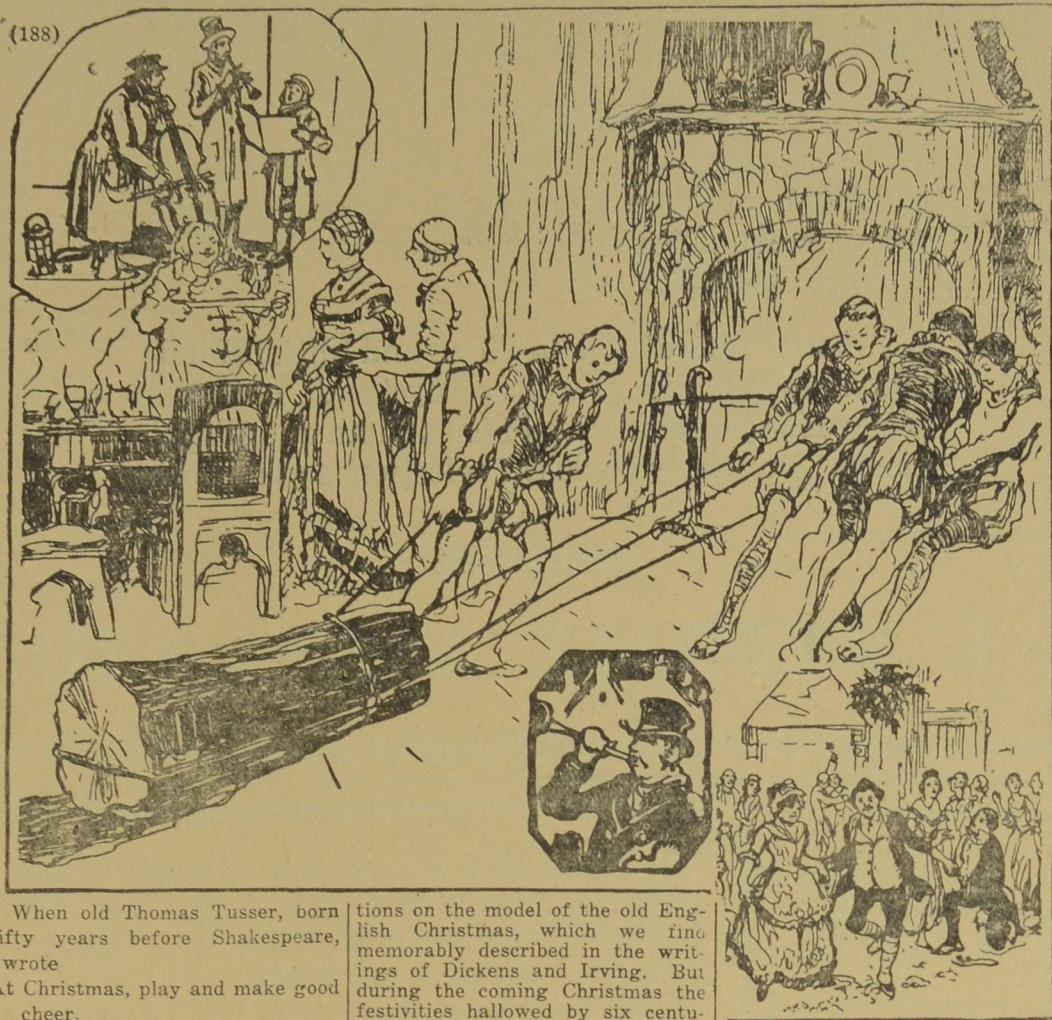


Victoria to Have an Old English Yuletide Festival



(188)

When old Thomas Tusser, born fifty years before Shakespeare, wrote

At Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

he made certain the success of "The Farmer's Daily Diet," a grandparent of "Poor Richard's Almanac" filled with sober agricultural lore and sober maxims of thrift and honesty. Englishmen have needed no urging to follow Tusser's welcome advice, and have celebrated joyously the "Twelve Days of Christmas," except during the Reformation and under the regime of the Ironsides when such festivities were frowned upon. But it remained for Dickens and Washington Irving in America to revive with their magic pens the old Yuletide spirit.

We on this continent have long fashioned our Christmas celebra-

tions on the model of the old English Christmas, which we find memorably described in the writings of Dickens and Irving. But during the coming Christmas the festivities hallowed by six centuries of English tradition will come alive as never before; and for their setting they will have the city of Victoria, B.C., which has been called "a corner of England on the Pacific coast." Here, in the Empress Hotel, an Old English Yuletide Festival is to open on Dec. 22. The holly and ivy and rosemary, celebrated in English song all flourish in Victoria, and will furnish the traditional setting for the carolling, the wassailing, the mumming, the Twelfth Night merrymaking, the Yule log, the mistletoe, and the other delights that warmed Geoffrey Crayon's heart.

Harold Eustace Key, director of Canada's major music festivals, is arranging the musical programs for the nightly concerts at the

Empress Hotel. He has in hand a representation of "Wardle's Christmas Party" as immortalized by Dickens in the Pickwick Papers. This is to have a running commentary of Yuletide music to set off the charming foibles of its lovely audacious characters. Dr. Healy Willan of the Toronto Conservatory of Music has composed for the occasion incidental music to "The Chester Mysteries," a Christmas play selected from a group of mediaeval pageants which used to be enacted by the trade guilds of Chester, England, dealing with the timeless theme of the shepherds and the Babe of Bethlehem. The first performance of these Mysteries was in 1328, exactly six hundred years ago.

mal electoral processes. It is like the sudden addition of a joker, or several jokers, to a pack of cards; even the most experienced gamblers find a difficulty in adjusting themselves at once to the new conditions. But such periods of electoral anxiety have invariably been short lived. New voters have in the end been assimilated, and have shown that, equally with those more experienced, they possess the normal merits and defects of a democratic electorate.

But the next election will afford the answer to a most courageous, if dangerous, experiment. I am quite sure

that Mr. Davidson, the Conservative organizer, understands the anxieties of the situation. I am quite sure that he is mobilizing all the instructional resources at his disposal to meet them. Only if we can mobilize and make energetic the Conservative women all over England can we hope to meet and conquer these dangers.

Jack—When I called on Virginia last night her father got me into a game of poker.

Floyd—What do you suppose he had up his sleeve?

Jack—Six aces and four kings..

ELSTOW, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BUNYAN HAS CHANGED LITTLE SINCE THE DAYS OF CROMWELL

(William B. Lippahrd in New York Sun.)

Elstow, England.—This quaint old village never would have been heard of outside of England had not a certain tinker three hundred years ago brought his red-haired infant son to the Abbey church for baptism. The date as recorded in the parish register is November 30, 1623. The child was John Bunyan, the Immortal Dreamer, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and fifty-nine other books and active participant in the seventeenth century struggle for religious liberty in England. The exact date of birth is unknown, but from the baptismal record it is assumed to have occurred in November of that year, which explains why November of this year 1923 marks the John Bunyan tercentenary.

Three centuries have passed since his birth, but the old village is not aware of this flight of time. A paved highway and an occasional automobile give a touch of modernity to the town, yet the old inns and thatched-roofed cottages are the same that Bunyan, Sr., in the tinkers trade. In the graveyard of the ancient Abbey church Bunyan's father and mother and sister are buried. The same church bells which Bunyan as a youth was employed to ring still summon the congregation to worship.

The belfry tower, a curious feature seldom found in ecclesiastical architecture, stands separate from the church. This gives a touch of quaintness as well as dignity to the stately cathedral-like edifice. With great pride the rector shows the visitor the parish register, the twin memorial windows with their colorful stained glass picturing scenes from Bunyan's immortal allegory, and the baptismal font where the tinker's son was given the name that has become a household word.

Started in Poverty.

Close by the road leading into the village is a small two-room cottage. A plate above the door informs all who pass that here the youthful Bunyan brought his bride following his service in the army of Oliver Cromwell. The young married couple set up housekeeping when "this woman and I came together as poor as might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt both."

Another ancient building near by probably dates from the fourteenth century. Known as the Moot Hall, it was used by the village for town meetings, court sessions, dances and other social affairs. Built of brick, with its four walls heavily reinforced with oak timbers, it bears witness to the sterling workmanship of those early days. The Moot Hall is on the village green, where the village held its daily market around the Market Cross, the base of which is still standing. On this green Bunyan as a lad danced, played games and indulged in the habitual lying and blasphemy for which he became notorious.

A two-mile walk, for there are no taxies in Elstow, brings the visitor into Bedford, of which Elstow is now a suburb. A handsome stone arch bridge spans the Ouse River. One of its piers supported the ancient town jail in which Bunyan during his second imprisonment wrote the allegory. The jail was only twelve feet square. Bunyan described it as a "den," and a nosy den it must have been. Beneath him was the din of travel, the chatter of pedestrians and the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rumble of carts and wagons and the swishing of water against the bridge piers as the river flowed on its way. A phonograph store is near the bridge on the site of the old county jail. Here Bunyan spent his first imprisonment of twelve years, both jail sentences having been imposed because he disregarded the edict of King Charles II. forbidding public preaching by "dissenters" or "non-conformists."

Places to Visit.

The most interesting place in Bedford associated with Bunyan's life is the meeting house on Mill street. It is not called Bunyan Cathedral or Bunyan Abbey or Bunyan Memorial Church, any of which would be appropriate, but simply Bunyan Meeting House. John Howard, the great English prison reformer, was so interested in Bunyan as a preacher that he secured the corner plot next to the meeting house, where he built a

modern home. Here he would spend the night whenever he was able to come to Bedford to hear Bunyan preach. The house, known as Bunyan House, is now occupied by the church sexton.

The Duke of Bedford in 1876 presented the church with two massive heavy bronze doors. Ten panels on each door depict in an impressive and artistic way scenes from "The Pilgrim's Progress." Across the threshold of these mighty doors the visitor to the church faces another door. Heavily studded with iron bolts, with a grated iron window in its center, it swings on ancient wrought iron hinges. On the wall an inscription tells the reader that this is the old prison door which for twelve years deprived Bunyan of his liberty. When the prison was torn down an unknown friend rescued the door.

The visitor finds a remarkable museum in the parish house. It contains a rich and varied assortment of relics, manuscripts, books and other articles connected with Bunyan's life. Here is an impressive array of treasures. The library is a book lover's paradise. On its shelves are copies of 106 different editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" as well as copies of 97 translations into as many foreign languages. The significance of the claim that this book has been translated into more languages than any other except the Bible becomes strikingly substantiated. Church records, pictures, legal documents, Bunyan's will and other literary relics are included in this treasure house, in which a lover of books and a student of English history must spend days instead of hours in order properly to appreciate its treasures.

Lounging on the Green.

A favorite lounging spot in Bedford is St. Peter's Green. On its southwest corner the Duke of Bedford erected an imposing Bunyan statue. What would the real Bunyan think if he could for a day take the place of his statue and observe how his City of Destruction from which his Pilgrim fled has become a crossroads for England's motor traffic. Bedford is half way between the university towns of Cambridge and Oxford, and is also on the main north bound highway between London and Scotland. So beneath the Bunyan statue stands a white sleeved traffic officer directing the stream of cars that cross at this point.

Every visitor from America sits for a while on one of the benches around the base of the statue. If he lets his imagination run away with him he visualizes his fellow bench occupants as living counterparts of the characters in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The Grave in London.

Although Bunyan lived in Elstow and Bedford all his life, his grave is in London in an ancient burial ground known as Bunhill Fields, originally called Bone Hill in the Fieuds. Bunyan, so the story runs, had gone to London to bring about a reconciliation between a father and a wayward son.

There were no railroads then. Drenched by the heavy rain which pounded against his carriage during the 50-mile drive, Bunyan contracted a severe cold with chills. Doubtless pneumonia set in, for three days later he died. Having been a "nonconformist" all his life, his body was taken to this old cemetery, where for many years "dissenters" were buried.

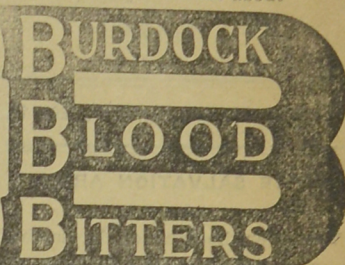
When first established hundreds of years ago it was well outside the city limits. In the intervening centuries the city has grown far beyond it. Today the ceaseless traffic of England's mighty metropolis passes to and fro before the cemetery gates. When the cemetery was finally closed as a burial ground more than 120,000 bodies had been interred.

Many of the inscriptions on the tombstones are no longer decipherable. In 1867 the historic significance of the cemetery was recognized by Parliament and its care was committed to the Corporation of London. Trees were planted, grass was sown, walks were laid and on October 14, 1869, the cemetery was opened to the public.

Remote as it is from Piccadilly Circus, the cemetery is off the beaten path of tourists. Nevertheless hun-

Was Bothered With Severe Headaches Is Not Troubled Now

Mrs. James Rossiter, Riverside, N.B., writes:—"I was bothered with severe headaches, for years, and tried many different medicines, but to no effect. One day a friend told me about



and after I had taken three bottles I found it had done me a world of good. Now I don't know what a headache is like. I certainly have great faith in Burdock Blood Bitters."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

dreds of visitors are attracted to it annually. The tomb of John Bunyan is a simple, dignified sarcophagus with a stone effigy on top. On one side the sculptor carved a scene from "The Pilgrim's Progress," showing the pilgrim with the enormous burden on his back. On the other side the Pilgrim is facing the Cross, while the burden is falling headlong into the abyss. Beneath the feet of the stone figure appears this inscription:

JOHN BUNYAN,
Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress"
(OBT. 31st. AUGT 1688 AET. 60.)

FOOT BINDING PROHIBITED IN PARTS OF CHINA

Shanghai, Nov. 28.—General Feng Yu-Hsiang has prohibited foot-binding in the provinces of Tonan, Shensi and Kansu, which he controls, and is conducting a tireless campaign for the improvement of social conditions throughout the country.

General Feng says that China has an estimated population of 400,000,000 persons, but only about half of them served any useful purpose because of the age-old custom of binding women's feet. During a lecture before girl students in an inland town, the Honan war lord exhibited a picture of girl track athletes in Germany taking part in a foot race.

"I want you to look at this picture and think for yourselves," he said. "We are demanding equality with the rest of the world. We are opposed to imperialism and seek the abolition of unequal treaties, but I tell you that it is impossible for us to accomplish these things unless our girls and women are as strong and healthy as women of other countries."

Little Willy wanted to know what a circular letter was, the other night, and Brother Charley, the 18-year-old wisecracker, said it was O.

Women's independence from their husbands began when they quit wearing dresses with twenty-four buttons in the back.

NOTICE OF SALE

To the Heirs of Coburn Allen, late of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, deceased, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the second day of June, A. D. 1928, and registered in York County Records in Book 208, pages 119-120, the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1928, and made between the said Coburn Allen, of the one part, and Kitchen Bros., Ltd., a company incorporated under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick having its head office at the City of Fredericton in the County of York aforesaid, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, and in pursuance of the said Power of Sale, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton in the County of York aforesaid, on Saturday, the twelfth day of January, A. D. 1929, at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said mortgage as follows:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Douglas, County of York, and Province of New Brunswick at or near 'Buritt's Corner' and bounded as follows: 'Beginning at a post at the Southwest corner of a lot of land owned by 'Newton Bird'; thence running North along side line of said Newton Bird's lot nine rods, thence at right angles and running West fifty three feet to a post thence at right angles and running South nine rods to the line of said 'road'; thence along said highway road to the place of beginning, fifty three feet, containing one-sixth of an acre, more or less. Being the same lands and premises conveyed by Deed from Thomas W. Fowler and wife to Coburn Allen, and recorded in York County Records in Book 185, pages 185 and 186, under official number 74264, and bearing date the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1922."

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining.

Dated this ninth day of November, A. D. 1928.
KITCHEN BROS., LTD.,
per H. A. Peters, Sec'y-Treas.

ANXIETIES OF FLAPPER VOTE IN OLD COUNTRY

(Continued From Page Two.)

we have not doubled the proletarian vote?

I do not, indeed, hold that an attitude of despair is justified by the history of our nation. It has always been the experience of this country that the accession of a new class of voter—whether man or woman—serves for a time to throw out of gear the nor-

Viceroy
CIGARETTES
The finest of all blends
And for your greater convenience plain, or tipped with cork of pure natural growth.

Cork Tipped RED package
Plain Ends BLUE package

20 for 25¢