



MAKE IT AN ELECTRICAL XMAS

We have a beautiful selection of Electrical Gifts for both young and old

**ELECTRIC Percolators for Mother.**

**ELECTRIC Shaving Mug for Father.**

**ELECTRIC Chafing Dish or Curling Iron for Sister.**

**ELECTRIC Heaters for Brother and a large selection of other Electrical Gifts**

**N. C. Public Service Co.**

PHONE 2700

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness,  
 May Santa Claus bring health.  
 Wherever there is poverty,  
 May Santa Claus bring wealth.  
 Wherever one is weeping,  
 May tears to smiles give way.  
 Wherever sadness hovers,  
 May joy come Christmas day.

To every heart that's aching,  
 May peace and comfort come,  
 And may an outlook rosy  
 Supplant each outlook glum;  
 May friends now separated  
 Soon reunited be,  
 And everyone find gladness  
 Upon this Christmas tree.

—Edgar Guest



CHRISTMAS TIME

It is the Christmas time,  
 And up and down 'twixt heaven and  
 In glorious grief and solemn mirth,  
 The shining angels climb  
 —Dinah Mulock Craik

A Merry Christmas, children all,  
 Rich and poor, large and small,  
 To north, to south, to east, to west,  
 In every land where Christ is guest,  
 A Merry Merry Christmas!  
 Now may we love our neighbors more,  
 And may we give from out our store,  
 That all may have a merry heart,  
 And take a handsome, joyous part  
 In our Merry Merry Christmas!  
 For when dear Christmas Eve draws  
 nigh,  
 Be it the time when you and I  
 Shall put away all wrong and sin,  
 And bid the holy Christ-Child in  
 To bless our Merry Christmas  
 —Montreal Star



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Come back to Bethlehem,  
 The year is on the wane;  
 A truce to strife that wears us life,  
 A truce to grief and pain,  
 Oh, heart, return to Bethlehem  
 And hear its song again!

If siren voices luring thee  
 Have turned thy thought aside,  
 If thou hast quaffed the bitter draft  
 Of envy or of pride,  
 If thou in agony of shame  
 Hast thy dear Lord denied,

Come back today to Bethlehem!  
 Though thou hast wandered far,  
 No rest shall fill thy yearning breast  
 Until thou see the Star  
 Oh, heart, return to Bethlehem,  
 Where yet the angels wait

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Sing, Christmas bells!  
 Say to the earth this morn  
 Whereon our Savior King is born;  
 Sing to all men—the bond, the  
 free,  
 The rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
 The little child that sports in glee,  
 The aged folk that tottering go—  
 Proclaim the morn  
 That Christ is born,  
 That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!  
 Sing of the stars that God has placed  
 Above the manger in the east;  
 Sing of the glories of the night,  
 The Virgin's sweet humility,  
 The Babe with kingly robes be-  
 dight—  
 Sing to all men where'er they be  
 This Christmas morn,  
 For Christ is born,  
 That saveth them and saveth me!  
 —Eugene Field.

1. God's business.
2. Good business.
3. Great business.