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AGUE PLAYS AGAIN
TO-NIGHT

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THE BEAUTY OF SUNLIGHT

is that every garment washed with it bears the impress of purity; a purity begotten of sweet, cleansing oils, and maintained by absolute cleanliness in manufacture; a purity exalted by the co-operation of workers united for the purpose; a purity demonstrated by the "55,000 guarantee" which rests upon every bar of SUNLIGHT SOAP.

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Leaves Toronto 1.45 p.m. for
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THE "YORK"
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Leah: A Woman of Fashion

BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS

yet Suspires herself, and the life to which she has sunk, too much to seek her out. For him to stay away may be her salvation, but hearts mortally stricken are apt to be illogical, and salvation so bought seems blacker than the lowest depth of despair. And she would be content with so little. Let him leave a formal card at her hotel, send her a message through Deb (more than once she knows he has gone to visit Deb at Ramsgate), give a single sign of interest in her fate, or forgiveness of the past, and she would ask no more. And still the days wear on; the day of the Duchess of St. Ives's ball draws near, and she hears, sees nothing of him.

Lord Stair, an habitual finder-out, by tortuous means, of other men's movements, has ascertained, long ago, the fact of Danion's rival in London, and at well-chosen intervals, with language whose delicate framing precludes the possibility of offence, speaks of him to Leah. Has M. Danion become proud? does his hospital work so engross him that he cannot remember his old friends of the Rue Castiglione, or is it Madame Danion--neat, of course, has not forgotten Mr. Pettigall's legend of that theme--who occupies his thoughts? The wife dead--ah! then so much is lessened of the mystery. Danion is "prosecuting some new love affair. The kind of fellow who could no more support life's burthen without a love affair than without a cigarette between his lips. And we know how much leisure a man in love has for friendship. With other suggestions of a like kind--suggestions which in spite of herself compel Leah's attention--set her thinking, when she is alone, on grave subjects than the outside careless tit of the words would seem to justify.

A fair sprinkling of human foibles are committed, doubtless, under the influence of passion; a larger number out of imagined self-interest. An overwhelming proportion, I would say, take their birth from precisely the state of feverish moral unrest to which Leah Chamberlayne has sunk--a state in which any movement seems preferable to the torture of enforced inaction; any outward support, no matter the hand from which it comes, worth clutching at.

She has been smitten by one incurable wound that she will carry to her death-bed; the man who loved her, and whom she injured, has taken the cruellest of all reprisals, neglect. Lord Stair never neglects her for a day, an hour. Her husband is indifferent to her, parades his worse than indifference before the world. Lord Stair is willing to throw over the world for her sake--gives of entertainments not a few begin to see that it is vain to fawn his lordship to their houses unless the name of Mrs. Chamberlayne be on their visiting lists. Attentive to every trifle that can yield her interest, forestalling her smallest wishes, never overstepping the boundary line of friendship, and yet contriving to show, without becoming ridiculous by the demonstration, how painful are the restraints he has laid upon himself; how can Lord Stair fail to become the strongest influence of Leah's life? She fears him, yet looks to him as a defense against her fears; loves him little as ever, yet in the society finds her readiest means of forgetting love and all that she has lost with it. In a word, she needs him; needs something, I should say, being human, beyond, stronger than her own worn-out heart, her own chafing conscience; and this something, by unhappy accident, is Lord Stair.

"And if I saw as other people see," Jack remarks to her with his usual candor, "you and Lord Stair should never open your lips to each other again. But I am not quite so weak, even under the influence of the finest amateur acting in London, as to mistake the blind for the reality."

The evening of the long-looked-for 30th has arrived at last, and Deb Pascal is seated at dessert with Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne. Any Hepzibah is staying for a couple of days in town on business, and Deb, ecstatically happy, has spent the afternoon with Leah. No real saint is the child's presence upon M. Chamberlayne's freedom of speech. Lord Stair and his friendship; well white-washed duchesses, their character, the hono- con-curred by their patronage; husbands, wives, and the universal misery of marriage--on all these subjects has Jack been holding forth, with perfectly unchecked warmth and candor, daring dinner; Deb, her eyes wide open, following, as far as her keen child's intelligence and fair child's soul can be said to "follow" such a peacemaker on such themes.

"Lord Stair has grown generous in his old age, Jack. He gave me a great big paper of sugar-plums when he called today, and do you know what I did as soon as Leah and I were alone in the park? I threw them, not where other children could pick them up, but so that I might see the wheels of the carriage crunch over them. Sweets from Lord Stair! How could I tell they were not filled with nice little doses of prussic acid and strychnine instead of liqueur?"

Jack heaps the child's plate approvingly with sweetmeats from a neighboring dish, remarking as he does so that she is at full liberty to throw them through the window if she has doubts as to the honorableness of his intentions.

"Oh, Jack Chamberlayne and Lord Stair would never go the same way to work about anything, even about poisoning one," says Deb, promptly. "As I flung away Mido's bon-bons, I am quite safe in eating Jack's--don't you think so, Leah?"

"I think you have not the virtue of gratitude, Deb," is Leah's answer. "Do you know how long it has taken you to decide whether you will or not eat an orange? Rather more than eight

A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL.

Prisoners For Debt Used Day to Tell of Their Unfortunate Condition.

The newspapers of a century ago afford ample evidence of the cruelty and futility of one of the laws of the day--namely, the punishment of debt by imprisonment, says Alice Morse Earle. It was an utterly hopeless task for any imprisoned for debt ever to expect to be released save by pardoning, and the sufferings of such prisoners was extreme, as they had no charity funds to draw upon to mitigate the woes and misery, the filth and horror of their surroundings. These unhappy men often chose the opening of the new year--a time of gladsofne hope to the world in general--to appeal for aid in their utter forlornness, and in the newspapers at the close of the year appeals for help printed through the pity of the publisher of the news sheet, and in early January sometimes humble thanks for gifts from generous citizens. Here is an advertisement from the New York Gazette, January, 1751:

Thrice happy, whose tender Care Relieves the poor Distraught When Troubles compass them around The Lord shall give them Rest.

We, the poor Prisoners confined in the Gaol of the City of New York, do take this public Opportunity of returning our most humble and hearty Thanks to our generous but unknown Benefactors for relieving us this severe Season when we were almost perished with Cold and Hunger, by sending us Quarters of Beef, one Cord of Wood, Twelve Shillings in Money, and three dozen of Loaves of Bread, which was fairly and justly distributed between us. And that God Almighty may give them Health and Happiness in the present Life and Eternal Happiness in the next are the sincere wishes of THE POOR UNFORTUNATE PRISONERS.

Dec. 31.

Best day of all the year, since I May see these pass and know That if thou dost leave me high Thou hast not found me low. And since, as I behold thee die, Thou leavest me the right to say That I tomorrow still may vie With them that keep the upward way.

Best day of all the year to me, Since I may stand and gaze Across the grayish past and see So many crooked ways That might have led to misery Or, haply, ended at disgrace: Best day since thou dost leave me free To look the future in the face.

Best day of all days of the year That was so kind, so good, Since thou dost leave me still the dear Old faith in brotherhood: Best day since I, still striving here, May view the past with small regret And, undisturbed by doubts or fear, Seek paths that are untrod as yet. --Chicago Record-Herald.

Strange New Year Celebration.

What probably is the strangest New Year's rite is held in the Cevennes mountains, in southern France. At the last evening mass of the old year the herds and flocks of the peasantry are gathered before the portico of the little stone church high up on the mountain side and are blessed by the priest and sprinkled with holy water by the acolyte, who follows him in order that this the sole wealth of the countryside may increase and prosper during the year to come. The sight at the holy hour is wonderful. As the church bell tolls above them the frightened animals bleat and bellow and try madly to escape.

An event of interest took place at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Keil, Cedar street, when their daughter, Miss Elsie, became the bride of Mr. J. D. MacLennan of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Bockelmann in the presence of immediate relatives of the bride. Miss C. Conrad played the wedding march.

FRENCH SUB SUNK

BERLIN, Dec. 31. (By wireless).--An official Austrian report received here to-day from Vienna says the French submarine Mauge was sunk on Wednesday by an Austrian flotilla.

School children and teachers in Price Edward County have raised \$2,010.78 for a Red Cross motor ambulance.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN UNDERWEAR FOR WOMEN and CHILDREN

Here's perfection in Underwear; comfortable, easy, perfect fitting garments, insuring absolute satisfaction to the wearer.

AT 25c AND 35c Ladies' Vests and Drawers to match; in white only, fine ribbed, open front vest, ribbon trimmed, open and closed drawers, long and knee length. 25c AND 35c	AT 50c Ladies' and Misses Vests and drawers to match in white and natural, open front vest and open and closed drawers, full length, fine ribbed and excellent value. 50c	AT 79c AND \$1.00 Extra fine quality, vests and drawers to match, in white and natural, open and closed drawers, open front, vest and ribbon trimmed, special value at 79c AND \$1.00
ALL WOOL AND SILK AND WOOL Fine quality all wool and silk wool vests and drawers, to match fine ribbed open vest, ribbon trimmed, open and closed drawers full length knitted cuff on sleeve and ankle at each. \$1.25 AND \$1.50	COMBINATIONS AT 50c AND \$1.00 Ladies' Cotton Combinations in knee and ankle length short and long sleeves open and closed front, very special value at 50c AND \$1.00	CHILDREN'S SLEEPERS Warm and comfy are these sleepers in Natural color only, fleeces lined, open front, tight knitted cuffs, all sizes at each. 65c, 69c, 75c AND 85c
FINE LISLE COMBINATION AT \$1.50 AND \$1.75 Ladies fine quality Lisle Combination suits, long sleeves, ankle length drawers, open front, extra value at \$1.50 AND \$1.75	ALL WOOL COMBINATION AT \$2.00, \$2.25 AND \$2.50 All wool Ladies Combination in cream only, long and short sleeves, low and high neck, knee and ankle length, warm and very comfortable, extra special value at \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50	

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There is a "tastiness" about foods made with Crisco that is seldom, if ever, obtained in lard-cooked products.

And this better taste does not come as an increased expense. Crisco costs about the same as the better grades of lard.

In the interest of good food as well as of good management, you will find Crisco worth using.

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SAD FAREWELL TO GALLANT DEAD. Australian officers gathered round the grave of Lieut. Col. Jameson, one of their brave leaders, killed just a few days before the evacuation of Anzaco and Suvla Bay on the Gallipoli. The picture gives an admirable idea of the roughness of the country.