."

"Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea; and it shall come to pass that in the place where it was said to them, ye are not My people, there it shall be said to them, Ye are the sons of the living God."

"I will visit upon her the days of Baalim (false gods), wherein she burned incense to them, and she went after her lovers (the false gods), and forgot Me, said the Lord."

"And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call Me Ishi (my husband); and shalt no more call Me Baal (my Lord)."

"Ephraim (Israel) is joined to his idols: let him alone. . . . For I will be unto Ephraim as a lion, and as a young lion to the house of Judah: I, even I, will tear and go away, and none shall rescue him."

(Ephraim was the leading tribe in the northern kingdom, and the whole kingdom is frequently called by that name in the prophetic books.)

Hosea represents the people as saying one to another:

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He has torn, and He will heal us. He hath smitten, and He will bind us up."

But God answers:

"O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Jacob, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away. . . . They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. . . . Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies. . . . My people are bent to backsliding."

"How shall I give thee up Ephraim?" "My heart is turned within Me, and My repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger. I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee."

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thine help." "I will heal their backsliding. I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him."

These extracts give the substance of the whole book. It is a most pathetic appeal to the people of Israel—the ten tribes—to give up their idolatry and return to the service of God. He reminds them of His great love to them in their early history: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called My son out of Egypt. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."

"In all their affliction He was afflicted," Isaiah says, "and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bore them and carried them all the days of old. But they rebelled and vexed His Holy Spirit: therefore He was turned to be their enemy, and He fought against them." (Isa. 63: 9, 10).

Thus after time God sent great suffering to the Israelites, both in their journey through the wilderness and during their possession of the rich land which He had given them, to show them the folly of rejecting Him. But whenever they repented and sought His help He delivered them. They had the strongest possible reasons therefore, for choosing the path of obedience. But unbelief was their ruin. As often as they obtained relief from trouble and a measure of prosperity, they imagined that their deliverance and their prosperity were the results of their own efforts, and instead of cherishing gratitude to God, they turned their backs upon Him, and worshiped the gods of the surrounding nations.

Truly, "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. 17: 9). These Israelites of old were just like ourselves. We are differently placed, and have no temptation to worship gods of wood or stone; but we are just as strongly inclined as they were to seek success and satisfaction in our own way, and to doubt the personal presence of God. Instead of putting our trust in Him, and simply trying to do His will in all things, instead of seeking first His kingdom and His righteousness, as Jesus exhorted us to do, (Matt. 6: 33), we are all by nature inclined to put our own desires and pursuits in the foreground of our thoughts and to give God only the leftovers, so to speak. Whatever

we desire more than we love of God, and whatever in more than we trust in Him, are the things that take place in our lives that idolize the lives of the Israelites: they are out of our hearts.

"These things happened unto them by way of example," Paul says, "after recalling some of the experiences of the Israelites in the old days; 'and they were written for our admonition. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'" (1 Cor. 10: 11, 12).

And what did happen to the Israelites? They were banished from the good land which God had given them. First, the Kingdom of Israel and afterwards, the Kingdom of Judah, was conquered, and the people dragged off into captivity.

After seventy years of banishment the Jews were allowed to return. Their captivity had cured them of idolatry forever, but sin in the heart manifested itself in other forms, and in the end they rejected their Messiah. They crucified the Son of God, and were cast out, and scattered among the nations.

What is the lesson? It is that God love is very tender and very patient, but He must be loyal to His own character. He delights to forgive, and when the sinner can be persuaded to confess it and turn away from it, He cannot overlook sin, or treat it as a light thing. If the sinner will forsake it, therefore God's tender appeals to men to repent are associated with warnings of awful consequences if they persist in rebellion. And these warnings are given in more terrible language than in the words of the gentle, loving Jesus, who proved the intensity of His love and of His desire to save men by suffering inconceivable agony for our behalf.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

Topic for December 12, 1915.

THE PLEDGE.

Psalm 61.

A pledge is a solemn promise. A promise made to God is called a vow. The Christian Endeavor pledge is a promise that is made to God as well as to the Christian Endeavor Society. It is therefore a vow.

Everywhere in the Bible we find that vows were taken voluntarily, one was under any obligation to make a vow, but when the vow was made God demanded that it should be kept. "Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow, and not pay." Eccl. 5: 5. "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Lord: and call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, thou shalt glorify Me." (Psalm 50: 15).

The taking of a vow is a serious act, and should not be done without careful consideration. It should count the cost of keeping a vow before he makes it. Even most reasonable of all vows, the vow of consecration to the service of God, should not be taken without counting the cost; for if it is lightly it will probably be violated lightly. Jesus warned men against undertaking to follow Him without counting the cost.

Is the Christian Endeavor pledge a reasonable one? That depends whether it requires the members to promise anything that is beyond their ability or anything that God does not require of them. Individuals who are endowed with special faith properly pledge themselves to perform services which are not required of every one, but it would not be reasonable to expect all Christians to do similar vows. The question should be considered by every one before assuming the vow of the Christian Endeavor Society, or any other vow. In this: Does this vow impose upon me an obligation to do something which I am not now under obligation to do? And if it does, does the object in view justify me in assuming that new obligation, and am I able and willing to discharge obligation faithfully?

The Christian Endeavor pledge clearly is in line with the obligation which every person who consecrates himself to the service of Christ assumes, but by defining and applying these obligations in a particular way it does impose obligations which are voluntarily assumed, if assumed at all. It is not necessarily the duty of every young Christian to become a member of the society, and the question to be considered in this case is, Does the object in view justify the pledge? The phenomenal success of the society proves that very large proportion of the members of churches have accepted this question in the affirmative, and surely the aim of the society is worthy one, namely to make younger members of churches more to the churches and to each other, to train them for increasing usefulness.

Wherever and whenever the pledge succeeds in impressing upon hearts and minds of young Christians a consciousness of their responsibility to God for active service and earnest desire to fulfill that obligation it is certainly doing a noble work.

Near-ighted Customer—Aren't making your rolls a little larger today, Mr. Bachman?

"Huh! R-r-rolls? Them? I'm

FAST TO LOVE?

ALTHEA STANDEN shut the door of her flat with a little bang, and ran lightly downstairs.

A taxi was waiting outside, in readiness to take her to the Galaxy theatre, where she had been leading stress for seven out of the ten years that she had played there.

But on the second landing she came to an abrupt standstill and stared at a child who was peeping curiously through the half-opened door of the flat immediately below her.

It was the child's likeness to some one she had known in the past that made Althea pause.

The child returned the stare with interest, and emboldened by a look in Althea's eyes, smiled shyly at her and, opening the door a couple of inches, peeped cautiously over the threshold.

"Is 'oo an angel?" she asked, in a low whisper.

"Gracious, no!" laughed Althea, noting the serious expression on the child's face, her own grew grave.

Seating herself on a wooden bench against the wall, she drew the child to her side.

"What made you say that?" she asked gently.

"Cause, if I ask daddy when I shall marry, he always says, 'When an angel comes for 'oo, and—'—presuming I shall be an angel on Althea's day," she said, her eyes would have been gold hair, so I fort it must be."

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Betty," came the prompt response.

Althea's face whitened, and with a gasp she bent down and looked more closely at the child's features.

Could it be—was it possible—that this was John Trevor's child? The child of the man whom, years ago, she had refused because she considered that love and marriage were incompatible and stumbling-blocks to art and ambition? She had said him whilst loving him with all her heart.

Then, when she was standing on the top rung of the ladder, she found in her bid for fame she had lost her life; for on the very day that she would have yielded herself to him she loved he had come to her with news of his love for and apportioning marriage with another.

At that time five long weary years had passed, but Althea had never forgotten—never could.

It was four years since she had seen anything of him; but now she looked down on the pretty flushed face so close to hers she felt absolutely convinced that she had stumbled across John Trevor's child.

At the moment Althea forgot everything. It was only subconsciously she became aware of a man's step mounting the stone stairs of the mansion, and it was not until she was in her ear that she came to realize and found herself once more over the bridge of the face of the man she loved.

"He!"

"The music of his voice was in her ear, turning her faint and dizzy head; who lifted shining eyes to look good to see you again?" he asked, enclosing her hands in a close, clasp before releasing them. "I am going to look you up to-morrow—still the same old address?"

curious expression creeping into the dark, velvety eyes.

"The Ladder of Fame," she said, with slow distinctness.

It was only by a lucky chance that John Trevor was able to secure a seat in the stalls at the Galaxy that night.

From end to end the theatre was packed with an audience eager to witness a play that had been in vogue for months and was proving a record success.

An added point of interest was that the leading actress was herself the author of "The Ladder of Fame," but no one was allowed to know that it comprised the story of five years of her own life, beginning at the bottom rung of the ladder and ending at the top when she had reached the zenith of her ambition.

Had the audience been let into the secret they would have known why Althea Standen—incomparable actress that she was—rose to such superb heights in her portrayal of the heroine—she would have known that she was not acting, but living portions of her own life over again, from the first scene when on the threshold of her career she refused the man she loved for the sake of art and ambition, to the last, when having attained success as an actress, she finds it as nothing compared with the love she has thrown away.

After the rise of the curtain, the first scene had not progressed more than five minutes before Trevor's interest was intensified to the pitch of excitement by what was being revealed to him. It was as though some magician with a wave of his wand had carried him back to ten years ago, when, as a young man of twenty-five, he had sued, and sued in vain, for the love of Althea Standen. The very words he had spoken then she was putting into the mouth of her hero, and the very words she had used herself on that memorable evening she was speaking now on the stage.

"I have no room in my life for love or marriage. I have determined to live for art and for art alone until I have reached the summit of my ambition."

How well he remembered her decision and the despair it had brought him!

With breathless, eager interest he followed every word and action of the play. For him the audience ceased to exist; he was alone with Althea in a familiar room, living over again a past that was dead.

With the beginning of the second act five years had elapsed and the actress had reached the goal of her ambition, and with it a determination to give herself to the man she loves. But it is too late. He comes to tell her that he loves another!

In following the scene, John Trevor's suppressed excitement became tinged with emotion. How well he remembered the day when he had gone to tell Althea of his approaching marriage with Betty Hazleton! But he learnt now what he had never guessed then—that in all her five years' bid for fame Althea Standen had loved him!

The last scene, which breathed the very soul of tragedy in its depiction of the heroine's despair, brought down the house after that hushed silence which is the greatest tribute an audience can pay to genius—a stillness that was death-like in its intensity before the curtain was rung down and thunders of applause filled the vast auditorium.

It was only as the curtain was falling for the last time that Althea became aware of John Trevor's presence in the theatre, when across the footlights his eyes held hers for a brief second, and flashed to her the message that her secret was known at last.

After a few moments he went round to the stage entrance and made for the old familiar room where he had so often sought Althea in the days when he had pleaded in vain for her love.

He found her alone sitting on a couch, and before she caught sight of him he had time to notice the listless attitude, the tired lines about the beautiful eyes and perfect mouth, the air of weariness that enveloped her.

He closed the door with a soft click and Althea Standen sprang to her feet.

"How you startled me, John!" she cried, and walking swiftly to the dressing table she began with nervous finger to take off her stage jewels.

He watched a slow, warm color flood her cheeks, and his pulse leapt.

Could it be ten years since the old Galaxy days when he had first seen his heaven in Althea's eyes?

He strode forward and imprisoned her hands in a close, compelling grasp.

Slowly turning her head, she raised her eyes once more to his, but this time there was a touch of defiance in their dark, velvety depths. She longed to say "Yes," but the woman part in her—that charming mass of contradictions which men find so baffling—urged her to equivocate.

"What nonsense!" she laughed, softly. "Whatever made you think such a thing?"

Yet even as she asked the question there occurred to her that brief second when John's eyes had met hers across the footlights. Had they not plainly told her that he had probed her secret? It made her all the more jealously anxious to guard it.

Then, as he still remained silent: "I'm glad my acting was so realistic," she said, with an assumption of carelessness she was far from feeling.

"Don't play with me, Althea," he said, sternly. "Tell me—is it true?"

She hesitated, sent him a swift glance, and then in a spirit of perverseness deliberately dashed the cup of happiness from her lips.

"No," she replied, slowly. "It is not true."

His face went grey under the shock, and with a quick indrawing breath he dropped her hands. Only in the moment of disappointment did he realize how intensely he had longed for a different answer.

"I'm sorry," he said, simply. "I was hoping it might have been."

The next moment she was alone with a closed door between herself and the happiness of which, through her folly, she had voluntarily deprived herself.

It reminded her of five years ago when, believing she had never loved him, John Trevor had tried of waiting and given his heart to another woman.

All the old anguish and misery and heartbreak that she had suffered then came sweeping back like a swift, relentless tide, crushing her under its hopeless weight.

She had sent him away, and something told her that he would never sue for her love again. With a low, passionate cry she flung herself on the couch and buried her face in the cushions.

It was only when he had regained the stage entrance that John Trevor discovered he had left his hat and gloves in Althea's dressing room.

Rapidly retracing his steps, he entered after a hurried knock, and with a brief apology was making his way round a screen that stood near the door, when a sound fell on his ears that momentarily arrested his steps.

It was the sound of his own name being spoken in low, despairing accents by the woman who had so often refused his love; then came a passion of weeping that sent the blood obbling away from John's face, whilst his heart gave a great throb and pounded madly against his ribs.

In all the years that he had known Althea he had never seen her cry before, and it was with a feeling of desecration almost that he crept round the screen and made his way to the couch.

Here he hesitated, but only for a moment; for something prompted him to take boldly what had been denied him so often. He knelt down and, drawing Althea into his arms, kissed her very gently, very tenderly on her tear-stained, flushed cheek. She made no resistance, so he waxed bolder and kissed her on the mouth, and his heart leapt afresh when he saw it quiver and break into one of her inimitable smiles.

A second later her eyes were looking into his and pleading, mutely for forgiveness.

"Then it was true after all?" he asked in a voice that trembled with eager joy.

GINGERBREAD OF THE PAST.

What memories this reference to the five-cent ginger cake of commerce will arouse in the minds of men approaching or past middle age, who passed their boyhood in the country! says the *Biddeford Journal*.

At all public gatherings where concessions were given for the serving of refreshments it was the chief feature in the order of the day down to a period much later than half a century ago. And then it seems to have disappeared, suddenly and mysteriously, after the manner of the disappearance of the bootjack and the passenger-pigeon, and like them probably never to return.

Who among us whose hair has grown thin atop or disappeared altogether cannot recall the bill of fare of the refreshment vendors in those earlier and simpler days at fairs, town meetings and Fourth of July celebrations? The assortment was not elaborate, but it was filling and satisfying, and one got a good deal for his money.

Most conspicuously displayed were those ginger cakes, everywhere locally known as "baker's gingerbread," to distinguish it from home made gingerbread, which lacked the delicate color, the spicy fragrance, the workmanlike finish and pleasing regularity of the imported article. Then there were coffee, served in big mugs, crackers and cheese, baked beans and brown bread, not infrequently homemade doughnuts, and always raw oysters.

The gingerbread and the oysters were the things that took with the crowd; for only on such occasions were these viands readily attainable.

What country boy has not watched some older person order a saucer of raw oysters, cover them with vinegar and cayenne pepper and then absorb them as though to the manner born, without admiring the grace and nonchalance with which the trick was done and wishing for the time to come when he might venture to give such an exhibition?

His consolation lay in a "sheet" of that famous baker's gingerbread, and if he was particularly well fixed financially, a piece of cheese to go with it. Those were indeed happy days, when a piece of gingerbread and a hunk of cheese, at a total expense of six-cents, would fill an aching void which in these degenerate days is hardly satisfied with a six-course dinner.

It may be assumed that the men who made that famous gingerbread are not all dead. Here and there, throughout the country there must be several survivors who retired for well earned rest after long service in the best interests of hungry humanity. This being the case it is barely possible that the recipe for those ginger cakes is not irretrievably lost.

BEYOND TELLING.

Mr. Alf. Hawkins' face looked darkly ominous as he counted for the third time the occupants of his pigeon-cote.

"Another on 'em gone, bust it!" he muttered, with gloomy ferocity. "An' I got it's Stodgers, next door, wot's had 'em all."

Here he thumped savagely on the bottom of the cote, thereby causing the cooling birds to scurry about panic-stricken.

Mr. Hawkins hastily withdrew his head from inside the cote and sallied forth to the village recreation ground, where, shortly, he came across little Sammy Stodgers.

"Now, Sammy," he began, insinuatingly holding up a dime, "did your father find a pigeon yesterday?"

"Yes," replied Sammy, staring at the coin.

"A blue one with some white feathers in its wing?" asked Mr. Hawkins, eagerly.

"Dunno," answered Sammy, shaking his head; "yer can't tell their color in a pie!"

VERY MUCH "IN."

Jones was a bad payer, as the bill collector knew well. So it was with little hope that the latter knocked at the door of the Jones' domestic one bright morning.

"Mr. Jones in?" he asked of the woman who opened the door.

"Yes; he's in, right enough," replied Mrs. Jones, in an odd voice.

"And can I see him?"

"No, you can't," she answered. "But why can't I, if he's in?"

"Because he's 'in' for six months!"

repeated Mrs. Jones, as she slammed the door.

LEARN HOW TO LIVE.

"Man is the only animal that does not know how to live."

This was the bitter exclamation of a famous medical specialist, after a day spent in listening to the woes of nervous patients, who, with demonstrably few exceptions, were the authors of their own misfortunes.

And nervous patients are by no means the only people who do not know how to live.

Most people are in this plight. If they do not through their ignorance shorten their lives, they at least fail to get out of life all that it can and should bring them.

They allow themselves to become slaves to a dull, narrow routine. In many cases they lead machine-like existences. They work, they sleep, they eat—that is about all. Even when they seek diversion they do so in a stupid, mechanical, unthinking way.

With many others the great object of existence seems to be to "kill time." This they accomplish by various means, notably by gambling, drinking, etc. Such modes of life may kill time, swiftly, but they also have the disastrous effect of killing the people who persist in them.

Even among those—happily—the great majority—who lead sober, decent lives there is a lamentable ignorance of the principles of right living.

They allow themselves to become obsessed with sundry strange delusions. Some become obsessed with a mania for money-making, and can think of little except the accumulation of gold. Others are infected with a mad longing for power. Still others make a fetish of social rank and distinction.

Urged to feverish activity by their occasional ideas, they plan, they scheme, they plot. Also, impatient at delays and setbacks, they grieve, they worry, they despair.

Their whole lives are spent in a whirl of emotional excitement. Thereby their lives are shortened ten, fifteen, twenty years; through the unbearable strain that prolonged excitement puts on the brain, the heart, the kidneys, and other vital organs.

Nor are these obsessed ones the only victims of undue emotionality. The world is full of people who, while in no wise slaves to ideas of fortune, power, or rank, sacrifice their lives to their emotions.

Trivial happenings are enough to plunge them into an agony of fear. Anxiety is their constant companion. Fretfulness and irritability poison their existence and the existence of those who come into touch with them.

Ask yourself, my reader, if you do or do not belong to one of these classes of people who do not know how to live.

Answer this question candidly after long and searching self-examination. Note your behavior from day to day. See if it conforms to the established principles of physical and mental hygiene.

Apart from this observe particularly whether you can truthfully say that the life you are leading gives you soul-satisfying contentment.

If you can truthfully say this, I congratulate you with all my heart.

If you cannot, I urge you to set about gaining without delay the ideas, the knowledge, and the moral control that alone will enable you to live life as it should be lived.

A TOUGH LOT.

There are probably few humorists in England who can tell more funny stories than W. Pitt-Rivers. Some time ago, at a public meeting, he told of a man who one day entered a London police court. The magistrate happened to recognize him as a fellow churlman, and genially invited him to take a seat on the bench. The visitor was delighted at the honor done him, and as he sat down beside the magistrate he looked wonderingly round the crowded court.

"I see you have a remarkably tough lot of customers to deal with this morning," he said in surprise to the magistrate.

"Hush!" replied the magistrate, shaking his head to impose silence, "these are the lawyers!" Philadelpha Ledger.

THE LAW OF THE TABLE.

These are the ten commandments of the table. They are not for the fastidious guests are present, nor for the formal dinner, but more especially for the family.

1. Bring with you a cheerful mind. Dismiss your tempers and clear yourself of all old grudges and angers. A serene soul is the best aid to digestion. Depend upon exercise and take no stimulants to give you an appetite.

2. Don't read. For the hour of eating devote yourself to the family. Meal time ought to be the sacrament of love. Keep books and papers away. To immerse yourself in reading at the table is selfish.

3. Converse. Every one ought to master the art of conversation. At the table is the best time for the practice of it. Let your subjects be light and agreeable. Do not bring up serious, troubling or offensive topics. Don't argue. Don't criticize. Save your funny stories for this hour, when they do more good than at any other time. Don't indulge in a silent grudge.

4. Don't hurry. Eat slowly. Redeem the grossness of feeding by the play of mind and heart. Be human.

5. Let your children be disciplined. Teach them good manners and set them an example. Eat as you would if there were guests. If a child is rude, or interrupts, or offends in any way against good breeding, quietly have him go to the kitchen. Let him know that he can eat with the family only on condition that he is polite.

6. Never reprove a servant nor a child at the table. Wait until the meal is over. Never say cutting things. Avoid sarcasm.

7. Neglect no one at the table. Great kindly every one present. Encourage each one to share in the conversation. Let not the parents monopolize the talk. Aim to increase every one's self-respect.

8. Laugh as much as possible. One good laugh is worth many medicines. And sing, if you can. If you have a tableful of children, let them often sing during the waits of mealtimes.

9. Avoid satiety. Arise from every repast with appetite not quite satisfied.

10. Say grace. It is a most civilizing and wholesome custom. Even better than saying it is to sing it.

The table is the family's opportunity. With a little pains and some reasonable and courteous ritual you may make breakfast, lunch and dinner sweeten the day, improve the household atmosphere, and be points of spiritual as well as physical refreshment.

HORNET'S NEST LED TO INVENTION.

Making paper from wood, the discovery of Dr. Hill, of Augusta, Maine, is one of the world's most important industries. It has revolutionized the paper trade and made it possible for a great newspaper to be sold for a cent. An old hornet's nest caused Dr. Hill to make the discovery. His friend and neighbor, James G. Blaine, had told him that there was not enough cotton and rags in the world to supply the newspapers and other publications with their raw material. That was about forty years ago, when paper was about 30 cents a pound. Dr. Hill took a hornet's nest to the superintendent of a nearby paper factory and asked him, "Why can't you make paper like that?" They sat down together, took the nest apart, analyzed it carefully, and decided that if a hornet could make paper out of wood, man ought to be able to do as much. The doctor discovered that the hornet first chewed the wood into a fine pulp. They decided to make machinery and water to do what the hornet's mouth did. Such was the beginning of the wood pulp industry. Now the logs are floated down the river to a pulp mill. In an amazingly short time each log comes out in a great sheet of pulp ready to be sent to the paper mill.

SPEAKING OF THE TWIG.

At a dinner-party the other evening the conversation turned to the estate way in which we often praise the beauty of our friends' babies, and this story was recalled by Mrs. Bob Sweeney.

Some time ago Uncle Brown called on his nephew, and hardly had he reached the house before the new baby was trotted out for his admiration. Uncle Brown, of course, became very much interested.

"And so this is the great baby?" he remarked to the proud parents, as he gazed at the fluffy little bundle. "I trust that you will bring him up to be a conscientious and worthy man."

"I am greatly afraid, uncle," demurely responded the mother, "that that will be utterly impossible."

"Nonsense, Kitty! Nonsense!" was the energetic rejoinder of Uncle Brown. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined, you know."

"Yes, I know," smiled Kitty; "but this particular twig is bent on being a girl."

Bobby—Pa, what do they call a man who has two wives?

Pa—A bigamist, Bobby.

Bobby—Pa, suppose he has more than two wives; what is he then?

Pa—An idiot. Now, don't bother me with any more questions.

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Raleigh-in-the-Pines

H. J. DYNES, Agent.

South Jersey Republican

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1915

One hundred and sixty friends of Hon. Isaac Bacharach made the
pilgrimage to Washington, to witness his inauguration. They arrived
just after midnight, or early Monday morning; took part in a reception
and banquet, at which Hon. Joe Cannon and others spoke. Later they
met President Wilson at his office, and participated in various functions.
On Tuesday there was a breakfast in honor of Mr. Bacharach senior.
Much of the day was spent in sight-seeing. The Hammonton repre-
sentatives reached home about 10.30 that night. Washington people
say they never saw such a demonstration in honor of a new member of
Congress.

This is December, of which we were all made aware when mercury
dropped down into the twenties, this week, and overcoats were buttoned
to the chin. But nobody was surprised; this is the proper time for cold
weather: better now than next April.

Taxes will be due one week from next Monday, December 20th.
Many of us find the combination of sewer construction, house connec-
tions, sewer rentals, and annual taxes, all due within a week, just a bit
embarrassing. The total draws hard on a limited bank account.

It was certainly pleasing to see how promptly the gypsies responded
to Chief Adams' invitation to "move on."

Town Council Meeting.

All members were present except

Mr. Baker, Wednesday evening.

Bills were ordered paid from the

various departments, totalling as

follows: Town Purposes, \$338.82;

forest fires, \$25; highways, \$78.25;

poor, \$34.51; st. lights, \$480.87;

park, \$3; drainage, \$7.19; Board

of Health, \$463.56; sewerage,

\$158.95; fire department, including

salaries, \$385.

Chief Adams reported three ar-

rests and eight lodgers.

Collector's receipt for taxes were

\$7654.72. Clerk reported taking

in \$8.20.

Board of Trade asked Council

to take up matter of closing Pleas-

ant St. crossing over the Reading,

as the company seemed willing to

place gates at Thirteenth St. and

a man at Eleventh St.

Payments were ordered to con-

tractor Spear, on account of side-

walks, and Mr. Bader on account

of street work.

Ordinance passed first reading,

establishing a Sinking Fund Com-

mission.

Adjournment was made at ex-

actly 11.59.

The shortest day of the year is

only about ten days distant.

R. N. BIRDSALL,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

Jobbing Promptly Attended To

115 Orchard St., Hammonton

Local Phone 811

Lakeview

Greenhouses

Central Ave., Hammonton.

Large assortment of

Palms, House Plants,

Cut Flowers,

Funeral Designs

In fresh flowers, wax or metal

WATKIS & NICHOLSON

Florists and Landscape Gardeners

Local Phone 961. Bell 1-10

Edw. Cathcart,

Contractor & Builder

Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

Jobbing Shop Work

Furniture Repairing

Pasteurized

MILK

at

FRY'S

DAIRIES

W. H. Bernshouse

Fire Insurance

Strongest Companies

Lowest Ra

Conveyancing,

Notary Public,

Commissioner of De

Hammonton.

A. H. Phillips Co

Fire Insurance

MONEY

FOR

MORTGAGE LOAN

Barlett Building, - Atlantic

COUNTY CAPITAL GARAGE



MOTOR CARS,

POWER,

ECONOMY,

DURABLE

RELIABILITY

Pleasure & Comm

Harry F. Birch, A

May's Landing, N

WILSON S. TURNER, Sub

Hammonton.

CHRISTMAS : GIFT : SUGGESTIONS OF : LASTING : QUALITY

Watches

The ideal gift. A good selection
of bracelet watches, \$10 up; plain
polished watches for monograms,
\$7.50 to \$30. Howard, Hamilton,
Waltham and Elgin, for men, \$7.50
to \$50; for boys, \$1 to \$5.

Cuff Pins

Many designs to choose from,—
gold filled, 20 cents to \$1.25; solid
gold, \$1 to \$4 a pair.

Rat Pins

Sterling, gold filled, and solid
gold, a pleasing gift, 35 c to \$2.25.

Bar Pins

In great variety, 35 cts to \$2.

Kodaks

Eastman Kodaks and Cameras,
\$1 up to \$20; films and supplies
in stock.

Society Emblems

Plus, charms, and buttons for all
lodges, \$1 up.

Cuff Links

Plains for monogram, or engrav'd
patterns. Gold filled, 50 c to \$2;
solid, \$2.50 to \$7.

Jewel Cases

China, silk-lined, silver and gold
plated, 50 cents to \$5.

Diamonds

Rings, \$10 to \$100; tie pins, \$5
to \$25; cuff links, \$8 to \$25; tie
clasps, \$5 to \$10; La Vallieres, \$5
to \$20.

Silverware

Of the standard makes, Gorham,
Community, Wallace, and Rogers
Broas. Any article for the table.

Bracelets

Many to choose from. Gold filled
from \$1 to \$6.50; of solid gold,
\$10 to \$20.

Tie Pins

In a tie pin we can please you—
50 cents to \$25.

Umbrellas

Useful indeed for man or woman
\$2 to \$5.50; for children, \$1.25

Brooches

A stock that leaves nothing to
be desired. Gold filled, 50 c to \$2;
solid gold, \$1.50 to \$15.

Chains

Of guaranteed quality, for watch,
pendant or locket, \$1.50 to \$7.

Clocks

The new designs in mahogany,
\$2.50 up; gold plated, \$1.50 to \$5;
solid brass, \$2.75 and up; ivory,
\$1.35 up.

There is a distinct advantage in coming to our store to purchase your
gifts. The articles are not selected for a transient trade, but for
you, customers, whom I have served for twenty-two years.

MISCELLANEOUS

For Her

Manicure Articles
Desk Articles
Bonnet Brushes
Hair Receivers
Scissors
Thimbles
Coin Purse
Mesh Bags
Mahogany Trays

For Him

Match Boxes
Cloth Brushes
Military Brushes
Key Rings
Smoking Sets
Cigarette Cases
Pocket Knives
Stamp Boxes
Leather Bill Books

Our Ivory Line comprises Combs, Brushes, Mirrors, Cloth Brushes,
Jewel Boxes, Manicure Articles, Shoe Horns, Salve Boxes,
Clocks, Photo Frames, Desk Articles.

Engraving we will gladly do, if the articles are selected in time.

Satisfaction is the basis on which every sale is made.

Athenic Bronze

Bud vases, fern dishes, smoking
sets, book racks, inkstands.

Musical Merchandise

Violins, Mandolins, Guitars,
Music Stands, Instrument
Cases, Music Books, etc.

Lavillieres

A leader this year. Special val-
ues. Solid gold, \$2, \$3, \$3.50, \$4,
up to \$25

Fountain Pens

We have the genuine Waterman
Ideal, \$2.50 to \$5

We extend a freedom to come and see our great Holiday Stock
REMEMBER, our name on the box of your gifts insures quality

ROBERT STEEL, Jeweler

Victrolas

There should be a VICTROLA
in your home this Christmas.
Come and make your selection.
Sold on the convenient payment
plan,—\$10 to \$200.

Toilet Sets

Comb, brush and mirror, in silk-
lined box, silver plated, \$5 to \$8;
sterling silver, \$13 to \$20.

Fobs

Appreciated by all young men.
Silk, with charm for initials, or
gold filled, \$1 to \$6.

Brass Goods

The best finished line made,—
fern dishes, desk articles, smokers'
articles, jewel boxes, candle sticks,
photo frames.

French China

Appeals to every woman. It
comprises water jugs, bowls, tea
sets, cracker jars, celery and roll
trays, bon-bon dishes, cake plates,
and a great variety of single plates
and small articles.

Gillette Razors

Give him a Gillette this Christ-
mas,—\$5.

Tie Clasps

Gold filled, 65 cents to \$1.25;
solid gold, \$1.50 up.

Victor Records and Albums

These make a much app-
gift to those who have a
Our stock is large; if not
we'll get it for you.

Rings

Always acceptable.
Signet, \$1.25 to \$6
Stone set, \$1 to \$10
Diamond set, every stone
selected, \$10 to \$100

Manicure Sets

In leather rolls for the
bag, \$2.25 to \$4; in iv-
\$2.25 to \$3.75

Cut Glass

Hammonton made, fire
bowls, nappies, celery
tubs, compotes, tankards
and cream sets, mayonnaise
gar cruets, fern dishes, etc.
Factory prices, \$1 up

Pocket Knives

Gold, gold-filled, silver
and pearl, \$1 to \$3.50

Leather Goods

Writing cases, card
road ticket cases, travel
with brushes, cigar ca-
rolls, coin purses, collar

Tom Speedwell's Christmas

By Rev. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D.

THE last of the little stockings had been packed to its utmost capacity and hung upon the mantel.

Mary surveyed them with a smile of satisfaction and then went into the nursery to take her good night look at little Bob and Elsie.

When she returned there was in her great brown eyes the mysterious light of mother love.

She found her husband sitting near the fireplace and gazing absentmindedly at the flames.

"Tom," she said, "what do you think Elsie said when Bob asked her this afternoon what she wanted you to give her for Christmas?"

"I don't know. What?"

"She heaved the sweetest little sigh and replied, 'I wish papa would just give me his own self all day long.'"

"What did she mean by that?" he asked with a start.

"You dear old fellow," she answered, pushing his hair back from his forehead with her gentle hand, "you have



YOU NEVER SAW ANY ONE SO HAPPY.

not been yourself of late. Your business has worried you, and we hardly feel as if we see anything of you. Your body is here, but your mind is down at the store."

"You think Elsie has noticed it?"

"I do so."

"Jing! This won't do!"

"You dear old giant, I dreaded to tell you, for I know how hard it is."

"Bliss your heart! Don't let heaven's sake let me fall into any habit which will darken those little children's lives nor yours," he said, kissing her.

An all day frolic began in the Speedwell home the minute those two little white nightgown figures stole into the room at sunrise.

Tom helped them empty their stockings and open their packages, and when they screamed with delight in their childish troubles he roared in his thunderous bass. He peeled their oranges, cracked their nuts, spun their tops, strapped on their skates, dressed their dollies and shot pens at their tin soldiers for four hours until dinner.

He seemed a little tired and drawn when he carved the turkey, but Mary gave him a look that put new heart into him, and after dinner he commenced again.

You never saw any one so happy as those little Speedwell youngsters on that day. They forgot all about their toys and just rolled and tumbled over their dear old daddy like little puddles over a great Newfoundland dog.

And when the day turned to twilight and the twilight faded into dark two tired children crept up into Tom's lap and laid their heads upon his heart.

Bob fell asleep with his eyes fixed upon his father's face, in a sort of auto adoration, and Elsie, putting his bearded cheek, said in tones so much like Mary's that they startled him:

"Papa, do you know which gift I like best of all?"

"Your dolly," he said, trying to appear unconscious.

"You," she answered gravely, and, trying homely, but vainly, to keep awake as he to fasten upon his love a little longer, she, too, fell asleep and dropped off upon the sea of nod.

And there by the fireplace sat Mary, her big brown eyes full of tears.

"Well done, dear heart," she said, "You have won a great victory today. You have given yourself to others and so have reproduced the Christ life in your home."

Christmas Dinner at Bracebridge Hall

THE dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide mouthed chimney.

The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion, and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed around the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall.

A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple—flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins and ewers—the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude. Other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banquetting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances. Those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard favored visage.

The person said grace, which was not a short, familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days, but a long, courtly, well worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle. He was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table.—Washington Irving.

"No Santa Claus"

IF it be true, as some do say, That there's no Santa Claus, What is this spirit on the way That never seems to pause When Christmas chimes are sounding clear?

Upon the frosty night In spreading splendid gifts of cheer In every mortal's night?

What is this sense of glow divine That comes to you and me When watching all that happy time Of children round the tree? Of children round the tree? Of children round the tree? Of children round the tree?

No Santa Claus? Oh, men of doubt, Whence comes this sorry claim? Would you so fair a spirit flout For reasons of a name? Dear Santa Claus is everywhere Where hearts are true and kind, And where there's love of man 'tis there His presence rare we find.—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

No Perfect Christmas Sermon. Some one has said that there cannot be found in literature a single Christmas sermon which meets the occasion. Of course there cannot.

The occasion is the new birth of the world. Unless the preacher is competent to say how far the world has grown since its new birth, unless he can comprehend and declare the infinite greatness of that kingdom of God which the Saviour of men promises in the world and unless the same preacher can describe the world as it was, "the people who sat in darkness," he cannot preach the sermon which shall meet "the occasion."—Edward Everett Hale.

The Christmas "Concone." The "Concone," a Christmas custom of southern Italy, is also observed in Rome. It is an ancient festival of the lower classes and is held on Christmas eve. It is a fast-feast (if it may so be designated) whose object is a reunion of families in a spirit of devotion. It consists of a supper at which macaroni and fish are the principal dishes. No other is served into whose composition either meat, yolk of egg, milk or butter enters. Because of the "Concone" the streets are deserted and dull on Christmas eve. After midnight in some sections noisy parades appear.

Mechanical Toys Are Not New. In all ages of the world's history children have loved toys. History records the fact that figures of animals, such as horses, goats and dogs, were found among the toys made of pottery years ago in the Christmas era. Even the modern toy is not a new invention, for in ancient Greece, where moving statuettes were used, the child was fascinated by a mechanical toy.

Telling Santa What They Want



Shoes Instead of Christmas Stockings

ALL over New York the children talk of the coming of Santa Claus for weeks before Dec. 25, but there was a time when he was more frequently referred to as St. Nicholas, the Dutch St. Nicolas, or San Claus. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says in her "History of New York."

The stockings that our children hang on Christmas eve were once the shoes that the children of Amsterdam and New Amsterdam set in the chimney corners on the eve of Dec. 6, and the reindeer whose hoofs our children hear represent the horse, descended from Woden's horse Sleipner, upon whose back St. Nicholas still makes his round in Holland. When Catholicism prevailed St. Nicholas was everywhere the children's saint. In Holland, where his personality was modified by memory of Woden, god of the elements and the harvest, he had a peculiar hold on popular affection, which persisted into Protestant times. The children of Holland still believe that he brings the gifts that they always get on the eve of his titular day Dec. 6.

Safe in Santa's Arms



The Greek Orthodox Christmas

ACCORDING to the Greek and Russian calendar, Christmas comes thirteen days after the day that is generally observed in this country—that is, on Jan. 7. In the colonies of the two races in American cities the day is celebrated by prayer, feasting and much merrymaking.

The Greek Orthodox churches are crowded to the doors, men and women bringing candles, which they place before the shrines.

In the Greek and Russian restaurants and clubs there is feasting, and the restaurants of the better class are decorated with laurel wreaths and pine trees. The poorer places have artificial wreaths of paper.

In the Russian homes in the cities there are Christmas trees with presents for the children, just as there are on Dec. 25 in homes of other nationalities. Scores of children gather in homes to sing Russian hymns and songs.

In the homes of the Greeks also there are Christmas trees for the children. The older folk receive money and gifts on the Greek New Year.

At the Foot of the Magical Tree



Odd Christmas Beliefs

INDIANS say that the best catch a deer is on Christmas at 12 o'clock, when the deer kneels.

Some of the Germans believe those born on Christmas day have power of seeing spirits and commanding them.

A popular saying in Spain for Christmas day is, "The bird of day will eat all night long to frighten the evil things."

In Roumania it is the custom to dress the children in a procession consisting of people dressed to represent characters moves through the singing chants, and so to the river. The ice is broken with small wooden cross thrown water. Any one who can reach the river is regarded as extremely fortunate and sure of good luck for the remainder of the year.

Christmas celebrations in Mexico begin Dec. 17 and continue until Jan. 6. Each night a festival is held, all an invitation being sent to these "posadas." "Posada" means "inn," typifying the way the Holy Family, Joseph and Mary, sought for rest and shelter.

On the Trail

I PECKED around a bit last night I thought I'd like to get a sight Of old man Santa Claus. I came a-sneakin' down the stair And hid behind the parlor chair, As still as two small baby bears With butter on their paws.

I sat, and sat, and sat, and sat, All crunched up like a Hottentot, And skurried like a Hottentot, And skurried like a Hottentot, And as the hours disappeared I felt myself a-gettin' skeered At noises in the hall.

And not old Sandy hove in view. He wore a shaggy coat and two Big goggles on his eyes. He wore a pair of motor mitts As fuzzy as a pussy kit's And wool cap like my mother knits For daddykin's surprise.

He whispered once or twice, and He cackled like a settin' hen Or like a rooster does. "He'll never know me now!" said "While fixin' up the Christmas tree. But old man Sandy can't fool me. I know just who he was! —Carlyle Smith in Denver Republican.

A Christmas Church

GIVE me a snug little church, dressed for the holidays in greens, wreaths of holly, long hanging garlands of ground pine and laurel, perhaps rather awkwardly, but none the less lovingly, arranged by interested church members, not by a hired florist, and filling the building with the breath of outdoors.

I want some trees on the pulpit and high overhead a blazing star of fire, shining out into the semi-twilight of the building. I want to rise in the starlighted darkness of a properly frosty Christmas morning and in everyday clothes, wearing mittens, if I choose, and my second best hat, walk briskly through quiet streets to the church and join the waiting congregation.

There won't be a crowd. There will be no display. Only a few score of those to whom Christmas means a wonderful reality will be there. And there will be congregational singing, lots of it, and we'll run the gamut of the hymns of the Nativity. We'll read the appropriate Scripture responsively and listen to the Christmas story told once again by the kindly voice of the unpretentious clergyman. —New York Evening Post.

Turkey Not an Ancient Christmas Dish.

The turkey as a Christmas dish was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and is therefore of less antiquity than the huge sirloin of beef or the mince pie. Mince pies were first shaped like a mince, as were the Yule cakes given out by the bakers to their customers. The plum porridge later developed into the plum pudding which dates from 1676. At the Christmas feast peacocks and turkeys were served. The peacock was slain, and after leaving the bird was re clothed with plumage.

Spanish Music at Christmas.

World music in the home of the Christmas is found in northern Andalus, the rambola, a flute, by a hollow reed, played with the finger, and the rambola, a flute, by a hollow reed, played with the finger, and the rambola, a flute, by a hollow reed, played with the finger.

AT 5 IT:
WHO CAN
THE
MIES?
MY OF
SHING
ARD

IT WILL
BE FUNNY
WHEN BOUNCE
WERE IS?
DOWN YES

HA-
HA-
HA

HA-NA
HA YOU
FORGOT
TO BOUNCE
DUTCH

IT'S YOUR
TURN TO BE
FUNNY
NOW? YES?

ILL KEEP
MY EYE
PEELED FOR
ANY TRICKS

WHY YOU
CRANKY GALT
ILL LAND
ON YOU

WILL
IT BE
TRICK?

YOU LANDED
YES? AND
DID YOU
GO WAY FROM
HERE - SO!

HA-NA-NA-
VY LOOK WHO
HAS COME
BACK HERE

HA-NA-NA-
VY HE'S A
REGULAR
PERFORMER

International Cartoon Co., N.

Some psychologists have even been at pains to apply their discoveries to the practical, every day needs of the business man and the professional man. They have written text books dealing, in a non-technical style, with the special problems of different vocations.

"Now I remember; she did have comb and brush; but dear old" —

"I told the landlady that I am sure she did not use them for years, and she had to be guilty sort of thing."

"— to new boy—You're the slowest water we've ever had. Aren't look any time?"

"— Yes, sir; nobody can get throat can I can."—Boston Transcript

"But," he can tell you if he is on this floor."

"— draw!"

"Just take a broom and make noise like some one sweeping, and if Johnson is within hearing he'll stick his head out of the door, to flirt with the chambermaid."

—

There was once an old German farmer who, when giving evidence before the Agricultural Farmers' Commission, admitted that

The tradesman—a wealthy tailor had been invited to hunt with a nobleman. There was a large gathering and the man of cloth, proud of his distinction conferred upon him, eyed the other sportsmen with a critical eye, and observed loftily:

"Rather a mixed company, lord."

"Why," was the smiling retort; "you expect they would all tailors?"

AN INQUIRITIVE YOUNG MAN

HAR FATHER--You've been calling my daughter for some time, I see. What's she doing?
MAN. Why don't you come down and see?
HAR FATHER. Very well. How many times are you going to leave her?--
Transcript.

"What business are you put your son to, Henson?"

[illegible]

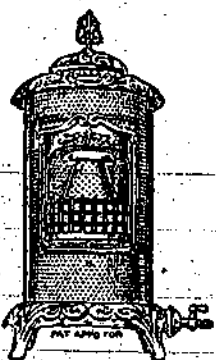
100



Chilly Mornings Cool Nights

Rather difficult to keep the house at the proper temperature. Can't light the furnace yet as it is too warm during the middle of the day, but some heat is needed in the morning and after sundown.

Use a Vulcan Odorless Gas Heater



Makes a room comfortable in five minutes
Positively Odorless
Absolutely Sanitary

Hammonton & E. H.
City Gas Co.



Strout can sell your farm

E. A. Strout Farm Agency
Has Sold Over
10,000 Farms
We Can Sell Your Farm.
We maintain big general offices in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Syracuse for the convenience of farm seekers; we advertise in thousands of newspapers, farm papers and magazines; we have at all times in our files the names of over 100,000 prospective farm buyers.
You pay no fee of any kind unless we sell your farm. No charge for listing or advertising. If you want to sell your farm write today for full information to

H. W. Miller
Godfrey Bldg., Hammonton

Agent for
E. A. Strout Farm Agency

John L. Campbell PLUMBING, HEATING and TUNNING

Tin Roofing,
Heater and Range Work
Gasoline Engines, Tanks,
Pumps, Wind Mills, etc.
Pneumatic Water Supply
Systems for all purposes
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Local Phone
Hammonton, N. J.

JOHN PRASCH, JR. Funeral Director and Embalmer

Twelfth Street, between Railroads.
Local Phone 901. Bell, 47-n.
Hammonton, N. J.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Supreme Court, will be sold at public vendue on **WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1915, JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN,**

at two o'clock in the afternoon in the Court Room No. 20, second floor, Guaranty Trust Building, in the City of Atlantic City, County of Atlantic, State of New Jersey.

All those three certain lots or tracts of land and premises situate in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

No. 1. Beginning in the center of Oak Road at the north corner of one Carter's land, thence extending (1) along the same south forty-five degrees thirty minutes east eighty-four rods to Putnam's land; thence (2) north forty-four degrees thirty minutes east twenty rods to the road's end; thence (3) along the same north forty-five degrees thirty minutes west eighty rods to the center of Oak Road; thence (4) along the same south forty-four degrees thirty minutes west twenty rods to the place of beginning.

Containing ten acres of land, be the same more or less.

No. 2. Being lot number thirty-four in block twelve on the assessment map of the Town of Hammonton.

Containing twenty acres of land.

No. 3. Beginning at a point in the center of Oak Road, at the east corner of Tilman's cranberry bog, being twenty-six rods northeast of E. Jenkins' corner; thence (1) northwest at right angles with Oak Road twenty-three rods to a stone in said Tilman's bog; thence (2) north eighty-four degrees thirty minutes west thirty-six rods and three links to a stone in said Jenkins' land; thence (3) parallel with Oak Road northeast twenty-four rods to a stone in E. Jenkins' line and dam; thence (4) along Jenkins' northeast line in a northwest course twenty-eight and one-half rods to a stone; thence (5) northeasterly and parallel with Oak Road forty rods to a point; thence (6) southeasterly and parallel with Jenkins' said line eighty rods to the center of Oak Road; thence (7) southwesterly along said center fourteen rods to the place of beginning.

Containing thirteen and sixty-one one-hundredths acres of land.

Being the same premises which Frederick Messier, Sr., of deed bearing date the 23rd day of March, A.D. 1890, and recorded in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic County, in book No. 21 of deeds, folio 22, etc., granted and conveyed unto the said Fannie F. Messier in fee.

Sold as the property of John Messier et al. and taken in execution at the suit of George Elvina, and to be sold by

JOSEPH R. BARTLETT, Sheriff.

Dated Dec. 11, 1915.
BLEAKLY & STOCKWELL, Attorneys.
Prs fee, \$24.48

The One Store

What to give to the different members of the family as well as our many friends who are closely associated with us, is always a problem difficult to solve. **THE ONE STORE** offers exceptional advantages in procuring suitable presents for all. Below are a few suggestions which may be of some help.

For Mother or Sister, a smokeless and odorless oil heating stove, "Wear-Ever" aluminum cooking utensils, a pair of scissors, brushes, food choppers, carving set, sad irons, savory roasters, cutlery, bath fixtures, sleds, ice skates—all styles and sizes.

For Father and Brother, tools are extremely useful, and appreciated; razors, safety razors, shaving brushes, strops, pocket knives, revolvers, sleds, skates—all sizes, styles, etc.

A Hardware Gift
A Gift of Service.

Irvin I. Hearing

Hardware, Paint, Oil, & Glass
Phone 843 Bellevue Ave.

RUSSO BROS.

Both Phones Auto Delivery
These Meats are Government Inspected

Pork Chops (lean), 18 c.
Loins of Pork, roasting (baby) 17
All Steaks (juicy and tender), 24
Stewing Beef (lean), 12
Scrapple (country), 8
Boneless Bacon (lean), 22
Rib Roast (tender), 18
Pork Liver, 8

Home Dressed Veal.
Calves liver and sweet breads a specialty
Veal Cutlet, 28 Veal Chops, 24
Shoulders, 20 Breast Veal, 18
This Veal comes from Shamong, and is killed here at home.

Buy at Home and Save Car Fare

The Hammonton Paint

Is the very best paint ever used in Hammonton.

There are scores of buildings in town covered with this paint, which look well after eight or ten years of wear.

The Hammonton Paint is sold for less than other first-class paint.

It has no equal, as it works well, covers well, and wears well.

Sold by **JOSEPH I. TAYLOR**

House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Second and Pleasant Sts.,
Hammonton, N. J.

Miss Bertha Twomey

Notary Public
Commissioner of Deeds

All business in these lines properly and promptly attended to. Residences at Jersey House's office, Hammonton.

Hammonton Poultry Show.

The Fifth Annual Poultry Exhibition of the Poultry Raisers Association of Hammonton (N. J.) was held in Bellevue Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Dec. 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1915.

Louis G. Heller, of Bridgeton, was Judge, and gave entire satisfaction. Michael K. Boyer was Superintendent. He, with the assistance of the Show Secretary, Benjamin H. Lackey, made a very effective arrangement of the coops, which were decorated with American flag bunting.

On the stage was miniature poultry yard, in which were quartered a flock of White Wyandotte fowls, owned by W. G. Hale, of Hammonton. These fowls fed themselves. A Norwich automatic feeder, filled with grain, was in the center of this yard, and whenever a hen was hungry she would give a small bar (filled with grain) a peck with her beak, and at once a handful of grain was scattered about. This induced the fowls to scratch in the yard, and the grain thus thrown out in the litter. This proved to be one of the attractions of the show.

Following is a list of the awards:

Light Brahmas. The Bellevue Poultry Yards, 1 cock, 3 hen; F. Y. Hopping, 2 cock, 1 cockerel; 1, two hen; 1, two pullets; 1 pen, old.

White Wyandotte. F. Y. Hopping, 1 3-cock; 1 cockerel, 2 hen, 1 pullet; 1 pen old, 1 pen young; Bellevue Poultry Yards, 2 cock, 4 hen, 4 pullet; Chas. K. Nelson, 4 cock; W. G. Hale, 4 cockerel, 3 hen; E. H. Lackey, 8 cockerel, 1 hen, 3 pullet, 2 pen, old; Thomas Lynch, Pleasantville, 2 cockerel, 2 pullet.

Columbian Wyandotte. Bellevue Poultry Yards, 1, 2-cock, 2 hen, 1 pullet; F. Y. Hopping, 1 cockerel, 1 hen; 3-pullet, 1 pen, old; C. K. Nelson, 2 cockerel, 3 hen; Piez & Son, 2, 4 pullet.

Barred Plymouth Rock. J. A. Saxton, 1 cockerel, 1, 8-pullet; W. A. Packard, 1 hen, 2 pullet.

Rhode Island Red. C. Dietrich, 1 cock, 1 hen, 1 pullet; J. A. Saxton, 2 cockerel, 2 pullet.

S. C. White Leghorn. Bellevue Poultry Yards, 1, 2-cock; W. T. Schmittman, 3 4 cock, 2 pullet; J. E. Gerhart, 1 cockerel, 1 hen; B. H. Lackey, 2, 3 hen; 3, 4 pullet; Piez & Son, 2, 3 cockerel, 1 pullet; J. A. Harrington, DaCosta, 4 hen.

Black Minorcas. A. H. Simons, 1 cock, 1 hen, 1 pullet; J. E. Gerhart, 1 hen, 1 pullet; All to J. G. Eby, Folsom.

Buff Orpington. T. H. Adams, 1 cock; G. W. Heyn, Audubon, 1 hen.

W. C. B. Polish. All to Hugo Kind.

Black Diamond. All to Bellevue Poultry Yard.

Bronze Turkey. All to Folly Farm.

Guineas. All to Folly Farm.

Eggs. Best brown, C. K. Nelson; best white, B. H. Lackey.

AWARDS OF SPECIALS.

Cup for Most blue ribbons, F. Y. Hopping.

Best cock bird in the show, Bellevue Poultry Yards, on a Light Brahma.

Best hen in the show, E. H. Lackey, on a White Wyandotte.

Best cockerel in show, F. Y. Hopping, on a White Wyandotte.

Best pullet in show, F. Y. Hopping, on a White Wyandotte.

Best pen in show, F. Y. Hopping, White Wyandotte.

Most entries, Bellevue Poultry Yards.

Winning most points in show, F. Y. Hopping.

\$5.00 for most blues, F. Y. Hopping.

\$5.00 for most blues in American class, F. Y. Hopping.

\$1.00 for best Barred Plymouth Rock male, J. A. Saxton.

\$1.00 for most blues in Wyandottes, F. Y. Hopping.

\$3.00 for most blues in Rhode Island Reds, C. Dietrich.

\$5.00 for most blues in Asiatics, F. Y. Hopping.

\$1.00 for best Asiatic cock, Bellevue Poultry Yards.

\$5.00 for most blues in Mediterraneans, J. E. Gerhart.

Cup for English male, Chief of Police, T. H. Adams.

\$5.00 for most blues in Dutch, J. C. Eby, Folsom.

\$5.00 for most blues in Miscellaneous Class, Bellevue Poultry Yards.

\$5.00 for most blues in turkeys, Folly Farm.

\$1.00 for best down white eggs, B. H. Lackey.

\$1.00 for best brown eggs, C. K. Nelson.

\$3.00 for second highest number entries, F. Y. Hopping.

Other awards of Norwich feeders, King trophies, eggs, water bottle, feed, etc., were won in every class.

The many visitors were highly pleased—both as to excellent showing of the birds, and the way in which the show was managed.

There was a big band of gypsies about, on Tuesday, with numerous teams. They attempted to make camp in the woods opposite the Park, but Chief Adams heard of it, went down for a short interview, and they hitched up and moved on.

Somebody said they halted on Weymouth Road, at DaCosta; but that is out of town, and their stay depends upon Mullica Township authorities.

House Connection Notice.

Notice to owners of property assessed for benefits for the construction of House Connections in the Town of Hammonton.

You are hereby notified that a certified copy of the assessments for benefits upon owners of land for the construction of House Connections in the Town of Hammonton, as confirmed by the Judge of the Atlantic County Circuit Court, has been delivered to me by Town Council of the Town of Hammonton, which assessments I have caused to be entered in a book in my office for that purpose provided.

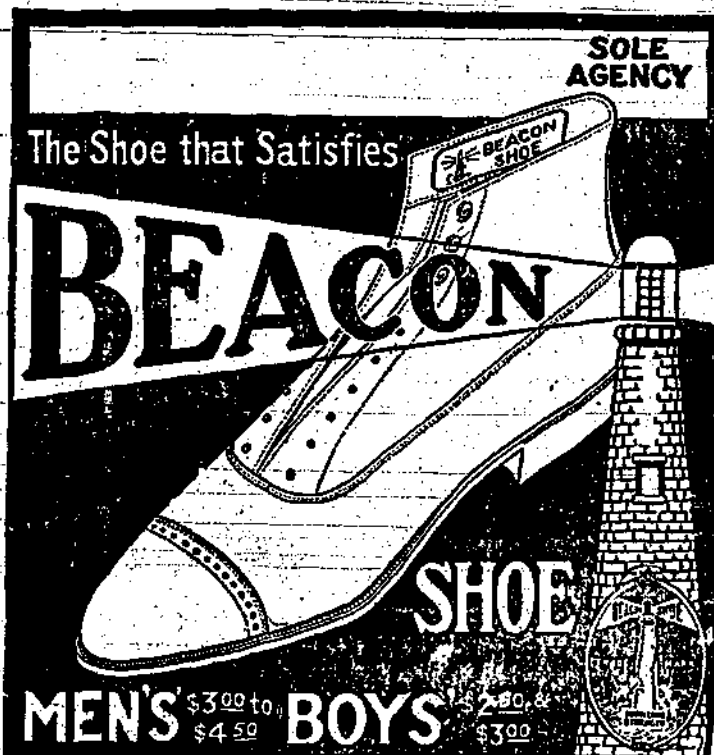
You are further notified that said assessments must be paid on or before September 1st, 1917, and bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, from November 1st, 1915.

You are, therefore, required to make payment of said assessments within the time above specified.

A. B. DAVIS, Collector of Taxes.



At Monfort's, - Hammonton



Shirts in Christmas Boxes

All Kinds of Underwear

Socks,—all prices and colors
Wool, silk, and silk lisle

Flannel Shirts, \$1 to \$3.50,—all colors

LION COLLARS in all latest shapes

All kinds of GLOVES for men, Dress and working

Our line of Neckwear

Is larger than ever. Prices, 15 cents to \$.250

Children's Stockings, 10 cents a pair, two for 25 cents, and 25 cents

We have the nicest line of

Combination Sets for Holiday Gifts

Containing silk lisle Socks, Tie, Scarf Pin, and Cuff Buttons

Pajamas and Night Shirts for Men.

Always a large stock of Men's Caps and Hats

Comfy Slippers in all styles

Monfort's Shoe and Furnishings Store

Hammonton

Call and get your Calendar for

An appropriate Gift for every School Child
who buys Shoes here before Christmas