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Snowing.

Feathering the willows,
Drifting in the hedges,
Piling down pillows
On the mountain ledges;

Bordering the streamlet
Where the sedges shiver,
Wafting on a dreamlet
To the drowsy river;

Weaving robes of ermine
For the perished roses,
Soft as couch of merman,
When the deep reposes;

Spicing in a whisper
Mystical and olden,
Silver-throated lisper
With a language golden;

Dancing like a fairy,
Vanishing, returning,
Till the spirits airy
Set the woods a-yearning.

—L. T. Weeks, in The Century.

The Crime of 1909.

First Detective—I succeeded in fasten-
ing a crime on a beautiful woman this
morning.

Second Detective—Aha!
First Detective—Buttressed my wife's
dress up the back—Browning's Maga-
zine.

Highest Viaduct.

The highest viaduct in the world was
opened to traffic recently by M. Viviani,
the French Minister of Labor. It is
situated at Fades, on the Orleans rail-
way system, in the Puy-de-Dôme depart-
ment, between the stations of Lapey-
rouse and Volvic. The viaduct is 1412-4
yards above the River Sioule. It has
taken eight years to build and has cost
about \$800,000.

Argentine's Wheat.

The wheat business of Argentina is
growing more rapidly than that of any
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NEEDY
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ished and stamps mailed promptly on
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THE ROMANCE OF OTTO IVES

A Story From Real Life by Ethel M. Chapman



DOUBTEDLY the village of Ancaster is famous for its traditions, and none of these are more worthy of record than the story of Otto Ives. It is not for the intrinsic value of such appealing narratives that we repeat them, but to remind the prosaic work-a-day world that there is more romance and pathos in the actual lives of the subbing, struggling, variant masses of humanity about us, than is stored in all the volumes of fiction in our language; and to recall what the noblest of our men and women have sacrificed for the one divine passion that Heaven has sent to make life here endurable.

One of the oldest, and most prominent figures of this picturesque little spot is the English church. Tall, steep-roofed, gray and rugged it stands, an ivy-bearded patriarch among its lichen-draped gravestones; and it is about one of these that our story centres. It is an ancient, weather-worn, five slabbed figure, leaning, as if in sympathy, to the dust beneath it. Its upper surface is inscribed:

"Sacred to the Memory of Otto Ives, late of Monmouth, England, who died in the year of 1835, at the age of 34 years."

The introductory facts of the story are brief. At the age of nineteen, Otto Ives was a grave, reserved youth, of fine physique, and many in appearance, a good soldier, and possessed of public opinion. We can see how repulsive the prospect of a life of luxurious idleness on his father's estate, with no chance for adventure or progress, would appear to such a nature; so it is not surprising to learn that when the war broke out in 1820, and England called for men to go and rescue the suffering Greek Christians from the Turks, he immediately enlisted and sailed for Greece. We can imagine too, the mingled pride and disappointment of a mother who had, perhaps, treasured dreams of seeing her son settle down into a self-satisfied political life, the darling of society, and her own present comfort in her waning years. Perhaps, even now, she had visions of seeing him return bearing his stars, and ablaze with the glories of war, to be hereafter a hero in the eyes of his companions; but from the world's point of view, Fate often plays strange tricks in the lives of even the most promising.

The uprising was soon quelled, and the English soldiers were quartered on a little island in the Aegean Sea. Their fighting had been fierce and strenuous, their supplies had been meagre, and the warm climate, though famed for its languorous balminess, was no friendly agent to their long marches. Ives had been sabred through the wrist, and the wound, though slight, was likely to cause serious results, in his exhausted physical condition. He was beginning to realize this, as he strolled away from the camp in the early morning, before his companions were awake. It was all over now. There was nothing left but to go back—back to a life that was a mere round of empty conventionalities. The lines of Arnold, kept running through his mind:

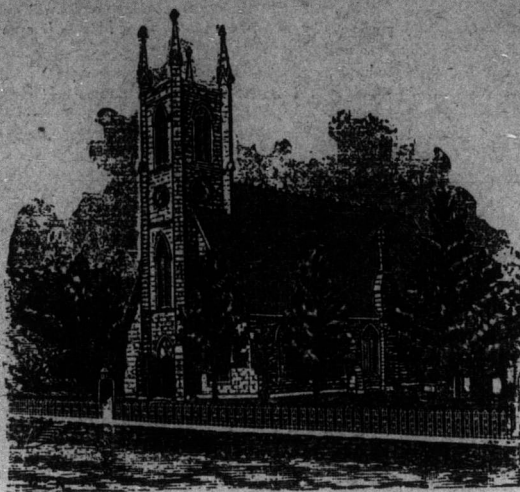
"Most men eddy about,
Chatter, and love, and hate,
Gather and squander,
Are raised aloft, are hurled to the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving nothing.
They perish, and no one asks
Who, or what they have been
More than we ask what waves
In the inner solitude wild
Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
Foamed for a moment and gone."

There are such moments in many young lives, when it seems that there is nothing in life worth hoping for, and it requires only the warm sunlight of sympathy, and love to pour into the shadowed but fertile heart, and bring forth the bright blossoms of hopeful endeavor. But Ives had been reared in an atmosphere of semi-frigid regularity and propriety, where no one suffered their emotions to rise above a normal temperature.

The governor of the island had his villa near the quarters, and as the soldier passed the gates and heard the cool splashing of the fountains within, the burning fever in his wrist compelled him to enter slowly, and awkwardly, he had ed the wound, and began to replace the soiled bandages, when a low, musical voice at his elbow interrupted him. The words were Greek, he did not know one syllable; but the modest dignity, and womanly sympathy of their tones were unmistakable. He turned and beheld the governor's daughter.

The young soldier had seen many women; but they were not like the Grecian girl that stood before him, a slim, straight figure, with the noblest of souls glowing in the eloquent dark eyes. There may have been an absence of the artificial culture and polish of English women, but culture would have seemed sacrilege where there was that womanly dignity of carriage, that sweet purity of brow and mouth, that graceful deftness of movement. There was no hesitating, no foolish embarrassment, but with an earnest friendliness, she offered to help him out of his difficulty, and with the quick impulse of the south shredded her sash into ribbons, and bound the wound comfortably and securely. A look of relief passed over the patient's features, caused not so much by the physical change, as by the sudden enlarging of his life's horizon. There was something real after all. He thanked her, and left; but is it to be wondered at that he passed that way again?

The meetings became more and more frequent, and the development is only natural. When a young man who detests the emptiness of worldly customs, and a woman of the finest and tenderest fibre of beautiful womanhood, together, day after day, watch the crimson sun-sets in the Aegean, and the transparent vapor revealing the purple mountains, when they hear the waves incessantly caressing the white shore, it is not for him to consider whether she be Jew or Gentile, and the woman—well, it is



ANCASTER ANGLICAN CHURCH AND BURYING GROUND.

different; a woman doesn't consider. So the lovers were betrothed. I discredit the tradition that this was affected by means of an interpreter, for though the soldier knew no word of Greek and the maid could pronounce no syllable of English, it was a sad thing for love, if in his endless journeyings about this crazy old world he had to be ever borne on the crude currents of language.

However, Ives went to interview the Governor. At first the old officer was too astonished to find vent for his feelings. Then his anger surged forth as the lava from Vesuvius, completely burying all the rationality of his intellect.

"Heathen dog," he shrieked, "You come here and impose on my hospitality, then you wish to carry my daughter away. My beautiful, only child you wish to take from her father and her sunny home to your cold, ugly country, and your colder-blooded people. To your church you wish to take her, and let her lose her happiness, and her very soul forever."

So deeply offended at what he considered an insult to his daughter's caste, was the father, that Ives was given a few hours to leave the island. He dare not urge the girl to leave her home under such conditions, lest she yield and afterwards be unhappy in the strikingly contrasted English environment; he dare not trust himself to see her for fear he be not strong enough to be silent, and he could not go without explaining, or she might doubt his faith. These arguments, I suppose, passed through his mind, but meanwhile the all-controlling feelings knew they must at least bid her farewell, and of course these conquered. It is needless to add the result. When nothing, save the fitful light from the crater of the distant Vesuvius illumined the water, a boat sped over the Aegean, bearing Otto Ives and his bride to England.

I suppose no one can realize just what it meant to the Grecian girl to leave her beautiful country, her home and people, for a land of strangers, and new customs; but it is not every nature that can realize the truth that:

"There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable which else,
Would overcast the brain, or break the heart."

Ives himself must have been a little doubtful about the results of this wild launch, but the love and confidence of

with the storms and frosts of many years and darkly shaded by tall hemlocks, our imagination flies to a visionary grave on a sunny island of Greece, a grave where a warmer sky smiles, and the falling waters murmur all year long. And we wonder, after all, when worldly honor and achievement, glory and pride are laid in the dust, and nothing lives but that diviner consciousness, that centre of all motion, if it were not better to let it have its way here.

SANTA CLAUS' YEAR OFF.

I know all the children will be distressed to hear that old St. Nick is sick, and will not be here this year. They will wonder how I found it out. Well, while I was busily engaged in my office late at night, seeing what I could get for the many children, good and bad, making out my lists, suddenly the lights grew dim and looking up I saw a very funny dwarfish-looking old man. He was all drawn and wrinkled, and red-whiskered and bald, and he wore large green spectacles. Taking long, sliding steps, he was soon at my side. Said I: "Well!" Said he: "I am a Santa Claus young son Jim. I have come to represent him, and am told that you can give me the names of all the children, good and bad, and all that they should have. So astonished was I that I could do nothing but stare, although, having seen St. Nick very often, no family likeness could I trace; but I asked if he would not tarry, so I could have a few words with him and find out if he were really a son or only an impostor."

Soon he brought out a tray and from a very greasy bag produced all things that could be of any use.

To both old and young, of any tongue—Japanese, Chinese, Russian, all Indian, American and Spanish dolls, Woolly dogs, "Ted" bears, balls and mask.

Everything longed for by bad and lass. "Now," says he, "what do you think? Am I his son, or a mere hoodwink?"

I turned, and asking him his age, he puckered up his wrinkled face and replied:

"Years twelve hundred and nine."

Then he asked if I did not think it was getting time for him to help St. Nicholas out, for the good old man "was getting stout and near twenty centuries had rounded out."

Thinking all he said was true, from my desk a list I drew of children small, large, good and bad, and a mighty list, too, I laid.

Bowing, he bade me adieu, from my office he quickly flew.

And the lights burned brightly.

Keeper of the list for Santa Claus.

The Old Story

Last of the dying year,
With withered leaf and eere.

The dear Christ month is here,
Holding a day so dear.

Day of the Heavenly name,
When to earth heaven came.

When to her wondering eyes,
Opened the midnight skies.

When on her ravished ear,
Fell angel voices clear.

When glory auras around,
Making it holy ground.

Oh, story sweet and true,
Ever old and ever new.

Christmas, we welcome thee,
With thy deep mystery.

Meaning of which we pray,
Show to our hearts to-day.

A. LAURENCE THOMSON.

A BACKLOT CIRCUS.

Every day for two weeks after the real circus had shown in the small town every youngster in the neighborhood had been practicing for the circus they were to have in Chester Morris' back lot. Many mothers had wondered whence came so many bumped heads and black and blue spots which ordinarily would have been wept about, but now were borne with stoical silence.

Billy Thomas' mother, on hearing an unusual commotion in the cow's stable one day, had rushed out, only to find her small son ruefully sitting on the stable floor nursing a bumped and bleeding nose, while bossy's eyes were looking wild. When questioned, Billy refused to explain, for what could a mere woman be expected to know how necessary it was to turn somersaults on bossie's back in preparation for the grand circus?

It had rained the night before, but the morning of the circus dawned bright and pleasant. A short time after breakfast were over the back fence seats of the pasture were selling rapidly to eager youngsters for two cents each.

Slim girls, with prim pigtails and huge bows smiled in blissful happiness as their heroes came on the field. Fat roly-poly girls were trying their very best to balance themselves on the fence, and the boys were sitting on the top, with their toes twisted under the lower board.

Only one girl, Dotty Fair, had been invited to join the circus. She had a pony and was to be the bareback rider. Chester was to be master of affairs. An uncle, who was cavalry officer in the army, had given him a pony and taught him how to ride and jump. Besides, Chester was the only possessor of a pair of really truly riding breeches.

As they came riding grandly into the pasture, shouts resounded from the back fence audience. Chester was leading, followed by Dotty, resplendent in a ruffled lace curtain of her mother's. Billy, as he did not own a pony, was to be escorted by his brother's messenger. He wore his brother's shaggy, brown, and smeared with juice of red berries, he was to ride his mother's cow. Lastly came the two boys who did the acrobatic stunts.

Chester did his part well. Dotty did some wonderful contortion work in order to stay on the pony's back. She got along very nicely till the clown and his unmanageable cow came tearing across her path, when the pony shied, fell and rolled in the slippery mud, landing Dotty, lace curtain and all, in a puddle of mud

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and water. That frightened poor bossy still more, as she wasn't used to being a circus performer, and her bellowing brought older people to the scene. Nobody could scold—the sight was too funny! A wet, bedraggled Dotty was limping about leading a muddied pony. A discouraged-looking clown was racing madly after a bawling cow, who was frightening everybody out of her way. That afternoon the performers counted the money from the fence receipts, and wondered if the circus paid, after all.

The Telephone Might Have Saved Caesar's Life.

Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone, or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone cable attached to the Colosseum endeavoring, but

without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capitol and at the palace. "I am instructed by the Emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison need not call again with his magicians' apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would have happened. "Halloo! 1287 Tiber. Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rankest me up this morning. What? Details of a plot? Go not to the Senate to-day! Beware of Brutus! Go not near Caesar! Right; and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, although Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life, and with it the fortune of Rome, was saved. "They Had Thought of It," is the name of the play.