

LADIES, ATTENTION!

2.98 WILL CLOTHE YOUR FEET

Just arrived and now being offered to the general public:

- 250 pairs of Ladies' Boots and Rubbers, good styles, all sizes **\$2.98**
- 1 pair of Boots and Rubbers to match, for only **98 cts.**
- Also, 150 pairs of Ladies' Spats, color fawn, ten buttons; each **\$1.25**
- 150 pairs of Ladies' Spats, color fawn, twelve buttons; each **\$4.98**
- 400 pairs of Gent's Boots, full range of sizes, worth easily 9.50 per pair. Your choice at

The above represents new, clean merchandise which has just arrived and only now being put on display.

JOIN THE CROWDS AND DO YOUR SHOPPING EARLY!

AMERICAN BOOT & SHOE STORE,

ONE DOOR EAST OF ADELAIDE STREET

ins
standard
the cost
it is be-
lock here

Soap
18c
1.00

its
30c

auce
50c
25c

td.

you get
end.

are our

Sugar for 39c

Romper Suits.
hours of play which
up baby's little mus-
ose neat little Romp-
make him comfort-
l happy and save his
clothes ... only 95c.

Rubbers.
Rubbers made by a
manufacturer; all
... \$2.85 up

Teapots.
orted sizes and col-
... 75c. each

Post Office

North-West Mounted Police.

Western Canada was a lone
unknown land, peopled
by wandering Red Men, and by
men who said them had whiskey,
carried some few score horse-
men in scarlet and gold.

They were the first contingent of
the North-West Mounted Police,
since 1920, when their ac-
tions were extended to the whole of
the Dominion, as the Royal Canadian
Mounted Police.

Coming was mainly due to a
massacre of Indians, during
which a party of British soldiers
was killed by a band of Indians
from across the United
border.

It was not an isolated occurrence
and the Canadian Government
was not to be stopped, so the
force was speedily re-
organized and dispatched post haste to
the scene.

Uniforms as a Warning.
The critics found fault with it
initially with the uniform. "It
is theatrical," they said. "It
is a warning to the Indians."
The answer was that theatricalism
is not impressed the Indians.
The uniform was another objection.
"It is a warning to the Indians,"
they said. "It is a warning to the
Indians." A trooper stood
at attention, and the farther off
he was the better. His scar-
let uniform was intended as a danger-
ous warning to men, red or white, warn-
ing to clear out, or cease their
antics. If not, they know
better.

At the beginning of the corps was
other corps. Practically all the
men were of good English
descent, public school and uni-
versity men.

It was twenty degrees below zero he
had got his men inside buildings with
enough chimney to allow a fire to be
kindled. But Macleod and his staff in-
cluding the doctor, were still living in
tents in the open.

The force quickly made its in-
fluence felt. The outlaw whisky-ped-
dlers and horse-thieves were driven
back across the border whence they
came, or rounded up and securely
jailed. The peaceable Indian tribes
were protected, the mischief-makers
got short shrift.

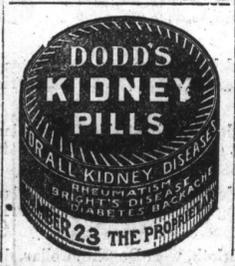
War Against Desperadoes.
One of N.W.M.P.'s earlier exploits
was when Inspector Walsh, with fif-
teen men, rode into a huge camp of
disaffected Redskins, and arrested
four of their principal chiefs, who
were urging their followers to go up-
on the warpath and wipe out all the
whites.

But perhaps their hardest task
came when the Yukon gold rush set
in, when, as Macbeth puts it, many of
the people coming up from across the
United States border appeared to be
the result of a general jail delivery.

Amongst other desperadoes, one,
"Soapy Sam," attempted, at the head
of a gang of ruffians, to set up a reign
of terror. Peaceable miners were rob-
bed, and in some cases murdered.
"Soapy" boasted that he would never
be taken alive. He wasn't. He died
with his boots on—a warning to
others of his type.

England's Last Gibbet.

In 1856, as some workmen were en-
gaged in dock operations at Jarrow
Slake, they discovered embedded in
the mud, what is claimed to be the
last gibbet ever used in England for
the purpose of hanging in chains the
dead body of a malefactor as a warn-
ing to other possible evil-doers. This
was in the year 1852, and probably
some of the workmen had been wit-
nesses of the event when the gibbet,
with its revolting spectacle, was
swung into the air. The victim was
William Jobling, a young South
Shields miner, who was convicted for
a murder which arose out of the pil-
man's great strike on February 10,



1852. The miners of Durham and
Northumberland struck work in or-
der to better their conditions. Large
numbers of "blacklegs" were brought
from other mining districts to work
the pits and conflicts between these
and the strikers were continually in
evidence. The pits had to be protect-
ed by police from acts of destruction
by the miners. Hundreds of strikers
were evicted from their homes, and
with their wives and families had to
camp out in the fields and lanes un-
der makeshift tents. The strike had
dragged on for three months when the
incident occurred which led to the im-
plication of Jobling for participation
in the dastardly murder of Mr.
Nicholas Fairless, the senior magis-
trate of South Shields. Jobling did not
actually commit the murder, but held
the magistrate's horse whilst another
man, Armstrong, dragged the unfor-
tunate victim from the animal, and
beat him to death. Armstrong es-
caped, it was believed, to Australia,
and the law was set in motion against
Jobling, who was found guilty and
sentenced to die on the scaffold within
forty-eight hours, afterwards his
body to be taken near to the spot
where the murder had been com-
mitted, and hoisted over a gibbet.
After the execution his body was be-
smeared with pitch and placed in a
four-wheeled vehicle on route for Jar-
row Slake, escorted by a troop of
Hussars and two companies of the
15th Regt of Foot sent from New-

castle to protect the police and prison
officials from the angry strikers who
joined in the procession. On arriving
at their destination the body was en-
cased in strong iron bars and spee-
dily raised upon the gibbet, which was
fixed in a stone sunk in the mud. The
ghastly sight guarded by the police,
hung in view of the whole neighbour-
hood, and in front of vessels passing
in and out of the harbour for some
time; when several of Jobling's com-
rades took the body down and secretly
buried it, casting the gibbet-irons
into the Slake.

QUIT TOBACCO

So easy to drop Cigarette,
Cigar, or Chewing habit

No-To-Bac has helped thousands to
break the costly, nerve-shattering to-
bacco habit. Whenever you have a
longing for a smoke or chew, just
place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in
your mouth instead. All desire stops.
Shortly the habit is completely brok-
en, and you are better off mentally,
physically, financially. It's so easy,
so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac
and if it doesn't release you from all
craving for tobacco in any form, your
druggist will refund your money
without question.

What a Race.

There were mutinous murmurs
aboard a certain merchantman when
word spread among the crew that the
ship would not, after all, put in at the
next port of call, but merely drop the
mail into a small boat and go on.

The ship had not put into a port for
many weeks, and all the crew longed
for a spell ashore.

The disappointment was too much
for one seaman, who, uttering a
plaintive cry, leaped into the sea and
started to swim for the visible shore.
The captain ordered the best swim-
mer in the crew to go after him and
bring him back before he reached
land. An excited look-out kept all on
deck posted on the progress of the
race.

"He's gaining! He's gaining! Two
hundred yards! Hundred yards! Fifty
yards! In a dozen strokes he'll have
him! Five more strokes! A yard to go
— Great Scott!"

"What is it? What is it?" asked the
skipper.

"Great Scott, sir, he's passed him!"

Remember Wolfe.

"A gathering of English and Can-
adian gentlemen at Westerham has
just celebrated the birth of General
James Wolfe in that place nearly two
hundred years ago.

"Upon the memory of this young

soldier, dead in the hour of his tri-
umph before Quebec, Englishmen
have, however, bestowed affection
scarcely less deep than that in which
they revere the name of Nelson. The
reason is not far to seek. Death, how-
ever honourable and distinguished, is
not in itself a gateway to renown like
this. Wolfe's heritage of fame is sus-
ceptible to measurement, either by his
services or by his signal abilities. He
earned it by being even greater than
the circumstances of his own glory.

Keep Clean

Internal cleanliness
means health.

Without forcing or irri-
tating, Nujol softens the
food waste. The many
tiny muscles in the in-
testines can then easily
remove it regularly. Ab-
solutely harmless—try it.



The Modern Method
of Treating an Old
Complaint

Nujol

"Nelson is Nelson, Wolfe is Wolfe
because the mighty deeds they per-
formed have seemed the fitting and al-
most the natural expression of their
spirit. Both of them owned a patrio-
tism that transcended human frailty,
and transmuted human ambition."

PILES

Do not suffer
another day with
itching, bleed-
ing, protrud-
ing Piles. No
surgical oper-
ation required.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once
and afford lasting benefit. Get a box, all
dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited,
Toronto. Sample Box free if you mention this
paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Betting on Dumpings.

The tidal wave of money shortage
had caught the poor old bookmaker
and landed him, high and dry, in the
workhouse. But the ruling spirit still
swayed him, and he started a "book"
inside. A friend asked him how he
was getting on, but he shook his head
sadly.

"The business is too much for me,
and I shall have to get a clerk," he
replied. "I can reckon two to one in
cigarettes, or four to one in an ounce
of tobacco or a quarter of tea, but
when it comes to working out eleven
to eight on a snet dumping—well I'm
done."

For Coughs or Colds take
Stafford's Pheratone, it will
cure.—Jan 4, 12

MUTT AND JEFF—

CICERO IS A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

—By Bud Fisher.

POP, HAVEN'T I BEEN
A GOOD LITTLE
BOY SINCE I
BEGAN GOING
TO SUNDAY
SCHOOL?

INDEED YOU
HAVE,
CICERO.

AND YOU TRUST
ME NOW, DON'T
YOU, POP?

OF COURSE
I DO,
DARLING.

AND DO YOU
THINK
MOTHER TRUSTS
ME NOW?

CERTAINLY,
MY BOY.

THEN WHAT MAKES
HER KEEP HER
PIES LOCKED UP
IN THE PANTRY
THE SAME
AS EVER?