

The Listowel Banner

Published Every Thursday by Wm. Climie Editor and Proprietor. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

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The integrity of China and the establishment of a stable government is more important than the decapitation of the autocratic prince and viceroys.

At leading a national test is prepared every day at 7 o'clock a. m. and at 6 o'clock p. m. that is a decided novelty.

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SCROFULA.

Those Who Suffer From It Are Liable to Consumption.

At the present day physicians no longer regard scrofula as a distinct disease, but the term is still used in an indefinite way to designate the presence of enlarged glands in the neck and a tendency to chronic inflammations in the skin and mucous membranes.

The lymphatic glands in the neck are prone to enlarge on very slight provocation. It is common, for example, to find the glands beneath the jaw swollen as a result of irritation from a decayed tooth, a canker sore or any other abnormal condition in the mouth, but the swelling in such cases is usually transient and subsides with the disappearance of the cause.

They are at first hard, but later become soft, as a cheesy matter forms in the interior, and eventually break down, giving issue to a chronic discharge, which is succeeded by an unsightly scarring of the neck.

The disease is the same as consumption, the seat of the tuberculosis being the glands in the neck instead of the lungs. It is not in itself dangerous to life, but its presence indicates that the sufferer is vulnerable to tuberculosis and is consequently a candidate for consumption unless preventive treatment is at once undertaken.

This preventive treatment is mainly twofold—good food and fresh air and sunlight. The child, for children are the usual sufferers from "scrofulous neck," should have an abundance of nourishing, well cooked food and should be encouraged to eat a little at a time and often rather than to take the ordinary three large meals a day.

Summer and winter the patient should spend most of the day in the open air (schooling can wait) and at night must sleep with the windows wide open. Sunshine is inimical to the tubercle bacillus, and a vulnerable person should be in it as much as possible.

If the glands in the neck begin to soften, it is generally advisable to have them removed, for if this is not done they will finally break down and discharge, and the resulting scars will be much more conspicuous than those that would have been left after the cutting of the glands.

Besides, there is always danger of the disease spreading to other parts of the body so long as the tuberculous glands are allowed to remain.—Youth's Companion.

THE MAGNETIC LOCK.

A Queer Contrivance For Fastening Secret Drawers in Cabinets.

Appropos of secret drawers, a gunsmith tells a story that he will worth repeating. "A number of years ago," he says, "I was called in to open a private compartment in one of the side walls of an immense oak bookcase in a house near St. John's Bay, London."

The moment the old Belgian saw the bookcase he began to chuckle. Then he pulled a small horseshoe magnet out of his pocket and held it over the lock on a spot about half an inch above the little hole in the panel.

At the same time he pushed in a wire and presto! out came the drawer. The device was ridiculously simple and I could not get on a spot about half an inch above the little hole in the panel.

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A HISTORIC MARKET.

STRONG ODORS AND GIANT PORTERS ABOUND IN BILLINGSGATE.

Roach and Dirty Treatment that Visitors to London's Famous Fish Mart Receive From the Busy, Boorish Employes.

I reached Billingsgate fish market, London, a little before 4 in the morning and was met by an old gentleman who wanted to act as a guide, he calling after me that I had better employ him and so keep my clothes clean.

On gaining the market I looked about, expecting to see women selling fish, but not one did I find. I was disappointed in this, as I had read that it was a great treat to roll a Billingsgate fishwoman and hear her chatter.

Conspicuously displayed outside the market house were large placards reading, "If any porters are guilty of dishonesty or drunkenness, or use any obscene, filthy or abusive language, or commit any assault, or otherwise misconduct himself, he shall have his license revoked."

I copied the above on leaving. When I first read it, I was foolish enough to suppose that Billingsgate was a decent sort of place. I trusted the placards implicitly. They were certainly all one could expect—no "dishonesty" insured against highway robbery, no "drunkenness" insured against assault, no "obscene language," no "filth," etc.

I entered the great building, which is an acre in extent, and was met by the porter who had not been eaten, and the odors made me seasick. It was nothing but fish, and all fresh at that; but I was not to be deterred.

Everything was hurly and bustle. Dozens of porters, the place was not crowded, but here and there, perhaps in 20 places, groups of men were following the auctioneers from one pile of fish to another. The auctioneer would mount on my left, say something, and before I could catch his meaning he would clap his hands as evidence of sale, jump to the floor and go to the next pile.

"Come with me," he said; "I'll see you through. They are ignorant and vulgar and, while a lot of good fellows, might be unpleasantry toward you." I see, the literary world branded us centuries ago, and the men know they are considered by visitors, and they care for my own comfort.

The porters laughed heartily and filed on back to the ships. "About what I expected," said my old guide, "It is no use to object. It is lucky they did not strike you in the face with a fish. These fellows have no sense. They are the lowest type of English, Swedes and Norwegians, mostly, but the latter, and there is not a man among them. It seems the handling of fish makes men mean, dirty and brutal."

"The Beigian told me that the 'magnetic lock,' as it was called, was invented by a man in Lyons, and at the outset a good many of them were put into different pieces of furniture. They were soon discarded, however, because they were so liable to get out of order. Moreover, they could always be opened by turning the article upside down. It is that, of course, was impractical in the case of furniture. I have run across a good many queer contrivances for fastening secret drawers in my life, but I always thought that one deserved the palm for combined ingenuity and simplicity."

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CHRISTMAS OLD AND NEW.

The century nears its closing year, As Christmas bells are full and free

The stockings by the chimney deep Were like your own, my pet of three, Of soft wool from white faced sheep

The chimney, oh, it was so wide "Would hold the gifts for fifty boys, And Santa had an easy slide

The toys were not the dainty stuff Your fingers grasp with childish glee, But homely, and a swift rough

A "comforter" dyed green and red, A knitted cap and overboots, Perhaps a ball too big to lose.

But grandpa liked the Christmas then And what old Santa brought to him As really as the little men.

Who love bright trees in parlor dim, For who is less the greater dim: God's love the Bethlehem story tells From year to year, from shore to shore, Wherever ring the Christmas bells.

—Boston Transcript.

Saved by A Christmas Dream

IT WAS late Christmas eve when my ball dress was sent home, and Marie, my dainty fingered French maid, had finished braiding my heavy black hair

As Marie lifted the dress and shook its rich folds a slip of paper fell to the carpet. It was madam's bill, and I was a little startled as my eye ran over it.

I was contemplating my reflection in the mirror with much complacency when the door opened and Mr. Gordon came in. For a moment I was half frightened at his pale face and grave air, but he said: "I'm stopped for a moment, Mrs. Gordon, to say that I shall be able to join you at madam's tonight. Business affairs will keep me down town late."

Before I could ask him what he thought of my dress he passed out of the room, and presently I heard the street door close. It was nothing new for me to attend parties without the escort of my husband, for somehow he was always immersed in business; neither was it new for Mr. Gordon to look grave or pale, for he had lost his fresh color these late years.

At length I was ready and was driven to the home of Miss Stapleton. One ball is so similar to another in the world of fashion that to recount how the hours passed in madam's drawing rooms would be to tax your patience. Sufficient to say that it was long after the midnight chimes had rung I was handed from my carriage to my own door by the most distinguished gentleman of my set.

The atmosphere in the drawing room was deliciously warm in contrast with the temperature of the sharp December night without. It was pleasant to sit there with my dainty slippers feet over the register and the waves of lustrous silk bathing the carpet and reflect that I swam on the topmost wave of the sea of fashion in the city around me, and the Christmas chimes ringing out from the church towers and the warm air stealing up from the register soothed my senses to delicious suddenness.

Calmly, while I sat thinking, from the dim corners of the drawing room seemed to glide out a train of figures, each dressed in unfashionable garments of bygone days, and yet, strange to say, each garment was recognized by me as something that I had worn in those days, and in the face of each figure turned toward me I beheld my own. The figures glided around me, then seated themselves on the opposite side of the apartment, each looking at me steadily and with my own dark eyes. Gradually the figure nearest my

A slender, beautiful maiden stood in the moonlight. She seemed to invest itself with the accessories of a picture, and a thin mist hid the others from my sight.

A child of 10 summers stood in the yard of an old farmhouse, with the westerling light of the sunset streaming over the building and bathing her tiny fingers in a flood of gold. I did not speak even in a whisper while the picture of my entire child, unrolled before me, but

and dreaming?" I started and to myself seated in the great velvet and my husband standing beside me. "Did I fall asleep?" I must, but Charles, you have not slept?" I said for just then I noticed that he was his coat and full dress.

"I have been up late, looking at some papers I brought from the street. But I was just going up stairs, should be asleep before this," he half reprovingly, his eye wandered with a sort of pained look over to the toilet.

"Why do you not speak to Charles? You are in some great trouble. Oh, Charles, I have had a dream this evening that has shown me a glimpse of my true light. I am not more than nothing. I am a drag on the life of a helpmeet. Speak to Charles, and tell me that you do hate me."

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"Can you bear the worst, Daisy?" I asked hoarsely, lifting his eyes to mine. "Anything, anything, my dear husband. I have been blind, but my scales have fallen now. Tell me everything. Are we ruined?"

"We are," he whispered in a thin, unsteady tone. "This crisis has carried me down. I have dragged away to you long hours of this night trying to devise some loophole of escape, but all in vain. I do not care for myself, but for you—you, Daisy," and he groaned in bitterness of spirit.

I could not bear it without a burst of tears; he so thoughtful, I so selfish. I pressed my lips to his burning forehead and said, amid my sobs, "No, Charles, not ruined, for we have saved our love from the wreck."

Charles looked at me steadily, and a weight seemed to have been lifted off his head. His lips lost their grim expression and there was a ripple of tears in his voice. "Daisy, you have saved me!" he said. "Maddened by the thought of the morning, I know not but the result might have been this—see! and he drew forth a little vial labeled "laudnum" from his vest pocket. "But you have saved me, darling."

"Charles, we have both been mad!" I said, with pallid lips, and striving, for his sake, to subdue the terror that beset my whole being when I realized how high my husband had stood to the wretched guilt of suicide. "And God forgive me for my want of sympathy in all your troubles and help me from this hour to be your faithful wife."

And sitting there late in the night, my husband kneeling beside me and with his head upon my lap, I bent my cheek to his, and the tears, baptizing our reunion, fell upon the folds of my last lovely—my ball dress.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Table Decoration. For dinner table decorations as far as coloring is concerned it is best to keep to the warmer tints. Avoid the use of white by itself and keep to shades of crimson, old gold or even bronze tones, the latter especially where there is a large display of old silver. The vases may be filled with well berried holly points and mistletoe, with Christmas roses as a sort of undergrowth to the various stands. Frosted branches and sprays are always fashionable at this season and have very charming effect. The holly may be much enhanced by a judicious use of bright ribbon bows. Lamp candles must all have their shades match the principal coloring of the decoration. Tall tubes, especially well on a large table, especially space is a consideration. The table is otherwise well dressed or with silver bowls.

Roast Turkey, Turkey. Clean and truss the turkey, and parboil one cup of water with salted water. When I am ready to cook, drain and mix with it a French chestnuts peeled and cut into small pieces, one-fourth of a pound, well washed currants and two ounces of almonds blanched and chopped. Season with a fourth of a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper and ground cinnamon. Melt half a cup of butter over the fire and stir the mixture in until well mixed with the butter. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up the openings and bake on a rack, basting every ten minutes with butter or drippings melted in a little hot water. Turn the fowl often and dredge with flour after each basting. Serve with a rich, clear gravy.

Turkey With Savanages. A turkey garnished with savanages has a very festive note to say. Appearance. Three-quarters of an hour before the cooking is finished season it with a mixture of salt, pepper and ground cinnamon. Melt half a cup of butter over the fire and stir the mixture in until well mixed with the butter. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up the openings and bake on a rack, basting every ten minutes with butter or drippings melted in a little hot water. Turn the fowl often and dredge with flour after each basting. Serve with a rich, clear gravy.

When Holly Was Forbidden. Under the blue laws of Connecticut for a man to have a sprig of holly in his house on Christmas day was a penal offense, for which the household was punished by a fine of a shilling and confinement in the town stocks.

Pilgrims Didn't Celebrate. The pilgrim fathers forbade the celebration of Christmas as "a heathen mummery."

Good Wishes. God bless the master of this house, I know the master of this house, and all his household, and that they may be happy and contented.

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