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**Women's Sweater Coats on Sale at \$2.98**  
REGULAR \$3.50, \$3.75 and \$4.50  
Extra value in womens sweater coats in plain and fancy weave, with and without the collar, tight knitted cuffs, 2 pockets, trimmed with white and dark grey pearl buttons. they come in shades of light and dark grey, red, navy blue, white and black. A splendid opportunity to buy a good sweater coat for little money. Regular up to \$4.50 on \$2.98 sale at  
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**Bargains in Left-Overs**  
LEFT-OVERS FROM THE CHRISTMAS TRADE  
BEAUTIFUL EBONOID HAND MIRRORS long handles, regular price \$1.25. On Sale 85c  
Handsome Ebonoid Military Brushes each pair in a separate box. Regular price \$1.25 per pair. To clear 85c  
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CORNER DRUG STORE

Grinding our own lenses is the best form of Eye Insurance for you!  
It insures the promptest delivery of glasses and more important still, does away with the chance of error or of mixing prescriptions when the glasses have to be sent away.  
No matter how complicated or unusual is the lens you require, we can fix it up for you readily in our own workrooms.  
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Best Equipment - Reasonable Prices  
**EDWARD LIPPERT** Day Phone 870 Night 221

**GOOD SENTENCES**  
Originated and Quoted by Many Different Authors  
If there is any person for whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—R. Cecil.  
Nothing is impossible to industry.—Perlander.  
It is always gratifying to a man to be the recipient of a woman's confidences; and when that woman happens to be good-looking, it becomes a positive pleasure to listen to them.—D. G. Phillips.  
No process is so fatal as that which would cast all men in one mould.—Channing.  
True greatness is serious, trifling is beneath its dignity.—Rev. W. Jay.  
Most idle and unsatisfactory is the life of those who spend their days in ambitious endeavors to maintain themselves in a higher position of society than their station and their attainments warrant.—Greeley.  
There is only one real failure possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.  
If we cannot love unconditionally, love is already in a critical condition.—Goethe.  
However well proven a friendship may appear, there are confidences that it should not hear, and sacrifices which should not be required of it.—Joseph Roux.  
A rich widow is the only kind of second-hand goods that will always sell at prime cost.—Franklin.  
Flattery is the mother of illusion.—Francis Grierson.

**SPECIAL OFFER TO FORD OWNERS**  
See us about having your FORD Car put in order for next season's use.  
DO IT NOW!  
Phone or call and have this SPECIAL OFFER explained. This FORD GARAGE is positively the only GARAGE locally that can give FORD SERVICE to FORD OWNERS. See us TO-DAY.  
**BROWN'S GARAGE**  
College St.

**EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING**  
FOOT PADS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS  
Tired, aching feet are responsible for many irritating actions and sharp words. The pity of this is that it might all be avoided with a little thought, but the housewife gives little attention to her house shoes or to her floors except to see that both are neat looking.  
Rubber heels should be put on all shoes and foot-pads should be placed before the ironing-board, the stove and work tables, or wherever you stand. If you have an aching back or head these simple things will give quick relief.  
An old comfort or quilt makes a splendid pad. It should be about two feet square and an inch and a half thick. Tack firmly and cover with burlaps. This not only prevents one tiring from standing but then a pad like the one described above is a convenience. The knee pad may be thicker and not so large as the foot pad and its under side should be covered with oil cloth.  
There is another pad that one can make at home for use when polishing hard wood floors or waxed articles. It is made from a block of wood about the size of a brick, hollowed out so it can be grasped at the top. A scrub brush worn smooth

**DAILY MENU**  
BREAKFAST  
Stewed Fruit with Cream  
Zwieback  
Fried Sweet Potatoes  
Thin Slices of Ham with Poached Eggs  
Whigat Cakes Coffee  
LUNCHEON  
Hash with Peppers  
Hominy  
Hot Short Cake with Preserves  
Lemon Meringue  
TEA  
DINNER  
Indian Curry Soup  
Roast Stuffed Veal  
Baked Onions Tomato Relish  
Macaroni Potatoes  
Creamed Chicken Salad  
Canned Plums White Cake  
After-Dinner Coffee

We were made to fight always, like microbes. The moment we are still—we are lost.—Winifred Graham.  
If the man who represented the majority of men were asked what he like most in women, his answer would be, "Give me beauty, all beauty, to walk and to frivol with; sympathy, all sympathy, to talk and to live with!"—L. Godfrey-Turner.  
Our greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.  
The golden beams of truth and the silver cords of truth, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.—Cudworth.  
Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this for ever.—Chilon.  
The passions cannot be let loose and chained up, like certain animals, at fixed and appointed intervals.—Rusticus.  
It is more disgraceful to distrust than to be deceived by our friends.—Francois Duc de la Rochefoucauld.  
If thou wouldst speak a word of living cheer, Oh, speak it now. The moment is thine own.  
—Nellie M. Richardson.

**Stand Fast, Craig-Royston**  
By William Black

equality in the distribution of the products of labor.  
"Voluntary, do you see, aunt? that is the very essence of the scheme," he rambled on, while she appeared to be listening gravely. "Thompson will have nothing to do with force; he himself points out that if you once bring in force to redress the inequalities of wealth, you leave it open for every succeeding majority to employ the same means, so that industry would be annihilated, the capitalists would not lend, the workers would not work. No, it is all to be done by mutual consent. Those who have wealth at present are not to be disturbed; what they have amassed is but a trifle compared with what the millions can produce; and it is this product of universal co-operation that is to constitute the real wealth of the world. Well, I suppose it is only a dream," he proceeded. "On the other hand, take my father's way of looking at it. He is all for state interference; the state is to appropriate everything and manage everything and to keep on managing it, I suppose, or else would revert to their former condition. That's where the trouble comes in, of course. The moment you allow anything like freedom of contract, how can you prevent the former condition of affairs coming into existence again? You know, after all, aunt, there is generally a reason for the institutions and social arrangements of any country; they don't spring out of nothing. They grow, and their growth is a necessity."  
"Vincent Harris," said the young widow, solemnly, "I perceive the seeds of a rabid Toryism beginning to sprout in your young mind. Wouldn't your father say that the reason for the monstrous condition of affairs now existing—I don't consider them monstrous, not I; I'm pretty well content, thank you—wouldn't he say the reason was simply the ignorance of the people who produce and the unscrupulous greed of the other people who of the lion's share of the profits? Of course he would, and so he wants to educate the producer, and protect him by the state, and see that he isn't swindled. Go to, then, Mr. Didymus, and an unbeliever. I suspect Lord Musselburgh has been corrupting you. Tell me," she said, irreverently, "who is the woman with the black curls. I did not catch her name when she was introduced to me."  
"He was delighted that she showed no sign of returning to that awkward topic."  
"Goodness gracious me, aunt!" said he, glancing in the direction indicated, where sat an elderly lady, thin and gaunt and pale, with large lustrous black eyes, and black hair done up in the fashion of a generation ago, "do you mean to say you don't know Madame Mikusek?"  
"Who is Madame—what is it?" "You never even heard of her?" he exclaimed, in affected astonishment. "Madame Mikusek, the discoverer of the Mystery of the East, the Prophetess of the New Religion, who has her followers and disciples all over the world, from Syria to the Himalayas, from New York to Sacramento. Really, aunt, you surprise me; you will be saying you never heard of Bo."  
"What is Bo, or who is he?" she demanded, impatiently.  
"Bo," he repeated, as if he were too puzzled by her appalling ignorance to be able to explain, "why, Bo—Bo is the equivalent of the Chinese 'Ta.' It is the principle of life, it is the beginning and the end of all things, it is the condition of the soul; and yet not quite the condition of the soul, for the soul can live outside Bo, until the miracle of initiation happens. Then the soul is received into Bo, and finds that the present is non-existent, and that only the past and future exist, the future being really the past, when once the soul has entered Bo."  
"Vin I believe you are making a fool of me," the pretty Mrs. Ellison said, severely.  
"Oh, I assure you, aunt," he said, with eyes innocent of guile, "it is the greatest discovery of the age, the great discovery of all time, the Sacred, the Ineffable. When you enter Bo you lose your individuality—or, rather, you never had any individuality—for individuality was a confusion of thought, a product of the present, and the present, as I have explained to you, my dear aunt, ceases to exist when you have entered Bo. Did I tell you that Bo is sentiment? Yes, but y't not a being, though there are manifestations, mysterious and ecstatic, and the disciples write to each other on the first day of each month, and tell each other what transpires they have been in, and what spiritual joy they have received. These reports are sent to Madame Mikusek, and they are published in a journal that circulates among the initiated, but the phraseology is hieratic, the outside world could make nothing of it. As for her, she is not expected to reveal anything; what she experiences transcends human speech, and even human thought."  
"I saw the woman mopping up a gravy with a piece of bread," said Mrs. Ellison, with frowning eyes.  
"Bo," continued this young man, very seriously, "as far as I have been able to make it out, consists of

**Navy and Cream "Amaranth" Dress Serges**  
Will Not Spot, Shrink or Cockle With the Wet.  
For Ladies' and Children's Dresses.  
at 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00

All pure wool fast dye this make of serge is very serviceable giving the greatest satisfaction for ladies dresses being the only make that will stand the effects of wear and weather yet retain its color and appearance—you will appreciate the excellence of this serge.

**Brocade Silk Reye Crepe**  
FOR EVENING DRESSES  
\$1.25 PER YD.  
A strictly new material in beautiful shades, reliable in quality and durability; will not crush. For handsome evening dresses this material is unequalled. Shades of Pearl, Copenhagen, Saxe Blue, China Blue, Vieux Rose, Black, 42 inches wide.  
**Silk Ninons at \$1.25 per yard**  
Shades of Champagne, Ivory, Maize, Sky Blue, Coral, Black, 45 inches wide for waists. Over Dresses and Veiling Dresses, a beautiful sheer, soft silk fabric that will give satisfactory wear.  
**C. H. MILLS & CO.**

a vast sphere—elliptical, however; the zenith containing all human aspiration, the base consisting of fort'n ev'v. When you once enter this magic circle you are lost, you are transformed, you are here and yet not here; to be does not signify to be, but not to be, and not to be is the high good except not to have been. Bo, when once you have received the consecration, and bathed in the light, and perceived the altitudes and the essential depths and cognizances—  
"Ought to be written Bosh," said she, briefly. "I will not hear any more of that nonsense, and I believe you are only humbugging me. Madame What's-her-name looks more like the widow of a French Communist. Now listen to me, Vin, for I am going away to-morrow. I am a d d I was mistaken about the actress; but take care; don't get into scrapes. She doesn't seem to be a very young woman. Ordinarily a man should not marry until he is thirty or five-and-thirty—if he is five-and-forty so much the better—but even at five-and-thirty he may have acquired a little judgment; he may be able to tell how much honesty there is in the extreme amiability and unselfishness and simplicity that a young woman can assume, or whether she is likely to turn out an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, and sulking brute. Oh, you needn't laugh! It's no laughing matter, but you'll find out, my young friend. But you—you are different; you are no school-boy. You've seen the world—too much of it; for you've learned disrespect for your elders, and try to bamboozle them with accounts of sham systems of philosophy or religion, or whatever it is. I say you ought to marry young, but not an elderly woman, as many young men does, for money or ostition. Good gracious, no! You'll have plenty of money; your father's just yet going to sell this silver dinner service—which I detest, for it always looks more greasy than china; and besides, you feel as if you were scoring it with the edge of your knife all the time. I say he isn't going to sell his silver and distribute unto the poor just yet. As for position, you've got to make that for yourself. Would you owe it to your wife? Very well, proceed his pretty monition, in her easy and prattling fashion, "come down to Brighton for a week or two. I will ask the Drexel girls; you will have them all to yourself, to pick and choose from; but Louise is my favorite. You have no idea how delightful Brighton is in June; the inland drives are perfect, so cool and shaded with trees—when you know where to go, that is. She is the only American girl I know who has the courage to be an American girl; the rest of them seem to out-English the English girl in every manner; and then, of course, it becomes self-conscious and an affectation. If you come down I'll make up a party and take you all to Ascutt. Mrs. Bourke has offered me her house for the week—isn't that good-natured, when she could easily have let it?" and I have to telegraph 'yes' or 'no' to-morrow. I hadn't intended to come down, I will accept; and I know I can get the Drexel girls."  
"It is so kind of you, aunt—so very kind," he said, "but I really can't get away. You know I don't care much about racing—"  
"But Louise Drexel isn't racing."  
"I'm very sorry, but you must excuse me, aunt," he said, contritely. "Oh, distribution of wealth, supply and demand, sugar hounties, and Blue-Books is all that? Well, well, what the young men of the present age are coming up more, for at this moment her neighbor, an elderly and learned gentleman on Oxford, addressed her. He had not hitherto uttered a word, having paid strict attention to every dish and every wine, albeit he was a lean and faded-looking person; but now he remarked that the evenings were hot for the middle of June. He spoke of the danger of having recourse to

lead fluids. Then he went on to compare the bathing of the Greeks and Romans with the ablutions of the English, until he was offered strawberries; whereupon, having helped himself largely, he fell into a business-like silence again.  
When at length the ladies had gone upstairs, Lord Musselburgh came and took the seat just vacated by Mrs. Ellison.  
"I have a commission from your father, Vin," said he; "I am to persuade you of the sweet reasonableness of his project—that you should for a time become the private secretary of Mr. Ogden."  
"The private secretary of a man who hasn't an h!" retorted Master Vin, with scorn.  
"What has that to do with it?" the young nobleman said, coolly. "No, after all, there is something in what your father says. He believes that the next great political and social movement will be the emancipation of the wage-earner, the securing to the producer the fair share of the products of his labor. If that is so it will be a big thing. It will be years before it comes off, no doubt; but then there will be a great wave of public opinion, and if you are prepared—if you are there—if you are identified with this tremendous social revolution—why, that magnificent wave will peacefully and calmly lift you into the Cabinet. I think that's about his notion. Very well, if you are willing to take up this work, how could you begin better than by becoming private secretary to Josiah Ogden? There you would come into direct touch with the masses; you would get to know at first hand what they were thinking of, what they were hoping for. Subsequently you could speak with authority. Then," there's another thing, Vin. If you want to become a figure of public life in England, if you want to build a splendid monument for yourself, you should begin at the base. Capture the multitude; be as red-hot a radical as they can desire, and they won't mind what you do afterwards. You may accept office; you may be petted by royalty, but they will rather like it. They will look upon it as a compliment paid to one of themselves. And that is where Ogden would come in. He, too, is one of themselves, though he has his hired brougham when he comes to town, and his big dinners at the Menagerie Club. What have you got to do with his h's? If I want to back a horse, or order a pair of boots, or have my hair cut, what does it matter to me whether the man has an h, or a superfluity of h's? You make him useful to you; you get what you want; isn't that enough?"  
"Oh, no, it is not," Vin Harris rejoined, but respectfully, for he never forgot that Lord Musselburgh was his senior by very nearly five years. "You see, you don't go into partnership with your hairdresser, and you don't put your name over the boot-maker's shop. And I shouldn't learn much from Mr. Ogden, for I don't believe in his machine-made politics; everything to be done by committees and resolutions and majorities. I expect to find him starting a society for the suppression of Punch and Judy shows, so that the infantile mind of England may not be corrupted by exhibitions of brutality."  
"He is a very able man, let me tell you that," said Musselburgh, with decision; "and a capital speaker—a slogger, of course, but that is wanted for big crowds. And sometimes he turns out a

neat thing. Did you notice what he said at Sheffield the other day, telling the working-men not to be too grateful for rich men's charities—for recreation-grounds, free libraries, and the like? What he said was this: 'When the capitalist has robbed Peter, it is easy for him to save his conscience by throwing a crust to Paul.' Not bad. I think you might do worse, Vin, than become Ogden's private secretary. Pretty hard work, of course; but the modern young man in politics is supposed to be thoroughly in earnest. If he isn't he will have to reckon with the evening papers, for they don't like to be trifled with."  
The subject was not a grateful one apparently. Vin Harris now changed it.  
"Do you remember," he said, "with some little diffidence, 'that—that I was in your house one afternoon a few weeks ago when an old gentleman called, and—his granddaughter—'"  
"The perfidious old Scotchman? Oh, yes."  
"How did you come to know him?" the young man asked, with downcast eyes.  
"I hardly remember. Let me see—oh, yes, he wrote to me, enclosing a note of introduction he had brought from a friend of mine in New York—a brother Scot. Then he called, and told me something about a book he is going to bring out. And I gave him some little assistance. I don't think he is above accepting a few sovereigns from anyone to help him on his way through the world."  
Vin Harris flushed hotly, and he raised his head and looked his friend straight in the face as he put the next question.  
"But—but he is a gentleman!—his name, his family, even his bearing—"  
"Oh, yes; I suppose so." Lord Musselburgh said, lightly. "Poor old fellow, I was glad to lend him a helping hand. I think his enthusiasm, his patriotism, was genuine; and it is a thing you don't often meet with nowadays."  
"Yes, but—but," Vin Harris said, with a good deal of embarrassment, and yet with some touch of half-indignant remonstrance, "the money you gave him—that was to aid him in bringing out the book, wasn't it?"  
"Certainly, certainly!" the other said; he did not happen to notice the expression on his friend's face. "Something about Scotland—Scotch poetry—I think when he wrote he said something about a dedication, but that is an honor and glory I hardly covet."  
(To Be Continued)

**Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Star Theatre, Wednesday, January 6th. Popular prices 25c, 50c and 75c.**

**CATTLE MARKETS**  
UNION STOCK YARDS.  
TORONTO, Dec. 28.—Receipts of live stock at the Union Yards were 227 cattle and 422 hogs.  
Trade in cattle was about steady at last Thursday's quotations.  
The bulk of the hogs were from the northwest and were for feeding purposes, selling around \$6.50 per cwt.  
Rice & Whaley sold 5 carloads on Monday: Four carloads of farmers at \$4 to \$4.15; 1 load of butchers' helters at \$7.25; 1 load of helters at \$7.25.  
Dunn & Leavack sold:  
Canners—2, 250 lbs., at \$4.15; 14, 410 lbs., at \$4.65; 21, 910 lbs., at \$4.10.  
Falls—2, 120 lbs., at \$4.25.  
Cows—2, 850 lbs., at \$4; 2, 850 lbs., at \$3.75; 2, 1200 lbs., at \$5.  
Lamb sold at \$7.50 to \$8.50.