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MONITOR OFFICE

WASHED AWAY HIS HOME.

The Fortune That Came to a Man and His Clever Wife.

An Irishman named Whalen found a fortune in a very amusing way, says the Cape Town Argus. With the savings of his wife he bought not far from Ballarat a few acres of ground containing a water pool and a sluggish spring. With the mud and gravel from the bottom of the pool he made sun-dried bricks and, building a cabin for himself and family, started a bar for the miners.

Quite contrary to their usual habits, a colony of Chinamen living near by commenced to visit his bar every night. Then Mrs. Whalen discovered that some one had bit by bit carried off the mud pigstye and its surrounding wall so gradually that it had almost gone before she noticed it. Soon the chimney and the cabin walls also began to vanish. After a careful watch Mrs. Whalen discovered that while one band of Chinamen kept her husband busy in the bar another band was stealing the chimneys and walls. Whalen knew the Chinamen were no fools, and, acting on his wife's suggestion, he also "roted a pan of dirt" from his own chimney and washed it out. Then he ordered tents for his family to live in and washed away the entire house. It was literally built of gold dust. After that the pool and the spring were also attacked, and the result was a big fortune for the lucky Irishman and his cute little wife.

THEIR FATHERS.

All Three Were Trimmers, but One Was a Star.
The story, long since familiar, of the little boy whose boast that his father had put a cupola on his house was capped by his playmate, who remarked proudly that his father had just put a mortgage on theirs, is brought to mind by an occurrence which was told the other day by a prominent politician.

The small son of a man who was in politics for revenue only on moving into a new district went out and struck up an acquaintance with two other kids of the same age who lived in the neighborhood. They were interested in the newcomer and began to try him out as to what his parents amounted to anyhow.

"My father is a window trimmer and an awfully big man," said the first kid.

"Ah, that's nothing!" said the second. "My father's a dump trimmer, and he's twice as big as yours."

It was plainly up to the stranger to make good. And he did it with much gusto.

"My father is a politician," he said, "but I heard a man tell him last night that he was the biggest trimmer in this ward."

And it was apparent to any one that the new kid had again at a strong impression upon the neighborhood—New York Herald.

Wood Too Hard to Burn.
There are certain kinds of wood that are too hard to burn or refuse to ignite for some other reason, such as iron-wood and the good bird's nest, but it is a curiosity to come across a piece of common deal—the soft, light wood of which so many boxes are made—that cannot be set fire to. The piece of wood in question was common white deal from Sweden, but was remarkable for its comparative weight. It had formed part of a boat belonging to a whaler and had been dragged below the surface of the water to the depth of more than half a mile by a harpooned whale. The length of line and the short distance from the point of descent after being struck at which the whale rose to the surface was a proof of the depth to which it had dragged the boat. Only part of the boat came up again at the end of the line, and it was taken on board when the whale had been killed. That piece of wood was so hard that it would not burn in a gas jet. The weight of water had compressed it.—London Standard.

They Were "Over."
He was a regular patron of the restaurant. Perhaps that is why he felt justified in making clever remarks to the waitresses, remarks which they were puzzled to know how to answer. One day, however, the smallest and timidiest girl happened to be serving this irritating customer, and it fell to her to answer him in kind.

"I'll have some steak," he said, coming into for dinner, "and some baked potatoes, fine, brown baked potatoes?"

"Baked potatoes are all over," said the girl.

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her quizzically.

"Baked potatoes all over, are they?" he replied. "All over what?"

"With," she replied simply.—Youth's Companion.

Chivalrous Johnnie.
"What's the matter, dear?" "I have just had a fight with Jeanie over dividin' the candy you gave us."

"Was there no one to take your part?" "Yes; Johnnie took it."—Houston Post.

A Cruel Stab.
Katie—What a lovely ring! Mattie—Isn't it? This ring was given me on my twenty-first birthday. Katie—Really? Why, how well preserved it is! It's hardly a bit worn!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Choice.
"May I offer you my umbrella and my best home?" "Many thanks. I will take the umbrella."—Flagging Blatter.

MINARD'S LAMMENT OUBERS DIPHThERIA.

Original Story

WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL

(Written for the Monitor-Sentinel, and founded on facts)

"Oh aunt Jane, please tell us tonight about some of the jolly times you had when you were a girl."

A young man of about twenty was the speaker. Several days he had been visiting the comfortable home of his aunt, greatly enjoying himself. Several bright girls and boys, between the ages of thirteen and twenty-two, full of life and innocent fun, were members of that happy home circle. Eagerly they joined in their cousin's request.

"Mama, we are tired of playing games and singing," exclaimed a tall pretty girl of seventeen. "Come now and tell us some of the good times you had long ago. Please do."

"Mama, we are tired of playing games and singing," exclaimed a tall pretty girl of seventeen. "Come now and tell us some of the good times you had long ago. Please do."

"Oh, tell anything," urged her nephew. "You can make anything so interesting and so funny. Tell us about the time you and my mother kept house while grandma and grandpa went away visiting."

"Yes, do," was the general cry.

"Very well," said Mrs. Cann, smiling. For a moment she sat watching the glowing embers and dancing flames of the fire, and then commenced.

"I was about nineteen years old at the time of my story, Lizzie, your mother," addressing her nephew,

was fifteen months younger than I. As we were the eldest of the family, your uncle Charlie being three years younger than Lizzie, we had the whole responsibility of looking after the smaller children, when father and mother would be absent from home.

"It was a few days after Christmas. Father and mother had gone to spend New Years with some relatives about a dozen miles away. As there was no work to be done on the farm at that time of the year, except the chores, and cutting what fire wood was necessary, the boys were in the house nearly all the time. What fun we did have in that large, old-fashioned kitchen!

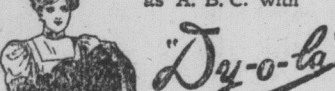
"I think it was the first evening we were alone that Lizzie and Charlie gave each other a great fright. In the garret over the kitchen was where we stored the corn. A ladder led up to it from the pantry. The boys were doing the evening chores, and we girls were getting supper. Charlie had gone up to get some corn to feed the hogs, feeling his way up in the dark. Not knowing he was up there, Lizzie went into the pantry with a candle to get something, setting the candle just below the opening in the ceiling through which the ladder passed up into the loft. Just at that moment, having got what corn he wanted, Charlie started towards the ladder to come down. Accidentally his foot set one of the ears of corn on the floor rolling towards the hole in the floor by the ladder, down which it fell striking and putting out the light. The sudden noise and upsetting of the candle, coming so unexpectedly, frightened Lizzie badly, and she exclaimed, 'Oh, my gracious! What's upstairs?' Charlie, thinking she knew he was up there, and hearing her cry, commenced to think there might be something else up there in the garret besides himself. So, with a startled grunt, he scrambled towards the ladder as quickly as he could. This new noise frightened the other still more, and she commenced to scream. Thoroughly frightened now, Charlie dropped down the ladder in a manner endangering the safety of his neck and limbs. It would be hard to say which was most frightened by this time. Just then the other children rushed in the door with a light, and soon matters were explained, causing a hearty laugh all around.

"Scarcely had the dishes been washed and we were getting ready to have a quiet dinner, when among ourselves when we heard the sound of merry voices outside and a loud knocking at the door. Several young friends about our age had seen father and mother go by that morning, and had come to stay while they were gone.

"Well, if we didn't have a good time. It does not seem that young people now enjoy themselves the way they did when I was a girl. At the present time when young folks have a party, everything is so conventional. They must sit and act and talk according to the best rules of etiquette. Even in the games they play, there seems to be lacking the true spirit of real enjoyment and enthusiasm. In those days, however, the young men and women in the country acted in their natural manner, and heartily en-

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And it's as simple as A. B. C. with



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joyed the various games and amusements.

"The first thing we did that evening was to make some molasses candy, pop some corn, and bake some apples. I am sure we enjoyed the candy, the pop corn, the baked apples, and the roasted beechnuts better than you do your ice cream and other refreshments at some of the modern parties. And how we enjoyed getting them ready. Every one, even the youngest child present, had some share in the work. Many were the little tricks we innocently played on each other as we worked, harmless in themselves, but adding to the general merriment.

"Then came games. None of your kissing and forfeits, but such jolly games as 'Blind Man's Buff.' I remember that, while playing this game that evening, one of the fellows jumped over the stove. He had taken off his boots, so he could move about more quickly and with less noise. Fortunately the fire had almost died down in the stove, for in jumping over, he stepped on one of the covers. This tipped and his foot slipped into the stove on top of the hot embers. He was not burnt much, only several holes scorched in his sock. I tell you though he was more careful how he jumped after that.

"Then we sang some songs and hymns. Everyone did his best, wheth-

er he could sing well or not. And then we sat around the fire and told stories and ate our candy and the other little refreshments we had prepared. By ten o'clock, however, we were all in bed, for in those days people generally retired for the night earlier than they do now.

"Some time in the night I awoke. Just as I was falling asleep again, I heard a strange noise overhead in the attic, a kind of tapping, knocking. Instantly I was wide awake. The sound was so weird in the stillness of the night. One of our girl friends, about my age, was sleeping with me, and I gently shook her to awake her. When she heard the noise, she became frightened. Something was being dragged across the floor apparently. There were rats and mice in the house, but this noise was different from that made by them. We determined to wake up the others. Quickly and quietly we slipped on some of our clothes, and went to the other bedrooms. Soon, an excited group, all were partly dressed and standing in the upper hall listening. Two of the boys slept in an unfinished room out of which a ladder led up to the garret. In awed tones they told us they saw something white for an instant in the moonlight up at the head of the ladder. We were sure there must be a ghost up there, and most of us were very frightened.

"Finally the bravest of the boys screwed up their courage to investigate. Well, what do you suppose they saw? It was our old white tom cat trying to gnaw a bundle of goose wings that had been hung up there a few days before. After our merriment had subsided, we hurried back to our beds, and peacefully slept until morning.

The next day was New Years. Unexpectedly we had a turkey to cook for dinner. This was how it happened. The morning being mild and sunny, all the poultry were outside enjoying

RELIEVE Neuralgia



TAKE ONE OF THESE TABLETS AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

"I have awful spells of Neuralgia and have doctored a great deal without getting much benefit. For the last two years I have been taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and they always relieve me. I have been so bad with Neuralgia that I sometimes thought I would go crazy. Sometimes it is necessary to take two of them, but never more, and they are sure to relieve me." MRS. FERRIER, 2434 Lynn St., Lincoln, Neb.

Price 25c at your druggist. He should supply you. If he does not send price to us, we forward prepaid. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto.

The turkeys had flown up into an apple tree, and were sitting there dressing their feathers with their bills, when a large hawk alighted in the tree just above them. Charlie seized the old muske-loading shot gun, and ran out to shoot it. He took careful aim and pulled the trigger, back, and pulled it again, and this time the gun went off. But the old turkey gobbler had heard the first

(Continued on page 6.)

"A Kingly Gift"

EARL GREY'S APPEAL
On behalf of Needy Consumptives
Strong words of Canada's Governor-General

At the official opening of the King Edward Sanatorium for Consumptives, near Toronto, His Excellency delivered an address that must have an important bearing on the future of the sanatorium movement in Canada. We quote:—

"The proceedings this afternoon commenced with a beautiful and reverent prayer from your old friend, Dr. Potts. He prayed that the light of the Lord might shine upon us. That prayer is abundantly answered. He also prayed that the White Plague might be removed. Well, whether that prayer will be answered or not depends upon yourselves."

"Is it not a standing shame and reproach to the government and individuals that there is not more care taken by the people of Canada to protect themselves against the curse of consumption?"

On his way out to the King Edward Sanatorium,—so named by permission of His Majesty King Edward VII—the Governor-General's car was stopped in its progress outside the Canada Cycle & Motor Co. by a large crowd of its employees. A contribution of one hundred dollars was handed the Governor-General, a donation to the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives.

"'Twas a Kingly gift" said His Excellency in making acknowledgment. "I will tell the King."

Addressing the large audience that attended these opening exercises, referring to this event, Earl Grey said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when the workingmen of Canada are setting an example of this character, I hope you will not be slow to follow, and I trust that the example of the Canada Cycle & Motor Co. may be followed, as I am sure it will, in every factory and manufacturing industry throughout the land."

We carry these words to the people of Canada in our appeal to-day on behalf of the

Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives

An institution that has never refused a single applicant admission, because of his or her inability to pay.

Seventy-five patients can be cared for to-day. Accommodation could be provided for three hundred if the required money were forthcoming.

To make this possible, our appeal is for \$50,000, to be used in extension of buildings and maintenance of patients.

Where will your money do more good? Every community and every individual is interested.

His Excellency Earl Grey has shown his interest and sympathy in the work at Muskoka for needy consumptives, by accepting the position of Honorary President of the National Sanitarium Association.

Contributions may be sent to Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., Chief Justice, Osgoode Hall, Toronto; W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas., National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.