



ted to the Fifty-second Con-

to Dr. Hartman, giving a

Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

will not be contested by the of Privileges of the House of have, therefore, had a perbear the title, as we understeed the title, as we understeed to the total person of the past, happy to act for Your Lordests, but we must point out in connection with the substant of such a claim are heavy, and y your accession does not the honor to remain, my Lord, ip's most humble and obedient

N, PARTINGTON & MIGGS. t Honorable the Earl of Lang-

the shameful masquerade of were in fact not lie, nor nasquerade. He was no pre-e was what he had played the biting bitterness of the was that, deliberately, he had vas that, deliberately, he had e only heritage handed down a long line of men, noble as noblemen, his ancestors. A. Langford he had been, a discal, Lord Langford he would was no issue, no escapeof his sins was in the reap-

was upon him the pressing, needs, the necessities of his In a few hours, unless s obtained, he would be in of the police.

having been repaired, smart, the aman of fashion, he entrance hall. The mange that his gaudy jewelry had stepped forward with some non his lips. Lord Langdhim aside, and so out into The manager followed. He repaired the form of the terms of the constant of the state of the constant of rl pause at the doors of the Hotel, and turn. His face Hotel, and turn. His face ale. He hesitated for a full then swung round, and, like by to death or degradation, house.

s the way of the world that months later, thanks to the the Countess of Langford, having paid every penny of and indubitably, and to the of the Committee of Privilished his claim to his title, on the Continent no English here popular, more courted, leventh Earl of Langford, ame and the remorse that man's heart were the punal times upon him.

Overcoats and Raglanette'ss. etc. B. Williams & Co. Jackets, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.75; wns, \$7.00, \$8.50, \$10.00. B. Co.

MOST NUTRITIOUS. S'S COCOA

irable food, with all ral qualities intact, build up and maintain ealth, and to resist extreme cold. tins, labelled JAMES Co., Ld., Homosopathic

ts, London, England STRENGTH & VIGOUR

Love Me, Love My Dog

A Christmas Story by Lord Ernest Kamilton,

FOR ... FO'R'H

WHEN it was known in the village that the Duchess was going to spend Christmas at the Castle, there was, as you believe, a subdued excitement that immered in the bosoms of all grades from the "Three Bells" to the Vicarage; and when on the 18th day of December the great lady herself drove up to the lodge in her fine blue coach, the whole place turned out in the crumbly snow to gape and wonder. For though it was ten good years since the "old Duke" had died, and though the Castle had been left to the Duchess for life, this was her first visit to it as a widow, so no wonder the village tood in the sow and gaped, for duchesses are not to be met with as plentifully as sheep in a market town, as everyone knows. As to this, particular one, the village could hardly call her to mind except as a self-effacing person of as fery mild and gentle nature. Mark finis well, you who read for it has a bearing on what follows.

Mrs. Moffat, of the, Grange, and her will see the condition of affairs, getting its lock, and instantly of a heap," as the saying is. However, betting less thus dost truction in the most of the heap," as the saying is. However, betting less thus dost truction in the most of the heap," as the saying is. However, betting less thus dost truction in the most of the leap," as the saying is. However, the heap," as the saying is the setting betting about his destruction in the most of a heap," as the saying is. However, the heap, was the manner possible.

"Oh! Oh!" Chireked Mrs. Moffat and the manner possible.

"Oh! Oh!" Oh!" shirked Mrs. Moffat a primary on the feeling being by no means reciprocal, which manner possible.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" shirked Mrs. Moffat primary on the toes of acute distress, while a primary on her heel and stalked haughtily away, and the two elder women, after the point of satisfaction, returned her umber less of acute distress, while a primary on the feeling being by no means recipr

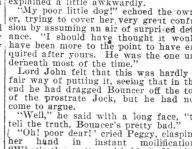
"Oh, my darling Bouncer," she scream-

however, showed no inclination to interfere, the probability being that a good stand-up fight was by no means distasteful to him. With his hands in his pockets and an amused smile on his face he

sauntered leisurely in the wake of his excited companion. In the meantime excited companion. In the meantime Mrs. Moffat and Peggy had burried precipitately up from the far side, and now stood with clasped hands and agonized brows gazing down upon the gurgling.

snarling, worrying mixture of legs and teeth that represented Jock and the

forbears, and prepared for instant host ities. The threatened catastrophe was, nowever, averted for the time by a sudden strategetic manoeuvre on the part of the Airsdale by which it completely re-



"Not much doubt of that," he replied, "these Dandies have such punishing

come to argue.

"Well," he said with a long face, "to tell the truth, Bouncer's pretty bad."

"Oh! poor dear!" cried Peggy, clasping her hand in instant moilification.

"What's the matter with him? Nothing really bad?"

ally bad?"
"I am not quite sure," said he gloomy, "I am afraid there is some internal



Semi-Meekly Colonist.

Now all our neighbors chimneys smoke, And Christmas blocks are burning; Their ovens they with baked meats choke, And all their spits are turning,

Without the door let sorrow lie, And if for cold it has to die, We'll bury't in a Christmas Pie. And evermore be merry.

And let us all be merry.

Christmas

And every post with holly
Though some churls at our mirth repine, Round your foreheads garlands twine,

O now is come our joyful'st feast; Let every man be jolly; Each room with ivy leaves is drest,

-Geo. Wither (17th Century,)

rible old woman" was quite intelligible the other, likewise looking anywhere ex-English. | cept at her visitor. "The tongue is an rible old woman" was quite intelligible the other, likewise looking anywhere except as the resistor. "The tongue is an unruly member."

"Because I should be dreadfully distressed if I thought I had said anything which—ec—well, of course, you must know, I couldn't have meant," the Duchess bleated pathetically, but quite unintelligibly.

"Well, yes, I suppose that is natural." "And you will come, won't you, to our



reverse.
"My finger is still pretty bad," he said, anely. "Shall we go and find mother to docsimplicity.

"I have already told you," he remarked with decision, "that I am not a believer in your mother's methods."

Peggy laughed.

"By "Free or "the street of the s

Peggy laughed.
"Poor finger," she said. "Let me look at it. It doesn't look so very bad."
"No, but it is."
"Well, I am afraid I can't do any-thing for it," she said, shaking her head.
"Would you if you could?"
"Why, of course I would."
"You remember how you caused Rays."

"Why, of course I would."
"You remember how you cured Bouncer's leg?"
"I remember there was nothing tocure," she said, laughing.
"Well, there's a good deal to cure in
me—pains in my finger and somewhereabout my left side, and, principally at
the moment, in my mouth."
"Oh, I know nothing about mouths,"
she said; "you must cure that for yourself."

"1 will," said John. "I will," said John.

A minute later Peggy said: "You-know I didn't mean that."

"No, but I did," said he.
"Does it—does it—feel—better?"
"Much," he said, fervently, "but by no means well yet."

means well yet."

It must have been about ten minutes later that Lord John said, in an apologetic kind of way: "You see, if you will sit under such a flaming advertisement of your cure you."

mers of vour cure, you must expect people to try it."

""What do you mean?" said she.
"Look up," said he.
Peggy did, and found above her head Peggy did, and found above her head a very fine specimen of the parasite known as misletoe.

"I am sure I didn't put it there," she protested.

"No, but I did," he said, chuckling, "you see I am a believer in your cure—an enthusiast, in fact."

"You are," she said, with conviction.

"And shall we have Jock and Bonneer as bridesmaids?"

"I think they would like to be asked," said Peggy.

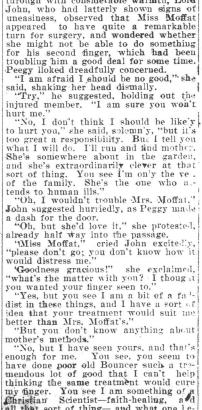


The Christmas Tree.

I don't believe it's Santa Claus, I'm sure that's Uncle Tom. Akthough his beard is not so white, Where did he get it from?

His smile is just like Uncle's, too; His eyes are kind and bright— I'm not quite sure but if he spoke I'd know his voice all right.

Susan believes it's Santa Claus,
But she's a little tot:
And she is trembling—oh, the goose!
Is the Uncle Town or not?



would distress me."

Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter with you? I thoug at you wanted your finger seen to."

"Yes, but you see I am a bit of a fa'-dist in these things, and I have a sort of idea that your treatment would suit me better than Mrs. Moffat's."

"But you don't know anything about mother's methods."

"No, but I have seen yours, and that's enough for me. You see, you seem to have done poor old Bouncer such a tramendous lot of good that I can't help thinking the same treatment would cure my finger. You see I am something of a lieves goes for a lot in the result."

Peggy stared at him hard with mischievious questioning eyes.

"I believe you are a rank imposter," she said. Then her eyes turned suspiciously on to Bouncer, who was curled up confidentially upon the hearthrug and an inspiration flashed across her brain. "Bouncer, Bouncer," she called, but Bouncer ouly furned up a blood-shot eye and made no movement, "Here, Bount."

Abed is not the place to stay when Santa comes and goes away, Except to use for the display Of our new dolls and toys.

So spread the sheet across the rail And make the counter "Not for sale." Label the gidts, then quickly hall Those sleepy-heads—the boys!



The Christmas Bazaar.