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Shadow and Sunlight

Lithe and active, with every muscle as supple as an Indian's, she sits along the stony road, still mindful of the hungry companions awaiting her, and holding the tarts gingerly; but her pursuers are still in possession of their senses, and have wit enough to divide and intercept her, and before she can realize it she finds herself hemmed in and surrounded, helpless in the hands of three "gentlemen" eager for a little diversion.

Panting, breathless, her beautiful face flashing scorn and defiance, she stands and confronts them.

"Hello! This is a pretty sort of game!" says one. "Wot do you mean by running away to a gentleman, when he wants to speak to you?"

"What's the hurry?" demands the second; the third rather further gone than his charming companions, contents himself with what he considers to be a seductive leer.

Madge looks from one to the other, and pants.

"Let me go!" she says, not pleadingly, but indignantly. "Why do you stop me? I do not know you!"

"There's no reason why you should not. Let you go! Wot, after running ourselves to death like this! Now, is it likely?" says No. 1.

Madge gains her breath.

"What is it you want?" she asks.

"Is it money?" I haven't any."

A burst of derision greets the question.

"Wot do you take us for—a lot of thieves? We don't want your money. Give us a kiss."

And the speaker comes a little closer, but stops before the blaze that flashes at him from the dark eyes.

"Let me go!" says Madge, "or I will call the police. Help!"

And she does call.

"Stop that," says one of the "gentlemen"—"we don't want the police. What have you got there? Let's see!"

And he lays his dirty paw on the bag.

Madge's spirit rises and she jerks the precious tarts, for which she has risked so much, out of the reach of contamination.

"Oh!" says her assailant, "mustn't touch, eh? Well, give us a kiss, and we'll let you go."

Madge shrinks back even to the very wall, and her face grows white with an awful despair. Then, as if the word is not too grand for such creatures—begin to tell upon her. A faint sickness seems to be creeping over her; the thought that in another moment she will be in their power—that she may feel their hands upon her—overwhelms and daunts the proud maiden spirit of the girl.

"Let me go!" she pants.

But the foremost blackguard laughs, and lays his hand on her arm to draw her nearer to him; and then, as if smitten by lightning, his arm drops to his side, and with a yell he falls back.

What has happened? Madge scarcely knows; she is conscious that one of her persecutors is flung pell-mell into his native gutter, that another lies on the pavement at her feet, and that the third has disappeared. An hour, a year, a minute may have passed; and then she is conscious of someone standing beside her, and a pair of keen, dark-gray eyes looking down at her.

She is conscious, too, that an arm is supporting her, and also that there is something like amusement in the expression of the gray eyes.

Perhaps it is this that brings her to so quickly. With a gesture that may be one of gratitude, she moves away, and in so doing casts within the light of the miserable gas-lamp.

Then a voice speaks—a voice wonderfully calm and composed, considering that the owner has knocked one man down, and nearly broken the arm of another.

"I hope you're not hurt," it says.

Madge shivers slightly, then looks up, still silent; a man—a gentleman, evidently—stands beside her. He is tall and stalwart; is dressed in evening attire, which his light overcoat barely conceals. The glove on one hand, the right, is split, and irretrievably spoiled. But it is not his dress nor his height which Madge notes particularly. All her attention is taken by his eyes, which are bent on hers with a half-curious, half-amused—still half-amused expression. Still silent, Madge, woman-like, looks at him, and takes in a woman's first impression. He is very handsome; he is young, notwithstanding that the dark, closely-cut hair is touched here and there with faint threads of gray. He has a heavy mustache, and there is a slight scar on the left cheek. Handsome! That is not the word for it. He is noble-looking! All this, Madge, still womanlike, takes in at a glance. But it is his eyes which absorb her attention. Gray—almost dark enough to be black—they rest upon her face with that intent, yet reserved look which eyes wear when the owners have a history worth learning. To Madge they seem as if they were penetrating to her soul. She becomes for the moment unconscious even of the fact of all she owes to her preserver; the eyes and the history absorb her; and for a moment she speculates as to

hand, but shrewd and firm, as if it had been used rather than kept in lavender—and laughs. It is the first time he has laughed, and the laugh strikes Madge as the eye had done. It is such a grim, mirthless, cynical expression of amusement.

"My glove doesn't count," he says.

"Now, if it had been the precious tarts!"

Madge is a school-girl and sensible to ridicule.

"I think I will convey them to their destination, before they come to more harm," she says. "Good-night."

"Not alone—you cannot go alone," he says, more decidedly than he has yet spoken.

"I'd rather—"

"Do not be alarmed. I will go with you as far as the corner, and keep out of the gas-light."

Madge inclines her head and they walk on quickly.

"Will you tell me the name of the school-mistress again?" he says. "I fancied I remembered it."

Tebury, replies Madge. "It's a horrible name, isn't it?"

"It isn't very musical," he says; then he looks down at her curiously. "You are very much obliged to me, I think you said."

"Yes," said Madge, staring at the strangeness of the question.

"So much obliged that if I were to ask you a question, you would, in simple gratitude, deign to answer it?"

"That depends upon the question," answers Madge.

"It is a very harmless one," he says.

"Will you tell me your name?"

Madge hesitates, and a faint color comes into her face. Is it not a harmless one? What good can come of his knowing her name? The best thing that could happen to her, so far as this night's adventure, is that it should be buried in oblivion.

He looks down at her—they are under another gas-lamp by this time—and smiles.

"Never mind," he says. "Perhaps it isn't a fair question. We may meet again some day; the world is very small."

"My name is Madge Yorke," says Madge, breaking in.

"That is musical enough," he remarks. "Thank you."

Madge is silent and expectant. Of course, he is now going to tell his name. No such thing—he strides on with that far-away look in his dark-gray eyes, his hand absently stroking the thick, dark moustache.

At the corner Madge pulls up.

"Thank you. No further, please. I am quite safe now."

"We part here, then?" he says, with palpable reluctance. "I am very sorry. I hope you will not brave the dangers of the streets at night again, Miss Yorke."

"This has been a pretty severe lesson, has it not?"

"Yes, do you think your school-fellows will be properly grateful?"

[To be Continued.]

LEOPARDS' SKIN FOR COATS

Another Animal Made to Contribute to the Fashion.

London, Jan. 1. — The leopard is the latest of savage animals to contribute to the wardrobe of women, and its pelt is now being used to make smart feminine motor coats. Yesterday a beautiful woman, enveloped in the spotted fur of a leopard, attracted considerable attention as she flashed by in her car.

This fur is not only conspicuous, but becoming, and is an ideal motor wrap, as its short hair does not harbor or show the dust.

Women are this winter carrying umbrellas of various kinds, which are covered with rhinoceros hide and with pig-skin. The latter is smarter than rhinoceros and much prettier. Of a light cream shade, it has earned its great popularity on account of the neatness with which it can be stretched and stitched over a light-weight handle.

Dragons and griffins figure on the Chinese coats that now form fashionable feminine raiment for afternoon and evening wear. They are embroidered by hand in the repose manner. Some of the coats are of waist length only, but their meager area is a riot of blossoms and beasts upon a splendid Chinese blue background.

\$15,000 FOR CARE OF PETS

Lillian Western Left That Sum to Be Used by Friend.

New York, Jan. 1. — The fact that Cecilia A. Wolsey, who was formerly a performer on the vaudeville stage under the name of Lillian Western, bequeathed \$15,000 for the care of her dog, parrot and a cage of love birds, became known today when her will was filed.

Harriet E. Gates, a friend of the dead woman, is charged with the care of the pets and Miss Wolsey's will provided that she shall have the use of the \$15,000 for that purpose. After the death of Mrs. Gates, the will stipulates that the remainder of the money shall go to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to care for Miss Wolsey's pets, if the will of Mrs. Gates, and if not, to care for other homeless animals.

Miss Wolsey was a musical specialist of the vaudeville stage and retired a year ago having only her pets as companions.

It is usually imagined that the incandescent electric light gives out very little heat. As a matter of fact, only 6 per cent of its energy goes to make light, while 94 per cent goes into heat.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

HORIZON OVERCAST AS YEAR CLOSES

Apprehension Expressed by Some London Journals.

WHAT ARE KAISER'S PLANS?

Suspicion as to German Emperor is Principal Cause of European Anxiety.

London, Jan. 1. — The close of the most eventful year in recent history finds European opinion inclined to regard the immediate political outlook with anxiety and apprehension. It is a pleasure to be able to sincerely disagree with the prevailing pessimism and to record a firm belief that the scarcely disguised fears of a general war in the near future will prove unfounded. It is in England and France that political alarm is the greatest, and it finds a frank expression today in the usual reviews of the year in the chief journals. Thus the Times declares that the year closes with the horizon overcast with anxiety. The Spectator says: "It cannot be pretended that the new year opens auspiciously, and 'grave apprehensions as to the future' is entertained in Paris, not merely by the man in the street, but by persons of knowledge and responsibility."

Case of Anxiety.

The sole cause of all this anxiety is the universal suspicion felt regarding the purposes of a single individual whose name in England and France has become a synonym for danger to the peace of the world. And yet no man in Europe protests more insistently his love of peace than the German Emperor. It has literally come to pass that Emperor William is suspected and feared most when he proclaims the loudest his peaceful purposes.

The Spectator speaks of the truth when it says that many well-informed Frenchmen believe the Germans have decided to attack them and that they will be attacked with all the suddenness and overwhelming force that modern military organization renders possible.

The Sun's Paris correspondent writes today after consulting the French foreign office, says: "France is not misled by the Kaiser's private pacific utterances. Nothing has been officially to confirm the newly-developed peace views of the Emperor. The French authorities are surprised that official representatives of Germany in France are so right as to say: 'At least they show no eagerness in bringing officially to French ears the change of soul in their illustrious master.'"

France is Prepared.

The best answer to all these alarms is contained in the question: "Is it reasonable to expect that Germany will attack France today after she is forewarned and ready, when she held her hand last summer at a moment when France was unprepared and almost at her mercy?" The time for Germany to have struck, if ever, was last June. That opportunity will not recur. It is now a matter of common knowledge that war was only averted then by Great Britain's firm declaration that she would make common cause with France if Germany wantonly attacked her.

That position remains the same, for Sir Edward Grey, the British minister of foreign affairs, has taken the earliest opportunity to announce the Liberal Government's adherence to this policy. In addition the French military position has completely changed in the past six months, and now the French army so powerful as today.

There is some confirmation from Berlin itself that the German Government realizes that the time has gone by for attacking France. It is reported that there is a growing coolness between Chancellor Von Bulow and the Kaiser. The latter sees now that the chancellor has played his cards badly. Instead of separating Great Britain and France he has thrown them completely together and has given France an opportunity to make all necessary military preparations. So, it is said, the Kaiser has abandoned the idea of reducing France to impotence.

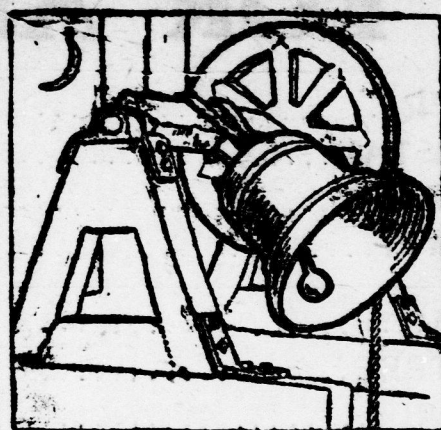
French Are Pacific.

There is little doubt that Germany's attitude at Algiers will be as aggressive and blustering as is apprehended, and nobody knows how to play this game better than the Kaiser. Heavy bluffing in a serious international crisis is dangerous, but it is least so when all the other participants are sincerely pacific in their intentions. The widespread attitude of the French nation is admirable, and there is small chance of their being harried into a bellicose spirit or tactics. The panic of last summer has entirely disappeared. They are still intensely pacific, but are possessed of a stern determination to defend themselves to the uttermost.

The attempt of a section of the German press in the past few days to make it appear that the new Liberal Government of England cannot be relied upon to support France, has not had the slightest effect in Paris. In fact, all the governments which are to be represented at the Morocco conference are earnestly determined to settle all questions fairly and peacefully. Germany alone may have ulterior ends in view. It is difficult to see how she can bring about a rupture save by the most wanton provocation. Even the Kaiser, inordinately ambitious as he is, can hardly put himself in the attitude of forcing an unnecessary war upon an unwilling world. Alarmists are justified, perhaps, in believing that he will attempt to create inextricable confusion, in which the responsibilities will be obscured and any outcome may be possible, but if he succeeds in this, it will be the fault of the members of the conference.

It is not too much to assume that the Governments select representatives of sufficient ability to make this impossible. He can, of course, always turn to some other cause of dispute. This would mean that Emperor William is determined in one way or another to plunge Europe into war for

THE CHURCH SUPPER.



The man whose voice drowns the choir in church sings small on the street.

MANY PATENT MEDICINES have come and gone, but Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup continues to occupy a foremost place among remedies for coughs and colds, and as a preventive of decay of the lungs. It is a standard medicine that widens its sphere of usefulness year by year. If you are in need of something to rid yourself of a cough, cold, you cannot do better than try Bickle's Syrup.

"Ding-dong!" said the big church bell, "A supper to-night and things to sell; Ding-dong! I do declare, I've a mind to stick and refuse to ring, For I wasn't donated for such a thing. But my, oh, my! How sweet that smell! It isn't that coffee were good for bells!" For at every pull the sexton gave The bell swung out above the pews, And as he swung there, all content, Said down below good pastor Pippy, Fingers tapping, tip to tip, "I have been asked by all who're here To say unto the sister dear, Who brought the coffee here to-night, That we consider it her right To thus be thanked in public wise— She finds great favor in our eyes. May all her deeds small sweet as this By which she brings her neighbors bliss." Thought blushing Mrs. Jones, "I knew What CHASE & SANBORN'S brand would do."

Good deeds, you know, are only lent, And so she smiled in deep content.

what he might be able to gain from a general catastrophe. Such, indeed, is the only assumption on which the fears are based which find general expression today. Whatever may be said of the German Emperor nothing in his words or deeds justifies a belief so abhorrent.

Turning from the immediate crisis to the general European situation, there is nothing to arouse fears of a general crisis. The Russian insurrection is strictly domestic. No one can forecast its end. Whether the country remains one nation or splits into several sovereignties need not involve the destiny of other powers. The balance of power in Europe has undoubtedly been destroyed by the Russian collapse. It must be restored by one method or other, but the problem need not involve the arbitrament of the sword. No nation in Europe except perhaps Germany, has any territorial ambitions on the continent. The desire for peace in the world at large was never before so strong. The Morocco conference itself instead of involving dangers to the world's peace may furnish the inception of that league of peace between Great Britain, France, and the United States which is gradually becoming large in the domain of practical politics.

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A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

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MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 6:25 p.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:20 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 3:10 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m. (except Sunday), 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10 a.m., 11:52 a.m., 1:55 p.m. (except Sunday), 8:10 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:25 a.m., 2:30 p.m. (except Sunday), 7:50 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 6 p.m.

Passenger trains do not run on this branch on Sundays.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:40 p.m.

Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east—11:30 a.m., 3 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—3 a.m., 8:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:35 p.m.

*From Chatham only.

**Runs only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

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