

The Helpless Position



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E. N. HUNT,
190 Dundas Street.

A King's Gentleman.

"Why, what is this? What is doing here?" demanded Dr. Le Baron, seizing by the arm a trembling lad in a white apron who now appeared at the door of one of the lower apartments. "I don't know, sir, but I guess it's mischief," replied the lad, bursting into blubbering sobs, and rapidly withdrawing to the seclusion of the bar.

"What is the matter up there?" repeated the doctor in his most peremptory tones, as he strode to the outer door and collared a man who stood peeping fearfully in.

"Why, you see, sir," returned this individual, gently sliding from the inconvenient grasp and settling his necktie as he spoke, "Dame Tilley has got to have her leg cut off, and, poor soul, she takes it to heart a bit."

"Oh, that's it," exclaimed the surgeon, his curiosity rapidly changing to professional interest. "And why must the good woman lose her leg?"

"All along of a bad knee that the doctors can't cure, sir, and they're afraid it will spread, I believe."

"What, the knee spread? Surely, that were a novel mischance!" exclaimed the doctor, smiling. "And so the amputation is now in progress?"

"Aye, aye."

"They are cutting off the leg just now?"

"Why, the doctors be up there; but I guess they haven't buckled yet. There's not been time."

"Who are the doctors?"

"There's Pillsbury, from New Bedford, he's the main one; but old Dr. Coffin, from Sandwich, and Hallowell, our own doctor such as he is, they're up there helping. My! how she do scream! I'll lay they're a-cutting into her now."

"She's in an hysterical fit. They won't handle her that way," muttered the doctor uneasily; and then, opening the door of the taproom, he peremptorily beckoned forth the tapster, who was solacing his grief by a tankard of small beer.

"Here, Jacques, come here and get this shilling for yourself," ordered he, never glancing at the woman, who, Zebedee, came at once, a subdued grin struggling oddly with fright, terror and beer, upon his countenance.

"Now go upstairs as fast as you can and tell your master that a surgeon of the army is here, who would like to help at the operation if he will permit, and ask him to beg permission of the surgeon to come ready on the field."

"Yes, sir," And Zebedee, spurred to intelligence as well as haste by the shilling already in hand and the hope of more to come, did his errand so well that in about two minutes he returned with the landlord at his heels, and his honest face pale and troubled, and his voice broken with emotion through the professional cordiality it mechanically assumed in greeting a guest of evident social consequence.

"Zeb told me you were an army doctor, sir, and had kindly offered to—"

"Yes, yes, my good friend; it is hard for you, but these things can be made less painful sometimes by dexterity and practice. Perhaps I may be of some use, as I have, I suppose, amputated hundreds of limbs where a country practitioner has one. Bring me up, if these gentlemen consent."

"Lord! yes, sir; and if they didn't, I'd rather put my poor woman into your hands alone than have her for Dr. Pillsbury he's old and fumbling, and so's Coffin; and Hallowell knows more of cures and horses than of humans. This way, sir."

He opened the door of the large front room, where, upon a bed drawn into the middle of the floor, lay the unfortunate woman, her face flushed and swollen, her long black hair floating wildly, her hands clenched and her eyes roving from face to face of those crowding around her bed, more with the hunted and ferocious look of a wild animal at bay than of a suffering patient in the hands of physicians whom she trusts to relieve and save her, even through the agency of sharpest pain.

Consulting together in whispers around the table, where some surgical instruments were boldly displayed, stood the three doctors—two of them the red-faced, gray-haired, hard, and well-grooved country practitioner, who, after a youth of bewildered experiment and doubt, has in middle or later life settled upon a narrow round of treatment and drugs, and adapts all cures to them. The third, a younger man, who, without making pretence to a diploma or an education, did what he could, and as he could, to relieve the ailments of his townsmen and their cattle, stood listening deferentially to the opinions of his superiors, offering an occasional hesitating remark, to which the magnates scarcely paid any attention. A mob of women—servants and neighbors, the mother of the sick woman, and her sister with a baby in her arms—filled the room and surrounded the bed, almost to the exclusion of the air for which the poor fevered creature was panting.

"If it was a dumb creature, now," Hallowell was saying as the landlord re-entered the room, "I should say there wasn't no need of cutting on't off at all. Squire Watson's cow had a bad leg last winter, and I doctored it and cured it, and she's a well cow today; but then—"

"But then, you must remember, Master Hallowell, that it's not a cow we are talking of, but a human," interposed Dr. Pillsbury, with some acrimony; "and one kind of treatment won't answer for both. What I say is, that woman's leg is to come off, and, if she won't consent, we'll just strap her down, and take it off without her consent, and that quickly, for the light's going, and my eyes are not what they used to be."

"Good evening, gentlemen. Will you allow me to look at your patient, and add my poor experience to yours in conducting the operation?"

At sound of this calm, harmonious, and cultivated voice, the somewhat heated and excited practitioners turned and surveyed the new-comer with surprise and a little professional jealousy.

"Good evening, sir," said Dr. Pillsbury at length. "You are an army surgeon, Landlord Tilley says."

"Yes, of the royal army, and naturally of some little experience," replied the new-comer; "and then, without waiting until his rival should gather self-possession to inquire, 'Under which king, Bezonian?' he approached the bed and, unconsciously waving aside the patient, 'Permit me, madam!' he deftly turned aside the clothes and examined the suffering member, whose wrappings had already been removed in preparation for amputation.

The three practitioners drew near, and looked on with jealous attention; and the sick woman, calmed and comforted, she knew not how, by the look of that powerful and assured face, and the touch of hands fine as a woman's, and strong as a plowman's, said, with a long, quivering sigh:

"Oh, doctor, if you could only save it to me! I'm but a young woman, and a stirring one; and if so be I've got to die, I'll die, but I won't live a cripple, to hobble round on crutches like an old granny—I won't, I won't!"

Her voice rose to an hysterical shriek, and her clenched hands beat furiously upon the counterpane.

"She's going off again!" cried one woman, "and—"

"Now, Betty, don't 'ee, don't 'ee, that's a good lass!" added another; and the mother, asserting her privilege, elbowed her way to the front, sharply exclaiming:

"Now, Betty Tilley, be done with that! If thou knows what's good for thyself! Come, then, aren't you ashamed to be such a baby, and these good folk all here to see thee have thy leg off like a bare woman, and a mother-in-law," broke in the landlord; "sure it is no time to be flouting at the poor thing, and scolding never comforted a sick woman yet."

The mother, however, replied, the other women chorused, the baby began to scream, and the patient to cry hysterically and toss herself about in the bed sobbing, "I won't, then, I won't! I won't have it off! I won't have it off!"

Le Baron looked at Dr. Pillsbury and saw that he had lost his head, and knew not what course to pursue; at Dr. Coffin, who feebly followed the lead of his superior; and at Mr. Hallowell, who, abashed by Pillsbury's reproof, no longer ventured to hold any opinion at all. In this emergency he seized the landlord by the arm and drew him out of the encounter, where he was rapidly getting worsted by the nimble tongues of his opponents and sternly demanded of him:

"Do you know that all this is killing your wife?"

"Aye, but what's to be done, sir? You see—"

"Turn every human creature out of the room except those three doctors, and keep the house quiet."

"That I'll do, if you'll stand by, and see that they don't hack and hew at my poor lass while I'm away, and she screaming that they shan't."

"No on that shall touch her tonight, at least—I'll promise you that. Come, now, out with every one of them in the twink of an eye."

Then, leaving this somewhat difficult task in the willing hands of the landlord, the surgeon returned to the side of the raving woman, and, taking both her hands in his, sat down on the edge of the bed, and said, in a calmly assured voice:

"Now you are to be quiet, dame, do you hear?"

(To be Continued.)

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Selected Raisins,
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PETROLEA PICKINGS.

Flocking Home to Spend the Holidays—Bad Roads Hurt Business—"The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."
(Advertiser's Agents, Lowery Bros. and E. W. Atwood.)

Petrolia, Dec. 24.—Mr. J. H. McKittrick is home from the medical college in Detroit on his holidays.

Mr. C. W. Walker and Bert Bales are home from Toronto on their holidays.

Mr. G. H. Williamson intends spending Christmas at his home in Brantford.

Mr. Morton Webb and George McMillan are home from McGill College, Montreal, spending their Christmas holidays.

Miss Minnie Joyce is home from London. The Misses Kerr are home from the Ladies' College, Brantford.

Miss Maud Cameron is home from the Whithy Ladies' College.

Messrs. Van Tuij and Fairbank have two very pretty Christmas windows. The one is a Santa Claus mounted on a bicycle and looks very fine.

Another Christmas window is a large cross of wax in the center. The candles were all lighted on Saturday night and the display drew quite a crowd.

Miss Maud Grant, Miss B. Houston and Miss M. Phoenix are employed in Atwood & Co's store during the Christmas trade.

The annual Sunday school entertainment of the Methodist Church was held on Friday night, the church being crowded. At 8:15 the pastor called the meeting to order. The opening piece was a song by a chorus from the Sunday school, followed with a short prayer by the pastor, who then addressed the audience in a speech.

The Christmas story followed, after which Miss Suburn gave a recitation. Next came songs and recitations by about 35 scholars of the infant class, which were very much enjoyed by the large audience present. The text was a cantata, "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," which caused a great deal of laughter, with all the children getting out of the shoe, which was built for the purpose.

During the cantata Santa Claus, in his old-time costume appeared and created much fun among the scholars. The entertainment closed with a sword drill by a number of boys, which was gone through without a mistake. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion. A great deal of praise is due to the teachers and officers who worked hard to make it an occasion to be remembered.

Spurr & Vigar, butchers, are showing in their shop a goose weighing 20½ pounds, raised by Mr. Geo. Forbes, London road.

Business is reported dull, being near Christmas. This is due to the almost impassable condition of the roads.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A Brakeman's Dreadful Ride on a Runaway Car—Escaped Unhurt.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Dec. 24.—One of the most novel as well as exciting experiences with a runaway car was that of Wm. Hoffman, a freight car brakeman on the Erie, last Sunday night. Hoffman was on a freight car in the Erie yard shortly after 10 o'clock. The brake failed to work, and the car began to move on a grade, flew down on to the main track, and continued increasing its speed towards Suspension Bridge. Hoffman clung to the brake, and tried his best to stop the car, but his efforts were fruitless. The car dashed eastwards, and Hoffman yelled like a madman to warn people. Around the curve the car flew to the Suspension Bridge station of the Erie, but no switch had been turned to sidetrack it, and it continued its mad flight down the steep grade to the railway suspension bridge, which spans the gorge. The Erie tracks which run on to the bridge cross those of the New York Central, the Michigan Central, the Grand Trunk, the Lehigh Valley and West Shore and other tracks, besides the main street of the city. Hoffman, who had clung to his brake, was yelling, and fortunately for him no trains were passing; nor were there any on the bridge. The car struck the bridge at a 50-mile rate and dashed into the Grand Trunk yards on this side, colliding with an immigrant car, wrecking the bridge and both Hoffman stayed with his car to the last, and fortunately escaped without injury. He was completely exhausted with the strain.

BOUND TO GET THE TURKEY.

A popular minister in Fifeshire, in the good old times, used at Christmas to be invited to dine at houses filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer; but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner, the bird was sent to the market and sold. A passerby, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said: "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner." To the minister it was again sent. The provident wife sent it again to the market, and sold it again for a handsome sum. Another friend, similarly struck with the splendid proportions of the turkey, purchased it and sent it to the minister. The good woman, not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, said at last: "It is clear that the Lord means us to have this turkey," and with the approbation of the family it formed part of the Christmas dinner.

Pine as a Lung Remedy.

From the earliest time the human race have believed in Pine as a remedy in Throat, Bronchial and Lung troubles. Modern research and progress have strengthened that faith. Doctors constantly advise this class of patients to "take to the Pine woods," especially on the approach of winter, so strong and universal is the belief in the curative power of breathing air loaded with the volatile properties of Pine. Of the total number but few can go or afford the expense. Pine is undoubtedly a powerful remedial agent. It has many properties, in this differing from all other remedies; it is the only one that is cleansing, healing, fragrant, soothing, Pinemalt is the Newest, most Palatable, and Best. It is scoring great success. Chronic cases call for Pinemalt and Hypophosphites instead of plain Pinemalt.

NOTICE—If you want good and proper work done your watch and clock, without pretense, take them to T. C. Thornhill's, 402 Talbot street, who has had over forty years' experience. All work guaranteed satisfactory, because of the quality of the materials, jewels, chronometers, striking repeaters, levers, Swiss, English or American.

If you are bald, or find that your hair is breaking or falling out, it will pay you to call at Madam Ireland's parlors, 211 1-2 Dundas street, who can positively restore hair and prevent falling out. Her celebrated toilet cream, shaving soap, cannot be excelled, and her fine medicinal face powder is of the finest. These can be procured from Cairncross & Lawrence.

As perfect beauty is a passport to good society, so, Odorona conduces to good appearance.

THROUGH THE ICE.

Seven Young People Went to Their Death.

Denver, Dec. 24.—While skating on Lathrop Lake, near Denver, Charley Jones, aged 8, fell through an air hole in the ice. His brother, Robert, and sister, Maggie, aged 20 and 21, respectively, and Ida Ball, aged 16, attempted to rescue him and all four were drowned.

Morris, Ill., Dec. 24.—Three boys, Wm. and Edward Laneman, brothers, and James Kenney, were drowned in the canal yesterday while skating.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—On Friday Wm. Irwin, Wolfe Island, aged 26 years, was drowned in the River St. Lawrence while taking fish from a net. The ice broke beneath him, and before aid was afforded he sank. The body was speedily recovered.

CONGRESS MEANS BUSINESS.

No Christmas Holidays for the Present—Absent Members Sent for.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 24.—There was a fair attendance of members of the House when the Speaker's gavel fell at noon yesterday. Mr. Dingley, of Maine, of the ways and means committee, stated that the concurrent resolution providing for a holiday adjournment, with the Senate amendments, had been considered by the ways and means committee, and they had unanimously decided that in view of the request contained in the President's message, and under all circumstances, it would not be appropriate to take a holiday recess until some measure of relief had been considered by the House. The committee had now a measure under consideration and hoped by Thursday next to report it to the House. All absent members had been telegraphed for, and he hoped they would all be present on that day. The House adjourned at 12:30 p.m.

BEAT THE PREACHER.

Lebanon, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Rev. Wm. H. Marsh, Methodist preacher of this county was cruelly beaten with a rock by Alex. Under Calvert, a mountain desperado, near Goshen a few nights ago through mistake and is in a critical condition. Calvert thought he was beating a school teacher, who a few days ago had punished his son. He has been jailed.

baby growth

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Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

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Christmas Greetings

To their numerous patrons in the London district, and especially to that large number who have so recently favored them with orders.

Our patrons, or intending patrons, may rest assured that our efforts in the future will be more and more bent to retain the reputation for high class work and artistic finish which we have already earned by years of honest devotion to artistic ends.

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P.S.—Handsome calendar given to each purchaser of 50c and over, Xmas week.

GOLD ALUMINUM WARE

Something new and beautiful. We have just received the following beautiful lines for Xmas Goods in Gold Aluminum ware: Tea Spoons, Table and Dessert Forks, Table and Dessert Knives, Fruit Servers, Sugar Shells, Oyster Forks, etc. These have the appearance of solid gold, and are as fine in quality, uniform in color throughout, and effects of ordinary wear will disappear when polished. It is far superior to any silver plated ware, more durable and equally as cheap. We are also offering full lines of Silverware in Fern Vases, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Silver Tea and Coffee Sets, Ivory and Pearl Handled Cutlery, Case Carvers in endless variety. Friends invited to inspect the stock.

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