

## CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES.

An Interesting Account of When These are Made.

Now that the Christmas numbers of the popular magazines are in everybody's hands it may interest the great uninitiated public to know when they are prepared—a fact which contains many surprises. It has been stated that the contents of some of our magazines are practically settled one year before the date of publication. This is true only in part; that is, at Christmas-tide, when the air is full of Christmas, the editor's thoughts are very apt to turn to his next Christmas number, and some articles are ordered so that they may be written under the full force and inspiration of the Christmas spirit. At Christmas-tide, however, the editors of the magazines are really absorbed in their Easter issues. A Christmas magazine may be said, however, with the exception of one or two articles, to be practically settled, so far as its contents are concerned, before the first day of the previous summer. By June 1, in fact, the illustrations which the public see in their Christmas magazines are well under way, and for the most part, are completed, and from that time on are in the hands of the engravers. Very often the work of illustrations is done during May, before the artists scatter for their summer studies. By August 1, all the important material designed for the holiday magazine is in the hands of the editor, and during the hottest part of the summer his Christmas is done. His Christmas contents are then arranged, proofs are read, the pages of the magazines are made up, and by October 1 his work for that year is all done. During October the Christmas magazines are printed, and by the middle of November they are ready for the public for issuance on or before December 1. In fact they must be practically ready by November 1, so as to insure the receipt of the pages in England, which must be bound together there and ready for publication on the same day as the magazine is issued in America. Christmas week, to the editors of our great magazines, really means midsummer work.

## FREDDY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

How his Mother Prevailed Upon him to be Generous.

"Freddy," said Mrs. Gazzam to her little boy, about eleven o'clock on Christmas morning, "you ought to be a very happy boy with all these presents that have been sent you."

"Yes, mother," replied Freddy, as he patted his new drum with heavy whacks.

"There are a great many little boys who haven't even a single present to-day."

"Is that so?" asked Freddy. And he gave his watchman's rattle an excruciating twist.

"In the hospital on the next street, Freddy, there are lots of children—poor, sick children, too—who haven't any cousins and uncles and aunts and grandparents to send them nice things."

"I'm sorry for them," said Freddy.

And he blew a blast on a shrill horn to display the extent of his sorrow.

"So am I sorry for them," Freddy. Now, would you like to send them something to show what a generous, dear little fellow mamma's boy is?"

"I s'pose so," replied Freddy in a hesitating tone.

"I thought my little man would want to. He'll feel so glad that he has given pleasure to the poor, sick little boys and girls. Shall I make up a bundle? You really have a great many more toys than you want."

"Yes, mamma."

"Very well. I'll send that big tin horn that your uncle Tom brought you this morning, and that drum that grandpa told Santa Claus to put in your stocking, and the watchman's rattle that aunt Sue sent from Oshkosh, and the mouth-organ that you found in your stocking, and that accordion that came from the Wigginses and the kazoo that Uncle William bought for you."

Freddy demurred a little, but his generosity was at stake. His noise makes were bundled off to the hospital, and then Freddy's mamma lay down to take a little nap and get out of her ears the din that had been gathering there since day-break.

## A Tramp in the Astor Bed.

The ordinary, everyday tramp who invaded the Astor residence in New York city, and was found in a luxurious bed, slumbering as sweetly as a new-born babe, was hailed before a justice and punished the same as if he had simply stumbled into the home of a working man and fallen asleep on a two dollar lounge. But this did not satisfy Mr. Astor. A tramp who dared profane the sacred precincts of a millionaire's mansion deserved a punishment to fit the crime, and Mr. Astor had the vagrant re-arrested and indicted for burglary. Money is a powerful lever in New York law, and the offending tramp may congratulate himself that the millionaire didn't insist upon a punishment with boiling oil or electrocution in it.

## Freebooters Down to These Days.

The Count (showing visitors through his his castle)—"That first room was furnished with the spoils of a battle in Spain. The next with the booty secured after a siege in Flanders. Here is the Turkish room. One of my ancestors brought all these things back after a campaign in the East."

Visitor—"I notice that the furniture in this room is antique French."

"Another ancestor obtained that. He sacked a palace in Normandy."

"You have also, I see, a large amount of expensive furniture which is decidedly modern."

"Yes, I bagged an American heiress."

## Gallant.

At an evening party Dumley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather he said gallantly:

"And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Blossom, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Dumley," the lady replied. "The beautiful Miss Blossom to whom you refer is a cousin of mine."

"Oh, is that it? Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Dumley.

The head of the Russian telegraphs is an Englishman, or, in Russ locution, an "Anglia-charman." He acted as chief censor of telegrams during the funeral and marriage, and brings to the task acquaintance with all the languages of Europe.

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ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 18 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The Giving of Them is an Art of Considerable Fineness.

The giving of Christmas presents is really a fine art. To know what to give means the possession of tact, thoughtfulness of others, and an entire elimination of self. It is not a matter of money. One may have thousands to devote to Christmas giving and yet fail to impart the pleasure which the possessor of tens can give.

One of the humorists has made fun of the inapplicability of many Christmas presents by supposing the appearance in the newspapers, the day after Christmas, of advertisements something like the following:

A youth of 19 will be glad to exchange a copy of the works of Josephus for a pair of skates.

A clergyman has one dozen pairs of slippers which he will give for a stout walking stick.

Grandfather has a skipping rope to exchange for a pen wiper.

A tired mother has a carpet sweeper and would willingly dispose of it for a comfortable sofa cushion.

A young man on the morning papers will exchange a valuable reading lamp for a rubber coat. No questions asked.

Perhaps the satirist is rather severe on the mistakes of givers. People are not quite so badly out in their calculations as these imaginary complaints indicate. An error more common is the tendency towards the ornamental and expensive presents for those whose tastes are more simple, and the attempt to force the young into appreciation of the useful. When the heart is young it is hard to be faced by the stern realities of life, to be pointed to the duties of life when one desires its pleasures. There may be no rigid rule in Christmas giving, except that it must discriminate and that it should retain at least this one characteristic of childhood: the presents should be secured secretly and not produced until the morning of peace and good-will.

## He Had a Christmas Tree.

"Say, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market wagon after pursuing it for four or five blocks, "do you wanter know who hit you in the neck with that hard snowball?"

"You bet I do," replied the man slackening speed.

"Will ye gimme a quarter of I ketch him and bring him here?"

"Yes."

"Gimme fifty cents?"

"Yes," said the driver, lifting his whip from the socket; "but I won't give you any more'n that."

"Well, git the money ready."

"You haven't got the boy that threw the snowball yet."

"Yes I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick, and me mother can't get work. The twins is too little to earn anything, an' if I don't hustle there won't be any Christmas tree at our house. I'll take a licking any day fur fifty cents."

"Sonny," said the market man, in a voice that was remarkably husky, "here's yer fifty cents. I'm in a hurry now—your needn't mind about deliverin' the goods. We'll call it square."

## Mr. Cummings' Defeat.

Among the speakers at the banquet of the Shipbuilders', Shipowners', and Underwriters' Association at New York on Saturday night was Amos J. Cummings. In alluding to his defeat for reelection to Congress he said:

"I crawled from the debris on Nov. 7 very much in appearance like the Irishman who had been at a wedding. His friend met him on the street the next day, and found him in the condition of the man who had been up at Oshkosh having a little fun with tree boys."

"Why, Pat," he said, in some astonishment at his damaged exterior, "what's the matter? Where have you been?"

"To a weddin', sure," was the reply.

"Something happened there. Sure there was a big Sheeny there puttin' on the lugs of one of the Asthers. I stood it as long as I could, and then, by gor, I went up to him and axed him: 'Who are you, onny way?'"

"I'm the best man," says he, and, by gor, so he was."

## With the Naval Reserve.

"When we off on the ship for practice during the summer," said my friend, "we get lots of fun out of life. While on watch we go around among the sailors and get acquainted, and talk of matters nautical."

"One day, just after we had taken on board the members of the New York Reserve, I asked one of the old tars how he liked our new friends."

"Don't like 'em at all," he said. "They won't talk with you, nor do anything but go around among their heads up, as if they bossed the whole affair. But now with you Boston fellows it's different. We like you first-rate; you aren't stuck up."

"I'll tell you just how it is," he added, confidentially. "Them New Yorkers is gentlemen."

## Why Slang Is Popular.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "what does the phrase 'talking through your hat, mean?"

"It means," was the reply, "that the person in connection with whom it is used is in the habit of speaking without bestowing a due amount of thought upon the topic on which he has undertaken to discourse, or that he has selected one which even with a reasonable amount of application he would be utterly incapable of comprehending."

And when she had caught her breath she murmured:

"Charley, I don't think that slang in moderation, is so very bad after all, do you?"

For your throat, when hoarse or husky, use Hawley's balsam of the throat and wild cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

A cheap and sure cure for cold in the head or catarrh; a twenty-five cent box of Hawley's catarrh cure.

Run your rheumatic joints with Dr. Manning's german remedy. The universal pain cure.

A soothing, healing and perfect cure, Hawley's pile cure.

Hawley's Balsam, a sure cough cure.

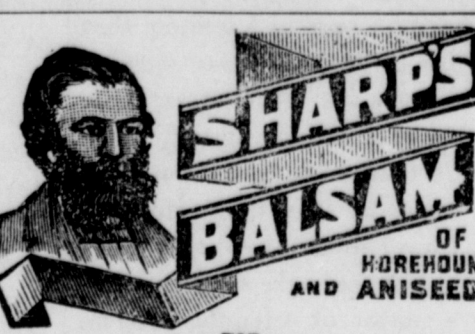
Frost bells are tolled in some districts of France when frost is threatened. Immediately the inhabitants place quantities of tar between the rows of vines. The tar is lighted, and volumes of dense smoke arise, thus protecting the vines.

## FREE



This illustration represents a very attractive pocket pin cushion. Ask your Grocer for one.

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## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Interesting Facts About the Popular Yuletide Parasite.

The hardest explanation of all to give concerning the mistletoe is to assign some reason why youths and maidens should be privileged to kiss each other under it.

This may not be an exactly proper statement of the case since the kissing is of course supposed to be done by the youth, the maiden simply yielding no more than her passive consent when caught beneath the bough.

Under any circumstances it would not be difficult to enlist the approval of one party to such a practice, and ladies being notoriously and in all ages the slaves of custom, never asking themselves where the fashion may have originated, the kiss under the mistletoe may possibly have come down to our time without bringing any mystic meaning. But the scholars say otherwise, their explanation of it being that the kiss ceremonial must have figured at the cutting of the mistletoe in the pagan times.

It need not be added that this and other learned suppositions are unfounded by aught than the wildest conjecture.

The origin of the mistletoe, even in these days of scientific research, is generally acknowledged to be mysterious. The scientists playfully speak of it as a plant of the capricious order, and they surmise that its primitive ancestor must have been a honeysuckle. But there is no family resemblance whatever between the two, and the botanists, like the small boy with the conundrum, prefer to give it up. More remote suggestions mention kinship with the woodbine, laurustinus and guelder rose, but wild guesses go for nothing. If the origin and history of the plant were traceable it would probably have long ago lost its charm for romantic youths and maidens, and accordingly it will survive as the only great and thoroughly mysterious botanical parasite.

The mistletoe is a woody shrub, with yellowish green leaves and pale berries, usually found growing on the branches of apple trees, pears and poplars only, but with cultivation it can be induced to prey upon the apple and pear trees. Those who fancy it grows upon the good old British oak were never more mistaken in anything in their lives. The young seedlings sprout where the seeds have been carried by birds. With small fibrous roots they fasten by a sucker-like process to the tissues of the tree upon which they feed, and penetrating its bark to the one living layer just beneath, they suck up the sap of their victim. The mistletoe grows best in France, and at this time of the year a profitable trade is done in it.

The mysterious provision which nature makes for propagation of the mistletoe is worth saying a word about. The berries of the plant are much sought after by the mistlethrush, a bird familiar to all old country people. As the bird eats the berries it gets the sticky seeds entangled in its feet and bill, and flying away to another tree gets rid of them by rubbing off sideways on the fork of the branches. That happened to be the precise spot favorable to the plant for sprouting in. The mistlethrush mostly frequents poplars and apple trees and so wastes few of the berries. Once planted in the fork of a poplar the berry quickly proceeds to make good its advantage, while the thrush has flown away in search of more food of its kind.

How has the mistletoe come to be identified with Christmas? Its religious importance is admittedly more pagan than christian in its origin, but then the old Druid rites, in which the mistletoe figured, were beautiful in their character, and the early church must have accepted it as a means to the triumph over the sun worshippers. It is a fact that most of the pagan rites were allowed to continue under christianized forms, and Yuletide and the mistletoe in this way received ecclesiastical sanction. Yuletide saw the sun begin his northern course, renewing his promise of spring and warmth and plenty to the earth. The cutting of the mistletoe by the Druid priest had some ceremonial meaning pertaining to the living soul of the dead tree in winter, the type of the soul of nature living amid its dead surroundings. It had special significance in the simple religion of those primitive people when performed at that particular period of the year.

An All-Round Christmas Dinner.

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' turkey?"

Akali Ike—"I set him outside to cool, an' th' cat et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' cat?"

Akali Ike—"A cayote et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' cayote?"

Akali Ike—"Th' greyhound et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' greyhound?"

Akali Ike—"An Injun et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' Injun?"

Akali Ike—"A grizzly et him."

Bronco Pete—"Whar's th' grizzly?"

Akali Ike—"Out thar."

Bronco Pete—"Waal, we'll have ter eat th' grizzly, Ike; but I hate ter take th' leavin's uv a Christmas turkey like that."

Unbelief in Santa Claus.

After Deacon Smithers had finished his oall on the pastor the latter's little daughter said:

"Papa, didn't the deacon say he didn't believe in Santa Claus?"

"That's what he said, love."

"Then, papa, won't he have to try him for heresy?"

Barbarities in all Lands.

A gentleman tried to persuade a Chinaman that it is a brutal practice to retard the growth of women's feet by binding them. The reply of the Chinaman was, Squeeze foot, it is true, but American women squeeze waist, and I don't know which is worse."

A Distinction.

Mrs. Briggs (after the Christmas dinner)—Well, Bobbie, have you had all you want?

Bobbie—I've had all I could eat.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Hallifax. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sussex. LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.

I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound steel shells have been rent asunder as though made of pottery.

## Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver