

INGERSOLL MARKETS.

The market reports in the Chronicle are corrected every day...

DOUKHOBORS' CHIEF SAYS RAILWAY DEPT.

A Christmas Reconciliation

How Santa Claus Brought Peace to Two Troubled Old Hearts.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

They were both sixty, and they both had gray hair, and their six children were all happily married and prosperous, but living at long distances from their parents.

At last and suddenly things had come to a head. The pastor of the little church to which they belonged had noticed that there was an un-Christian coolness between husband and wife.



"JOHN," SHE SAID, "SHE IS OURS."

Times one went home without the other, their offerings were no longer one, but separate gifts, and they disagreed in class meeting upon matters of doctrine.

This enraged John, who told him that neither of them would come to church again and asked for their letters.

Then each threatened to leave the other, and finally they talked of dividing the property. At this they quarreled more fiercely than ever.

Somehow neither one of them could bear to tell the children, and more than once they were on the verge of making up. So it happened that it was almost Christmas time, and still nothing was done about it.

At the little home of the old people all was gloom. The old man was sorting and destroying old papers, and his wife was mending and arranging and cleaning her already clean house.

Two days before Christmas Mary began to cook, with all her experienced skill, pumpkin and apple and mince and squash pies, fruit cake and layer

cake and plum pudding. She planned for turkey and for chicken pie, and her husband eyed her in gloomy retrospection of the glad old times, growing out to her that she seemed to be preparing for an army, and she flushed out that this wasn't the time to be stingy and perhaps there would be some poor to feed—there always had been so far.

Then came the 24th day of December, a heavy snowstorm and much embarrassment for the old couple. Each had secretly sent all the children presents and a letter, neither mentioning the other, and the lawyer had called on them and told them that it was time to drop the divorce business and make up or push it and have it over with.

About noon John came in, gruff and shy, and put a great armful of holly on the white kitchen table. She looked at him till he explained.

"May Carr give it to me. They had too much at the church, and she give me no chance to say I didn't want it—you know May's way. She said the Christmas tree was the biggest the church ever had and there were more children needing things. She asked if you had anything pretty or useful you didn't want, and I said I would ask you."

They had missed the church woefully and had always helped out with everything. They had always been cheerful and charitable. This appeal touched them both.

Mary rummaged about and sent an offering that rejoiced the hearts of those who were trimming the tree. John took it to the church, and everybody shook hands with him and in the general gladness seemed to have forgotten that anything was wrong.

About 4, while Mary was alone resting after putting up all the holly, a telegram came for John. She did not know where he was, and she suffered the usual agony of simple people unaccustomed to receiving telegrams. She dared not open it and imagined the death and burial of all her children and grandchildren, one after the other.

While she was in this frame of mind another message came, and the boy had scarcely gone when a third arrived. Then she sent a neighbor's boy for her husband and received him almost fainting. He was as frightened as she, but the first read: "Meet 6 o'clock train tonight, Mary."

"Meet 6 o'clock train tonight, Paul." The third bade him meet the 6 o'clock train and was signed "Elizabeth." While they stood staring at each other a boy brought another. This was different.

"Meet 8 o'clock train from west for little Christine. Alice died suddenly yesterday. Mother, give her a home till I can get to you. Letter later." It was 5 then. They stood staring at moment, and then Mary fell to piling wood on the fire and spoke briefly to John.

"Father, you'll have to hurry to get to that train." He went out to the barn and hitched the team to the double cutter. When he came back he lifted down to their grandmother's arms her daughter Mary's three children, three of Paul's and one of Elizabeth's. They were all laughing and shouting and each was ticketed "Merry Christmas. I am a gift to grandpa and grandma."

They were barely fed and warmed when John went to the later train and returned with the motherless three-year-old Christine in his arms. She had been put in the conductor's care and was sound asleep, with tears on her cheeks and her yellow curls tousled, on her grandfather's shoulder. Her grandmother reached up for her.

"John," she said, "she is ours. We must keep things together for the children! John, I'm awfully ashamed of how hard I've been, and I ain't ashamed to say so. Will you forgive me?" He stooped suddenly and kissed her as he put the child in her arms.

"Ma," he said, "I've been an old fool, and I'm the one to blame! I'll go and straighten things at church and if you'll have me for a Christmas present all right!" And she smiled happily up at him.

Tried to Bribe Santa. The appearance of the Salvation Army Santa Clauses on the streets of New York are the occasions of many a curious little scene when the children spy them. In Twenty-third street a little girl suddenly rushed up to the patron saint of toys and children and, thrusting into his hand a quarter, cried out: "Here, Santa Claus, take this; I don't want you to forget me," and was back to the side of her mother again in an instant. The little lass had tried to bribe the saint!

Something to Look Big. Mr. Bighart-Wiggins, old boy, we have raised \$50 to get the boss a Christmas present, and we want something that will make a show for the money—something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?

Wiggins—Sure. Buy \$50 worth of rice and boil it.—Men and Women.

Salvation Army as Santa Claus. The thousands of cents or nickels or dimes dropped into the Salvation Army's iron kettles under the red tripods at the street corners in New York city last December provided Christmas dinners for 28,000 poor people, and 450 were supplied with clothing with the money contributed by the public.

The Merchants' Lament. Little Sissie Memmaid, In the deep was weeping; Little Johnnie Merboy, Company was keeping.

Cause of their bewailing? We admit it shocking—They can never, never Have a Christmas stocking! —New York Herald.

Christmas With The Sky Dwellers

The First Stop on Santa Claus' Reindeer Route.

To land a snorting reindeer six-tand on the roof of a New York skyscraper requires pretty skillful handling of the lines, but Santa Claus is the man who can do it without jarring a brick off the chimneys. Why should he want to stop at such a queer depot? you ask. Because there are hundreds of little children diving right in the very center of New York who have never pressed their tender feet upon the brown earth, climbed trees, played in the grass or experienced the thousand and one pleasures so common to everyday life.

They live above the clouds, twenty stories or more above the real things of the world, but nearer by those twenty stories to the stars, the angels—and Santa Claus. Their aerial dwellings are his first stopping places on his annual Christmas journey through the atmosphere.

Born hundreds of feet above the haunts of ordinary mortals, these little ones often pass years of their lives in their dizzy homes without a thought of what is going on so far below them. Their fathers are the superintendents, engineers and janitors of these lofty buildings. Upon the very roofs of these great pillars of steel cozy, home-breathing cottages have been erected.

Here, right up against the sky, the children live and play from morning until night. They never miss the green fields and the tall trees, for they have never known them. Their playgrounds are the expansive roofs of the big buildings, and they are as free as the air.

While the smaller children pass their early years at home with their mothers, their older brothers and sisters attend school with the little ones living far down on the streets. In the evenings



TWO LITTLE SKY DWELLERS.

they tell a gaping crowd of sky dwellers the sights they have seen while going to and from school. The "skyscraper twins," who were born on top of one of New York's highest buildings and who so far have gone through life together as they started upon the journey, often think of the great day to come when they will go down the elevator and be among the toy people they have seen so far below them crawling along the sidewalks.

These twins, who are the pride, of course, of their father and mother, have never been away from the roof on which they were born. Life has been one short and happy dream to them. They do not know what a street car really looks like, for they have merely seen the shapeless, dingy roofs of the "L" trains as they squirm along their crooked ways like some short, thick snake with square head and tail. They are full of health and have rosy cheeks and big, dancing, bright eyes.

This means that they eat well, sleep well and enjoy life. There are seascaws and swings high up among the clouds on some of the skyscrapers and the ever present little red express wagon so dear to the small boy's heart. Races are run on the iron roofs, and top spinning and marble playing are favorite sports.

There are deaths on the tops of the skyscrapers as well as births. One of the saddest of these was that of a little boy who had gone down to the street for the first time to play and was crushed to death by a heavy truck.

A family of nine children born to one couple who have lived on the same roof for nearly forty years shows that race suicide has its enemies there. Five of these children have grown to manhood and are in the public service as policeman, fireman or mail carrier.

Dogs and cats are numerous on the skyscrapers. The children there are as well off for four footed playmates as those on the earth. Some have never known anything else but the roof, where they play by day and howl all night long to their hearts' content.—New York Times.

AT THE "FOREIGN" WINDOW

How Uncle Sam's Stepchildren Remember "Old Country" Friends.

"Home and mother!" These magic words are responsible for the sending out of Cleveland daily at this season of the year of thousands of dollars. At the window over which is the word "Foreign," in the money order office at the postoffice, a continuous string of people patiently await their turn to send sums varying from \$5 to \$25 to loved ones living in what they lovingly call the "old country."

Out of their bounty Cleveland's adopted children are sending something to cheer up those who are living in less favored climes. From week to week they lay small sums aside as the end of the year approaches. When they have accumulated the necessary amount they troop down to the postoffice, the one bank in which foreigners have absolute confidence, and send to mother, father, brother or sister the tokens of their regard. Distances are so great that the actual money is much more appropriate than any of the gaudy articles which would naturally be forwarded.

"Me getta twenta dol's worth," explained one woman as she elbowed her way gradually to the window.

"What?" demanded the clerk. He is required to understand everything.

"Me wanta twenta dol's," repeated the woman.

"Oh, you want to send \$20 home," explained the clerk.

The woman signified with her head that she certainly did want to send some money home. Tightly clutching her check, she made a break to the order. Her face was lighted up with a glad look.

"Who are you sending it to?" asked the clerk of the next in the line.

"Mudder," says the woman. It is the only word she utters as she lays down two ten-dollar bills. Enough said. She, too, clutched her order as if it was a pardon from death and hurried away to mail it.

Russians in large numbers, Italians, Germans and Irish are among the daily throng that seeks to make the loved ones at home happy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

Curious Corner of Toyland is the Austrian Village St. Ulrich.

Tourists wandering out of the beaten tracks of their kind occasionally come to a little village in Austria which presents the aspect of a corner of toyland.

The name of the village is St. Ulrich, and nearly all of its inhabitants are toymakers. Each household, too, has its specialty. One old woman has done nothing but carve wooden cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants.

She has made those six animals her whole life long, and she has no idea how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes and turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year.

She has no model or drawing of any kind to work by, but goes on steadily, unerringly, using gauges of different sizes and shaping out her cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants with an ease and an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if they were not utterly mechanical.

This woman learned from her mother how to carve those six animals, and her mother had learned, in like manner, from her grandmother. She has taught the art to her own granddaughter, and so it may go on being transmitted for generations.

In another house one will find the whole family carving skulls and crossbones for fixing at the bases of crucifixes, for the woodcarving industry has its religious as well as its amusing side. In other houses are families that carve rocking horses or dolls or other toys and in still other houses whole families of painters.—London Tit-Bits.

Edible Christmas Novelties.

A housewife whose purse is light, but who makes delicious things to eat, planned this original Christmas for her young friends: A box of animal cookies to the family with three small boys, homemade candy and stuffed dates to college youths and maidens, two individual plum puddings to the dear old lady who keeps house by herself, a loaf of salt rising bread and one of nut bread to the bride serving her first Christmas dinner and a basket of doughnuts to the eastern chap spending his first holiday season away from home. Mince pies and pound cake, were among her gifts. All these went done up in the most attractive manner.—Chicago Record-Herald.

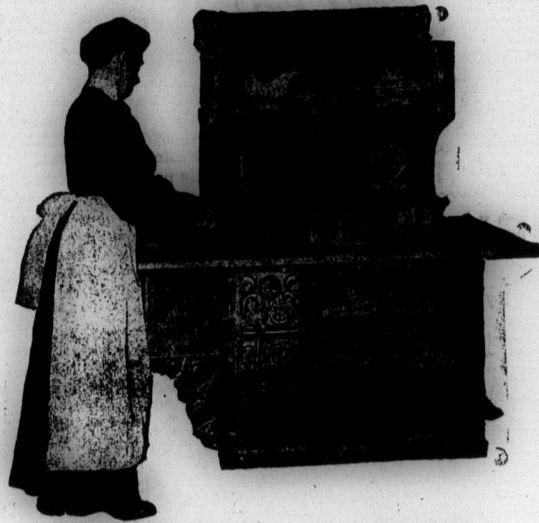
Where Christmas Trees Grow.

It is said that at least three-fifths of the 1,500,000 or more Christmas trees used in America each season grow on the bleak hillsides of eastern and northern Maine. Thousands of young farmers and timbermen make good incomes by cutting and shipping the trees. The Christmas tree business in Maine began only about thirty years ago, with four schooners to carry the cargoes of trees. Now many times that number of vessels are engaged in the trade. Most of the trees sent from Maine are firs.

Mistletoe and Holly. Hangin' of the mistletoe—that's where Love is led, An' ain't his cheeks as rosy as the holly berries red! An' his eyes they shine like starlight, an' the sweetest word that's said He whispers 'neath the mistletoe an' holly.

Hangin' of the mistletoe—an' take your rosy place, Laughin' lips an' bright cheeks, where the dimples ice to race! An' listen to that story that holds heaven in its embrace—Whispered 'neath the mistletoe an' holly! —Atlanta Constitution.

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