[Kate Mastersen in Success]

more in evidence than during the gift-

giving season of Christmas time. Cus-

of Yuletide. Man is called upon to be a strategist, a diplomat and a pol-

is a certain putnetic humor in the in-herent weakness of the masculine na-

Few men are brave enough to drop

grapple with the situation. To come

the mask and admit their inability

out boldly and discuss the matter with the women of the family they

consider would be an indication of weakness, as well as unpardonable

form. On the occasion of Christmas

buying, man hugs the delusion that

he possesses tact, originality and a knowledge of the fads and follbles of

his women relatives. If he suspects

has weakness he suriers silently ake a

Spartan without betraying his frame

of mind. He waits and watches for

are some noble women souls who do

not hesitate to furnish such clues in

the shape of broad hints as to their choice of a present.

Even then the man gropes blindly,

the mercy of the shopkeeper and thus

ecomes the owner of some weirdly

impossible jewel, garment or article

of furniture which happily, thanks to the custom of modern days, is ex-

changeable when the Christmas re-

In the purchase of flowers as an

offering at feminine shrines a man is always safest. The fashionable florist

of today is an aesthete and something

of a sentimentalist. He knows how

women appreciate the accompaniment

of sumptuous ribbons with their floral tributes, and of late has even defily

added a corsage pin to attach the blossoms to my lady's bodice. In selecting flowers, then, for wo-

men relatives and friends, a man is

sure to be right; but the American

woman is a cormorant in the closer

relationships of life, and the flancee,

the wife, the sister or the daughter

of today expects flowers only as an

accompaniment of the more substantial and satisfying gift—an automo-

Many cozy-corner writers are fond

of expatiating on the fact that it is the sentiment that prevades a gift and

not its actual value that is of impor-

tance. This is a delightful idea, but the man who observes it in the making

of his Christmas presents will never

with his women friends. Women among themselves frequently bestow

cuniary weight to his offering.

check, after all, but spend it?

in the matter of expenditure.

preciates the accourrements of

favorite pastime, whether in hunting-field or on the golf-links

or of blue china and pottery:

are those who understand rugs; there

are butterfly and bug collectors; and

it is comparatively easy to select a

gift for a woman faddist. It is only

when she is a simple, womanly creature that the subject becomes com-

when housewifely pride ranked higher

than today, for the mistress of the household to regard the attainment of

some new possession in the way of

house furnishing as a personal gift.

She would gratefully accept a parlor

campet for her birthday, or a new sideboard or china cabinet as the choicest of holiday offerings, but the

custom has fallen into disfavor ever

presenting afternoon tea-tables and

self-feeding stoves to the men of the

family. This was one sauce that the

In Christmes buying men are sub-

ject to much the same form of hysteria

that affects women in a milliner's shop. They buy under a smell, and,

impossible bonnets men secure par-

and automotic tows of all sorts that loom up darkly when the holiday time

man's incapacity to solve the problem

THE CRICKET.

Though winter at the doorway

His highest drift has rolled,

And dream of Maytime's gold.

I hear the fireside cricket

I hear the ghostly rustle

So May gold in December

Will in my visions beam,

If Love but like the cricket

Of snowflakes on the pane,

But still the merry cricket With Maytime fills my brain.

of Christmas shorming

ach-sifters, self-playing pianos.

gander absolutely refused to share

since woman began to retalinte

It used to be the custom, in

important consideration

hats and gowns, but they are nare,

and frequently their real talent con-

sists in giving carte blame to dealers

joicing is passed.

Man's mere masculinity is never

"MERRYTHOUGHT."

A True Story

you go!—how can I let you go!" And on its journey to make glad the sad thirteen-year-old Nan sobbed and cried heart of little Nan. and ran into the house, while Farmer There was a great bustle and com-Katchpence turned to look pityingly motion at the home of Farmer Katchafter his daughter, saying: "Poor young one! she did love the critter, and she ought ter keep it; but the folks down in Easton will have Thanksgivin', and what would Thanksgivin' be without turkey, I'd like ter know? And then there's the money. know? And then there's the moneywe must have the money!" and this consideration sealed the fate of Merrythought; and up went Nan to her lit-tle room to "bawl it out by herself," as brother Jack said, with an air of what he called dignity.

In the great window of an old farmhouse, away up amid the hills of Vermont, sat Nan, not sobbing and crying, but truly "bawling it out by her-self," as Jack had said. Here was Merrythought, the pet that she had watched over, tended, and loved all the summer, called to meet a tragic end which we can believe never oc-curred to him, but did cast a shadow over the loving heart of Nan. Somehow she had felt that when November came, perhaps Merrythought would be spared; there might be enough without him. But that great American factor, "How much is he worth?" had taken hold of the Vermont farmer, and since Merrythought was a little better in every way for the good care Nan had given him, it was felt that he was worth more than any of the other tur-keys. He met his end with Turkish fortitude, and Nan-poor Nan!-was down below the sobbing and bawling. Nan and she hunted about in the dim

tionery was a luxury unknown to the farmer's family.
With a stubby pencil Nan wrote on the brown paper thest words: is Merrythought, my pet summer. I feel awful bad to have him go. He is sweet, and tender, and nice, I no, but I wud like to no for sure if he eats well, and how much

'NAN KATCHPENCE, Upland, Vt." Down the stairs Nan glided, for she was lighter of heart now, and into the kitchen she went, for she was the eldest girl in a large family, and the little maid of all work. There was no time for loitering at this busy season, and down sat Nan amidst the heap of turkeys waiting for the finishing touches of her deft hands. Each sepfeather plucked from Merrythought was a separate tug at her heart-strings; but the bawling had turned to bravery, for was n't there travel away with the brightest, bon-

brought under his arrm!—nately done up wid brown paper! Och! ach!" And Bridget stood in the dining-room door handled all those welcome letters and where innocent Merrythought lay on a platter, with the mysterious crumpled brown paper note beside him.

Mrs Goodheart took the crumpled paper, read what Nan had written, and "There's no harm, Bridget; it is only a note about the turkey from the little girl who had it for a pet. I will keep it till Mr. Goodheart comes to

A few hours later, at a bountifully spread table in this beautiful house sat the genial Mr. Goodheart, and his good wife. Beside his plate lay the crumpled note. "Ah, what's this, my and he read the scribbling upon the brown paper. "Well! well! Ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily. "Nan has an eye to business; we must look into this matter after Thanksgiving, if Merrythought 'eats well," as no will after all the loving care

he has had." Thanksgiving Day had come. Folks big and little had gathered around the table where Merrythought, handsomely browned and garnished, lay in state, "the observed of all observers." knew the story of far-away Nan and her pet, and all were anxiously waiting to know if Merrythought "eats well." Skillfully the genial host cut first a wing, then a leg, next the breast, and now the merrythought, which the two ittle folks hung up to dry, for by and by they would wish all sorts of good hings for little Nan upon this tiny

ringer of good luck. After much chattering and laughing, Mrs. Goodheart said, "Who'll write to And one said, "Oh! I don't like to write." and another said. "] can, but I do hate to write," and another said, "I know who'll write the best letter"; and it was agreed that Auntie, who could write a letter "with her eyes shut," as one of the boys said. should write what the children wanted to know. "Ask her how old she is, said one. "Ask her how many brothers and sisters she has," said another, "and what they are named." "Tell her he made a mighty good din-"Ask if she goes to school and church, and what kind of games she 'Tell her we want to know all about her, and how sorry we are she had to give up her pet; but tell her he 'eats well'—oh, he eats beauti-"Tell her how sorry we are that he didn't have four legs instead of two, because there was so muchymuch on a lag." "Tell her we'll keep the merrythought till she comes after buzzed with ideas which flew from all

NEXT TO MURDER

A doctor, who keeps his patient at home, when he ought to send him away-for money -ought to be held responsible.

So ought we, if we mislead. Our offense is greater than his, because we endanger thousands of lives by one advertisement-millions read it.

Some few must go for a change of climate, or die; but, to thousands, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil is cure at home. We'll send you a little to try if you like.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

********************** "Dear Merrythought! How can I let | directions. But soon the letter was

There was a great bustle and compence the week following Thanksgiv-ing. A neighbor had gone four miles to town early in the morning, had col-lected the letters and done the errands for the neighborhood, and on his return stopped outside the gate and called, "Nan! Nan! Where be yer?where be yer? The postmaster says he thinks this must be yours, but no one in the village can understand it. Mebbe it's a mistake, but sartain that's yer name." It was almost an unheardof-thing for the Katchpence family to have a letter. "They don't seem to be-long to anybody," some one had said; and true it was that an excitement prevailed which we, who receive letters daily from the hands of the letter carrier, cannot understand. Nan left her floor-mopping to take

the letter. The father, mother, and all children gathered about her; each in turn took the letter, looked at the writing, the post mark, the stamp, the six lines which reached from the Boston post mark to the postage stamp, felt it, turned it on the other side, then back again, and looked at Nan, and wondered how she could have a letter written on such beautiful paper, and bearing the mark of Boston; but there was the fact, Nan's name written in full, and there was no other Nan Katchpence in Upland. Nan trembled with excitement. She sank down, saying "It is from Merrythought. I knew trying to bear it with equal fortitude I should hear from him!" and then she confessed to the family how she had "I'll do it! Yes, I will do it," thought an and she hunted about in the dim the turkey's wing. She opened the letter, each taking a turn at the reading, old room to find something to write upon; but nothing was to be found exand Nan first laughed and then cried, so happy was she to know Merrycept brown wrapping-paper, for stathought had fallen among such kind

All was gladness in the farm house now-father and mother and all were so pround of Nan's Boston's friends; turkey. I have taken care of him all and friends they were, for had they not asked her to come to Boston some time
—when she had been to school a little longer, and could spell well and write better; and hadn't they sent her money you had to pay to get him. the beautiful paper with pictures on it, Please will you rite and tell me. and envelopes to match, and in each and envelopes to match, and in each right-hand corner a "brand new stamp never used before," a Jack, poor fellow, said a little enviously, for he had never had anything, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, that

hadn't been used before?

Little Nan studied hard at school, and the letters that she wrote to Boston were showing signs of it; the words were written more evenly, and the spelling was more correct, than in the Thanksgiving letter. And each time she wrote she tried so hard to have it just right; and she was writing often something waiting in her pocket to in these days, for there came to her many tender messages and loving niest, and best of all turkeys? When thoughts at Christmas time, and later the golden moment came, as come it on at Saint Valetine's and Easter, pretty handkerchiefs, ribbons and ing deeds, Nan's hand tenderly tucked cards. And when the warm days came, beneath one of Merrythought's wings, two pretty summer gowns and a "love" the crumpled, brown paper note.

"Och, shure, Missus! what cur'us was glad for little Nan; all the neighthing is this the knowin' burrd's bors shared in her happiness; the post-

> parcels first. And one glorious day, as Nan's father returned from the village, where he had been to sell butter of Nan's own making, he bore in his hand the letter which contained the money for Nan to go to Boston. Could it be possible that she-Nan, who had never had anything, nor ever been anywhere -held in her hand an invitation to visit those kind friends, and the money to buy her ticket to Boston? Was she asleep and dreaming, or was it really

A little crowd had gathered about Nan at the railway station—"the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," the postmaster the village doc-

tor, and the village parson. The long train came around the curve and stopped in front of the sta-The leave-taking, that deep wrenching to all true hearts, is over and Nan, who has never seen the inside of a railway car, is whirled out o the village, away from home and friends to the great city of her hopes and freams; and the new friends who gave ferrythought so warm a welcome will welcome her, too. In the gray twilight of an October day, the stately Mr. Goodheart was pacing backward and forward in the railway station, awaiting the arrival of the Vermont train. Soon the puffing, pulling, and tugging of the heavy engine told him it was close at hand, and eagerly he watched the passengers one by one; the tall slim lady with the tired baby; short, happy-faced mother with two rosy-cheeked children; the pale, wearylooking man; the bustling big man w a bigger value, umbrella, cane and overcoat, with the air of "Clear the track, for I am coming"; tall folks, short folks, thick folks, thin folks, old folks, young folks, children in arms, and children out of arms-all hurried by. Then at the end of this motley procession appeared a girl, bewildered and frightened, walking slowly as if uncertain which way we go.

Poor Nan had never seen so many people in all her life. "More than there are in our whole town," thought she. The kind friend hastened toward the girl, who was clad in a plaid woolen gown, a shawi pinned about her shoulders, and a tam-o'-shanter on her head. Her clean but ungloved hands were clasped tightly about a large cardboard box tied with a strong cord, which contained all the wardrobe the child pos-

"Are you my little friend Nan, who loved Merrythought so much?" asked Mr. Goodheart, and all Nan's fears vanished, and she willing gave herself up to his keeping. On arriving at the home, she was warmly greeted by the good lady of the house. It was all so new and strange—these beautiful furnishings, these lovely dishes with the painted flowers just as they grew in Upland, this very table where Merry-thought had been admired and eaten on Thanksgiving Day; and beside her plate lay the merrythought, gilded and tied with a blue ribbon. All the good wishes that the children had wished for little Nan on Thanksgiving Day, when they decorated the wishbone, had come

to pass.

Nothing but happiness came to Nan for the next month. Day after day passed in seeing new places and things; churches, art galleries, and fairs, things new and things old, all in turn were visited; and the shops, oh the shops-shops for books, and shops for boots, shops for toys and shops for candy, shops for trunks and shops for clocks, shops little and shops big; and Nan was whirled up and down in the elevators till her eyes and brain were so dazzled and bewildered that at last

she said she couldn't tell whether ele-vators were going up or down. Then followed the days with the dressmaker. A navy-blue serge trim-med with darker velvet and the love-liest of buttons, a pretty jacket to Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

match, and a faunty little hat, with kid gloves—yes, real kid, such as Nan had read about away up in Upland, but **************** never had expected to see, much less to wear on her own hands—and many of and the Part the Average Man Plays In It. Mean the dainty little things which are pre-cious boons to girlhood, had now been added to Nan's wardrobe.

The home letters were very few, for Nan had said in one of them: "I can never write it all; you must wait till I get home, for it will take all winter to

tell it.' One afternoon Mrs. Goodheart took her to see "The Old Homestead," and Nan fairly reveled in appreciation of country life shown on a Boston stage. It seemed to her it must be real, for didn't she know just such an Josh" up in Upland? Even the beau-tiful lights and the crowds of welldressed people, the music and the shifting of the scenes, and the curtain with the "beautiful picture rising up and down," could hardly convince her that it was only "make believe."

And all too soon came the time when Nan must say good-bye. A little trunk fastened with straps and lock had taken the place of the box secured with a string; for her wardrobe now was sufficient to fill the trunk; and in one corner there was carefully put, by Mrs. Goodheart's own hand, when Nan was not looking, the "dearest looking clock" which Nan had wished for so much when they had been out among the shops. Many pretty little things had been tucked away in the corners for the other children at the Vermont nome; and the little shawl which Nan had worn when Mr. Goodheart had found her at the station was carefully folded over all.

At last all was ready, the good-byes were said, and Nan was speeding back

to the Katchpence home.

But was not all life brighter and happier for her? Was there not around each daily duty a golden halo? Was not the dull routine made beautiful by happy memories which lifted her above the commonplace? Had not all the care and affection bestowed upon Merrythought returned to her with interest such as she had never dreamed of? And is not all her life made more beautiful through her warm-hearted devotion to one of God's weak creatures?

The Yule Log.

Oh, the yule log snapped and sparkled Till the red flame quivered high, Steeping wall and roof and rafter In the rich and vivid dye, And around the bowl of wassail Ran a soft, incessant chime-

Twas the greybeards clinking glasses To the joy of Christmas time Oh, the dance waxed mad and merry With the light heels overhead,

Hands across and down the middle Went the gayly measured tread, While "Away with Melancholy" Squeaked the fiddles, and the air Swept a stir of revel o'er us As we sat beneath the stair.

Oh, the sweet, and subtle magic

That at work within the heart Drew us tenderly together, Held us, tremulous, apart! Why, we thought our lips were attain any large degree of popularity touching

Just for love-we did not know It was all because above us Hung a bough of mistletoe.

THE CARNOT TALISMAN

An Indian God That Brings Good Luck and Then. Fatality.

[London (Eng.) Daily News.] A curious story is told by our Paris correspondest about a statuette given Museum of Religion by the Carnot family. This object represents a god of northern India. It was presented to M. Bon, the explorer, when he was on a political mission to Ne-The Rajuh who presented it said it was a talisman, representing at once luck and ill-luck, all that brightens life, and the fatality that involves sudden and premature death, It was at once lucky and unlucky to keep it. The priest that gave it to the Rajah told him he would, when possession of it, mount the throne which seemed out of his reach, and be assass nated, M. Bon saw this prince after he had become a ruler. The latter had held that the French were incredulous and haughed at behefs in talismans. He therefore thought M. Bon would not object to receiving the statuette as a gift explorer was a great friend of Sadi Carnot. On his return to France he went to see him, and to present him with the Indian talisman. Some time Carnot was unexpectedly put forward for the presidency of the republic, and, to the astonishment nearly everyone, elected. His wife, writing of his election to M. Bon, said: "It was that talisman that did She must have fancied, when Caserio murdered be; husband, that there was some mysterious connection between his murder and the statuette. In her will she conjured her cold to get rid of it. It appears she had not the courage to desiroy it, or to pass it on to somebody else. As a state museum is impersonal, it is to be hoped the maleficent power of the Ra-jah's talisman will be henceforth in abeyance. It ought to be noted the Empress of Austria and Humbert met with the same fate as M. Curnot without possessing the image of any Hindu god.

Christmas in Norway and Sweden.

The Christmas feeding of the birds is prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses on trees and fences, for them to feed Two or three days before, cartloads of sheaves are brought into town for this purpose. Both rich and poor buy and place them everywhere. Every poor man and every head of a family has saved a penny or two, or even one farthing, to buy a bunch of oats for the birds to have their Christmas. On this day, on many farms, the dear old horse, the young colt, the cattle, the sheep, the goats, and even the pig, get double the usual amount of food given them. It is a beautiful custom, and speaks well for the natural goodness of heart of the Scandina-

IF THERE'S A HINT OF CA-TARRH TAINT apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will saye you suffering, heal you quickwhether you have been a slave or month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head and catarrhal headaches in ten minutes. The Hon. David Mills, the Minister of Justice for the Do-minion of Canada, indorses it. 50 cents. For sale by C. McCallum & Co.-129. The pulpy mass called begasse, which is left after the sugar cane has

-R. K. Munkittrick. FRANCE'S COSTLY PARLIAMENT. been crushed and squeezed dry of its saccharine matter, is now used for The most costly parliament in Europe is that of France. The senate and chamber of deputies cost annually

Keep singing in my dream.

Sore Lungs CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

All caused by a Cold and Cough. tom has decreed that the sentiment of Weak lungs sooner or later mean mystery must be preserved as to the identity of the present until the dawn Consumption.

Weak Lungs

Shiloh's itician, as well as a mind render and a connoisseur, during the noticely time, and in the face of these demands ordinary manhood talls fladly. There Consumption Cure ture as shown up in this annual crisis.

will heal and strengthen the lungs, cure cold and stop the cough.

Mr. Johnson, Manager C. Daniels & Co.. King St. Store, Toronto, says: "We sell lots of Shiloh, and we recommend it too, I had a severe attack of Pneumonia which left me with sore lungs and a bad cough. Shiloh completely cured me. Shiloh is all wight."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all clues, like a philanthropic Snerlock Holmes, and it may be said to the eternal credit of the sex that there druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back. for though he may know the actual need or wish he is still confronted with the matter of selection. He throws himself in most cases upon

Write for illustrated book on Consumption Sent to you free. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.] The first authentic account of the Christmas tree is in a manuscript found in the Strasburg Library, dated

Previous to this time, there had been great controversy regarding the correct date of the birth of Christ. In the year 337, Pope Julian had an investigation made by St. Cyril, and decided that the 25th of December was the correct date. But there were some who were not satisfied with this decision, as they said the shepherds would not be watching their flocks in December. The date was so established in the Romish Church, and before the end of the fourth century it was uni-

versally accepted. This date was that of the great festival of the winter solstice, called ine Saturnalia. It was celebrated in all parts of the world from Dec. 25 to Jan. 6. At that season, houses, temples, shrines and trees were decorated with evergreens, holly and laurel. No mistletoe was used in the decorations, on account of the Druidical superstitions regarding its peculiar and dangerous power. But one of these superstations has become the heritage of all ages, hand-painted clothespins and other such airy trifles, that are returned in kind with apparent satisfaction and and is familiar to the boys and girls of our day and is often repeated. In the Saturnalia they had the yule mutual appreciation; but woe to the man who adopts this economic sentilog, the candles, gifts, and the tinselladen trees, that form a part in our ment as a guide at holiday time. He ceremonials today. One of the princi-

personally may be inundated with be-frided match scratchers and embroidpal features of the Saturnalia was the singing of hymns of praise to the gods, ered mouchoir cases, but in his making of gifts he must add some pe-Saturn and Bacchus, and the composers were richly rewarded. Our Christmas carol was originally a hymn to Sa-Most men would be more than pleas-ed could they discharge their holiday turn. But the early Christians eliminated the objectionable features of the indebtedness from their check-books pagan festival of the Saturnalia from without any further trouble than the the real "Chr. st Mass," which was celebrated upon the 25th of December. mental rasp that must always accompany the detachment of a coupon, In Holland Christmas Eve is celebut here, again, the delicate question brated with great pomp and ceremony. At midnight the people in all the of sentiment comes up. The balance of the masculine Christmas gift must towns and villages assemble in the pubbe adjusted to a nicety. A check can lic squares, dressed in varied costumes never be more than a check, and only chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis," One the extremely practical woman can of the number is chosen to be the value it. What can one do with a star-bearer. A large star, in which are several lighted candles, is mounted on There are some men, occurring here one end of a long pole. This star is symbolical of the star that guided the and there, who are specially gifted in the selecting and purchasing of Christthree Wise Men of Bethlehem. mas gifts, not only for women but for effect of its light in the dark and winding streets, at the head of the long men and childern and servants. Such men can even help their wives select procession of men, slowly marching to the music of the "Gloria in Excelsis,"

after the devotions are ended, and thus Christmas Day is begun, The temperament of a woman is the In Russia the Christmas Eve celebration begins in the early afternoon. her gift. A woman fond of society, and dress always welcomes an addi-Group's of peasants sing carols in front of noblemen's houses, where they as tion to her jewel box, and few women semble to gather the coins which are generously thrown out of the windows there are who do not prize a gem of some sort. The girl fond of sport apthem at the Christmastide. This is called the "Holendu," and always precedes the masquerade, when the peas ants dress themselves to represent dif-There are many women really fond of books whose ambitions center in the possession of a fine library of ferent an mals, commemorative of the Saviour having been born in a stable When the evening star rises a supper is their favorite writers, irrespe tive of served, where Christmas trees are relibrary ethics: there are others en-thusiastic on the subject of rare prints

is deeply impressive. A supper is served

splendent with lights, ornaments and has ever been a mystery. Many countries claim the honor. Some have given the Express from Halifax, St. John, the Sydneys and other points east will arrive at Montreal sails. it Egyptian origin, others that its pro g n tor is one of the famous trees of the Norseland, which has an unspeakname. It was adopted in England through Queen Victoria's marriage with the German "Prince Albert," when so many German customs were introduced. Holland is said to be indebted to Queen Caroline for the tree

The Duchess Helene, introduced the first Christmas tree in France at the "Tuilleries." The Empress Eugenie gave it a royal welcome. It was the German element who first brought the Christmas tree to Amer-

was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C. B.

I was cured of loss of voice MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER. Yarmouth.

I was cured of scatica rieumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Burin, Nfid. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

"No Mess

Let a woman forget the mess and trouble of the old-fashionand trouble of the old-fashion-ed powder home dyes and go right out to-day and buy a cake of that famous English Home Dye of highest quality, Maypole Soap. It washes and dyes at the same time. Clean, quick, easy, sure. Brilliant colorings and fadeless when she uses. Maypole Soap Dyes

Railways and Navigation Christmas and New Year Hol.days, 1900-1901

Between all stations in Canada. From all stations in Canad to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Port Covington. Bombay Jet., Helena, Massena Springs, Rouse's Point, N. Y., and Island Pond, Vt. All stations in Canada to, But not from Buffalo, Black Rock. Suspension Bridge, and Miagara Falls, N. Y. G. N. EHAL PUBLIC oing dates and limits—At Lowest One-Wa First-Class Fare, Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 35. Toket good returning from destination not later than Dec. 29, 30 and 31, and Jan. 1. Tickets good returning from destination not later than Jan. 2. 1991. At Lowest One-Way First-Class FARE AND ONE-THIRD, Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, good returning from destination not later than Dec. 27, 1990; and also on Dec. 28, 29, 30 and 31, and Jan. 1. good returning from destination not later. 27, 1900; and also on Dec. 28, 29, 30 and 31, and Jan 1, good returning from isstination not later than Jan. 3, 1901. SCHOOL VACATIONS—To teachers and pupils of schools and colleges, on surrender of Standard Form of School Vacation Railway Certificate signed by principal. Going dates and limit—At Lowest One-Way First-Class FARE AND ONE THIRD, from Dec. 8 to 31, inclusive. Tickets good returning from destination not later than Jan. 20, 1901. COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS—On presentation of Commercial Travelers' Railway Certificates for 1900. TERRITORY—Bet ween all stations in Canada. FARE—Going dates. and limit—At lowest One-Way First-Class Fare. stations in Canada. FARE—Going dates limit—At lowest One-Way First-Class Fare, (not Commercial Trayelers' Faret, from Dec. 21 to 25, inclusive. Tickets' good returning from destination not later than Jan. 7, 1901. TICKETS—All tickets good for continuous passage only in each direction. Tickets and all information from R. DE LA HOOKE, U. P. and T. A. M. C. DICKSON, D. P. A.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHRISTMAS RATES Return tickets will be sold as follows: GE ERAL PU LIC at lowest one way first-class fare, Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 25, good returning until Dec. 26, 1900. At lowest one-way first-class fare and one-third, going Dec. 11, 22, 23. 24 and 25, returning until Dec. 27, 1900. TEACHERS AND STUDENTS at lowset one-way first-class fare and one-third from Dec. 8 to 31, 1900, inclusive, good returning until Jan. 20, 1901. Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East; to and from S. S. Marie, Mich., and Detroit, Mich., and to but Not From Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, N. Y.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS (on presented on geometrical travelers railway cerested of commercial travelers railway cerested. sentation of commercial travelers railway certificate) at lowest one-way first-classfare, going Dec. 21 to 25, 1990, inclusive, good returning until Jan. 7, 1901. Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East.

w. FULTON, city passenger agent, 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond, London, Ont.

A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 king street agent. agent, 1 King street east, Toronto. CHRISTMAS AND NEW

YEAR HOLIDAYS. MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route." Will issue EXCURSION TICKETS to all 22, 23, 24 and 25, returning 26th; and leaving Dec. 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, 1901, returning Jan. 2, FARE AND ONE-TH. RD, leaving Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, returning Dec. 27; and leaving Dec. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Jan. 1, returning Jan. 3, 1901.

TEACHERS' AND STUDENTS' tickets will be issued Dec. 8 to 31, good to return Jan. 20, 1901, at one fare and one-third, on presenta-

commercial TRAVELERS will be issued tickets at single one-way regular fare, Dec. 21 to 25, inclusive, good for return until Jan. 7, 1901. Call at the City Ticket Office, 395 Richmond street, Phone 205, JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent. O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger Agent.

senger and Ticket Agent.

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S.S. TEUTONIC Jan. 2, noon S.S. CYMRIC. Jan. 9, 8:30 a.m. S.S. GERMANIC. Jan. 16, 12 noos *S.S. MAJE TIC Jan. 23, 12 noon S.S. OCLANIC Jan. 20 *Excellent Second Cabin accommodation

De La Hooke, Sole Agent for London "Cleck," Corner

intercolonial Hallway.

On and after Monday, Nov. 26, 1900, the train leaving Union Station To-ronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 10:00 p.m., connects with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure depot, Montreal, as follows: The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily, except on Saturday, at 12 noon for Halifax, N. S., St. John N. B., the Sydneys, and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Local Express will leave Mo treal daily, except Sunday, at 7 a.m., due to arrive at Levis at 1

The Local Express will leave Lev at 5:20 p.m., daily, except Sunday, di to arrive at Mon' real at 11:00 p.m. Through sleeping and dining cars ne Maritime Express. The vestibule trains are equippe with every convenience for the co fort of the traveler. The elegant, sleeping, dining st-class cars make travel a luxury The Intercolonial Railway conne the west with the finest streams, seaside resorts and tour rcutes in Canada. / Tickets for sale at all offices of t Grand Trunk System, at Union Sta tion, Teronto, and at the office of th general traveling agent. WILLIAM ROBINSON, General Tra

eling Agent, 10 King Street West, Toronto. H. A. PRICE, Assistant General Pas senger Agent, 148 St. James Street,

ALLAN LINE= For Liverpook at Moville Portland Corinthian Jan, 5
Tunisian Jan, 19
New York to Glasgow-Laurentian, Dec

New York to Glasgow-Laurentian, Det 29, 10 a.m.; Sardinian, Jan. 12.
RATES OF PASSAGE.
First cabin, \$50 and upwards, Second cabin, \$35 and upwards, Steorage, \$25 and \$26. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$40 and upwards. Second cabin, \$250, Steerage, \$25; \$52 return, including Belfast and Livernace. Reduction on first and second cab pool. Reducti return tickets. London agents-E. De la Hooke, W. Fulto and F. B. Clarke,

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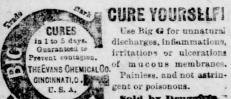
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