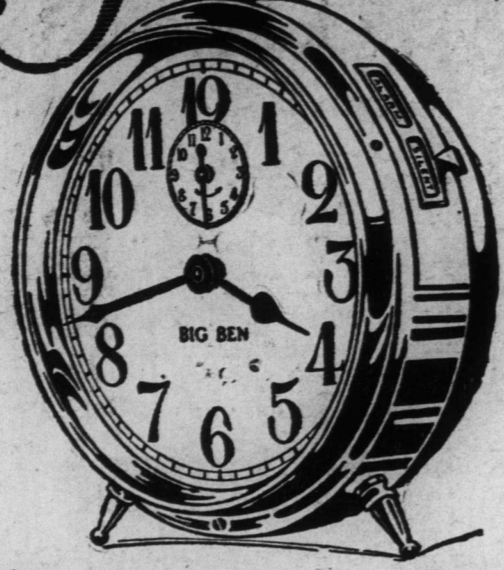


Big Ben

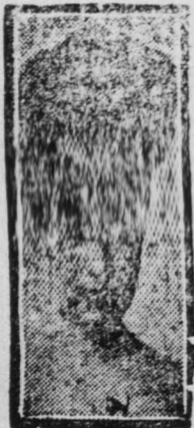


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The Culmination of the Year.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Day after tomorrow is Christmas, the culmination of a year. For when you stop to think of it, you will find that the whole year works up to Christmas. On the printed calendar January 1st the beginning of one year and the end of another, but in the calendar of our hearts the year measures from one Christmas to another.

Scarcely has one Christmas passed before the world begins to prepare for the next. If you were going to get out a book for Christmas sale you might think September would be early enough to publish it, but as a matter of fact, if the Christmas book is to be sold at wholesale it ought to be out in February, for it is then that the wholesale salesmen start out on the road with their books for the next Christmas.

Surely there is nothing that suggests Christmas less than the breathless heat of a July or August day. It seems almost impossible that there ever was such a thing as Christmas or ever will be again. And yet never a summer day passes but that hundreds and thousands of women all over the country are busy with their needles "making something for Christmas."

It is the middle of September before we are all home from our summer vacations. We have a week or two to settle down in, and two or three weeks to get our fall clothes into shape, and then, if we do not mean to be the last-minute shoppers, it is high time to begin our Christmas shopping. I have often seen Christmas bargains advertised in October and by November the Christmas rush has actually begun.

At about this period we discard our

ordinary time reckoning and date everything before or after Christmas. "When are you going South?" "Oh, sometime after Christmas." "Are you going to buy a new suit this year?" "Not till after Christmas." "When is your sister coming home?" A couple of weeks before Christmas." So the reckoning goes.

Thanksgiving, our typical American festival, which in the old Puritan days far outweighed Christmas, is becoming now merely a little side eddy in the powerful current that rushes us toward Christmas. "No, I shan't try to get home Thanksgiving," says the traveler or the student. "It's too near Christmas." If Thanksgiving wants more attention it will certainly have to get itself moved into some other part of the year.

Of course Christmas is the culmination of the year in a financial way. People spend in a reckless fashion they never dream of at any other time. The amount of money that changes hands in preparation for Christmas must be simply enormous. Reckoning \$2 a person (and I do not think that is large, for while there are a great many people who do not spend as much, there are millions who spend a great deal more) that would mean that in the United States \$180,000,000 is spent on Christmas. One wonders what the merchants would do without this tremendous impetus to trade. And what would be done with the money that was not spent in this way. One cannot help wondering also at the risk of being thought a kill joy moralist—if poverty in the United States could not be almost abolished by the proper use of \$180,000,000 a year.

But I didn't intend to moralize when I began. So I'll drop that subject and just remind you once more, in case you have forgotten: Day after tomorrow is Christmas, the culmination of the year.

Ruth Cameron

Death and King C I.

Dexterity in marshalling figures may give meaning to the coldest fact and in the statistics of coal mine accidents throughout the world, collected by the interior department, the effort is made to overcome the belief that in this sort of industrial carelessness we still lead all nations. It is admitted that the ten year average (1901-1911) of men killed in American collieries was 2,270, that of Great Britain, 1,210, that of Germany, 1,917, and that of France, 309; while the United States employs 607,433 men to 840,434 in Great Britain, 489,132 in Germany and 178,749 in France. The deaths per 1,000 employed were therefore, in America 3.74, in Great Britain, 1.36, in Germany, 2.11, and in France 1.69. But the bulletin of the department asserts that these figures prove nothing, the right index being the number killed per million tons mined.

The ten-year average, by this computation is for America, 5.32, for Great Britain 4.40, for Germany 7.55 and for France 7.79. In Japan it reaches the astounding total 22.71, here is surface justice in this point of view, measures the risk to the miner by the work he accomplishes. But considering the natural accessibility of American coal, and the high development of our mechanical devices, the production basis of comparison cannot be thought the absolute one. It may simply mean that we have stressed speed and efficiency above regard for human life and limb; and in the light of our long accident list it can certainly justify no relaxation of efforts to improve present safeguards.

Chums, Boys' Own, Girls' Own and all other annual volumes for children; Quiver, Sunday At Home and others for adults, at GARLAND'S Bookstores.—dec22

Work.

By GEORGE FITCH. Author of "At Good Old Sivash."

Work is the process of reducing hours to dollars and cents. Some men are so skilled at this process that they can take a common or garden variety of hour and get several hundred dollars out of it. Other men work all their lives, throwing twelve or fourteen hours into the hopper each day and getting about twenty cents out of each of them.

This is because some men use their brains in handling the hours, and some use their hands. When an hour is chemically treated with intelligence it yields a very big return. But the man who has to squeeze money out of an hour with his bare hands doesn't need a wheelbarrow to cart away the proceeds every evening.

Work is a hobby with some men, a religion with others, a recreation for still others and a stern necessity for most of us. There are also a great many men to whom work is a brutal torture. Many a bright young man spends a life of toil and adventure and privation and suffering trying to get out of work. He begins by allowing his mother to work for him and ends up by doing a large number of disagreeable jobs every day under the personal supervision of a short, stout man in a blue uniform, with a hooded cap over his arm.

Work is the greatest magic in the world. It makes gardens out of deserts and captains of industry out of timid, shrinking immigrants. It also makes useful citizens out of sim, scornful college seniors who come home with their hair on tights and pink handkerchiefs sticking out of their upper coat pockets.

Scientists have also endeavored to combine work with a tramp in order to note the results, but have decided to mix oil and water and accomplish a few other comparatively easy tasks first.

Work is a tonic for ambition, a specific for worry and a great eradicator of sorrow. But it is like other medicines, it is an acquired taste. Some men learn to take work in large doses every day and smack their lips over it; while others take it as if it were quinine and their yells can be heard for blocks, hours before quitting time. The man who likes work is sure to be happy most of the time; but the man who has sharp, shooting pains whenever he is in the vicinity of a job is doomed to trouble and a close acquaintance with the comfortable and the bill collector.

Cardinal Rampollo Laid to Rest.

Rome, Dec. 19.—Most impressive ceremony accompanied the funeral services to-day for the late Cardinal Rampollo, who died suddenly on December 16th. The coffin bearing the dead Cardinal's insignia, was transported in the midst of a procession from the little palace where the prelate died to St. Peter's, where had already gathered the members of the Sacred College, the diplomatic corps, the papal court, the Roman aristocracy and the Knights of Malta, besides a large number of clergy and laymen of all nationalities. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by Monsignor Pietro Jorio, vicar of St. Peter's, and then Cardinal Vannucchi imparted benediction. The body was afterwards conveyed to the cemetery in the chapel of the vatican chapter and later buried in the Church of St. Cecilia, of which Cardinal Rampollo was the protector and which he had caused to be magnificently restored.

Healthy and Unhealthy Lighting.

Gas, it may be said, vitiates the atmosphere. True. But it also helps to purify it. Its purifying power is greater than its vitiating power. Electricity does not vitiate, nor does it purify. Hear what three eminent men have said:—

Much evidence has lately been adduced to show that gas is more useful than the electric light in promoting efficient ventilation of air. It is for this amongst other reasons, that gas is being frequently substituted for the electric light. The latest example is, perhaps, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has recently installed gas on its premises, after expelting with the electric light—Dr. Jamieson B. Hurr.

He would merely add that no member who had experience of their meeting room under the old conditions could deny the improvement that had taken place since gas had been substituted for the electric light and the new system of heating and ventilation had been installed.—Dr. Reginald Duffield, before the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

I have in my mind's eye, at the moment, a hall which, in the old days, was lighted by gas, and in which a large audience could, with comfort, sit through an hour's lecture, or with pleasure through a three hours' dinner, but which with the march of civilization, had its illumination changed from gas to electricity, the latter being employed with all the latest refinements to effect the lighting under the best conditions, with the result that any large gathering within its walls led to a state little short of asphyxiation.—Vivian B. Lewis, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.—nov8,11

A Host of Suggestions

for your guidance in making
Eleventh Hour Gift Selections!

In our Gift collections you can find the "Right Thing" for every member of the family and for friends whom you desire to remember. Whether you wish gifts of Diamonds, Solid Gold Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Table Silver, Toilet Silver, Cut Glass, Leather, Walking Sticks, Umbrellas or Fountain Pens—you will find here in every department a wealth of suggestions to meet with every requirement and at a price to suit every purse. The following suggestions are intended for those whose time is limited:

<p>FOR MEN.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Pencils Ash Trays Watch Cases Cigarette Holders Dressing Cases Military Brushes Wallets Note Books Pocket Knives Card Cases Cuff Links Umbrellas 	<p>FOR THE CHILD.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Brush & Comb Baby Pins Child's Bracelets Cups Charms Child's Sets Napkin Rings Safety Pin Neck Chains Rattles Umbrellas 	<p>FOR WOMEN.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Brooches Rings Watch Chains Purses Bracelets Manicule Sets Card Cases Jewel Cases Button Hooks Perfume Bottles Toilet Articles Umbrellas Charmes 	<p>MISCELLANEOUS.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Bread Trays Thermos Bottles Collar Holders Cold Meat Forks Jewel Cases Fish Servers Dressing Cases Solid Silver Tea Spoons, etc. Tea Sets Work Boxes Umbrellas Dressing Cases Nut Bowls Cassegolls Watches Sauce Boats Travelling Clocks Fountain Pens Hand Bags Salad Forks Cake Baskets Clocks Dessert Knives and Forks. Silver Photo Frames.
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