

Our Christmas Catalogue Has Been Issued

By the end of the present week every Eaton Mail Order customer should have received a copy of our complete and attractive Christmas catalogue. It is not large, being composed entirely of goods essentially "Christmassy." The entire selection of gifts for the family may easily be made from its pages, as it covers every taste. The toys are, of course, the chief attraction, the range of choice being particularly comprehensive.

It is not a good policy, as hundreds thousands of mail order buyers have come to realize, to postpone Christmas shopping until the last hour. The most elaborate preparations are always made for the holiday season, this year more than ever, but it is entirely impossible to keep all lines complete right up to the last, and some one may be a trifle disappointed in not receiving the actual goods ordered. There is one good way to entirely remove the smallest chance of disappointment. That is to order now.

As soon as the catalogue comes to your hand is an excellent time to make all holiday purchases.

It is, perhaps at Christmas more than any other season, that the advantage of having a great city store available is appreciated. It is no small benefit to be able to make your own selections, from the daintiest and most attractive gift offerings gathered together from two continents.

We strongly advise all who have received catalogues to order at once, and those who have not, through any chance, received theirs to send for it without delay.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

she tell you her name? Did she show you her palm?"

"Both, dame, both! She is a girl of Ville Marie who has run away from her parents for love of the gallant Intendant, and is in hiding from them. They wanted to put her into the Convent to cure her of love. The Convent always cures love, dame, beyond the power of philtres to revive it!" and the old crone laughed inwardly to herself, as if she doubted her own saying.

Eager to return to La Corriveau with the account of her successful interview with Caroline, she bade Dame Tremblay a hasty but formal farewell, and with her crutched stick in her hand trudged stoutly back to the city.

Mere Malheur, while the sun was yet high, reached her cottage under the rock, where La Corriveau was eagerly expecting her at the window. The moment she entered, the masculine voice of La Corriveau was heard asking loudly,—

"Have you seen her, Mere Malheur? Did you give her the letter? Never mind your hat! tell me before you take it off!" The old crone was tugging at the strings, and La Corriveau came to help her.

"Yes! she took your letter," replied she, impatiently. "She took my story like spring water. Go at the stroke of twelve to-morrow night and she will let you in, Dame Dodier; but will she let you out again, eh?" The crone stood with her hat in her hand, and looked with a wicked glance at La Corriveau.

"If she will let me in, I shall let myself out, Mere Malheur," replied Corriveau in a low tone. "But why do you ask that?"

"Because I read mischief in your eye and see it twitching in your thumb, and you do not ask me to share your secret! Is it so bad as that, Dame Dodier?"

"Pshaw! you are sharing it! wait and you will see your share of it! But tell me, Mere Malheur, how does she look, this mysterious lady of the Chateau?" La Corriveau sat down, and placed her long, thin hand on the arm of the old crone.

"Like one doomed to die, because she is too good to live. Sorrow is a bad pasture for a young creature like her to feed on, Dame Dodier!" was the answer, but it did not change a muscle on the face of La Corriveau.

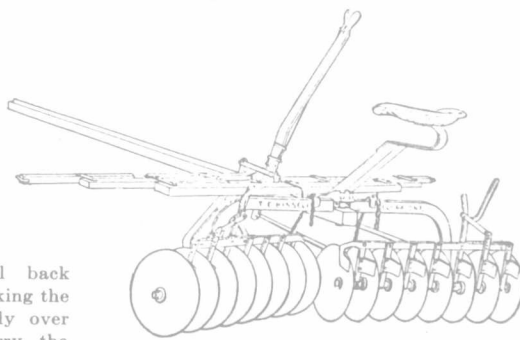
"Ay! but there are worse pastures than sorrow for young creatures like

The King of Disk Harrows

The "Bissell" hitch is well back where the work is being done, making the draught light. Frame is directly over the gangs. Horses do not carry the weight of the pole, levers, braces, frame and driver on their necks. This combination gives the "Bissell" greater capacity and power making it the King.

The "Bissell" goes down deep under the soil, makes an even cut, turns it perfectly, and pulverizes it thoroughly.

The "Bissell" is easily controlled. Nothing to break—nothing to get out of order. Nearly all steel. Improved Ball Bearings, are dust-proof. Axles are



drawn up tight, and cannot spring or stretch to allow the Disk Plates to work loose.

Every Canadian farmer knows what the "Bissell" does. To the farmer from the United States, we are anxious to prove that it is the best Harrow in "America." Our free booklet tells all about it. Get it from your dealer, or direct from us. Write to-day. Dept. B.

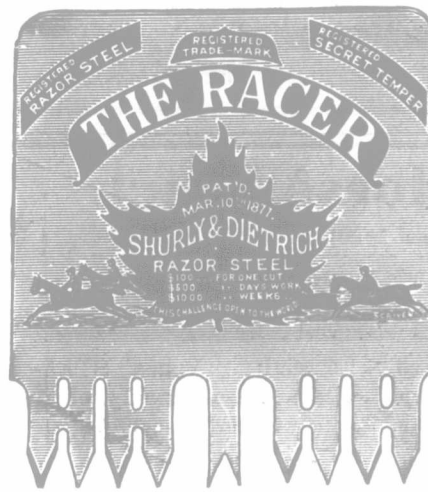
The "Bissell"

T. E. Bissell Company Ltd., Elora
JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., LTD., WINNIPEG, SOLE AGENTS

The Razor Steel, Secret Temper, Cross-Cut Saw.

WE take pleasure in offering to the public a saw manufactured of the finest quality of steel, and a temper which toughens and refines the steel, gives a keener cutting edge, and holds it longer than by any process known. A saw to cut fast "must hold a keen cutting edge." This secret process of temper is known and used only by ourselves. These saws are elliptic ground thin back, requiring less set than saws now made perfect taper from tooth to back. Now, we ask you, when you go to buy a saw to ask for the Maple Leaf, Razor Steel, Secret Temper Saw, and if you are told that some other saw is as good, ask your merchant to let you take them both home, and try them, and keep the one you like best. Silver steel is no longer a guarantee of quality, as some of the poorest steel made is now branded silver steel. We have the sole right for the "Razor Steel" brand. It does not pay to buy a saw for one dollar less, and lose 25 cents per day in labor. Your saw must hold a keen edge to do a large day's work. Thousands of these saws are shipped to the United States and sold at a higher price than the best American saws. Manuf'd only by

SHURLY & DIETRICH, GALT, ONT.



her, and she has found one of them," she replied, coldly.

"Well! as we make our bed so must we lie on it, Dame Dodier,—that is what I always tell the silly young things who come to me asking their fortunes; and the proverb pleases them. They always think the bridal bed must be soft and well made, at any rate."

"They are fools! better make their death-bed than their bridal bed! But I must see this piece of perfection of yours to-morrow night, dame! The Intendant returns in two days, and he might remove her. Did she tell you about him?"

"No! Bigot is a devil more powerful than the one we serve, dame. I fear him!"

"Tut! I fear neither devil nor man. It was to be at the hour of twelve! Did you not say at the hour of twelve, Mere Malheur?"

"Yes! go in by the vaulted passage and knock at the secret door. She will admit you. But what will you do with her, Dame Dodier? Is she doomed? Could you not be gentle with her, dame?"

There was a fall in the voice of Mere Malheur,—an intonation partly due to fear of consequences, partly to a fibre of pity which—dry and disused—something in the look of Caroline had stirred like a dead leaf quivering in the wind.

"Tut! has she melted your old dry heart to pity, Mere Malheur! Ha, ha, who would have thought that! and yet I remember she made a soft fool of me for a minute in the wood of St. Valier!" La Corriveau spoke in a hard tone, as if in reproving Mere Malheur she was also reproving herself.

"She is unlike any other woman I ever saw," replied the crone, ashamed of her unwonted sympathy. "The devil is clean out of her as he is out of a church."

"You are a fool, Mere Malheur! Out of a church, quotha!" and La Corriveau laughed a loud laugh; "why I go to church myself, and whisper my prayers backwards to keep on terms with the devil, who stands nodding behind the altar to every one of my petitions,—that is more than some people get in return for their prayers," added she.

"I pray backwards in church too, dame, but I could never get sight of him there, as you do: something always blinds me!" and the two old sinners laughed together at the thought of the