

SUNDAY IN LONDON

What Is Going On in the Leading Churches of the City.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST
Church—Pastor, Rev. T. S. Johnson.
Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School, 2:45 p.m.**ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH**
—Rev. J. W. Holmes, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will preach. Suitable service of song and sermon on Christmas Day at 11 a.m. Collection will be taken for the poor.**CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH**
—Special services morning and evening for Christmas. Morning service conducted by the pastor. Evening service by the Rev. George Gilmore. Subject, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." Morning—Antiphon, "O Zion, That Bringest Good Tidings" (Stainer). Evening—Antiphon, "Sing Unto the Lord" (Novello); solo, "The Great White Throne" (Adams); solo, "To Victory" (Neidlinger). Miss McDonald will assist in the service of music.**CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. Sabbath School, 3 p.m.**COLBORNE STREET METHODIST CHURCH**
—Rev. A. K. Birks, pastor. Will conduct both services. Morning subject, "The Incarnation"; evening, "God's Great Gift."**DUNDAS CENTRE METHODIST CHURCH**
—Pastor, Rev. C. T. Scott. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Morning—Antiphon, "To Victory" (Neidlinger); hymn, "Hark My Soul, It Is the Lord" (Dykes). Evening—Antiphon, "The Lord" (Handel); solo, "Show Me Thy Ways" (Forster); solo and chorus, "His Love Can Never Fail" (Exell).**EMPEROR AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH**
—Rev. T. E. Harrison, pastor. Morning, 11 a.m.; evening, 7 p.m. Subject, "The Great Gift."**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)**
—David S. Robb, C.S.B. First Reader Services: 7 p.m. Sunday 8 p.m. Wednesday.**FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—REV.**
George J. Bishop, pastor. The pastor will preach both morning and evening.**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
—Rev. W. J. Clark, pastor. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Conducted by the pastor. Sunday School and Society for Bible Study at 3 p.m.**KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
—Rev. Thomas Wilson, pastor. Will preach morning and evening. Special Christmas music. Strangers welcome.**MATLAND STREET BAPTIST CHURCH**
—Christie, pastor. Morning, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Evening, 7 p.m. Subject, "The Nativity and Its Lessons." Special Christmas music.**MEMORIAL CHURCH, CORNER OF**
Queen's avenue and William street—Rev. C. Owen, B.A., rector. Fourth Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Morning service, 11 a.m. The pastor will preach. 7 p.m., Archdeacon Davis will preach. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Bible Class, 4:30 p.m.**NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Conducted by the pastor. Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.**SOUTH LONDON BAPTIST CHURCH**
—Worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.**ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**
—Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., pastor. The pastor will preach at both services. Sabbath School and Pastor's Class at 3 o'clock. Wednesday, 11 a.m., Christmas service.**ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON**
—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. Evans Davis, rector. Christmas service, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.**ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—MORNING**
—"Venite" (Bucknell); "Benedictus" (Gregorian); "Benedictus" (Stainer). Preacher, Rev. Mr. Kennedy. Choir, 11 a.m. Evening—"Magnificat" (Trimmell); "Nunc Dimittis" (Trimmell); anthem, "Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name" (Giles). Preacher, the Dean.**TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH**
—Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Ph.D., LL.D., pastor. 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Christmas service, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Bible and the Higher Critics. This is the third of the series, and will be thoroughly discussed.**WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH**
—Rev. R. D. Hamilton, pastor. Morning—Antiphon, "The New Year's King" (Kreusch); Mr. Garthwaite. Evening—Antiphon, "For into Us This Day is Born" (Handel); solo, "To Victory" (Neidlinger). Miss Fowler.**MALE HELP WANTED.**
DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND AD-
DRESS today on your business station-
ery for invaluable information free.
Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio.
381-wty**EARLIER WANTED AT ONCE. APPLY**
24 Dundas street.**WANTED.**
HANDSOME AMERICAN LADY, INDE-
PENDENTLY rich, wants good, honest
husband. Address Erie, 130 Wash-
ington street, Chicago, Ill. 614-t**COME AND SEE OUR NATURAL**
Fountain. They are perfect. Com-
ings wanted. Miller's Hair Store, 22
Dundas street.

3 Piano Bargains...

- 7 Octave Upright Piano \$100 00
 - 7 Octave Square Piano \$110 00
 - 7 1/3 Octave Square Piano \$125 00
- All Guaranteed.
Terms—\$5 Per Month.

The Nordheimer
Piano and Music Co
188 DUNDAS STREET.
61 Years established.

Births, Marriages, Deaths.

BORN.
CRANSTON—In this city, on Thursday, Dec. 19, 1901, the wife of Color-Sgt. D. Cranston, Wolsey Barracks, of a daughter.**DIED.**
FIKE—On Friday, Dec. 20, 1901, Cinderella, beloved wife of Augustus Fike, in her 65th year.

Funeral from her late residence, on Monday, 1 p.m., to Delaware Methodist Church. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

McKNIGHT—On Dec. 20, 1901, at the family residence, 679 York street, William McKnight, in his 77th year.

Funeral on Monday, the 22nd inst., at 2:30 services, 2 p.m. Friends will kindly accept this intimation. Milwaukee and California papers please copy.

WILKINSON—In this city, on Dec. 20, 1901, William Wilkinson.

Funeral on Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3:30 p.m.; service at 3 o'clock from his late residence, 352 Princess avenue. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.
Advertisements under this heading 10c per line, or 20c per word each insertion.**TONIGHT LAST**
MARKS BROS. NO. 1 COMPANY IN
"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

Continuous performance. Amateur contest, 2c, 5c and 10c. Matinee at 2:15 p.m., "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 1c and 2c.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 23.
Fifth number in the
METROPOLITAN COURSE
ED. P. ELLIOTT, MONOLOGUE ART-
IST, 50c, 75c and 1.00. Seats on sale.**MAT. & TONIGHT MAT. &**
REV. E. R. SPENCER IN
A Cavalier
of France

Matinee, 75c, 50c, 25c. Evening, \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT
LYCEUM OPERA CO.
"SAID PASHA."

Last time at popular prices. 531

**THE PRINCESS—LONDON'S ICE PAL-
ACE**—By permission of Lieut. Col. Smith and officers, 7th Regiment Band tonight. Season books, gentlemen, \$2.50; ladies and children, 50c.**WESTMINSTER RINK—CORTESE'S**
Orchestra tonight and Monday. Grand Ice. Admission, 10c. Open every afternoon.**JURILE RINK—MUSICAL SOCIETY**
Each tonight. Open every afternoon from now on.**REDLIGHT RINK, BLACKFRIARS**
street—Open Monday afternoon and evening. Special arrangements with hockey clubs for season. Splendid.**THE PRINCESS—LONDON'S ICE PAL-
ACE**—Open tonight. By permission of Lieut. Col. Smith and officers of the regiment. 7th Regiment Band, 7 p.m. Skating matinee Saturday afternoon. Season books: Ladies and children, 50c; gentlemen, \$2.50.**GRAND CONCERT—ST. JOHN'S ATH-
LETIC CLUB**—Male Chorus at club house, Oxford street, Thursday, Dec. 25. Admission, 25 cents.**SULPHUR SPRINGS BATHS WILL BE**
open Saturdays and Sundays only during winter months. Open for ladies, Saturdays only. Cole & Edmonds, proprietors.**MEMORIAL CHURCH SUNDAY**
—Annual treat for school children. "Navy" entertainment of moving pictures at Auditorium, Monday evening. Members of school free; others, 25c.**CUNARD STEAMSHIPS ARE MANNED**
by captains who have been commanders in the royal navy. They are never out of hours late. Open for ladies, east weather. F. B. Clarke, agent, Richmond street, next Advertiser.**DANCING—ADVANCED CLASS, WED-
NESDAY**—evenings. Register this week; number limited. Special rate, season tickets. Private tuition any hour. Day-tor & McCormick.**VOICE CULTURE—EVA N. ROBINSON**
Soprano Soloist, Junior choir, at the City Church, Director vocal department. Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario, 223 Dundas street. Phone 1,279. 61-t**PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING BY**
R. B. Millard, 24 Princess avenue. Special attention given to the waltz and two-step. Rapid teaching. Low rates. Lessons any hour.**MEETINGS.**
FORESTERS' FUNERAL—MEMBERS
of Court Hope, I. O. F., and all sister courts are requested to meet at the residence of the late Bro. Wm. Wilkinson, 582 Princess avenue, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of attending his funeral to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. George Baxter, C. R. E., J. Cutler, recording secretary. b**MASONIC—KING SOLOMON LODGE**
No. 28—A regular communication of King Solomon Lodge will be held in the lodge room, Sherwood Hall, Richmond street, this (Saturday) evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Election of officers. Visitors welcome. Richard Oke, W.M.; Wm. Nichols, secretary. b**PUBLIC NOTICE—A MEETING OF**
the municipal electors of the Municipality of the Township of London, for the purpose of nominating fit and proper persons for the offices of reeve and controllers for the said township for the year 1902, will be held in the Town Hall, St. Johns, at 12 o'clock on Monday, Dec. 20, 1901. Mary Grant, clerk. b**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT**
the general annual meeting of the shareholders of the London Street Railway Company will be held at the head office of the company, Bank of Commerce building, 120 Richmond street, in the City of London, Ontario, on Wednesday, the 8th day of January, 1902, at 3 o'clock p.m. By order, J. Carr, secretary, London Street Railway Company. Dated this 21st day of December, 1901. b**BUSINESS CHANCES.**
1c per word first insertion, and 1/2c per word each subsequent insertion. No advertisement less than ten words.**FOR SALE—BLACKSMITH SHOP,**
tools, hoes and lot; suitable business. Apply at once, Box 8, Byth, Ont. 28b-wty**GROCERY BUSINESS FOR SALE—DO-**
ING good trade; good stand. Good reason for selling. Address Box 10, this office.

HOLIDAY SALE.

We'll Save You Money.
Come Early—The Christmas Spirit Prevails in the Big Shoe Store.

We are ready for the great Holiday business with every line of

Seasonable Footwear.
Large assortment and good values give this store a distinct leadership in the SHOE TRADE. All styles in Men's, Women's and Children's FANCY SLIPPERS. Special low prices, from 15c to \$3.

Skating and Hockey Boots for the young people made in correct styles. Skat-Cat and Ock Grain, hand-sewed Goodyear welt or McKay machine sewed. Price, \$1.75 to \$2.90.

See Our Christmas Windows.

POCOCK BROS.**AGENTS WANTED.**
\$3 A DAY SURE—SEND US YOUR address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$2 for every day's work, absolutely sure; don't fail to write today. Imperial Silverware Company, Box 504, Windsor, Ont. ywt**FIRST-CLASS CANVASER WANTED**
for Sarnia, Petrolia, St. Thomas, Chatham, Windsor, Reginald, customers. Send pay. Apply P. O. Box 501, London.**BUSINESS CHANCES.**
\$500—DRYGOODS STOCK FOR SALE
at 10c on dollar; stock largely staple, no millinery or shop furniture. Snap for quick buyer. For particulars, J. C. Smith, Box 528, London. 501-twy**ARTICLES FOR SALE.**
NEW MILCH COW FOR SALE. AP-
PLY Samuel Stanley, Ballymore. b**I WISH TO SELL MY EDISON**
Concert Phonograph, with cases and 24 records, weighing 125 lbs. Have given entertainments in large halls and churches with satisfaction. A bargain if taken at once. 68 Dundas street.**FOR SALE—HOT AIR FURNACE AND**
pipes; good repair, \$25. 64 Elmwood avenue.**FOR SALE—GOOD MARE, FOR ANY**
purpose. T. Kensington street, after 7 p.m. C. Taylor. 10b-c**SKATES HOLLOW-GROUND WITH**
special machinery, at 15c a pair. D. McKenzie & Co., 238 Richmond street, one door south of G. R. street.**FIRE ENGINES—HAND, CHEMICAL,**
steam, ladder, truck, hose, wagon, recs., repairs, fire department supplies, and full equipment. CANADIAN FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, Limited, London, Canada.**EXTENSION LADDERS, 20c A FOOT**
—Best on earth for cleaning eaves, troughs, piazzas, etc. 125 lbs. weight. Catalogue free. The Wagner Ladder Company, Limited, London, Ont.**THIS IS THE TIME OF THE YEAR**
that makes the people look for the best wood at the best prices. Ring up 1,322, and ask them about their difficuties. G. H. Gillies & Co., 628 Bathurst street.**CROWN VAPORIZER AND INHALER**
—Cures and relieves affections of the throat, chest, lungs, etc. 409 Talbot street, agent. Price, \$1. 50b-c-wt**HAVE YOU TRIED MIRACLE WASH-
ING COMPOUND?** It has no equal. Free sample at G. Marshall & Co.'s tea store.**CHEAP SHINGLES, 1 1/2c PER THOU-**
sand. Phone 1,279. 61-t**CUT BONE, CUT CLOVER, POULTRY**
supplies. Phone 1,279. Morgan's Incubator Works. 381-t**25 PER CENT OFF CHRISTMAS**
hosiery and chinaware. All 5c, 10c and 15c toys and games for 4c, 5c and 10c; extra value in purses from 5c to 15c. 125 Dundas street, north end. 61-t**WORTH \$1 AND \$1.25; gentlemen's lined**
kid gloves, 50c to \$2. Bargains in fur caps, gloves, mufflers, rubbers, capes, rugs, chenille and tapestry table covers and curtains, at Cunningham's, 662 Dundas street.**BARGAINS AT ALFRED T. PARRISH'S**
store in square and round basins and cook stoves. A large assortment of small cut and wood heaters. Mattresses, spring bed room suits and all household furniture taken in exchange for new goods. 409 Talbot street, south of King.**\$500 WILL BUY A \$550 EXTENSION**
table this week at Keene Bros., 127 King street, opposite Market House.**\$1.25 WOOD FOR TWO WEEKS WE**
will sell a lot of dry mixed softwood for \$1.25 cash. All kinds of coal and wood at the lowest cash prices. Green & Co., William street and G. T. R. Phone 1,291.**STOVES—STOVES—STOVES—WE HAVE**
a large stock of stoves, comprising coal, gas, wood and oil-burning. All at bargain prices. Very cheap, at Keene's, 14, King street.**SNAP—GOOD PIANO, ROSEWOOD**
case, 7 1/2 octaves; in first-class condition, and guaranteed for 5 years. Only \$100, on easy terms of payment. Heintzman & Co., 27 Dundas street, corner Clarence.**FEMALE HELP WANTED.**
1c per word first insertion, and 1/2c per word each subsequent insertion. No advertisement less than ten words.**SEWING MACHINE OPERATOR**
wanted. Apply Campbell's Carriage Factory. 60c**WANTED—GOOD GENERAL SERV-**
ANT; family of six; must have city references; wages, \$12.50 a month. Apply Box 8, Advertiser. 60c**WANTED—GENERAL SERVANT;**
references required; family of two. Apply between 5 and 8 in the evening. 45 Waterloo street. 59u**WANTED—GOOD GIRL FOR GEN-**
ERAL housework; must be able to cook. 30 Princess avenue. 571-t**WANTED—WORKING HOUSE-KEEP-**
ER, to go to St. Marys. Apply Mrs. Clark, 30 Wolfe street. 571-t**WANTED TODAY—25 GIRLS, \$2 TO \$3**
per week, housework; also agents, male and female. Lockhart, 412 Park avenue. Phone 964.

BOARDING, ROOMS, ETC.

1c per word first insertion, and 1/2c per word each subsequent insertion. No advertisement less than ten words.

PRIVATE BOARDING—COMFORT-
ABLE, warm rooms; table board only if preferred. Miss Collett, 470 Park avenue. 60c**NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS AND**
first-class board, modern conveniences. 240 Dundas street. b**TWO BEAUTIFUL FURNISHED**
front rooms; grate; modern conveniences; suitable for married couple or two gentlemen. Apply Box 4, Advertiser. 58c**GENTLEMEN CAN HAVE FURNISH-**
ED rooms, with our without board; all modern conveniences; terms moderate. 45 Dundas street. 51-t**FOUND—ON THE MARKET THIS**
morning, purse, containing small sum of money. Apply Advertiser office. b**LOST—FRIDAY NIGHT—BRITISH COL-**
umbia rain coat, between Grand Trunk station and Clark's bridge. Reward if returned to Advertiser. 60c**LOST—A PACKAGE WAS LOST OFF**
wagon night of Dec. 20, Apply Wm. H. Marshall, 409 and Grand Trunk depot. Finder will kindly leave same at Advertiser office. Reward. 60u**HOUSES, ETC., TO LET.**
TO LET—EXCELLENT SUITES OF offices, with vaults, in Fitzgerald block; most desirable location; rent reasonable. Call on or write to J. L. Fitzgerald, 160 Dundas street, or J. C. & Co.'s grocery store, 160 Dundas street. 341-t-wty**MODERN BRICK RESIDENCE—NINE**
rooms and bathroom; every convenience; electric light; central locality. G. C. Jolly, 70 Pallaton street. 341-t-wty**TO LET—COTTAGE, \$50 PER MONTH,**
at 58 Clarence street. Parlor, dining room, electric light, central locality, city and soft water. The London Soap Company. 341-t-wty**TWO OFFICES, WITH VAULT, IN**
Fitzgerald block, to let. J. L. Fitzgerald, 160 Dundas street, or J. C. & Co.'s grocery store, 160 Dundas street. 341-t-wty**TO LET—HOUSE, NO. 29 PICTON**
street; double parlors, four bedrooms, furnace, bath, etc. Call on J. C. & Co. or Fraser & Moore, solicitors. 291-t**TWO-STORY HOUSE ON TALBOT**
street, near Horton; rent moderate. Apply 23 Horton street. 124-t**STORE WITH VAULT TO LET—IN**
Albert Building, near Bank street. Apply to T. H. Carling or H. C. Colerick, in building. 501-t**TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VAN**
—Furniture carefully handled. Eugene Cuthbert and Bruce, next London, late of London Furniture Company. Phone 215.**REAL ESTATE.**
FOR SALE—ONE AND A HALF STORY frame house on King street; good repair. Lot 100 ft. deep. Call on J. P. Sangster, 112 Maselon Temple.**FOR SALE—TWO-STORY BRICK;**
single bath; modern house; large lot. Must be sold. If you want a real good house for very little money, call on J. P. Sangster, 112 Maselon Temple.**FOR SALE—1 1/2 ACRES, 622 FEET**
frontage, containing 250 fruit and ornamental trees; quarter block from street car; good building lots. Also three-quarters acre on car line, containing 100 fruit trees and ornamental trees; building site. Apply 1,000 Wellington street. 1001-t**FOR SALE—DWELLING HOUSE,**
Blacksmith shop and tools. Apply to H. Day, Kensington. 10b-c**TWO-STORY HOUSE, 157 CART-**
WRIGHT street, near new, first-class order; \$1,000. A bargain. Convenient to Collegiate Institute. Apply to N. W. McKelvie, 1001-t**WILL EXCHANGE FINE RESIDEN-**
TIAL property and building lots for store property near market. Box 110, Welles, Hamilton, London. 10b-c**FOR SALE—BUILDING LOTS NEAR**
New North School. Will sell cheap on easy terms. Apply 278 Ridout street. 161-t-wty**FARM FOR SALE—NEAR STRATHROY**
—25 acres. Good buildings and water. C. M. Hamilton, Strathroy, Ont.**REAL ESTATE.**
If you want to buy, sell, exchange or lease any kind of Real Estate, we would be pleased to have you call and talk the matter over with us.

We have special facilities for the handling of Real Estate, and we are best qualified to handle the same. We are appreciated by the public generally, from our sales record, which shows a large list of properties sold to the satisfaction of both buyer and seller.

Your business, if you trust it to us, will receive the same attention.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.
Molson Bank Buildings, London, Ontario.**C. H. ARMITAGE, Field Manager.**
301-t**LONDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY.**
Cheap Rents—375 Dufferin avenue, modern two-story brick house, in the best part of the city; 9 rooms, gas and fixtures; hot and cold water in bath room. No. 565 Colborne street, good 7-room brick cottage; gas and fixtures; large lot and trees; close to Collegiate Institute and churches.

No. 29 Picton Street—Good two-story brick residence, all modern improvements; a very attractive property; only a few minutes' walk from Free Library, churches and postoffice. Will be sold cheap.

Cottages for Sale—429 Central avenue, one of the best brick cottages in the city. No. 80 Cartwright street, good frame cottage, 7 rooms; this cottage is rented for \$8 per month; \$900 buys it. Also two-story frame residence adjoining No. 29 Picton Street. Call on J. C. & Co. Business Chances—435 and 439 Horton street, corner of Burwell and good business property with cottage and first-class dwelling. Brick block, corner Adelaide and Pall Mall streets; cheap. Nos. 675 and 677 Dundas street; first-class business property. W. D. BUCKLE.

The Western
Real Estate Exchange.

75% Dundas Street, London. Telephone 626.

SEND A POSTCARD OR CALL AND
get our list of farms for sale or exchange in Ontario. It will show you how farms are selling, and if you want to buy, you will have a large list of farms to select from.

Some private funds to loan on farms in Middlesex at 4 1/2 per cent; outside of Middlesex, from 4 1/2 to 5 per cent.

JAMES BURROWS, Manager.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. HODGSON, HOUSE PAINTER,
superhanger, decorator, contractor, etc., 410 Horton street. Orders promptly attended to. First-class work done. Patronage kindly solicited. Estimates free.**WATSON & CO. HOUSE MOVERS—**
Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 194 Hamilton road. Phone 1,231.**TEACHERS WANTED.**
WANTED—PROFESSIONAL FIRST OR second class teacher for School Section No. 15, Sombra Township. State salary and experience. Robert McNeil, secretary, Thornbury, Ont. 58c**AUCTION SALE**
of valuable Real Estate, on Monday, December 23rd, 1901.

AT NEIL COOPER'S AUCTION ROOMS, 241 Dundas street. Sale at 2:30 p.m. That valuable property adjoining the McCormick Manufacturing Company's works, the best and most central for warehouse or business stand that can be had on Dundas street. For further particulars apply to NEIL COOPER, Auctioneer.

Auction Sale
OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, ETC., 18 Oxford street, Friday, Dec. 27, 10:30 a.m. No reserve, as Mrs. Woolway is leaving for California.**CLOSING SALE FOR 1901**
By Auction, Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 10:30 a.m., at Jones' Auction Rooms.**TWO GOOD PIANOS, 2 ORGANS, 1**
parlor suit, 3 sideboards, 2 dining tables, 1 oak dining chairs, bedsteads, bureaus, washbasin, 10 stoves, baseburners, cook and wood heaters, gas stoves, 1 Gladstone sleigh, 1 water heater. Come. Everything must be sold to close consignments for the year.**BIRDS, BIRDS, BIRDS**
At Jones' Auction Rooms
TODAY.**FINE COLLECTION OF CANARIES,**
from Schmetz, Buffalo, Andrusburgh. Rollers on private sale.**Stock of Veneer Lumber,**
Tea Boxes, Etc., at
Sheriff's Sale.**THE STOCK OF VENEER CHAIR**
seats, veneers, etc., of the Canadian Veneer Lumber Company, will be sold at the Sheriff's office, London, on Monday, the 23rd inst., at 12 o'clock noon. Stock can be seen on the premises, Elm street, London, East, on Friday and Saturday of this week, and Monday noon next.**Ontario Loan and Debiture Company**
Dividend No. 76.**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT**
a dividend of 3 per cent upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this company has been declared for the current half year ending 31st inst., and will be payable at the company's office on and after 2nd January next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 21st inst., both days inclusive.

WM. F. BULLEN, Manager.
London, Ont., Dec. 2nd, 1901. 48u-721**Loan and Savings Company.**
Dividend No. 75.**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT**
a dividend of four and one-half per cent for the current half year upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this company has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the company's office in the City of London, on and after January 2nd, 1902

WHISKARD'S

228, 230 and 232 Dundas Street, London.

OUR CUT PRICES ARE OPENING THE EYES OF THE LONDON PUBLIC TO THE TRUE VALUES IN CHRISTMAS GOODS AT THE THREE BUSY STORES.

Don't forget Our Special Discount Sale of Furs, Silk Mantel and Piano Drapes, Silk Table Covers. 10 Per Cent Off Special Prices. Open on Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Until 10 O'clock.

Christmas Handkerchiefs

A great display. Gifts that will be appreciated by everyone. Such values and prices as you have never seen before. "Three Busy Stores" can give. 50 Dozen of Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, beautiful patterns, regular 25c, new goods, just in, our price, 15c each.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs embroidered inside of hem, lace edge, beautiful designs, regular 25c, this lot 10c each.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, embroidered inside of hem, this lot 10c each.

Ladies' Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, beautiful work, regular 45c, for 25c each.

Ladies' Hemstitched Fine Lawn Handkerchiefs, only 5c each.

Gents' Christmas

Handkerchiefs

Special Line Pure White Silk, hemstitched, 23 inches square, handkerchiefs, regular 50c, our Christmas price, 25c each.

Gentlemen's Pure White Silk Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, good size, regular 35c; our Christmas price, 20c each.

Gift Hosiery for Ladies

Special Line of Black Ribbed Cashmere Hosiery, regular 50c, three pairs for \$1. Ask for them; we have them.

Ladies' Cashmere Hosiery, ribbed, seamless feet, 25c, three pairs for 50c. Ask for them; you'll get them.

Gift Table Covers

Special Line Tapestry Table Covers, in all sizes, 40c, 50c, \$1.25, \$2.97, \$3.33 each.

Gift Chenille Table Covers

New Designs in these Fine Table Covers, 40c, 50c, \$1.57 each.

Chenille Curtains

In all shades, at \$2.75, \$3, \$3.69, \$4.69, \$5.47 per pair.

Ladies' Astrachan

Gauntlets

In black and gray, special price, at 50c, 55c, 75c and \$1 pair.

Ladies' Christmas Aprons

Fancy Muslin Aprons, 20c each.

Ladies' Large Lawn Aprons, 25c each.

Ladies' Tucked Muslin Aprons, 35c each.

Ladies' Fancy Muslin Aprons, 47c each.

Ladies' Deep Embroidered Muslin Aprons, 50c each.

Ladies' Embroidered Trimmed Housemaids' Aprons, 20c, 40c, 50c, 60c, each.

White Linen Housemaids' Aprons, 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c, each.

Ladies' Linen Overall Aprons, 65c each.

Roman Embroidery

Pillow Shams

20c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 75c and \$1 each.

Roman Embroidery

Dresser Covers

20c, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 75c, 97c each.

See our large window for these goods.

Ladies' Blouse Waist Silks

Special Christmas Wash Silks Half Price

Beautiful White Silk, narrow black stripe, regular 75c, for 25c each.

White Silk Ground, pink stripe, regular 50c, for 25c each.

Navy Ground Silk, corded silk stripe in white, regular 50c, for 25c each.

PINE SURAH SILKS, in green, brown, Tuscany and white, regular 75c, for 25c each.

Opalware at Prices You

Never Heard of Before

Jewel Boxes, in different shapes, sold everywhere for 10c and 12 1/2c, our price, your choice 7c each.

Small Opalware Trays, 6c and 7c each.

Opalware Plates, large size, 15c, 19c each.

Special Bargains

in White Quilts for Christmas Giving

Large size White Quilts, regular \$1 and \$1.25 Quilts, for 75c each. See them.

How to Make a ROUGH SKIN SMOOTH

There are some whose skin is naturally very tender, so much so, that a slight change in temperature, either heat or cold, will cause it to become rough and scale. This is very annoying, whether it makes the skin sore or not. A trouble of this kind is due to the skin being too dry, the underlying glands not giving it food enough. It must, therefore, be fed artificially. This may be done by using **OLA CREAM**, a scientific skin food. **OLA CREAM** is not a thin, watery fluid, but is of a creamy consistency. Prepared from a valuable formula, consisting of healthful ingredients, which feed the skin, building up the tissues, supplying to the glands that which they lack to prevent roughness.

Anyone who is troubled with roughness of the skin or chapped hands will find **OLA CREAM** a sure preventative.

We are receiving many testimonials for **OLA CREAM**. We have made a study of the care of the skin, and will be glad to give any information to anyone writing us.

Kennedy's Pharmacy, 268 Dundas Street.

LATHER CHRISTMAS GOODS

Purses	50c	Gentlemen's Coin Pockets	40c
Purses	10c	Gentlemen's Bill Pockets	75c
Purses	15c	Gentlemen's Dressing Cases	4.00
Purses	25c	Gentlemen's Cigar Cases	1.00
Purses	30c	Gentlemen's Cigarette Cases	75c
Purses	75c	Gentlemen's Tea Flasks	\$3.25
Seal	75c	Ink Wells (Hats)	45c
Walrus Skin Purses	\$1.75	Ink Wells (Bottles)	45c
Monkey Skin Purses	2.00	Gentlemen's Flat Collar Cases	\$1.35
Genuine Calf Purses	2.50	Ladies' Dressing Cases	4.50
Money Bags	25c	Ladies' Jewelry Cases	50c
Shawl Straps	75c	Ladies' Chatelaines	75c
Collar and Cuff Cases	75c	Ladies' Seal Chatelaines	75c
Commercial Travelers' Cases	75c	Ladies' Belts (patent)	25c

CHAS. D. JOHNSTON,

PHONE 1429.

198 DUNDAS STREET

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"Yes," said the Fairy Prince, "you may have whatever you want for a Christmas present."

"I will choose," said the Fortunate Person, "either a wife or an automobile."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Fairy Prince. "Why do you not select something that you can manage?"

HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Simply apply Swayne's Ointment. No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by other remedies. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

It is estimated that the projected railway from Southern to Western Australia will cost \$22,000,000 and take five years to build.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whether he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

GOT A GOOD START.

He—I was once one of the judges at a baby show.

She—Heavens! How did you escape?

He—We handed in a sealed verdict.

THERE ARE SO MANY COUGH MEDICINES in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affection of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it, as it is as pleasant as syrup.

NO TROUBLE.

"I wish I could be a philosopher."

"It's easy enough, my boy! All you have to do is to preach what you don't practice."

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN Pain-Killer will be found to all your needs as a household remedy. Used as a liniment for stiffness and taken internally for all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes. See and save.

Dr. Riddell, of Crystal City, is looked upon as a future Liberal candidate for the Dominion vacancy in Lisgar, Man.

Mr. F. D. Monk, the Conservative leader for Quebec, says that the tariff is not high enough and that duties all around ought to be increased.

KITCHENER

GETS PRAISE.

British Are Now Calling Him "The Organizer of Victory."

Business in Orange River Colony Resuming Normal Conditions—How Commandant Kritzinger Was Captured.

London, Dec. 21.—Satisfaction with the progress of events in South Africa is now general, and there is a marked revival of public opinion in support of Kitchener as commander-in-chief. Now he is called "the organizer of victory." Full credit is given him for collecting all the scattered raw material in South Africa and the reinforcements daily arriving from all parts of the British empire into a fighting machine.

A Bloemfontein dispatch says: "The Lace Diamond mines, in the west of the Orange River Colony, were raided by a party of Boers this week."

BUSINESS LOOKING UP. "Business is the colony is generally resuming normal conditions, and prices are regulated by competition, in many cases under a schedule drawn up by the military authorities. The land settlement board has already sown 8,000 boxes of French seed potatoes."

"Commandant Kritzinger was captured while bravely trying to rescue one of his captains who had been shot near a blockhouse while crossing the line near Hanover road. Kritzinger made three attempts to save his comrade-in-arms, the third time he was shot himself, and dragged into the blockhouse. Two others who tried to rescue him were also captured."

THANKED THE SCOUTS.

A dispatch from Pretoria says: Kord Kitchener visited the camp of the National Scouts at Brugspruit yesterday. He thanked the men for their services and said he would see to it that they received first consideration when the time for the settlement of the country arrived. Morley's Scouts have recently taken part in some successful operations against the Boers. A portion of the scouts, under Capt. Colliers, captured small parties of burghers numbering from three to eleven almost daily. They have been going out on three-day expeditions.

LEIDS' SCORES ROSEBERY.

Berlin, Dec. 21.—Dr. Leyds call the accusations made against the Boers by Rosebery in Chesterfield "almost ridiculous." He says that the Boers are peace emissaries who have been murdered in declared by Leyds to be wholly unwarrantable. He says every authorized peace emissary in South Africa has been kindly treated. Leyds declares that Morand, who was flogged, court-martialed and shot, was not a peace emissary, but entered a Boer camp to induce men to desert.

MAJOR OGILVIE WOUNDED.

Montreal, Dec. 21.—John Ogilvie received a telegram from the governor-general informing him that his son, Major J. H. C. Ogilvie, was dangerously wounded in the battle of South Africa. Major Ogilvie, who was formerly a captain in the Royal Canadian Artillery at Quebec, has been serving with Baden-Powell's police.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

CLUDDING ITS ENGAGEMENT.

MENT.

"Under Two Flags" was repeated by Marks Bros' Company at the New Grand Theatre last night, before an audience which evinced the liveliest satisfaction. The play is much above the average repertoire offering, as it possesses an original plot, the main points of which are of a novel and interesting nature. It is full of action, and introduces some good climaxes. The company's engagement is well timed, before the production of "The Village Blacksmith," which will be followed by an amateur contest, for which over a dozen entries have already been received.

"SAID PASHA" BY THE LYCEUM

OPERA COMPANY.

"Value for their money" is what the patrons of the London Opera House repeated last night in their applause of "Said Pasha" by the Lyceum Opera Company. The work of the company was an immense improvement over that of the opening night, and the performance was one of the best ever seen in this city at popular prices. So favorable was the impression made that the management of the house secured the organization for a return engagement on Christmas Day, when "Said Pasha" will be produced at both performances. Those seeking amusement on the holiday cannot do better than attend the London Opera House. The company closes its present engagement with "Said Pasha" tonight. It is well worth a visit.

THE METROPOLITAN COURSE.

The sale of seats opened this morning for the fifth number in the Metropolitan Course, at the New Grand, which will be furnished next Monday evening by Edward P. Elliott, the monologue artist.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Cumso—What do you think of the approaching coronation of King Edward the Seventh?

Cawker—I guess it will be the crowning event.

The Pain of Sore Feet.

Just about the most tantalizing of all pains comes from sore feet. To get relief bathe the feet in warm water and then rub them with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes out the soreness, soothes the inflamed and tired muscles, tones up the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming calloused. Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a protection and safeguard against the pains and aches of the entire family. Cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, etc. 25 cents.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by

MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. M. CAMPBELL.

Bay of Islands, N. S.

Facial Neuralgia cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

WM. DANIELS.

Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

GEORGE TINGLEY.

Albert Co., N. B.

ROSEBERY

INDORSED,

But He Is Advised to Get Out and Hustle.

Mme. Tsilka Dead—Miss Stone To Be Soon Released.

Fresh Trouble on the Persian Gulf—Two British Warships and the Russian Cruiser Varing on the Scene.

London, Dec. 21.—The weekly reviewers will endorse Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech with singular unanimity. But the ironical Liberal Speaker will prove the exception in this. The Speaker will indignantly repudiate the suggestion that anyone is capable of replacing Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the leadership of the party.

The Spectator, the Outlook and the Saturday Review, while differing slightly in discussing Lord Rosebery's pronouncement from their varying political standpoints, will agree that he had struck one clear note amid the discord of the opposition. A point upon which each of these reviews will strongly insist is that in order to become an effective leader Lord Rosebery must leave the easy seclusion of his library, face the disagreeable features of a campaign, and wrest the leadership from its present holders. These papers will say that Lord Rosebery cannot expect to be the leader of the cabinet, but that he must walk, perhaps even fight his way there.

THE MISSING MISSIONARIES.

"Semi-official news received here from Constantinople, the Rome correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, asserts that Mme. Tsilka is dead, and that Miss Stone, the American captive will be released almost immediately."

TROUBLE ON PERSIAN GULF.

Bombay, Dec. 21.—It is feared here that fresh trouble is brewing in the Persian Gulf. Mabarouk, the sheikh of Kuwait, the proposed terminus of the Bagdad Railroad, has curiously refused to allow a special mission, sent by the sultan from Constantinople, to land, and declined to accede to the sultan's desire that he visit the Yildiz palace at Constantinople and make obeisance to his suzerain. Mabarouk has also threatened a revival of the troubles with Ibn Rashid, the emir of Nejd, who, at the instigation of the British, has collected a fresh army. Mabarouk has again appealed for British protection.

At Kuwait are the British third-class cruiser Pomone and gunboat Redoubt. The Russian American-built cruiser Varing has arrived in the Persian Gulf. Her powerful searchlights and heavy guns have greatly impressed the natives. The British Standard is paying marked attention to the Sultan of Muscat, and Russian doctors are investigating the healthfulness of Ormuz Kishi, opposite Bander Abbas.

TO BRING VENEZUELA TO TIME.

London, Dec. 21.—The Berlin correspondent of the Standard claims to have the best authority for saying that Germany and the United States have arrived at an agreement on the question of Venezuela's indebtedness to Germany. Excepting the permanent occupation of Venezuelan territory, says the correspondent, Germany may choose her own means of enforcing payment. The Standard claims that the Russian American-built cruiser Varing has arrived in the Persian Gulf. Her powerful searchlights and heavy guns have greatly impressed the natives. The British Standard is paying marked attention to the Sultan of Muscat, and Russian doctors are investigating the healthfulness of Ormuz Kishi, opposite Bander Abbas.

A SCARED FEELING.

London, Dec. 21.—A telegram from Dublin to the London Times says the League of Nations is now so slight, I consider myself cured, yet for a while I intend to continue the use of Peruna.

The Times, in an editorial, says it is

perilous and misleading to assume that because the actual record of crime and outrage is not large that there is no need for alarm about the state of Ireland. There is ample evidence that the aims and the working of the United Irish League are openly supported by the Irish parliamentary party and by the majority of the priests. The pressure on peaceable citizens is tremendous and it is not surprising that many loyalists pay blackmail.

New York, Dec. 21.—The provisional executive committee of the United Irish League of America has drafted an address to the people of Ireland, and has decided to include with it a list of names of Irish-Americans to form branches of the league to co-operate with their Irish brethren in the cause of national liberty and agrarian reform.

DISS DE BAR AND JACKSON

SENTENCED.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty against Theodore and Laura Jackson (Ann Odella Diss de Bar), charged with immoral practices and fraud. The judge sentenced Jackson to fifteen years' penal servitude and Mrs. Jackson to seven years' penal servitude.

The divorcee wife of General Diss de

Bar, adding that she had inherited a fortune from him. The woman also admitted that she had been married to a man named McGool, and to P. Messaul. She said her income from the Diss de Bar property was \$14,000 yearly. She acknowledged that she had served six months in jail in New York for defrauding Luther C. Marsh, and denied that she had ever been known as Vera P. Ava.

HISTORIC TARA NOT SOLD.

The place in which the Irish kings were crowned, the historic hall of Tara, Navan, county Meath, has been offered at auction. A wealth of legendary clusters about the spot, and authentic reports show that monarchs of Ireland were crowned there from 30 B.C. to 663 A.D. There were only two bidders, and the highest bid—\$14,000—was rejected, and it has been reserved for sale privately.

THE CORONATION FLOWER.

Queen Alexandra has chosen the lily of the valley for the official coronation flower. The public imagined that the rose would be the lucky blossom, as it is England's emblem. It is presumed that the rose was discarded for the lily of the valley for the reason that other constituent parts of the United Kingdom might object to the lily of the valley being chosen. The lily of the valley was not chosen, and the Irish would naturally want the Shamrock. The Queen will choose the Shamrock by making the choice she did.

THE KING'S CHRISTMAS.

London, Dec. 21.—The King and Queen, surrounded by many members of the royal family, will spend Christmas at Sandringham, where a shooting party will gather Monday. London is emptying fast of fashionable people, who are hurrying to the country to hold their festivities, and large parties are gathering at nearly all the great homes in the United Kingdom. The South African war and the court's partial mourning seem in no way to

SISTERS OF CHARITY

RELY ON PE-RU-NA TO FIGHT CATARRH, COUGHS, COLDS, GRIP.

Peruna for coughs and colds in children.



SISTERS OF CHARITY

All Over United States Use Peruna for Catarrh.

From a Catholic institution in Ohio comes the following recommendation from the Sister Superior:

"Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an excellent remedy for the influenza of which we then had several cases which threatened to be a serious character."

"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold, cough and bronchitis."

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recommendation recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:

"Dear Sir—The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured."

This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good results, as the above letter testifies.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 8, 1901.

SISTER SUPERIOR.

Another recommendation from a Catholic institution of one of the Central States written by the Sister Superior reads as follows:

"A number of years ago our attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peruna, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grip, coughs, colds and catarrhal diseases of the throat and chest."

"For grip and winter catarrh especially it has been of great service to the inmates of this institution."

SISTER SUPERIOR.

A prominent Mother Superior says:

"I can testify from experience to the efficacy of Peruna as one of the very best medicines, and it gives me pleasure to add my praise to that of thousands who have used it."

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, all remedies proving valueless for relief. Last spring I went to Colorado, hoping to be benefited by a change of climate, and while there a friend advised me to try Peruna. After using two bottles I found myself very much improved. The remains of my disease being now so slight, I consider myself cured, yet for a while I intend to continue the use of Peruna."

"I am now treating another patient with your medicine. She has been sick with malaria and troubled with leucorrhoea. I have not a doubt that a cure will be speedily effected."

MOTHER SUPERIOR.

These are samples of letters received by Dr. Hartman from the various orders of Catholic Sisters throughout the United States.

The names and addresses to these letters have been withheld from respect to the Sisters, but will be furnished upon request.

In every country of the civilized world the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of those with whom they come in contact, but they also minister to their bodily needs. They are as skilled as trained nurses in their treatment of disease, and are looked upon as messengers of good cheer by countless patient sufferers.

One-half of the diseases which afflict mankind are due to some catarrhal derangement of the mucous membrane lining some of the organs of the body. A remedy that would act immediately upon the congested mucous membrane, restoring it to its normal state, would consequently cure all these diseases.

Catarrh is catarrh wherever located, whether it be in the head, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, or pelvic organs. A remedy that will cure it in one location will cure it in all locations.

Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

cord with that plank of its platform which had for its object the "national independence of Ireland."

SWEET CAFORAL CIGARETTES.

A BUILDER—ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?—The D. & L. Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Company, Limited.

CABLE NOTES.

The London Daily Telegraph publishes a dispatch from its Cairo correspondent to the effect that operations employed by the petroleum syndicate, after working for two years at Gebel-Geit, near Suez, have encountered petroleum in the sand at a depth of 2,115 feet.

Great Britain having recognized the fact that the rights of the Netherlands are now affected by the Paris arbitration of the boundary dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela, the government has ordered the delimitation of the Dutch frontier.

According to a dispatch from Lyttelton, New Zealand, the steamer Discovery, conveying the British Antarctic expedition, narrowly escaped disaster on her voyage here. On the passage out she developed a leak, and was forced to Sydney, N. S. W., for repairs. Upon her arrival she was docked, when it was found that holes had been bored in her frame, and filled with wood borer. Thus, if left undisturbed, the plates serious leakage would have developed. The vessel has now been repaired, and will sail on her voyage of discovery at once.

PIN THIS TO YOUR MEMORY

Years of experience and a continual desire to keep in touch with modern business ideas and principles as far as the drug trade is concerned, have commanded the attention of the public and won their approval. We are building up a large and solid business because we guarantee the quality of our drugs and medicines. We have the finest and best stock of Perfumes and Toilet requisites ever seen in the retail drug business.

A WORD ABOUT

PAINE'S CLEARY COMPOUND.

We can without hesitation recommend Paine's Cleary Compound to our customers as the best of blood purifiers. It has the indorsement of Canada's best people. It quickly drives the poison of deep-seated diseases from the blood. Try a bottle of this marvelous system cleanser; you will not be disappointed. E. W. Boyle, Druggist, 652 Dundas street, London, Ont., 4th ft.

NEWS TO SCOTT.

Ottawa, Dec. 21.—Dr. A.

London Advertiser.

(Established by JOHN CAMERON, in 1863.)

LEADING DAILY IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

Advertising and subscription rates furnished on application.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY Limited.

LONDON, ONTARIO

London, Saturday, Dec. 21.

Make Them Toe the Mark.

Conservatism must either disavow the tactics of F. D. Monk, M. P., in Quebec, or else drop its line of attack on Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the other provinces. Imperialism does not constitute a danger to the rights or privileges of any Canadian, French or English. The speeches of Mr. Monk can be explained. So can the speeches of Mr. Bourassa. The clear intent of Mr. Monk is to inflame French-Canadian prejudices into a tribunal which will try and condemn Wilfrid Laurier for the crime of imperialism. If the Conservatives believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is an imperialist, and should be condemned as such, they have a right to move on the line of Mr. Monk's argument. They have no right to prosecute Sir Wilfrid Laurier as an anti-imperialist in Ontario, while they are prosecuting the same Wilfrid Laurier as a pro-imperialist in Quebec.—Toronto Telegram.

Better late than never. Our Toronto contemporary supported the Opposition at the last general election with all its might, though there was evidence on the surface that the double-faced game which it now condemns was played for all that it was worth. It is true that in Quebec men like Mr. Monk were less bold in their condemnation of the Dominion Premier because of his earnest adherence to the principles that have gone to build up the British Empire; but in Ontario, and nowhere more persistently than in Toronto—if we except Hamilton—a steady campaign of detraction was carried on against Liberal candidates, because they supported Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was represented as being an enemy of the Empire, and all who followed him deserving of condemnation as a consequence. There is, as the Telegram now confesses, much need for the Conservative party choosing one line of policy for the whole Dominion and sticking to it. They cannot hope for public confidence while they pursue the tactics adopted by their Quebec leaders on the one hand, and by those in Ontario on the other.

The Heroics of an Ex-Minister.

The first of the Dominion bye-elections takes place in York, New Brunswick, on the 28th inst. There has been some talk as to the propriety of holding the election in the neighborhood of Christmas, but it is expected that the date has been chosen to the convenience of a large number of electors of the constituency who are employed in the lumber trade, and who will come out to spend Christmas, and thus be enabled to vote without loss of time. The candidates are the same as at the general election—Mr. Gibson, the Liberal candidate, a large employer of labor; and Mr. McLeod, the Conservative, a preacher, with a turn for the extreme end of Conservatism.

This constituency was formerly a stronghold of Hon. George E. Foster, and he was elected in it at the general election in 1896 by a majority of 1,542. But a short time prior to the general election last year, the ex-minister saw that there was so marked a change in the feeling towards him in the constituency that he cleared out of it, and sought refuge in the city of St. John, which, as the vote showed, was no more enamored of him and his works than was York.

Wonder has been expressed why Mr. Foster should seek for opportunities to talk in Ontario, and to preach that he and his friends did not practice when in power—the higher type of political morality—while refusing every invitation to appear in New Brunswick, where he is best known. Why, it has been asked, should Mr. Foster have such an affection for the electors of West Durham, as he recently evinced in the bye-election now pending, while he is studious to keep out of the constituency which formerly gave him such a large majority? In West Durham, the ex-minister pitched into the Liberals because, he said, they had taken advantage of a wrong act by the returning officer to deprive Mr. Cochrane of seat to which he had been elected. It was a most misleading contention. It is true that the returning officer considered that there had been election fraud, because Mr. Cochrane had observed all the formalities called by the law. But Mr. Cochrane did have the seat taken from him on a ground. The case was taken into court, and the seat was not claimed by Mr. Cochrane. Instead of that, the Opposition candidate contended that he had not been fairly elected—that he owed his majority to illegal practices of his agents, and court was not called upon to inquire into the matter of the returning officer's conduct at all.

Mr. Foster had given the subject investigation, he must have known these were the facts. Why, then, he go out of his way to assail his real opponents by asserting that he had been parties to taking away it from his friend Mr. Cochrane, who he confessed he had not been able to fill? Even though the facts were as Mr. Foster represented—and they were not ought to have been about the last to have attacked any one on the seat pilfering. Is it not on that that he was one of the chief

defenders of the outrage whereby the Conservative majority in the House of Commons gave to Mr. Baird, who was the minority candidate in Queen's, N. B., the seat to which King, the Liberal candidate, had been elected? It would be most interesting to see Mr. Foster go down to York, and repeat the speech he recently gave in West Durham, omitting none of his mock heroics in condemning seat-stealing, and then to have him heckled, in real old-world fashion, on the reasons that impelled him to condemn the West Durham transaction, where the minority candidate got no advantage, and sought no advantage that the law did not give him, while upholding the handing over of a seat to his party friend, who had not received the majority of the votes cast. But Mr. Foster is a very wary politician, and no one expects to see him meet the public issues in his old constituency, much less to face the dilemma that would confront him if he were compelled to face his record on the point which he so unfairly raised against the candidature of Mr. Beith in West Durham.

Inter-Imperial Postal Rates on Newspapers Both Ways.

In a recent paper, written by John A. Cooper, editor of the Canadian Magazine, are set forth some convincing arguments in favor of inter-imperial postal rates on newspapers and magazines. The writer shows that there is much more involved in the question of cheap postage than at first appears; it is more than a money saving scheme for publishers.

Penny postage for letters has proved to be a great forward movement. But anomalies still exist which must sooner or later be dealt with. The cost of delivering a Canadian weekly newspaper to an English subscriber is one dollar a year. It costs about 50 cents a year to deliver British magazines, such as The Strand or Pall Mall, to a Canadian or an Australian subscriber.

Regarding a cheap system of news and book postage, the following resolution was passed last March at the meeting of the Canadian Press Association.

"Believing that a cheap system of news, book and letter postage is of the highest necessity in bringing about the full interchange of thought and knowledge by which the people of the empire can be brought into a mutual understanding of each other, into common ground of action, and into closer commercial relations, this association warmly commends the efforts already made by our postmaster-general to this end, and as a first step to such a system, the Canadian Government offer to the British Government free exchange of all our mail matter at the present domestic rate of each country."

Canada is crowded with United States magazines and periodicals, owing in some measure at least to the cheap postage on such matter. Efforts have been made to surmount the difficulty by the issuing of Americanized editions of British publications. For instance, we have an American Illustrated London News and London Graphic. Mr. Cooper, in his article, looks upon the situation as it exists between Canada and the motherland as unpatriotic. It is said that trade follows the flag; it might be said with equal truth that trade follows the press. There is scarcely any instrument to be compared with printer's ink as a means for creating trade. Trade follows the newspaper. The authorities of the United States have recognized this, and have accordingly framed their postal policy, not with the object of making revenue, but merely to cover the cost of the service. United States magazines and periodicals, trade and technical publications, have been for years flooding Canada, and gaining ground in Australia and in South Africa. Wherever they go, United States manufactures are following in their wake. A number of first-class Canadian magazines and periodicals circulating in Great Britain, Mr. Cooper thinks, would have a similar effect on Canadian prestige and industry. They would be a valuable means of enlightening Britain as to the possibilities of her auxiliary kingdom. In the words of Rev. Dr. Withrow, "Nothing would do more to foster a community of sentiment and interest between Canada and the mother country, to diffuse information in each country about the other, and to divert emigration from the British Islands to the Dominion, than the greater freedom for the interchange of printed literature between the two countries. The better class of English periodicals would thus circulate far more largely in Canada, and the Canadian papers sent by successful emigrants to their friends in the old country would be among the very best emigration agencies that could be conceived."

Cheaper reciprocal newspaper postage throughout the Empire would undoubtedly to some extent promote the interchange of various British and colonial publications; a quickened ocean service would also help, as the value of any publication increases with the promptitude of its reception. But has Mr. Cooper, as a Canadian, taken into account the enormous and permanent advantages of time, and continuity, and intermingling of the peoples in social and business intercourse, of which the United States, as compared with Europe, cannot be deprived?

The Land of Open Doors and Personal Honesty.

Though the Central American people are represented as a turbulent crowd, and by their frequent revolutions give some countenance to this view, the residents of Nicaragua, through which it is likely the long-talked-of interoceanic waterway is soon to be constructed, appear, ordinarily, to be one of the best behaved peoples on the American continent. Mr. Simmons, in his recently published book, describes, in an interesting manner, his tour through the country. He was told that robberies are of the rarest occurrence, and the manner in which the people live affords abundant confirmation of the statement. Locks and keys, bolts and bars, are but little used. It is a common thing for shopkeepers to let customers wait on themselves. While in the town of Rivas, Mr. Simmons stayed at the house of a widow who sold tobacco and cigarettes. The cigarettes were kept in a jar upon a table in one corner of the sala, and upon the same table was a cup, in which the money received for the cigarettes was left during the day. The door of the sala was always open, and there was seldom anyone in the room to look after the sales. Passers-by who wanted cigarettes helped themselves, put the price of their purchase in the cup, making change when necessary, and went their way. The old lady, who was a stately dame and almost a full-blooded Indian, had not the slightest fear of robbery, even by the beggars that came to her door. Concerning beggars, by the way, there is a queer custom in the country. On one or two specified days in the week, they are permitted to go from house to house soliciting alms, but they are liable to arrest for begging on other days. Mr. Simmons, however, saw very few beggars anywhere, and he found the people light-hearted, happy and well-behaved, with but one open and well-developed vice—cock-fighting on the streets on Sunday afternoon and evening.

One wonders whether the condition and behavior of the people will be improved when their country becomes the scene of a great international waterway, with the Yankees as policemen and censors of morals.

The British Officer.

The London Spectator, in a recent issue, defends the British officer against the accusations of incompetency that are so frequently heard. During the course of the war in South Africa the men, the private soldiers, have vindicated their right to the title of "splendid." Perhaps no instance recorded in history have the soldiers shown higher qualities in the matter of courage and endurance than have the British soldiers in South Africa. The private soldier has established his reputation beyond question. The officers, however, whatever may be their actual intrinsic worth, have not so established a reputation for competency. A great many stupid things have been done during the war, which have been attributed to the British officer, and he has been subjected to such epithets as "a stupid idiot." The Spectator comes to his rescue and refuses to admit that the British officer is at all stupid. It even goes so far as to declare him above the average of his class in mental acquirements. The reason, claims the Spectator, why stupid things have been done through and by him, and stupid things on a large scale and with such tremendous consequences, must be sought in defective organization of the army and not in the mental characteristics of the officers. The Spectator advances the excellent standard of work attained by British officers in other fields as proof of their high mental qualities. It calls attention to the good administrative work done in India by army officers, to the railway work done in South Africa during the present war, and to the organization and leadership of the irregular corps. If the British officer does not do stupid things when taken out of his regular environment, it is quite clear that it is the environment and not the man that is at fault. The system of rigid obedience which pervades a well-disciplined army, is accountable in a large degree for the blunders that have been committed. Some effort should be made in the direction of freedom of judgment in the army. In the navy an opportunity is given an officer to exercise independent and responsible command early in life. This is absolutely essential owing to the vicissitudes of the sea. Seamanship is too difficult an art for men to get dull at. Nearly all the operations, such as drill, tend to produce in the soldier a kind of hypnotic condition which fits him to carry out the commands of his superior instantly and without thinking. In fact, rifle practice is about the only part of the soldiers' routine which does not become mechanical. The London Spectator concludes by saying:

"The British officer is not a stupid person. The ablest officers are among our ablest men, and in the rank-and-file of officers the mental average is distinctly high. But though the British officer is not stupid, he has, at any rate as far as the ordinary regimental officer is concerned, a peculiarly stupid profession. Hence the problem is not how to get clever officers—we have got them already—but how to render the effects of military less stupefying. Whether the British military system can be rendered less stupefying, and if so, how, it is not for us to decide. We cannot attempt anything beyond the humbler task of declaring, and that we do with strong conviction, that the greatest army reformer will be the man who will alter our military system in such a way as to prevent it being a mental anodyne, and render it instead a mental stimulant. That accomplished we shall have clever officers in a clever army, and not, as now, clever officers in a stupid army."

WHERE LEARNED DOCTORS DIFFER

How Hospitals Are Managed Elsewhere.

The Interests and Well-Being of Patients First Consideration.

Something Also From the Nurses' Standpoint—Important Considerations.

[By a Disinterested Onlooker.] A very decided difference of opinion has arisen among medical men of this city over what might at first sight be thought a matter of no importance.

We know, nevertheless, that a great fire a small matter kindled; and the subject of dispute has now assumed proportions which The Advertiser has thought worthy of investigation. Both sides of the case will be set down, and the reader may judge for himself, where justice lies in the dispute as to whether the public patients in the hospital have each his own physician, or whether there should be a regular staff, as in other hospitals, who would be responsible to the Trust for the proper care and attendance of the patients.

For various reasons, which we shall not go into, the medical profession of London today is divided against itself; and these divisions are the result of personal differences of opinion.

The parties at variance with one another are the Medical School men and the anti-school men (or those inimical to the Medical School), and a few who are neutral. Just why there should be professional men who set their faces against the school, does not at first appear; but we have convinced ourselves that there are such.

These gentlemen are loud in their assertions that each public patient should have his own physician; that the poor man has as good a right to choose his physician as the rich; and insinuate that the school men want to control the whole hospital.

In replying the Medical School men say that public patients are generally willing to accept the services of the regular staff; and that in the rare cases where the patient has requested the services of his own physician, his request has been readily granted. To the charge that they want to monopolize the hospital, they reply that they represent nearly two-thirds of the profession in the city, and that all they ask is that the Trust will select from them a suitable staff for the winter months, when the school is open, and let the rest of the year be given to those physicians not connected with the school.

This sounds not unreasonable, and the school men say further that it is always and everywhere in the interest of any hospital to have a medical school in connection.

We might add, that there must be some reason why, in other hospitals, public patients are cared for by a staff of selected physicians, and there should be some good reason for throwing for any departure from the general rule. Many of the arguments put forward by the Medical School men are so lucid and clearly sound, as to call for honest investigation on the part of those who are responsible for the welfare of the sick.

We take it as significant that the Medical School men, who represent more than half the profession, more nearly two-thirds, are all agreed on one point, namely, that the public patient, fares better at the hands of a staff selected by the Trust, than the single patient at the hands of the individual physician. The reasons given by the school men in support of this theory are as follows: They claim that the professor who is to deliver a lecture on a certain case before a class of bright young men, must study that case with great care, and that every day the case is studied in the most thorough manner. Indeed, one well-known physician not working in the school asserts that public patients during the school months receive more thorough attention than private patients. If this is true it has an important bearing on the case.

It is also asserted that a busy doctor will not go down to the hospital to see one non-paying patient every day, but is inclined to leave him to the care of the young doctor at the hospital. Of this no satisfactory proof could be obtained; but as human nature is constituted, it seems very probable.

Another point on which it is as well the public should be fully enlightened, is that in no instance is a public patient compelled to have his case discussed before the students. We are assured that never has a clinic been given on an unwilling patient; that if he ob-

jects his feelings on the subject are respected. As a matter of fact, the patient who objects is an anomaly; rare in hospital life. Most of us, we think, are not unlike the old Irish woman, who asked what her disease was, and when told that she had cerebro-spinal meningitis, exclaimed in delight, "Oh, doctor, you flatter me!"

To many a poor, uncared-for soul, it is a proud moment to be singled out by "the professor" and made an object of importance. Equally true it is that they take an interest in hearing their cases discussed; and feel they are being looked into with great minuteness and care.

One little fellow in a large city hospital exclaimed to his companions: "See here, you fellows—the big professor with the bald head says I'm the most interesting case on record, and the rest of you ain't in it with me!" Surely, when one thinks of the immense benefits received, any fair-minded patient would be willing to do what lay in his power to render assistance to his doctor, if in so doing no injury was wrought to his health.

A side of the case not yet presented is that of the nurse. On her falls all the burden of this terrible influx of doctors. If complaints have at any time been lodged against the nurses of the London Hospital, we have only to ask the nurses in the best hospitals and unheard-of system of a doctor to every patient, the wonder is not that our nurses do not do better, but that they are alive to tell the tale.

A nurse is as necessary to a doctor on his rounds through a hospital as a comet to the sun; but it is unreasonable to expect that she shall drop her work every few minutes during the day and accompany him. But on the principle of twenty doctors to twenty patients, that is what occurs. Certain it is that the nurses in the best hospitals in the United States would go out on strike, if asked to submit to such a public nuisance. Let any housekeeper picture herself making headway with her work if twenty callers dropped in through the course of the day! And supposing some stormy day, only ten should make calls, even then that is eight too many. Let it also be taken into consideration that the best results in nursing are obtained where the nurse is not confused by having to serve too many masters—just as too many cooks spoil the broth, so a superfluity of doctors will upset any ward.

Peace, quiet and order should reign in the realm of the sick. New faces are disturbing; doors opening and closing are distracting; a nervous, worried, harassed nurse is not soothing to the sick. But what will you have? A garden cannot thrive on the principle of twenty gardeners to twenty plants! How much better that they should be watered and tended alike; pruned and upheld by the same hand.

A nurse will not like his patients dressed with boric; or that the next one never sponges for less than 102 degrees. By she is very liable to forget what it is the tenth one prefers! How pleasant and peaceful that ward must be, where the familiar face of the fatherly, gray-haired professor shows itself every day at the accustomed hour. The patients all expect him and are on their good behavior, while the nurses have so planned their work that they are ready to accompany him on his rounds, calmly and quietly—perfectly self-assessed, and writing all change of orders in a treatment book carefully and conscientiously. So perfectly accurate have nurses become, under the one chief of a ward system, that the slightest error in taking or carrying out a doctor's orders is considered a very serious offense, and is not infrequently punished by dismissal, carelessness in a nurse being a fault so grave that it cannot be overlooked. But with a dozen doctors to work and remember for, the most infallible nurse might well tremble.

Canadian women wishing to receive a training in nursing second to none, flock to the other side of the water, to the famous hospitals where for their efficiency and excellent management. And what do they find there? Not only is the public patient prohibited from having anyone but the regular staff, but the private patient, paying \$5 or \$10 a week, cannot have his own physician in attendance, but must make his choice from a large and carefully-selected staff of physicians. The doctor is thus held doubly responsible, both to himself and to the board of managers, for the well-being of the patient; and the managers themselves become responsible for the character and conduct of every physician entering their gates.

As naturally as cream rises to the top, the finest minds in the profession come to be selected as members of the staff in any hospital of standing. The forty immortals contend no less eagerly for the membership of the French Academy than distinguished men court the prestige of being medical or surgical chiefs of a ward in some noted hospital.

To the bedside of each poor, often friendless patient, come day after day lights of the medical profession; and every case is carefully considered and conscientiously inquired into. How infinitely superior must such a system be to that of a motley crowd of doctors, bad and indifferent—tracking mud into and out of a hospital all day long!

For the sake of the patient, the long-suffering, non-paying patient, the Trust should look carefully into this matter; and regardless of doctors, or of medical schools, so adjust the matter that the privilege, nay, honor, of attending our sick poor, in the public wards of the hospital, shall fall on those who, by long years of service and distinguished skill, deserve the laurel.

The Runians Carson McKee Co.

RECORD BREAKER!

THREE DAYS' SALE

Today, Monday and Tuesday.

Liberal discounts just at the time you want to buy is the way we are building up our business. The remaining three shopping days before Christmas will be record breakers.

Read This List of Discounts and Come and Make Your Choice. 10, 20 and 50 Per Cent off.

- 20 per cent off Ladies' Mantles and Furs
- 20 per cent off Fancy Dress and Waist Silks
- 20 per cent off Fownes' Kid Gloves
- 20 per cent off Men's Suits and Overcoats
- 50 per cent off all Trimmed Millinery
- 50 per cent off sample lot Christmas Novelties
- 10 per cent off all Black Dress Goods
- 10 per cent off all Colored Dress Goods
- 10 per cent off all Black Dress Silks
- 10 per cent off all Colored Dress Silks
- 10 per cent off all French Flannels
- 10 per cent off all Linens
- 10 per cent off all Boots and Shoes
- 10 per cent off all Carpets and Curtains
- 10 per cent off all Down Quilts and Rugs
- 10 per cent off all Corsets and Underwear
- 10 per cent off all Blouses and Underskirts

Special Saturday Night Sale Tonight.

The Runians Carson McKee Co.

208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas Street.

Men's Purses	Bill Folds
50c	50c
75c	75c
\$1.00	\$1.00
\$1.50	\$1.50
\$2.00	\$1.75
\$2.50	

CHAS. D. JOHNSTON,
198 DUNDAS STREET

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION

Throughout Canada and Over the Border.

Holiday Trade Is Brisk and the Outlook for the Future in Canada Is Bright.

Toronto, Dec. 20.—Bradstreet's trade review, weekly summary.

The holiday sales at Montreal have been large and the prospects for the spring trade are proportionately bright. Trade generally is in a sound and healthy condition. Values of staple goods continue firm. The payments are fair for this season.

Activity continues in business circles at Quebec. During the past week the sales are reported above the average. Shoe manufacturers are busy, and orders continue to come in. Collections for the season are reported fair.

Business in wholesale circles at Toronto this week has been less active. Retailers are too busy with the holiday trade to take any interest in spring goods, and the sorting trade was not particularly active. The season has been a most successful one for the retail trade, and especially in the holiday goods. The outlook for spring trade is encouraging. Values are firm for most lines of staple goods.

At Hamilton this week there has been some activity in holiday goods and quite a little demand for sorting parcels for the current requirements of retailers. Travelers have already placed some very good orders for the spring, and the outlook for that trade is considered generally as good as average.

There has been an improved demand for seasonable lines at Winnipeg, the cold weather having created increased inquiry for heavy wearing apparel. Collections are scarcely as good as expected. The blockade in the grain movement through scarcity of cars is doubtless to some extent responsible.

Trade at the Pacific coast is more active. The holiday trade is helping lines, and there is a renewal of activity throughout business circles. Payments are on a par.

There has been much activity in retail trade at London this week, and the jobbing trade has been busy filling orders for immediate shipments. Cash sales have been large and the outlook for spring trade is bright.

At Ottawa this week there has been a high trade done in seasonable lines for the holidays and a steady good trade for the winter. Reports indicate a healthy feeling in trade and a fair outlook for the future.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

New York, Dec. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s review: Holiday trade reached its maximum this week, nearly all sections of the country reporting exceptional distribution. Transporting interests were just beginning to overcome congested conditions when severe storms made the situation more complicated than before. Bank exchanges at New York exceeded those of the same week last year by 2.3 per cent and 139 by 1.3 per cent, while at the other leading cities there was practically no condition.

Railroad earnings thus far available for December show gains of 6.2 per cent over last year, and 20.1 per cent over 1899. Retarded shipping caused higher prices for prompt delivery of pig iron and steel products at western cities, but conservatism still marks the course of producers regarding contracts for the future.

Although the leading metal is enjoying exceptionally satisfactory conditions, it is very different with the minor metals, owing mainly to the fact that fictitious prices have been asked by the leading producers. General reductions occurred during the past week, copper now being quoted

IT IS IMPORTANT

To Know What You Are Taking When Using Catarrh Medicine

Catarrh is the short route to consumption, and the importance of early and judicious treatment is obvious, whether located in the head, throat or bronchial tubes, cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The list of catarrh cures is as long as the moral law, and the forms in which they are administered, numerous and confusing, from sprays, inhalers, washes, ointments, and salves to powders, fluids and tablets.

The tablet form is undoubtedly the most convenient and the most effective, but with nearly all advertised catarrh remedies it is almost entirely a matter of guesswork as to what you are taking into your system, as the proprietors, while making all sorts of claims as to what their medicines will do, always keep it a close secret as to what they are.

The success and popularity of the new catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, is largely because it not only cures catarrh but because catarrh sufferers who use these tablets know what they are taking into their systems. Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are composed of Red Gum, Blood Root and similar valuable and antiseptic ingredients, and are pleasant to the taste, and being dissolved in the mouth they take immediate effect upon the mucous lining of the throat, nasal passages and whole respiratory tract.

The cures that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have accomplished in old chronic cases of catarrh are little short of remarkable, and the advantage of knowing what you are putting into your stomach is of paramount importance when it is remembered that the cocaine or morphia habit has been frequently contracted as the result of using secret catarrh remedies.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets meet with cordial approval from physicians, because their antiseptic character renders them perfectly safe for the general public to use and their composition makes them a common-sense cure for all forms of catarrhal troubles.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full sized packages.

at 13, tin 23½ and lead 4 cents. The declines were heavy, but failed to produce activity, buyers looking for still better terms.

Footwear shops continue busy, large producers as a rule having good orders for spring lines, although smaller concerns are not all as fortunately situated. Firm prices prevail, and specialties command premium. There is no accumulation of leather, and prices are decidedly firm, while no reaction has followed the recent advance in domestic hides, but foreign dry hides are sustained with difficulty.

In the textile industries new lines of woolen goods opened satisfactorily, and advances are paid for certain lines of worsted. In cotton goods there is much business offered but sellers are unwilling to accept large contracts for future delivery, while the raw material market remains unsettled. Jobbing trade is quiet, but rail dealings are heavy. Print cloths are unchanged for regulars, with narrow orders firmer, and cotton yarns generally higher. Last week's gains in these lines are fully maintained.

In the grain market wheat has held fairly steady at some reaction from last week's exceptionally high point, and there is still much evidence of a firm undertone. Severe weather stimulated the western demand for live stock feeding, and also interrupted receipts, which were only 4,624,559 bushels, against 6,742,949 in the preceding week and 4,802,779 a year ago.

High prices have at last affected the export movement, and instead of the usual splendid gain over last year, there was an outgo of only 3,646,834 bushels from the United States, flour included, against 4,380,300. Corn is also well sustained, western receipts for the week reaching only 1,519,551 bushels, against 6,871,505 a year ago. Atlantic exports—211,214 bushels, against 4,745,169 a year ago—indicate the foreign attitude toward current quotations. Cotton is little changed at about 2 cents below the price of a year ago.

Exports of merchandise scarcely fell below the phenomenal movement in the corresponding month of 1900, although conditions of the foreign market are favorable. Imports on the other hand were stimulated by heavy purchases abroad of materials of manufacture. Liabilities of commercial failures last week reported for December aggregated \$1,583,623, of which \$1,999,589 were in manufacturing and \$2,561,323 in trading. Failures for the week numbered 265 in the United States, against 263 last year, and 27 in Canada, against 15 last year.

BANK CLEARINGS.

New York, Dec. 20.—The following are some of the weekly clearings, as compiled by Bradstreet's for the week ending Dec. 19, with percentages of increase and decrease, as compared with the corresponding week last year: New York, \$1,584,608,524; increase 7.0. Chicago, \$1,553,383,868; increase 8.9. Boston, \$1,315,126,873; decrease 4.7. Philadelphia, \$1,039,332,435; decrease 2.8. Louisville, \$824,488; decrease 13.3. Pittsburgh, \$47,499,327; increase 4.3. Baltimore, \$24,244,318. San Francisco, \$25,674,639; increase 13.5. Cincinnati, \$19,660,850; increase 15.1. Kansas City, \$13,155,700; decrease 4.8. Montreal, \$13,290,150; decrease 11.4. Toronto, \$15,016,448; increase 33.5. Winnipeg, \$1,287,197; increase 69.1. Halifax, \$2,351,061; increase 48.6. Vancouver, B. C., \$854,321; decrease 12.2. Hamilton, \$234,875; decrease 7.1. St. John, N. B., \$784,848; increase 9.3. Victoria, B. C., \$518,865; decrease 2.6. Quebec, \$1,264,574.

ONTARIO VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Meets in Annual Session—Excellent Papers Read and Officers Chosen.

Toronto, Dec. 21.—The annual meeting of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association was held in the lecture room of the Ontario Veterinary College yesterday. Many excellent papers were read and discussed, after which the election of officers for the ensuing year took place with the following result: Dr. J. H. Tennent, V.S., London, president; W. Steele, V.S., Stratford, first vice-president; W. Lawson, V.S., Dundas, second vice-president; C. H. Sweetapple, V.S., Toronto, secretary-treasurer; C. Elliott, V.S., and T. H. Reed, V.S., auditors. Directors: C. E. Brind, V.S., Woodstock, Ont.; T. H. Engel, V.S., Milverton, Ont.; E. Boulton, V.S., Niagara Falls, Ont.; L. A. Wilson, V.S., Eglinton, Ont.; T. H. George, V.S., Ingersoll; F. G. Hutton, V.S., Welland; T. D. Milne, V.S., Ingersoll; F. Daly, V.S., Georgetown, Ont. Representatives to Industrial Exhibition—Prof. A. Smith, F.R.C., V.S., and Col. T. H. Lloyd, V.S. Representatives to Western Fair Board—Dr. J. D. O'Neill, V.S., and Dr. J. H. Tennent, V.S., London, Ont.

The following gentlemen passed their final exams: W. A. Bisbee, Cleveland, Ohio; L. L. Faragher, Lorain, Ohio; Allan T. Ford, Neustadt, Ont.; Alex. Doherty, Ellesmere, Ont.; A. P. Lubach, Boonton, N. J.; U. S. A.; W. D. McMullen, Cheltenham, Wis.; I. L. McCoy, Sussex, N. J.; A. E. McInnes, Toronto, Ont.; A. Royce, Lincoln, Neb.; S. C. Neff, Long Glade, Va.; Robert Norton, Owen Sound, Ont. The board of examiners—C. Elliott, V.S., St. Catharines, Ont.; Col. T. H. Lloyd, V.S., Stratford, Ont.; J. D. O'Neill, V.S., London, Ont.; Wm. Cowan, V.S., Galt, Ont.; Prof. J. H. Reid, V.S., Guelph, Ont.; Wm. Shaw, V.S., Dayton, Ohio, officiated. Dr. J. H. Tennent, V.S., assisted in the examinations.

BYRON.

Byron, Dec. 20.—The young men have arranged a series of hops, to take place this winter.

The Epworth League of this place is preparing for a social to be held New Year's Eve.

Miss Dora Kilbourne has been engaged as one of the teachers in the Byron school for the ensuing year.

The scholars of Byron school have arranged for a grand concert and entertainment, to be held in the hall Friday evening, Dec. 20. A splendid programme has been prepared, and a good time is expected.

The Byron mill is running full time, and things about here are generally booming.

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

St. Louis, Dec. 20.—The first public celebration in connection with the World's Fair to be opened in St. Louis in 1903, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana purchase, was held today, when ground was broken on the site in Forest Park.

LONDON GETS BEST OF MILK.

Some 123 Persons Supply the Lactal Fluid.

Average Quality Has Only Been Excelled Twice in 12 Years.

Ten More Herds Got Into Class 1—Decrease in Third Class Product—Steady Progress in Condition of the Cows.

At yesterday's meeting of the board of health the medical health officer presented the following report of the condition of herds and dairies in London and vicinity, and the quality of the milk supplied to the citizens:

To the Chairman of the Board of Health:

Gentlemen—I beg to submit the following report of the examination of herds, dairies, and the quality of milk supplied to the city during the last six months.

The herds and dairies, as heretofore, are classified A, B, and C, and the milk according to quality, 1, 2, 3.

One hundred and twenty-three persons are engaged in supplying the city with milk. The number of quarts sold in the city daily, for the last six months, was 9,023, as compared with 9,180, the previous six months. Three samples had cream added, two had cream partly removed. The deficiency in cream was probably accidental, for a second sample from one of these dairies came into the first class. There are now 21 herds and dairies in the first class; that is, 10 more have got into the first class since last inspection. There is also a decrease in the number of samples of the third class milk from 6 to 3. The herds and dairies of Wm. Stevenson, Joseph Barter, W. A. Sage, C. W. Hord, Wm. Kettlewell, Andrew Hogg, John Rogers, Albert Higg and John O'Brien may be considered equal to the first class, but not having complied with all the requirements of the board of health are necessarily placed in the second class.

The average percentage of all the milk sold in the city was 3.55. This quality has only been excelled in this district twice in twelve years. There is also a steady improvement from year to year in the condition of the herds and byres, and fewer unhealthy cows are found. The following is the list according to merit:

A. Marshall, London township—A, 1; supplies Victoria Hospital.

Kanes Bros., Westminster—A; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Smith Bros., Westminster—A, 1; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Wm. Bell, London township—A; sells to A. E. Hord.

J. L. Saul, Crumlin—A; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Daniel Ferguson, Westminster—A; sells to Smith Bros.

W. J. Walker, Westminster—A, 1; Samuel Millson, Westminster—A; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

W. J. Saul, Crumlin—A; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

James Byers, Dorchester townline—A; supplies Wm. Phoenix.

Alf. Comfort, Westminster—A; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

F. D. McClary, Nilestown—A; sells to P. F. McClary.

Andrew Cornish, Westminster—A; supplies J. Marlehan.

C. H. Hunner, Westminster—A; sells to Geo. Tupholme.

George De Uptgrove, Delaware township—A; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Ferman White, Lambeth—A; sells to W. S. Evans.

Sanitary Dairy Company—1; third sample, 1.

Wm. Legg, London township—B, 1; Samuel Robb, London township—B, 1.

Henry Ellwood—1.

S. Anderson—1.

R. Windrim—1.

Mrs. Knott, Nilestown—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

John Crouse, Westminster—B, 1.

Wm. Kettlewell, Westminster—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

J. W. Jarvis—1; buys from E. Routledge and McArthur.

Henry Mossop—1; buys from W. A. Sage.

A. Sutherland—1.

D. L. De Hart, London township—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Geo. H. Dyer, London township—B, 1; J. Armour—1.

Albert Higg, London township—B, 1; Wm. Cooper—1.

Ola Thomson, London township—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Joseph Barter, London township—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

A. Pack—1.

S. S. Johnson—1; buys from W. Summers.

A. Hogg, London township—B; supplies J. Blaney.

J. E. Wilkins, Westminster—B, 1.

Caleb Millson, Westminster—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

W. L. Brown, Westminster—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Jas. Malloch, city—B, 1.

Mr. Markham—1; cream added; supplied by A. Cornish.

R. Sage—1.

Foster Bros., London township—B, 1.

W. A. Sage, Nilestown—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Wm. Halliday, Westminster—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Sam Sloan, London township—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

—B, 1.

Wm. Gleadale, London township—B; sells to T. Beattie.

W. W. Wilk. son, London township—B; sells to T. Beattie.

John Kay, Westminster—B, sells to E. Poile.

Geo. Hunt, Westminster—B, 1.

McArthur Bros., Westminster—B; sells to W. Jarvis.

H. F. McNee, Westminster—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

Wm. Stevenson, Nilestown—B; supplies Duncan Bros.

C. E. Wilkins, Westminster—B, 1.

Jas. Ye. Westminster—B, 1; sells to R. McCullough.

Levi Crouse, Westminster—B, 1.

Jacob Dale, Westminster—B; sells to John Tappin.

W. W. Routledge—1.

Hugh Dale, Westminster—B, 1.

Mrs. Freeman, city—B, 1.

George Tupholme—1; buys from C. H. Sumner and A. Copeland.

S. Edw. Wright, London township—B, 1.

Job Cox, London township—B, 1.

A. E. Hord—1.

Jas. Hill, Westminster—B; no sample obtained.

Alberty Copeland, Westminster—B; sells to George Tupholme.

Wm. Player, Westminster—B, 1.

Jos. O'Brien—1; buys from George Chapman.

Thomas Hill, Westminster—B, 1.

Wm. Phoenix—1; supplied by James Byers.

T. W. Sanborn—1; cream added.

B. supplies J. Blaney.

Mrs. Lawrence, West London—B, 1.

Thomas Davidson, London township—B, 1.

John Blanchard, Lobo township—B; supplies J. Blaney.

P. F. McMillan, London township—B; no sample obtained.

R. McCullough—1; supplied by Jas. Ye.

Robert Brown, Westminster—B; sells to Thos. McCormick.

Charles O'Hagan, London township—B, 1.

George Cushman, London township—B; sells to O'Brien.

Miss Redding, Grey street—B, 1; cream added.

J. Blaney, London township—B, 1.

Webb Bros., London township—B, 1.

Wm. Hill, London township—B; sells to A. Windrim.

John O'Brien, London township—B; sells to Wm. O'Brien.

Wm. O'Brien—1.

C. Wright, North London—1.

Spettigue Bros.—B, 1.

C. W. Hord, Westminster—B, 2.

John Clark, London township—B, 2.

Jos. Purvis, Ballymote—B, 2.

Henry Horne, London township—B, 2.

Wm. Morden, London township—B, 2.

J. Carroll & Sons, Westminster—B, 2.

B. J. Hackett, London township—B, 2.

J. L. Wilkinson, London township—B, 2.

Thomas Beattie, London township—B, 2.

Mrs. G. Heard, Adelaide street—B, 2.

A. Windrim—2.

John Tappin—2.

F. J. Neely, London township—B, 2.

J. Hennessey—2.

A. Catnach, Adelaide street—B, 2.

James Walker, West London—B, 2.

James Blanchard—2.

Charles Rowleson, Dorchester—B; sells to Sanitary Dairy Company.

P. F. McClary—2.

John Coulter, city—2.

E. Tanton, London township—B, 3.

John Rodgers, Adelaide street—B, 3; cream partly removed; second sample, 1.

Henry Webb, city—B, 3.

Charles O'Brien—3.

James Spence—3; cream partly removed; second sample, 1.

George Hawkins, Westminster—C, 1.

W. Summers, London township—C; sells to S. S. Johnson.

Wm. Murphree, North London—C, 2.

T. V. HUTCHINSON, Medical Health Officer.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

By Dodd's Kidney Pills in Conboyville—Completely Cured, and No Symptoms of Old Trouble Left.

Conboyville, Dec. 16 (Special).—Dodd's Kidney Pills are achieving a wonderful reputation in this neighborhood. Many very remarkable cures of Kidney Disease, Backache and Rheumatism are reported, among which that of Mrs. Edward Patterson is one of the most significant.

Mrs. Patterson suffered for many years with rheumatism, which rendered her no end of trouble, especially in cold weather.

She says she has used dozens of bottles and scores of medicines and medicals, and did not find any relief until she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they cured her so completely that she never has a symptom of the old trouble.

THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT.

has given you in the last two weeks' issues of this paper, testimonials from two out of four of its former pupils, whose combined earnings are \$1,000 per annum—an average of \$250. We now give you a third, and the fourth will appear in our next issue.

Here is the third:

Woodstock, Ont. Nov. 3, 1901.

Mr. McLaughlin, Esq., Chatham, Ont.: I am writing you in response to your inquiry, I gladly add my testimony to the many you have received as to the merits of the Canada Business College.

When I decided to take a course of instruction in your institution in 1888, I did so because I considered it stood second to none in America, and I have pleasure in stating that the practical course of training I received has proved very beneficial to me.

I have been connected with The D. W. Karn Co., piano and organ manufacturers, of this town, for eleven years, and during nine years of this office.

In conclusion I might say I am receiving a salary more than four times as much as I received in 1888, when acting in the capacity of a school teacher.

I have no hesitation in recommending the C. B. C. to the favorable consideration of any young man or woman desiring of acquiring a thorough and practical business education.

Wishing you continued and abundant success, I remain,

E. C. THORNTON.

(Formerly a public school teacher in the Karn Organ Co. of Woodstock, Ont. Had he continued at public school teaching he might possibly be earning from \$400 to \$500 per annum, instead of the splendid salary he is now commanding. You cannot possibly come to Chatham, we can give you instruction BY MAIL, at your home. In Book-keeping, Short-hand and Penmanship, through our Mail Course Department.

During the past year 304 of our pupils secured good positions. Their combined earnings are close to

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS (\$200,000).

Write for CATALOGUE or MAIL COURSE CIRCULAR.

D. MC LAUGHLIN & CO.

*The height of selfishness,
to drink Blue Ribbon Tea
every day and never tell
your friends about it.*

THE SIEGE OF DELHI TOWN

*A Reminiscence of the Terrible
Sepoy Rebellion.*

*The Reckless Valor of Lieutenant
Hills, Who Single-Handed Charged
a Column.*

[Rev. J. W. Fitchett, in the Cornhill.]

On July 9 an attack of great strength, and marked by great daring, was made by the enemy, and was almost lifted into success by the disloyalty of a detachment of the 9th Irregular Cavalry. They were on outpost duty watching the trunk road. They allowed the enemy to approach the British position without giving warning, and when Hills, who commanded two guns in front of the general's mound, ran out of his tent and leaped on his horse, he found a troop of Carabins in broken flight sweeping past him, and the enemy almost on his guns. He shouted "Action front!" then, to give his gunners a chance of firing, rode single-handed into the enemy's squadrons, a solitary swordsman charging a regiment! He cut down the leading man and wounded the Sepoy. Then two troopers charging him at once, he was rolled over, man and horse, and the troopers swept over him. Bruised and half-dazed he struggled to his feet, picked up his sword, and was at once attacked by two of the rebel cavalry and a foot soldier. He coolly shot the first horseman riding down upon him, then, catching the lance of the second in his left hand, thrust him through the body with his sword. He was instantly attacked by the third enemy and his sword wrenched from him. Hills, on this, fell back upon first principles, and struck his opponent in the face repeatedly with his fist. But he was by this time himself exhausted and fell. Then, exactly as his antagonist lifted his sword to slay him, Tombs, who had cut his way through the enemy, and was coming up at a gallop to help his comrade, with a clever pistol shot from a distance of thirty paces, killed the Sepoy. It was a heroic combat, and both Tombs and Hills received the Victoria Cross. The enemy meanwhile had galloped past the guns, eager to reach the native artillery, which they would have ridden off with them. The 9th Lancers, however, had turned out in their shirt-sleeves, and riding fiercely home, drove off the enemy.

It is always interesting to listen to the story of a gallant deed, as told by the doer himself. The reckless valor which Lieutenant Hills showed in charging single-handed a column of rebel cavalry in order to secure for his gunners a chance of opening fire, can hardly be described by a remote historian. But Hills has told the story of his own deed, and an extract from his tale, at least, is worth giving:

"I thought that by charging them I might make a commotion and give the gun time to load, so in I went at the front rank, cut down the first fellow, slashed the next across the face as hard as I could, when two sowars charged me. Both their horses crashed into mine at the same moment, and, of course, both horse and myself were sent flying. We went down at such a pace that I escaped the cuts made at me, one of them giving my jacket an awful slice just below the collar. It only, however, cut the jacket. Well, I lay quite snug until all had passed over me, and then got up and looked about for my sword. I found it full ten yards off. I had hardly got hold of it when three fellows returned, two on horseback. The first I wounded and dropped him from his horse. The second charged me with a lance. I put it aside, and caught him with a full gash on the head and face. I thought I had killed him. Apparently he must have clung to his horse, for he disappeared. Then the third came up, but not his skull split. Then came the third man—a young, active fellow. I found myself getting very weak from want of breath, the fall from my horse having done me considerably, and my cloak, somehow or other, had got tightly fixed round my throat and was actually choking me. I went, however, at the fellow and cut him on the shoulder with some 'kupra' (cloth) on it apparently turned the blow. He managed to seize the hilt of my sword and twisted it out of my hand, and then he had a hand to hand fight, I punching his head with my fists, and he trying to cut me, but I was too close to him. Somehow or other I fell, and then was the time, fortunately for me, that

Fighting the Fires.

Hard life the plucky firemen lead; out in all sorts of weather, losing sleep, catching cold and straining their backs. Hard to have strong, well-kidneys under such conditions. That's why firemen, policemen and others, who are exposed to the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are helping hundreds of such to health. Mr. John Robinson, chief of the fire department, Dresden, Ont., says: "Prior to taking these pills I had kidney trouble which caused severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I had a tired feeling and never seemed to be able to get rested. However, I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes am completely cured. I have now no backache or urinary troubles, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and strong."

Tombs came up and shot the fellow. I was so choked with my cloak that I could not until I got loosened. By-the-by, I forgot to say that I fired at this chap twice, but the pistol snapped, and I was so enraged that I drove it at the fellow's head, missing him, however."

The Sepoys had planted a battery of guns at a point in their front called Ludlow Castle, and maintained from it a constant fire on Metcalfe House. Their skirmishers, too, crept up with great audacity to silence this battery and early in the morning of Aug. 12, without call of bugle or roll of drum, four of British Sikhs and Chooraks, with a handful of cavalry, stole down the slope the ridge in order to carry the offending guns. The order was given for procession of shadows; the little column crept over the ridge through the gloom, and disappeared in the midst of the low-lying ground on its way to the rebel blackness.

Undetected in the sheltering blackness, the column reached the sleeping battery. A startled Sepoy, who caught through the haze and shadow a sudden glimpse of stern faces and the gleam of bayonets gave a hasty challenge. It was answered by a volley which ran like a streak of jagged flame through the darkness, and with a rush the British—their officers gallantly leading, and Sikh and Choorak trying to outpace their English comrades—swept on to the battery. The Sepoys succeeded in discharging two guns on their assailants, but Lord Roberts records that the discharge of the third gun was prevented by a gallant Irish soldier named Reegan. He leaped with leveled bayonet over the earthwork and charged the artilleryman, who was in the very act of thrusting his port-fire on to the powder in the touch-hole of the gun. Reegan was struck at once on every side, but nothing stopped him, and the fierce lunge of his bayonet slew the artilleryman and prevented the discharge of the gun. Captain Greville, followed by two or three men, flung himself on another gun and slew or drove off his gunners.

Reegan, characteristically says: "It was a very comfortable little affair."

A SOUTHERN CANDY-PULL

*Canadian Revival of an Oldtime Pastime
of Dixie Land.*

Come to the candy pull tonight, For Southern beauties will be there, With lasses candy in their hands, And garlands in their hair.

This paraphrase of an old poem was on the invitation sent out by a Southern woman, whose present home is up in these parts, says the Toronto World.

The party was the revival of a social custom in the South before the war. To its renaissance in Toronto, the young women came wearing ginghams aprons. The hostess, turning the molasses, which had been especially imported.

After the necessary boiling down of the sweet, each guest and her beau took a turn in pulling on which was laid the roll of the candy. It was the young woman's part to get the roll into pulling condition.

This she did after the manner of kneading dough. After the preparation she took one end of the roll and passed the other to her young man. Then began the pull.

When the roll was extended the ends were put together by the two young men, joining hands. This process left a rope of candy, the lower end of which was taken up by one of the pullers, and they repeated the pull.

This was continued until the candy became brittle, when it was placed on another plate. The plates were then placed in a cool place and the young people proceeded to the drawing-room, where they indulged in the old play known in the South at all candy pulls as "King William."

The guests formed a circle, joining hands. One remained within the circle. This one, of course, was a young man. As the guests revolved around the center they sang the old words sung by their mothers and grandmothers, and to the same air:

King William was King James' son, And from a royal race he came, Upon his breast he wore a star, Which pointed to the northwest far. Go choose your east, go choose your west, Go choose the one that you love best.

At the conclusion of the last line the young man in the center made his choice. As she stepped to the center of the circle the guests closed the gap, and, circling around the twain, they continued to sing:

Down on this carpet you must kneel, Sure as the grass grows in the field, Salute your bride with a sweet kiss, And rise upon your feet in bliss.

At the twain's injunction, "Salute your bride with a sweet kiss," there was the usual scuffle and resistance, as there always was in the olden times. Then the twain in the center joined the circle, and the next young man stepped to the center and the programme was repeated until every young man had chosen the one that he loved best.

After this each young woman in the circle stood in the center by turn, and the words of the third line of the last stanza were changed to "Salute your young man with a kiss."

After each couple had knelt, and kissed, the circle broke. Each young man went to the cooling room for the plate of candy he had assisted in pulling and returned with it to the drawing-room. The candy was then eaten, and the pull was over.

"It no doubt seems a rather simple sort of amusement," said the hostess. "But you poor fellows, but your mothers and grandmothers indulged in it, and the pleasure consists in doing what amused them."

Then the hostess related that many of the old-time statesmen in the South, had, in their time, played "King William" at candy pulls. So far as the hostess knew, this is the first old-fashioned candy pull to take place in Canada.

HER DAINTY FEET.

He—If your feet are so tender, why don't you get shoes large enough to be comfortable?

She—That's just like a man. How could a woman be comfortable if she knew her shoes were a size larger than usual?

A WINTER'S COURSE OF READING.

[I.—THE SELECTION OF BOOKS.]

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They give us the closest of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, and find in the pages of a book the order or design in their conversation—Jeremy Collier.

With the coming of winter and its short days and long evenings, we are forced to give up the enjoyment of summer or autumn, when we seem to "live abroad and everywhere," and are induced to confine our feelings to the pleasures of the social circle, or club.

The favonian airs of spring and summer have been superseded by the bracing atmosphere of winter, which produces in us a longing for social intercourse of some sort. Many are appealed to by outdoor sports, such as skating; others prefer the retirement of a cosy study, where they may profit by the advice of sages or feast the imagination on the pages of romance.

For the latter class is this article more particularly written. Each person should strive to attain a richer and fuller life; not only should his aim be to improve himself, but also to help those around him. Life's cup is something to be filled, not to be drained to the dregs. For this purpose there is nothing so well calculated as contact with the world's greatest authors and poets, living or dead, who are ready to speak to us through the medium of the printed page. A well-selected course of reading will benefit all and can injure none. Besides, a love for good reading, when once acquired, will be found a constant source of healthy enjoyment, and the reader will never want friends. The wisest philosophers are ready to impart their wisdom; the most illustrious poets are ready to give us the best of their art; the greatest statesmen will instruct us in the principles of true citizenship.

It is a fact, however, that the average man, with his high concepts of patriotism, has been "in the best part of a man is his book. This is, anyway, the studied part of him; the result of his creative effort, and therefore the best of which he is capable. The printed page presents to us the best advice of the sage, the truest interpretation of the poet and the wisest decree of the statesman.

A course in reading need not be extensive; perhaps it is better that it should not be. The man "with one book" is more to be feared than he with a munificent library. Speaking in a general way, the great fault is that we read too much, and do not select our literature with one great end in view. In the older days, before modern improvements in the art of printing had multiplied our books, so that the statement "of making books there is no end" has become almost a truism, here our forefathers possessed a certain advantage over us. We are confronted with such a bewildering mass of literature that we cannot exercise care in the selection of our reading matter, our efforts, so far as culture in its truest sense is concerned, will be largely in vain. "It is far better," says Professor Goldwin Smith, "to be familiar with one great writer than to know a little of twenty less great."

When it is considered how great the influence of a single book is, the importance of selection almost becomes a reading matter will be at once apparent. Bacon once said: "If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of church and state." "Let me write the songs of a nation, and you shall have its laws," wrote Fletcher. These men were fully impressed with the importance of literature in molding national life. The effect of books on the individual is not less important. Great as the influence of a bad book is as disastrous as that of a good book is beneficial.

In regard to suitable books, a few suggestions may be made. In the first place, such books are not always orthodox, according to the common acceptance of the word. It would not, for instance, be advisable to follow blindly the teachings of Carlyle and Ruskin, yet the great English moral writers were not among the most powerful of their day and generation. The late Professor Henry Drummond once spoke to the effect that he derived the greatest benefit from the perusal of authors who were not considered strictly orthodox. There is something about their works which serves as a mental tonic; they stimulate by their novelty of idea and expression, and start one thinking. The works of Carlyle or Ruskin will prove a valuable antiseptic to the utilitarian tendencies of the present day.

Conservatism in the matter of reading is to be commended. The old books are, as a rule, the best. This is evidenced by the fact that they have survived. The modern writer is the "heir of all the ages," and draws to a large extent upon his heritage; the older authors were more self-reliant, or, in other words, possessed in a greater degree of the characteristic of originality. It is not intended to confine the term "old" to the ancient writers. The object is rather to draw a distinction between present-day poets and prose writers, or those of the immediate past, and the great writers of the past, who were not considered strictly orthodox. There is something about their works which serves as a mental tonic; they stimulate by their novelty of idea and expression, and start one thinking.

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PRIMAL CAUSE OF ALL STRIFE.

on Tennyson, five of them on Shakespeare and one on Kipling. Of the men referred to, three are prominent statesmen and three are directly connected with higher education. All are men of a high degree of culture and refinement. There is little doubt but that their lives have been moulded by such favorites as mentioned above.

J. H. D.

PRIMAL CAUSE OF ALL STRIFE.

*One Should Look for It Over the
Back Yard Fence.*

*The Extreme Disadvantage of Having
Neighbors Who Borrow Indiscriminately.*

[Ravenspur, in Toronto Star.]

I do not suppose for one instant if the average man were to be asked to name the most prolific cause of strife in any community that he would reply off-hand "The neighbors." He would, probably guess that it was whisky, or politics, or religion, or something of the sort, and of course he would be wrong. Whisky, politics and religion may all be contributing causes, but back of them all, the great primary cause of strife is the neighbors.

A moment's reflection will serve to convince any but the most hopelessly prejudiced of the truth of this statement. It is as self-evident as a geometric axiom that if we had no neighbors we would have nobody to quarrel with, unless we were insane enough to quarrel with ourselves, which, of course, not to be thought of, and so, having no one to quarrel with, we would not quarrel, and there would be no strife.

It is an unfathomable mystery how it is that philosophers and sages and socialists and other seekers after the cause of strife have never discovered this simple fact. It is as plain as the noses on their usually plain faces. But they have not discovered it, the reason probably being that they looked too far afield and searched the surrounding plains instead of merely taking a glance over the back yard fence. Now that I have mentioned the real cause of strife, I daresay some foreign savant will claim credit for the discovery which he would never have made but for me.

History is full of examples which show conclusively that to the habit people have of having neighbors they owe most of their troubles. To go back to the very birth of history, for example, take the case of Adam and Eve. It is generally understood that their life was one grand, sweet song until a previously unknown neighbor happened along and got them going over a line fence. If Solomon, the wisest man, with the exception of Sir Charles Tupper, who ever lived, had not had neighbors whose pretty daughters he wanted to marry, he might have had time to write several more books of Proverbs.

Turning from sacred to secular history, we find an exceeding multitude of similar demonstrations. Nations, for instance, almost invariably quarrel with neighboring nations—England with France, Germany with France, Russia with Turkey, China with Japan. You never hear of Greece and Patagonia having a row, or of Australia becoming embroiled with Morocco or Peru with Persia. Had Uncle Sam not had the Spaniard for a neighbor, the Monroe doctrine might still be stored in the national attic, and had John Bull not expanded until his back veranda overhung Oom Paul's tennis court there might yet be peace in South Africa.

Of course, everybody knows what a nuisance neighbors, in the more restricted sense of the term, are. My own experience is that neighbors borrow, and seldom lend, and my friends tell me the same thing. It is astonishing sometimes what versatile borrowers the neighbors are. They have known them borrow the piano and the wash tub on the same day, and it is generally the case that they always want to borrow something that you are just using, or just going to use in a few minutes.

It is really marvelous how disagreeable the neighbors can be when they want to, which is always, except when they're on borrowing bent. Every time we wash, for instance, here is an old thing next door who sits up at her back window and critically inspects the various garments as we hang them out on the line. Our only consolation is that our washing is not nearly as ragged as hers, anyway.

And then the neighbors' children! I often wonder why it is they are so universally horrid. There must be some reason why children in the world in addition to ours, and you would think the neighbors would sometimes get hold of a decent batch by accident, but they never do, never. No matter how angelic your children are, the neighbors' children are never anything but horrid, and the result is that every time you send your own sweet lambs out to play, Reggie is morally sure to return to your arms in tears, with his face scratched, while Edith usually loses a little hair and her frock is a sight. All the dastardly work of the neighbors' brats, who are so plain children anyway, and who are at this very minute damning canons on your front lawn and making faces at you!

Ordinarily you prefer not to have too much to say to your neighbors, who are rather common people, you know, but you can't stand having your cherubs maltreated, and you go in next door to expostulate, expecting, of course, that Mrs. Brown, Jones or Robinson, as the case may be, will have the decency to chastise her unruly brats. But she never does. Probably she makes some sarcastic remarks, probably she repudiates your scorn the suggestion that her offspring are as good as yours—the ideal—and the end of it is you go back home disgusted, and resolve to give the landlord notice.

Perhaps you give him notice and move, only to find that neighbors' kids are the same everywhere; but generally you don't, because just when you are going to, a few friends drop in, and you have to borrow the neighbors' chairs and dishes and teaspoons and a few similar trifles.

As I have said before, the hateful-ness of neighbors is a versatile thing. If you keep a cat, they always keep a dog. If you have a back garden, they invariably cultivate hens; and an especially aggravating habit of theirs is that whenever you have callers and take your visitors out on the front



"STITCH" IN THE BACK

"Ouch! That's it. It catches me just as I am rising from the chair, and oh, how it hurts! I can't work, because every time I stoop I am in danger of falling down. I get so bad sometimes I can't turn over in bed."

It's Lumbago, associated with weak nerves and muscles in your back. Put this belt on, applying the warm, glowing current right at that spot. In a few hours you will feel a general loosening up of the strained muscles, the soreness will go away, and you can twist in any position without danger. I can warrant you a cure in less than ten days.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

Dr. McLaughlin, My Dear Sir:—I am glad to say that I don't feel any rheumatic pain at present. Your Belt has done me a lot of good. I am recommending your Belt to everyone who I think needs one. I have written several letters to people asking questions about the Belt, and give them the same satisfaction that I have given you. I put the Belt on. Yours, JOSEPH LITTLEJOHN, Markdale, Ont.

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Annual Premiums, an increase of 50 per cent.
Cash Income, an increase of 22 per cent.
Expenditure, LESS THAN LAST YEAR.

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JOHN MILNE, Managing Director.

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PERFECTION COCOA,
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CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE GINGER WAFERS, etc.

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are perfect—save time and labor. A child can ice a cake in three minutes. Sold by all Grocers.

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CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD

Don't take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head. If you will only stop and think for a moment you will certainly realize that the germs of disease grow in the head, and that the only way to get rid of them is to carry a medicine to the diseased passages capable of destroying such germs. Catarrh, Colds, Pains in the Head, Stomach, Throat, Hoarseness, and all diseases of the air passages yield as if by magic to treatment with this little inhaler. Science and common sense can offer no improvement upon this little portable physician. It is simple in construction and may be used anywhere and at any time. It is the only positive cure for the disease named. The principle of action is the most perfect yet devised. One charging lasts for months. It is 12 cents a treatment for \$1.00 and about 10 times Catarrh cures you can get any where for the price. It destroys the germs of disease with a new germicide. I make easy to prove this beyond question by the following remarkable

SPECIAL OFFER For a short time, Dr. Rex will mail free to any one who sends him this advertisement, a complete set of his new Catarrh Inhaler, complete with medicine for one year. If it gives satisfaction send Dr. Rex \$1.00; if not, return it after three days' trial. Could any proposition be fairer? I cannot find words to express the good your inhaler has done me in three days. I have used many different kinds of medicine, but your remedy is the best I have ever used. L. W. PARKES, Peterboro, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED. Address: Dr. Rex Medicine Co. Box 1, Toronto

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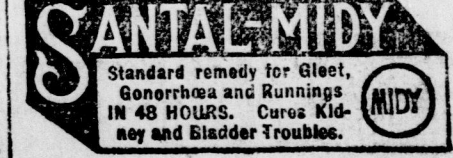
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Head Office: 75a Queen Victoria street, London, E.C. England, where visitors are invited to call.

HIS QUEST. "The secret of success," said the old man, impressively, "is hard work." "Just so," said his son, suppressing a yawn; "but I wasn't exactly looking for the secret of success; I was trying to find an agreeable substitute."

Minard's Liniment Lumbago's Friend



Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 hours. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Do not make life hard to any.—R. W. Emerson.

Duties retire evermore from the observation of those who slight them.—Sarah W. Stephen.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul, subdue our flesh, our minds control; May guile depart, and discord cease, And all within be joy and peace.—St. Ambrose.

Some of the happiest and most ideal homes, where peace, contentment and harmony dwell, have been the abodes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors, no costly paintings were on the walls, and there were no plants, no works of art; but there were contented minds, and unselfish and devoted lives. Each member of the family contributed as much as possible to the happiness of all, endeavoring to compensate by kindness and intelligence for the poverty of their surroundings.—Success.

I honor the man who is willing to sink Half his present repute for the freedom to think, And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak, Will risk 't'other half for the freedom to speak. Caring naught for the vengeance the mob has in store, Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.—Lowell.

THE MAN WITHOUT RESERVE.
How quickly a man without reserve goes to the wall, when anything unusual happens to him! Like a baby, he is all right as long as nothing comes in collision with him to expose his weakness. What a pitiable thing it is to see bright, strong young men facing an emergency or a crisis with no reserve of education, character, or training. How quickly they disappear! Like a rowboat on the ocean, when run into by an iceberg, the weaker vessel always founders in the collision.

FALSE ECONOMY IS A DESTROYER.
What would you think of an engineer who would try to economize on lubricating oil, at the expense of his machinery or engine? We should say that he is very foolish, but many of us do much more foolish things; for, while we do not economize on that which would injure inanimate machinery, we economize in cheerfulness, in recreation, in play, in healthful amusements, which would lubricate life's mechanism and keep it running smoothly.

How many of us allow the delicate machinery of our bodies, so wonderfully made, to run without lubrication until it is so worn, rasped, and ground away by friction that the whole being jars and shakes, as it were, when it should run noiselessly and unobtrusively! We economize in our friendships by neglecting them; we economize in our social life until we are obliged to pause in our life-work because the axles, so to speak, have become dry, and we have to stop to train every little while because of the hot-boxes, whereas, if we should only take our fun as we go along every day—if we would only lubricate our bearings by taking a few minutes here and there to see the ludicrous side of life or have a little chat with a friend, we might avoid much physical misery and many things detrimental to health.

How unfortunate it is that the poor, the people who should pay the least for things, pay the highest prices for nearly everything—prices which even people in better circumstances cannot afford. They buy shoes which come to pieces almost the first time they put them on, and purchase clothing which rips, and has to be constantly mended, and sewed, and which never looks neat. They buy their coal by the bucketful, even when they could better afford to buy it by the ton, thus paying two or three times what it is worth. They buy cheap groceries which is the worst kind of economy; adulterated spices, because they are cheaper; poor soaps, poor everything—and this is the worst kind of economy.

The poor would be shocked if they were told that they are more extravagant than the people who are well-to-do. It is not always because they cannot afford to buy in quantities, but they do not think. These people rarely calculate or use paper and pencil to figure out the cost. If poor people would learn how to use their brains, with even their small means, to the best possible advantage, and how to use the best economy—not for show, merely, but in a way which would greatly improve their condition.

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS.
Every now and then one of the many self-made men of our land gives public utterance to the opinion that a college education lessens rather than increases a boy's chance of being successful in the world, and these remarks, coming from one who has accumulated vast wealth without education, are so dispiriting, carry to some minds an altogether undue weight of authority. One such "magnate" has given it as his opinion with a few weeks, that the old-fashioned way, who "worked his way through college," was all wrong in making the sacrifices that process entailed. A college education he seemed to think is a distinct and grievous handicap, and the boy who spends four or five years before his legal majority in study, is

at a hopeless disadvantage compared with the boy who passes his time in actual work for pay. Out west there is being issued monthly a little magazine which tends in our opinion, to circulate most unfortunately the false gospel that wealth is the proper criterion of success. To the pages of this magazine everybody who reads, successful contributors who have made money contribute oblique, oblique sketches, the result being that "success" is coming to be more and more regarded as synonymous with money. Now this idea is, of course, quite wrong. Even Kipling has had one of his heroes say quite distinctly that it is wrong. Harvey Cheyne tells us frankly indeed, and he himself was a regenerate "magnate": "I made the mistake myself of starting in too soon. I can't compete with the men who have been taught. I can break them to little pieces, yes, but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live." Disraeli's definition of success strikes us as being much nearer the true one than that of our multi-millionaire. "The secret of success," he said, in one of his famous speeches, "is constancy to purpose." Tried by this standard, the youth who is caring for furnaces that he may pay his tuition is at elbows he may appear. But, of course, the very best thing about the education that the "magnates" despise is that it makes one quite indifferent to the standards of the plutocrat. All the philosophers from Solomon to Emerson have asserted that a man's wealth consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses, and have been right; but in the truth that they taught. And the Carlyle of our own time proclaimed no less vehemently than the Horace of old that it is not in lordly palaces nor in princely fortunes, but in honesty, ability, reputation, and above all, contentment, that wealth is to be reckoned.

That may pretty safely be said of a college education which Bishop Warburton in the House of Lords said once about high birth: "He never knew any one to despise it who had it, and he never knew any one to boast of it who had anything else to boast of." The scholarly parson and the accomplished schoolmaster will never yield in influence, so long as America maintains its ancient high standards of worth, to the unlettered rich man in the big house on the hill, nor will we, if we are wise, go to the other extreme and worship intellectual snobishness. Not by what a man has or knows, but by what he is, can his value to the community, the true test of success be determined.

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A SERMON FOR THE YULETIDE.

No "Peace on Earth" Till Men Seek One Another's Good.

Bells Ring Out the Old Message While Armed Men Swagger Past to Martial Aims.

It is wonderful how this hard, driving, money-loving age clings to its better ideals, and cherishes, even though it is in awful mockery, the secret hope of the Bethlehem song, written by "J. A. M." in the Toronto Star. The air is filled with the noise with crowds bent on their own pleasure or their own gain, social life is piced through with many bitter words of envy and strife, and even in the churches, where all should be at peace, there is heard the clash of warring creeds. All this is sadly, heartfully needful, and yet a bit of the season of the Christ's nativity draws near, there seems to come again through the cloven skies snatches of divine minstrelsy, and, for a while, at least, for the song of Bethlehem becomes the music of the world.

Is it not wonderful—O how wonderful—this stout refusal of the heart to surrender its pretty dreams. Here we are, a generation crooked and perverse, beyond all our forefathers, devoted passionately to money-getting and money-spending, our hands red with blood and the maddest lust for riches proofs of the truth that they taught. And the Carlyle of our own time proclaimed no less vehemently than the Horace of old that it is not in lordly palaces nor in princely fortunes, but in honesty, ability, reputation, and above all, contentment, that wealth is to be reckoned.

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Christmas in Foreign Lands.

In Scandinavia there is the greatest veneration for Yuletide. The courts are closed, old quarrels forgotten, feuds adjusted. A pretty symbol of the spirit that reigns is the practice of placing in a row every pair of shoes in each household so that during the year the family will live in peace and harmony. Candles are left burning to show the way to Yule Trumpe (the Christmas spirit), bringing the gifts. One sets a cake of meal in front of the house as a Christmas offering; for the birds as a Christmas offering is placed on a pole in front of each house to provide them with food. The family itself has no time to take a regular meal on twenty-fourth, although baking and cooking begin about four weeks before. On the day of the celebration at noon the whole household will assemble in the kitchen and dip a piece of bread in the ham broth, and every Yulekapp and the great supper following. After this games are played. They are usually interrupted by a knock at the door. Four or five boys dressed in the enter, who carries a star-shaped lantern, and another an ornamented glass box containing two dolls, the Virgin and the Christ-child. The boys sing Christmas carols. Afterward appear masked players who do tricks and play pantomimes.

Besides Scandinavia and Iceland, England has most faithfully preserved the custom of the Yule log, usually the rugged root of an oak, which is kept burning at Christmas time for twelve days. A piece is kept for the following year. It was first lit in honor of the birth of the sun god; then the custom was transferred to signify the eternal light. The log is drawn in triumph from its resting place amid shouts of laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passes. This is an example of the old Yule song:

Part must be kept here with to tend
The Christmas log next year
And where 'tis safely kept the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

In England a very important symbol of decoration is the mistletoe. It is customary for every young man to bring his beloved under the mistletoe, where he is allowed to kiss her. For this custom we are indebted to Scandinavian mythology. The plant was dedicated to the goddess Frigga. It was the emblem of love, and every one who passed under it received a kiss.

St. Nicholas is especially venerated in Russia. The emperor usually bears his name. In the rural life of Russia, Christmas evening is an important event. At sunset young and old assemble, forming a procession, and visit the village dignitaries, singing carols and receiving coppers. This part of the ceremony is called "kolenda," which means begging for money or presents. A masquerade follows, in which the adults transform themselves into cows, pigs and other animals, in remembrance of the nativity in the manger. In the evening supper is served on a table covered with straw. The feast begins by dividing the blessed wafers. An old Christmas custom is to sing a song. An old woman, a man and a boy execute that function. The gold-bristled animal is symbolic of light. Bringing in the wafers, the head was formerly and elaborate ceremony during the Christmas day, repeat at all mansions of the wealthy. The bear appears on Christmas day with a lemon, the old symbol of plenty, in his mouth.

In France we find a mixture of various customs. The up-to-date Parisian divides his Christmas dinner, the "revelion," into many courses, taking each at a different place, and reaching home for the last cup of coffee at breakfast time. The hanging up of stockings Christmas night is a common French custom. The children receive their presents hidden in shoes, like the Roman children at the time of the saturnalia. The Provencals, in the south of France, venerate the Yule log, called there "Cacho fio."

A SERMON FOR THE YULETIDE. VS. PICKWICK.

Some Striking Discoveries About Famous Characters.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh Was Drawn From Judge Gaselee—Other Points Brought Out.

(Percy Fitzgerald, in the London Daily Mail.)
No cause celebre of real life is so familiarly known, even to the "man in the street," as the fictitious one of Bardell vs. Pickwick. The mere allusions, such as "What the soldier said," the "extra double million magnifying glasses," and, above all, the "chops and tomato sauce"—to say nothing of the immortal warming pan—these are part of the current coinage of the newspapers. The case and its details were, it seems, detailed as early as Norton vs. Melbourne, which had caused a great sensation only a short time before. The trivial letters relied upon were parodied in the "chops and tomato sauce" love letters. Lord Melbourne was as innocent as Mr. Pickwick. The beautiful Caroline—who the present writer sat beside at a dinner party when she was somewhat faded—had evidently touched Lord's sympathies, as is shown by a vehement outburst in the account of Prince Bladud, referring to "breaking the heart of a woman."

We cannot identify most of the characters. Mr. Justice Stareleigh was drawn from Judge Gaselee, to whom Boz had a dislike, else he wrote under a complete misapprehension. For all legal writers and contemporaries agree that he was really an admirable judge, well grounded in law, patient in trying a case and courteous to suitors. He left the bench only a month or so after the appearance of the Pickwick part in which he was so ridiculed. It would seem that his peculiarities belonged to an eccentric Sicilian Arab, who made mistakes of the "Daniel Nathaniel" class. Of Judge Gaselee's family is the present General Gaselee—lately commanding in China. His grandson is in practice at the bar, and possesses a portrait of the judge. It is admitted, however, that in his later days the judge became somewhat "short" and impatient with witnesses, and Boz may have been present when he was one of these moods. The name Arabin, suggested Snubbin. Simpkin was no doubt Wilkin, a smart junior then in vogue, and later Sergeant Buzfuz the immortal was, of course, Sergeant Bompas, Q. C. His son, Judge Bompas, K. C., still flourishes—an excellent lawyer worthy of his sire. Mr. Burnand discovered a weak joint in Mrs. Bardell's case. This was brought out by Mrs. Cluppins, who deposed that her friend had been keeping company with a baker whom she evidently hoped to entangle, but he married somebody. A more skillful counsel than Snubbin would have made a great deal of this topic. It will be noted that there were two sergeants in the case, for the reason that in common pleas actions they only had the privilege of leading. It is rather astonishing to turn to the table of cases in "Taylor on Evidence"—two massive volumes bound in that piebald-colored leather—known in private as "Bardell vs. Pickwick." An account of the passage is given in a note to illustrate the doctrine of hearsay evidence. Boz himself told me that when reading in private he used that sort of charnel-house tones which Rogers, the poet, in his old age adopted. He always added to the original text, unless he regularly forgot and added a full register of "mentals." This really destroyed the whole point of the passage. It has often been objected by lawyers that there was no proof of an offer of marriage to lay before the jury, and that Mr. Pickwick ought to have had the verdict, but the jurymen were prejudiced against him.

The late Sir F. Lockwood, who had a passion for picking up scraps of defense of Dobson and Fogg, made out an excellent case. Even for their oppression of the wretched Ramsey he finds a sort of excuse, for he says it hangs on the evidence of one of the clerks, "on which we cannot much rely."

THE HISTORY OF THE MISTLETOE.
How the Plant Became Connected With Yule Tide Sentiment.
The part which is borne by the plants of the forest in making merry the Christmas season is not small. From very early days in the old land the custom to decorate the houses with evergreens, a practice which was derived either from the Romans, who were the first to use them, or from their friends at the festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about the same period, has been handed down to us. In the houses were decked with branches in order that the spirits of the forest might seek shelter among them during the bleak winds and frosts of winter. What ever be the exact origin, the decoration of houses and churches has become firmly connected with Christmas, and has had wrought into it, sometimes most fancifully, a Christmas significance. Holly, rosemary, laurel, bay, arbutus and ivy are hung in churches and houses, but the mistletoe is interdicted from the place of worship on account of its connection with the Druidic religion. There may possibly be other reasons also why the presence of the mistletoe would not be compatible with that spirit of reverence which is proper to a sacred edifice.

The holly was soon designated the holy tree, although the derivation of the two words is entirely different, and around it grew up traditions of special virtues it possessed from its associations. In Germany the holly is known as Christ-corn—the horn woven into the crown placed upon our Saviour's head at the time of the crucifixion, and the thorny foliage and blood-red berries are suggestive of the most Christian associations. The mistletoe, which grows as a parasite on the oak and other trees, was from very ancient times considered as a plant having magical properties, and it was specially prominent in the ceremonies of the Druidic worship. A legend of the old Scandinavian mythology explains the origin of the plant's privilege which the mistletoe permits. Baldr, the Apollo of the north, was rendered by his mother, Freya, proof against injury by the four elements, fire, air, earth and water. Loki, the evil spirit, however, being at enmity with him, fashioned an arrow out of mistletoe, which proceeded from none of these elements, and placed it in the hands of Hodur, the blind deity, who launched the fatal dart at Baldr and struck him to the earth. The gods decided to restore Baldr to life, and as a reward for his being used against adversity to prevent the plan of Loki under her sole control so long as it did not touch the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it has always been customary to

suspend mistletoe from ceilings, and so, whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it, they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that the plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

The Yule log was the special feature of Christmas Eve. On that evening a log of wood, usually of ash, was brought in with great rejoicing and cast upon the open hearth, whence it spread its joyous light and warmth over the scene of happiness and merriment with which the occasion was always celebrated.

But the contribution to the Christmas cheer which makes the greatest drain upon the forests of the present day is the furnishing of Christmas trees. When the first faint echoes of the Christmas chimes send out their message on the throbbing air, the youth of the forests, obedient to the signal, take up their march citywards, there to make happy the youth of the human race. And how many bright memories cling about the Christmas tree!

The tree is employed for this purpose as the fir, usually the balsam fir (Abies balsamea), which is easily distinguished by its small, flat, evergreen leaves, with a white under-surface, cut across by a green midrib. But we may, perhaps, since we have already wandered away from the domain of science, be permitted to leave a more technical description of the fir tree to some future occasion. And so we bid you a Merry Christmas!

The Little Doctor.
The wonderful sale of Dr. Rex Inhaler and the cures effected proves beyond a doubt that it is an article that should be in every home. We advise our readers to give it a trial. See their offer in this issue. 36-17-t.
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MUNYON'S INHALER CURES CATARRH.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A DIFFICULTY OBIATED.

Mr. T. Toatler—My dear, I do not think it is very appropriate for you to wear that wine-colored silk to the W. C. T. U. convention.

Mrs. T. Toatler—Oh, but it is watered silk, you know.—Baltimore American.

BALEFUL IGNORANCE.

Little Willie—Paw, where is the Isthmus of Panama?

Father—The Isthmus of Panama? Willie, do you mean to tell me that you have been studying grammar two years and you don't know where the Isthmus of Panama is? If you ain't able to conjugate the Isthmus of Panama for me by tomorrow night I'll make you go to bed at 6 o'clock.—Ohio State Journal.

OFFICE AND MAN.

Once upon a time, a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office reading postal cards, when a native cyclone suddenly came his way. The wind carried him through an east window, and in the direction of a chestnut grove, three miles distant.

In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree, busy picking chestnut burrs out of his hair and clothing, when he saw the building that he had so suddenly left coming directly towards him.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me!"

Moral—Sometimes the office seeks the man.

A BANK TELLER'S SCARE.

While eating his luncheon in the cozy corner of a downtown restaurant last Friday, the teller of a Broadway bank told an interesting experience that he had had the previous day.

"I never had such a fright in my life before," he said. "When I left home in the morning I planned to have my wife meet me at the bank at 4 o'clock, when we were to start on a little spree—have a dinner at the Waldorf and attend the theater at night."

"I took a dress coat and wore a silk hat, so as to be all ready to start when she came. The hat was placed on a shelf above my window, and from the beginning I planned to be all ready when my wife called. I kept tab on my checks and my cash in such shape that but little time would be required to balance my accounts when we closed at 3 o'clock."

"Matters went along as usual, excepting that a black cat kept in the bank came to visit me shortly after luncheon, jumped on the shelf and knocked my hat down on my checks and cash. You know that black cats are supposed to bring bad luck."

"Well, 3 o'clock came, and I hurried with the closing of my accounts. As fate would have it, for the first time in weeks there was an error. I was \$10,000 short. Then I was frightened."

I went over everything again with the same result. Four o'clock and my wife came, and I could not account for the \$10,000.

"I saw trouble, with a probable accusation of embezzlement. There was no leaving the bank with matters in that condition, so at it I went again—with the same result. Then I told the president of the situation, and he sent one of the bookkeepers to assist me. We went over everything, and yet the \$10,000 could not be accounted for."

My wife was patiently waiting for me, and when 6 o'clock came I decided to go with her to dinner, and come back afterward to renew the search for the error. I reached my hat from a shelf, and as I was placing it on my head out of it fluttered a check for \$10,000. The black cat was responsible for all my trouble."

A SAD SYMBOL OF HUMANITY.

Lessons Drawn From a Bit of
Exquisite Tapestry.

"It Is Not What You Do, But How You
Do It, Decides Your Fate"—The
Example of Christ

Whoever shall give a cup of cold water.—St. Matthew, x, 42.

My friend and I were looking at a bit of exquisite tapestry. It was the product of a loom that had brains and a soul. Generations had gazed upon it with admiration, but I doubt if anyone had done so with more reverence than my friend and I. He called my attention to the coloring of the central figure, to the dignity of its pose, as though it were half-conscious that it represented the nobility of thought and deed, which has always been the world's ideal.

Then, having assented to his criticism, I ventured to remark that three-quarters of the threads in the picture constituted a background at which no one looked a second time. Still, each separate thread was necessary to the perfection of the whole. The dull gray was as truly a component part of that whole as the brilliant colors in face or robe. What nobody ever saw was as important as what everybody looked at. The unnoticed thread on the farthest edge had its mission, and who shall judge its worth by its failure to excite admiration? I said to my heart that to be conspicuous is not the chief factor, and I thought to myself that perhaps the dullest thread in the entire fabric, were it endowed with consciousness, might be as happy with its humble task as its brother thread which was woven into the halo above the head.

That bit of tapestry is a somewhat sad and pathetic symbol of humanity. There are some among us of whom it may be said that they have been decreed to be successful in worldly affairs without any special merit on their part, and our crime is that they excite jealousy and envy in us, which is not only discouraging, but gives us a feeling that injustice has been done. Their work has a blaze of light on it, and becomes historical. Our work, on the contrary, is done in a corner, and though we be honest and faithful, we live without observation, and die unknown and, therefore, unregretted. We are the threads in the background, demoralized because we are not conspicuous.

But whether our task is great or little it is the task that God has set us, and that fact should give us good cheer. What matter is it whether we are in the world's eye if what we do is done well and with a true heart? Is anything small in the judgment of the Almighty? Is a man of no account in heaven because he is of no account on earth?

Are riches, or fame, or great deeds, in peace or war, any foundation for happiness? If we do our best with what has set us to do, need we worry because men do not look at us as we pass by? Is it applause or is it faithfulness that we seek?

"I am so little," moaned one the other day; "in the great aggregate I am so insignificant that I am quite invisible." That may be true, and yet one may build a great character out of honest though humble work as well as in the great aggregate of opportunities. It is not what you do, but how you do it, which decides your fate. Once get rid of desiring a high place, and be satisfied to do an honest day's work, the whole of it God's work, and you will make a little world of yourself, in which the spirit of Christ and contentment will dwell. Instead of comparing your condition with that of others, and so disturbing your soul, if you would think it enough to have the approval of God and conscience, and to labor cheerily, making the best of what you have, you would find yourself stronger, healthier and happier.

The Christ is our example in this in all other things. He had no jealousy of the good fortune of others, but lived his own life amid the surroundings which God ordained. He found pleasure in the friendship of those who were loyal, and when sorrow came the companionship of the other world sustained him. What this world could not supply he drew from the approval of God, and the Father worked together, and a peace which passeth understanding was the consequence.

Be yourselves, therefore. Measure your worth by the standard of duty well done, by the opinion of others. What they think of you is a matter of small concern, but what your conscience thinks of you is important. Be strong enough and independent enough to care for nothing except the right and true. You will not then need to seek for happiness, because it will come as sunshine comes to chase away the darkness. The smallest soul is great in the judgment of God, therefore keep that soul pure and manly, with heaven always in sight.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Christmas in Servia.

In Servia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the woods and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect that he can find. He brings it in, saying: "Good evening, and a happy Christmas," to which those present reply: "May God grant both to thee, and mayest thou have riches and honor." Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is placed upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The national dish in Servia is pork. The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner, stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs, after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck, and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.

THE REAL GOOD.

"What is the real good?" "Order," said the court; "Knowledge," said the school; "Truth," said the wise man; "Love," said the maiden; "Beauty," said the page; "Freedom," said the dreamer; "Home," said the sailor; "Equity," said the seer. Spake my heart full sadly, "The good is not here." Then within my bosom Softly this I heard: "Each heart holds the secret; Kindness is the word."

THE POETS.

METAMORPHOSIS.

The golden voices of the nobler day,
Uttering the Statesman's or the Sage's thought,
Or from the Muse's mountain fastness blown;
Great voices of great lovers of their land;
All have departed, all return no more.

What of their mighty Mistress, her whom these
Gloried to serve? Behold! she staggers forth,
Paving her path with babes and sucklings slain;
Shouting her own applause, it haply so
She may shout down the hisses of the world;

Warned vainly, and rebuked by all her past,
England, our ancient England, strange and new!

O loveliness transformed, what Comus-wand
Hath touched thee? What enchantment hath prevailed,
That thou so deep descendest from so high,
Fall'n to this ogre's work, more meet for them
That painted crimson the Anatolian snows?

At least one singer, honoring evermore
Thine inmost soul through all its outward change,
Shall not, in life's last passion of farewell,
When the dark wings close over him, bear hence
The dreadful memory, that he once blasphemed,
With benison on cruelty bestowed
The holy spirit of song; or stood at gaze,
Unto these deaths consenting, foully mute.

W. Watson.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will look ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shrink
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drugging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings;
For station high,
That wealth can buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays—a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.

The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success;
While what is right
In heaven's sigh
Is always sure to bless.

—Anon.

THE BUILDERS.

I dwell near a murmur of leaves,
And my labor is sweeter than rest,
For over my head in the shade of the eaves
A throstle is building his nest.

And he teaches me gospel of joy,
As he surges and shouts in his toll;
It is brimming with rapture, his wild employ,
Bearing a straw for spoil.

So I know 'twas a joyous God
Who stretched out the splendor of things,
And gave me my bird the cool green sod,
A sky, and a venture of wings.

But why are my brothers so still?
They are building a lovely hall—
They are building a palace there on the hill,
But there's never a song in it all!

—Edwin Markham.

BEAUTY.

Not majesty in mountain, brooding, vast,
Nor charm of valley at the foothills cast;
Not myriad stars thrilling the silent night,
But lowly flowers painted with pencilled light;

Not day, but dawn; not sun, but its fine setting;
Not matchless deeds, but their divine begetting.

Older than time, more than embracing space,
Before all truth, beyond uplifting grace—
Gleam of an eye, the sweetness of a smile;

In form and face that to fair love beguile;

In character great characters adore:
In sacrifice that only craves for more;
In wisdom, goodness, usefulness and art;
In evil's purpose, but of it no part;
The essence of all feeling that is kind;
The faith and worship of a present mind;

In heart and home more than in house or head,
To all things worthy most worthily wed,
Not what man sees so much as his rapt seeing.

Not in his life, but his immortal being!

—Charles W. Stevenson.

THE UNIVERSAL ROUTE.

As we journey along, with a laugh and a song,
We see on youth's flower-decked slope,
Like a beacon of light, shining fair on the night,
The beautiful Station of Hope.

But the wheels of old Time roll along as we climb,
And our youth speeds away on the years;

And with hearts 'hat are numb with life's sorrows we come
To the mist-covered Station of Tears.

Still onward we pass, where the milestones, alas!
Are the tombs of our dead, to the west.
Where glitters and gleams, in the dying sunbeams,

The sweet, silent Station of Rest.

All rest is but change, and no grave can estrange
The soul from its Parent above;
And, borrowing the rod, it soars back to its God.

To the limitless City of Love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



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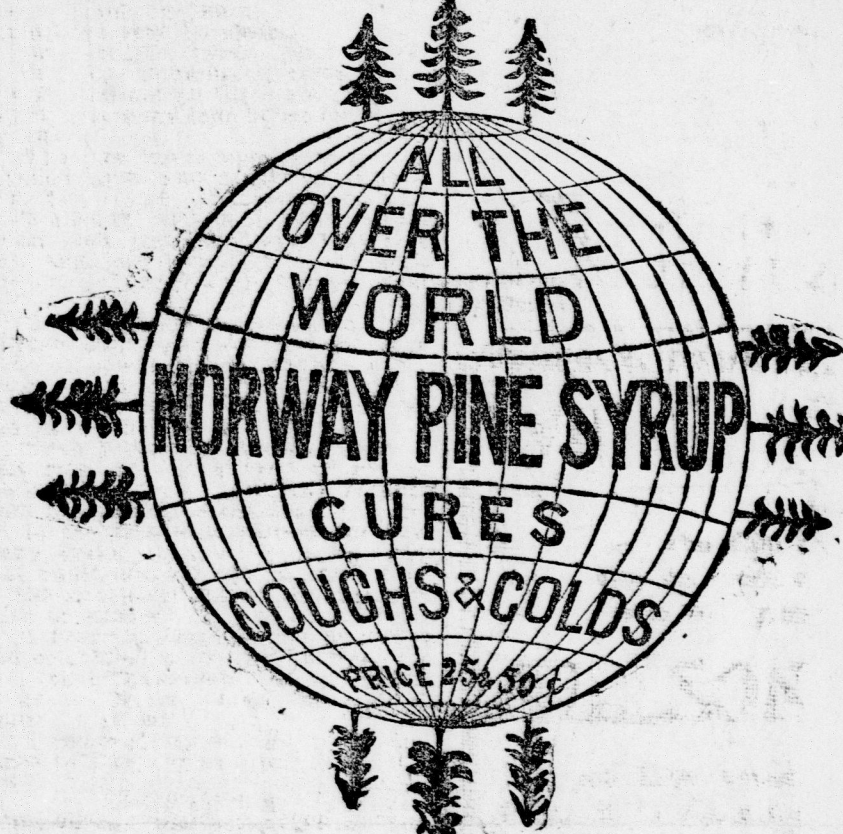
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Christmas Games For the Children.

Games for the children always find their proper place in the Christmas gatherings around the Yule log. Here are one or two which provide plenty of fun for players and onlookers:

Queen Dido Is Dead.—The company must sit in a circle, the larger the circle is, all goes the merrier. The leader says to his left-hand neighbor, "Queen Dido is dead." "How did she die?" asks the neighbor. "She died going so," replies the leader, at the same time raising his right hand and letting it fall on his right knee. The question and answer has passed from one to another until every one in the circle has his right hand thrashing his right knee. A second time the leader asserts that Queen Dido has left the land of the living, and asserts that she not only died with her right hand in perpetual motion, but her foot as well. The third time round he raises his left hand, then his left foot, and finally wags his head from side to side, and the company follow suit. The game may be further continued by working one's eyes and running one's tongue out and in.

"Simon Says 'Thumbs Up!'" is another very old and ridiculous game. The company sit in a circle, as for "Queen Dido," and when the leader remarks: "Simon says 'Thumbs up!'" all place their fists on their knees, with their thumbs sticking up. When he asserts: "Simon says 'Thumbs down!'" all reverse the position. The funny part of this game is that the position is to be changed only when the leader says "Simon says." If he merely remarks: "Thumbs up," or "Thumbs down," the position must not be changed, and those who forget this and reverse thumbs at the wrong moment, must pay a forfeit. As the commands are given faster and faster, much merriment follows, and usually the whole company have numerous forfeits to redeem.

The Potato Race.—A game requiring no effort of the mind, and invariably laughter provoking is the Potato Race. Place in two parallel rows and about two feet apart, five large and irregular potatoes, and at the end an empty bowl. The contestant must pick up each potato on a teaspoon, carry it to the bowl, and drop it in. The potato must not be touched by hand or foot, and if dropped must be picked up on the spoon again. Watch attitudes and faces and exultations of will, for, oh, how that left hand will want to help! Even the most dignified must unbend in his genial struggle. Record is kept of those first succeeding in getting all the potatoes into the bowl, and these again race against each other until the champion reveals himself or herself. This should be played, if possible, on an uncarpeted floor.

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CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE GRANGE

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.

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When Awdrey sent her young brother, Gorham, spurring to Hurdingle to fetch me in hot haste to Lanston Grange, I knew the cause must be urgent and scented danger in the air. We had heard whisperings and mutterings of fresh Jacobite trouble, and I feared my uncle, Sir Guy Lanston, had allowed himself to be drawn once more into the business.

Some ten days before a stranger, a Master Richard Lovelace, had appeared suddenly at the grange, and my uncle had set off on a mysterious visit from which he had not returned. Now it was concerning this Lovelace that something of a cloud had come between my sweet Awdrey and me. I had come upon the two in close conversation, and had seen the fellow kiss her hand with a look in his dark eyes that had set my blood tingling and my fingers pricking with a desire to punish him for his meddlesome intrigues.

Awdrey had but laughed at my moody remonstrance, and when I questioned her would tell me nothing.

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey, you but worsen matters," she cried, with a toss of her pretty head. "Because a gallant gentleman in a hard case lays his lips to Awdrey's poor fingers and your wits are not sharp enough to see the rea-

son, you must needs leap like a blind horseman into the slough of mistrust and cry, 'It is Awdrey's fault.' Is everything you cannot understand to be Awdrey's fault?"

"And were my lips to go a-mumbling Mistress Pallister's fingers would you cry 'Geoffrey is right. Well met, lips and fingers?'"

"Mistress Pallister, forsooth!" she exclaimed again in high dragoon, and walked away with her head in the air.

"If you leave me like that, Awdrey, I'd better go and—"

She broke into my surly words with a laugh.

"Yes, better go away and stay away until your wits are sharpened enough to guess the riddle of your own mistrust. Mistress Pallister, indeed!"

"I'll return when my Master Lovelace has gone," I replied stantly, and came away; and for a week had not been to the grange. Seven miserable days they had been. So you may think how my heart beat when I got her message by young Gorham, and knew that in the time of danger she had turned to me, and how willingly I sent my horse galloping straight across country to Lanston that bright December morning.

She was waiting for me in the large domed hall of the grange, pacing restlessly up and down by the huge equestrian statue—the statue of old Sir Guy, who fought with the great Edward and won his gold spurs at Cressy and Poitiers, and founded the Lanston family. Her face and manner were full of trouble.

"I have not forgiven you, Sir Mistrust, though I have sent for you," she said; but her sweet blue eyes were telling another tale.

"You are in trouble, sweetheart. When I have helped you, send me away again if you will," I said.

"You have learned how to stay away."

"And a harder penance never given a penitent, Awdrey."

"A sincere penitent should never sue in vain, it is true," she said demurely; and then with a smile looked up and added: "So you're forgiven. And, O, Geoffrey, the trouble is sore, indeed."

"Tell me," I answered, and when she did tell me I saw in truth she had not underjudged it. This Lovelace was a far greater one than I had deemed—no less than the young Pretender himself. He had come over at

the bidding of certain reckless counsellors who had advised that a rising could be organized if he would but show himself to his followers; and now the plans and all mislaid, his presence in England had been discovered, and he had fled to Lanston to hide while means could be devised for his crossing again to France. It was this business which had taken Sir Guy away, and the ill news had come that he had been laid by the heels by his old enemy, the gout, and had done nothing.

Nor was that the worst. Sir Burton Prendergast had got wind of the matter in some way, and might be trusted to do his worst against Lanston. A more malignant, rancorous, spiteful rat of a man did not breathe in all the good county of Sussex than Sir Burton, and he had never forgiven Awdrey for having rejected him year ago, nor for having won her from him, and would welcome a chance to strike at Lanston. If it were known who Lovelace was, and that the grange had sheltered him, the consequences would be no less than ruin. The government had not yet forgiven Sir Guy for his old Jacobite work, and would readily seize on any pretext now for punishing him and his.

"I don't know what to do, Geoffrey,"

"You can see for yourself," I said.

cried my cousin, wringing her hands distractedly. "Tomorrow we have, as you know, our customary Christmas eve masquerade and every one will be here; and if he does not show among the guests suspicion will be aroused, while if he does he may be recognized and we shall be ruined."

"He must be away, sweetheart. I can do it. Why didn't Sir Guy come to me?"

"Because you are not with us in this."

"True, I am no Jacobite, but when was a Hardingle not with Lanston in an hour of trouble? But I can do it, I will."

"I knew you would," and she smiled as she laid her hand in mine.

"I see it," I exclaimed, as a thought struck me. "I'll to Shoreham and charter a vessel from old Nick Nessel; by there, and we'll have her off the coast by dusk tomorrow and a boat in Master's cove, down by Dencher's gully, ready manned for Master Lovelace by then. Let him keep close till then; nay, better let him ride away openly this afternoon and return secretly after dark, then lie here hidden till the morrow at dusk. I'll be here to guide him, and if we don't tick this Pretender, write me down fool."

"Where can we hide him, Geoffrey?" cried Awdrey, nervously. "If anyone should come they will surely find him here."

"No one will come, sweetheart. And they do have you, the sister hiding place in all the three kingdoms, here in this very hall? It is not the first time old Sir Guy has served and saved the Lanstons. Where are your sharp woman's wits, dearest?"

"Of course," I replied, "the forgotten bronze horse," and she smiled.

The statue was, in truth, a hiding place of the best. In the troubles of the civil war the Lanston of his day had conceived a cunning arrangement by which arms and ammunition and at need a fugitive royalist could be hidden in the great house. By a shrewd contrivance the legs of the knight swung on hinges and covered a space large enough to admit a man's body; the entrance being concealed by the armour of the horse; and means had been devised by which Sir Guy could be admitted through the joints of the armor.

I lost no time, but rode off at once on my errand. I had but little difficulty

in providing the needed vessel and arranging among my own men for the boat to be in readiness at Master's cove, and so though it was I rattled to Lanston to tell Awdrey that all was well.

But Sir Burton Prendergast was not in my charge, Awdrey and young Gorham and I stood in the decorated hall chatting with that mingling of nervousness and strained cheerfulness which the crisis of such a matter will commonly evoke when the actors are all alike full of anxiety and each wishes to hide the feeling from the others.

"We are rather like our guest in build, Geoffrey," said Gorham, but Awdrey protested with a blush and a flash of the eyes. Gorham, boylike, was the most positive for the protest, however, and made me stand with my back to them while he pointed out the marks of resemblance, and we were still discussing this when we caught sight of the guest coming down stairs. Just at that same moment one of the serving men dashed in at the front

point of arrival. I would beg you to do your worst speedily."

Without more ado a number of the men were brought in, and while Awdrey, Gorham and I waited in the hall, they spread all over the house and searched it from roof to cellar. At the end of an hour or so Capt. Hilary came with many apologies for the unwelcome business, and declared that he had evidently been misled by wrong information.

We watched the soldiers form up and depart, and Awdrey drew a deep sigh of relief as she linked her arm in mine.

"How good that you were here, Geoffrey," she whispered. "And what next?"

"As soon as they are well away, your guest and I must be off, Gorham, see to the horses are ready, and then slip away and watch the men well out of sight, and note the road they take. Quick, lad!"

Awdrey and I waited alone together in the hall. The strain of the excitement had wrought upon her nerves somewhat, and she was very sweet, gracious and loving, as I sought to soothe and reassure her. Gorham came hurrying in.

"There's something wrong, still, Geoffrey," Sir Burton Prendergast was waiting by Overbury Cross, and met the captain there, the Sir Burton's confidence and are now coming back here together. Can Sir Burton know anything?"

"We shall see, and must hope he does not," I answered quickly, and soon after Capt. Hilary returned Sir Burton with him.

The officer came to the point at once. He had learned that the prisoner he sought was still in the house, and he must therefore take further measures, and must remain in the grange."

I did not like the thing at all, and liked it far less when at Sir Burton's suggestion he said he would remain in the hall, that all must pass in or out of the house by that way, so that he could see them, and that all the other doors must be locked, with men posted outside.

It was in all truth a very awkward predicament; and as I was racking my brain for some expedient, young Gorham's words, that I was like Sir Lovelace, when seen from behind, occurred to me, and suggested a plan to outwit them. If the soldiers remained in the hall, poor Master Lovelace must either be driven out of the house, or the event would be ruin. My plan was therefore to play escaping from the house, get to my horse and lead the soldiers a dance across the country in pursuit.

There was a small casement from which I could easily leap to the terrace below, make a dash for the stable yard, where the horses were ready, and ride away across the park as you would.

That was easy, but it must be so done that one or other of the sentries should catch sight of me, and thus bring the rest of the pack upon my heels.

I knew where the men were posted, and having from an upper window attracted the attention of the groom who had my horse in readiness, I went down, opened the casement, and leapt out. It was now getting dusk, and a soldier who was close at hand saw and challenged me instantly, and discharged his musket as I was darting towards the stable.

In a moment the whole place was in the utmost confusion, and as I mounted, taking care to pretend a violent attack upon the man who held my horse, while I told him to say that I was a stranger to him, the troopers were already to horse at once and came clattering round the old house after me.

Things went just as I would have had them. I was careful that none of the men should see my face, and I put my horse at the ha-ha and leapt into the park.

I did not hurry matters at the start. The ha-ha caused a little trouble to some of the troopers, and my wish being to bring as many as I could away from the grange, it was my cue to let them think that they could catch me. But this had consequences of a different kind. Those who could not take the lead stopped to empty their muskets after me, and then, finding the gate, they came streaming through.

Old Noll had little relish for the shooting, and when one of the balls, from an accidentally well-aimed shot, came ripping and singing close to his ears, he shook his head and plunged forward as though impatient to be out of range.

It was a new sensation to play the part of the fox in the hunt, but I had no qualms about the result.

I went easily across the great park, therefore, dropped into Winthorpe lane at the end, rattled across Twinnbury common, and skirted Three-Cornered Cope, being careful all the time to keep as much in sight of the hounds as the fast darkening evening would allow.

Once I played a trick on them and let them come almost upon me. I had near up old Noll up the steep side of the Haunch, and one across it I dismounted and waited for my pursuers. On catching sight of me the men raised such a shout of exultation as brought all the lagards spurting up, and they dashed toward me, making sure of their capture.

But I was ready, and picking my way along the zig-zag sides of the Haunch, I carried out the plan I had formed. At the bottom of the valley, between the Haunch and Dandy Chine, lie the Quagmire woods, as nasty and dangerous a bit of country as you could meet, and into this I purposed to lead them by degrees. Noll and I knew the way well enough, but it was another case with the fellows who were after me. I led them into the middle of the woods, and when I reached the sudden turn by Dead Man's Corner, I gave Noll his head, and away we flew, along the track, leaving the men floundering in the quagmire, calling to one another and shouting and oathing fiercely.

We were soon clear off, and urging the old horse to his utmost efforts, I headed in the direction of Hurdingle, and rattled home at a pace which would have surprised the soldiers in doubt could they have seen the plan I had formed. A number of the guests had arrived and were grouped about in the rooms and the hall, looking mightily ill at ease and uncomfortable, while Awdrey was far more distressed than before, and had been weeping.

"You have been away, Sir Geoffrey," she said.

"I am not aware that I am your prisoner, or accountable to you for my movements," I answered brusquely.

"I think you have carried this farce far enough. In truth, I shall hold you responsible for the outrage to which I have been subjected. Because I

chose to leave here and gallop to Hurdingle for a change of costume, your fellows, forsooth, must needs come clattering after me, firing their muskets, and actually putting my life to the hazard. You'll find them now, hard stuck in the bogs on the other side of Muttletbury Haunch. But the thing is intolerable. Come, Awdrey, let us go to the guests and leave the gentlemen to do as they will."

The captain's face darkened as I said this, while Sir Burton Prendergast gave me an ugly, sneering look; and when Awdrey put her hand on my arm she showed in her fingers a slip of a note and whispered, "Take it. Danger."

"This farce, has gone far enough, Sir Geoffrey, as you say," cried Prendergast, growing angry, and coming to us. "Mistress Awdrey, will you remain in my charge. Have a care."

He added in a whisper, which could not reach the captain's ears. "I know the secret of this statue, and shall tell it, unless Mistress Awdrey purchases my silence in the way I have told her."

I could have struck him for his cowardly threat, but I masked my temper.

"Probably she will put herself in my hands, Sir Burton, seeing that she is affianced to me."

"If she does not wish to ruin her father and you all, she will tell you rather that she is affianced to me, Sir Geoffrey. A word from me and this thing will be known. And I am in deadly earnest."

But the game was not lost yet, for all that. I knew that my ruse had drawn off nearly all the troops, and that if I could but smuggle Master Lovelace out of the house, he could get away easily from the house with one of my men to act as guide.

I stood a moment as if thinking, in great perplexity, and then giving Awdrey a significant pressure of the hand that lay on my arm, I released it.

"I see no other course, Awdrey, but to comply. You had better take Sir Lovelace and go to the ballroom. We must start things going, or the whole country will think we are mad."

His face lighted with triumph as he held out his arm and my sweet Awdrey, who was very pale and frightened, a significant pressure of the hand that lay on my arm, I released it.

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captain?" I asked. "We are at your commands, but you will understand that our Christmas keeping is not likely to be the merrier for any prolonging of this matter."

"I shall hold you responsible for this, Sir Burton. You have kept me here while things have been arranged for the prisoner's escape. I withdraw my men and shall make my report."

Thus the interfering bully found himself prostrate between the two of us and in danger of kicks from both.

"If the prisoner was in concealment there and you knew it you have prevented my capturing him. Why didn't you tell me, sir?"

I smiled at this turn, but it was not our cue to let the captain believe we had ever concealed any one.

"Rest your mind easy and do not blame even this meddling mischief-maker causelessly. We have no one at the grange whom we wish to conceal," and this was true, for by this time Master Lovelace was well on his way to the boat.

Capt. Hilary went away then, grumbling and smarting with the irritation of the man who feels he has been tricked but cannot lay finger on the proof, and as soon as he was gone I signaled to Awdrey and Gorham to lead the guests away while I deigned the cowardly traitor who had come so near to causing serious mischief.

"A word with you, Sir Burton," I said shortly. "You have acted tonight the part of a coward and a spy, and in doing it you have cast imputations on me. Tonight I do not make it a personal matter, but tomorrow if you are still in the county of Sussex, or if within six months you show your face here, I give you my honor that I will horsewhip you first and shoot you afterward. You know whether I am a man to keep my word."

He turned pallid with fear, said not a syllable, and without more than one sneaking, furtive, frightened look at me, slunk away, and the next morning left the country for his health's sake.

I was still loitering in the hall when Gorham came and told me how he had managed to get Master Lovelace away, and as I was praising him for his smartness Awdrey came.

"Is all safe now, Geoffrey?"

"Yes, sweetheart, you can dance with a free heart."

"A free heart?" she echoed, playing on my words and smiling.

"So far as all that is concerned."

"All that was very terrible, while it lasted. But you did splendidly."

"A penitent had to earn his forgiveness, Awdrey. Is it earned?"

"Not quite earned yet. You gave me up very readily to Sir Burton, you know," she cried, and withdrew the hand she had slipped into mine, moved some paces away, and stood gazing at me, demure in face, but with eyes all alight with smiles.

"How can I earn it? I did what I did for the best."

"Your are bad at guessing riddles," she laughed.

"She's under the mistletoe, Geoffrey, don't you see?" cried Gorham from the doorway, with a laugh.

"Mistletoe, Gorham!" exclaimed Awdrey, blushing rose red, but before she could turn to run after him I had caught her in my arms.

"It is Christmas eve, sweetheart, and I am a clown of a penitent," I whispered, as I kissed her.

"You deserve to be punished for your dullness," she protested.

"Then give it me back, Awdrey," and I held her happy, blushing face close to mine.

"If it's under compulsion."

"That's a new name for mistletoe," cried Gorham again, as he ran off to join the dancers.

We lingered a moment for that which was under neither mistletoe nor compulsion, and then followed him, forgetting all about the recent crisis, and as happy a pair of lovers as any Sussex could find that merry Christmas eve.

"THE TERRIBLE TWINS"

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South American Rheumatic Cure relieves in 6 hours and cures in 1 to 3 days.

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Relief from the first dose—marvellous cures have been made in from one to three days.

For sale by C. McCallum & Co.



GRUMPY'S LAST GAME OF POOL

A Mournful Man Tells About It
Over Apple Toddy.

Though But a Plain Bulldog He Was
Most Skillful Pool Player in
All Jersey.

Chester, New York, Dec. 17.—Such a solemn-looking man hadn't come into the Howland House within any one's recollection. He looked less mournful, though, after taking the green and yellow tippet from around his neck, and putting his ear muffs in his pocket. He looked around a spell, and said to Baldy, the landlady, "I see you haven't any pool table."

Baldy said, no, he hadn't. "And it ain't likely that Bill Summerdyke will be in here by and by?"

"I don't think it is."

"You know Bill, don't you?"

"Never heard of him before."

"No? Then the chances are that you don't know Sam Seifridge."

"Never heard of him, either."

"Then I'll set down and rest awhile. If it ain't likely that Bill will come in it ain't likely that Sam will. Pool tables and Bill Summerdyke and Sam Seifridge would only increase my sadness."

"To me a bitter memory goes along with pool and Bill and Sam. A bitter memory."

Baldy, the landlady, said it was too bad. The solemn man toyed with his tippet and sighed. Then after a while he said:

"I s'pose you've got some?"

"Plenty of it," replied Baldy.

"Make it hot," said the solemn man. "And put a baked apple in it. I like it that way."

It was made hot, with a baked apple in it. The man was right. He liked it that way. He put the goblet down empty, by and by, wiped his mouth with his tippet, and sighed again. It wasn't long, though, before he spoke up and said:

"Has it got over here yet about Grumpy?"

"Not yet," said Baldy, the landlady. "I thought maybe it hadn't, things look so cheerful around here. You've heard of Grumpy, of course?"

"Grumpy? Grumpy? What was his first name?"

"Grumpy was his first name. And Grumpy was his last name. Grumpy was all the name he had. He was a dog. A bulldog. He was mine. And he would be mine yet if it hadn't been for pool and Bill Summerdyke and Sam Seifridge. There wasn't a better pool player in New Jersey than Grumpy, and—"

"What's that?" said Baldy, the landlady, sharp and snappy, and looking with suspicion on the solemn man who sighed and said:

"Grumpy was the best pool player in New Jersey. I said. He could—but I see you never heard of Grumpy. I will tell you about him. Then you will know."

"I raised him from a pup. I won't dwell on the smartness he developed in a general way, for you would think I was lying. You couldn't help it. Some of the things he did were so amazing, I will simply refer to the genius he developed after Sam Seifridge put in that pool table."

"Grumpy seemed to find new life in that pool table. The click of the balls pleased him more than his dinner. He hung around Sam's, watched the games and got so he would howl for joy over a good shot."

"I was just tickled to death to see him, and, although I wasn't so much surprised when one day I saw him giving evidence that he was a shot in the few things worth knowing, I was highly gratified. I heard the balls clicking one day, and peeking through the door to see who was playing, I saw Grumpy lustily knocking the balls about with his paws."

"I didn't think anything about it until I had stood there a few seconds and watched him. Then I was pleased. I tell you. Say, he was pocketing balls like a professional!"

"Such combinations, such cross-table cushion hits, such bank shots as Grumpy was getting away with were enough to make a champion jealous. It was a pleasing sight, indeed. It was worth going miles to see."

"I just stepped up to that pool table and grabbed a cue. I couldn't help it. And Grumpy yelled with joy. He beat me three straight games so quick that I hardly got a shot, and they counted me a little the best shot in the whole of Pochuck spread of waters at that. Then that amazing dog played fifteen balls to my six and beat me, and I quit."

"That was Grumpy. Folks used to

come from all over to see him best all comers. That's the way Bill Summerdyke took to coming there. Bill was a sport, and he knew tricks that made him talked about."

"I knew how sick he was, and I ought to have known better when he offered to bet me \$100 one night that he could pocket the one ball, the fifteen ball and the cue ball all in one pocket the third shot after the break. I took him up, pay or play."

"Grumpy had kept pulling my coat tails and growling at me all the time we talked about the bet, and if I hadn't been having some that night I'd have seen that Grumpy was dead set against my making the bet. He had seen Bill Summerdyke do the trick time and again, but I never had."

"But I'd been having some, and I paid no heed to Grumpy and made the bet. And if you will make it hot and put a baked apple in it, I will have some now."

All of which having been done, the solemn man resumed:

"I made the bet, and Grumpy went grinning into a corner and turned his back on the whole business. Bill Summerdyke made one shot. Pete Goble was going after 'coons that night and came and called me out to see if I wouldn't go along."

"While I was out, Bill and Sam went to the other room to take some, and they got back to the table the same time I did. Bill he took up the cue and made the last shot and he stopped."

"See here," he said, "where's the one ball?"

"The one ball was missing, sure enough, but I was onto Bill's game, I thought, in a flash. He was full of tricks."

"William," I said, "this won't do. You can't go and swipe a ball like that so as to make the bet a draw. Not on me you can't. Play or pay!"

"There was some warm words, but I am a little handy with my hands when there is nothing weighty on my spirit down, and Grumpy got up and came on the scene in a way that wasn't likely to be pleasant for Bill; so he paid the bet and went away madder than a wildcat."

"While Bill Summerdyke hadn't come over that night. Then pool and him and Sam Seifridge wouldn't be a bitter memory."

"I felt so good at beating Bill at his trick shot that I felt quite a little more before I went home, and Grumpy actually howled with joy. It almost fetched tears to me, I tell you, when I think of it. For the next morning I found Grumpy curled up dead as a stone hammer."

"Yes, sir, dead as a stone hammer."

"Joe," said I to Joe Cobb, the horse doctor, as soon as I could find words, "what ailed that dog?"

"Joe went to work at Grumpy and found out. The missing one ball was found in Grumpy's maw. Grumpy had swiped the ball that night and swallowed it while we were all out, so that I wouldn't lose my money. Grumpy's head and heart were right, and if his digestion had only been equal to the occasion pool and Bill and Sam would not be a bitter memory to me now."

The solemn man wrapped his tippet about his neck, readjusted his ear muffs, rose with a sigh and went out. Baldy, the landlady, thought it over a while and then said:

"And I only charged him 20 cents for them two hot apple toddies!"

Angelus.

[From the Italian of Cesare Rossi.]
Sinking the sun; the day is high to waning.
And darkness, trusty handmaid of the night,
The light's fair hues with murky veil is staining.

All cries are hushed; all sound to silence dieth;
On the deserted road a peasant wight,
With questioning glance to my salute repleth.

But from the belfry floats a sweet voice,
Clear o'er the hamlet, where all noises cease;
There, where the Cross is shining, hear it pealing,
The bell that rings this message:
"Peace, soul, peace!" M. A. V.

IDEAL PHYSIQUE

Few Persons Have the Measurements of
Perfect Proportions.

"The tailor who spends his life in taking human measurements could probably tell an interesting story about the decline physically of men and women," said a man who takes a deep interest in physical culture and other processes tending to arrest deteriorating conditions. "I doubt if the measurements taken by tailors will show many perfect men and women. Too many men are wearing 44 collars and too many women are short on waist dimensions."

Fourman's book a few days ago, and I was struck by the dimensions agreed upon by the best and most authentic authorities for physical perfection in both men and women. Take the measurements, for instance, of the perfectly proportioned man, with a height of 6 feet 2½ inches; girth of chest, 46 inches; girth of waist, 38 inches; length of upper leg, 17½ inches; length of lower leg, 14½ inches; largest girth of thigh, 22½ inches; girth of calf, 16 inches; length of arm, 26 inches, and weight, 150 pounds. Go to the tailor and ask him how many men come up to this standard. I imagine that one would spend much time before finding the perfect physical conditions in conjunction with a single man.

"The fact of the business is, that these proportions are the result of idealistic theorizing. A man would be perfect, indeed, physically, who could show a reasonable approximation of this standard. Our tailor's record would probably disappoint us badly, and we would likely become confirmed believers in the doctrine of physical degeneracy in our far as members of our sex is concerned. Man has been dwindling somewhat even in the range of one's own memory. One need not go to the tailors, nor to the vast heath of statistics which have been compiled by persons who take a peculiar interest in man's physical aspect. One is conscious of being smaller than one's father, and less robust, and lacking in that hardness of temperament found in the sire and the grandsire. Yet the tailor's record will probably show a few isolated instances where men have preserved the proportions found in the physical measurements of the perfect man. And this, after all, is the goal toward which physical culture is drifting. It is not so much a question of larger men in stature, but rather a question of men more perfectly balanced physically, at least the equilibrium found in the perfect measurements of the physical culture doctrine. If one must weigh 150 pounds, and stand up to a height of over 6 feet, one might as well give up on the start. But one may at least approximate the ideal proportions, and this is what physical culture proposes to do."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A GENTLEMAN OF STANDING

Interesting Information of the
Ways of Brigands.

A Pre-Ancient Character of Romantic
Associations—Miss Stone's
Abduction.

A new Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," rings in our ears. This time it is a woman's. At the opening of the twentieth century, the same situation confronts us as that in 1801. Then collections were taken in the churches to ransom American captives held in the prisons of Tripoli. In Mohammedan countries the name of the young United States was the synonym for poverty and impotence. Today in the same region the United States means wealth and weakness.

On the 3rd of September, in the Turkish province of Macedonia, on a road frequently traveled, Miss Ellen M. Stone and a party of eleven other persons, were surrounded by a mountain band of thirty or forty Bulgarian brigands, who spoken broken Turkish, wore Turkish clothes and had their faces masked or blackened. The Bulgarian brigands (or were they Turkish?) were politely careful to dismiss the English clergyman, his wife and his wife's father, but in hope of a large ransom (\$40,000) they kept the American lady.

A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER.

The brigand is a pre-ancient character. Long before the days of Barabaz he was in old Greece and Rome. Indeed, without him much of their fascinating mythology would lose point. He is a figure of the past, and after he has been properly hanged, broken on the wheel, or boiled in oil, his exploits form the staple of nursery lore ever after. The folklore of China, Japan and India, who do not know him as the English of Robin Hood, Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin. In a Japanese inn, one bathes in a tub named after a knight of the round table, who is said to have been a brigand.

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It is a duty to go on to say that the brigand is a figure of the past, and after he has been properly hanged, broken on the wheel, or boiled in oil, his exploits form the staple of nursery lore ever after. The folklore of China, Japan and India, who do not know him as the English of Robin Hood, Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin. In a Japanese inn, one bathes in a tub named after a knight of the round table, who is said to have been a brigand.

anarchy prevails more or less, as it has long prevailed in Macedonia and Bulgaria. Usually he is in collusion with the authorities, and his plunder is often shared by the military, especially the unpaid military, who are supposed to exterminate him. The brigand is usually a very religious man, and eminently orthodox, with a conscience void of offense. He follows his business in order to pay his church assessments. He vows to the Virgin, or some favorite saint, to burn so many candles, or offer so many prayers, according to the amount of booty collected by his larger ransom. He hopes all the more to glorify his God. Not only is this true in Calabria, in Spain, in the line from Vienna to Naples, and all over the Levant, but even in our own country, where Chinese robbers are devout to the last degree. Curiously enough, Miss Stone has been captured by "buggers," the people, who, because of their ancient past, gave in Western Europe the name (Bulgarians) to committers of the most bestial crimes, who might indeed be heretics, or, on the other hand, eminently orthodox, while yet being entirely unrepentant. So doubt these kidnappers of Miss Stone, whether Turks, who patronize a multitude of saints between them and Allah, or Bulgarians, who burn in their belief their victims, will hang up their gold (if they get it) either ex-voto, or before their holy pictures.

To this day, in some parts of Italy and France, Napoleon is held in execution because he made the roads safe and compelled the abolition of the romantic profession, by having every brigand promptly shot, whether he committed murder in the name of the church or for his own selfish motives. Brigandage is a disease of government, and brigands are the parasites that fatten on the dying body politic. It cannot exist where law is equal and government honest and strong.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

We must not be too hard upon the Turks, because such an episode of road robbery has taken place within the sultan's dominion, lest he and others might inquire whether, even in the case of Miss Stone, the express trains are not sometimes held up by robbers. Miss Stone was kidnapped while going between the villages Banko and Dulia, in the Balkan states. For twenty-two years she has traveled safely through Macedonia and Bulgaria, having spent during the last year no fewer than 144 days in touring with Bible women and visiting young ladies, and a variety of languages she has found that English is the best for unity in education. Furthermore, it may be that this seizure was by Bulgarians, and not by Turks, as the world's "Macedonia Committee," who would inaugurate a new financial scheme, and also induce foreign intervention by calling the attention of the world to Turkey's misrule. Perhaps the ultimate story will be of many captives "whose ransoms did the general coffers fill." The Bulgarian government, carried on mostly by graduates of Robert College, which was founded and is sustained by Americans, indignantly denies that it is shielding brigands, but who is responsible?

There are home lessons for the American people in this new Macedonian cry. When, a century ago, Mohammedan fanatics in the Barbary States kept all Christian captives for ransom, compelling even powerful European nations to pay heavy indemnities annually, it was the American navy that blew to atoms this scheme of brigandage on the high seas. The naval captains humbled the Barbary powers, vindicated the American right to free trade, and thus set a precedent to the whole civilized world. In 1901, despite all our self-conceit and vanity, the United States is still in Turkey the synonym of wealth and power. A few years ago even a secretary of state hinted that the American missionaries should leave the Turkish Empire. Yet yield one point to the Turk, and he will gladly take all. If the United States cannot protect its commerce or citizens anywhere.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS,
Author of "The Mikado's Empire."

SQUIRRELS WERE
EASY VICTIMS

How a Hemlock Belt Hunter Shot Six With
One Bullet.

"The man came out of the woods ahead of me, just as I was pulling my gun into the light, and the one to Geville in the Hemlock Belt. John Gilbert, the traveling grocery man. "It was a nice day, late in the fall, and the man had a string of gray squirrels over his shoulder. He stopped and I quipped:

"You've had pretty good luck, said I."

"Fair," said he. "I mean fair as to number. But it wasn't luck that got 'em. There's six of 'em, and I killed 'em with six equal years ago even."

"What is?" said the man.

"Why, this one of yours," I replied. "This killing of six squirrels at one shot."

"Who said I killed 'em at one shot?" asked the man.

"You did," said I.

"I never did," said the man. "I wasn't there to argue the matter with him, and I picked up the reins to drive on."

"One minute," said the man, and I stopped again. "I didn't say that I killed those six squirrels at one shot. There wouldn't have been anything amazing in that. Six squirrels at one shot in this country ain't anything wonderful."

"But killing six squirrels with one bullet is. That's what I did. I killed those six squirrels with one bullet. And I shot that bullet six times. That's what I said I had done. And there ain't another man in the Hemlock Belt that could have done it, either!"

"More than that, I've got the bullet yet. Here's the bullet that killed those six gray squirrels. I'll go out tomorrow and get some more with it, maybe."

"The man produced a bullet. It didn't show any very hard usage, and I remarked to the man that it looked surprisingly well for a bullet that had been shot six times and pumped the mark every time."

"That's because I know how to use it," said the man. "That's because I got squirrels on scientific principles. But I will admit that I only thought it up today. It had never occurred to me before."

"They've been surveying and blasting and things and getting elevations and the like of that down along Kittle Creek, building a railroad, and I've watched 'em quite a bit. I ain't what you might call a hunter. I'm a thinker. But even folks who think don't object to eating now and then, and I found out today that unless I got some squirrels or something there wouldn't be anything for supper."

"So I took the old muzzle-loading

Leading Medical Men as well as Leading Medical Journals

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SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons,
Ireland, says it is
"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and young persons."

THE MASK AND LYRE.

Notes on the Plays and Their Players.
Gossip of the Stage and Platform.

A STUDY IN FEELING.
To be a great musician you must be a man of moods. You have to be, to understand sonatas and études, and to fiddle with success, with sympathy and feeling you must fairly effervesce. It was so with Faganini, Reményi and Chopin, and so it was with Peterkin Von Gabriel O'Lang.

Monsieur O'Lang had sympathy to such a great degree. No virtuoso ever lived was quite so great as he. He was either very happy, or very, very sad. He was always feeling heavenly or oppositely bad. In fact, so sympathetic that he either must enstun or have the damp, feel ecstasy or flounder in the blues.

And when his soul was troubled he had not the heart to play. But let his head droop sadly down in such a soulful way. That everybody who saw him declared it was worth twice (And some there were said three times) the large admission price. And all were quite unanimous and said it would be crude for such a man to fiddle when he wasn't in the mood.

But when his soul was filled with joy he tossed his flowing hair. And waved his violin-bow in great circles in the air. Ecstasically he flourished it, for so his spirit thrilled. Thus only could he show the joy with which his heart was filled. And so he played it up and down and round and out in— But he never, never, never touched it to his violin.

—Ellis Parker Butler, in Leslie's.

The following sketch of Richard Carle will interest many who witnessed his performance last Saturday as Peter Snyvesant in "The Burgomaster."

Richard Carle, actor, author, composer, lyricist, stage manager and all-round good fellow, was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1871. After graduation from a local high school he started life as a humorist and impersonator, and during these struggling times reached Boston, being given a trial engagement with James T. Powers in "A Mad Bargain." Then followed consecutive engagements with Peter F. Dailey, then Rice's productions of "Davy Jones," and later "Little Christopher," "1492," and "Excelsior, Junior," after which he created leading comedy roles in "The Lady Slave," in Gay New York, "One Round of Pleasure," "In Gotham," "A Dangerous Maid," also in "The Children of the Ghetto" and "The Greek Slave," and then produced his first most important effort, the popular burlesque "The Merry Men of the Moon," and for eighteen months encouraged "cruel" London's press and public to acknowledge his worth, and triumphantly scored in "The Casino Girl," "The Belle of Bohemia" and "The American Beauty." It was during a performance of the last-named piece that he met with the accident (that actually caused gloom to the theatrical profession), which caused concussion of the brain, and which nearly ended his career. Last spring he made a continental tour in "The Belle of New York," playing in Paris, Budapest, Vienna and Berlin. Some of his most popular burlesques are "The Merry Men of the Moon," "The Kissed Un," "The Children of the Get-Dough," "The Maid in the Moon" and "Way Up East," etc. Some of his most prominent vaudeville sketches are "The Rehearsal," "Mixed Up," "A Close Shave," "Mrs. Bruno's Burglar," and numerous others of equal promise. Some of his lyrics based on unimpaired eminence, especially his compositions for "The Rogers Bros. in Wall Street," of which his "The Innocent Young Maid" is only equalled by "The Tale of the Kangaroo," and "The Burgomaster." His other songs hits comprise "The Vaudeville," "The Condensed Comic Opera," "Dolly,"

"Licorice Lize," "Sally," "Bagtime Liz," "Piccadilly Percy," "Antoinette," "Thin It Over," "Liza," "Miss Clementina," "Two Little Waifs," "Flirty Little Gertie," and many other hits, and also several songs, which his publishers have not put on the market yet. Some of his most successful plays comprise "Mam'selle 'Awkins," a romantic comic opera entitled "The English composer of 'Gentleman Joe,' a three-act musical comedy, and "Little Miss Modesty," a three-act musical comedy written in collaboration with Mr. Walter Slaughter, the well-known English composer of "Gentleman Joe," and "The French Maid," which will have a hearing during the summer at the Dearborn Theatre, Chicago. Mr. Carle will play the leading role in the forthcoming production of the modern musical comedy, "The Explorers," announced for January at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Among the hundred or more theatrical attractions which have met an untimely end during the first half of the present season, the following are the most prominent. Among them are several seen here, and several more which would have visited London had they lasted long enough. The list is as follows: Broadhurst's "The House That Jack Built," "Cassell Byron," Arthur Byron in "Petticoats and Bayonets," Alfred E. Aarons' "The Ladies' Paradise," four versions of "Under Two Flags," "Vermont," Mathews & Bulger's "The Night of the Fourth," Vernon Jarbeau's "Mazeppa," Harry Glazier in "Prince Otto," "The Girl from the Mountains," Rose Cogan's "Peg Woffington," "The Daughter of the Diamond King," "Casey's Troubles," John E. Keller in "The Cipher Code," "A Baggage Check," "A Tip-Top Christmas," Thomas Q. Seabrooke in "A Modern Crusoe," Max Freeman's "Tales Out of School," "The Devil's Doings," Peter F. Dailey in "Champagne Charlie," "Janice Meredith," No. 4 of "The Sword and the Hand," Oscar Hammerstein's "Sweet Marie," H. Reeves-Smith in "A Brace of Partridges," W. A. Brady's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Daniel E. Bandmann in Shakespearean "supervisors," Shakespeare's "Leah," "The Girl from the Mountains," "The Last Appeal," "The Mormon's Bride," "The Penitent," "The Wooing of Priscilla," "Franciscus the Great," the Mack Comedy Company, and John Mason in "The Altar of Friendship."

E. R. Spencer, who is playing the leading role in "A Cavalier of France," is an actor who early in his career sprang into notice by his portrayal of Paul Kaurav, in Steele Mackaye's play of that name. He has since been seen in the leading support with Miss Julia Marlowe and Frederick Warde, and was associated with Mr. Charles B. Harford in a revival of the Booth-Barrett production of "Julius Caesar." Mr. Spencer playing Cassius. Four seasons at the head of his own company, playing in repertory Shakespearean characters, completes the record of the training of this artist. Isabel Pengra, Spencer's wife, is playing the leading female role with him in "A Cavalier of France," which appears at the New Grand on Christmas Day.

W. S. Hart, featured this season as John Storm in "The Christian," has had a wide experience in reputable organizations. His first engagement of consequence was with Daniel Bandmann, then in the heyday of his popularity. Mr. Hart accepted a minor part, but before the season was half over he was playing leading business. Mr. Hart was afterward leading support to Lawrence Barrett, Margaret Mather, Marie Prescott, Madame Rhea, Madame Modjeska and Julia Arthur, and then starred for two seasons in "The Man With the Iron Mask," which achieved great success in New York city. He was next engaged by Klaw

& Erlanger for the role of Messala, in "Ben Hur," and so excellent was the interpretation that Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of the world-famous story, sent for him and said to him: "I thank you, Mr. Hart, for giving me the living Messala which I have seen in my book." Lilla Vane, the Glory Quayle, of the same organization, was seen here last season in the role. She was identified with leading comedy successes for many seasons, but left the stage three or four years ago on marrying a Philadelphia gentleman. She was tempted back, however, to assume the role made famous by Viola Allen, and the wisdom of selecting her is conceded by all who have seen her in the part. "The Christian" is the New Year's Day bill at the Grand.

"Mam'selle 'Awkins," a dashing musical comedy, which has attracted much attention, is booked for Friday next at the New Grand, followed on Saturday by "The Hottest Coon in Dixie." "The Dairy Farm," which found favor with local theater-goers last spring, and "Are You a Mason?" a side-splitting farce, which has made a hit this season, are both set down for early presentation at the same house. "The Brixton Burglary" has been cancelled.

A Posset for Yule.

Masters, I would blend a posset
For you a crispy tid of Yule.
And the truth is—I'll not gloss it—
That I shall not work by rule.
Of the finest of elixirs
I shall be stirred the tempting brew.
And the golden draught I mix, sirs,
It shall not be capped with rue!

First, then, from a beaker brimming
Shall the wine of Love be poured;
Next a cup of hope and merriment
Shall be stirred the tempting brew.
With the cordial Hope doth hoard;
Faith shall dip, for soul-eloquent,
From a juice that does not cloy;
And the final distillation
Shall be from the grapes of Joy!

Masters, every one a chalice!
And, ere night be crowned with sleep,
Melancholy moods and malice,
Let each quaff down them deep!
In the wine of those that toss it,
Roam they far, or dwell they near,
May the rich blood of the posset
Rule throughout the speedy year!
—Clinton Scollard.

UNSEEN EYES WATCHING US

Do Inhabitants of Venus See Terrestrial Life?

Dwellers of Stellar Regions Have Admirable Chances to Study the Earth.

[New York Journal.]
It is a peculiar sensation to feel that eyes are watching us from another world—eyes belonging to mortal beings like our own. The earth suddenly presents itself to us from a new point when we consider that people, looking at it from afar, as passengers on the deck of a steamer survey a distant hull, may be debating among themselves the question whether a planet so variant in many respects from their own can really be inhabited.

It is the inhabitants of the planet Venus who now have an opportunity to survey our world more advantageously than we are able to survey any planet in the solar system. No astronomical event that ever occurs for us can possess quite the interest that must be excited by the periodical advance of the earth into the midnight sky of Venus. That phenomenon is now appearing to them.

Every night the earth rises higher and glows more brilliantly among the stars. As less fortunate youngsters of it all, the not knowing what they are to receive, makes the holiday an event of interest in their lives. The mystery is, perhaps, felt more keenly at Christmas, but even in the humblest homes the children fairly worship the jolly old saint, even if he but slightly remembers them. A little girl once known to say that she never said her prayers the week before Christmas. Asked why she did not, she replied:

"Cause I tell all the prayers I know to Santa Claus, and he says to me, 'He might be jealous and not give me much if I said them to anyone else.'"

It will take many years, many decades—perhaps centuries, to destroy the myth, but the day when the fact is surely coming when Santa Claus, the mysterious, the awe and wonder of the credulous infant mind, will be a myth of what we term in these enlightened days, the good old past.

power, they will transmit their message. They may have been trying it for centuries, and wondering whether it is their efforts that are ineffective or our powers of comprehension that are stupid.

Or they may know that the thing is impossible, and may have settled down to content themselves with enjoying the beauty of the wonderful spectacle, and with writing books about us and drawing imaginary portraits of us. But in any event, I then ought keep their eyes or their minds off the earth whenever it becomes their midnight star.

Some Notions Of Santa Claus.

A young miss of seven, who had recently graduated from a kindergarten noted for its up-to-date methods, and who had begun, even at her early age, the study of natural history, in speaking of the children's patron saint, once astonished a number of her relatives by declaring that Santa Claus was "physically impossible." "My teacher has taught me that one man isn't able to be in two places at once," "Cording to me and pa and Cousin Amy's ma and pa, Santa Claus was her house last Christmas the same time he was in ours and we live, oh! miles apart. Also I know that Christmas comes but once a year. I learned a piece of poetry once that said so—and if it does how can Santa be all over the whole of Canada in one night. I don't believe in Santa Claus any more, 'cause I'm getting big enough to know I'm not eight!"

"Most eight! And it was not so very many years ago that children nearly twice as old believed firmly in the jolly old saint. There is a story told of how two youths, inspired by the reading of some choice dime novel literature, resolved to play the detective, capture Old Nick, and surprise the grizzled fellow. Luckily, their father overheard them conspiring, and he managed to scare all the detective instincts out of them by the following note:

"Little Boys: I am aware of your plan to surprise me, and I have accordingly made up my mind to punish you. But, to pass your own test, without leaving any presents for you unless I am convinced that you will give up your plan. Sorrowfully,

"SANTA CLAUS."

It is almost needless to say that Santa found the field clear that night and filled the stockings un molested. Some novel forms of Christmas beliefs prevail among children. The average New York streeturchin looks upon Santa Claus as a sort of patron saint of the rich, who has little time to give to the poor. An eloquent youngster once told a number of his colleagues that the jolly old saint went about the country unarmed, but that he had a mystic power of vanishing from sight in the open air; but that indoors he lacked this power. The "gang" believed the orator's words, and forthwith proceeded to hatch a plot to hold up St. Nick during his annual visit to one of the swell sections of the city. They met in secret Christmas Eve, forced their way into a cellar of a house in a fashionable neighborhood, and stole quietly up-stairs. They meant no harm; they had no criminal intentions, only an impulsive desire to see Santa Claus at work, to catch a glimpse of the secret of his investiture. The master of the house, who was himself impersonating Santa Claus at filling the stockings of his children, heard one of the intruders giggle, and suspecting a burglary, he investigated. The Santa Claus hunters were caught before they could make their escape, and summarily handed over to the custody of the police as house-breakers. Their belief in Santa Claus and their curiosity proved disastrous to them.

The children of rich parents, who are usually given whatever they desire, take just as much interest in the jolly old saint as do the youngsters of it all. It is said that the uncertainty of it all, the not knowing what they are to receive, makes the holiday an event of interest in their lives. The mystery is, perhaps, felt more keenly at Christmas, but even in the humblest homes the children fairly worship the jolly old saint, even if he but slightly remembers them. A little girl once known to say that she never said her prayers the week before Christmas. Asked why she did not, she replied:

"Cause I tell all the prayers I know to Santa Claus, and he says to me, 'He might be jealous and not give me much if I said them to anyone else.'"

It will take many years, many decades—perhaps centuries, to destroy the myth, but the day when the fact is surely coming when Santa Claus, the mysterious, the awe and wonder of the credulous infant mind, will be a myth of what we term in these enlightened days, the good old past.

PLEASE NOTE THIS FACT.

That we are fully prepared to supply you with every want as far as drugs and medicines are concerned. Careful and accurate family dispensing is our forte. We continually aim to please our patrons in two great essentials—quality and low prices. Our stock of Toilet preparations will interest you.

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Paine's Celery Compound is the medicine you should use when you lack nerve energy, when the body is impoverished when you are weak, rundown, despondent or sleepless. Paine's Celery Compound braces the nerves, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood. J. Calhoun, Druggist, London, Ont. 4th yr

HOT AIR IN BOSTON.

Little Emerson—Mamma, I find no marginal note in elucidation of this expression, which I observe frequently to occur in my volume of "Fairy Tale Classics"—"With bated breath."

What the proper interpretation of the phrase?

Mamma—"With bated breath," my son, commonly occurs in fairy tales; your father often returns from piscatorial excursions with bated breath. The phrase in such instances, however, has no significance as applying to the bait employed to allure fish, but is merely an elastic term of dubious meaning and suspicious origin, used as already have intimated, simply because of the sanction which it has gained by customary usage in fairy tales generally. Do you comprehend, Emerson?

Little Emerson—Perfectly, mamma—Judge.

PILES—ITCHING, BLIND OR BLEEDING.

Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumor form, which often bleed and ulcerate, and cause very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the piles. At Druggists or by mail for 25 cents. For a free sample address Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

The Spirit of Christmas Is Opposed to Lavish Display.

Too Many People Who Observe the Day Forget the Real Import of Christmas Time.

The birth of Jesus is a historical fact, which has made Syria the Holy Land, and recast the calculation of time and created the final religion. No readjustment of geography can ever erase Bethlehem from the map, nor change in thought can ever blot out the teaching of the Master. No progress in human life can ever equal his spirit. History, like time, is pivoted on the manger of Bethlehem. Jesus' birth has also afforded the basis of the Christian creed and created the most profound doctrine of religion. Christians believe that with the advent of Jesus Deity entered within the limits of human personality and human life, and with Jesus that a force began to work in human history which is nothing less but the love of God accomplishing the redemption of mankind. The birth of Jesus is not only a master fact of history but the living heart of the Christian religion. Christianity may be raised to thrones, but she dares not forget Bethlehem. She may travel far both in speculation and in practice, but she must return from time to time to that Syrian village; for, however elaborate be her teaching, it must rest upon Jesus.

But Christmas reminds everyone of another fact, that Jesus of Bethlehem is not only the central figure of history, but the central figure of the Christian era. With the birth of Jesus a fresh spring of feeling was opened in human experience, which was imagined in the story of the Hebrew prophet Isaiah, when he wrote: "A little child shall lead them," and when gracious influence, like healing water, would henceforth purify life. When multitudes at Christmas-time make their pilgrimages to Bethlehem, they declare their faith in the historical Christ, but they acknowledge a new standard of living. While the world lasts it will worship greatness, and as often as the great men appear we are bound to do homage; but there are degrees of greatness, and the standard was immeasurably heightened when Jesus was born into our race. Before his birth men honored power, thrust with the Emperor of Rome, and nations trembled before the legions; they honored intellect, which had reached the high water mark, both in philosophy and in art. In the fifth century before Christ at Athens, they had always honored riches, from the days of the patriarchs, with their inventories of flocks, to Joseph of Trimathia, to whom Pilate was willing to bow, and he, the Lord over a wider Empire than Rome, he still remains the Holy Child Jesus. For the beautiful quality of childhood is not affected by years of circumstances, but often the great men of the world, in the spirit of his life. There was an engaging simplicity in Jesus' manner of life; with his working hours, his few garments, his simple home his circle of friends, his love of nature, his indifference to money, his avoidance of high places, his contentment with lowliness, his sweetness of temper, his chivalry to women, his pity for the sorrowful and his piety toward God, he was an ideal life to which all of us would wish to follow in our best moments, and to which the lives of a few saints, like St. Francis, have closely approached. It was not without a hope to be forgiven, that the good man is he who has the good heart, and that love is the fulfilling of the law. The simplicity of Jesus' living and teaching was illustrated by the fact that he made of childhood as the type of the Kingdom of heaven. He was not only delighted in the fellowship of children, receiving them kindly, watching them at play with friendly eye, gratefully accepting their praises, and casting over them the shield of their protection, but he saw in their character pictures of the Christian life. They were a living example of the virtues which he never weary of commending—humility of spirit, forgetfulness of self, readiness to serve, quickness to forget, and teachableness of mind. So far as a grown-up person laid aside his high thoughts and his lost, our moral natures corrupt, and they go into the world, the dew has been brushed from off the grass. Life for the older people has been robbed of its romance by the hideous publicity of our day, which tears down the front of every man's house and leaves its sanctities open to the street; by the mercenary spirit which hungers and thirsts for gain, and judges every man according to his silver and gold; by the passion for material success which turns life into a vulgar scramble for chief places, both in the synagogue and at the feast, till self-respect is lost, and our moral values corrupt and

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love herself becomes a trader in the market place. Forsaking the sublime principles of Jesus, so practical and so profound, people take up with one weird creed after another, so that you cannot count how often your neighbor changes religion, and can hardly keep your countenance as he describes his latest fad. Conversation has lost its mellow wisdom and grown feverish, as each person strives to electrify the company by senseless paradoxes, glittering criticisms and irrelevant wit. Manners have become fastidious, so that between posing and phrasing, according to the latest fashion, we do not know what our neighbor really is, and almost welcome some sudden crisis of life which strips him of his tinsel disguise and reveals the living man. It is an irony that people nowadays should pride themselves on their affection, as if it were a mark of greatness, when they ought to know that one of the infallible notes of perfection is simplicity. Great art has never been fantastic and tricky, and unintelligible; the great books are not "precious" in style, studded with epigrams and bristling with problems; the great men are not supercilious, self-conscious and strained. Nothing can be more severe and lovely than the Temple of Wingless Victory on the Acropolis; nothing more elementary and convincing than Shakespeare; nothing more straightforward and modest than the character of the men who have wrought great works and left their handwriting on the pages of history—like Columbus and Livingstone, William the Silent and Washington, Huxley and Darwin, John Bunyan and Gen. Gordon. To the perfect picture, the perfect book, and the perfect man, we do not apply the description of the Roman poet, which defies accurate translation, but which comes very near to this, "beautiful in simplicity." It is a relief to turn from second-rate cleverness, with its forwardness, restlessness and fussiness, and to find oneself in the company of a great man. How unconscious he is of his own attainments, how careless of his own reputation; and how different from the man of the day, how willing he is to let anyone who knows how gracious he is to humble folks, how sympathetic towards their plans, endeavors and hopes. What a discipline it is, after being puzzled by the noisy, self-important little men, to find oneself in this high company, where one learns both humility and hope, where one is inspired with reverence and high purpose.

Are we not weary—and do we not often confess this to ourselves—of reality, of striving and acting, of cynicism and unbelief, of elaborate beliefs of life, of new-fangled religious ideas, or perpetual changes of wearisome leisure? Why should we not make the brave effort to this Christmas time, and go back to the former things, to the old, the lasting and the satisfying things? After all, the eternal ideas of Christianity are the Fatherhood of God, the humanity of Jesus, the glory of the Cross, the Life Everlasting. The strength of life lies in faithfulness to our work, kindness to our neighbor, and purity of heart. The noble and master passions which inspire life are love and faith and hope. The simple forces are the mighty forces, like the pleasant sunshine and the gentle rain and the tender grass, for it is they which work the wonders of the season, and make this world beautiful. Let us place our hearts in the hands of the Holy Child, and believe again in our Heavenly Father and in our brother man. Let us forget ourselves, and think of the man next to us. Let us speak the truth in love and judge ourselves instead of judging our neighbor. Let us do our tale of work with all our might, and seek no other reward than a good conscience. And above all, let us forgive one another, help one another, love one another, for the foundation of life, and the crown of life, and the joy thereof are love.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Scientists have figured it out that Oct. 26, 4004 B. C. was the original New Year's day.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES.
With a population of 4,780,000 the Argentine Republic produces 5,081,000 horses. It is the only country in the world that has a horse for every inhabitant.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Depends upon the name. Scott's Emulsion is a name that has value. Maybe it doesn't mean much to you—but to the consumptive who has been strengthened and fattened, to the sickly children who have received good health, to the weak mothers and babies who have grown strong—to these Scott's Emulsion means something.

To all of them it has meant an easy and natural return to health.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like. **SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.**

A Serious Case.

Jos. Coron says "For Weeks My Feet and Legs were Swollen So Badly I Could not Walk."

It is with pleasure I give you my testimony as to the curative powers of Powley's Liquefied Ozone. For over two years past I have suffered very much with rheumatism, sometimes so bad I could not sleep at nights and I had to quit work. Two years ago I was laid up nearly two months, and since February last I have been very bad.

I saw your Ozone advertised and I procured a bottle and began taking it. I had not completed the bottle when I began to get better; my rheumatic pains began to leave. I have taken only three bottles and my rheumatism is completely cured. I am better in health now than I have been for the last ten years.

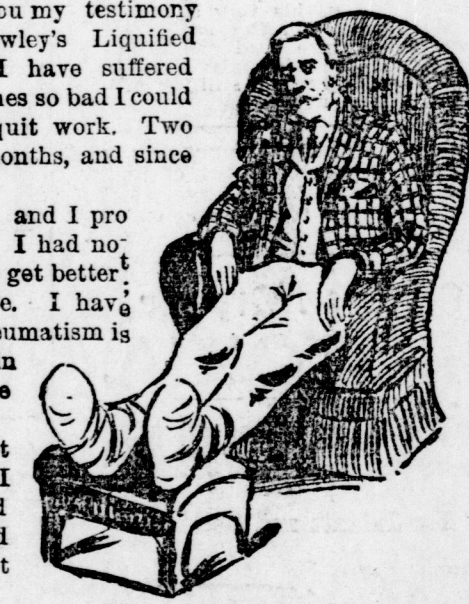
Sometimes for weeks my feet were so swollen and pained so badly I could not walk and my hands would swell up out of all shape. I could hardly endure the pain and could not use my hands.

I attribute my recovery entirely to the use of Ozone and gladly recommend it to all sufferers from rheumatism.

(Signed) JOS. CORON, 45 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P. Q.

When an excess of uric acid is in the blood it is deposited in the form of crystals in the joints of the extremities, muscles and kidneys. In the kidneys it produces inflammation which is noticed by lame back and other symptoms of kidney disease. In the joints, muscles and nerves these crystals cause intense pain, very severe during certain atmospheric conditions. That is rheumatism. Powley's Liquefied Ozone is especially adapted for curing rheumatism. It dissolves these crystals of uric acid, cleans out the kidneys so they perform their work properly and rids the blood of all poisons. Ozone is not a medicine; not a combination of drugs and contains no alcohol. You will find that it will take hold from the first in a most astonishing way.

50c. & \$1.00 at all Druggists. The Ozone Co., of Toronto, Limited, Toronto & Chicago.



Advertise in the Advertiser

Young Men Getting Ready for Success in 1902.

How? In the resolve to take a course in this Business College, where men of large teaching experience and practical business ability will fully equip young men and women for the active duties of the twentieth century business.

Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship and Business Practice. New term opens Jan. 6, 1902.

FOREST CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE.

T. M. C. A. Building, London, Ont.
J. W. Westervelt, Principal.

Tailoring of the Right Sort

Thoroughness is the keynote of this tailoring business. We believe in doing everything just as it should be done—in the right way.

We've secured the finest fabrics—we've employed the most skillful cutters and tailors. The work we are doing is satisfying.

O. LABELLE,
372 Richmond Street.

Harding Hall Girls' School,
Limited.
661 Talbot Street.

School will reopen January 6th, 1902.

W. C. BARRON
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
ELOCUTION
1340 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON

P. McPHILLIPS, Barrister,
Etc.
New Offices—119 Masonic Temple Bldg.
Office Phone 225. House Phone 348

R. K. COWAN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
County Bldg., next Court House, London.

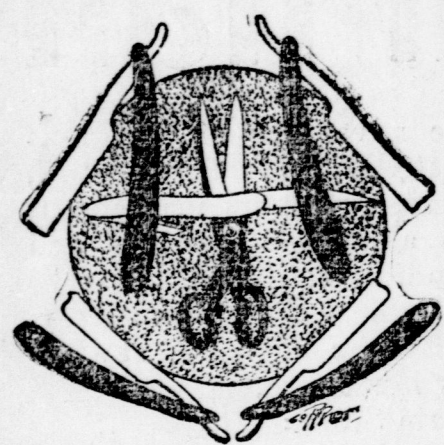
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

That will bring pleasure to the recipient is one of our many beautiful Pictures to be had at reasonable prices.

Christy Pictures, Gibson's Sketches, Picture Frames, Photographic Reproductions.

H. & O. POLERICK,
443 Bloor Street, 5th fl.

H. C. McBRIDE
Architect—Surveyor
218 Dundas Street.



Cutting Things

might be said about our stock of Cutlery without hurting us in the least.

Guaranteed Razors, from 50c to \$2.
Pocket Knives, from 5c to \$1.50.
Scissors, from 15c upwards.

Nail Clippers, Etc.
All suitable for Christmas presents.

BROCK'S GUN STORE,
162 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

CALL AND SEE US AT OUR
New Factory and Showrooms
32 to 40 Dundas Street.

The Electrical Construction Co. of London, Limited,
Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light Fixtures and Wiring Supplies.
Phone 1103.

GRAHAM BROS

Men's Furnishers and Hatters. . .

LADIES,==

We are headquarters for Holiday Gifts for all your gentlemen friends.

HOUSE COATS, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, CUFF LINKS,
UMBRELLAS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, GLOVES,
MUFFLERS, HANDSOME NECKWEAR, HOSIERY,
LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, TIE PINS, SUSPENDERS

We have a great selection to choose from of any of the above lines.

GRAHAM BROS.

Our Handsome Calendar to Each Purchaser of 50c and Over Today.

Make Your Boy

or Girl happy by giving them a pair of Starr Hockey or Spring Skates—a very useful gift.

We have a complete stock of Skates from 50c pair up. Sell only the best, at reasonable prices. Can be exchanged after Christmas if they do not fit.

GURD'S, Dundas St
185
Christmas Presents Are In Order.

Teach economy by presenting your friends with a few shares of installment stock in the.

YORK COUNTY LOAN & SAVINGS CO.
They pay 4% interest.
ROOM 8, DUFFIELD BLOCK.
ywt

Scranton Coal.

Our Coal is bright, well screened, and will not clinker. That's why housekeepers like it. Petroleum Coke for grates and furnaces, 36 per ton.

HEAMAN,
Phone 312.

JOHN T. STEPHENSON,
The Leading Undertaker.
Finest Funeral Cars in Canada. Residence on premises, 64 Dundas, Phone 459

FAIRBAIRN,
THE TAILOR,
Richmond Street, Opposite City Hall

Honest All Through

Garments that are perfection of the tailor's art. Overcoats for the cold weather and suits for either dress or business occasions.

Southcott's, 361
Richmond St

BREAD X X X
Fresh Daily from X X X
JOHNSTON BROS. X X X
Phone 818. X X X

—SEE OUR—
NEW SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS
for the Christmas trade.

THOS. WILSON,
213 Dundas St. Phone 596.

Pocket Books; Chateaine Bags, Card Cases, Articles in Leather.

Many tasteful and elegant designs are constantly being added to this department of useful articles for ladies and gentlemen.

Chateaine Bags, Memo. Bags, Cigarette Cases, Match Boxes, Umbrella Cases, Eyeglass Cases, Jewel Cases.

In Ebony—Hair Brushes, Clothes Brushes, etc., etc.—we have an elegant stock.

THOS. GILLEAN,
402 Richmond Street.

The break of 10 points in the price of Commercial Cable stock on the Montreal Stock Exchange is said to be directly due to the Marconi announcement to transmit messages across the ocean by wireless telegraphy.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES.

ROSS' FANCY TIES FOR XMAS

Be sure and see our large assortment of Stylish Ties, in Puffs, Flowing Ends and Four-in-Hands, at 50c. Special box with each tie.

Fancy Mufflers from 25c to \$2.

J. & D. ROSS, 108 Dundas St.

A DEPOSITORY FOR SAVINGS

Executors and trustees are legally authorized to invest TRUST FUNDS in the DEPOSITS and DEBENTURES of the

Ontario Loan and Debenture Company

Paid Up Capital - \$1,200,000.
Reserve Fund - \$550,000.

3 1/2% on Deposits
4% on Debentures

Office, Cor. Dundas and Market Lane

WILLIAM F. BULLEN, Manager.

Dainty Jewelry

The daintiest line of Pendants, Pins and Brooches; the grandest show of Ladies' and Gents' latest fashion Rings; the greatest and choicest display of Select Diamonds. A store full of suitable gifts at lowest prices.

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL CHRISTMAS.

WARD, 374 Richmond Street.

London Advertiser.



A LOCAL BUDGET.

—Mrs. James Meston has arrived in London from Toronto on a visit to her father in West London.

—The Memorial Church Sunday school will attend "Our Navy" in a body on Monday night.

—Dr. Sowerby's Sunday evening science series of sermons is creating widespread interest as he advances.

—Thomas Arrows died Wednesday at the Aged People's Home at the age of 68 years. The funeral takes place tomorrow from the home.

—The postoffice will remain open till 10 o'clock tonight for the convenience of persons sending parcels. Stamps can be purchased at the vendor's office.

—Mr. H. M. Lay (formerly of this city), manager of the Bank of Commerce at White Horse, Yukon Territory, has removed to Skagway, Alaska.

—A fire occurred last night at the residence of Mr. E. D. McDonald, 531 Talbot street. It originated in a lamp and was quickly extinguished by Fireman Smart.

—Mr. Ed H. Lester, representing "The Hottest Coon in Dixie," is in the city in the interest of his company, which will appear at the New Grand on Saturday, Dec. 28.

—William Wilkinson died yesterday at his residence, 502 Princess avenue, of an illness of several months' duration. He was a much respected citizen and a member of the I. O. O. F.

—Miss Ethel M. Beadle, daughter of Mr. Thomas Beadle, was married on Wednesday to Mr. Robert Thompson, of this city, at the Memorial Church. The affair was of a very quiet nature. Miss Beadle, of Windsor, formerly of this city, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Albert E. Turner supported the groom.

—Mr. W. E. Saunders gave an interesting lecture on "Our Native Songsters" at St. Andrew's Church last night, which was greatly appreciated by the large number present. Master Milburn Brock, Miss Temple-

ton and Mr. Webster rendered musical selections. Mr. R. A. Little presided. The next lecture of the popular course for St. Andrew's Sunday school will be by Mr. A. E. Cooper. The subject will be "Timepieces, Ancient and Modern."

DEATH OF OLD RESIDENT.
Another of our old residents passed away yesterday in the person of Wm. McKnight, York street, in his 71st year. He came to this city from Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1842, and had been a continuous resident for nearly 60 years. The deceased is survived by his widow, three sons and two daughters. The sons are George, in California, William, in Detroit, and James in Milwaukee; the daughters are Mrs. Chamber and Mrs. Jackson, both of this city.

'GATOR STOPPED CAR.
A citizen of this city, a present residing at Tampa, in Florida, mentions a curious incident which occurred there a few days ago. While riding in the street cars of that city recently the line was blocked by an alligator, which disputed the right of way with the motorcar. After some difficulty he was bound with ropes, placed aboard a special car and taken into the city. He was a very fierce brute, 9 feet 4 inches in length and showed considerable fight.

HANDSOME WINDOWS.
Many stores devote a great deal of labor to the decoration of their stores and windows during the holiday season. Passing along the busy thoroughfares one is almost bewildered at the beautiful sights, and admiration is expressed on all sides for the many handsome decorations. Two windows in Oak Hall have caused many to stop and admire. They are decorated in a creditable style suitable for the occasion.

Mr. C. A. Gillespie, one of Oak Hall's salesmen, is to be congratulated on his originality.

DEATH OF MRS. FIKE.
Cinderella, beloved wife of Augustus Fike, died yesterday morning at her residence, Delaware, She, with the family moved to Delaware from McGillivray, 21 years ago. At 19 years of age she was converted, and lived an earnest Christian life. The Sunday school and its work was her chief delight. She died in the full triumph of faith, almost her last words being praise to God. Her husband, daughter Eliza, at home, and son Lorenzo, of the town line, are left to mourn her loss.

Malt Breakfast Food IS THE BEST NOURISHER.

The Malted Cereals Company have provided for the breakfast table the most nourishing grain food known to science. The virtues of Malt Breakfast Food are fully recognized by physicians who depend upon its strengthening powers when all other foods fail to correct and fortify the digestion of weak and feeble people. The strengthening virtues of Malt Breakfast Food are largely secured by the use of pure Malt and its valuable products that prove of such immense value for body and brain. If you would build up in strength and improved health, try the effects of Malt Breakfast Food for one month. At all grocers.

Playing Cards
Leather Case...75c
Calf Case...\$1 00
Real Seal...\$1 25
Cribbage Sets...\$2 00

CHAS. D. JOHNSTON,
198 DUNDAS STREET

EUREKA BREAD

It tempts the most pampered palate. So light, toothsome and appetizing. More and more homes use it every day. Sent fresh by our city delivery. Phone 223.

PARNELL'S BAKERY.

Gold and Silver Mounted Umbrellas

...For Christmas.

Call and see our stock in this line. An Umbrella makes a good Christmas present. Open every night till Christmas.

WILLMOT'S, 217 1/2 Dundas St.
Phone No. 1402. Next Heintzman's. ywt

The NEW Hockey Boot

Is as near perfection as can be attained by man. Come and see it. We have sole control in Canada.

VOGUE
\$4.00.

TRY-ME
\$2.50.

For Men and Women, are the leaders.

Brown Brothers' BOOT SHOP,
162 Dundas St. Phone 820
John S. Brown. Frank A. Brown.

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Flasks
Half Pint...\$1 25
Silver...\$2 50

Drinking Cups
Small...60c
Large...\$1 00
Glass in Case...\$2 25

Playing Cards
Leather Case...75c
Calf Case...\$1 00
Real Seal...\$1 25
Cribbage Sets...\$2 00

CHAS. D. JOHNSTON,
198 DUNDAS STREET

THE BUSY STORE J. H. CHAPMAN & CO. THE BUSY STORE.

Tonight the Last of the ...Double Stamp Sale

Orchestra Will Furnish Good Programme of Music.

BOOK SALE==TOY BOOKS, SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES, LIBRARIES AND GIFT BOOKS.

Toy Books
5c Tonight.

A table of Children's Toy Picture Books, full colored illustrations, special tonight..... 5c
At 2 for..... 5c
At 3 for..... 5c
At 7c, 10c and..... 15c

2 for 25c.

Children's Picture Books, stiff, gaily colored covers, full page illustrations, Bible stories, Jolly Playmates, A B C books, worth 15 and 20c each, tonight 2 for..... 25c

At 20c Each.

A great assortment of Gaily Colored Picture Books, with short stories and illustrations, tonight..... 20c

Choice of All Our Henty Books Tonight 23c.

Handkerchiefs For All

—NEVER GREATER VARIETY.
—NEVER GREATER VALUES.

For tonight—Dainty Handkerchiefs, with 4 lace corners, insertion borders, 10c each or 3 for..... 25c

Also a leading line of Ladies' Cambric Handkerchiefs, with lace border, special tonight 6 for..... 25c

Novelties in Ladies' Neckwear. Choose a gift or two from this department.

Kid Gloves.

For Christmas gifts everybody finds a pair of kid gloves is a very acceptable gift. Our line of kid gloves includes the best make, "Fownes," in black, white and colors. Prices from \$1.00 a pair up.

Rugs! Rugs! Rugs!

If you want a low-priced Rug, and to get good value, come here for it. We excel in the little priced that you cannot get elsewhere. A good range from \$2 up.

Christmas goods of all descriptions—The best picked up from two continents.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL SORTS.

Pocket Books
Leather Goods
Smoking Jackets
Holiday Books
China and Bric-a-Brac
Handkerchiefs
Perfumes
Fancy Goods

Gloves
Jewelry
Opera Glasses
Pictures
Holiday Aprons
Holiday Umbrellas
Ladies' Umbrellas
Housefurnishings

Laces and Neckwear
Ribbons, Boas
Linen
Ebony Toilet Sets
Celluloid Toilet Sets
Cigar Cases
Cigarette Cases
Smoking Sets

In Great assortment—at prices emphatically lower than elsewhere.

The Programme the Orchestra will play tonight:

March.....Crack o' the Whip
Overture.....Friend and foe
Intermezzo.....Salome
Selection.....A Hymn of the Night
Waltz.....Crown
Selection.....Asleep in the Deep
Overture.....Dramatic
Waltz.....Sounds from Erin
Serenade.....Summer Night
Selection.....National Airs

CHAPMAN'S

126, 128, 128 1/2 DUNDAS STREET.

CHAPMAN'S

126, 128, 128 1/2 DUNDAS STREET.