JACK HENLY'S JOB: HOW HE WON A WIFE

A New Year's Story by Jeanette H. Walworth.

She looked more adorably pretty that evening than even her adorer had ever found her—more adorable and less accessible, the usual way. New Year's day was approaching, and she had decided that in one respect at least he should turn over a new leaf.

As a rule, one sofa had furnished ample accommodation for both. To-night it required a sofa and an armchair. He had pushed the armchair as close as practicable to the sofa after seeing her spread her diaphanous draperies with meaningful care all over the sofa.

She looked over and beyond him to ask a question in tones of iced sweetness:

"You think, then, Jack dear, you really could not show papa $100 honest money of your own earning?"

"I could not," Jack Henly answered, with the solemnity of the funeral service.

"Nor $50? Just enough, dear, to show him that you would not be afraid of work."

"Neither fifty nor one."

She stretched her blue eyes in distress. "Not a single one, Jack?"

"Not a"— Jack breathed a parenthetical swear word. Aloud he finished—"single one."

She folded her smooth white hands composedly on her lap and looked honestly into his troubled eyes.

"Then I am afraid, Jack, it is all over with us, and I will have to keep my promise to papa."

"What promise?"

"Never to marry a man who could not get a job of any sort even if my daily bread depended on it."

"But I've never needed a job. I can give you all the daily bread, and cake, too, that you could possibly consume without a job."

"That has no bearing whatever on the subject. You know, Jack, riches do take wings. I have never seen the wings, but I suppose we must take them on faith."

"That is what your father ought to do to me."

"Take you on faith? He will never do it, Jack. You see, dear, I know such a lot of things"—

"Among your accomplishments," Jack interrupted bitterly "don't forget to enumerate the fine art of pulling a man around by the nose until you make an idiot of him and then flinging him over the fence."

She reduced him to pulp by a withering inspection extending over six feet of muscular manhood, incidentally taking in a pair of handsome eyes, full just then of moody discontent.

"The idea of my throwing you over a fence! Don't be inelegant, Jack, or I shall go over to papa's side altogether."

"You are there now."

She flashed a ray of hope into his darkened soul. "But not to stay."

"No?"

"Only until you get a job. New Year's is coming. You must—please do go to work and show papa what you can do. But to return to the things I learned, just to have them handy, you know, in case papa's riches should take unto themselves wings —"

"If he holds on to his riches as closely as he holds on to his greatest earthly treasure—you—the bankrupt courts won't know him soon."

"No taffy, thank you. In these utilitarian days it is not enough for a man to be good looking and well dressed and to know how to lead the German and to have a proper sense about flowers and things. He must know how to do something. You see, I am talking to you quite like a mother or an aunt or a sister. I can always be that to you Jack."

"Yes; oh, yes, of course," said Jack, with a tired smile.

"That is the way papa had me taught."

"To be a sister to fellows without jobs?"

"To know how to do things," she answered loftily. "I learned stenography and typewriting. Who knows," she interpolated meditatively, "but what I may some day decorate a great lawyer's office? And I learned dressmaking and cooking and bookkeeping. Oh, I assure you, Jack, I am very learned."—

"Dreadfully!" Jack gasped.

"And, you see, it would be a little uneven, and papa says he'll be 'double jumped up,' which is his most violent oath, if he'll ever give his daughter, his only one, Jack, to any man who cannot show a dollar earned by his own honest toil."

Jack lifted his six feet of masculine uselessness from the chair by her side. "Good-bye, Edith!" There was a sad note of finality in his farewell.

"Are you going, Jack?"

"There doesn't seem to be anything else left for me to do."

"No, I suppose not. Good-bye, Jack."

Their hands met in a brief and formal contact. The next minute he was striding toward the nearest car line. She was dampening her pocket handkerchief with salt water.

The big car strike was on. Perhaps never before had pedestrianism been so extensively practiced. Edith took very little interest in it beyond praying that the strikers would not do her father, who was president of the street car company, any bodily harm.

Since Jack Henly had disappeared completely out of her life, with no promise of turning over the new leaf she had suggested, a good deal of coloring had gone with him. Still a young woman who had learned such a dreadful lot of things could never find herself quite resourceless. So she lived on in spite of Jack's effacement until one day life suddenly became a very vivid affair again.

It was New Year's day—the day on which they brought her father to her more dead than alive. He had ostentatiously persisted in riding on his own line after the strike had reached perilous proportions. Missiles had been flung at him when he was riding in solitary state, with only a new conductor and a new motorman for company.

It was many days before his interest in life extended beyond bandages and lotions. Then he gave Edith a description of his adventure. She had been a ministering angel to him all those suffering days.

"I tell you, child, if it had not been for that conductor, a giant of a fellow, you would not have been troubled with me much longer. He showed the pluck of forty devils. When those fiends began throwing a variety of unpleasant things into the car, recognizing me as the special object of their attentions and bawling 'Scab, scab!' at the motorman and conductor, that young fellow just flung me bodily down on the floor and sat upon me, yelling to the motor man to 'make her hum!' And he did make her hum until we met a body of mounted police. I got this hole in my head before that boy flung me. I'd like to find him again. He'd be a made man."

"I shouldn't think that would be difficult," said Edith, applying a fresh bandage to the hole in his head.

"It ought not to be if I had only thought to take his number before I was knocked out of my senses. You see, I was playing a little game of bluff that day, and had been riding up and down on every car that the new men would run. He was only a tripper who went to work New Year's morning, they tell me at the offices, but he will have to be produced at the trial of those ringleaders. I'm going to patronize the line again as soon as the doctors will let me leave off these rags. I'll be double jumped up if it shall ever be said that Gwenith Dickerson is afraid to ride on his own cars!"

"I'm going with you, papa, every time you go in a car until this horrid strike is over."

And she did. The strike had simmered down to the proportions of a dismal failure, and the cars were normally patronized before Edith felt inclined to depose herself as bodyguard. To-morrow, she said to herself, she would let him go alone. She managed to get through a good deal of reading while riding up and down town in a rather aimless fashion. She was reading a newspaper with apparent absorption when her father plucked at her sleeve excitedly.

"Edith, daughter, here is the very chap!"

With a rush of gratitude to her eyes and lips, Edith glanced up, Jack Henly stood composedly making change for the quarter of a dollar her father had handed him.

"Oh!" she said, with absolute composure, and dropped her eyes once more upon her paper.

"Yes, by George, it is, and I think you might have found a decent word of thanks for the man who saved your father's life. I say, young fellow, I don't propose to lose sight of you again. Here," He drew a card out of his pocket. "You be at that number sharp, 2 o'clock."

The new conductor said, "Yes, sir, thank you," and went about his business, one item of which was to stop the car at the next corner for Edith to alight, she having basely concluded to desert her father there and then.

Father and daughter met again at the lunch table.

"I'd rather see you married to a man of that stripe," said the President, "even if he does wear a conductor's uniform, than to all the polo playing, german leading Jack Henlys in the world."

"Would you, papa?" Edith asked demurely. "You see, you've only seen Mr. Henly in evening dress."

"I would for a fact. But, no, you could not give the poor fellow a decent word of thanks for saving my life just because he was earning his own living."

"Oh, no, papa; don't think that meanly of me. But 'scab' has such an exceedingly unpleasant sound."

Edith was nervous that night at dinner. Of course, her father had found out by this time who his new conductor was, but he gave no sign of enlightenment, at least not until the waiting man had put coffee upon the table and disappeared in the butler's pantry.

"So you don't like the sound of 'scab'?" said Mr. Dickerson, carefully examining the walnut he was about to drop into his wineglass.

"No, sir. I think it has a horrid sound."

"How does 'President's Private Secretary' sound?"

"Better; much better."

At which stage of the proceedings the manservant re-appeared with a telegram on his silver card tray. It was addressed to Edith.

"I've found a job. The new leaf was turned over on New Year's day. For particulars refer you to the President."

With a utilitarianism becoming to a young lady who had learned so many useful things, Edith wired back:

"Also a wife. For particulars refer you to the President."

This duty off her hands, she turned to her father:

"I am so glad, papa, that my dear Jack was strong enough and big enough to throw you and sit on you. He says he owes his strength to polo and other useless accomplishments."

"Quits," said the President, with a jolly laugh, and on the following New Year's day, one year from the day when Jack Henly sat on his sweetheart's father and earned his first dollar, the ex-conductor claimed his bride.

Send for the Minister.

Willie had swallowed a penny and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor. Willie has swallowed a penny."

The terrified boy looked up imploringly.

"No, mamma," he interposed; "send for the minister."

"The minister!" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes, because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. II. JANUARY 12, 1902.

The Promise of Power Fulfilled.—Acts. 2: 1-21

Commentary.—1. Day of Pentecost—The meaning of Pentecost is fiftieth. It occurred fifty days after the Passover and was the second of the three great yearly feasts held by the Jews. The first, the Passover, commemorated Israel's deliverance from Egyptian bondage, and pointed to Christ as the sacrifice for sin. The second, the Pentecost, was held fifty days later. It commemorated the giving of the law on Sinai. The third, the feast of Tabernacles, was kept in memory of Israel's entrance into Canaan. All—The 120 spoken of in chapter i. 15. With one accord—There was no person uninterested, unconcerned, or lukewarm; all were in earnest, and the spirit of God came down to meet their united faith and prayer.—Clarke. In one place—The upper room.

2. Suddenly—Unexpectedly, in a moment, not gradually, as winds generally rise—Com. Com. A sound—The suddenness, strength and diffusiveness of the sound strike with deepest awe the whole company, and thus complete their preparation for the heavenly gift. Wind was a familiar emblem of the Spirit. It filled all the house—The sound was heard by all. To an upper room the Spirit came, a plain unfurnished room where there was no ritual, no priest, no burnt offerings, no smell of incense.—Sanderson.

3. There appeared—After the audible sign immediately follows the visible.—Meyer. Cloven tongues—The tongues of fire parted themselves off like streams from one source or like branches from one root, and distributed themselves among them. Like as of fire—The fire indicated: 1. The penetrating power of the word of God.—Derby. 2. The old symbol of zeal and enthusiasm.—Hurlburt. 3. Leaping, triumphant, transforming energy.—Ser. Bib. 4. The resistless purifying which consumes the errors and burns up evil. 5. All the comfort, warmth, cheer, life, joy, blessing, which the Holy Spirit could impart.—Peloubet. It sat—There were as many flames as there were persons, and they sat upon them for some time to show the constant residence of the Holy Spirit with them.

4. Filled—Were entirely under His sacred influence and power. With the Holy Ghost—At this time their hearts were purified by faith and they were endued with miraculous powers for the furtherance of the gospel. Other tongues—In other languages which they had not known before this time. Utterance—Furnished them with the matter as well as the language.—Com. Com.

5. Dwelling—Both residents and visitors. Devout—Truly religious. Every nation—The Jews at that time were scattered into almost all nations, and in all places had synagogues.

6. When this sound was heard (R. V.)—The sound that came from the upper room. Confounded—Perplexed, failing to understand what it all meant. See v. 12, own language—Or dialect; they heard even the different dialects. See v. 8.

7. Galileans—Persons wholly uneducated and consequently ignorant of those languages which they now speak so fluently.—Clarke.

9. Parthians—For an explanation of the names in this and the following verses, see dictionary.

10. Proselytes—Heathens who had accepted the Jewish religion.

11. Wonderful works—Concerning Jesus, his death, resurraction and ascension, and his power to save men from sin.

12. Amazed—In great perplexity. What meaneth this—They could not understand what they saw.

13. Others mocking—The word rendered mocking means to caval, to deride. New wine—Sweet wine. "The unfermented juice of the grape, which was not intoxicating, but only exhilarating."—Whedon. "Even these mockers did not suggest a charge of complete drunkenness."—Whedon.

14. Peter.....said—Peter's sermon was clear and practical. It was founded on facts and was endorsed by the Holy Spirit. Harken—Important truth is about to be spoken.

15. Not drunken—We have not even been taking sweet wine. Third hour—It is only nine o'clock in the morning, too early to be affected with strong drink.

16. This is that—This is the fulfilment of the predictions of one of your own prophets. Joel—See Joel ii. 28-32. Peter gives the sense, but does not quote the exact words.

17. The last days—This expression always denotes in the New Testament the age of the Messiah, which the Scriptures represent as the world's last great moral epoch.—Hackett. The Christian dispensation.—Whedon. Pour out—Not in drops as under the old covenant, but streams which he shed on us abundantly.—Lange. All flesh—All races, ranks and classes. Prophesy — This word denotes in general, to speak under a divine influence, whether in foretelling future events, in celebrating the praises of God, or in instructing others in the duties of religion.—Barnes. See Paul's definition in I. Cor. xiv. 3. Visions.....dreams—These were some of the ways God chose to reveal himself more especially under the old covenant.

18. Servants...handmaidens— Formerly there were schools of prophets, but now the Spirit was to be poured out upon persons of inferior rank, for the kingdom of the Messiah is to be purely spiritual.—Henry.

19. I will show—There are a great variety of opinions as to the meaning of verses xix. and xx. "By the figurative language of this verse the prophet teaches that even when the kingdom of Christ shall have come into the world, mighty troubles shall still prevail."

20. Day of the Lord—"This will apply to any day in which God manifests Himself, but particularly to a day when He comes forth to punish men, as at the destruction of Jerusalem, or at the day of judgment. These wonders were to take place before God was to come forth in judgment."

Teachings—The Holy Spirit enters hearts that are prepared for His coming, and fills them with power and light. All who receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit will find it easy to speak for God.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Great events attend the onward march of divine providence and operation as God works out His purposes in the history of the world. The records of the past, written in the imperishable rock, testify that in the advance of creative work great catastrophies preceded each transition from a lower to a higher order.

The promise fulfilled. The promise was positive and emphatic. Joel ii. 28, 29. "Shall," "will." Matt. iii. 11. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost," etc. Acts i. 5. "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." The waiting church was expecting its fulfilment and now the catastrophe past, the reign of apparent chaos over, order appears out of the confusion and the promise is fulfilled. The occasion of its fulfilment, the day of pentecost, was significant. This was the anniversary of the giving of the law on Mt. Sinai, at which time the Jewish church was instituted. What would be more fitting than that the new law which was to be proclaimed to all nations should be revealed on this day, and that the Christian church which was to supersede the Jewish should on this day be instituted? The symbol accompanying the fulfilment of the promise is suggestive. "Cloven tongues like as of fire." The great need of the church to-day is the "tongue of fire." We have learning, eloquence, oratory, but, alas! in too many instances there is no "fire."

All of God's people need and may have the fulfilment of the promise. The fulfilment of this promise in personal experience is popularly associated with persons who because of some peculiar sanctity are especially favored of God. Hence saints are supposed to be a rare product of Christianity, and deeply spiritual people are supposed to be the exception rather than the rule in the church. The record here reads they were "all" filled; the women, and those who are not here or elsewhere mentioned.

THE REST DAY.

Trades Unions and Lord's Day Alliance in Favor of it.

Under the above heading a recent issue of the Fernie, B. C., Free Press contains, besides a report of a Lord's Day Alliance mass meeting, a thoughtful editorial, from which we reprint the following:

"It has been supposed by many that the object of the Lord's Day Alliance was to prevent men from working on the Sabbath in order to compel them to attend divine worship. Such a motive is disavowed in the by-law setting forth the objects of the alliance The question as to what a man shall do with his time does not enter into their programme, so long as he refrains from engaging in the labor which occupies his time for six days of the week. It is absolutely necessary that the trades unions, which are the bulwarks of the liberty of the working classes, should realize how closely this question affects them, and assist the officers of the alliance in preserving the rest of the Sabbath day from the encroachment which will undoubtedly be made upon it under the new conditions. In Eastern Canada the alliance has succeeded admirably in enlisting both the attention and sympathy of the labor unions. In the city of Montreal they are acting in line on this subject, and during the year an important work has been done in checking Sunday labor. In Ontario even more has been effected, owing to the quicker conscience of the public and the absence of any strongly marked difference of opinion between French and English.

"This is neither the time nor place to discuss the merits of the whole question. We are taking it for granted that on all the grounds a day of rest is necessary and desired by our people, and we are satisfied that in securing and retaining it no more reasonable coalition could be formed than between the earnest men who are at the head of the Lord's Day Alliance and the intelligent officers of the trades unions of this country, who must realize that they are working for a common object, and that it is very important to strive together."

No Scotsmen in Potter's Field.

It has long been a boast of the Caledonian Society of St. Louis that there are no Scotchmen in Potter's Field, and there was quite a flutter at the last meeting of the society when it was learned that an unfortunate Scot, who some time before had received aid from the society, and was thought to have gone further west, had died in one of the city hospitals, and had been buried by the city. It now transpires that the body was taken up, and re-interred, with due respect, in the private lot of the society in Bellefontaine cemetery. There was no publicity given to the event, but it is in line with the aim of the society to keep the Scottish name free from any taint of public charity.—N. Y. Scottish-American.

THE GRAFTY SHOPLIFTER

(New York Sun.)

The crush of holiday buyers makes shoplifting comparatively easy. The most promising field of operations is the counters devoted to small fancy articles, such as leather goods, jewelry, handkerchiefs, perfumes, gloves and neckwear.

The detective force in a metropolitan store is doubled or even trebled at this time.

In a store where three women detectives are employed, each represents a distinct type in bearing and dress. One is a typical Fifth avenue figure, always correctly gowned in the latest tailor modes. The second imitates the gay soubrette, all rouge, powder and bizarre frocks. The third looks for all the world as if she were taking her Thursday afternoon out. Yet each in her way in an effective worker.

At another shop, an East Side girl who has pushed her way up from a place as cash girl, and has the keen, shrewd features of a Ghetto denizen, works hand and glove with the daughter of a successful merchant, and wears evening frocks when her day's work is done. Both young women have the true detective instinct and are enthusiastic over their work.

When a suspect is spotted by either clerk or detective, at least two detectives are placed on the train. Their vigilance does not relax for one instant until they are either convinced that the person is innocent or they see her steal.

If a man were to do the shadowing at some counters, his conduct would attract attention. This is where the woman detective is needed. She worms her way close to the suspect, fingering articles and frequently making purchases. Her work ends at the door of the store.

Here the male detective steps in, shadowing the culprit until a favorable opportunity arises for addressing her. No one is accused in the store. He quietly ranges himself alongside with the remark:

"Madam, I believe you have a package in your muff which you forgot to pay for at Jones, Brown & Co's."

Instantly the woman is on the defensive.

"How dare you address me, sir. I shall appeal to the police."

The detective is suave, diplomatic. He has made the accusation and he must now prove it or lose his place. She will not object to accompanying him to the store? She does not wish a scene on the street? Of course not.

He is half apologetic, altogether courteous as they retrace their steps, and by the time they reach the store the woman is running a magnificent bluff and according to her story will own half the establishment when the damage suit is settled. The detective is deprecating—until the door of the searching room closes behind them.

Then his manner undergoes a sudden change. It is his turn now. The proceeding is something like this:

Sternly—"Those articles in your bag, madam. Lay them on the table."

Defiantly—"I bought them."

"Exactly! And what did you pay for this bottle of perfume?"

"Forty-five cents."

"Yes? And that silver comb?"

"A dollar."

"That miniature frame?"

"Two-fifty."

Then he turns on her. "The next time you steal, watch the prices. That perfume sells at a dollar, the silver comb at $2.25. The frame is sterling and costs $5." To the assistant: "Miss Brown, Search her."

There is instant and vigorous protest on the part of the suspect.

"You will have an opportunity to explain all this to the magistrate to-morrow. Your case will probably be called then."

He takes a few steps towards the telephone. The telephone means the patrol wagon. The suspect weakens, and offers her address, perhaps references.

The chief sends a messenger to verify the former. Then, for half an hour, an hour, or even two, the woman sits there under the keen scrutiny of the head of the detective bureau, and by the time the messenger returns she is ready to make a clean breast of the whole business and restores the stolen articles, which appear as if by magic from the blouse of her jacket, her puffed sleeves and her glittering chatelaine.

Then comes the final disposition of her case. If she is a professional shoplifter, short shrift is made of the matter. The chief has a mental rogues' gallery of his own and such cases are prosecuted without hesitancy.

But where it is clearly a first offence, the articles are restored, the adress of the culprit is taken and with a reprimand she is advised not to enter the store again.

THE MARKETS

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Jan. 6.—Receipts of grain on the street market on Saturday were light, only 900 bushels being received. Prices were about steady, except for oats, which, being scarce, were a cent a bushel higher.

Wheat was steady, 200 bushels of white selling at 70 to 80 1-2c. per bushel; 300 bushels of goose at 67c. per bushel, and 100 bushels of spring at 72c. per bushel.

Barley was steady, 200 bushels selling at 54 to 62 1-2c. per bushel.

Oats were higher, 100 bushels selling at 47c. per bushel.

Hay was higher, 20 loads selling at $11 to $12.50 per load for timothy and $7 to $9 for clover.

Straw—Receipts were nil.

Chickens were a little firmer, selling at 45 to 70c. per pair for live and 35 to 60c. per pair for dressed.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Following are the closing quotations at important centres to-day

	Cash.
New York	———
Chicago	79
Toledo	89 3-4
Duluth, No. 1 northern	77 1-4
Duluth, No. 1 hard ...	80 1-4

Canada's Live Stock Expor

Cattle.	Numbers.	V.
Cattle in 1875 ...	38,968	$ 825
Cattle in 1880 ...	54,944	2,764,[illegible]
Cattle in 1885 ...	143,003	7,377,777
Cattle in 1890 ...	81,454	6,949,417
Cattle in 1895 ...	93,802	7,120,828
Cattle in 1900 ...	205,524	9,080,776
Sheep.	**Numbers.**	**Value.**
Sheep in 1875 ...	242,438	$ 637,561
Sheep in 1880 ...	398,746	1,422,830
Sheep in 1885 ...	335,043	1,261,071
Sheep in 1890 ...	315,931	1,274,347
Sheep in 1895 ...	291,751	1,624,587
Sheep in 1900 ...	459,944	1,894,012

Canadian Dairy Exports.

Butter.	Amount in lbs.	Value.
1875	9,268,044	$ 2,337,324
1880	18,535,362	3,058,069
1885	7,330,788	1,430,905
1890	1,951,585	340,131
1895	3,650,258	697,476
1900	25,259,737	5,122,156
Cheese.	**Amount in lbs.**	**Value.**
1875	32,342,030	$ 3,886,226
1880	40,368,678	3,89[illegible]
1885	79,655,367	8,26[illegible]
1890	94,260,187	9,37[illegible]
1895	146,004,650	14,253,002
1900	185,984,430	19,856,234

Toronto Live Stock Markets.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	$4 50	to	5 25
do medium	3 50	to	4 00
do cows per cwt.	2 50	to	3 00
Butchers' cattle, picked	4 20	to	4 40
do choice	3 60	to	4 00
do fair	3 50	to	3 60
do common	3 00	to	3 40
do cows	2 25	to	2 85
do bulls	2 50	to	3 2[illegible]
Feeders, short-keep	3 50	to	3 7[illegible]
do medium	3 00	to	3 25
Stockers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs.	3 00	to	3 30
do light	2 50	to	3 00
Milch cows, each	35 00	to	50 00
Sheep, ewes per cwt.	3 00	to	3 50
Lambs, per cwt.	3 75	to	4 50
Hogs, choice, per cwt.	6 70	to	0 00
Hogs, fat, per cwt.	6 37½	to	0 00
Hogs, light, per cwt.	6 12½	to	0 00

Bradstreet's on Trade.

Business at Quebec, like the preceding week, has been somewhat interfered with, especially in wholesale circles, which is not unusual at the season.

Wholesale trade at Montreal has been rather quiet since the turn of the year. The holiday business was heavy.

Toronto wholesale circles have been quiet this week. The travellers are still in the city, not yet having gone on their routes again with spring samples. Values of staple goods continue steady for most lines, and the mills appear to be so busy that they are not finding it necessary to shade prices.

Trade at Hamilton this week as represented to Bradstreet's is moderatively active for this period of the year. With travellers off the road preparing for the spring trade, this is never a busy time of the year, but the outlook for the spring is very good, and it is expected that business will show a marked revival next week when the travellers get to work again. Considerable business has already been booked for the spring and the prospects are that trade will be heavy in goods for the coming season the next six weeks. Values keep fairly firm for staple goods.

The holiday trade at Vancouver, Victoria and other coast cities was quite a surprise to many in the retail business. There appeared to be abundance of ready money for Christmas purchases.

At Winnipeg business which had been largely of a holiday character the past two weeks is now somewhat quiet.

Business at London this week has been rather quiet. Jobbers are getting ready for the spring trade.

At Ottawa trade is in a sound and healthy condition. There have been few failures, the retail and wholesale merchants have had a prosperous year.

Chosen From a Multitude.

The Preference Shown by Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales This Season.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and perfect cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it, people recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as many cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.