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Best Flour.

The Best Housekeepers want the Very Best Flour, that's why we make KING GEORGE. You can make whiter bread, nicer bread, better bread with

KING GEORGE FLOUR.

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Fireside Fancies

By Geo. F. Power.
(From the Holly Branch Xmas Number, 1910.)

In a quiet street stood a quiet home
Away from the haunts of busy men;
There a room is leased by a quiet pair—
A brace of boys who shovelled the pen.
To be honest, readers, and treat you fair,
No fanciful scene may I call to view—
No truckle bed, nor broken chair.
For they've comforts, though they're few.
A writing desk and an easy chair,
And a pair of others as hard as can be.
A bundle of books on a rickety shelf
And a harp in the corner—its melody
Like the modest viol that hangs beside
Is mute to-night nor utters a sound;
And yet with the firelight flickering round
A lettering vesper lingers near
On this quiet eve, as this quiet pair
Sat so still in the harmony
Of this peaceful scene with the shadows between
And the cheering glass where it ought to be.

What of them? I hear you ask:
And you feel like taking me to task.
But all I can say, if you come my way
With no flight of fancy I'll weary you.
But merely show if together we go.
A very simple kind of a view
Where you'll find no sign nor ever a sound
Of the revelry which I know is found
In brighter parts of the city to-night.
So we'll take a peep as they're asleep
With their thoughts in the fading firelight.

That's Ned—he with the curly hair;
Twisting itself round the thoughtful brow;
He writes for the papers some comic things,
And his style's amusing; perhaps it brings
A smile to your face. But look at his now!
That's not the kind of a smile that is brought
To yours by the lines which his labor wrought.
Poorly paid labor; he's a-living to find
The influence of matter over mind.

The other is worse; he's a limb o' the law
Not long lopped loose from the parson's trunk;
Too weak to stand, the wound being raw,
So down on his haunches to "copy"
No doubt you'll say they're a hope
Less pair; But don't judge rashly, treat them fair.

"Classical coons" both of them are,
Trained for literature and the Bar
What use, let them strive as hard as they can,
The opportunity makes the man.

Bob wakes in time, for the fire is low
And poking it once more to a glow
Puts on some coals and dusted the hob.
For a prim, precise little fellow was
Bob. Then mixes a glass for himself an
Ned—
A parting one ere they went to bed
And as they drank a health to friends
In the wholesome cheer that goes
With wine leads.
"My boy," says Ned, "ere we go to bed
I'll write you a little Xmas lay
Since to-morrow will be Xmas Day,
"Kiss those lays to yourself now
Ned,
Let us finish this up and be off to bed
You gave me enough already to-night
And of your satire I'm swiftest
quite."

Bob's in a serious mood or he ne'e
would chide;
But Bob is the son of a mother who
A short time since—a mother who
saw
Her only child a light of the law
In her fireside dreams. Oh, the sav-
ings!
The darlings, the turnings, the home-
ly fare,
And the hopeful soul, all the trouble
she took
That her boy should not need a dol-
lar or book.
And now he's alone in the world,
wide.
What wonder his humorous friend to
chide
On this Xmas Eve—a time that
brings
Memories of other happier things.
"Not a lurid line since you say so
taste."

A modest village, where honest souls
Adored their God in their humble
way.
Close to it St. Lawrence rolls,
The winter king or it now holds
away.
Cold without—no cold inside,
For mirth and warmth are in each
cot.
The rich are few, but the poor are
none.
Contentment is the common lot,
And true and dame and lad and lass
Are preparing to go to midnight Mass.
So come along with the worshippers
crowd!
Enter the church and see
Devotees rare, homely and fair.
Who a moment ago were all mirth
and glee.
But look around, do you see her there,
In a voiceless prayer that cries aloud:
But look around, do you see her there,
Leading the choir with the angel face
And the honny eyes and the waving
hair!
And every motion replete with grace!
And that boy on the altar, an acolyte:
They have plighted their troth to-
night—
"Ere with a necklet of pearls fair,
She with a locket and lock of hair.
The service commenced, meet to
praise
The sweetest heart to homage and

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The only baking powder
made from Royal Grape
Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

The lights, the music, the joyous
chairs,
Nor greater splendor might enhance
This offering to the God above:
For it's set betwixt true faith and
And now the Adagio is being sung
A holy silence is o'er the scene.
A hush as deep as the summer night
Ere the day be veiled all over quite:
And the summer songster carols the
lay
That bade good-bye to the summer
day;
Or deeper still of the summer dawn
Ere night's sweet veil be fully drawn,
And the swelling songster newly
born
Thrills good-day to the summer morn;
But sweeter than music of earthly
voices,
Doth the soul of my love bid men re-
joice.
"Tis she with the waving hair dot-
ting
Welcome to the new-born King,
All faithful souls to haste and come
Adorari Dominum.
And the acolyte kneeling, who can
tell
Why an acolyte's eyes grow moist o'er
him;
But as he heard this Xmas hymn
Out from the heart he loved so well,
It seemed that the soul of the singer
hath sped
To heavenly choirs by angels led,
And that was the scene as it came
to-night
To me in my dreams by the fire-
light
And I heard again that heavenly
strain
Adeste chanting by angels bright;
And brighter than all midst the
night
Was my Madeline with the waving
hair,
And she beckoned me on to join her
there.
In the heavenly choir she's taken her
place,
And somehow I feel that I might
kneel
And pray to her for comfort and
grace.
The help that we need in this world
of greed—
This hard cold world that we must
face
So I'll finish up here if you say so
Bob,
And we also might finish what's left
on the hob;
And our toast be a prayer, the words
I pen,
"Peace on earth good will to men."
So we'll drop the curtain and go our
ways
In the path that is set with joy o'er
with care,
And should memories come of other
days,
Let us hope that they be bright and
fair—
Though the bloom of the rose be o'er
the past,
The perfume of the flower may
last
A solace as sweet as was breathed
to-night
"Round Ned in the fading firelight."

Christmas Shopping!

HAS ITS PLEASURES,
Also, Its Worries and Perplexities.

It is our endeavour to make your Xmas Shopping as pleasant to you as possible, and we do it by good attentive and courteous service, quick delivery of purchases, and the selling of pleasing and useful Goods, for Gifts, at reasonable prices. You will spend your time and money well if you spend them in our store.

We suggest to you now some articles which we stock and which can make acceptable and welcome gifts:—

Men's and Women's Silk and Imit. Silk Initial and Plain Handkerchiefs. Women's Fancy Lace Edge and Hem Stitched and Embroidered Lawn Handkerchiefs. Men's Silk Mufflers. Women's Silk and Ice Wool Motor Scarves and Vests. Men's and Women's Lined and Unlined Kid Gloves. Men's, Women's, Boys' and Girls' Wool Gloves. Women's Long Heavy Wool Gloves, (of these we have extra special variety). Men's Tweed Caps for Winter Wear, with Fur Lined inside storm band. Men's Ties, Eraces, Hose Supporters, Cuff Links, Studs, Pipes and Watches. Women's Blouses, Golf Jerseys, Spats, Gaiters, Motor Caps, Hat Pins, Beauty Pins, Brooches, Side Combs, Back Combs, Belts, Hand Bags, Purses, Fur Collars and Muffs. Children's Wool Hoods and Toggles. Children's Spats and Gaiters. Children's Fur and Imitation Fur Sets. Children's White Imitation Bear Coats. Children's White Embroidered and Lace Trimmed Pinafores and Dresses.

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White Hem Stitched and Embroidered Tea and Tray Cloths. Fancy Embroidered Table Centres, Cushions, Tea Coseys and Cushion, and Tea Cosey Covers, Axminster and Oriental, and Skin Heart Rugs. Mohair Rugs and Mats. Fancy Work, Jewel, Handkerchief, Glass and Trinket Boxes, Mirrors, Photo Frames, Pin Cushions, Vases, Writing Books and Blotters, Paper Ornaments, Garlands, Baskets and Chinese Lanterns.

HENRY BLAIR

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- Steamboats, from 90c. to \$6.75.
- Clockwork Engines and Trains, from \$1.50 to \$6.50.
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- Electric Telegraphic Outfits with Battery, complete with full instructions, \$3.00.
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- Dolls, dressed, from 15c. to \$2.50.
- Rattles in great variety, from 5c.
- Rubber Figures and Dolls, from 15c. to 50c.
- Rubber Balls—Gray and Colored, from 5c. to 75c.
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- White Fur Babies.
- Running Ostriches and Chickens, 40c.
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- Wheelbarrows, Express Wagons, from 75c.
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- Xmas Crackers, from 15c. to \$1.50 box.
- Masks and Moustaches and Dominoes, from 3c. to 30c.
- Pen and Pencil Boxes, 5, 7, 10, 15, 20, 25c. and up.
- Cards of Tools from 15c.
- Boxes of Tools, from 20c. to \$2.25.
- Harbutt's Plasticine, both most entertaining and instructive, in boxes with guide book, from 40c. to \$2.00.

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JOHN T. KELLY, 324 Water St., opp. Messrs. Allan Goodridge & Sons. P. O. Box 411

The MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT

Continued.

"At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises!"
"Time and the law will show. After I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulk!"
"Sir, have a care."
"Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a mad-house, unless she subscribed a paper confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?"
"Sir," returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, "spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether or what Edith has heard is true or false. The affair may perhaps be arranged; let her return with me."
"You know she would die first; but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house, as you have picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for; a slippery gentleman, certainly; but with little caution we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be."

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us above three weeks when one of Mr. Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting out running some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and he expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr. Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr. Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with that startling intelligence that Mr. Harlowe was dead!

"Dead!" I exclaimed, much shocked. "Are you serious?"
"As a judge," he replied, about an hour after I reached the house, of tetanus, commonly called locked-jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonized expression in his eyes!"
"Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?"
"Not precisely. I saw the prettiest former wife; a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am. They mean, however, to show fight, I think; for as I left the place, I observed that the delightful Knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs. Harlowe's

and gesture of rage and contempt, hurried out of the apartment.
The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but, I confess, that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them.

She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe, and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr. Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs. Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr. Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resuscitation of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for.
"I will take an opportunity," said Mr. Ferret, "of quietly questioning Richards; he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-means impossible purchase—will set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Mrs. Willoughby—Mrs. Harlowe, I mean, describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely to be picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for; a slippery gentleman, certainly; but with little caution we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be."

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—the true Mrs. Harlowe's—arrival." The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had been placed, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render necessary. Mr. Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.
"On arriving at the house, I, Ferret and Mrs. Harlowe, proceeded at once to the drawing room, where we found the prettiest wife seated in green state, supported on one side by Mr. Richards, and on the other by Mr. Quillet the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and alarmed, and trembling to my arms; I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr. Ferret, whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out, "outrance, filled with exuberant glee, to open the conference."
"Good-morning, madam," cried he, "and bless me! the room, and quite unaffected by what a charming and haughty stare; "good morning; I am delighted to see you in such excellent company. You do not I hope forget that I once had the honor of transacting business for you."
"You had transactions of my business," said the lady, "when I pray, "God bless me!" cried Ferret, addressing Richards, "what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire too!"
"Dorsetshire, sir?" exclaimed the lady.
To be continued.

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Dr. Bovel's Menthol Inhaler gives instant relief in cases of inflammation of the mucous lining of the nose, throat, eye or intestines—in less than a minute after the first application the air passages are freed, and the breathing becomes natural and easy—the most acute attacks of cold in the head are cured in a few hours—cures incipient catarrh in a few days—and will permanently cure most chronic cases in from one to three months—it allays pain—counteracts all foulness of the breath—heals the ulcers—and in an incredibly short while absorbs and dries up all discharge.

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I will recommend it to my friends as I am convinced it will not fail a cure; whoever will use it.
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Mr. Fred W. Clark, Petworth, Ontario, writes:—"My mother had Eczema in both legs for about 20 years and suffered from the dreadful itching, stinging sensations which can never be described. She doctored and tried everything for it but got no relief until she used Dr. Chase's Ointment which was recommended to her by a friend. She found that this brought relief and by continuing its use has been cured of Eczema. I do not think any one could have this horrible disease any worse than she did and can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as thorough cure for Eczema."
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co. Toronto. Dr. Chase's Recipes sent free.

