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A Saving Opportunity in Cotton Blankets.
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We have already greatly reduced our prices on Wadded and Eiderdown Quilts, and now offer a

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We have a large and well assorted stock of Rubber Goods, including

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Children's and Misses' Rubber Shoes.
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Ladies' Long Rubbers.
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Men's Long Rubbers.
Men's Gaiters.

Friday and Saturday Our Special Sale Days. All Lines at Reduced Prices.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

RED BOXES AND LEAD PENCILS.

As I started, the other day, to throw into the waste basket a little red box in which a leather belt had come from the shop, the Authorman stayed my hand, the box and examined it.

"A good looking box," he said and as he turned it over added: "I look at little containers like that think how much time someone spent planning them out and how ssly and indifferently we throw into the waste basket."

Much to Decide.

Take this case, for example," he on. Someone had to decide just order it should be and just what pe; whether it should open at both the way it does, or be a flat box a cover; what advertising should rinted on it, and what color the ing should be done in and what No one person decided it all. likely there were discussions ng several people. Possibly there were hot arguments. Maybe the thing when it was done didn't look the way they expected it to. Or maybe it looked better. And we"—he suited the action to the word—"throw it into the basket with hardly a glance."

"Why do they bother so much, then?" I asked. "Why waste all that time and thought?"

All Business Like That.

"Oh, it isn't wasted," he said. "I didn't mean that. If we didn't like it we should notice; if the color offended us, or the box wouldn't open easily, or it wasn't of good stuff, and went to pieces in the mails. And, in a way, we are impressed by that lettering and design. They leave some kind of tract in our subconscious mind. I didn't mean it wasn't worth it, I only meant to make you visualize the infinite details that the manufacture of the simplest article involves."

It is an interesting thought, isn't it?

The simplest article that you buy represents so much thought and time, so many processes, so much planning and hoping, so many men's labor, so many problems and decisions.

A Pencil Touches Innumerable Lives.

Take, for example, the lead pencil with which I just corrected that sentence. Somewhere, I suppose, there is a big factory at which that pencil is made. Around that factory centre the lives of thousands of men and their wives and children. Somewhere else in office buildings are agencies for the selling of that pencil. And still somewhere else are factories where the machinery by which the pencil is made are manufactured. And to go back still further the gathering together of the wood, the lead, the rubber and the brass that enter into that pencil touch hundreds and thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands more lives.

That Famous Rice Pudding.

It is like the pudding that the story book uncle serves to his nephews and nieces. He promised he would give them a pudding that had required the services of hundreds of people to produce and it turned out to be rice pudding. And, according to the story, the tale of the growing of rice and sugar and the preparing of them, and shipping of them, gave the rice pudding such a savor that the children were not disappointed. There is infinite detail to business and there is infinite interest and romance. And when one pulls at some thread like the lead pencil what a sense one gets of the wastness and the almost terrifying intricacy of that thing we call civilization.

"A Terrible Experience"

"I Recall My Experiences with the Burglar with Feelings of Horror!"

"How would you feel if you wakened in the middle of the night with a [illegible] shining in your eyes and [illegible] voice of a man threatening [illegible] if you make a noise, [illegible] I would be scared to death. I was [illegible] has [illegible] and I [illegible] science [illegible] as long [illegible] it. At the [illegible] I would die. [illegible] I did not stop [illegible] so weak that even if [illegible] to move, I could not. [illegible] in a cold, clammy perspiration. Even to recall the shocking details now makes me shudder. It was a result of this shock that I contracted a high fever and for hours [illegible] was delirious. I got so bad that the doctor finally gave up [illegible] my ever recovering, but by nursing, I was finally pro[illegible] out of danger. The shock left me so weak, that, for no reason whatever, I would suddenly burst into tears. All the life seemed to have been taken out of me. I kept getting weaker and weaker, so much so that my husband and children were constantly worrying about me. Doctors prescribed for me and while I willingly tried their medicines, only very few of them did me any good, but unfortunately the good was not lasting. My family asked me if I would try Carnol and I said, 'I was willing to try anything,' but felt that it would not do me any good. Four bottles of Carnol taken regularly, has completely restored my former health and strength and, while I occasionally recall my experience with the burglar with feelings of horror, I am otherwise as well and strong as I have ever been. Carnol is the most wonderful preparation I have ever used for building and restoring health and strength. It has done wonders for several of my friends to whom I have recommended it." Mrs. McC. of....

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 4-822

A Sick Child's Carol.

On Christmas morn
A cry forlorn
Breaks from a mother's lips;
While her child sleeps,
Death towards him creeps
And 'round a cold arm slips.

"Peace on the earth!"
Men sing the birth
To Mary of a Son.
Meanwhile is heard
The woman's word:
"And soon I shall have none;

'On this dark day
I cannot pray,
My mouth with grief is dumb
I feel not peace
But pain increase
Though Jesus Christ has come."

Upon her knees
The sick child sees
His mother sore distrest,
And speaks to cheer:
"My mother, dear,
Sing praises with the rest;

O blest is He,
For I would be
Afraid to die this morn,
If that Young One
God's gentle Son,
Jesus, had not been born."

—EVELYN DURAND.

From the memorial edition of Evelyn Durand's Poems just issued by Miss Laura E. Durand.

Historic Puddings.

Much water has run under London Bridge since "Romeo" Coates, a famous eccentric of the days of the Regency, wagered that he would drive a conveyance, bearing a colossal plum-pudding, exposed to public view, from Piccadilly to Mile End, little dreaming of the perilous nature of the enterprise on which he so lightheartedly embarked.

He had not proceeded far on his journey before he found further progress completely blocked by a dense crowd, drawn by the sight of his succulent freight. A raid was made on his vehicle, and it would have gone ill for "Romeo" and his pudding but for the opportune appearance on the scene of a company of soldiers, who rescued both from disaster at the last moment.

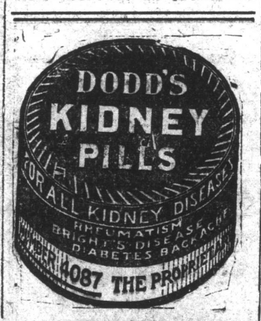
Cooked Under the Thames.

Less fortunate was James Austin, landlord of the Red Lion Inn, Southwark, when he started on a similar journey to the Swan Tavern, on Fish Street Hill, conveying a plum-pudding weighing over one thousand pounds on a vehicle drawn by six donkeys, and escorted by a band playing on instruments larger than the bandsmen.

The strange procession had not completed half its journey when it was attacked by a large mob, determined to secure the pudding or perish in the attempt. A fierce battle ensued, and although Austin and his minions fought valiantly, and more than once repulsed the raiders, he had to yield to superior numbers, and see his treasured pudding torn into a thousand pieces to fill many mouths.

It was the same Austin who, a few festive seasons earlier, had wagered £100 that he would cook a plum-pudding under the surface of the Thames a feat which he successfully performed at Rotherhithe. Enclosing the pudding in a tin case, he placed it in a sack of lime, and sank it in the river to a depth of ten feet. After three hours' immersion the pudding was taken up and was found to be perfectly cooked.

Another plum-pudding of "historic" interest was one weighing five hundred pounds, which was offered as a prize by the landlord of the Coch, in Tothill Street, in celebration of the Jubilee of George III. The pudding was competed for by teams of six men, representing various trades of Westminster, and was awarded to the team who consumed the greatest quantity of tripe in a specified time.



The Ocean's Waves.

There are few things about which more exaggerated stories are told by people who honestly mean to speak the truth than about the steepness and height of ocean waves. The excitement attending a storm at sea is so great that even the coolest observer is apt to loose his power of accurate judgment, and the waves amid which his ship is tossing and plunging impress his imagination as if they were really "mountain high."

So a person riding in a small boat on a rough sea imagines that the very rough sea imagines that the waves into which trough he sinks with a sickening sense of going to the bottom are not only of enormous height, but that their sides resemble walls of water rather than long slopes.

The truth is that it is very rare for waves at sea, even in a furious storm, to exceed 30 feet in height. In exceptional tempest they may reach 60 ft.

A French savant finds that in the trade winds the waves arrange only five to six feet in height. The ordinary observer would estimate them to be at least twice as high.

The harder the wind blows, the faster the waves run and the steeper they become; yet they are never as steep as they seem to be. In an ordinary wind the slope of a wave is about one foot in 33; in a storm it becomes one foot in 17 or 18. In other words, the slope of storm waves is only 10 or 11 degrees from the horizontal.

The impression of great steepness that the waves give to one in a small boat is due to the swiftness of their passage. Only a few seconds elapse while the boat is being lifted from the trough to the crest of a wave several hundred feet in length. The feeling is that of being driven up the face of a cliff of water.—Washington Star.

Have you a Suit or Overcoat to be made. Bring it to FARRELL THE TAILOR, Adelaide Street. First class work at moderate prices.—sept28,tf

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DISTEMPER.

Pickled Meats

— IN STOCK —

LIGHT H. B PORK.
HEAVY FAT BACK PORK.
SPECIAL FAMILY BEEF.
LINCOLN PLATE BEEF.
NEW YORK BONELESS BEEF.
CHOICE SPARE RIBS.
BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.

George Neal
Limited

Christmas Cookies From Overseas.

The week before Christmas everywhere in the civilized world is potent with expectation, no little "fuss and bother" and for the housekeeper, a decided stir and bustle in the region of the kitchen. In this important room in a certain old schloss, nor more than an hour's ride from Oberammergau, the week preceeding Christmas is devoted to making of lebkutchen, the tiny cakes, the recipe for which has been followed for many generations in that community.

These in final grandeur are distributed to all the villagers neighbouring to the castle, and on Weinachtsabend every friendly caller at the old schloss receives a brilliantly decorated lacquer box filled with assorted cookies.

HOW TO MAKE THEM.

The recipe by which they are made is generations old, but in its modern guise, and reduced to a useful proportion, is as follows: One pound flour, one half pound sugar, one-fourth pound butter, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls water and one-half teaspoonful vanilla.

Cream the sugar and butter, add the eggs andd vanilla, then the flour and water. Mix thoroughly and stand this very stiff dough on the ice for 24 hours. In the famous old country community, the covered bowls containing the dough are set in the snow overnight.

On the next day roll the dough very thin (one-quarter inch) and cut in circles, stars, crescents, diamonds and conventional flowers and pine tree forms. At one side of each puncture a small, round hole, so that the finished cookies may be strung on a silver cord. Bake in a moderate oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

"What's all that noise gwine on ovah at you' house last night?" asked an old colored woman of another. Sounded like a lot of catamcunts done broke loose."

"Dat? Why dat was nothin' only de gen'man from the furniture store collecting his easy payments."