

Ten Cheery Christmas Greetings for a Dollar—

YOUR message of Christmas cheer can find no better medium for expression than a Christmas Greeting Card, and you can find no better Christmas Greeting Cards than in the new Dingwall Catalogue. Particularly good value is the carefully chosen assortment of 10 cards at \$1.00—including mailing envelopes. The greetings touch just the right spot. The designs are artistic and the workmanship absolutely beyond question.

Just Read Some of them

To you and yours,
From us and ours.

To Wish you all
Both large and small
A Very Happy Christmas.

All good befortune you
and every day
Some ray of golden light
fall on your way.

Christmas would never seem to me,
Just the thing that it ought to be,
Unless to you my good old friend,
A Christmas Greeting I could send.

Pin \$1.00 to this—give your name and address and the cards will go to you by first mail postpaid, subject to exchange.

You will also receive a copy of our handsome new catalogue free and postpaid—it's yours for the asking, whether you order or not.—Write to-day.

D. R. Dingwall Limited
Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, Silversmiths
Winnipeg



Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit—It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or callus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

ly after father and mother were gone. I kept thinking, "Suppose anything should happen to that money while I have charge of it." I knew what a serious matter it would be, because father had not much money and was saving this to buy cows in the spring, when he expected to open a milk route. I was all the time planning what I should do in case the house caught fire and in case the robbers came. The first night after father and mother went I did not sleep much, though the others did. We three girls slept in one room, with Charley in a little one out of it, and we were all locked in.

The next night I slept a little better and did not feel so much afraid, and the next day Samuel J. Wetherhed came, and we all felt perfectly safe after that. He came about ten o'clock in the morning and knocked on the south door, and we all jumped. I don't suppose anybody had knocked on that door three times since we had lived there, it was such a lonesome place. We were scared and did not dare to go to the door, but when he knocked the second time I mustered up enough courage. I told Flory, who was as large as I and stronger, to take the carving knife, hide it under her apron and stand behind me. Of course I thought at once of the money and that this might be a robber. Then I opened the door a crack and peeped out. The minute I saw the man who stood there I did not feel afraid at all, and Flory said afterward that she felt awful ashamed of the carving knife and afraid

whom father had sold his woodland. "I went to visit my sister last week," said the man. "I haven't got any settled work. Yesterday my sister's husband saw your father, and he told him how he had left you all alone up here and felt sort of worried, and I thought as long as I was just loafing around and no use to anybody I might just as well come up here and look after you a little and stay till your folks got back and look out there didn't any wolves or robbers or anything get you." The man laughed again in such a pleasant, merry way when he said that, and then he went on to tell us that his sister's husband said Uncle William was better and the doctor thought he would get well, but he guessed father and mother would have to stay there for awhile. We asked the man in, and he made himself at home at once.

It seemed to me I had never seen a man so very kind as he was, and he was so quick to see things that needed to be done. He went out of his own accord and drew a pail of water, and he brought in wood for the sitting room fire. We children all agreed when we went upstairs to bed that night that there never was a man so good, except father. We had told him our plans for Christmas, and he was so much interested. He said of course we could have a tree: he would cut a fine tree and if Uncle William was not well enough for father and mother to leave him on Christmas day he would go to Wareville himself and stay with Uncle William, so they could come home.



Risking death and serious injury these brave women are tending the wounded under fire. The men who fight take no greater risk than these "Angels of Mercy," who serve their men and humanity on the battlefield. This British official photograph shows two of these brave women ministering to a wounded soldier amidst shell fire in Flanders.

that he might see it and be hurt in his feelings.

He stood there, smiling with such a pleasant smile. He did not look very old, not near as old as father, and he was quite well dressed. He was very good looking, and that, with his pleasant smile, won our hearts at once. He more than smiled—he fairly laughed in such a good natured way when he saw how we were all peeping, for the younger children were behind Flory, and I found afterward that Charley, who had great notions of being smart and brave, though he was so little, because he was a boy, had the poker, shaking it at the stranger. The man laughed and said in such a pleasant voice, pleasanter than his smile even: "Now, don't you be scared, children. I am Samuel J. Wetherhed."

The man said that as if it settled everything, and we all felt that it did, though we had never heard of Samuel J. Wetherhed in our lives. We felt that we ought to know all about him, and Janey said that night that she was sure she had seen his name in the Missionary Herald and he must be a deacon who gave a great deal to missions.

Samuel J. Wetherhed went on to tell us more about himself, though I am sure we should have been satisfied with the name. "I have a married sister who lives in Wareville. She married a man of the name of Stackpole," said he, and we all nodded wisely at that and felt that it was an introduction. We knew Mr. Stackpole. He was the man to

He said, too, that he could go down to the village on foot and if we would make out a list of things we wanted he would go down and buy them for us. He went the very next day. We gave him all our money, and he brought back everything we wanted. We decided to make him some presents, too, and I began a little wash leather money bag, like the one I had made for father. Flory made a penwiper and Janey a worsted bookmark.

Samuel J. Wetherhed cut a beautiful tree for us, taking us all into the woods to pick it out. Then he set it up in the parlor so firmly that it did not shake. He rigged some sockets for candles and helped us string popcorn for decorations and made candy bags. He could sew as well as mother. Samuel J. Wetherhed was the most industrious man I ever saw. He was not idle a minute. He milked and did all the barn chores, he made the fires and drew water and swept the floors and washed the milk pails for me, and all his spare time he was at work upon our Christmas preparations as busily as we were. He found some boards and tools of father's and made some wonderful things with them. There was a nice box, which he showed us how to line with flannel, for mother to keep knives and forks in, a little boat for Charley and a number of other things.

I felt much easier in my mind about the money after Samuel J. Wetherhed came.

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