WHEN MOTHER CAME HOME

Carl came in from the baseball game When he heard the clock strike two. He had to put on his Sunday clothes, As the train would soon be due. I lis good sister fixed his best blue tie, Then took from the china bowl

A pink, like one the president wears, And put it in his buttonhole For mother was coming home.

He ran all the way to the station, For fear that he might be late, But the baggageman smiled and told

He had a whole hour to wait. Which made him feel very impatient; An hour at a station, you know, Is twice as long as anywhere else-Carl thought it would never go, When mother was coming home.

O the days that had been such long, long days

Since the mother went to town, And her boy, somehow, kept "seeing At night-time when he lay down.

Hen every unkind word and deed To that dearest one of all. When the moon shown in his window,

To be written on the wall-But mother was coming home.

Then his arms he'd throw about her

While he kissed her o'er and o'er, And promised her he'd never make her dear heart ache any more. But-what if the train ran off the

He paced the wide station round. And in his heart he prayed to God To bring it in safe and sound. For mother was coming home.

Soon he heard the shrill whistle at the

Then the engine plunged in sight, And the fastest train over the road Thundered in on time, all right. When the mother from the chair car stepped

Her heart was full of joy To see the glad look upon the face Of her waiting, loving boy, Becaure mother had come home

JUSTICE VS. MERCY

The court house was filled to overflowing with the same motley crowd of sightseers, usually to be found in the rural districts, gathered together with that same innate curiosity so inherent within us all, -en any unfortunate being is brought before a tribunal of

In the little hamlet of R--- rail road company had their coal sheds and wee to any unfortunate who dared pick up a lump and convert it to his own use, no matter how bitter the cold or imperative the need.

ntle of snow covered valley and dale; the bitter winds were whi fling and sigh ne through the creaking and crackling pines, when old uncle Mose, Livering with cold, tottered down to the tracks.

Uncle Mose had been known in Rever since the first house was built there, and his bent and gaunt figure miliar to all An honest, faith noffensive old darkey who had never been known to disturb a henroost, or commit a depredation of any

His wife, aunt Maney, had done the village washing fro ' sime immemofall though now for . sie months had been confined to her bed with that dread disease, consumption.

If uncle Mose had y other name it was never known to the community From little children to old gray-haired men he was simply uncle Mose.

As a younger man by had been a laborer on the railros out as he grew older and more decrepit, his occupation was that of toing little village chores, and light work of any kind; and with every cint thus derived he purchased some luxury for aunt

But now the bitter winter had come in full force, spreading disease and suffering in its pitiless wake. Each night as he sat by the flickering flames at the fireside of the cabin, he sawl their little income and stock of pro-visions growing A and less.

The tears would to skle slowly down his old face as 'Mane, s hacking cough summoned him to her bedside, and on his old knees, with her wasted bands clasped in his, would pray for her life so fast waning.

Between this humble old pair a deep and everlasting love existed that knew no ending.

Early in the morning uncle Mose had started out in search for something to do, but try hard as he might, he could find no work that would give him the means necessary to secure either food or fuel. As he tottered down the railroad tracks he shivered and shook, and drawing his tattered old army coat more closely around him muttered: "Sholy I kaint go home wif nuffin."

Suddenly he spied a few lumps of coal lying beside the shed. He stop-ped, hesitated a moment, then stooped and picked them up; and raising one tail of the old, thread-bare coat, carefully placed them there and staggered slowly home.

This act had been witnessed by a mighty minton of the law; a local detective employed by the railroad company, that soulless corporation that would glory in the taking of a human

life for the sake of gain.

"oor old Mose, caught in the act of
theft, was arrested and dragged to one
miserable jail to await his trial.

It was at the little court house where this scene is laid that the trial was to occur. It served one common purpose—schoolhouse, court house, and a general gathering place for all

The benches were whittled and de faced by jack-knives of the many young deas who had there been taught to short. The old wooden chair of the platform bore evidence of long servitude and much abuse. Seated in it was the town judge, and gathered around him were many citizens of var-

ied character and type; some whit ling on sticks, and others commenting in hushed whispers on the enormity of the crime for which uncle

Mose was to be tried. Suddenly the judge rapped sharply on the floor with his cane, and an-"This court is open. Bring

up the prisoner." With pompons stride the jailer walked up the aisle followed by unele Mose; his shrunken form bent and trembling; his gray head bowed with He looked neither to the right nor left until he stopped facing the judge: and there; with his old hat resting under his withered arm, he leaned on a bent and gnarled hickory cane, awaiting the charge.

The detective told with great determination and force how he had caught him in the act of stealing great loads of coal. The town prosecutor, with a copy of Webster's dictionary and Blackstone's Commentaries on the English Law before him, rose to the heights of rural oratory, and besought the judge to make an example of the victim of such a heinous and enormous

The judge looking at the trembling "Mose, are you prisoner, said: guilty?"

Steadying himself, and drawing a trembling hand across his seared eyes. he said: "Marse Willum, Ise guilty. I dun tuk dat coal; but skuse me, sah I diden' mean to steal. I wuz in dis town afore dat railroad come; I wuz living in dat little shanty w'en you an' all dese gemmen was boys, an' all dis time did yo' eber hayr ob ole Mose er stealin' nothin'? Marse Willum afore Gawd, I neber did. Marse Willum, my skin is brack, but Ise hones'. Youse all know 'Mandy. She's dun de washin' fo' yo' all. Po'r ole 'Mandy's been terribul po'ry fo' er long time wid de 'sumption, an' w'en I tuk dat cole dey wuz no fire in de house, n' 'Mandy wuz coffin' awful like, we'en went out, an' 'tween her comn' said: 'Mose, Ise so cole an' hungry; kaint yo' bring back somethin' to mek a fire an' jes er cup er tea?'

"My po'r ole 'Mandy is erbout gone, Jedge, she is, an' I'd suffer wid all de torments, afore I'd steal, but 'Mandy wuz always lovin' an' true wid me an' I kaint see her freeze to def. Hones' Jedge, I kaint. An' if w'en I tuk dat coal, Jedge, it wuz stealin', den Ise guilty; but, O Marse Willum! fer Gawd's sake let me go back ter 'Mandy now; den do wid me what yo' please wen she is gone. She kaint las' but a few days. Jes let me stay wid her till den; she's er lookin' fer me now, Jedge, an' her po'r ole hans' is reachin' out an' waitin' fer Mose-Gawd will bress yo' fer it. Jedge, shor he will. An' w'en 'Mandy's gone I will suffer fer what I dun, but I dun it fer her sake. Po'r ole 'Mandy, she wuked fur me, an' I kain't see her

"Lat rallroad, Jedge, run over our only be an grinded him to def. an', Jedge, at road wuz neber erested an'

The Judy 's head had slowly sunk put in jail upon his cane, and those sitting near with bowed heads gazed slowly at their stree, and the shavings lying around. And with a husky voice he "Go back to 'Mandy, Mose; you need not come here again; take this

dollar and buy something for her." "Gawd by 'ss yo', Jedge," was all he gaid, as the tears slowly trickled down his time-furrowed face. He tottered towards the door and hur the bitter cold. With his old, battered hat pulled over his ears, his kinky locks white as the driven snow, he stumbled back to the cabin and his Pushing topen the door he 'Mandy.

entered, and cried: "'Mandy, 'Mandy; Ise cum back to yo'. Ise got er whole dollar fer to buy yo' sumthin' fer dat cough; now yo' won't suffer no mo'." But no answer came. Slowly he gazed on the closed eyes and shrunken face, and with a despairing cry fell prostrate on her motionless form. "O Gawd! she's

daid. My 'Mandy's daid!" The next day some people passing saw the open door and upon peering in discovered, lying side by side, old 'Mandy and Mose. Their poor, withered old bodies bore mute evidence of their suffering on this earth. In his shrivelled hand he clutched a dollar;

'Mandy's dollar. But their souls had flown to that higher court above where trial and pain is unknown, and, regardless of color, by our deeds are we judged.— Harry Wood Robinson.

An Aid to the X-Ray.

It is probable that within a few weeks the invention of a Watertown physician will be in use in the hospit als of Manila, and may be the means of saving life of many a poor fellow who has got between his rear rank man and a Filipino bullet, says the Watertown Times.
For many months after Roentgen

had given to the world his marvelous discovery of the all-penetrating Xrays the surgeons of Europe and America sought earnestly for the necessary complement to this invention, something that would enable them to exactly determine the location of a foreign substance in any part of the human body. Dr. Cannon, after many experiments, succeeded in combining the best ideas of the Eng-lish and continental scientists in an apparatus that will locate, from a shadowgraph or X-ray photograph, any foreign substance, determining its exact location and depth from the surface to within the 50th part of an inch. This instrument Dr. Cannon has offered to Surgeon General Sternberg, of the United States army, and, having received a favorable reply, is now having an apparatus built especially for the army. The apparatus will be com-

pleted and ready for shipment soon, and Dr. Cannon will probably go to Washington to demonstrate its uses to the surgeons of the War Department. In a bushel of good hard-wood ashe In a bushel of good hard-wood ashes there is about four pounds of potash, 15 pounds of lime, 2½ of magnesia, one pound of phosphoric acid and three-quarters of a pound of sulphuric acid. All of this is either plant food, or assists in making available plant food in the soil. Twenty bushels of such ashes is none too much to use upon good land for almost any cros.

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COULD NOT BE MOVED

Why Pat Feared to take the Well Along With Other Things

Affairs of the Heart-wow he Made Clear-Sight Reading

Occasionally the typical Pat has brilliant afterthought; sometimes it is not so faminous as he fancies.

"Are you going to move the well, sorr?" inquired a man of all work, whose employer had announced his intention of building a new house in a new and more convenient spot. "No," enswered the gentleman brief-

ly, his mind full of his own plans. 'Now that was a foolish question for me to be axin, sorr," said Pat, after a few moments' reflection. "Sure, and why didn't I think? Av coorse, ivery drap of water would rup out and go to waste whiles you were moving it! It's nothing but a blundering goose I am!"

Affairs of the Heart. The beautiful young girl hesitated to

marry the ugly old man. "They say you have a bad heart," she faltered. "Yes; I'm liable to fall dead any minute," he answered with apparent can-

Now at last she gave her consent, for in her innocence she believed him. More marriages are affairs of the heart than we sometimes think perbaps.-Detroit Journal.

He Made It Clear.

The Worcester Gazette tells of a musician whose English is not as perfect as his music. While conducting s festival at Littleton, N. H., he was called upon to introduce a soloist. He did it in this fashion:

"Ladees und chentlemen, I haf beene esked indrodoose to you Meester Vilder to play for you a flooet solo. I haf now done so, und he vill now do so

Lord Lumpton-You've been abroad, Mrs. Lightly? "Oh, yes; several seasons,"

"Have you been presented at 'Necessarily. I've been divorced

The Burmese have a curious idea regarding coins. They prefer those which have female heads on them, believing that comes with male heads on them are not so lucky and do not nake money.

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ODD, CURIOUS OR NOVEL.

A tombstone recently set up in the cemetery of Debreczin, in Hungary, tells an extraordinary family tragedy. It reads: "Here rest in the Lord, Jo sef Moritz, sen., who died in his sixtysecond year. He was shot by his son. Frau Josef Moritez, sen., who died to her 47th year. She was shot by her daughter. Elizabeth Moritz, who died by her own hand in her seventeenth year, after shooting her mother. Josef Moritz, Jr., who died in prison, aged twenty-seven years. He had shot his father. May the Lord have mercy on their poor, sinful souls." The stone was erected by a literary society to which the last of the family bequeathed a large sum of money .

A new and, one would imagine, not very congenial occupation for women. has just been opened in Vierna. There, in the "gayest city of the world," a woman grave digger has been added since the first of this month, to the list of municipal employes. She is the widow of the 1.43 grave digger of the district, and during her husband's life she had been so useful to him in his vocation that now. without let or hindrance, see has been alliawed to step into his shoes, as it were, and become the first professional woman grave digger in civilized Eu-

A nervous curate in an English church the other Sunday announced from the reading desk: "Here beginneth the second chapter of the duke of Booteronomy." His vicar looked severely at him, and the young man blushed, coughed and repeated: "The Boot of Dukeronomy." There must have been germs of mispronunciation lurking in the air, for at a later period in the service the vicar read out: "I publish the manns of barriage," etc. The curate beamed with satisfaction. in spite of the solemnity of the occas-

The Rev. D. M. Edwards, pastor of the Methodist church, is the most industrious preacher we ever had here. He does not expect the peopl to wait on him simply beause he is a preacher, but does his own work. He chops his wood, builds his own fires, milks the cow, and when his wife is gone, does his own cooking, and the other day, after suffering with the toothache twenty-four hours, sent to the dentist, and got the necessary "grabs," and pulled his own tooth.—Dahlonega, Ga.,

Nugget. A Chinese Emperor once started on a campaign against some of his rebellious subjects by saying: "And now we go to destroy our enemies." No sooner did he come near them than he gave them distinguishing marks of loving kindness. Some of his impetuous soldiers said: "We thought that you had determined to destroy your enemies rather than to show them these acts of kindness." He replied: "Thus have really destroyed my enemies, for I have converted them unto my friends."

Mrs. Hetty Green, who is said to be the richest woman in America, is so pursued by beggars that she conceals her address from the public, and her door plate bears the inscription, "C Dewey." This is the name of her daughter's little dog, "Commodore Dewey," born on the day of the battle of Manila. "This little terrier simply runs this whole household," Mrs. Green said, the other day, to a reporter for the New Voice. "We live with himnot he with us."

There is a special class of farm laporers in Sweden who are given so many acres of land for their own use in consideration of so many days' labor during the year for the owner of the farm. These "torpares" are a sort of fixture to an estate, and their like exists in no other country. Their movements, however, are not controlled and a "torpare" can leave the "jortorp" at the expiration of his contract. Of these tenants there are 169,

An appropriation of \$8,000 for the exportation of German girls to the German colonies with the object of preventing the evils caused by the union of white colonists with black women was recently proposed in the Reichstag. The proposition was defeated, but the basis for it was not nonsense, as some Americans, members of whose families are soldiers in the Philippines, can testify.-Springfield Republican.

There is yet living a woman whom Goethe loved. This is Freifraeulein Ulrike von Levetzow, of Trebitz, who recently celebrated her 95th birthday. When Goethe met her in 1823 at Martenbad, he was 74 and she was 19, but he conceived so strong a passion for her that he wanted to marry her. After his refusal he celebrated her charms and his grief in his "Marienbader Elegie."

Heinrich Kiepert, the greatest authority on the geography of antiquity, is dead at the age of eighty-one years. He was professor at the University of Berlin. His "Atlas of Hellas" began to appear in parts in 1840. His greatest work is his map of Asia Minor. He also published a general atlas of the world, which ranks as the best modern German atlas.

Robertson Southey, an elocutionist, described as a grandson of the poet, has been arrested at Llanelly for fraud For 225 years, since its foundation, the Jenaische Zeitung of Jena, which has just celebrated its anniversary, has been the property of one family.

The dress of Japanese women is regulated by their age and coudition: You can tell at a glance, if you know the rules, whether any woman you meet is parried or single, and how old she is

HE IS BROADMINDED.

An Incident Showing Cardinal Gibbons in a Good Light.

Reporter Expected the Divine Would get him Fired -Instead he Secured Promotion

nal Gibbons' broad mindedness as well as his tact and diplomacy in avoiding religious discussions with persons whose views are opposed to his own. Upon one occasion, so the story runs, in Baltimore a young journalist was sent by his chief to interview his eminence upon a topic of local interest. When the interview was over, the cardinal and his caller had a friendly chat upon a variety of subjects, including the church. The journalist was a Protestant, and in the argument that followed he became excited and expressed himself freely from his point of view. Upon returning to his office he reflected upon the outcome of his visit and came to the conclusion that he stood a fair chance of being discharged should the cardinal repeat the conversation to his editor.

The next day his eminence dropped into the newspaper office in question and asked to see the proprietor, who was his personal friend. The reporter was told of the call and quaked in his boots. The publisher and the cardinal discussed a matter of mutual interest to them, and before leaving his eminence said: *

"By the way, you sent a young man to see me yesterday, and I was rather impressed with him. He appears to have the courage of his convictions. It would please me if you could do something better for him." Within a month the reporter who had anticipated dismissal received a gratifying promotion.-Raleigh Colston Smith in New

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE BURNING

When the lights are burning low And the evening shadows falling, Then Thear sweet voices calling, Calling softly o'er the snow; And this message they are bringing 'Night is falling through the air, Child, 'tis now thy time for prayer, When the lights are burning low.

When the lights are burning low Comes my love with accents tender; Sweetest homage he doth render, Making all my pulses glow And I hear the voices singing "Life shall be forever sweet voices singing With they lover at thy feet, When the lights are burning low.'

When the lights are burning low

Then my baby goes to slumber, And for blessings without number On his head my prayers upgo; And I hear the voices ringing: "Christ himself was such as he, And fore'er his guide shall be, When the lights are burning low." When the lights are burning low And the evening shadows falling, We shall lie beyond recalling

Where the gentle breezes blow; And the voices shall be saying: "God is guiding now their feet, He shall make their lives complete While the lights are burning low. o -Boston Transcript Fortune Teller-Your future, hus

band will be tall, have dark complexion, and be very wealthy.

The Caller—Now, tell me another thing-how can I get rid of my pres-ent husband? Mrs. Housewife—And so you have fully decided to be married, Bridget. Have you considered that marriage is a very serious thing. Bridget,—Yes, mum. I have been watching you and Mr. Housewife.

Ministers-What is promised to the

Tommy-Eternal bliss. Minister-Right, my boy. And now tell me what is promised to the wick-

Tommy-Eternal blisters.

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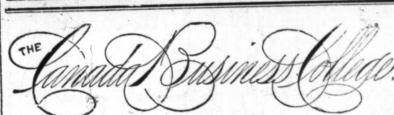
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