

**Our
Christmas
Greeting!**

MAY the peace of a free mind—the blessings from many unselfish acts—the genuine satisfaction of knowing that to all mankind you are giving the "square deal."

MAY these bring to you an overflowing measure of real joy and happiness that shall make this Christmastide rich in all that life holds dear.

THE buying public have shown their confidence in this Great Store and its merchandising methods in no uncertain way. We have not only done the greatest Holiday Trade, but the greatest years business in the history of this house. During the year about to begin, it will be our endeavor to more fully deserve your confidence, and to increase our usefulness to this community.

WE WISH YOU ALL
A Very Merry Christmas.

THE ROYAL STORES LIMITED

A Detective Yule.

THE '04 REIGN OF TERROR RECALLED.

(By Ex-Detective - Inspector John Sweeney.)

A detective could no more forget his occupation than a dog can forget his bark.

If a naturalist's eye lights on a long sought after butterfly, it doesn't occur to him that he is on a holiday. Straightway he forgets everything, except the necessity of capturing his

prize. I think that is how a detective feels when he is in his most abandoned holiday mood. I have never found it possible to forget my criminal specimens, and their descriptions become part and parcel of a detective's mental stock-in-trade.

Even after a hard day's work, when every nerve has been strained to find a particularly elusive fugitive from justice, an accidental tram-ride, a casual visit to a newspaper, and—days I plead guilty—the pursuit of a friendly glass with an old pal on our way home, any one of these "incidents" has sometimes been blessed with a "clue" denied to the entire day's active endeavours.

The Terrorists.
Christmas, in particular, has been

the time when I could mostly rely on spending an undisturbed day or two in the bosom of my family circle. Once it happened otherwise, and I have cause to remember a Christmas-time when every property owner in London feared a dynamite outrage when every public building in the metropolis had to be protected against militant anarchists and when statesmen, financiers and leaders of society had genuine cause for alarm lest their lives should be sacrificed by a small gang of incendiary revolutionists.

It was no idle boast which one anarchist made in his hearing. "This winter," he said, "the rich will know what a handful of desperate poor men can do." The scoundrel who made this threat was found afterwards dead, blown to pieces by a dynamite bomb in his own possession, which had been designed, but not destined, to annihilate a barracks full of soldiers.

Christmas, 1894, is a memorable date in my diary. I was in the middle of my career; I had just been promoted to an inspector at Scotland Yard. The praises of judges and the appreciation—partly expressed in gold—of the police authorities, mingled with the congratulations of my friends, made me anxious to go on, although I was quite agreeable to spending an orthodox Christmas amidst the music I loved best to hear—the music of my children's merry laughter. But there were too few detective-inspectors under Superintendent Melville possessing an intimate knowledge of dynamitards, and those of us who were "in the know" could not be spared that Christmas.

A Judge's Narrow Escape.
I was studying the case of Rella Richards, who during that year had succeeded in blowing up with infernal machines a number of post offices in the South of London. His sentence of seven years' penal servitude could hardly be called severe, and we were obliged to follow up every clue which his arrest had led us to, besides having to face the common but inexplicable phenomenon of imitative criminality.

cause to remember that Christmas-time. He lived at that time in Tilney Street, Mayfair, his nearest neighbour being the famous judge, then known as Mr. Justice Hawkins, whose determined severity did so much to strike a wholesome terror into the minds of anarchist ruffians of the day. A group of terrorists wished to destroy the great judge, or, at least, to wreck his house.

These brutes had a little of judgment as they had of pity, and blinded by savage vengeance, they led their train to the wrong house, with the result that a little before Christmas, Mr. Brett, M.P.—now Lord Esher—was rudely disturbed in the dead of night by a fearful dynamite explosion. Fortunately no lives were lost, and Mr. Justice Hawkins was not inconvenienced. I had to spend my Christmas investigating some of these occurrences.

That year's Christmas found me busy indeed. For a fortnight we kept two anarchists in view night and day, without either of them in the least suspecting our presence, and in the end each one was convicted and sentenced to a long period of penal servitude.

At Duty's Call.

I had a short rest at home, just sufficient to make me wish for more, when my Christmas Day was disturbed by an urgent message from one of my trusted allies. What a contrast it seemed to make—leaving innocence and love behind at home, to go myself steeped in the atmosphere of guilt and hatred of the most appalling kind. A meeting was being held at an East End club, at which delegates from several anarchist groups were present! Beyond the usual bald-dash and violent language nothing of any consequence had transpired, and it was too well known to go undisciplined into the meeting, of which I obtained a full report.

But I had been sent for because two strangers had just appeared, and strangers were always to be suspected in such circumstances. I waited for the conclusion of the meeting, and on seeing these two emerge, I was able to give my informant the news that they were no strangers to me. They had been in my bad books, as I may term it, for about a month, and now that their connection with the anarchist movement was clearly proved, I was confirmed in my suspicions that certain "steam work" I had done them would be less innocent than they had intended us to believe.

That one day's work, indeed, laid the foundation stone of a brilliant career, and I was more than satisfied when, early in the New Year, we were able to arrest as despicable a pair of scoundrels as ever wore the broad arrow. I ate my Christmas dinner in the street that day, never leaving the immediate neighbourhood of the two anarchists, who neither then nor later suspected me. I kept out of their sight all the same, however, they might easily have guessed that I was shadowing them.

A Successful Coup.

They resided together in a mean street off Euston Road, and, although it was Christmas Day, they apparently had work to do which could not wait. Apparently they had expected to obtain some chemicals, or similar ingredients, from their anarchist friends, and had failed. Had they called on any decent shopkeeper or chemist, we should have known their errand immediately, but every call they made was at a private house, some the residence of known anarchists, and some the homes of exiles and other strangers with whose addresses these anarchists were familiar.

At one address they were at last successful, and we did not forget the man from whose house they emerged with a small parcel, which they carefully examined before leaving us to continue our Christmas vigil outside. If ever a detective allowed his vindictive sentiments to have a little exercise, he might have been excused, when later on we discovered that these two anarchists, besides manufacturing deadly bombs, had planned to wreck public buildings, in whose destruction hundreds of lives might have been involved.—Answers.

Wise Men and Simple Men.

The Wise Men and the Simple Men were bound to run a race: The Simple Men were first to come Within the holy place.

The Wise Men three full valiantly Pushed on the farther way, And found, though late, the Manger Bed In which their Saviour lay.

By this we see Simplicity Will reach its goal full fast; And Science, too, by harder way, Will find its own at last.

Laid Up With Lame Back

Pain, helplessness and suffering are overcome by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Mrs. Frank Bloom, Hardwood Lake Ont., writes: "I want to tell you of the great benefit I found in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I suffered so badly with kidney disease that when I lay down I could not get up without help. I was completely laid up with lame, aching back. I read about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the almanac, got them and they cured me of kidney disease and back-ache.

My husband had dreadful pains in his sides and obtained cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These pills are the best on the market and I am glad to recommend them." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are definite and certain in action, soothe the liver and bowels as well as the kidneys, are lastingly beneficial and economical. Get to obtain these results you must get the genuine Dr. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill's dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

**What Shall I Give?
WHY NOT A GOOD PAIR OF
Wool BLANKETS?**



BIG PRICE CUTTING ON WOOL BLANKETS FOR XMAS WEEK!

\$1.80 BLANKETS	Now \$1.45
\$2.20 BLANKETS	Now 1.80
\$2.50 BLANKETS	Now 2.00
\$2.70 BLANKETS	Now 2.35
\$3.20 BLANKETS	Now 2.80
\$3.60 BLANKETS	Now 3.00
\$4.00 BLANKETS	Now 3.40
\$4.50 BLANKETS	Now 3.60
\$5.20 BLANKETS	Now 4.50

The above prices are Rock Bottom, and are good for Xmas week only. A good pair of Wool Blankets would be greatly appreciated.

S. MILLEY, Water St.

A. & S. RODGER.

Special Values

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

Every department is overflowing with useful gifts that cannot fail to please. From Grandfather or Grandmother right down to the Baby we have something to please them all.

Special Prices for this Season of the Year!

IF YOU WANT A USEFUL ARTICLE CALL AND SEE US.

Big Bargains in Dainty Tea Coseys—beauties—from 75 cents up to \$4.50 each.

Rare Lines of Open Work, Table Centres and Sideboard Cloths, Dainty Toilet Sets, Nightdress Bags.

Pretty Boxes containing Ladies' Handkerchiefs & Bottle of Perfume. Rare Values in Ladies' Furs, Muffs, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Belts, Motor Scarfs, Gloves, Lace Collars and Jabots, Hand Grips, Side and Back Combs, Blouses of every description.

Blouse Materials, Remaining Ladies' Jackets at CLEARING PRICES.

Children's Dainty Dresses—in Lawn and Cashmere—CHEAP.

Bibs, Booties, Leggings, Footwear, in great variety.

Special Values in Gents' Silk Mufflers, Silk Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces, Gloves, Underwear.

See our Stock of Men's and Boys' Winter Caps—YOU WILL SAVE MONEY.

(THE VALUES WE OFFER WILL ASTONISH YOU and DELIGHT THE RECEIVER.)

Don't forget the Store that Saves Money for you

A. & S. RODGER, WATER STREET.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Cannot be cured with ordinary soothing syrups. The disease must be attacked at the root to eradicate the irritation of the lungs, heal the wounds and strengthen the respiratory organs. The composition of

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other Medicinal Extracts marks it as a specific for the diseases of the throat, the bronchial tubes and the lungs. Here are a few conclusive proofs:

TIOMPSON, N.S., Mch. 29, '06.
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.

Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 27th in hand re Mathieu's Cough Syrup, and would say it gives the best results of any cough syrup we have ever handled. The medicine is all right.

Yours truly,
ARMOUR & MATTINSON.

Port Hawkesbury, C.B., Apr. 3, '06.
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.

Dear Sirs,—I rec'd yours of the 27th ult. asking about Mathieu's Syrup. It is an excellent medicine for coughs, cold and consumption. Please send me another lot of 2 doz. bottles, with samples. Enclosed find \$3.00 the amount of my bill.

Yours truly,
A. F. DICKSON.

SPRINGHILL, N.S., April 4
Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S.

Dear Sirs,—In reference to your inquiry as to the selling qualities of Mathieu's Syrup, we might say that it is of no use whatever for us to keep any other Cough Medicine in stock. When you first began to sell it here, the Druggists did not handle it, and now every Druggist in town has it, and we are sure they find it ready sale for it. Mathieu's Syrup is sold by at least 18 dealers in Springhill.

FERRIS & PEEL.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nerve Powders which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders.

J. J. MATHIEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can. 1208, McMurdo & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.