KEEP CHRISTMAS

ican Children Enjoy a Long down the pinata.

Then the real fun has just begun.

Then the real fun has just begun.

-- Counterpart for English Christmas Tree.

There probably are few children who

In that land, where having holidays is a business in itself, and where that weeks counts itself poor which does not see at least one fiesta, they begin cele-brating Christmas on Dec. 17 and continue celebrating it until New Year's After that it may be a whole week before there is another fiesta, and the pleasure-loving Mexican must make

the most of the holiday season. From Dec. 17 until Jan. 1-Christmas. Verily the young of other lands should envy the small Mexican. The distinctive features of the Mexican celebrations are the posadas. There

is no English equivalent for a posada. It is a posada and that is all. When Christmas comes the society people of the City of Mexico begin giving posalas. Every night has its posada. The series must continue throughout the entire nine nights, ending on Christmas Eve. A guest who receives and accepts an invitation must attend all. It is not a house party. After midnight each night the guest leaves his morning to his own home. He is back again the next evening.

DRIVING POULTRY TO MARKET. Long before even the posada time has arrived the indications of the approaching holiday season are to be seen. Chief among these are the flocks of turkeys and ducks which may be seen driven along the roads and streets. The shops are filled with toys and

"dulces." Everywhere in all the booths and shops the distinctive Mexican Christmas top, the pinata, may be seen. For as little as 10 cents you can buy a huge pinata, made of many colored tissue paper and decorated with gold lace. At the opening night of the posada the entire lower floors of the big Mexican houses are thrown open to the nurrying people and the merry shouts guests. The breaking of the "pinata" of the Mexican equivalent for "Merry for the children. A counterpart is the Anglo-Saxon Christmas tree.

The pinata room has been prepared the center of the ceiling hangs the big toy, a sack full of toys, fruits, "dulces," and Christmas delights. This is a great deal more fun than the average Christmas tree. The children, beginning with the smallest, are blindfolded and given While their elders stand around and laugh at their antics they endeavor to bring down the pinata which they cannot see.

One at a time they take their turns, the great feast of New Year's. be expected that the smaller ones will another fiesta day comes around.

FOR TWO WEEKS

bring down the pinata. They are urged to hit hard, but they miss, or hitting, do not have enough force behind the blow to knock down the bag.

Then the other children, blindfolded, take their turns at the game. Sometimes one of the older boys or girls will succeed; often it reaches the adults before a successful blow brings down the pinata.

Series of "Posadas" for Nine Nights

Then the real lith has just begun. A sudden blow with the long stick and the successful one finds himself in a rain of descending toys, candles and fruit. He also finds himself overwhelmed by a rush of children.

There is no distribution of presents in the pinata game. It is a rush for them—a general scramble of shricking children, pushing and shoving in a

There probably are few children who have not sighed as the holiday season approached and wished that one day did not include the Christmas festivities. They will envy the children of larger pinata is hanging from the ceit larger pinata. ing, and the expectant children stand about watching it with eyes just as eager as if they had not been gratified the night before. the night before. The capacity of the little Mexican for amusement is enor-

> Again there is the blindfolding and the vain attempts. Each person after being blindfolded is turned about three times and told to strike. Perfectly confused, his blow generally goes wildly at random. When the successful one has been landed there is a ripping of gay tissue paper and pretty gold lace. a cracking of erockery in a hundred pieces, and down comes the rain of oranges, nuts, tejocotes, small candles, tops, and all sorts of tiny presents. ENORMOUS CROWDS IN THE

CHURCHES In this way the celebration proceeds until that of Christmas even itself arrives. That is a distinctively church celebration. From the cathedral to the smallest church every religious structure is lighted brilliantly. Crowds of hostess and hurries through the chill people have begun to throng the places of worship by dark. In the cathedral. the crowds pass reverently from the figure of one saint to the figure of another, the orchestra all the while playing selection after selection from oratorios and great masses. There is no vocal music until after 10 o'clock. At the homes on Christmas eve the celebration is religious. There is little

merry-making. Towards midnight the household takes its way to the house top, emerging on the roof as the city clocks are ringing out the hour of 12. Then from all the house tops goes up the Mexican "Gloria in Excelsis." Th ringing of Christmas bells lasts for many minutes and the air is filled with the tremendous, deep toned sounds from cathedral towers and churches.

Christmas day itself is a season of church-going for the higher class Mexicans, but in the peon streets of the city there are unique celebrations of the day. Usually these streets are filled with wonderful and grotesque floats representing, the designer knows not what. They picture scenes in Mexican life and scenes from the holy land. Frequently they mix both and the designer will shrug his shoulders if you ask him what it intends to represent.

"Quien sabe?" will be his answer. TAKE TURNS AT THE PINATA. will be small celebrations, ending with Throughout the following week there shricking with laughter themselves as then the Mexican will have to content they make futile attempts. It is not to himself probably a whole week before



Linley Sambourne in London Punch

WILL THEY CLOSE?

THE PERILS OF PEACE"

By Private Jimmy.

"Honest, if they ain't more fightin', i "I'm only waitin' till the ranks of the an' wars, an' rumors of wars goin' reporters is so depleted with the cruel ravages of war that they'll be sendin' out on these days than could be put in one volume of history, my intellect is sure crippled an' I've lost both of my crutches," began Private Jimmy, of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, times a week will be nothin to what will the sixteenth United States Infantry, times a week will be nothin to what will be nothing the nothing times a week will be nothin to what will be nothing to be nothing to the second times a week will be nothing to be as with the Constitution's war cor-respondent of peace they stood and watched the workmen engaged on the building of the new officers' quar-

ters at Fort McPherson.

"Every time I pick up a newspaper I get as nervous as a woman with a sick headache. "The Sixteeenth may go to Colombia," it says. "The situation is threatening in San Domingo," it says "It is rumored that the tare."

ed to be present will be us an' the enemy. The general color scheme, say, what is a color scheme? Don't seem to nothin' pass the society page from a euchre party to a weddin' these days that ain't got a color scheme tied to it. Anyhow, the general color scheme, they'll write, to the battlefield will be pink an' green. This matter of artistic decoration has all ready been decided upon by the comit says. "It is rumored that the Japa have broken away from their reservation again an' that Russia is highly displeased," it reads, an' by-Judas I wish I was in that fight with a pretty geisha girl to go home to when it was all over who wouldn't cry an' it everything you read on the society take on about findin' wrong letters in your pocket, but would smile an' look pleasant an' say, 'I loave you ver' much. Meester Chimmee,' just as my

little Cho Cho San used to do. 'The eastern situation remains un changed,' says the newspaper on the front page where the printer sticks it in every Tuesday an' Friday regular. Say, if a man didn't change his uniform any oftener than the eastern situation does, he'd get arrested. 'The Moros are makin' trouble near Jolo an' four American soldiers an' drunken corporal have put 3,000 or the insurgents to rout,' it says.

"An' all the time the only real fightin' that's goin' on is in Chicago where the strikers have been rude enough to annoy the captain of police an' his sergeants while they was seven-up on South Clark An' I see the coppers hav punished them severely, as they should have done. What with the people objectin' to the interference of the police an' the state militia, there's gettin' to be no respect for the law whatever. Our fightin' president is so scatterin' peace tracts round South America that he hasn't got the time to see it as I have, but he'l up some mornin' hatin' himsel with the babies all squallin' an' ther the newspaper'll say 'it is more than dered to Washington to keep peace in the White House.'

"An' are the soldiers gettin' killed in all this fightin' that's goin' on? Not on pur-"An' are the soldiers gettin' killed in all this fightin' that's goin' on? Not on purpose. This kind of fightin' ain't none of their affair. It belongs to the porters and reporters. The reporters are leadin' their to the front tomorrow—the front page of reporters. The reporters are leadin' their columns bravely on, regardless of danger. But the columns are mighty bad forma-tion. Do they deploy in regular columns of fours? They do not. Just as you get to the thrillin' part of the story that tells. how the brave soldiers were ready to fight at any minute, just as they have been for years on end, the newspaper says, 'Continued on the 127th page of the eleventh section,' an' you find that that was the section you sent your clothes

to the wash in.
"Oh, it's full of privation an' danger is "Oh, it's full of privation an' danger is the life of the reporter these days. Every day I'm expectin' to see you sent as war co-respondent to College Park to report the bit'er fight that is being waged against poverty, the bailiffs an' the money sharks. But you've robbed us soldiers of our chance for glory an' active service pay. When the fightin' begins it ain't official 'till the reporters get there. So one side's afraid an' the other dassent do anything anywhere 'til the special co-respondent of the St. Petersburg Gazettski an' the photographer of the Lulu content to constitution.

Tragedy in .Snake Family.

Tragedy in .Snake Family.

Tragedy in .Snake Family.

This tale of a cobra tragedy is related by Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles of the New York Zoological Society.

When the children returned, the general sent with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had respondent of the St. Petersburg Gazettski an' the photographer of the Lulu
Weekly Welkin an' the artists of the
Milledgeville Mornin' Mail has arrived.
An' when all the co-respondents get together they fight it out among themselves with such harrowin' descriptions an' destails of the war we're always on the eve off, that the generals on both sides deserts from the service an' goes back to
the insurance business they was promotief from. Oh, with eivil appointments for officers, war is sure hell these days. It's
only one step from the bookkeepin' desk to the same distance back again when the

Next morning the keepers on their round of inspection noted that Mrs. Cobra was missing and that Mr. Cobra had waved exceedingly. had waxed exceedingly round over night. There was no possible mode of exit, so the conclusion was inevitable Going to church for the Christmas that nocturnal cannibalism had been morning service is not an easy matter is. going on. Mr. Ditmars was summoned. when the church is ten miles away, He ordered that a pair of stout pincers with no way of going than by a hat be procured, and the very plump cobra row bridle path with a precipice on tied together with a piece of string. "What is it?" everybody exclaims. corced open, and it was found possible Two American girls in Jamaica to secure the tail of the swallowed started for church one Christmas snake and draw her out. Mrs. C., with morning. There had been heavy rains gests. Jonahlike vitality was still alive, but morning dawned bright and clear. The cook is called in, but she canof no avail, and she was placed in gaily as they rode.

Carthye was quite a pretty figure in light shirred blue with real buttons.' Say, Power of Kindness.

As he passed through his garden he

his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him, while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer he rememhered his cruel vow and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death. But when he saw the little ones so

close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back the tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the ren had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned the

general sent with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and next day signed a treaty of peace with those when he wagons lader or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc. of peace with those whom he had

NEAR TO DANGER

A Long Journey to Church by the Trail -Sirl's Good Time on Board

York looks back with pleasure to a Walla Walla district of Australia had Christmas day she spent, many years ago, aboard a liner in the torrid heat of the Gulf of Mexico. She was a girl so cross a deep river to get to the house to which they had been invited to a ball on Christmas eve. When they got to the fording — there was no

own youngsters were waiting for them Australian girls. ashore in Mexico or had been left be- of them to her escort, as she galloped hind in England showered upon her her horse into the rushing river. In all their parental affection and Christ- a moment the animal was swept off mas sentiment, which would other- its feet, but struggled gamely and got

aboard? Can he swim?" "Santa Claus can go anywnere, dearie," was the comforting answer.
"Be sure you hang up your stocking." "Be sure you hang up your stocking." fun, and their hostess fittled them on: Those passengers who had little ones of their own at home in Mexico they danced merrily until far into and were taking presents to them "Inristmas morning," managed to spare something to add "You mad people!" exclaimed the managed to spare something to add "you mad people!" exclaimed the to the stock of toys which the father bostess, when she saw them. "Why and mother had brought with them sidn't you turn back?" for their little girl. The stewardess

to the bursting polist. WAS THE SHIP'S QUEEN. sides the stocking full of gastronomic

her best bib and tucker and sem on deck, she found herself the queen venge.

While the Christmas dinner is being the christmas dinner is being the carrant will manage to of the ship for the day.

The gray-headed, genial captain came down off the bridge to wish her a merry Christmass the sailers comrel—the barrel being used to prevent the sporks from flying about and setting fire to the ship. But the little girl had become a tyrant during her table and every one is in great spirglish had become a tyrant during her table and every one is in great spirglish.

we are sinking, and will come out of delight of the children. Each child their way to help us." "That doesn't matter, captain," it." loosen her hold (it is presumed that the fullness of his mouth prevented the imperious little lady, "I do The hostess begins to cut the pudeven the veriest snake whisper), promptly swallowed mouse, snake and cockets at sea—and it's Christmas."

The hostess begins to cut the pudding, and the knife strikes against comething hard. She got her rockets rather have lost his her husband. "Anything wrong?"

> course by the celebration. NO EASY MATTER

peared. Glancing over the precipice cloth, same way I put it in de pot." she was horrified to see her caught in the branches of a tree fifty feet thing about it," the mistress combelow. The horse had lost its foor- mands. mg on the slippery path and fallen Jane, the housemaid, also professes to its death a thousand feet beneath, ignorance. The mystery remains unwith hardly a sound. But the rider solved, because the Creole negroes

CAN MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG.

Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's

Diseases in Their Own Homes. You Pay Only if Cured

Method and Full Particulars Sent Free -Write For It This Very Day

A Detroit specialist who has 14 certificates and diplomas from medical colleges and boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes; so that there may be no doubt in the mind of any man that he has



DR. S. GOLDBERG, Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates Who Wants No Money That He Does

both the method and the ability to do as he says,

debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make

CHRISTMAS DAY service.
This is a common kind of accident Some Tarilling Experiences in the Tropics.

In trophical countries when torrential rains wash away the harrow mountain paths, but the white women rejoice in riding at a dashing gallop along the cliff tracks which apparently even a goat could not safe-

AU THOUGHT OF DANGER. They never even think or danger when there is prospect of fun. Many a woman rides twenty miles or more over dangerous roads and through swollen rivers to get to her Christ-A woman who now lives in New mas dance. One family of girls in the of-five then, and it happened that she bridge—they found that the river had increased to three times its usual size by the seasonal rains and was run-Naturally, everybody made a great ning like a mill stream. Most people pet of her. Men and women whose would have turned back, but not these

wise have run to waste.

"Mother," the child asked on Christmas eve, "how will Santa Claus come cheerd? Can be swim?"

"Its feet, but struggled gamely and got to the opposite side lower down the stream. The other girls and their cavillers followed, the men guiding the girls' horses. Several of them had

their little girl. The stewardess "Turn back!" said the girl who had the stewards helped to fill the led the way, "We never do that when stocking with apples, oranges, nuts, we are going to a Christmas ball. We'd sweets and crackers until it was filled rather drown."

DIREFUL REVENGE.

There are other dangers which hirk When the child woke up early on around Christmas time in the tropics. Christmas morning the beheld bejoys, a whole lot of toys and picture of the family for a fancied injury. If After her mother had dressed her in Christmas, for some unknown reason, her best bib and tucker and sent her is usually chosen as a time for re-

peted eagerly who could amuse her stone, arsenic, or some other poison most with new games, and the pass- Inickily she also puts in some old rusenzers, thinking wistfully of the bish which she calls "obeah"—a rus-try nail, a cock's feather or a lizard's sters, could not make enough of her. In the evening after dinner, the articles tells the family that the poiscaptain organized a fireworks display on is also there. If the would-be assonibs and Catherine wheels in a barthis childish fashion, the Christmas

She wanted rockets and -turkey, ham, roast beef, and so "But, my dear," said the captain plum pudding to come in. forth. Presently it is time for the sorrowfully, "I can't do that. If I poured round it and lighted, and the send up rockets other ships will think butler brings it in blazing, to the huge begs eagerly for a "piece with fire en

What's the matter, my dear?" asks

POISON IN DISH. "I don't know," sne says. "There seems to be something hard in the middle of the pudding.'

"Cut it right open and see what it She does so, and in the middle of the

"What does it mean? "Looks like obeah," some one sug-

very grosgy. Efforts to save her were They started in great spirits, chatting not explain how the nails came in the alcohol shortly after she breathed her After a time the girl in front got "I don't know nothing about it no answer from her companion, and, missis," she pleads. "Same way you looking around found she had disap- gave me de pudding tied up in de

"Call Jane and see if she knows any-

was caught by the spreading branch- never tell on one another. Of course, Besieging Force Conquered by the es of a tree, and escaped unhurt. The the pudding is sent away uneaten. The nails had probably been dipped in poison; if not, some other poison had certainly been put in the dish. CAPTURED BY OUTLAWS.

Three Christmases ago an English woman was captured by "dacoits" (outlaws), while she was at a ball on remote indigo plantation in India. Christmas is a favorite day with these outlaws for their operations. She had strolled outside into the garden to get cool after a dance, for the thermometer was over ninety degrees. Her partner left her for a moment to fetch some lemonade, and when he returned she was nowhere to be found. The grounds were searched, but she had disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. Nobody could solve the mystery, and the parbroke up in dismay.

Next day the planter who had given the ball received a message from a famous "dacoit" chief, to the effect that his men had kidnapped the wo-man and she would not be returned to her friends until a ransom of 5,-000 rupees was paid.

The planter got the money together and paid the ransom, and the woman was able to enjoy the belated Christmas dinner in her own home. Months afterward the "dacoits" were tracked down by a detachment of native police and captured. Some of them were hanged for murder, and the rest are still working in chains in the penitentiary in Rangoon.

True Philanthropy.

Mrs. F. G. Currah, Windsor, Ont. will send free to any woman who suffers from female weakness or painful periods, a sample of the remedy that

READY REFERENCE GUIDE OF LONDON-BANKS, WHOLESALE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

AUCTION, STORAGE, MOVING. PORTER & CO. Phone 1,162.

DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVEST-MENT SOCIETY. CANADIAN SAVINGS AND LOAN. DRYGOODS.

ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO., 343 Rich WHOLESALE GROCERS. A. M. SMITH & CO., 176 York street. ELLIOTT, MARR & CO., King st.

HARDWARE. HOBBS HARDWARE CO., \$39 Rich IRON, BRASS, WIRE WORKS. DENNIS WIRE & IRON CO., King.

INSURANCE. NORTHERN LIFE, Masonic Temple

LUMBER BOXES. LONDON BOX MFG. . LUNBERS

Six Books for Those Not Well. Send Me No Money.

Which Send?

Book 1 on Dyspspsia Book 2 on the Heart Book 3 on the Kidneys Book 4 for Women Book 5 for Men (sealed)

Book 6 on Rheumatism

Then my real success began.

Just ask for the book you need. Let me tell you my experience as a specialist of 30 years. The book tells of a way to health. It tells how, after 30 years, I found a way to reach deep-seated and difficult diseases. In hospitals and at bedsides I labored hard and long to

The books tell how I perfected my prescription - Dr. Shoop's Restorative. How by scientific experiment I traced out the causes that bring on chronic diseases.

learn what I tell to the sick in these, the books I have writ-

I found invariably that where there was a weakness the inside nerves were weak. Where there was a lack of vitality, the vital nerves Where weak organs were found, I always found weak

Not the nerves commonly thought of, but the vital organs' nerves. The inside-the invisible nerves. This was a revelation.

Then I combined ingredients that would strengthen that would vitalize these nerves. That prescription I called a restorative. It is known the world over now as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. After that I did not fail to cure one case in each hundred. In the extremely difficult cases my failures for five years were one

is for surgery, not medicine. Then how to get this prescription to the sick ones everywhere was my thought.

in each forty treated. I found cancer incurable. Cancer

I must announce it in the public press. But, thought I, will they realize the real truth of my discovery - the real power of Dr. Shoop's Restorative? Then a way came to me -like an inspiration. "I will offer it to the sick on trial," said I. "Then they

will know I am sincere-that my prescription is unusual."

I wrote a reliable druggist in each city and village in

They agred to co-operate with me. Now By Any Sick One

Dr. Shoop's Restorative Can Be Taken at My Risk.

For a full month I will let you use it entirely at my Send no money. Just write me for the book you need. When I send it I will tell you of a druggist near you who

will permit the month's trial. Use the Restorative a month. Then decide. If you say to the druggist. "It did not help me," that will relieve you of any expense whatever. He will bill the cost to me. That is my way of clearing your mind of all doubt as to what Dr. Shoop's Restorative

No mater how prejudiced, you cannot dispute this solute security I offer. You cannot resist an offer like this if you are at all sick. If you have a weakness, write me. If you can't do things like you used to do them, tell me about it. Write in confidence. As a physician I will tell you a way to help.

Get my book now - today. Address Dr. Shoop, Bcx 41, Racine, Wis. Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two sottles. At druggists.

ready been decided upon by the com-mandin' generals of the opposin' armies

The two officers made a very smart ap-

ence, they'll say. Gen. Michayle Mo

now as ever, an' they're just a little more careful about the way the label

"This here stamp of fashion seems to cover a multitude of sins, an if the

labels just reads the same as that of Mrs. Van Damabit, it don't make much difference if the costume is made up

mostly of the materials that isn't there, like some of these evenin' gowns an' summer dreses I've seen since I came back from the Philippine Islands, with

their heathenish women who still wear

clothes from the top story to the base-

reads than formerly.

pearance at this color scheme co

cobra, dwelt together, in peace and

mouse in his mouth when he bumped more beautiful victory than that hoses with his spouse. The dilemma which was won by the little children was not of long duration, however, for who saved Hamburg.—The PeaceThis is something entirely new and well worth the story of a Dr. S. Goldberg. 208 Woodward Ave, Room G, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth the story of a Dr. S. Goldberg. 208 Woodward Ave, Room G, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

CITY OF HAMBURG SAVED BY CHILDREN

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other nerchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to Expects No Money Unless He Cures Youopen the gates.

"An Gen. Patrycyke McGynnsye,' they'll write, bein' careful to spell it as differently from the way the old man, who was a poor but contractin' hod-carrier, spelled it as possible, 'Gen. McGynnsye was most fetchin' in old blue with huttons de bross trimming. As the with huttons de bross trimming. As the enemy were suffering from thirst. Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city? Without a moment's delay he put

with buttons de brass trimmings. As the enemy he proved a most graceful an' hospitable host, an' everyone is sure of a royal welcome when he gives a house party. The artistic table appointments were carried out in crimson, with the soft red glow of the clay pipes an' conversation throwing an effective light upon the scene. Gen. McCarthye carried a bouquet of swansonia an' pink pig-weed that harmonized perfectly with his complexion an' disposition.'" errand.

Private Jimmy paused and gazed for a long time at one of the workmen, who, with a trowel, was deftly plying a layer "But do you think there is any chance the front tomorrow—the front page of the newspaper sayin' that we have received orders to be ready to move at once on the Home for Incurables. But the only men what's liable to get hurt at Fort McPherson are those men with the trowels an' hods. You newspaper folks have robbed us of any chance to fight, an' the Sixteenth, whot keeps itself so busy fightin' visitors an' Georgia sunstine is a whole lot like the eastern busy fightin' visitors an' Georgia sun-shine, is a whole lot like the eastern question an' the thirst-curin' far-away