



YOU can absolutely depend on the oven of the SOUVENIR RANGE. No air can enter it until it has been heated to the proper temperature of the oven—its aerated principle ensures this. Meats are cooked, and bread, pies or cakes are baked hygienically because of a constant flow of pure, fresh warm air through the oven. The aerated oven can be secured only on a SOUVENIR. For that reason there is not a range on the market that equals it.

The Souvenir is absolutely guaranteed by the makers.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN COMPANY LIMITED.

Hamilton, Montreal, 413
Windsor, Vancouver.

SOUVENIR RANGE

GEO. STEPHENS AND D. H. DOUGLAS

DISTRICT

ROMNEY.

Mr. Wm. Reek, of Guelph, is spending his holidays at his home here.

Miss Wickwire, of London, is spending her holidays at her home here.

Mrs. Johnson and daughter Jennie, of Springfield, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Herman Smith.

Harry Robinson spent Saturday in Chatham.

Miss Fletcher, teacher of modern languages in Ridgeway Collegiate

Institute, was renewing acquaintances here for a few days last week.

Misses Anna and Adda Whaley are spending their holidays at the parsonage.

Forest Kenwick was visit in this vicinity last week.

The Christmas tree given by the Salem Sunday School, Friday evening, proved a great success. Everything on the program was excellent.

The Sunday School at Oatworth has invited the Salem young ladies to give their drill at the Bethel Christmas tree entertainment Tuesday night.

Mr. Fred Fox has announced his intention of being a candidate for the re-election.

ASK FOR
Labatt's
(LONDON)
India Pale Ale

Pretended and unscrupulous vendors may suggest others, but compare it any way you will—purity, freedom from acidity, palatableness—Labatt's ale is surpassed by none equalled by few—at about half the price of best imported brands.

THE RELIANCE LOAN AND SAVINGS CO. OF ONTARIO

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

BRANCHES: Ayr, Chatham and Oshawa.

The funds of the Reliance are loaned on FIRST MORTGAGES ON IMPROVED REAL ESTATE, AND ON MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES AND BONDS, BUT NOT ON STOCKS OF ANY DESCRIPTION, EXCEPT THAT OF THIS COMPANY.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS PAID

4 TIMES A YEAR AT $3\frac{1}{2}$ PER CENT. per annum, and allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal. Money can be withdrawn by cheque.

DEPOSIT RECEIPTS

4 PER CENT. per annum allowed on deposit receipts issued for twelve months or longer. Interest paid by cheque half-yearly.

DEBENTURES

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ PER CENT. per annum interest allowed on Debentures issued for five years. Interest coupons paid half-yearly.

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J. BLACKLOCK, Gen. Mgr., J. W. WALKER, Mgr. Chatham Branch.

FOR SALE

For Sale.—Nice House and Lot on Clair Street, price \$850; \$100 down, balance on time.

Cottage on Esplanade Street, with stable and large lot, near paved street. Price \$900.

Good Home on Head Street, near Victoria Avenue. Price \$900.

Two Houses on Lansdowne Ave. Price \$700 and \$900. Easy terms.

Good Dwelling and Stable, and some acre of ground, adjoining the city, for \$1,000.00.

Enquire of

SMITH & SMITH, REAL ESTATE AGENTS

S. F. GARDINER'S FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE AGENCY

Money to lend on mortgages of Real Estate. 30 Shares Reliance Loan and Sav. Co. stock for sale. Debentures for sale bearing 4 and 5% interest $\frac{1}{4}$ yearly. Fire and life insurance solicited. Choice bargains for investors in city dwelling houses and farms in desirable locations. Estates managed and investments carefully attended to. Houses to rent.

Office—King Street (opposite), opposite Reliance Loan Co. Building.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

MONEY IN CANARIES

More profitable than poultry. Experience unnecessary. We give advice free. Our new book, "Money in Canaries," tells all about it. With book we send free, if you name the "Canary" and "Bird Magazine." Send for it today; stamps or cash refunded if you buy birds from us. Birds shipped anywhere in time. Write us before buying. Address: COTTAM BIRD SFF, 19 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

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MISS M. E. DAVIS
Manufacturer & Importer of Hair Goods
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MAIL ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

CHRISTMASTIDE JOYS

SEASON STIRS THE HEART WITH MANY HALLOWED MEMORIES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

Thoughts That Lie Too Deep For Tears—Quiet Ponderings on Bygone Days—Goodness and Mercy Our Constant Attendants—God's Watchful Care Through the Passing Years Demands Grateful Praise.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1907, by the author, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 22.—In this sermon tender memories of long past Christmases are recalled and the universal theme receives a new and brilliant setting. The text is Luke ii, 19, "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

The life of Mary, the Virgin, up to the period of the angel's visit had probably been that of the ordinary Jewish girl. In her quiet, uneventful existence there had suddenly come a long succession of wonderful manifestations. One great event came treading upon the heels of another great event until there seemed to be a great army of them. Why she should be singled out from all the rest of the human race as the chosen one of God she could not understand. She was only a pure, young, immature maiden. After these manifestations came to her she could not fully appreciate their meaning. But she stored them away in her memory. She treasured them up. Other people may have heard the story of that weary journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, of the crowded inn and the birth in the stable, and after a word or two of pity for the young mother, would dismiss the story from their minds. But not so the chief actor in the scene. Mary never forgot any of those things which preceded and succeeded the night Jesus was born. The Bible distinctly affirms this. "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

Now, the older we grow the more our present Christmases link themselves to the Christmases that are past. When our children gather about the Christmas tree to get their toys we think of the time when, with our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, we as children gathered about the Christmas tree of the old homestead. Thus I would have you join me in a walk through the corridors of the past and talk about the events of many Christmases that are gone as we try to follow Mary, the mother of Jesus, when as an old, old, old woman she lived over the wonderful events which preceded and succeeded the most important of all Christmases, when Jesus as a little child lay in the manger of Bethlehem of Judea.

When Mary as a middle-aged woman wandered through the sacred halls of memory and pondered over the incidents which preceded the holiest of Christmases the first event crowding upon her mind and heart must have been the visitation of the angel Gabriel, who announced to her that she was to be the mother of the Son of God. She must again and again have recalled how he looked. She must again and again have lived over that wonderful time when her own innocence and purity were smothered and overwhelmed at the significance of his message. She knew that she was pure in body and in spirit, yet the strange and marvelous statement was made that she, a virgin, was selected from all women to become the mother of the coming Messiah. Oh, was there ever news more momentous? Was there ever a fact more overwhelming?

Have you ever tried to picture this angelic visitation? The more I have thought upon this scene the more realistic it has become to me. In the first place, I have always pictured Mary as an orphan. Her father and mother are dead. Her brothers and sisters are scattered. She is about seventeen years of age. She has a sweet, pure face. I do not believe even the inspired genius of a Raphael or a Michelangelo or a Botticelli or a Correggio has half portrayed the purity and goodness of her countenance. Then I have thought she had a great wealth of black hair and great black eyes. She was then at the age when the strange girl could not tell whether she was a schoolgirl or a young woman. She was at what is called the doubtful age of womanhood.

Her work of the day is finished. The supper is finished. The dishes are all washed and put away. She goes to her room and shuts the door and is alone. Then I picture her thinking over her past life. She thinks of her mother and father and wonders how her little brother is getting along. As she thinks of the broken home of her childhood she is sobbing as though her heart would break. Suddenly she looks up. There stands before her a beautiful faced angel. His garments are of spotless white. He seems to be a man, and yet she knows that he is a celestial visitor. Her great eyes wide in wonderment. Her lips pale, as though to speak, but she utters not a word. There in the silence of the room she drops upon her knees and says: "Master, what is it? Hast thou news from my dear ones in the other world?" Then I think the angel reaches forth his hand and touches her and says: "Yes, Mary. My news is from the other world. I bring to thee no message from the dear ones who are gone. I bring to thee a message about the one, the divine one, who is to call thee mother. The Messiah is soon to be born of thee. The Son of God is to be thy child, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Can you not see her cheeks pale with emotion and then flush? Do you think Mary could ever look back upon the scenes of that first Christmas day without picturing the scene where the angel Gabriel told her that she was to become the mother of the promised Messiah?

Many Christmases have come and

gone as they came and went for Mary. But as with the mother of Jesus Christ, there is one Christmas which stands out above all other Christmases. That was the Christmas when for the first time we felt that our hearts were one with Jesus Christ's heart. Before that time we looked forward to Christmas as the time when we could get presents and could eat a pile of candy or toward the time when we could get a vacation from school and go skating upon the river or go sliding down hill upon our new sleds. But one day there came to us a message from heaven as significant as that which the angel Gabriel delivered to Mary. It said: "Christmas is not simply a time for fun. Christmas is the day we celebrate the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem of Judea, that we, through him, may become one with God." Oh, then, how different were the Christmas salutations with which we greeted our friends! Oh, then, how different were the hopes with which we looked forward to our sacred Christmases! Has the angelic messenger appeared to you? If he has, will you not pray that he may appear to you now, as he once appeared to Mary to tell her that the child who was to be born was the Son of God? "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

Have we not had faithful friends in our past Christmases? How kind and loving some of them have been! There was your mother, the central figure of your childhood's Christmases. How she ever enjoyed those Christmases is beyond me. She used to work so hard to prepare for them that she was more fitted to be in bed than to be moving around and making her happy laugh the loudest of the merry-making. Can't you see her sitting up and sewing? She used to think you were asleep, but you were not. How she ever got so much together for that Christmas tree was a wonder. Talk about geniuses of finance! Why, she could make a dollar go further than any one you ever knew. And, then, there was your father, and there was your older sister. Don't you remember how she sat down and cried when you found out where some of your presents were kept? And she vowed she would never give you a thing because you went and looked at them. The time passed on other figures moved around the Christmas tree. There were your wife and your own babies. Christmas ought to have dear associations for us as it had with Mary. She had to look to her to bring forth the Christmases morning. We have had our loved ones many years with us to brighten our Christmases in the past and in the present. Better ponder over that fact, my friend. You seem to have a lot to complain about. Remember that Jesus hath given to you many dear ones to brighten your Christmas festivities.

But Joseph and the angelic messenger were not the only ones who appeared unto Mary when she thought of that first Christmas day. There was the star in the east, the wise men who came to worship at the manger, and there were all the shepherds. Then there were the angels who sang above the hills of Judea on the night Jesus was born. All these testified to Mary that Jesus was the Son of God. She could not understand all these mysteries. She did not try to solve them, but she could not shut her eyes to the many which were testified to by these very witnesses. She did not talk of them then, but she stored those testimonies up in her memory. "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

But there was another feeling of gratitude which crept over Mary whenever she thought about the incidents preceding and succeeding that first Christmas morn. That was the thankfulness in her heart because God had cared for and protected her and her dear family during all those days of trial and agony. Never was there a time when she was not watching them and God's ear listening to them and God's hand guiding them. Some of us may think that Mary and Joseph were forgotten of God merely because Jesus was born in a manger, but that is not true. God was caring for Mary just the same as God on this Christmas Sabbath is caring for us.

Then, again, there was that second angelic messenger who appeared unto Joseph at Bethlehem, saying, "Arise and take the young child and Mary, his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." God not only protected Mary on her journey to Bethlehem, but he also continued the divine protection over the young child at Bethlehem to ward off the murderous designs of a brutal king. Then there was the long journey into Egypt, again the dangers of travel. Now, they certainly had to journey alone, for they were fugitives from the royal tyrant. Then there was the money which God sent them in presents of the wise men to feed them and to provide for them when they were exiles in the foreign land. Thus, as Mary looks over the scenes of the past, can she not see God's protection, hand everywhere? Like the psalmist of old, could she not sing, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever?"

But, if Mary had her divine protection through the past Christmases, has not God protected and cared for her in the same way during the many Christmases that are gone? Has he not fed you and clothed you and protected you? Has not his right arm always been about you? As with Mary, has not God cared for you in the most mysterious ways? John Knox, the great Scotch reformer, used to tell this wonderful story: For years at the dinner-hour he sat at the head of the table, with his back to a certain window. One night there was a strange voice of warning, bidding him to sit elsewhere and not allow any one to sit in his room, places. Hardly was the meal well under way than a bullet crashed through that window, grazed the chair at the head of the table and buried itself in the candlestick. Had John Knox sat in his regular place that night he

surely would have been killed, and the Scottish reformation, for a time at least, would have been halted. At least, the Scottish reformer dropped on his knees and thanked God for protecting him and his dear ones. As we look over our past Christmases, like Mary, like John Knox, we can see how God's hand has been guiding and caring for us.

But, lastly, I would turn your attention to one more fact. When Mary thought over the scenes of her past life she certainly must have thought of those persecutions and bitter, heartrending trials which made her take that journey to Bethlehem, so that Jesus, in the fulfilling of prophecy, could be born in the place where David lived. It was no doubt the bitter and unjust attacks made upon Mary that were the chief causes of preparing the way for Jesus to be born in Bethlehem of Judea. And without doubt, it is the misrepresentations and trials of life which are the chief causes of driving us to that same manger. But few of us were ever led to bow to and worship Jesus through the sunshine. Nearly all of us have come to him through shadows and storms.

The great Newman Hall, who for many years spent his annual vacations in mountain-climbing, used to tell the dramatic story of a Swiss chamois hunter who was one day crossing the great glacier known as the Mer de Glace. Suddenly his foot slipped and he fell over the side of an awful crevasse. He slipped down only a couple of hundred feet, but his feet were lost, for it was an impossibility for him, expert climber though he was, to climb back. Turning his eyes from the top of that mountain of ice, he saw a stream of water flowing down at the foot of the crevasse. He knew he must die if he stayed where he was, so he began to follow that stream, hoping that it might lead him to the top of that mountain and alighting there and breathing in the stream at times, he followed its course. Suddenly he came to a solid wall of ice under which the river disappeared. He knew he must move on or die, so he plunged into the water and swam as hard as he could through the darkness. After awhile, just able to keep afloat, he came out on the other side, where were the flowers and the fragrant hay-fields of a beautiful valley. So it is with our troubles. We must go through our surging torrents. We must disappear into the impenetrable darkness. We must have our times of trial, during which we seem to lose sight of God's face. But these times of trouble are the means of bringing us to the manger, as Mary's troubles were the means of bringing her to Bethlehem of Judea, where Jesus was born according to prophecy. Thank God for your troubles as well as for your pleasant sunshine. He is guiding you with his pillar of cloud as well as with his pillar of fire, as he guided the children of Israel during the long pilgrimage in the wilderness. On this Sabbath preceding our Christmas festivities you have a great deal more to think about than simply the presents which you are to receive and the tokens of affection you are to give to your dear ones. If you are to spend this coming Christmas aright, you must place alongside of it all the other Christmases of your past life. You must thank God especially for that Christmas when Jesus first revealed himself to you as a personal Saviour. You must thank God that he has surrounded you this Christmas with a great host of people who, like the wise men of the east and the shepherds, are ready to testify to you of his love. You must thank God for your trials and sorrows, by which your heart has been made more tender to him and to your fellow men. It is right when you are thirsty to drink of the water that flows at your feet. But to-day, would we drink of these streams of Christmas joy, we must as wise men look up to the hills from whence these streams come. The birds bathe their wings in the mountain brooks, and as they bathe they thank the God who has sent those brooks surging down the mountain sides. So may we lift our voices on this Christmas morn and praise God for all his manifold blessings to us and to our dear ones.

And, friends, if there are any who have not yet embraced him and become one with him, is there any better time than on his holy Christmas day? I remember years ago when as a boy I was called to the door. It was Christmas morning. I expected another present was coming, but instead a young girl came in, crying, "Oh, Frank, papa is dead!" Almost in an

instant a friend's life was snuffed out on Christmas day. We all loved him much. When we went in and saw him we said, "Could a man go to meet his God on a more beautiful day than this?" Ah, yes, there is a far better use to put Christmas to than this. That is have our new birth on Christmas! On this day, when all people are preparing to make merry, will you not make it the happiest Christmas day in all your life? Will you not make it a day when you become one of God's saints by becoming one with Christ? Then truly I can wish you who have just given your heart to Christ and are already his disciples a merry Christmas. The bells of heaven are now ringing out for a joyful and a triumphal Christmas anthem.

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Messrs Taylor & McKay have just received a car load of Carling's famous October brews—Ale, Porter and Canada Club Lager for Christmas and New Years' trade.

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Every year or so we change the style of our designs and issue new catalogues. Our 1907 catalogue is just out, showing the latest styles with which we are stocking up heavily. But we have on hand a few pianos which are not in the new catalogue. They have been discontinued in favor of some slightly different designs. The pianos are new, perfect in every way. However, as they are last year's styles, we have decided to clear them out.

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- 2 New Upright Pianos, regular \$500, Sale Price \$400

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