

Let this be a Christmas of Fun and
Joy for the Children.
Fun for the Old as well as
the young.

Christmas Crackers AND Bon Bons ALSO Christmas Stockings

Give endless fun and amusement to children of all ages.
Come and see for yourselves. A greater variety to choose from than any year in the past.

AT ALL PRICES.

Ellis & Co., Ltd.,
203 WATER STREET.

Oldest Palace in the World.

The oldest royal residence in the world is Windsor Castle.

It has developed out of the hunting lodge of Saxon Kings erected on its site long before the Conquest.

Edward the Confessor turned the lodge into a palace. From Windsor, Harold virtually ruled all England. Then came William the Conqueror, and with his modern ideas rebuilt the castle with stone. Henry III. added to its size. Queen Elizabeth had a hand in its construction.

William IV. laid out the best part of a million in improving it. Queen Victoria spent £27,000 on the stables; King Edward put in electric light and brought the castle up to date in every detail.

Yes, it is up to date now, this oldest royal residence in the world, but there are men still living who will tell you that in days gone by they found it a very uncomfortable place to stay at.

A certain peer once when stopping at Windsor had to go himself in search of a glass of water for an eminent cardinal who, after being shifted from one bedroom to another on his

first arrival, was likely to go to bed thirsty if his fellow guest had not gone foraging on his behalf.

Neatly Trapped.

Miss Edith Evans, the well-known actress, who is winning such golden opinions in Bernard Shaw's new play, "Heartbreak House," is as witty as she is pretty.

Some little time back she was at a social gathering when some men started talking teasingly about the vanity of women.

Miss Evans, being one of the very few ladies present, promptly sprang into the breach in defence of her sex.

"Of course," she said, "I admit that women are vain, and men are not."

"Why?" she added, with a glance around, "the collar of the handsomest man in the room is even now rumpled up at the back and out of shape."

And then she smiled for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!

EVANGELINE! The Perfect Shoe for women; new styles now showing at F. SMALL-WOOD'S Showroom.—nov25,tf

A Delicious Appetizing Bite NORTH'S STAR BACON

Fresh from Boston every fortnight.

With a crisp piece of Bacon, a cup of Arbuckle's Breakfast Coffee or Cleveland's Health Cocoa, you will start the day right.

The following firms will be pleased to serve you:—

AYRE & SONS
W. E. BEARNS
M. F. CAUL
C. P. EAGAN
ELLIS & CO., LTD.
E. J. HORWOOD
J. J. MULCAHY
ROYAL STORES
J. D. RYAN
STEER BROS.

J. B. ORR CO. Ltd.,
IMPORTERS.

MY COLUMN

(By The CUB-EDITOR.)
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ON BEING FUNNY.

I should think the professional humorist is about the saddest fellow in the world. This may seem a very incongruous statement to some. If you are of that opinion, then take it from me, your are wrong. I do not lay claim to being a professional humorist, but I do try to be funny occasionally and meet with more or less success. From my own experience, I am convinced that trying to write a humorous article is the most difficult thing there is. If people who read funny stories knew just how much work and worry was experienced by the writer of it before they were completed, they would be more ready to weep than laugh. That may be rather a sweeping statement, but it is none the less true. Imagine a poor writer, specialising in humorous stories, wondering as he pines away, at a tale, whether he will earn enough by it to pay for his next week's rent. Around him sit his care worn wife and his large and hungry family. Some are on biscuit boxes, others on the floor, for every chair except the one on which he sits has gone to the pawn shop. He is weary in mind and body, tragedy stares him in the face, he realises that if his story is not funny enough to please an exacting editor, he will be compelled to join the habitues of the soup kitchen. In this state, he is compelled to plod away at his story, imagining one trying to be funny under such circumstances. Ah, gentle reader, (Editor)—"That is evidently meant for me as I am probably the only reader you have." Another—"At any rate, you're the only one who reads your editorials." Well, as I was saying when the Editor so rudely interrupted, little do you realise how many of the stories which bring smiles to your homely faces, are written under conditions similar to those I have tried to describe to you. Is no joke being funny. You have my word for it.

The Chicago police, whose duty we understood was to enforce the dry laws, have been reprimanded for treating in liquor. The boot being, as it were, on the other leg.

Is the proposed dual monarchy of the British Empire and the Irish republic a mixed English metaphor or merely an Irish bull?

At any rate, England should give the Irish their freedom. All they want to do is fight in peace.

Corporation counsels are usually true to their trust.

Motto of New York Police Department: "A thing of body is a joy for ever."

The attempts to communicate with Mars are significant. Maybe it is being asked to attend the Disarmament Conference.

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Eight Persons Lost Their Lives.

FIVE BODIES WERE FOUND IN YAWL.

KINGSTON, Ont., Nov. 27.—Latest developments in the loss of the steamer City of New York, which foundered ten miles off Sydney Point, while on her way from Oswego to Trenton with a cargo of coal, shows that eight lives were lost. Five bodies were found in the yawl, picked up late Friday afternoon by the steamer Isabella, and Captain Harry Randall, his ten months' old child, and Stanley Papa, aged twelve of Sealey's Bay, are still missing. Four of the five bodies found in the yawl have been identified by Captain John Randall, father of the master of the ill-fated steamer. Those identified are:—

Mrs. Harry Randall, of Sealey's Bay, 31 years of age; Captain Harry Randall, Mate Wesley Warren, of Sealey's Bay, aged 30.

Engineer Harry Dorey, of Kingston, aged 31.

Deckhand Gilbert Dorey, of Kingston, aged 17.

The fifth body has not yet been identified, but it is described as that of a fair haired boy, about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

It was first reported that two Gallagher brothers, of Kingston, Joseph and Frank, had been lost, but is now believed that they were not on the steamer when it left Oswego. The description of the unidentified boy's does not answer that of either of the Gallagher brothers, who are declared to be dark haired men.

Died of Exposure.

The bodies found in the yawl were all fully dressed. The death is attributed to exposure. Whether Captain Harry Randall and the two children were in the exposed yawl of the City of New York, which was picked up yesterday, will never be definitely known. But it is thought that the captain would never venture in a yawl alone with the children and determined to be the last to leave his ship must have gone down with the vessel, not having time to jump into the yawl in which the other five were, and which will hold twelve persons.

The time of the accident will never be definitely established.

The City of New York left Oswego at a quarter past three Thursday morning, and the yawl with its five lifeless bodies were picked up Friday about five o'clock. Mate Warren and the Dorey brothers were unmarried.

The Doreys were with Captain Randall for about a month. The youngster, who had a land job this summer, when laid off, said he would go sailing in order to earn some money for Christmas.

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Store Open
Every Night.

SUMMERS

The Store that Gives Big Values

"The Store of
Greater Service."

Outport Orders Receive Prompt Attention

**Men's
Winter Caps.**
Men's Golf Style Caps, made of soft cotton and wool tweeds, with fur-lined ear bands and dome fastener. \$1.70

Striped Flannelette
A heavy, strongly made Flannelette of this kind has a hundred and one uses around the home. Splendid cloth at a low price, 22c. yard.

See Our Remnants of Shirting and Khaki.

M. J. SUMMERS,
330 Water Street.

December First—the Start of the
Great Shopping Season.

Every Man Eager & Expectant!

TWO QUESTIONS:

"HIS"
"Do They Know
What I Want?"

"I have plenty of pipes—further I dislike 'breaking in' a new one—and if they give me cigars, they're sure to buy the kind I don't smoke. If some kind genius would only suggest to them that the quickest way to win a 'smoker's heart' is with the Gift of a comfy Smoking Jacket so that I could lie back in my chair and puff away—tush! that's only a 'pipe dream', they won't give me that!

"Or even a Bath Robe would satisfy me—mine is getting frayed and worn. Or Collars—a dozen, say, with a nice Leather Collar Box to keep them from being scattered around—and for travelling, too. And, say, don't I just yearn for a Shimmering Silk Shirt to wear Christmas Day. I never could afford to buy one. That with a few new Ties would complete the outfit. Another 'pipe dream'. Still, one never knows!



"YOUR'S"
"What Shall I Give
to a Man?"

There are many things he will want—a few of them he will get. And he will get many useless things. It is so every Christmas.

But to get the merry ripples dancing on his face Christmas morning when he uncovers to his delighted view some exquisite example of the art sartorial—a pure Silk Tie with a crisp crackle that denotes its goodness—a pair of Jaeger Slippers lined with caressing wool, enticing the feet with cosiness—staunch knit Gloves filled with a warmth that never leaves them—a snug Wool Muffler. Yes, men do like comfort, and they want it seasoned with Style and True Value. With these preferences men's buying habits have become fixed—fixed to this store. It would be cheating him out of one-half the joy that should be his if receiving your Gifts were he to find any other label than this on what you send him—

"From Kearney's".
That means A Merry Christmas!

"For Every Man a Man's Gift—
and every Man's Gift from Kearney's"

drawing of teeth." This Guild nowadays distributes charity to "decayed livermen."

The Butchers, formerly had great power. In the time of Edward II. they, with full authority seized some meat which was found to be bad.

Then they also seized its owner

and burned both butcher and meat at the public pillory. As the meat was intended for the prisoners in St. Nicholas Shambles (later Newgate Prison) they probably were forced to imitate Old Mother Hubbard's poor dog, and have none!

That the meetings of the Guild

were not always entirely without "briees" may be gathered from the fact that the penalty for swearing a Warden of the Paviors Company was fixed at six-and-eightpence—the solicitor's fee of modern times.

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