

CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD LONDON

Thronging Crowds in the
East End Streets.

ONE MILLION POOR IN CITY

Santa Claus, Carols and Christmas
Trees in All the Great Hospitals
of the Metropolis.

London, Jan. 10.—"These 'ere oranges
is very 'ard. Ain't y'er got any ripe
uns?"

"What price, mum?"

"Good uns, sixpence a dozen."

"Oranges, mum, sixpence a dozen."

"Ain't that enough, a 'apenny a
piece?"

"Well, mum, we 'ad some, but 'er
most gracious majesty 'ave took 'em
for the royal Christmas party."

So madame didn't buy, but shuffled
along on her bargain-hunting tour in
Tottenham Court road.

Then another verbal combat arose
above the general babel, and another
and still another. It continued un-
til long beyond Christmas Eve, which
was Saturday night, according to the
London tradesmen.

The Pavement Merchants.

But this might have been in any
part of the metropolis at that hour,
for all London seemed to be in the
street. There were pavement mer-
chants everywhere, an army of them
on Ludgate Hill, to the very steps
of old St. Paul's. The babel that rose
from this open-air penny bazaar was
greater than the combined din of a
dozen Tottenham Court roads, and
the samples of English as she is
overheard, was rich.

This trade in the street was one of
the features of London's Christmas
Eve. Another was the quietness of
the clubs and hotels, which gave the
impression that London was empty.

And then the weather, to many the
greatest feature of all. It was as
mild as it is in Ontario in May, and so
disappointed London, which wanted an
old-fashioned Christmas.

Million Hungry Ones.

In the fashionable west end there
was music and song and all the good
cheer that wealth could bring, while
in the east there was a million hun-
gry poor for whom private and public
charity did what it could.

Canada had read of the dire distress
in London, but the half has not been
told. The rector of St. John's Church
in Tottenham, took some meat and
vegetables to a poor family of his pa-
rish. Before he left they began to eat
the meat raw, unable to wait till it
was cooked.

On Christmas Eve 200 ragged, frail
children crowded in front of a butcher
shop for the first annual Christmas
gift. It consisted of the scraps and
cuttings, the waste meat of the day.
This was within two blocks of gay
Piccadilly, which seemed to be chiefly
a continuous parade of tinsel and
glitter.

But in the sunshine of Sunday, the
gay and fashionable crowds in the
parks and streets, alive with dashing
hansoms and flying moters, all this
seemed to be forgotten.

Joy in the Hospitals.

Undoubtedly the feature of the real
Christmas Eve, which was Sunday
night, was the festive air of kindness in
every London hospital. While the
patients slept or dozen stalwart por-
ters brought in the giant fir trees
which willing nurses garlanded with
holly and paper flowers and hung
with gifts for every sufferer. Their
ward, when they awoke, was a fairy-
land.

In the great London Hospital there
was an additional surprise, an early
morning serenade of all the wards by
nurses carrying lanterns and singing
Christmas carols. There, as nearly
eight hundred patients in this great
hospital.

The little patients at the Victoria
Hospital for Sick Children were lost
in admiration of a fir tree twice as
tall as the tallest doctor of the staff.
Music so soft and low that it could
just be heard by the little ones as
they lay in the quiet ward came
somewhere from that glittering tree.
And there was just such another festi-
val of music and song in the Children's
Hospital in Great Ormond street. Tiny
stockings hung on the little white beds.
Each found a Christmas present in the
morning, even to the babes. And there
are many of these in Great Ormond
street. But Father Christmas was im-
partial. To the elder patients in all the
hospitals he was equally kind.

Your own boy is mischievous, and
your neighbor's boy is downright bad,
but a stranger couldn't tell the differ-
ence between them.

With some people home is a place
where they may turn in for repairs.

The Necessary Cure for Colds.

It is not a question of whether you
will need a treatment for coughs, colds
and croup in your home, but the ques-
tion is, will you select the most effec-
tive medicine, or simply be satisfied to
take whatever your druggist happens
to hand out to you?

Time and experience have proven that
you can depend on Dr. Chase's Syrup
of Linseed and Turpentine at such
times.

It is only necessary to remember this
when the critical time comes, and to
insist on getting what you ask for.

Should you have children who are
subject to croup, you had better keep
a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lin-
seed and Turpentine in the house, for
when the choking spasm comes, or
there is little time to send for doctor
or medicine.

Being pleasant to the taste, it is read-
ily taken by children. Because it brings
quick relief to the sufferer from asth-
ma, bronchitis, whooping cough and all
the most serious diseases of the throat,
and lungs, it is invaluable as a house-
hold medicine. 25 cents a bottle, at all
dealers.

GATEWAY OF THE WHEAT FIELDS; WINNIPEG THE COMING CITY

A Splendid Future for Young
Giant of the West, Says
Frank Carpenter.

The following interesting letter de-
scriptive of Winnipeg, from the pen of
Frank Carpenter, appears in the
Chicago Record-Herald:

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 8.—Stand with
me on the top of the Union Bank
building, Winnipeg's new skyscraper,
and take a look at the city. You had
best pull your fur cap down over your
ears and button your coonskin coat
tightly about you, for the wind is
blowing a gale. The air is nipping, but
the sky is bright, and there is so much
ozone that we seem to be breathing
champagne. Have you ever felt so
much alive before?

We are in the wild and furry North-
west, in its biggest town, and on the
top of its highest building. Were it
not so cold the Winnipegger who stands
beside us as guide would ask us if it
were not like heaven. We are sure of
one thing, the atmosphere by no means
savors of the other place down below.

Take a look over the city! It stretches
out on all sides for miles. The new
skyscraper shines brightly under the
pale light of the suburban additions. Win-
nipeg is a grower. Even now in the
winter, the sound of the hammer is
heard all day long, and buildings are
still going up by the hundreds. The
town prides itself on its newness, and
indeed much of it is just built. Over
there at the north are miles of new
houses. At the south buildings are
going up on the plains, and right be-
low us, in the heart of the city, the
business blocks have risen from the
ground since last summer. Winnipeg
erected \$11,000,000 worth of buildings
last year. It built about \$9,000,000 worth
the year before, and \$5,000,000 worth in
1903. All through the past five years
it has been jumping, and it is now
leaping ahead like an Australian kang-
aroo. In 1900 the new buildings num-
bered 658, and in 1904 there were erected
more than 2,000.

City Is Growing Rapidly.

Turn about and look up Portage
avenue. That street was practically
without buildings four years ago. It
has now millions of dollars' worth of
new business blocks, some of which
would be a credit to any of our cities
of twice this size.

Look at that department store. It is
the largest in the west. It is as big as
Wanamaker's establishment in New
York, and it now has six stories. It was
built only last year, but the demands
of the trade are such that three stories
more will be added next spring.

Turn about and look down Main
street. There at the end is the new
Canadian Pacific hotel and rail-
way offices fast approaching comple-
tion. Those buildings alone will cost
as much as \$2,000,000, and farther up
the street are to be the great terminals
of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian
Northern, which will cost \$3,000,000
more.

"Yes, sir," says the Winnipegger at
my side, "that shows you how we are
growing. About five years ago we be-
gan to build for all time and eternity.
Before that we had not realized that
Winnipeg was bound to be the greatest
city of the north, and our houses were
put up for the time. Most of them
were without cellars, and they had
flimsy foundations. Since then we
have raised them and made accom-
modations, and we are now building as sub-
stantially as any town on the contin-
ent. Five years ago we had about 50,-
000 people. Now we have 100,000, and
we are just on the edge of our begin-
ning. The city will grow more next
year than ever before, and within ten
years, and probably sooner, we shall
equal Minneapolis and St. Paul com-
bined."

"Look at those wholesale buildings,"
he continues, "did you ever see any-
thing like it? Most of them started as
two or three-story structures, and the
business has grown so that they have
had to be pushed up to six. This is
one of the great markets of western
North America, and the biggest market
for the wheat of the west. If you had
a pair of long-distance glasses, which
would enable you to look from the At-
lantic to the Pacific, you could see that
there is nothing in the west that can
approach Winnipeg, and your eye
could travel eastward as far as Toron-
to before any city of this class could
be seen."

At Edge of Big Wheat Belt.

"If you could look up and down the
great west with an X-ray attachment
which would enable you to pierce
through the snow down into the soil,
you would know that you are at the
eastern end of the greatest wheat coun-
try on earth. Away out there are 250,-
000,000 acres of land which will grow
bread with little more than scratching
the ground. We have cultivated as yet
but a few garden patches here and
there, and our crop last year was
about 100,000,000 bushels. When it is
all under cultivation it will yield
nigh on to a billion. We shall then feed
John Bull. Yes, we shall even fill
Uncle Sam's stomach and the crop will
all go through Winnipeg."

"Don't you think it is getting a little
cold?" at this point I timidly said.

"Well, perhaps so," was the reply,
"but when I begin talking about Win-
nipeg I grow so warm that I could
stand naked on the north pole and not
feel uncomfortable."

Thereupon we turned again to look
at the city.

Winnipeg lies on a plain of the eastern
edge of the wheat belt. The country
about it is flat. The Red River of the
north flows its way through the
city, and here flows in and joins the
Assiniboine. The houses of the city
are spread out like those of St. Peters-
burg, and, like Washington, it has
magnificent distances. The main streets
are 122 feet wide, and they stretch on
for miles into the country. Every resi-
dence has a yard about it, and nearly
all have gardens and trees. Even the
dwellings of the laborers stand alone.
They have windows on all sides, and in
most cases the windows are double, to
cheat the cold. The business blocks,
as in all new cities, are ragged.
The sky lines goes up and down like
the teeth of a battered saw, now and
then a building rising high over the
others. The skyscrapers are just be-
ginning to come.

From which I make this description, is
the first, but there will be others next
year, and in time the place will look
much like an American metropolis.

A large part of the new city has, I
am told, been built by Americans. Men
from Minnesota and other parts of the
west came here to deal in grain and
the cheap lands. They opened business
establishments of various kinds, and
today some of the best of the blood has
come from across the border. There
are now eight of our threshing machine
and farm implement establishments
represented here. There are half a
dozen land companies backed by
American capital, and there are Amer-
icans who have sold their millions of
acres of Canadian lands. Others are
going into business, and others are
here ready to take hold of the best
things that come up. The chief build-
ing firm is American. It takes con-
tracts running high into the millions
and is concerned in the new railways.
The biggest land companies were start-
ed with United States capital, and some
of the railroad land grants are hand-
led by them. In the meantime there
has been a large influx of popula-
tion from eastern Canada, together
with some from Great Britain. The
most of the life blood of the city, how-
ever, is American and Canadian, and
the two flowing together in one
harmonious stream. Both seem to
have implicit faith in the future of the
city, and, indeed, the indications are
that their faith is well founded.

"But let us go down and have a cup
of beef tea," said the Winnipegger,
"and we shall then take a ride through
the city in an automobile."

Beef tea is more common than
whisky as a winter drink here. It is
served at all the saloons and hotels,
and one can have it on tap. Indeed, it
takes the place of soda water from De-
cember till May.

Having finished our tea, we rode
through the main street of the city.
This was one of the old Indian trails,
which ran north and south, following
the course of the Red River, past the
Hudson Bay fort which was once sta-
tioned here. Portage avenue, which
we saw from the roof, cuts it almost at
right angles. It is also part of an old
Indian trail, which extended from here
a thousand years before, to Ed-
monton, a town now reached by three
great railroad systems.

Real Estate Goes Up.

Main street has many old buildings.
It was the first business part of Win-
nipeg, being a king's highway, and it
still contains the best business prop-
erties. Real estate along it has gone up
like a shot within the past five
years, and it is said now to be fully
as high as in Minneapolis or Toronto.
Storefronts rent for from \$1,500 to
\$2,500 a year, and you can buy a busi-
ness front for less money in Montreal
than right here.

Notice the banks! Winnipeg is one of
the financial centers of Canada. It has
thirteen bank buildings, the most of
them branches of the great banks of
Canada. They do a big business, and
they will compare in their appoint-
ments with almost any banks of our
country. The clearings last week were
about \$10,000,000. This is just double
what they were in the same week one
year ago and three times as much as
three years before.

But we fly along up the street in our
automobile. The hand of that veteran
Winnipegger, Fred Henbach, is on the
lever, and we are going like mad. He
takes us on toward the river, past the
Hudson Bay Company stores and of-
fices, by Lord Strathcona's big apart-
ment-house, and then turns to the
right, and we fly past the Manitoba
Club and on into the principal resi-
dence section. The streets are still
wide, but they wind this way and that
along the Assiniboine River. Boule-
vards have been laid out on both
sides of the stream in such a way that
every residence has a back yard run-
ning down to the water. There are
miles of fine houses in this part of
Winnipeg, and other miles have been
laid out farther on. Nearly all the
houses are new, and the largest and
best of them seem to have sprung up,
like the palace of Aladdin, in the space
of a night. The chief building materi-
als are white brick and a cream-colored
stone which is found nearby. The city,
in fact, is a white city, and under the
bright sunshine, which the Winnipe-
gers say exists here for thirteen
months or more every year, it looks
as neat as a pin.

Leaving the boulevards, we ride
through street after street, of new
cottages, the homes of the well-
to-do and poorer classes of the city.
We see, strange to say, no signs of "To
let" and very few of "For sale." Win-
nipeg has almost no tenement build-
ings, and so far I have seen no two-
story flats. Indeed, it is almost impos-
sible to rent a dwelling at a reasonable
rate, and nearly every family is forced
to own its house.

Great Railroad Yards.

In North Winnipeg, beyond the over-
head bridge, which crosses the railroad
track, hundreds of neat one and two-
story cottages are now going up, and
they are occupied or sold as fast as
they are built.

Standing on the bridge over the
tracks, we are in the center of the
largest railroad yard of the world be-
longing to a single trunk line. At least
the Winnipeggers say so. There are 110
miles of track, covering acres about us,
and at this time they are filled with
cars carrying the wheat to the great
elevators at Fort William and Port
Arthur, in order that it may be taken
down the lakes as soon as navigation
opens. During the season a wheat
train goes out of the yard every hour
of the day and night, and altogether a
half-million bushels of wheat leave
here for Fort William every 24 hours.
Five bushels of wheat will make all the
four a man eats the year around, so
that, every day, enough wheat goes
over these tracks to feed 100,000 men
for one year.

I like these Winnipeggers. They are
so pushing, strenuous, enthusiastic and
happy. They claim their city has the
best climate on earth, and they would
not exchange the biting winds of the
prairie for the kissing zephyrs of New
York, Boston or Washington. They
prepare for the season. Just now every
Winnipegger, who can afford it, has on
a gray overcoat made of coon skins.
The fur is long, and it stands out like
bristles. This doubles the size of the
wearer. It makes him look at least a
foot broader, and, as it is long, at least
six inches taller. He adds to his

height by a fur cap which can be pulled
down over the ears. This makes him
still bigger. Indeed, the town just now
is peopled with furry giants, who are
breathing out smoke, for the frost con-
geals the air from their nostrils, so
that it rises like the vapor of an incip-
ient volcano. The women are also
dressed in furs. Their cheeks are blush-
ing under Jack Frost's amorous kisses,
and the ozone of the atmosphere
paints their eyes bright. They look too
sweet to be the wives and daughters of
the giants beside them, but we doubt
not the fact when they begin to talk
about great Winnipeg.

Gateway of New Canada.

Winnipeg is at the gateway of the
New Canada. The tens of thousands
of immigrants who are now arriving
come through here, and one sees on
the streets natives from every region of
Christendom. There are Germans, Aus-
trians, Greeks, Swedes and Norwe-
gians, many of them dressed in the es-
tates of the land from which they
have come. Now and then one sees an
Englishman, and it is hard to throw a
stone without striking an American.
At the same time the most of the popu-
lation is made up of Anglo-Saxon
Canadians, and altogether they look
not unlike those to be seen in St. Paul
or Chicago.

On one side of the Red River,
reached by a bridge, is the town of St.
Louis, where there are several
thousand French-Canadians, and there
are also Russians, Jews, Italians and
Syrians.

Some distance from here, on the
shore of Lake Winnipeg, is a colony of
Icelanders, many of whom have
moved into the city. Some of them are
lawyers, others are teachers, and sev-
eral have intermarried with the Cana-
dians.

These Icelanders were among the
first of the Western Canadian immi-
grants. They were brought here years
ago when it was thought that none but
those accustomed to the cold of the
Arctic zone could withstand the weath-
ered. The Dominion Government sent
commissioners to Iceland, and they
brought back a colony of 15,000 or 20,-
000 souls, and shipped them out to Lake
Winnipeg. The Icelanders settled on
its banks, and for a time made most of
their living by fishing, much of their
catch being through holes in the ice in
the winter. They are now well scat-
tered over the country. Many of the
girls have gone into service, and not a
few are waiters at the hotels. These
people are orderly. They take to edu-
cation and religion, the largest Iceland-
ic church in the world being in Win-
nipeg.

There are also many Russians here,
and a Russian church. The Catholic
population is large, the French-Canadians
all belonging to that denomination.
There is a Trappist monastery
outside the city, and a Trappist nuns-
ery. Almost every denomination of
Protestants has its meeting-house, the
Jews have a synagogue, the Salvation
Army is waging its warfare against
dissipation and sin, and the Y. M. C.
A. has its own building and is doing
excellent work. Indeed, the whole city
worships the Lord under one religion
or another. It is a God-fearing, order-
loving, Sabbath-observing and church-
loving community. It is so good that
there are no Sunday newspapers. The
street cars are not allowed to run on
the Sabbath, and the only public places
open are the hotels and the churches.

When a man butts in he generally
meets more trouble than he makes.
People will do more for spite than
they will for sugar.

ASTHMA

Joyful News for Every Sufferer.

Clarke's Kola Compound is a positive
and permanent cure for Asthma. This
has been proven in hundreds of cases
where specialists and all other remedies
had failed. We believe so thoroughly
in the remarkable powers of Clarke's
Kola Compound that we send a free
sample bottle to any address.

The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited,
Toronto, Canada.

The TERRIBLE PANGS
OF DYSPEPSIA
CAN BE CURED

To be dyspeptic is to be miser-
able, hopeless, confused and
depressed in mind, forgetful,
irresolute, drowsy, languid and
useless.

Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour
stomach, distress after eating, belching of
wind, faintness, and fullness and dis-
tention of the stomach, are few of the many
distressing symptoms of the poor, weary
dyspeptic.

Dyspepsia is a disease that in one way
or another resembles nearly every other
disease, and the only way to get rid of it
is to tone up the stomach, liver, bowels
and blood. This will be quickly done by
the use of

BURDOCK
BLOOD BITTERS

It regulates the stomach, stimulates the
secretion of the saliva and gastric juice to
facilitate digestion, removes acidity, puri-
fies the blood, and tones up the entire
system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S.,
writes: "Last winter I was very thin and
was fast losing flesh owing to the run-
down state of my system. I suffered from
dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood.
I tried everything I could get but to no
purpose. I finally started to use Burdock
Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt
the good effects of the medicine and am
strong and well again. I can eat anything
now without any ill after effects. It gives
me great pleasure to recommend Burdock
Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

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HOTEL

40th-41st St. & Park Ave.

One block from Grand Central Depot and Sub-
way and Elevated Stations.

Thoroughly modernized, under
new management.

Telephones in all rooms.

European Plan. Table d'hôte.

Rooms.....\$1.50 per day and upward.

Rooms with baths.....\$2.50 per day and upward.

B. L. M. BATES, LOUIS P. ROBERTS.

HENS LAY MORE EGGS

If fed with

Clydesdale
Stock Food

In four-size packages.

25c to \$1

This food is equally good for
cows, horses, hens and hogs. For
sale only by

Westman's
Hardware

121 Dundas St. Market Square

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

Herpicide Will Save It. Herpicide Will Save It. Too Late for Herpicide.

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The Original Remedy that "Kills the
Dandruff Germ."

DON'T BLAME YOUR MIRROR

Many ladies compel their mirrors to
bear silent witness to needless hair de-
struction. Day after day they see beau-
ty and attractiveness despoiled by the
Drug Stores, \$1. Send 10c. stamps, to HERPICIDE CO., Dept. H, Detroit, Mich., for a sam-
C. McALLUM & CO., Special Agents. Applications at Prominent
Barber Shops.

In the days when torture was prac-
ticed they had to use crude instru-
ments because the piano in the next
flat had not been invented.

Never test your confidence in human
nature by asking absolute justice from
a friend.

Politics exemplifies the idea that
what is one man's poison is another
man's meat.

When a man is too polite
strictly wonder if it is mingling
or life insurance he is going to put
on you.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Great Manufacturer's Remnant Sale

At Our Factory, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13,
\$3,000 WORTH OF REMNANTS

Every Dollar's Worth of Goods Was Bought for Ladies'
MADE-TO-ORDER Skirts, Waists and Suits.

The following is the assortment of remnants: Imported English Tweeds,
Chiffon Broadcloths, Cheviots, Cravenettes, Waterproof Tweeds, Plain and
Fancy Sicilians, Venetians, Meltons, Homespuns, Cashmeres, Fancy Plaid and
Check Broadcloths, Crash Cloths:

- 150 Remnants from 1-2 yard to 2 yards long.
- 240 Remnants from 2 yards to 3 yards long.
- 380 Remnants from 3-4 yards to 4-2 yards long.
- 190 Remnants from 4-2 yards to 6-3-4 yards long.

Nearly all of these remnants are 54 inches wide, and all cloths, except
lusters, are thoroughly SHRUNK.

This is a genuine Manufacturer's Remnant Sale. We are not going to
quote regular prices or sale prices, but every remnant will be cleared out at half,
and less than half its value.

Job lot of short ends at each.....5c, 10c, 15c.

The Robinson Corset and Skirt Co.

Sale at Factory, Clarence St.,
between Dundas and King Sts.

For Good Work

In anything in the line of Bookbinding
CITY BINDERY.

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One block from Grand Central Depot and Sub-
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Rooms.....\$1.50 per day and upward.

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