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the joke to him, and Carlyle angrily exclaimed that that was the thanks he got for entertaining the party.

A great many people are so sensitive and highly strung that they cannot bear to be harshly criticised. They never want to know what anybody has to say about them. However, all the caricaturing and criticising of the press and public could not swerve Grant or Lincoln one iota from his purpose. If Columbus had been sensitive, the Western Hemisphere might have still been in oblivion. No amount of criticism or ridicule could convince him that his convictions were misapplied.

EXHAUSTED NERVES

Few hard workers realize the danger of working when the nerve cells have exhausted their vitality. No good engineer would think of running a delicate piece of complicated machinery when the lubricant is used up. He would know that the moment the oil has ceased to be effective, and the bearings begin to chafe and become heated, the harmony of the mechanism will be destroyed, and the friction and discord will soon ruin the delicate adjustment of the machine.

But hundreds of level-headed men, (in other respects), who are engineers of the most marvellous pieces of machinery ever devised, even by the great Creator-machinist,—machines fearfully and wonderfully wrought,—run their engines, their human, throbbing organizations, so delicate that a particle of dust or friction anywhere may throw the whole fabric out of harmony for days or weeks, without proper cleaning or lubrication.

Plenty of sleep and abundant recreation out of doors, especially in the country, are the great lubricants; nature's great restorers, refreshers, without which long-continued work is impossible.

Nerve specialists say that a great many suicides are the direct results of exhausted brain cells.

When you find yourself becoming morose and despondent, when you are conscious that the zest of life is evaporating, that you are losing the edge of your former keen interest in things generally, and that your life is becoming a bore, you may be pretty sure that you need more sleep, that you need country or outdoor exercise. If you get these, you will find that all the old enthusiasm will return. A few days of exercise in the country, rambling over the hills and meadows, will erase the dark pictures which haunt you, and will restore buoyancy to your animal spirits.

No man is in an absolutely normal condition until he

enjoys bare living, and feels that existence itself is a precious boon. No one is normal who does not feel thankful, every day, that he is alive, and that he can think and act with vigor and effectiveness.

Oh, to be strong; to feel the thrill of life in every nerve and fibre in middle life and old age as in youth; to enjoy existence as do the young lambs and calves which chase one another over the fields and meadows and pastures; to exult in mere living as boys do when they glide over the fields of ice in the crisp air of winter.

TRIFLES AS IRRITANTS

We are so constituted that what is occurring at the moment interests us often out of all proportion to its importance. For example, we are thrown off our balance by the merest trifles, perhaps, which occur today, but which, in a week's time, may have no significance whatever. Obstacles which seem like mountains, when we meet them, dwindle away to mole-hills when we get away from them.

Even what seems tragedy, at the moment, in the future may be the most innocent comedy.

Most of us are so constituted that we will make almost any sacrifice for present peace. It would seem easier to have an arm or a leg amputated two years hence than lose a finger today! It is human nature to shrink from pain, and we purchase release at almost any cost. If we could only train the mind to look at today's trouble and annoyance from the standpoint of the future, it would be much easier to bear.

CHILDHOOD'S INNOCENCE

A little boy once went out to take lunch with some small friends. When he got home his mother asked him if he had been a good boy. He hesitated a moment, then said "yes." Then his mother said, "John, you don't seem to be very sure that you were a good boy. What did you do?" "Oh! I just spilled my chop in my lap." "Did you apologize to Mrs. B—?" his mother asked. "Yes," said the boy. "Tell mother what you said when you apologized."

"Oh, I said, 'that's what always happens to tough meat!'"

"My brethren," said the clergyman, after delivering to his astonished flock a diatribe against St. Peter, "I have made a slight mistake. When I said St. Peter I meant Jezebel."