recorded in second married

CHILD TRIED TO CRAWL UNDER A FREIGHT CAR

Life Crushed Out When Train Start-So Declares Conservative Organ in and International Conservative Organ in International Conservative Organ International Conservative ed at Amherst on Vancouver, Which Speaks Wednesday.

PARENTS PROSTRATED

UNION BLEND TEA

the Tea that satisfies

HE best customers I have are people who simply can-

that other teas do not even approach.

They gladly pay the price-forty cents a pound-because

they realize it is tea economy. It is economy, because it

Go to your grocer and get a pound packet of Union Blend—be sure my picture is on the end—and try it for

Union Blend one pound packets— the pound packets only—contain toupons that are worth money to you. But this is only an advertisement—the tea itself is worth the price, fully.

yourself. One single pound carries conviction.

not learn to like ordinary tea—they find in Union Blend a richness and delicacy coupled with a strength

> goes half as far again as ordinary tea; indeed, being unaccustomed to its

> strength, most people make it too

strong at first. Then, they learn that

a little Union Blend makes more tea and

makes it far better than can be made from a good deal of the common kind. IS NOW WANTED IN THE WEST

PREMIER MCBRIDE

For Party.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

ADDRERST, Dec. 15-A shooking in two sets of trucks passed over her Victoria B. C. Dec. 15-The Col- | did not el er hear the train

ADDRESSET, Dec. 15—A showing in two cets of trioks passed over her code, country in the 1 C. N. park her shout four octobel. blik affersoon where he was been two octobel. blik affersoon between the first own octobel. blik affersoon between the first ow

TRY EVEN

THERE is only one way for you to prove that Union Blend Tea is all I claim—better than other teas. Try it. If it is not up to your expectations, I stand to lose more than you do. For my advertising can only introduce you to try it once—can only introduce Union Blend to you; after that, its own quality must continue to sell it. Yet I am not only willing but anxious to risk the test—will you give me that chance? Go to your grocer, get a single pound,—or a haif pound if you prefes—and I shall be perfectly astaffed to accept your decision.

POUND

EVEN A

A RECEIPT FOR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

And everyunkind thought; Bake it in the oven of lov-

A CRRISTMAS TREE

tree with perhaps a colored star some top ornament, then each day a few more things—colored cam strings of bulk and rings, drums, all sorts of toys. The children et spying what new things have been on since the day before. Occast ally I allow the children to put one or two things themselves. Thought some teacher might like idea—EX.

The old fashioned way of dosing weak stomach, or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. D Shoop first pointed out this error. This why his prescription—Dr. Shoop Restorative—is directede netirely it he cause of these allments—the weat inside or controlling nerves. It is so difficult, says Dr. Schop, to streng then a weak stomach, Heart or Kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves faithen those organs must surely faite

A CHRISTMAS AT CAPE HORN.

NCE I had a shipmate who celebrated the most grateful Christmas of his life at the Horn. It was on the Mary Ann, in December, 1807. She was a deep cut steel clipper, but she was a four massed bark, and four masted barks are all ugly in heavy seas. The best sea host andoat will plunge at Cape Horn, but four masted barks are all the time under water. Sometimes they are swamped altogether and inon waterlogged around the Horn. Then the current pushes them south to perish in the ice jam.

around the Horn. Then the current pushes them south to perish in the ke jam.

Some sallors can be likened to the four masted barks. They are the sailors who have been too long away from home. All sailors plunge liberally into shore life, but the "too long away from home" tellows are, as rule, swamped in shore life's breakers.

One of my maies on the Mary Amwas Bob Jones, a typical "too long away from home" unfortunate. But Bob still had somebody dear to bit heart. He had started on more than one trip around the world wift the set determination that the end of the voyage should see him rejon his own bred sees at home.

But on pay day at the end of his trips his good resolutions had been broken. It had often gone so, and Bob was hiding self despir under the grim surface of a man hating man.

Bob and I, with twelve other Yankeses, Dutchmen and Swedes, were on the starboard water under Chief Mate.

tay.

The straps were rotten, and Eob and the cell sheet rope dropped and disappeared in the boiling deck waters.

The waters surged to beevard and carried a dark object with them.

The skipper threw a life buey from the poon.

The waters surged to leeward and carried a dark object with them.

The skipper threw a life buey from the pope.

"Poor Bob!" said everybedy to him self. It was all we could do for him. Bob was gone, and there seemed to be no help for it.

We had the Mary Ann snug at fast. Our watch had still an hour more be low, not long enough to anake it worthwhilesto crawl into our bunks, and we lighted our pipes, lay down on our chests and discussed poor Bob.

Bill, who was Bob's own chum, went to Bob's bunk and oyerhaufied the things.

"It is enough to make anybody ripping mad to think of a rotton old strap chucking a poor fellow overboard," mused Bill. "Christimas night too Say, boys, when we auction this stuff off we've got to show Bob up handsome to shis friends."

It must be explained that when sailors die at sea their belongings are sold at auction to the crew. This custom serves a double purpose. It is easler to ship money halfway around the globe than to insure the safe delivery of an old wooden chest. A good sum of money is also more welcome to most heirs than a chestful of tarred rags. Besides, the sea auctions give the shipmates of the dead an opportunity to "raise his reputation" by adding generously to his account.

Everybody wanted to fill the Christmas stockings of poor Bob's folks. The chief mate, Dickson, good naturedly consented that the auction should be held then and there and came to the forecastle with pencil and paper to record the sales as fast as they were unade.

"Here you are, boys—here you are! Get your money ready. The greatest Cape Horn sale ever held will now start" respect the old chief. "First

For Pale Delicate People D.L. Emulsion

BALSAM

member what Bill Shakespeare says.
'Uneasy rests the head that hasn't got
a pillow.' What am I bid? Two dollars? Thank you! Three—four—fivesix-six I have. Cape Hera prices,
gentlemen. Eight—ten—ten—are you
all done.' The strength of the six of the s What children wanted here.

together with yellow silken cligar bands. The mate held th

"Hen! Well, we will see what is in it anyway," assented the mate. When the canvas cover was opened a score of letters in soiled and toral envelopes dropped out. 72 "I see no harm in letting you fellow set I see a little home sentiment out of these old letters," said the anate. "but you must not keep them. They must be forwarded to Bob's friends You boys can bid for the privilege of reading the letters."

Dick for S9 hought the right to first

Dick for \$9 bought the right to first plek. He took the best preserved en-velope and its inclosure and went away to read the letter. ter fetching a feat sum. Half the let ters were sold when Dick came from

his corner and interrupted the sale He looked troubled and shook his let "Boys, this letter is from the girl, said he. "She's a dandy. Bob wa

"Boys, this letter is from the girl, said he. "She's a dandy. Bob was no good. He didn't go home when he was paid off in Liverpool; he didn't go home from San Francisco when he could have made the trip in a day. The girl is waiting yet."

The mate, who had been intently reading one of the letters, here interpunted.

ALLEN'S LUNG

A 25c, Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c, Bottle for a Beep-seated Cough.

LA TRUE STORY OF CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

The gathering of "old salts," efficialdown by the dock. Outside the wind howled and shricked through the right of the feet of coasting resuschwarped alougside the Main street wharf, and unconsciously the menhitched their chairs closes to the fire as a fercer blast rattled the windows. During a temporary lull is the sloristication of the following narrative:

"Twas jest sech a Christmas eviat his significant of the following narrative:

"Twas jest sech a Christmas eviat his, along back in the eighties, when I was roundin' old Hatteras in the good ship Tiraab Ann. You recoilect her, don't you? Halled from Greenport and could smash through any gainthat ever blowed.

port and could smash through any gatthat ever blowed.

"In course 'twas some wet on deek
and the further we pounded along througher it got, and finally we had to
turn and run afore the wind. Never
saw seeh a gale to hang on! We
plowed 'through seas you could only
guess the Beight of. And dark! You
couldn't see your hand afore your face.
"There was five of us abond, and
we was pretty well tuckered out next
mornin', but daylight showed no ici
up, and, to make things wiss, a heavy
snow sot in. Seemed as it'it turned to
lee to winst soon as it bit the deck,
and afore you could say "Jack Robbroot" the riggin' was froze solid, and a with axes couldn't bave

The Present Said "Papal" The Present Said "Papa!" In station S, in New York City, a oung cierk who was sorting a sack Christmas mail was anazed to see package in the sack move. He cared the sack to the sorting table and imped out the contents. Something

unidealy exclaimed:
"Papa!" Papa!"
The frightened clerk examined every prochage carefully. In the one that moved he found a live kitten packed in a small bird cage. The kitten had no pink bow of ribbon at its beck, and attacked to the ribbon was a card beartness the investigation.

negacised to the ribbon was a card bearing the inscription:

"A Merry Christmas from Uncle Jack."

Further investigation brought forthe fact that the cry "Papa" came from a doil with blond curis that can ed "Papa" each time it was squeezed in moving the unil sack the postay clerk had frightened the kitten in our package and squeezed the mechanical doil in the other, package the was much relieved when he instrumentation the double myster;

Revised For Christmas.

"You say Jack writes he can't be here.

With you on Christmas.

"Tis not Jack's absence. What care I Because he can't be near? It's absence of the presents. That I, of all, most fear."

For sake of up to defeness now We'll change this utile rhyme. "This presents make the heart grow fond-Just at Christmas time.

-Walter Wellman

For goodies left by santy.

Rut once a year is quite enough
(Since buying's such a bother
When times are panicky and tough).

For these dear youngsters' faiter—
In fact, poor daddy injoes the fates
Will cause tto get a cheap year?

The calculate the change its dales.

And Christinas reviews its dales.

ROBERTUS LOVIS.

Command Command

utomatic Strap-might require. backs. Manicure €0. ++++++++++

Etc.

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Sample lots elling for 25

mufflers, kid fant's dresses s, Coats, also

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TON.

