imited,

Shop Polish.

ILMOUR

disengaged shopwoman, requested to be ahown some colored woollen stockings.

"For yourself, mein Herr?" she inquired with a fascinating smile.
"No, thank you; for my little boy," says Rugen politely, glaneing deferentially round at the piles of wool and packets of hosen around.
"Ah, so! For the young gentleman? Bitte, mein Herren, be seated." And she gracefully pashes chairs for us; on one of which I, unable to resist so much affability, sit down.

Eugen remains standing; and Sigmund, desirous of having a voice in the matter, mounts upon his stool, kneels upon it, and leans his elbows on the counter.

The affable young woman returns, and with a glance at Eugen that in her mouth. I assuming the practical, mantion the class of goods referred to by Fraulein Sartorius, which down the counter smiles bitterly and now looks as if butter would not melt speaks of worlds beyond colored stockings. Proceeds to unite a packet and display her wares. He turns them display her wares. He turns them over Clearly he does not like them, and does not understand them. They are striped; some are striped latitudinally, others longitudinally. Eugen turns them over, and the young woman murmurs that they are of the loss to walking.

GLYNN & CO.

Finest Rasins, per 1b. Currants per 1b. Quaker Seeded Rasins, 2 lb.

New Lemon Prec.

New Lemon, Orange and C.

Peel, mixed, per 1b. 15c

Oranges, per doz., 30c, 40c and 50c

Mixed Nuts

Come and see our Rubbers for

Come and see our Underwear, Shirts, Overalls, Pants and Socks

we both assent. It is a joint affair, of equal importance to both of us. "I wouldn't have those," says she, and I remark her face. I have seen her lock very earnestly at Eugen. I learned later that her name was Anna Sartorius. Ere she

THE YEAR 1911

"Are they?" says he, and his eyes

I should like legs like a little boy,

please," is Sigmund's modest expression of a reasonable desire.

Eugen surveys them.

"Yon der besten qualitat," repeats the young woman impressively. "Have you no blue ones?" demands Eugen "All blue you know. He wears blue clothes."

"Assuredly, mem Herr, but of a much dearer description; real English

She retires to find them, and a

young lady who has been standing near us, turns and observes;
"Excase me—you want stockings for your little boy?"

roam atl around the shop. "Well, Sig-mund, wilt thou have legs like a stork as these long stripes will inevitably make them, or wilt thou have legs like a salva's back?"

Will be pretty much what you make it.

BEGIN WITH MUSIC

One of the best and most uplifting sources of pleasure tor a home.

A GOOD PIANO

Which we can supply on terms to suit your convenience will do it. Some of the best of our heavy Christmas stock was left over. These will go at remarkably low prices to reduce our stock. It will pay you to see us now.

BOWMAN & CO.

DEALERS IN PIANOS, SEWING MACHINES, ETC. INGERSOLL, . ONTARIO.

The Royal Bank of Canada

ROSERVE

GAPITAL

SABORCS

CAPITAL

SABORCS

SABORCS

Gardinant

The coordinant

**Geo. Batcheller, Mgc

**Ingested Bank extends/over 39 pears of progressive backs and the companish parameter of the state of

land Friedel?"

"Ja wohl!" said Sigmund; but some thing else seemed to weigh upon his small mind. He eyed his father with a reflective look, then looked down at his own small hands and slender limbs, -his legs were cased in the new stock-

the beautiful in art, and nature, and life - how will he succeed in the

No Infraction of Law. No Infraction of Law.
Saskatoon, Dec. 31.—Charges against the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel and the Royal Hotel were yesterday dismissed in the Police Court. The proprietors were charged with selling liquor during prohibited hours, having opened their bars after 5 o'clock on the day the local option vote was taken. The cases were brought up as a test, and it has been proven that there was no infraction of the law in the bars being open.

Merely a Rumor.

Merely a Rumor.

London, Dec. 31.—The Portuguese legation issued an official communication last evening, in which it is asserted that the rumor of a conspiracy in Lisbon against the Government was based solely upon the arrest at the Portuguese capital of a man who had spread a similar rumor throughout Portugal.

result being two broken ribs and two
smashed fingers."
At one time Mr. Ewins was champion cyclist of South Africa, and considerable interest was aroused when,
in 1902, he started the National
Sporting Club in Johannesburg. He
himself entered all the principal
events; and it was about this time
that he distinguished himself by winning a forty-five mile race, and came
in third in a sixty-four mile race.
Mr. Ewins was entered for the second Marathon race of 1908. A fortnight previous to the race he was
unfortunately bitten on the leg by a
dog. In spite of this, however, he
was amongst those to finish the race,
although not amongst the first arrivals.

a reflective look, then looked down at his own small hands and stender limbs.

—his legs were cased in the new stockings.

—ings.

"How?" inquired his father.

"I should like to be a musician, it said Sigmund, who had a fine confidence in his site, and confided his every thought to himber of the cere in his site, and confided his every thought to himber of the went on, resting his elbows upon Eugen's knee, and propping his chin upon his two small fists, he looked upon his father's face.

"Friedhelm is a musician, but he is not like thee," he pursued. Eugen's reddened: I laughed.

"I would I were as honest a man," said Eugen. Slightly altering "Hambelt"; but as he spoke English I contented myself with shaking my head at him.

"I like Friedel," went on Sigmund. "I will be like thee," said the boy vehemently, his eyes filling with tears. "I will. Thou saidst that men who try can do all they will—and I will. I will."

"Why, my child!"

It was a long, carnest look that the chits gave the man. Eugen had said to me some few days before, and I had fully agreed with him;

"That child's life is one strife after the beautiful in art, and nature, and life — how will he succeed in the search?"

A Stroke of Luck.

The fact that Lord Annaly, who is the principal levents; and it was about this time that he distinguished himself by winning a forty-five mile race, and came in third in a sixty-four mile race, and came in third in a sixty-four mile race, and it was asixty-four mile race, and it was asixty-four mile race, and it was asity and came in third in a sixty-four mile race, and it was a lory. A forthis himself was a matter of this, however, he was amongst those to finish the race, although not amongst the first arrivals.

Origin of Hobson's Choice.

"It is a case of Hobson's choice," is a phrase that is used by

A Stroke of Luck.

search?"

I thought of this—it flashed subtly through my mind as Sigmund gazed at his father with a childish adoration—then, suddenly springing round his neck, said passionately;

"Thou art so beautiful—so beautiful! I must be like thee."

Eugen bit his lips momentarily, saying to me in English;

"I am his God. you see, Friedel. What will he do when he finds out what a common clay figure it was he worshippedf'

To be continued.

A Stroke of Luck.

The fact that Lord Annaly, who bears the curious nickname of "Sloper," has been appointed a permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King recalls the fact that the fortunes of the family were partly due to—a stroke of luck. The father of the first peer luck. The father of the first peer lottery tickets, and on one occasion the firm sent him by mistake a number of whole tickets instead of quarters, eighths, and sixteenths. As he could not dispose of them they were left on his hands, and he wrote to say it must not occur again, but meanwhile one of the offending tickets had drawn a prize of \$100,000. The fact that Lord Annaly, who

Picture Which Led to Marriage

Picture Which Led to Marriage.
The recent death of Sir William
Butler recalls the romantic story of
his marriage. He was lying ill at
Haslar Hospital after the Ashanti
Campaign, and his friends almost
bored him beyond endurance with
their descriptions of Miss Elizabeth
Thompson's picture, "The Roll Call."
At the first opportunity he saw the
picture, and was so impressed with it
that he asked his friend, the Duchess
of St. Albans, to secure for him an
introduction to the artist. This she
did, and in a few weeks the gallant
soldier and artist were married.

legation issued an official communication last evening, in which it is asserted that the rumor of a conspiracy in Lisbon against the Government was based solely upon the arrest at the Portuguese capital of a man who had spread a similar rumor throughout Portugal.

Died Suddenly.

Whitby, Dec. 31.—James Bellamy of Whitby, died suddenly while killing pags at the farm of Allan Cameron. He was 70 years old. Seven weeks as 70 years old. Seven weeks as Tarraday his son, aged 21, was servents."

soldier and artist were married.

"No Tips."

Lord Sefton, famous as a hunter of two years. For holding this position he was entitled to a salary of \$12,500, and also to claim as a "tip" the silver plate used at the King's table on Coronation Day. His lordship, however, does not agree with tipping, and at both his country house in South Lancashire and his shooting-box in the north the visitor finds the welcome legend prominently displayed in all the bedrooms, "No gratuities are to be given to any of the servants."

ed Ride From the Station.

By RUTH EDWARDS.
"Well, I never!" Gladys sat down on the bank of the little stream and gas-ed despairingly at the rustic bridge above her. "If that isn't just like him! 'No Thoroughfare' and the gate lock-ed and too high to climb. Now, what

on earth am I to do anyway?" on earth am I to do anyway?"

The whispering wind and the lapping waves gave her no reply, and, pulling a letter out of the front of her blouse, she read it for the third or fourth time that day. It seemed to restore her self confidence. She laughed to herself wickedly. "Hum! Mrs. Grant. to herself wickedly. "Hum! Mrs. Gra-ham is a dear, but I fancy I've fooled that conceited Jack of hers. No, thank you; no four mile drive with him.
I'm down here, to be sure, but I won't speak two words to him all the time stay if I can help it. So! Oh, dear, wish I had a boat!"

As if in answer to her desire a red cance shot out from beyond the bend and came noiselessly down the river. A man sat in the stern wielding the paddle with a swift grace. Gladys arose among the long grass and the daisies. Her mind was made up-

"I beg pardon," she called as he came abreast of her. "Can you tell me if there is a way of getting to Mr. Graham's estate except by this bridge:

It seems to be closed."

The man in the cance rested his pad-

admiringly.
"Why, I"— he began, then stopped "There is an approach by the road," he said, "but it is quite two miles to the

"Oh," she said, "I know! But I've walked so far already." She glanced ruefully down at her dusty patent leather ties.
"Would you allow me?" he asked ea

gerly. "I could take you across in my canoe." She blushed charmingly. "I hate to

trouble you." "I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure," he said, with an

other admiring glance.

With a dexterous stroke or two he brought the graceful little craft up to the bank and landed. He was tall and brown and broad shouldered, and as he stood looking down at her he saw a little slender girl with the longest eye lashes that ever drooped over a pair of gray eyes, in a dark blue foulard, bare headed in the golden sunlight, a bi black hat held in one hand. On he forehead and around her ears danced little truant wisps of curly hair.

He helped her into the canoe and piled the gay cushions at her back.

then stepped in after her.
"Where are you going?" she asked
as he pointed the canoe upstream. "1 understood you to say you would take me across," she added, with some stateliness.

"That's such a nasty place to land, he replied apologetically. "It's much

better a little farther up."

His dark eyes sought hers, and they both laughed. It was obvious to the most casual observer that the sloping shore of the other side was most ad-mirably adapted for beaching the ca-

"You seem well acquainted with the river," she said demurely. "Do you know the Grahams?"

He did not answer immediately. "Yes; charming woman, Mrs. Graham," he admitted at last.

"Oh, yes; lovely. It's a pity her son doesn't take after her," Gladys replied, with high scorn.

"Well, I haven't seen him in years but when I saw him last he was abso lutely the most disagreeable, most con eited and altogether most hateful boy I ever came across." Gladys sat up

quite straight among her cushions with a sudden energy.
"Poor Jack!" murmured her compan-

has given me this pleasure?"
"Oh!" she exclaimed, with incredulous eyes. "Anyway, I forgive you. But if I'd had my way I shouldn't have been here at all."
"Now it's you that are impolite," he said.

frankly. It's the only pleasant thing about the whole trip. Goodness, if you only knew how I hated to come! I wept

was adamant."
He looked at her appreciatively.

he said. "Mine, for instance, has been systematically indulging and spoiling me all my life and now has taken it he had that I must marry a girl she has picked out for me, whether I want to or not."

"Why, that's just the question on

More Effective Than the IntendWord Pilot Town his Conference of the Conference of

that?"
"Wouldn't you though? This particular young lady of whom I speak is of so clinging a disposition that, according to my mether, she will never know happiness unless I brace up and wee. Why in thunder she should be in love with a man she hasn't seen since she was a child is more than I can conceive!" He paddled angrily for a moment. Then once again his eyes. a moment. Then once again his eyes met hers, and they laughed.

"We seem to be figuratively as well as literally in the same boat," she remarked. "The thought makes me quite "Ah. if I could but believe you in

earnest!" he sighed, with an exaggerated gallantry.

She darted him another look from under her lashes.

"Weren't you smoking when I called to you?" she asked presently. "Why, there's your pipe. Do let me fill it for you. I love to fuss with pipes."

"It's all I need to complete my happiness," he assured her as he handed for his pipe. "My pouch is in the left and pocket of my coat. Can you get it's right behind you there."

It's right behind you there." She leaned back and secured the thin serge cost, rummaged in his pocked and brought forth a chamois pouch elaborately embroidered with the in-itials "J. G." in crimson. She looked

at its owner.

He watched her as she pressed the tobacco into the bowl with a delicate themb. "There," she said as she handed it to him. "Lean over and I'll light

it for you."

She shaded the sputtering mater with her hand and applied the flame to the tobacco. Her face was very near his, and it was a face to set a man

longing.

She settled herself once more among the cushions. "Isn't this comfy?" she sighed, with satisfaction. "When I renember that walk from Digby in all

the dust I can't realize it's me "Great Scott! Did you walk from Digby?"

"Yes. You see, they wrote that a certain person would meet me at Gra-hamsford, so I got out at Digby and walked. Anything was better than a four mile ride with—the person who was coming to meet me. That's why

"What a coincidence?" he exclaimed as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.
"At this moment I am supposed to be driving home from Grahamsford with a young lady whom I didn't want to meet. That's why I'm here!"

she was busy watching the ripples that followed the canoe.

"It appears to me our mothers have been fibbing." she said musingly.

"Bless their hearts!" he exclaimed fervently. "I forgive them, don't you? Besides, I am just discovering that your mother at least spoke the truth.

And I mean to be obedient in all things
from this time forth forevermore," he

added boldly.

"Amen," she said, with mock sillemnity. "But how self sacrificing?" Then, with a look that set his heard beating, "Well, I will not be outdone in filial devotion." Her lashes flickered against her reddening cheek. With the shadows of the trees.

An hour later Mrs. Graham came to

meet them down the long avenue bor-"My dear children!" she cried joyful-

"I see it is all right. I knew that

Uneasiness Is Growing.

Toronto, Dec. 31.—From surface indications it appears that the wrecked Farmers' Bank will not only make a poor settlement to the creditors, but will also bring hardship to those who, through the provisions of the Bank Act, suffer by reason of the double liability in respect of their stock holi-

with a sudden energy.

"Poor Jack!" murmured her companion. "Still, if you haven't seem him for years it isn't impossible that has improved."

"Improved! Well, I'm sure I hope so. There certainly was room for improvement. But I don't believe he has. The idea of shutting people out by locking up that bridge the way he has! It's just like him. So afraid any one would get into his domains. Just as though any one with sense would want to."

"Exactly. But possibly he wants to keep out that class of people supposed to be braver than angels, you know."

"Fools?" she questioned. Then they both laughed again.

"You're not very polite," she said.
"How can you expect me to be sympathetic when the bridge being locked has given me this pleasure?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with incredulous eyes. "Anyway, I forgive you. But if I'd had my way I shouldn't have been here at all."

"Now it's you that are impolite," he

"May End Strike.

"Now it's you that are impolite," he said.

"Yes, and ungrateful," she admitted frankly. "It's simply lovely out here, it's the only pleasant thing about the whole trip. Goodness, if you only new how I hated to come! I wept ay and night for weeks. But mother ras admant."

He looked at her appreciatively. condering how any human being could be proof against eyes like those filled ith tears.

"Mothers are inconsistent at times." said. "Mine, for instance, has been stematically indulging and spolling e all my life and now has taken it to her head that I must marry a girl e has picked out for me, whether I int to or not."

"May End Strike.

Winnipeg, Dec. 31.—It is believed that a settlement of the street car strike is in sight. To-day it was learned that a committee, consisting of Principal Sparling, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Patrick and Dr. Bland, waited on W. Whyte, one of the directors of the company, as a result of which negotiations were carried on between the commandate being empowered to make the strikers, the result being that the difficulties separating the two bodies were sonsiderably narrowed down. The new proposition is to be submitted to the men to-day, and it is stated that prospects are very bright for its acceptance.