he so cleverly ight, the while down Yonge the hour in a

eton Junction. ee the station . Sir William of the diseautiful coat

eadings of the haven't been e bush. She

is luxurious g and countre he would months, was oked as clean nt's imaginaic touch of a clothes on nd probably And the Daddy's baby carri-

he man done! thought the dollar bill on

jumped out little station ," he said to erator. The n operator in h instrument for Bethany nt a message surprised the

immediately. able mistake. cial through ennedy must

e president. was the re-

station that ned Kennedy, ms, and three v astonished looking genhad expected

a couple of shake your u a Merry you, ma'am!

iat the presi-irs. Kennedy esent It was

No man can n business he ve his trade. of chance, no end on your the ad. and side—take no

the CLAS-

may be said of every fashion that has been inspired to the manner born Celestia, in spite of her genuine good looks and magnetic voice, would appear insignificant if not impossible.

Celestia, abandoning for the occasion her work-girl dress, and assuming once more that graceful flowing once more data form the car and spoke in such luxury to get together a few of his personal belongings. But no more than could be carried in a couple of first personal belongings. But no more than could be carried in a couple of first personal belongings. But no first cases, from this visit he to Tommy:

"Tommy dear," she said; "I'm so wetched. We've made such a mess of things- Can't we begin all over again."

Tommy dear," she said; "I'm so wetched. We've made such a mess of things- Can't we begin all over again."

Tommy answered with great gentle in such luxury to get together a few of his personal belongings. But no more than could be carried in a couple of first cases. From this visit he brought away clothes he required, a picture of his mother, and one, much in a low, thrilling voice, only audible to Tommy:

"Tommy dear," she said; "I'm so wetched. We've made such a mess of things- Can't we begin all over again."

Once more heads turned towards in a low, thrilling voice, only audible to Tommy.

"Tommy dear," she said; "I'm so more than could be a carried in a couple of thess suit cases. From this visit he prought that the couple of the such cases.

Tommy dear, a ing once more that graceful flowing white garment in which she was first seen (outside of heaven), not only set a new standard of beauty, but started a new fashion in dress, and

a kettleful of jealousy among the ning of a speech. She never started by expressing surprise at being asked to speak, or astonishment at perceiving so many upturned faces. Nor did she start by saying what she was! going to talk bout when she really get start ... At the point where been half through. She plunged right into the heart of things with a compelling sweeth ss and seriousness!

About Celestia there was nothing for perhaps the last time, a lump rose that rang false. She was goodness and sincerity personfied.

Among the more sophisticated the steps slowly on feet which already seemed to have lost their buoy-

Among the more sophisticated the statement of her origin was taken as a figure of speech; not by all of course, but by a vast majority. "Any thing or anyone that is really good for us may be said to have been sent by heaven," these explained. "She doesn't of course, mean to imply that she stepped into a fiery eight."

A suit case in each hand, he was turning toward the east side, when he was accosted familiarly, though the was accosted familiarly, though the spectfully enough. By a youngish man in a brand new and very ill-htting suit of blue serge.

"In the mining town of Bitumen, in "The hell we're not! Why aren't we? Who told you?" etc. etc.

"It's for you to decide," cried for the moment an armed truce between the strike-breakers and the strikers. The latter, under the leadership of Gunsdorf, held the village; the strikers are the former, under the personal superstantiant of the moment and the strikers. The latter, under the leadership of Gunsdorf, held the village; the former, under the personal superstantiant of the moment and the strikers. The latter, under the leadership of Gunsdorf, held the village; the former, under the personal superstantiant of the moment and the strikers. The latter, under the leadership of Gunsdorf, held the village; the former, under the personal superstantiant of the mining town of Bitumen, in "The hell we're not! Why aren't we? Who told you?" etc. etc.

"It's for you to decide," cried the strikers. The latter, under the leadership of Gunsdorf, held the village; the former, under the personal superstantiant."

Greatest Remedy

Britain's

den, Celestia was taken literally by since the character of half a second so many that it staggers belief. We still, when he had refused the old have only to remember that less buttler's offer of the savings of half a gifted prophets have succeeded in im- lifetime, and heard the doors of the posing their divinity on multitudes. solid old mansion close behind him

that she stepped into a fiery eightcylinder limousine that was waiting one, and, at Tommy's assurance that he was, he jerked his thumb toward he was, he jerked his thumb toward vision of Kehr, had built a strong secured attention.

her. Resplendent in full evening said. "Are you the Carson and Cra-

world to each other—but friends? Never. You may drive on, Rugby." Tommy held out his hand, but she turned from it as if in scorn, and the motor slipped quietly forward.
"H'm," murmured Carson; "he has been disinherited. And he's just told

her. And she's given him the mit-

violence. It is enough that they led freight station is a machine gun." to a demand for larger wages and shorter hours, which Kehr, representing the owners, and entrenching himself behind the statement that too many such demands had been acceded to in the past had person.

dorf's head lurked the idea that one day he, too, might be a capitalist who should employ labor. Kehr had every intention of one day amploying the strikes and since the strikes and the strikes are strikes and the strikes and the strikes and the strikes and the strikes are strikes and the strikes are strikes a intention of one day employing more labor himself. Neither truly represented the cause for which he stood. lesson were in vain. Both were prepared to sacrifice any they believed him to be a strong man going to tear him to pieces first, and of the people with the interests of try to rush us afterward." the people at heart; men obeyed Kehr "Any man with brains," said Kehr,

because they had to.

men and children lifted in joy—or in sorrow. We will show the world what it is to tread upon the poor and the it is to tread upon the poor and the unfortunate so that little children die of hunger. What do we claim? Only a fair share of what belongs to us. What do we get? Crumbs and offal chucked to us from the rich's man

kitchen door." There was a howl of rage that must have been heard in the stockade and caused some of its defenders to tremble. When this had rumbled away and died to something like a peal of thunder, Gunsdorf rolled his little

eyes upon Tommy.
"Let us hear from the new brother, he said, smacking his lips. "Come up on the platform, Brother Barclay, and let the brothers and sisters see you. One of the sisters eyed Tommy very closely as he slowly ascended the platform. She was Mrs. Gunsdorf, a young, dark, heavy woman, with

curiosity. Many turned and had a look at the door, and then looked back at the speaker. One or two smiled and nodded as if they knew what was coming, which they didn't. Tommy continued—

in particular.

Among the poor when she said that she came from heaven, among the unfortunate and the down-trodthe unfortunate and the down-trodden Celestia was taken literally by went out for two reasons. First, because his business here was finished, moustache. Well, you could have caught him if you hadn't been so busy making noises at me. He was a Pinkerton man."

Tommy checked an outburst of rage with a commanding gesture.

"His business was to find out if we were going to attack the stockade or

In that crowd of gilded listeners only one heart and understanding were unmoved.

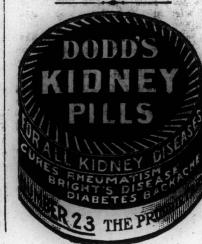
Mary Blackstone had an inkling of the secrets concerning Celestia. She knew that her own father would not suddenly risen among the people unless it was to his interest to do so. And, when not only her father professed belief, but the man to whom she was engaged and such colossi of the business world as Barclay and the services on the services of the secrets concerning Celestia. She knew that her own father would not doesn't matter. She's inspired. That's the was, he jerked his thumb toward the was, he jerked his thumb toward to companion and said, "I'm Carson. This is Cracowitz." Tommy bowed as politely as to the President of the town by rail. Both belligerents of the town by rail. Both belligerents to he was printed the town by rail. Both belligerents to he was printed the town by rail. Both belligerents the town by rail. Both belligated which commanded the railtown by So much was clear. Less clear were the causes which had led to actual which I saw on the platform at the treasure boxes with them that they will be to actual wild be to actual which I saw on the platform at the treasure boxes with them that they will be to actual wild be to actual

Dawn broke. number of other people's lives for the betterment of their own, There was however this difference between listened to Mr. Barclay after all. But them-Men obeyed Gunsdorf because it looked, so help me, as if they were

Tommy had been introduced to the side of a question. We must get rid "brother" as a safe man, but when of Mr. Thomas Barclay. Give me that code book and a telegraph blank."

After some labor and a grim smile night rush upon the stockade and massacre all who might be found at the finished product old man Kehr within, many eyes were turned upon the silk stocking to see how he would Gordon Barclay. "Suckers won't bite. Your mut-

"We shall put them," thundered tering carburetor, Tommy, has tickled —they saw the young child with Mary Gunsdorf, "where they shall never again no more hear the voices of wo-(To be Continued.)



Not a Day but Weeks Needed to Manifest Its Spirit.

HRISTMAS proper is never a day. It is really a week or about a month. When the almanac says December has Each day adds to this feeling.

The Romans perceived that one day did not centain all the import of themidtinued seven days. It began as a one day celebration and was observed Dec. 19; but, as it was soon found that brief period was a cup too small to contain the wine of pleasure, it was extended to three days. At last it was enlarged by the Emperor Claudian so as to take now been changed back into the one day shape, but in reality Christmas is

the birth of Jesus it had to be a formal day rather than a week, but no such limitation could keep it from having adjacent times which partook of its spirit as dawn partakes of day.-Pro-



us without preface that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem certain foreign-

ers arrived at Jerusalem. He does not tell us how many they were nor of what race nor of what station of life, although it is fair to infer from the consideration with which they were received at the court of Herod were persons of distinction.

The most important statement in re-

gard to them is that they were Magians-that is to say, disciples of Zorotoo many such demands had been acceded to in the past, had peremptorily, and in a manner not tended to conciliate, refused. A general strike had been called, strike-breakers and special deputies had been called in and there had been dynamiting and sudden death.

The leaders were somewhat alike, Each had a supreme contempt and even hatred for the class which the other represented. Each was a strong-willed, stubborn man, having much power over other men. Neither was altruistic. At the back of Gunsdorf's head lurked the idea that one aster and members of the sacred or him. Herod was greatly troubled at

> Messiah should be born. They answered at once that Bethlehem was the chosen place. Then Herod, having asked the Magi how long it was since they first saw the appearance in the sky, sent them away to Bethlehem, promising that when they had found the young Christ he also would come to do reverence to him.

Having set out on their journey, they saw once more the celestial sign, and its motion was such that it guided them to the place where Jesus was. His birthday has become the day of Coming into the house-for Joseph had now found better shelter than a stable his mother, and prostrated themselves before him in worship. Opening their treasure chests, they presented to him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then, being warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they took another road into their own country.

The conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is one of the rarest of sidereal events. It occurs only once in 800 years. This conjunction, all astronomers agree, happened no less than three times in the year 747 A. U. and sorrowful profoundness, Christ C., shortly before the birth of Christ. It may be that we have here, in this

"fairy tale of science," a confirmation of this beautiful story of religion, a hint and trace of

-Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke Trail has a few clothes line thieves operating actively, at pres-

Cupid's Christmas Froncs. Christmas would be almost as in complete without its love superstitions as without its holly and plum pudding matrimonial fortune at least once year is scarcely worth a lover at all. She ought to know, whether she does or not, that if she wants her husband

to be to reveal himself in her dreams she has only to eat the egg of a black hen on Christmas eve and any fears with will soon he disnelled when once her head is cozily pillowed. If she wishes to make the spell as potent as possible she will boil the egg hard, remove the yolk and, after she has filled up the cavity with common or table salt, will eat egg, shell, salt and all If she doesn't dream of her lover then it will certainly not be the hen's fault. If she is not partial to eggs our curious young lady may peel a St. as' onion, wrap it in a handkerehlet and place it under her pillow on Christmas eve, reciting these

let her slumber in full assurance that her lover in dream form will present simself and touch one or other of the three pails. And all depends on what particular pail he touches. If it is No. 1 it is a sure sign that his affection is but skin deep; if No. 2, he worships the very ground she treads on, but if he touches the third pail, alas, for her

But Cupid has no monopoly of Christ-mas superstitions. Did not Shake-speare himself lend his sanction to the belief that the cock by its crowing on Christmas night keeps all evil influences at a respectful distance?

Because a Little Child Was Bern. Because a Little Child was born
Because a little child was born
The earth is filled with peace;
Old wrongs, old sorrows are forset
In suffering's sweet surcease.
Oh, men that strain for empty gain,
Oh, hearts with hatreds torn,
There is no room for strife today—
A little child is born!
Teressa Beatrice O'Hara.



Christ and His Birthday

As to his birth, Christ gave no thought to the manner of its celebration by his disciples. They do not appear to have remembered it during his life. Had he ever any knowledge of the adorable stories begarianding his crib for us? It is hardly probable. And, behold, that forgotten, ne birthday has conquered a place of honor! It is celebrated in conditions in which the Saviour might recognize his wn purposes. To speak of one aspect only, Jesus loved children as no one has ever loved them. "Let them come to me," he said to the lofty apostles, anxious to guard him from that merry, anruly crowd suspected incapable of edification. No doubt those most seri ous ancestors of our traditions had occasion that day and often in similar circumstances to believe the Master touched with insanity.

No matter, the intentions of the Son of Man have been largely realized. the children. No earthly day has shed more brightness upon their path. No church festival gives more life to the immeasurable truth of the promise, "I shall be with you to the end of the world." None makes it sweeter to the heart.

Christmas has a charm beyond them ill. It was the Christian soul, filled full with Jesus, created this festival. Every generation has given it something of its own. There has been a rivalry of good will. In the Eucharist according to a doctrine the abuse of which must not make us forget its true dies from age to age for our sine and will suffer until the last sinner is sayed. In the radiance of Christman Christ smiles eternally upon the little ones * * * and the grownups who can The light that led
The holy elders with their gifts of myrrh. Charles Wagner, Author of 'The Simmake themselves children again.

ple Life." There are 84 Telephones in Phoenix, an increase of 25 per cent. this year.



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