

OIL'S PRODUCTS

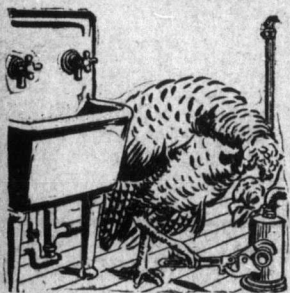
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HAMILTON - - - Phone 1236

Wouldn't It Be Awful



if your plumbing should be out of order on Christmas day. Suppose you have us look over it now. There may be some little thing wrong that would break out on the great feast day and spoil all your pleasure. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Have us do a little preventive plumbing.

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Extends the Season's Greetings to all and wishes his many customers a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

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Peerless Brand

THE PEERLESS UNDERWEAR CO.
HAMILTON - - - ONTARIO

BRITISH FARMS.

Results of a Year's Operation of the Small Holdings Act.

It is officially declared that the small holdings act of 1908 has given a great stimulus to the provision of small holdings by private land owners direct. The result of the first year's work for the country at large since the act came into operation has been that 23,285 applications have been received by county councils for 373,601 acres; that 13,202 applications have been approved provisionally as suitable; that the estimated quantity of land required for the suitable applicants is 185,098 acres; that 21,417

acres have been purchased, and 10,071 acres leased; that the land acquired will provide for about 1,500 of the applications; and that of 504 of them were in actual possession of their holdings on December 31, 1908. Out of the approved applicants about 34 per cent. were agricultural laborers. It is estimated that at the end of September of this year not less than 50,000 acres was obtained, but few of the applicants desire to purchase their holdings. Out of 23,285 applications received during the year only 629 or 2.7 per cent. expressed a desire to purchase. No doubt considerable land has been supplied by land owners direct, but by through the intervention of county

councils, stimulated by the provisions of the act. During 1908 there were in Devon and Cornwall 722 applications for 12,271 acres. The councils purchased 440 acres and leased 120 acres. In the southwest of England there are large areas of crown lands once under cultivation but now neglected that will doubtless be brought back in the near future to suitable and profitable husbandry by the hands of the people. From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

The woman who marries a widower always feel like going to a spiritualist medium to get a few pointers from the first wife.

Oh, Kids! Listen! Old Santa Is Up To Fine New Tricks

The Dear Old Fellow Has Invented a Lot of Splendid Toys for This Christmas, 'Cause Peary and Cook Both Saw 'Em and Say So.

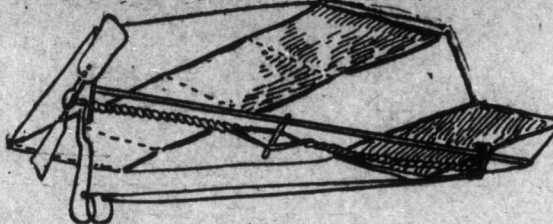
Now every little boy and girl who is expecting to find some pretty things or dandy toys in their stockings on next Christmas morning—and 'twill only be a short time until that glorious day will be here—can open wide their eyes and listen!

Dr. Cook and Commander Peary, who, as you know, have just returned from the north pole, of course saw old St. Nicholas 'way up there and got well acquainted with him.

They both say that he was looking well, but he was dreadfully busy and couldn't talk very long. He gave them both a little peep into his big toy workshop. And what do you think they saw? Well, they saw just tons and bushels of lovely dolls and wagons and fire engines and patrol wagons and little houses and fuzzy cats and old toy cows with bells on and sets of dishes and tops and all sorts of other jimmeracking things.

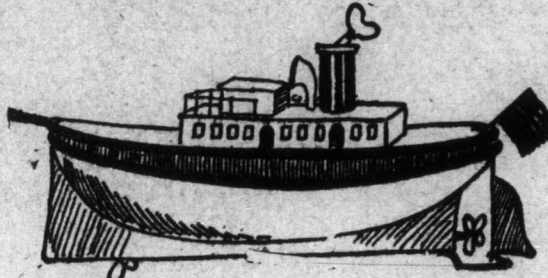
Dr. Cook says that Santa told him he was going to give away every blessed toy to good boys and girls. Peary says that when he called on Santa the old fellow said he was thinking of using an airship to get his toys onto the roofs of houses this year, because his reindeer had such a big load that he was afraid they couldn't pull it.

The explorers won't tell of all the things they saw in the shop, but Dr. Cook says he did see a lot of little airships like this:



They are made of silk and wire, and they really fly through the air. The propeller wheel is made to go around like lightning by a piece of twisted rubber or a spring.

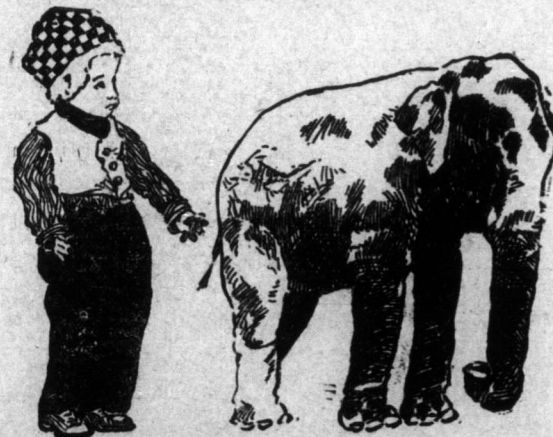
Peary says he saw a little steamboat that really floats, and is also driven by a propeller which is made to go around by a spring. Just like this:



Dr. Cook says that because Teddy Roosevelt is hunting big game in Africa, Santa thought it would be nice to give some of the children lions and tigers and other wild animals. And because Dr. Cook and Peary both got to the pole, Santa has fixed up quite a lot of polar bears. Here's the pictures of a bear and lion:



Peary said he saw a lot of dainty, dimply, darling dolls, but he remembered only one well enough to make a picture of it. It was a funny little Dutch boy with a checkered cap. Peary also saw a fine elephant, very big, and made of leather, with black beads for eyes. He says it didn't have any tusks.



But these are only a few of the things old Santa has for his good children. Say, children, what do you suppose he's going to bring to you?

AN HISTORIC CHRISTMAS BOX

Stoney Creek Patriot Who Had a Hamilton Girl for a Bride

I sat turning the little polished object over and over in my hand, marvelling at the ingenuity of its workmanship. It was a box, about two inches by one inch in dimensions, with a lid fitted into hinges carved in the wood, opposite which was a slightly raised lid by which the lid was opened. The interior was neatly finished, but with the outside surface infinite pains had been taken. It was polished to the smoothness of metal and showed the beautiful grain of the wood.

The chest from which it had been taken stood open beside us, and the lady to whom the treasure belonged looked to and fro, and to fro, the vision of her dim brown eyes turned inward.

I watched her and said nothing, patiently waiting. For after my exclamations of surprise on reading the inscription I had begged her to tell me the story of the box, for I perceived that it had a story.

Then she began: "I was a child, oh, very young, but I remember the day well. It was Christmas, in the year 1857, and the patriots had risen, not against the British Crown, but against the unbecomingly arrogant Family Compact. The forces of the reformers had already been scattered and all men suspected of reform principles had either fled the country or been cast into prison. Mackenzie

had got safely away, but many of his faithful supporters had been less fortunate. To the little village of Stoney Creek, below Hamilton, where we lived, orders had repeatedly come to my father from the Tory officials to join the troops called out to suppress the patriot rising. He was a young veteran of the war of 1812, for, although a Quaker, he had shouldered his rifle to repel the American invasion. But he received the orders of the Tories with absolute immobility, and I remember hearing him say to my mother that he would rather lose his right arm than raise it against the patriot cause. He was prudent, however, and kept his own counsel abroad. Others of our family had been less so, having openly declared in favor of responsible Government, and even written to that effect in Mackenzie's paper, the Constitution.

For this, which spelled abominable treason in the ears of the Family Compact, our cousins were thrown into prison and they languished there, with many others, the sick and the well huddled together, gentlemen and serving men, indiscriminately, on this Christmas Day of which I speak.

"The roads and fields were almost bare of snow. It lay along the fences and powdered the grassy footpaths, but the highway ran dark and muddy past

the house. Early in the morning the red-coats began moving from Hamilton to Toronto, cavalry, foot and artillery, and we children who had never seen such a sight before stood fascinated before the windows. All day the spectacle went on, the bridges jingling, the cannon rattling, the infantry tramping.

"It was a sorrowful Christmas for us, for our mother feared that our father might be compelled to volunteer. We had hung our stockings as usual, and had gratefully eaten the little cakes and sweets with which our mother had stuffed them. Our dolls we made ourselves, and toys were unknown to us.

"When evening closed in we gathered about the fireplace and then there came a knock at the door, and I remember as a dream the greeting that passed between my father and the traveller, who was passing on horseback, and stopped to deliver a package at our house.

"When it was opened I saw that little box you hold in your hand for the first time. Folded tightly within it was a sheet of paper, written on both sides. It was a letter smuggled out of the prison from my father's cousin to his bride, a young girl of seventeen who had been left alone in Hamilton. It advised her to close their house and seek refuge with her mother, for though it spoke hopefully of his ultimate release, he would have to be tried by the Tories. So closely was she watched that the message was sent through my father.

"It was all very sad. The little box he had made himself with a pocket-knife, bending his mind to the task as a prevention against madness. It stands for hours of torment, days of doubt and fear, weeks of heavy sorrow, months of despair."

The inscription reads: "To my wife, Prison, Toronto, Christmas, 1837. The voice of Fate calls."

I sat turning the little polished box over and over in my hand, but now my tears were falling freely upon it. Pharo.

MARTHY MINTER'S XMAS PRESENT.

Got the notion in my head That it would be kind of pleasant, Somebody a Christmas present. When the time came round to give

No! my pa, and not my ma, I give them one every winter; But the nicest girl I know, An' her name is Marty Minter.

Marty's got a double chin, For she's as fat as me, or fatter; Red cheeks with some dimples in, An' she laughs if you look at her.

Hair is just the nicest red, Gee! she has a cloud of it. Only when she braids it down, Guess she's awful proud of it.

Up an' asked me in the class, What I really thought of it, All that I could think to say, Was: "You've got a lot of it."

Thought a comb of turtle shell Was about the proper caper, (Same as ma wears everyday), All wrapped up in tissue paper.

With a card so nice and neat, Folk's think I was a printer; "Bobby Bennett Sends His Love With This Comb to Marty Minter."

I had forty-seven cents, For I'd been just awful savin', So I bought my ma a case, An' my pa a mug for shavin'.

Then put all that I had left In that turtle comb, an' sent her; That same evening she came in, With a picture book I'd lent her.

My face looked queer an' big When I got a good look at her; After ma took off her hair I could tell what was the matter.

Red hair rolled up in a bob— Just as slick as ma's, or slicker— An' my back-comb stuck on top— 'Twas we both began to snicker.

"Marty," says I, "throw that thing Far's you can out of the window, Stick it in the stove an' burn Each tooth in it to a cinder."

And I curried the hair pins out Till the curls fell on her shoulder, But she hung fast to the comb, Said 'tould do when she got older.

An' we had such lots of fun, Ma called out: "What in the matter, 'Nobles'?" says I, "Marty laughs If you poke your finger at her."

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Our butcher shop could not have a better assortment of Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Chickens, Ham, Sausage, Christmas Beef, Southdown Lamb, Pickled Ox Tongue, Cranberries, Table and Cooking Apples, White and Pink Celery, and Hot-house Lettuce.

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