took a turkey in each hand, and went forth into the night.

At eleven o'clock he found himself in the hall with but two turkeys left. But he was utterly exhausted. He passed to the library and made an attempt upon the neglected meal; it was a failure; he could not eat. He lit his pipe, but let it go out almost immediately. Laying it aside he leaned forward, his face in his hands. And in his heart that the night's work seemed literally to have quickened and warmed, there grew an ache, a desperate craving for human company, human sympathy. At eleven o'clock he found himself human sympathy.

III.

III.

IT was almost midnight. The Bulfinches, tired but happy, were in the parlour. Their children's party was over; the last of the older youngsters had just departed.

"Surely I hear a cab stopping," said Mrs. Bulfinch, breaking off in her recollections of the evening's incidents.

"I'll go," said her husband, "before the ring brings up any of the servants. They must be tired out. Possibly some of our young friends have forsotten something."

He reached the front door just as someone.

He reached the front door just as someone came heavily up the steps.

someone came heavily up the He threw it open.

"John, by all that's wonderful!"
From the departing cab came a hoarse shout—"Merry Christmas, sir!"
Mr. Major smiled faintly, and looked ready to collapse. His cousin dragged him in. A turkey flopped on the rug."

the rug.

"I—I thought I'd bring it along," said John feebly. "I'm afraid I'm

"You're just in time, bless you!" cried Thomas. "Man, this is good of you. Off with your coat. Why, it's soaking. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, I'm not reing to weit a minute."

soaking. What have you been derivatively with yourself?"

"Oh, I'm not going to wait a minute,"
John began, awkwardly.

Mr. Bulfinch's kindly eyes grew moist. "You're going to wait over Christmas Day, at least," he said softly. "You don't leave this house tonight." He raised his voice. "Mildred, here's John—cousin John—come to stay!"

Mrs. Bulfinch came bustling from the parlour.

Mrs. Bulfinch came bustling from the parlour.

"And no one was ever so welcome," she said warmly. "Why, what a splendid turkey!" she exclaimed, perceiving the bird which her husband had placed on a chair. "How very good of you, John." She gave a little sobor was it a giggle?

And Thomas chuckled.

John said nothing, but he allowed them to lead him to the parlour. After who had sent the turkeys as who had so them.

Tariff Commission

(Ottawa Free Press.)

(Ottawa Free Press.)

In opposing the proposal to appoint a permanent Tariff Commission to of the tariff, Senator Campbell expressed the opinion that the Government, through capable officials, could tariff making.

But the fact is that this information has not been systematically obtained and tabulated in the past. There have been no officials whose highways and the byways for facts. Seen simply to carry out the tariff In appointing a permanent tariff.

statute.

In appointing a permanent tariff commission we assume that the Government will be doing just what Senable officials" for the sole purpose of The Free Press has for years adtariff commission. The Free Press, the Borden Government to appoint It remains to be seen whether the appointees of the Borden Government to that commission are able and will-



THE TRADERS BANK

of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 63.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of 8% per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the 2nd day of January next to Shareholders of record of 15th December, 1911.

By order of the Board By order of the Board.

STUART STRATHY,
General Manager.

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.



