

The Empire At Stake.

We can't all go to South Africa to fight the Boers, but surely we can all contribute our mite to the maintenance of the British empire. We will do our part by slaughtering prices. So people wanting XMAS PRESENTS need not be afraid of the prices. We have them out down next to nothing.

JUST IMAGINE.
Bourjoises', Roger's and Gillet's French Perfumes, which are worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a bottle, our price for the rest of the week is \$1 and \$1.50 a bottle.

Stearns', Kiecksecker's and J. Taylor's Perfumes, fine American Makes, from 10c to \$1.50.

If you want a present for your girl or beau we have
Fine Ladies' Companions at \$2 to \$2.50.
Collar and Cuff Boxes, in both Celluloid and leather, from 2.00 to 3.50.

Photo Holders, fine celluloid, 2.00 to 3.00.
Handkerchief and Glove Boxes from 40c to \$1.50.

Shaving Sets, Jewel Cases, Photo Albums, Work Boxes, Pocket Books, Vases, etc., all new goods at prices away below cost.

Come in and see some of our Ebony Goods. We have some very fine Military Brushes in Ebony, done up in Beautiful Leather Cases. Though the regular price of these is \$6, we will dispose of them this week at \$5 a pair.

Some Fine Toilet Sets (Hair Brush, Comb and Tray) in Aluminum and Ebony. These are beautiful goods. You should see them before you select your Christmas Gifts.

OUR TOY DEPARTMENT.

Don't forget the children whatever you do. We are the headquarters in Dutton for Santa Claus, so we can give you all kinds of Toys, Picture Books, Dolls, Etc., away down.

It is very near Christmas now and as Christmas comes but once a year, we want to clear out all our Fancy and Christmas Goods this week. Rather than have any left over we will sell

AWAY BELOW COST.
Call and look over our goods anyway, even if you don't intend to buy. We consider it a pleasure to show our goods. Remember the place.

Kirkland's

Drug and Fancy Goods Store.

AROUND HOME.

Interesting Items Picked Up by Our Correspondents.

CRINAN.
Miss Jeannie Barr, of Windsor, spent Xmas at A. S. McMillan's.

Mrs. D. W. McIntyre and Miss Gracie McIntyre and Norma and Walter Smith, of Ridgeway, spent Xmas at D. Graham's.

Neil and William McEachern are spending a few days in Detroit.

Miss Grace McMillan is home from Windsor Model School.

IONA.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason, of Milwaukee, are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

The Methodist Sabbath school is preparing to hold their annual entertainment on New Year's night.

Rev. Mr. McEwan, chairman of the Baptist Home Mission Board, spoke the other evening in the Baptist church on the work the Mission Board is doing.

Miss Nellie McIntyre has returned to the Falls, after spending some weeks visiting her friends in this vicinity.

MIDDLEMISS.
The Christmas entertainment, by the Sabbath school, was a grand success.

W. C. Richards spent Christmas at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. R. Chas. gave a dinner in honor of her guest, Miss Branton, on Friday evening. A pleasant evening, was spent in games, music, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tiffin, of No. 8 St. Leonard, gave a grand party to the people of the neighborhood last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Butterwick is visiting her son, Geo. Butterwick, of Riverside.

The council of 1908 was elected by acclamation for the year 1909, so there will be no municipal election in Kirkland on Monday.

Fenians Want to Come.
The Omaha, Neb., Bee says: There is something more than a likelihood, that the Boer agitation now so general throughout the United States will lead to the re-suscitation of the once celebrated organization among Irish-Americans, known as the Fenians, which planned and executed an invasion of Canada in 1856. Intimations have reached Omaha from other cities that an address calling for a renewal of the Fenian organization and the Clarence Gael had been sent out from this city to enthusiastic Irish-Americans in other places. Inquiry developed the fact that there is some sort of a secret movement on foot among the Irish enthusiasts in our and neighboring cities which has for its object some decisive steps of a more bellicose character toward England than a simple declaration for the Boers far away in South Africa. The movement here will be inaugurated by a meeting to be held next Sunday, when some measures are expected to be taken.

A CLEVER RUSE.

The Sequel to a Hot Fight Over a Scalper's Ticket.
"Talking 'bout scalpers' tickets," said an old conductor, "the queerest thing I know in that line happened when I was working for the Missouri Pacific, back in the eighties. My run was between Kansas City and St. Louis, and one morning as I was pulling out on my east bound trip a fellow gave me an old three day excursion ticket that had expired at least six months before. I told him it was no good, and after considerable growling he handed me some small silver. 'That will carry me to —,' he said, naming a little way station, 'and between times I'll think it over.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'but I give you notice right now that I won't carry you a foot farther unless you put up the money.'

"He made no answer and began carefully studying his ticket. When we got to the station, I was by his side. 'Well, sir,' I said, 'what do you intend to do?' 'I intend to ride on this ticket,' he snarled. 'I've read it over, and it's perfectly good.' 'I'm not going to argue any more about that,' said I. 'You pay your fare quick or get off.' 'Not unless you're the best man,' said he, looking ugly. Well, I threw him off, but it was a tough job. He fought like a wildcat and came near licking both me and the brakeman. The station where this happened was in the heart of a wild moonshine district, and the crowd that collected all sympathized with the passenger. As we pulled out they stoned the train. I expected to hear from the fellow almost at once, but I didn't, and the affair soon passed out of my mind.

"Six months later I happened to be in the general offices when, to my great surprise, I saw him coming out of the manager's private room. 'Who is that man?' I asked a clerk. He laughed. 'Why, don't you know him?' he said. 'He's —' and he named a detective who had lately worked up the evidence in a big train robbery case in the very neighborhood of the station where our row had occurred.

"Then I understood. You see, he wanted some good excuse for going into the settlement, and there was no better role than that of a poor man just ejected from a train by a brutal conductor. He had his scalper's ticket to show, he had just put up a genuine fight, and he claimed to be dead broke. All that appealed to the natives, and they took him in at once. The result was that he staid there a month and picked up all the evidence he wanted. It was a shrewd scheme, but I still think he made that scrap unnecessarily realistic."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HORSE FOOLED THE OFFICER.

He Made Up His Mind That He Must Finish His "Spree."

On a recent evening during a driving rainstorm a telephone message was received at the Walnut Hills police station stating that a runaway horse attached to a spring wagon had been stopped by some boys on May street.

"Who understands horses?" asked the sergeant of the second relief that had just entered the station house.

"I do," answered Officer Horstmeyer, and he was detailed to go over and drive the horse to a livery stable, where it would be kept until turned over to its owner. Upon arriving on May street Horstmeyer found the horse, a wild eyed brute, held firmly by the bridle bits by two boys. There was no seat in the wagon and nothing but an old soap box upon which to sit. Clambering in, Horstmeyer gave the boys orders to let go the bridle, and in a second the horse's hoofs began beating a violent tattoo on the bottom of the wagon, sending the soap box in the air and jarring the officer's spine with each concussion. This lasted for two or three minutes, when suddenly the horse started and can like a blue streak down May street, the policeman clinging desperately to the reins. South May street ends abruptly in a dump or fill, and Horstmeyer knew this and prayed fervently. The end of the street was reached at last, and the horse, with a wild leap, went over the wagon followed, and in a second the animal, the wreck of the wagon, the remains of the soap box and Horstmeyer were mixed up in an indiscriminate mass at the bottom.

A half hour later a mud plastered individual limped up to the door of the Seventh district station house, leading a horse, on which hung the remains of a harness, and carrying a horse blanket on one arm.

"Who is that?" asked Sergeant Bartley as he peered out through the rain.

"It's me—Horstmeyer," answered the officer.

"Why," said the sergeant, "I thought you understood horses!"

"I do," answered Horstmeyer. "But I think it's a low German!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Big Cedar.

The finest English elm in New York city is on the west side of Madison square. Probably the choicest tree in any of the New York city parks is the cedar of Lebanon in Prospect park. It stands on the meadow northeast of Lookout hill. The height, about 40 feet, is remarkable for this country, and it would bear no mean comparison to some of the famous ones in Kew gardens, London. It is claimed that there is only one finer cedar of Lebanon in the United States. It is on the Huntington estate at West Chester and is about 60 feet high. These trees are most attractive in the early summer, when the old and new cones hang pendulous together. This tree does not come until it is 40 years old.—New York Tribune.

Nice Distinctions.

Nice distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue or green to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbor is good for nothing than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

When You Are Getting Ready for Cold Weather

Call and see what we are offering in—

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Suits, Reefers, Odd Coats, Pants and Vests

AT PRICES THAT SELL THEM EVERY TIME.

UNDERCLOTHING....

All kinds and sizes. We are showing some Special Values they last.

Boots and Shoes and Rubbers....

A very large stock to choose from.

Our Dress Goods and Mantles

Are better than ever. Homespun are very scarce, but we have them. They are the proper goods for winter dresses.

P. Cameron

DUTTON. WALLACETOWN.

COMMERCIAL.

DUTTON MARKETS.

Wednesday, Dec. 27.

PRODUCE.	
Butter, per lb.	0 18 0 19
Eggs, per dozen	3 16 0 18
Lard, per lb.	0 05 0 05
Tallow, per lb.	0 05 0 05
Potatoes, per bag	0 50 0 50
Onions, per bag	1 00 1 00
Shorts, per ton	15 00 15 00
Hay, per ton	12 00 12 00
Flour, per hundred	1 40 1 40
Cabbage, per dozen	0 10 0 10
Chicken, per pound	0 08 0 08
Honey, strained, per pound	0 08 0 10
Duck, per pound	0 09 0 09
Turkey, per pound	0 05 0 05
Goose, per pound	0 05 0 05
Pork, farmers' cured, per pound	0 08 0 10
Hides, per pound	0 04 0 04

FRUIT.

Apples, per bag	40 00
Dried apples, per pound	0 05 0 05

GRAIN.

Fall Wheat, per bush (standard)	0 63 0 64
Oats	0 25 0 25
Barley	0 35 0 35
Peas	0 45 0 50
Beans, per bush	1 00 1 05
Wheat seed, per bush	5 00 6 00
Alfalfa, per bush	0 00 0 00
Timothy, per bush	8 00 10 00
Straw, per load	2 00 4 00
Wool, per pound	0 13 0 15

St. Thomas.

Wheat per bush	\$0 68 0 65
Oats	27 30
Barley	35 40
Peas	50 60
Beans, per ton	14 00 14 00
Butter, per pound	25 25
Eggs, per dozen	20 20
Potatoes, per bag	60 65
Hay, per ton	9 00 10 00
Chickens, per pair	0 45 0 50
Turkey, per pound	0 10 0 10
Ducks, per pair	0 60 0 70
Geese, each	0 50 0 60

London Grain Markets.

Wheat, 66c to 67c per bushel.
Oats, 28c to 29c per bushel.
Peas, 50c to 60c per bushel.
Barley, 40c per bushel.
Corn, 42c to 45c per bushel.
Beans, \$1 per bushel.

The Hog Market.

The local market for live hogs has advanced to \$4 a cwt.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It is described at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth sent at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. It will relieve the most painful sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, Colic, Stomach and Bowels, Cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Beware of all druggists throughout the world. Beware and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A Novel Holiday Game.

A holiday game that creates a great deal of merriment is common in France. A number of people arrange to dine together and each member of the party agrees to give everyone else a present, but no gift is to cost more than ten or fifteen cents, the price being decided upon at the time. Much wit and ingenuity can be exercised in the selection of presents, and much fun is created by mottoes or couplets to accompany each gift. A wonderful variety of knock-knocks may be found for a small price, and in a party of clever people a number of happy hits can be made by seeing how humorously appropriate things.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE...

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto, and Buffalo.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.	MILL. EXP'S. LOCAL		
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Ridgeway	8:17	7:11	10:20
Rodney	8:45	7:39	11:55
Bismarck	9:03	7:46	12:10
Dutton	9:19	8:00	12:38
Iona	9:31	8:11	1:22
Shelden	9:39	8:19	1:38
St. Thomas (arrive)	9:50	8:40	2:30
No. 36, Atlantic Express, leaves Dutton at 12:48 p.m.			

GOING WEST.

MILL. EXP'S. LOCAL	A.M. P.M. A.M.		
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
St. Thomas (depart)	2:55	6:00	6:00
Shelden	3:19	6:19	6:27
Iona	3:35	6:35	6:40
Dutton	3:51	6:51	6:46
Bismarck	3:59	6:58	7:08
Rodney	4:06	7:05	7:22
St. Thomas (arrive)	4:15	7:13	8:45
Windsor	4:45	7:43	9:00
No. 37, Pacific Express, stops at Dutton at 5:18 p.m.			

LONDON AND ST. THOMAS.

GOING NORTH.		
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Leave St. Thomas	10:10	4:40
Arrive at London	10:50	5:15

GOING SOUTH.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Leave London	3:30	7:40
Arrive at St. Thomas	6:10	9:30

S. H. PALMER, Passenger Agent St. Thomas. JAS. BALKWILL, Agent, Dutton.

Sargent's Timidity.

A writer in The Ladies' Home Journal tells an interesting story of Sargent, the artist, in connection with his great mural painting in the Boston Public Library. Sargent had given much time and study to his theme, but went to some friends one day in a mood of artistic despair, insisting that he had conceived an idea beyond his powers of execution. He explained, then gloomily insisted, that he was going home to destroy the entire batch of drawings. They pleaded with him not to do so before they had seen them. He consented, and spurred on by their encouragement, finished his noble design. But for the insistence of Sargent's friends we would have lost one of our most treasured works of art.

Manna & Fungus.

It seems that in the present days Arabs who are obliged to traverse the sandy wastes of Arabia depend to a large extent upon "angel's food," both for themselves and for their camels. The manna is in reality a fungus which is found in great quantities on the sand after rain. Of a gray color and of the size of a pea, it has a pleasant, sweet taste, and although its analysis shows that it is by no means a perfect food, it is sufficiently rich in nitrogenous matter and carbohydrates to sustain life for a long period.—Chambers' Journal.

Almost a Death Struggle.

A large crowd had gradually formed around the two fashionably dressed and oblivious young girls, and at one time it seemed necessary to separate them. "What can it mean?" said the stranger who had just come up. "It took me," said the man addressed, "some time to learn, but as I understand it now, one girl has been six months in Europe, and while she was gone the other one has learned to play golf, and they are trying to tell each other about it."—Life.

There is one consolation about the noise of a big city: one cannot hear half that is said to him when he is trying to think.—New York World.

Manner is everything with some people and something with everybody.

Thin, Watery Blood.

When the blood is thin and watery, the nerves are actually starved and nervous exhaustion and prostration soon follow. Feed the nerves with Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and you will impart to them the new life and a vigor of perfect health. Face and face smile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box of the genuine.

STRANGELY ILLUMINATED.

Weird Effect of Phosphorescence on a Ship in Bering Sea.

"I have often heard of the wonderful phosphorescence of southern seas," remarked a traveler from the north, "and I have seen some pretty fair samples of it in the Atlantic between New York and English ports, but I did not know until recently that it prevailed to any extent in northern waters.

"Last August I was on board a revenue cutter in the Bering sea, about 63 degrees north latitude, bound north, when one night about 10 o'clock I happened to go on deck, and I was almost frightened by the sight of the sea. The wind was blowing sharp enough to raise the whitecaps, and the whole sea looked by a million fire lights, throwing their white rays upward and under the flying foam. The hollows of the waves were dark, but every crest that broke showered and sparkled as if it were filled with light. From the sides of the ship great rolls of broken white light fell away, and she left a broad pathway of silvery foam as far back as the eye could reach.

"But about this hour was the most striking display. Here it was as if the ship were plowing through the sea of white light, and as the water was thrown back from her prow it fell in glittering piles of light upon the dark surface beyond and was driven far down below, lighting the depths as if all the electricity of the ocean were shooting its sparks through the waves and turning itself into innumerable incandescents that flashed a second and then shut out forever. I stood on the forecastle deck looking down into the brilliant white turmoil of the waters until I began to feel as if we were afloat upon some silver sea, and a really uncanny feeling took possession of me. The white ship was lighted by the phosphorescence of the waters, so that as high up as the deck there was a pale, weird white that made one feel as if the 'Flying Dutchman' were abroad upon the seas and had passed by us. The masts towered in ashy gray above the decks, and every rope and line stood out distinctly in the light, but cast no shadow. It was all as ghostly as if we had gone up against the real thing, and it was a positive relief to get back into the wardroom, where there was something more human. I don't know how long it lasted, but when I went to bed at 11 o'clock I could still see the silver shining through the air port in my stateroom."—Washington Star.

Mother's Remedy

For Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Asthma is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

"Right remedy, right at hand, is the right way to prevent serious illness.

That Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the right remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs is attested by the prudent mothers of Canada who have cured their dear ones time and again by using this famous family medicine.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always the result of a neglected or uncontrollable cold, and can always be prevented and cured by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Croup and bronchitis cannot rob the home of its little ones when mother has this her favorite remedy at hand.

Delightfully healing and soothing in action, pleasant to the taste and prompt in affording relief, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the standard remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, throat irritation and soreness, tightness in the chest, cold on the lungs, and all kinds of colds in the throat, bronchial tubes or lungs.

25c. A large bottle at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.