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The Harlows' Christmas Dinner

"Breakfast is ready, boys," said Mrs. Harlow. "Can you stop long enough to eat?"

It was Christmas morning and Danny and Jim were still gloating over a bright new jack-knife and a box of water-color paints which their respective stockings had revealed. Each stocking had also contained a pair of thick, warm mittens which their mother had knit, and a package of home-made candy. That was all, but the boys were fully satisfied, for each had received what he most wanted.

Mrs. Harlow was rather quiet during the morning meal, serving the boys in silence while she listened to their merry talk. She was thinking how best to tell them something which was on her mind; for she was loath to spoil their holiday mood.

At length she said: "I am afraid your Christmas dinner will be a disappointment to you. You know we are very poor, and this year it seems as though money has come in more slowly than ever before. For some reason I have found less sewing to do at the village than usual. So it looks as though we will have to get along without any meat this Christmas, for I have no money to buy it with. But we have plenty of vegetables which you raised in the garden, and there are apples and nuts and canned berries. I will do my best with these, and perhaps we shall not have such a bad dinner after all."

The boys' faces fell at first, but before she had finished they had brightened again and Danny said, "Don't worry, mother. It will be a jolly good dinner I know." "Of course it will," echoed little Jim, though he loved chicken dearly. Tears came into Mrs. Harlow's eyes as she said, "Whatever else I lack I have two of the best boys in the world."

Suddenly an idea came to Danny. "Mother," he said, "if you will let Jim and me take father's gun this morning, perhaps we can shoot a rabbit or a partridge. I am sure we can." His mother smiled at his enthusiasm, but shook her head. "You are too young to use it yet," said she. "I am afraid you would shoot yourselves."

"But Dick Purcell showed me how to load and shoot it last summer and I killed a woodchuck with it myself," protested Danny. "Yes," said Jim, "I saw him." It was Jim's province to uphold Danny always. Young Dick Purcell was the Harlows' nearest neighbor. In summer he planted and cultivated their few acres of tillage land, taking half the resultant crops in payment for his labor. As a successful fisherman and mighty hunter he was the boys' ideal. Finally, after

many entreaties and promises to "be careful every minute" from Danny and Jim, Mrs. Harlow consented to their taking the gun. "But you must be home by ten o'clock," she admonished. "That will give you nearly three hours, and I shall worry myself to death if you are gone longer than that."

There was no dallying after this.

in the pouch, B.B.'s, and he put in a generous load of these, determined that whatever came in range should get no farther than the dinner table.

Donning their warmest clothes, including the new mittens, the youthful hunters set off. "Don't worry about us," Danny shouted to his mother, who stood in the doorway. "We shall be back soon with a fat bird." An odd picture they made as they crossed the yard toward the pasture and woodlot beyond, and in spite of her misgivings Mrs. Harlow could not resist a smile as she watched them go. Danny was in the lead, the long gun shouldered and reaching far out behind, while Jim, who had insisted upon carrying something, brought up the rear bravely accoutred with shot pouch and powder horn.

Only a few inches of snow had fallen as yet, and the boys found the walking quite easy. But the morning was a sharp one and their faces smarted with the cold as they crossed the

quickly and pointed at the snow. "See," he said, "one is still here, at any rate." Jim looked down and saw the track made by a single bird walking in the snow. "Good!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet he's an old boomer, too. Those tracks are as big as a hen's." They moved stealthily onward, but had not taken three steps when there was a rustle near at hand and a big cock partridge ran out from behind an old log. Clucking excitedly, it started to cross a little opening just in front of them, its head erect, its tail at full spread, and its dark ruff distended. To the surprised boys it looked as large as a turkey.

Danny was so startled that for an instant he forgot to shoot. Then, collecting himself, he raised the gun with trembling hands, took a quick aim and fired. "Boom!" The old piece went off with a prodigious roar, well-nigh knocking him off his feet. But it was not that which brought tears to his eyes a second later. They were tears of vexation and disappointment. For, mingled with and following the report of the gun, had sounded the whir-r-r of wings as the bird sailed away unhurt.

Slowly Danny turned and looked at Jim. Jim looked back at him. For a long minute neither said anything. It was not a time for words. Disappointment was too strongly written on their faces to need other expression.

At last Danny spoke. "Oh, Jim!" he said, "how did I miss him?"

"I don't know," Jim answered. "I guess we wanted him too bad." "But he was so big," said Danny. "I could have hit him with a stone." For once Jim had no consolation to offer. The bird had really looked big. He could not deny that.

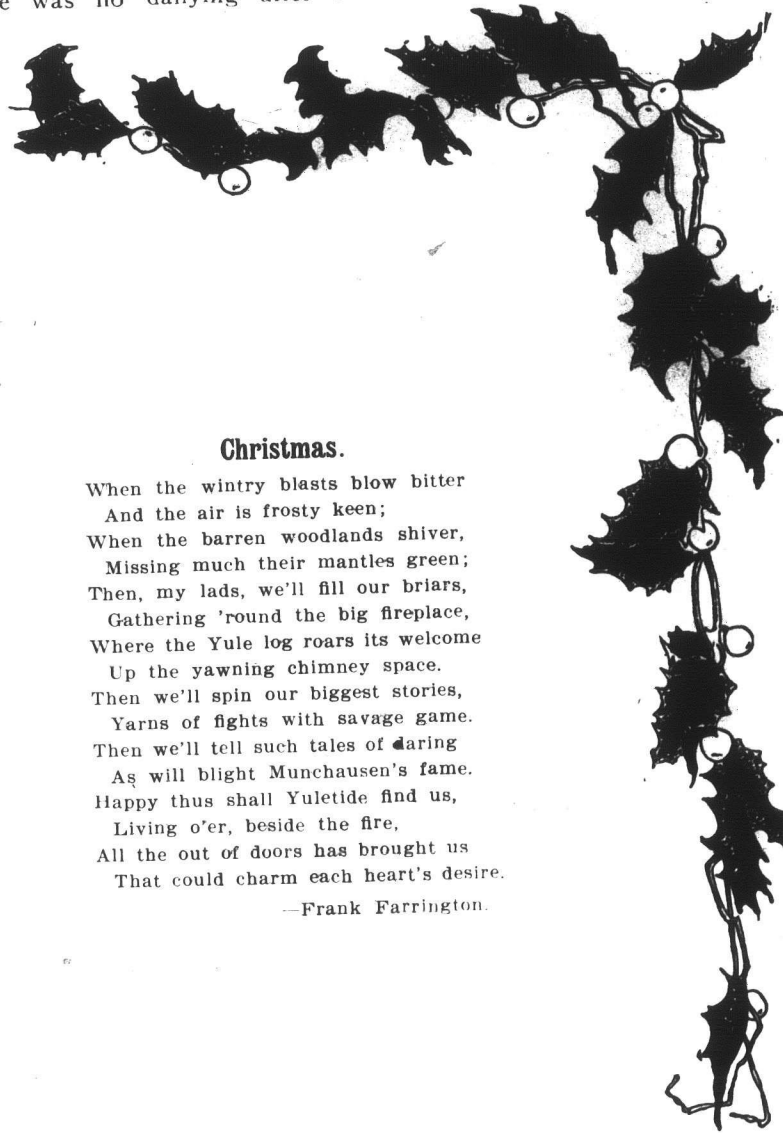
After a while Danny reached for the powder-horn and began half-heartedly to reload. "We may as well go home," he said. "I've had my only chance and thrown it away."

But Jim, who had missed nothing, and was fast regaining his natural cheerfulness, encouraged him as best he could. "There must be other partridges here," he said. "Or perhaps we shall find that one again. We must get something," he added—"for mother."

Unwittingly the little fellow had touched the right chord. Danny said no more about returning, but set his teeth grimly and started on again. They slipped along as silently as wood-sprites or Brownies, peering with sharp eyes into the dark spaces beneath the evergreens and listened intently for the "p-r-r-t, p-r-r-t" of a frightened bird. Once a quick scratching and scurrying startled them and set their hearts beating wildly. But it was only a saucy red squirrel which ran up a nearby spruce and perching on a bow barked its defiance at them, punctuating its remarks with angry flirts of its tail.

They reached the further edge of the copse without seeing other game. Evidently the big cock was sole lord and tenant of this bit of woods, and for the time he had fled, panic-stricken beyond its borders.

Leaving the evergreens, Danny and Jim came out at the top of a long,



Christmas.

When the wintry blasts blow bitter
And the air is frosty keen;
When the barren woodlands shiver,
Missing much their mantles green;
Then, my lads, we'll fill our briars,
Gathering 'round the big fireplace,
Where the Yule log roars its welcome
Up the yawning chimney space.
Then we'll spin our biggest stories,
Yarns of fights with savage game.
Then we'll tell such tales of daring
As will blight Munchausen's fame.
Happy thus shall Yuletide find us,
Living o'er, beside the fire,
All the out of doors has brought us
That could charm each heart's desire.

—Frank Farrington.

The boys swallowed their breakfast almost at a single mouthful. Then Danny went to the closet and took down the old gun. It was a muzzle loader, and of so long a pattern that when resting on the floor it stood much higher than his head. But fortunately the barrel was rolled very thin, so that the piece was really much lighter than it looked. Jim produced a shot pouch and powder horn, and Danny proudly proceeded to load the gun, as he had seen Dick do many times. There was but one size shot

open pasture. Their fingers, too, tingled in spite of the new mittens. Soon, however, they reached the woods and entered a thick copse of small evergreens, dotted here and there with trunks of maples and yellow birch. It was warmer here, and aching fingers were speedily forgotten in the search for game. They had started a large flock of partridges among these spruces the summer before and it seemed that some of them ought still to be about.

As they crept along, Danny stopped

sparingly wooded slope which stretched away to a big swamp below them. Here the sunshine on the snow seemed of dazzling brightness after the shadow of the spruces, and they could hardly keep their eyes open as they descended the slope.

A flock of grossbeaks feeding quietly among the sumacs on the hillside watched them with bright, round eyes as they passed—interested, but unafraid. And up from the swamp ahead floated the cheery "chick-a-dee-dee" of winter's little gray-coated scangster. Others were out in search for a Christmas dinner as well as they.

Down in the swamp bottom the growth was thicker. For the most part it consisted of alders and willows, with scattering cedars and tamaracks. But here and there were little bunches of spruces and fir balsams like those on the hill above, growing so thickly as to form an almost impenetrable screen from without.

"We ought to see a rabbit here," said Danny. "That would be better than nothing." They knew this to be a famous retreat for rabbits, for they had seen hunters from the village returning from the swamp well laden with dead "bunnies." But they had always had hounds with them. "If we only had a dog," lamented Jim.

They saw tracks on every side, but not a single rabbit showed himself, though they walked as quietly as they could, stopping every little way to look carefully about them. Probably the little long-ears were snugly ensconced in their nests this frosty morning.

The boys were near the centre of the swamp and were passing one of the thick evergreen clumps when a sound from within it brought them to a quick halt. Listening intently they heard it again. It was a slight crunching of the snow, as if some animal was walking stealthily about. Creeping to the edge of the spruces they crouched low and looked beneath the bottom-most boughs. But just there the trees grew so thickly that they could see nothing.

A little to the right was a spot which looked more open and they started to crawl toward it on their hands and knees, Danny in front, dragging the gun after him. Suddenly he felt Jim clutch his ankle from behind. Turning, he saw the little fellow, motionless as a statue, looking into the copse, his eyes big with wonder at something he saw there.

Danny was beside him in an instant. "Look," whispered Jim, without once taking his eyes from the object of his gaze, whatever it was. At first Danny saw nothing. Then through a narrow opening in the trees he suddenly made out the thing that Jim saw and almost cried out in his surprise. Standing in a little open space among the spruces and looking uncertainly at them was a deer, its handsome head and half its body in plain view.

Danny had never seen a live, wild deer before, and for an instant he watched it, fascinated. Then of a sudden he remembered the gun which lay beside him on the snow. As quickly as he dared he raised it, drew back the hammer and took aim at that dark red shoulder. Surely it was sighted right this time, he thought, and pulled the trigger.

When the smoke cleared away the deer had disappeared, but there was a loud thrashing and thumping among the evergreens. Was it the sound of the creature running away, Danny wondered, with sickening heart. Quickly he and Jim leaped to their feet and ran around the clump. Half way around Danny stopped. "See," he said, pointing downward. "It was wounded before." Sure enough, there were the deer's tracks going in, and beside them a faint trail of blood.

No sound came from within and looking ahead they could see no marks of the animal having left the copse. "I'll bet you finished him," Jim cried, and dived into the clump. Danny was close behind. An instant later they raised a shout that would have done credit to two grown men.

Inside the screen of spruces was a hard, blood-soaked place in the snow, showing where the deer had rested

and close beside it, still slightly quivering, but quite dead, lay the deer itself. It was a buck, and its fine head and great antlers would have delighted the eyes of older sportsmen than Danny and his little brother Jim.

"Isn't he a dandy?" said Danny, when their youthful exuberance had partially spent itself. "The old gun did the business that time," he added, pointing to where the heavy charge, acting like a single slug at that distance, had crushed in the creature's shoulder.

A small hole in its flank, evidently made by a bullet, explained the bloody trail and blood-soaked space beside them. Jim was the first to see this wound, and showed it to Danny. "Somebody else came pretty near having you," he said, patting the buck's head. "But I guess they didn't need you as bad as we do."

"Won't mother be glad!" cried Danny. At that they whooped anew.

astonishment at the sight of the procession may well be imagined. At first she could hardly believe her eyes, but when the boys, both talking at once, had told the story, she accepted it as a fact that it was really their game. "Well," she laughed, you have certainly brought back a 'fat bird!'

Danny started at once to get Dick Purcell to dress the "bird," and by eleven o'clock Mrs. Harlow had a fat roast of venison in the big oven. The remainder of the meat, together with the skin, was hung up in the granary. Promising to come again next day and cut the meat into suitable pieces for freezing and packing, Dick went away, taking with him a liberal portion of venison for his own Christmas dinner. "I take a back seat to you youngsters," he had said; which remark, coming from him, had completed their happiness.

A few minutes after he went away, and while the boys were hovering

"It has been dressed," Danny said as they went in. "But you can see the head and skin. There it is."

The tall sportsman lifted the buck's head, which Dick had left attached to the skin, and looked at it with admiration. "By George, he is a beauty," he said, running his hands over the fine antlers.

His companion was intently examining the skin. "Look here!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Here's your bullet mark as sure as fate." He was pointing to the hole in the flank.

"I guess you are right," said the tall one. "That looks like my mark."

"Yes, it's our buck fast enough," replied the other.

Danny felt a sudden chill of fear. So these were the hunters who had wounded it first. And was it "their buck." They had come to take it, of course. His own buck! His own precious buck! And after Jim and he had worked so hard to get it home! A big lump came into his throat and he had to wink fast to keep back the tears. He looked at Jim. The little fellow had understood, too, and his face was as woeful as Danny's own. Slipping closely to Danny, he whispered, "Don't tell them about the piece in the oven."

Both sportsmen were now inspecting the buck's head. Presently the tall one turned to Danny.

"Well, young man," you certainly did a good job that time, and I congratulate you. There seems to be no doubt that this is the buck I wounded yesterday, and which we have been following since early this morning. He led us such a long chase that we gave him up and were returning to the village when we met your friend. Now I have a proposition to make to you. That is a grand head and I want it. What do you say to twenty-five dollars for it?"

Again Danny underwent a sudden revulsion of feeling. "B-but I don't understand," he stammered. "I thought it was your buck. You shot him first."

A light dawned upon the sportsman. "And you thought I had come to take him away from you," he said. "Not much! I shot him first, yes, but you shot last and best. Here is your money. Is it a trade?"

It was. Twenty-five dollars! Danny had never seen so much money at one time in all his life before. Ten minutes later, when the sportsmen had gone, taking the head with them, Mrs. Harlow was well-nigh run over by two breathless youngsters who burst in upon her like a small cyclone.

For the second time that day she received a surprise that brought joy to her heart and for a moment rendered her speechless. Twenty-five dollars was a large sum to her, and just now it meant a good deal. She could not restrain a few tears of thankfulness as she said, "God has given us a Merry Christmas indeed."

And what a Christmas dinner that was to which they sat down two hours later. First there was roast venison, stuffed with mealy potatoes, and turnips, and squash, and high-bush cranberry sauce. Then came raspberry pie and pumpkin pie, and pudding. And last of all there were butternuts and candy. How the boys did justice to it all after their morning's work!

At last Jim pushed back his chair, clasped both hands over his stomach, and said with a satisfied air, "I don't feel very poor now.—Field and Stream.



"ONCE, ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY, A RABBIT HOPPED SLOWLY ACROSS IN FRONT OF THEM."

This raised the question of getting the animal home. For a moment both looked blank. "We'll have to drag him," said Danny, at last.

Immediately they set to work to get the body out of the copse. It was no small task, the trees were so thick, but at last by dint of much tugging and lifting they accomplished it. Once outside their task was easier, though even in the open swamp the big creature dragged hard. Soon, however, they came to an old logging road where the going was comparatively easy. Once on their homeward way, a rabbit hopped slowly across in front of them. Small heed they paid to him now. "Humph!" said Jim. "Who wants you?"

An hour later two small boys, tired but very much alive, and one large deer, very much dead, drew up before the Harlows' door. Mrs. Harlow's

about the kitchen watching their mother turn the roast, and feasting their noses on the many alluring smells that filled the air, there sounded a knock at the door.

Danny answered it promptly and found there two hunters—city sportsmen they seemed to be, judging from their natty outfits.

"Hulloa," said one, the taller of the two. "Are you the young Nimrod who shot a big buck this morning?"

"Yes, sir," said Danny, rather doubtfully. He wondered what a Nimrod was. Perhaps it had something to do with a ramrod, he thought.

"We heard about it from your neighbor whom we met down the road," said the other sportsman, "and called to see the buck if we may."

"Certainly," said Danny, and ran to get his cap. Jim went along, and they led the way to the granary.

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The Vision of the Mountain Valley.

A Story of Christmas Eve., by Chas. H. Bowie.

It seemed as though the feud that had existed for years between the Browns and Smiths must now be broken, as the almost heartbroken father and son watched the shadow of death swiftly steal over the features of the beloved wife and mother, conscious as they were that the only woman within reach, a member of the hated Brown family, who might minister to the wants of the dying loved one, was within a mile or so. But it was not to be, and after the lingering and tender good-byes were said, the loved one laid her burden down and passed to the unknown shore.

As the mountaineer tenderly held one of those delicate, lifeless hands in his, and with the other gently brushed back the silver-streaked locks from the brow, already growing cold in death, the most casual observer could have seen that the load of sorrow was almost more than he could bear.

In abject misery the father and son sat for some time in that desolate home. Finally with one accord, they arose, and taking a spotless and neatly folded sheet from a nearby chest, they reverently covered the beloved form and left the presence of the dead, the son to prepare for a journey across the mountains on horseback in quest of a minister to conduct the burial service, the father to begin the construction of a coffin, which, though not lined with satin or bedecked with silver or gold, was as costly as any ever made, for every nail was as though it pierced the heart of the builder.

For two nights and a day the mountaineer and his son kept lonely vigil by the remains of the departed. On the second morning the mountaineer wended his way to a grassy plot of ground, high up the mountain side. His pathetic errand was evident from his haggard and wild look, coupled with the fact that he carried a spade and pick. On his arrival at the grassy casis he stood gazing for some moments at a little white stone, or rather a collection of them, built to form a miniature monument, which was half buried in flowers, placed there by the loving mother of the babe beneath. After looking long and earnestly at the tiny monument, like one chained to the spot by a grewsome enchantment, the mountaineer gazed sadly over the valley between the precipitous mountains, the valley that contained the homes of the Browns and Smiths.

It was a beautiful morning in June, and as the fleeting cloud shadows raced down the opposite mountain side, across the valley and up the slope, the scene was worthy the brush of a painter. But the mountaineer heeded it not. Had he not seen it day after day for years, as he toiled to wrest a living from those rugged mountain sides, and slowly to lay by a few dollars for the education of his only son, Alfred, who had dutifully aided his father to the best of his ability, though chafing with impatience at the unavoidable delay attending his education. But always he had a cheering word for the toiling father and a smile and caress for the ever-patient and hopeful mother.

How bitterly the parents had regretted that their son must wait and labor with them at home, while neighbor Brown's daughter had been enabled to go to a settlement to school, though she was two years younger than their son. And now, just as the arrangements were nearly completed for the son's education, the death of the wife and mother had left the father without the loving co-operation that has ever been a characteristic of the pioneer women of the great and rugged West.

Fate seemed very cruel to the mountaineer at this time, and as his thoughts wandered back over the past years he could not help but bitterly regret that he and Brown had been hereditary enemies. Though the feud had been started by a comparatively trifling circumstance, the years had only seemed to make it the more bitter, and both Smith and Brown being naturally of a stubborn disposition, had never let pass an opportunity to annoy each other. Thus the families, though near neighbors, and the only ones for

darkness in hope of seeing his son, only to return disappointed to his employment of lacing a pair of snowshoes with deerskin thongs.

Suddenly he noticed what appeared to be smoke or vapor start from the centre of the floor and wend its way toward the ceiling in beautiful and ever-widening circles. As it unfolded, behold! in the midst of it the image of his departed wife!

A hush fell over the house; the windows stopped their rattle, the very fire in the grate at his feet seemed to hold in abeyance the destruction of the oak-back-log; the air seemed permeated with that calm, sweet peace that counts no time—where it seems as though centuries might elapse, yet one remain as at the instant of contact with that blessed, tranquil peace that is not of earth.

The loving recognition which the white-robed figure of his wife gave him was proof to the mountaineer that she could only have come on some Heaven-sent message, and the slight

fire him, was the valley that had been his home for years. It seemed as though he comprehended every detail of the landscape in an instant. The two cabins nestled on the mountain side, now half buried in snow. The mountain stream that wended its sinuous way through the valley to join a tributary of the great Mississippi, and the gigantic mountain peaks that bordered it, all filled him with an awe that he had never before experienced.

Many times he had seen that identical landscape, but never did it seem as now; and as he looked upon those towering mountains, a sense of the littleness of man burst upon him, and he felt humiliated and awed.

The highest peak of all in the vicinity was that which towered over the Browns' home. It seemed to reach to the very heavens, when viewed from the cabin door, and as the morning sun glistened on the newly fallen snow, the mountain side seemed covered with countless millions of diamonds, garnets and sapphires, as though the very gods themselves had emptied their jewel caskets on that rugged mountain side for the pleasure of man.

Suddenly the scene was changed. An ominous roar arose which seemed to shake the earth to its very foundation. One quick, instinctive glance up the mountain side over the Brown cabin, and the truth was known. Millions of tons of snow were shooting down the mountain, uprooting trees and tearing giant boulders from their beds of centuries, each one of which lent impetus to the avalanche until it assumed proportions which no work of man could check.

As it was half way down the mountain there rushed from the doomed Brown cabin a beautiful young woman, whom the mountaineer at once recognized as the daughter of his hated neighbor. In her lustrous brown eyes there was no hate, no envy, no deceit, no cowardice, though they gazed up at certain destruction. Though the finely molded face took on the hue of death, yet it was as the warrior riding to battle. Those things were of the flesh; the spirit looked at death unmoved. The heaving bosom and clinched hands denoted the storm and rebellion of the flesh, but as the mightiest tempest that ever swept the ocean only ruffles the surface, so the spirit that is ready to meet God fears not the hand of Death.

Behind the girl came the mother, knowing only too well the purport of the ominous roar up the mountain side. One glance showed the mother and daughter their utter helplessness, and with one accord they sprang within the cabin, and there, clasped in each other's arms, with a prayer on their lips, they resigned themselves to God.

The mountaineer, with the sweat starting from every pore, tried to close his eyes on the scene. He tried to help—to cry out—anything that he might save two beings from a terrible death. But he could do nothing; he seemed chained to the spot, and strive as he might, he was powerless.

As the onrushing tons of debris overwhelmed the helpless women, he seemed to rise above it all and look from other points at the scene of desolation. Where but a moment before



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

miles around, had never associated or communicated in any way whatever.

The summer had come and gone when the Angel of Death once more came into that mountain valley, this time to take away an inmate of the other cabin, Mr. Brown, who had been drowned by the sudden rise of the mountain stream, thus throwing his wife and daughter on their own resources. The latter had to give up her studies in the settlement and return to her mother, but she pluckily set to work to carry on the farm with the help of a hired man during the busy season.

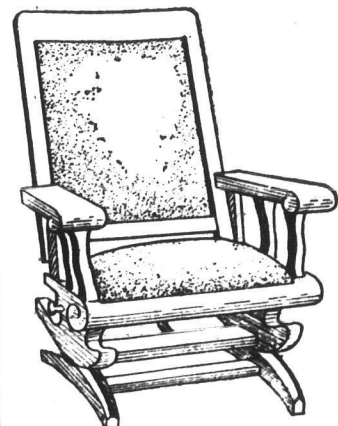
Thus the summer and harvest time had passed, and the Christmas holidays were once more at hand. The closing hours of the day had been unusually dreary to the anxious mountaineer, the more so that there was a raging blizzard without, and his expected son was long overdue from the settlement whither he had gone to procure supplies for the home. It was with no little anxiety that the father, as the night settled over the rugged hills, would ever and anon go to the rattling windows and try to pierce the

look of anxiety she wore, he was satisfied, could be erased by his prompt obedience to her request.

Pointing to the floor at his feet, she said: "Look!" There, spread out be-

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had stood a dwelling and its outbuildings, now all was buried under countless tons of debris, and the mountain side looked as though it had been stricken by some mighty giant hand. Looking over the waste the mountaineer was surprised to see a human being coming toward him, and a moment later, as the emaciated figure drew near, he was horrified to find it was his son. But how changed he was! The light of reason had fled,

And he would complete his harangue with a diabolical laugh, only to commence another strain of similar import. The fetters that had seemed to bind the mountaineer were now suddenly released; tons seemed to roll from him. Once more that tranquil peace came over him, and the torments of hell were passed, and he realized that what he had just looked upon was only a vision. As he lifted his eyes there was still the shadowy form of

les of years dropped away from him, and he arose a free man, freed from all hatred and malice, willing to do the bidding of that frail, shadowy form that had remained with him but a moment of time, yet had wrought such a change.

As the mountaineer arose to depart on his strange mission, the apparition vanished and he was once more alone. Without hesitating, he went out into the night and storm. It was with no

stand. He was not a little puzzled as to how he should address those who had been his enemies, and what excuse he should offer for calling upon them at such a time.

As he entered the gate and passed the kitchen window, he could not help noticing the cozy interior and those within, who were so sharply silhouetted against the bright light from the great fireplace, and he was much relieved, though profoundly surprised, to see his son one of the party. He could hardly believe that Alfred was on speaking terms with the Browns, but after looking a moment he was convinced. Stepping to the door, he knocked loudly and awaited the answer in some trepidation.

The door was opened by Alfred, who, on seeing his father, was so surprised and crestfallen that he could only stammer:

"Father, I'm coming—I'm coming. I—I called in here to get—I called in here to get—to get—"

"Waal, did yer git it?" interrupted his father.

At this juncture the fair hostess came to Alfred's rescue and began to offer an explanation which was interrupted by the father:

"Don't tell me nothin' about it; I know it all, an' confound it, Alfred, my boy, I don't blame you a mite. By the great horn spoon, if I wuz in your place, I'd done the same thing, for I must say Miss Brown is the likeliest lookin' gal I ever see, except your mother!"

At this rather crude, but well-meant compliment, Miss Brown blushed and tried to hide her confusion by inviting the mountaineer into the kitchen, an invitation he was in no wise loath to accept. When by their cheerful fire-side, surrounded by the hospitable company, the effect was like old wine, and to the rough mountaineer it was as an oasis in the desert, for his life thus far had been beset with trouble, and seldom had such an opportunity presented itself. For a time he gave himself up to enjoyment, listening to the gay laughter of Agnes, and the friendly talk of the mother.

The evening passed very quickly to all, and it was Alfred who suggested that they had better start for home at once if they expected to arrive there before the dawning Christmas Day. They took leave of their kind hostess somewhat reluctantly, but not without many promises to come again; in fact, they agreed to come the very next day and help to eat the turkey that was already being prepared. They made their way home with considerable difficulty, though the storm had somewhat abated.

The next morning the mountaineer awoke with a start to find the sun had already overtopped the eastern mountains and was shedding its welcome rays into the uttermost parts of the valley. Quickly donning his clothes, he repaired to the barn with his milk pail, to find that Alfred had preceded him and had the milking almost completed. Chancing to glance over the valley, the mountaineer staggered as though smitten, for the recollection of that vision of the avalanche came to him as might the lightning from a cloudless sky; and for the first time the full sense of his obligation burst upon him. There was everything just as he had seen it in the vision, and he trembled, for he momentarily expected to hear the roar that would denote the utter annihilation of his new-found friends, the Browns.

Calling to Alfred, in tones of distress and entreaty, he bade him come to his assistance. Quickly strapping on his snowshoes, he started directly for the Brown cabin.

Alfred, who was much alarmed and puzzled at his father's action, lost no time in following, and together they sped as fast as possible over the deep, yielding snow, the father acquainting his son with the catastrophe he dreaded. Every moment seemed an age to the struggling men. Would they reach the scene in time to save two souls from eternity, or would they be only in time to behold their destruction?

By the regular route to the Brown homestead they would have to make a



THE ASCENSION.

and in those staring eyes one could see the unrelenting which holds possession of the maniac. His actions, too, filled the soul of the mountaineer with dread, as he repeatedly pointed to the place where the Brown cabin had stood and murmured to himself:

"What a fate! What a fate! you killed them! you killed them for your inhuman selfishness! they would have been alive, alive I say! Alive, ha! ha! My jewel, my Agnes—alive!"

his departed wife, her face lit up with an encouraging smile. Pointing in the direction of the Brown dwelling, she said: "Go!" And though years had rolled away, and sickness, sorrow, pain and death had come and gone without his once going to his hated neighbor for help or consolation, that one command, which he was conscious had not been spoken but conveyed in a far nobler and greater plane of thought, was enough. The barriers and shack-

les of years dropped away from him, and he made his way over the narrow, now totally obliterated by the snow which had been falling steadily since early in the day. As he neared the Brown home he felt strangely swayed between the old-time hatred and the new resolve to do as he had been bidden and as he believed to be right, when his better nature asserted itself, though what he was going for at this particular time he himself did not under-

considerable detour, on account of a ledge, some fifty feet in height, which obstructed the way; but this morning the father and son with one accord made straight for the obstruction. Not a word was spoken; their feelings were too deep for utterance; and, as though a word might start the first particle of that dreaded avalanche, they kept silent. As they neared the brink their eyes met, and each saw in the other's a brave determination to save the precious lives they had started to rescue, if it were possible. They well knew the terrible risk they were taking to leap from that great height, but they did not falter. Each quickly jumped and shot out of sight in the snow at the base of the cliff.

Alfred was the first to dig his way out again, and found one snow-shoe broken and useless. He made his way to the spot where his father had disappeared and found him crawling painfully to the surface as best he could.

Alfred acquainted him with the fact that he had broken a snow-shoe, and his father quickly volunteered the use of one of his to replace it, uttering no complaint as he did so, but charging his son to make all speed on his humane errand, an admonition he little needed, for he was making the race of his life.

Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead, his breath came in gasps, his knees tottered under him, and a less sturdy constitution would have succumbed to the great exertion.

It happened that Mrs. Brown saw the men leap from the ledge, and, much alarmed, quickly acquainted Agnes with the fact. They both came to the door to investigate. As Alfred saw them he waved frantically for them to come in his direction. Wondering what it all meant, but knowing full well that there was something of much importance under way, they quickly adjusted their snow-shoes and made the best speed possible in Alfred's direction, their only wraps being a light shawl and shoulder cape.

As the mountaineer attempted to extricate himself from the snow at the base of the cliff, after his terrible leap, he found he had broken his leg, and this was the reason he had so quickly surrendered his snow-shoe and bade his son rush into the very jaws of death, while he himself remained in comparative safety.

He dared not mention his injury to Alfred, lest it might detain him on his errand of mercy; but the pain was very severe, and, coupled with minor bruises, was sufficient to cause him to lose consciousness as soon as Alfred had left him.

On regaining his reason, a terrified glance showed him the dreaded avalanche had done its work and that another chapter of that vision of the Christmas Eve was verified. His terror and anxiety may be imagined. He did not know how long he had been unconscious, but he feared it was only for a brief time, and he felt sure Alfred had not been able to reach the cabin and effect a rescue of its inmates.

In that case he had not only failed in his mission in obedience to the demand of the spirit from the other world and the dictates of humanity, but had sent Alfred to a horrible death as well. His thoughts spurred him to make a superhuman effort to crawl toward the fatal spot, as though he might yet be able to do something to atone for his past grievous mistakes, but he could not; and with an agonizing appeal to God that his life, too, might be taken, he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

the very edge of the path of the avalanche.

They were none too soon, for instantly they sank with exhaustion at its base, and tons of soft snow came over the brink, completely shutting them in, but fortunately not injuring them in the least, for the snow that came over the cliff was carried with such impetus that it cleared the base of the ledge, leaving a small open space.

To this circumstance the fugitives owed their lives. They encountered

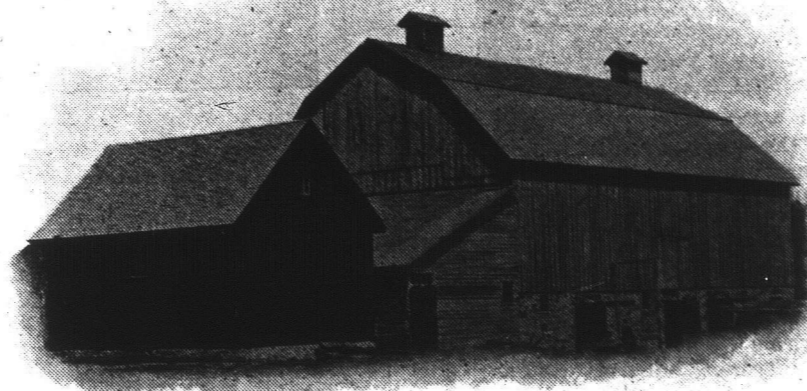
The Brown women were homeless and almost penniless. The Smiths—father and son—needed just such help as the women could give, especially at this time; thus, perhaps, it was but natural that one party should co-operate with the other.

A few weeks later, as the circuit rider of that section came over the hills, Agnes and Alfred were united in marriage, and as the ceremony was completed the mountaineer, his face lit up with happiness and contentment, said:

"Waal, I guess bein's you're 'bout it, parson, yer might jest as well hitch up Mary an' me, as 'twill be quite a spell 'fore you're here ag'in."

Thus a double wedding resulted, and it was a union of hearts as well as hands. The descendants of their unions are numerous and often tell the story, sometimes laying stress on the fact that the Mrs. Smiths, when wishing to turn a laugh on their husbands, would say that the morning they saw the men leap from the ledge they thought they were in a hurry to get at the turkey then being prepared for dinner.

This is, as I was told, the story of "The Vision of the Mountain Valley."



RESIDENCE AND BARN OF JAS. McMULLEN, MOOSOMIN, ASSA.

As Alfred saw the women coming toward him his joy was unspeakable, but the smile that overspread his face quickly turned to a look of horror, for a low rumbling was heard, as though from deep in the earth, and it momentarily grew louder and louder. A glance up the mountain showed him the awe-inspiring spectacle of a mighty avalanche, from beneath which two defenceless women were fleeing for their lives; for now they, too, understood the summons that had called them forth, and, quickly appreciating the circumstance, they struck out in an oblique direction, which took them to the base of a high, steep ledge. At

very little difficulty in extricating themselves from their involuntary prison, and were soon on their way to the disabled mountaineer, whom they found, to their dismay, badly, though not fatally, hurt.

They lost no time in applying such restoratives as Nature provided, and in the use of which they were entirely conversant.

On again becoming conscious, the mountaineer felt the soft hand of Agnes on his head, as she bathed the wound in his temples, and opening his eyes, he saw assisting her the mother and Alfred.

But little more remains to be told.

**LOTS OF VIGOR,
NERVE, VITALITY**

To Get Bracing Health—Feel Good—Sleep Well—Enjoy Life, Use

FERROZONE
A TRUE NERVE TONIC.

When you read the following experience of Mrs. N. E. Peabody, of Trenton, you will realize what enormous benefit sick people get from Ferrozone.

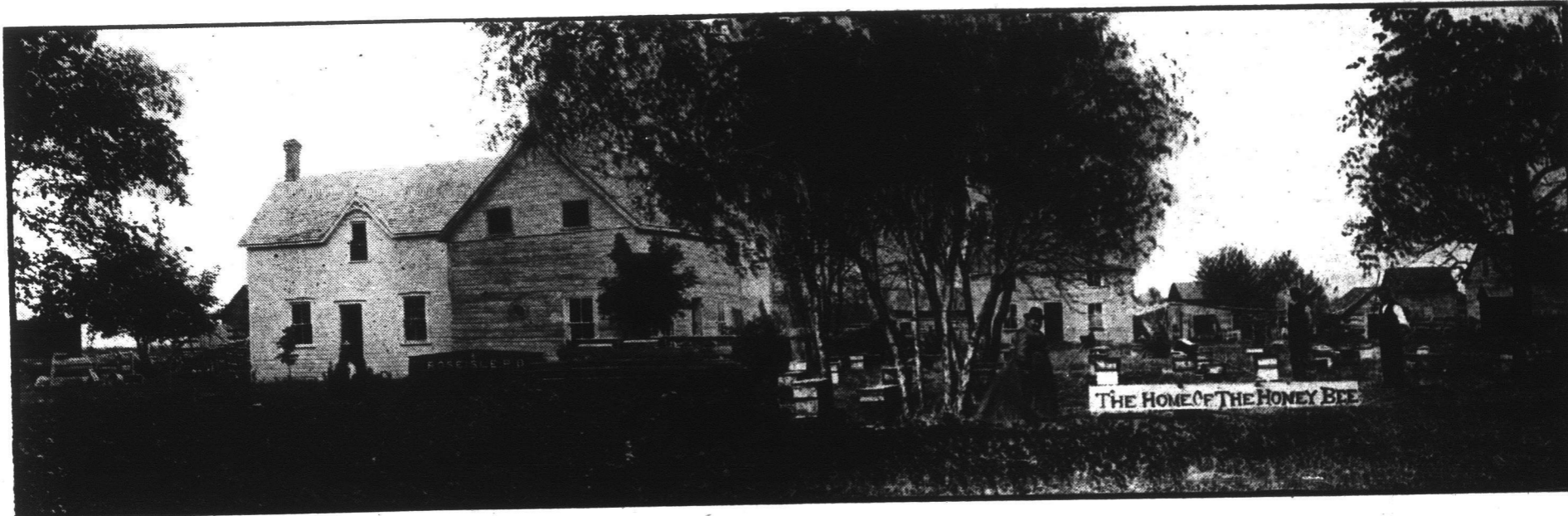
Every woman will recognize in Mrs. Peabody's case symptoms from which she has suffered herself.

AMONG HER TROUBLES WERE:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| Headaches. | Weariness. |
| Nervousness. | Weakness. |
| Palpitation. | Loss of Flesh. |
| Dizzy Spells. | Poor Appetite. |

HER STATEMENT:

"I was stricken with nervous disease of the heart and stomach. Violent headaches made life a torture. I was so nervous and weak I could scarcely walk. Work was impossible. I couldn't eat or digest anything. When completely wrecked, Ferrozone restored me. Today I am vigorous and strong and well." Thousands of men and women are unable to do work requiring power of body and mind. Let them take Ferrozone. It restores the energy of youth, gives back vital stamina, creates reserve force. No medicine on earth contains such concentrated, nourishment. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., and Kingston, Ont.



HOME AND BARNYARD OF J. BEATTY COLEMAN, ROSEISLE, MAN.

J. B. Coleman and family came to Manitoba in May, 1897, from the township of West Nisour, ten miles from St. Mary's, Ont. He purchased the Roseisle farm, containing 320 acres, from Alex. Begg for \$3,800. At that time thirty-five acres were broken; now under cultivation 170 acres. He raised last year 2,700 bushels of wheat from 115 acres, for which 75c. a bushel was realized. Mr. Coleman has 24 from the east three hives of bees; they have increased to seventy. This year the bees produced 3,000 lbs. of honey. The farm would now sell for \$7,000.



My First and Latest Christmas Trees.

By S. P., Calgary.

"We simply must have a Christmas tree for baby."

It was "mummie" that thus expressed her commands to dear old Dad. (He wasn't old then; in fact he is not old yet, although his hair is at the pepper-and-salt stage—probably more salt than pepper).

"I know you will object and say there are no other children, nor any snow; not even the proper kind of tree. But I must have a Christmas tree for baby all the same."

That was "many years ago." I, the baby referred to, am now a sturdy lass of sixteen, but was just then cooing and crowing in the verandah beside my good old ayah.

"Very well, dear," my father replied, "I will go and see what substitute for a fir-tree I can find in the jungle."

"I like to hear 'mummie' tell the story of 'Nora's first Christmas tree.' We were then in what father calls 'the foothills of the Himalayas.' There were no Europeans within riding distance of our bungalow. But all the same a sal-tree was brought in and loaded with pretty things and mica, gathered from the neighboring hills, glittered among the little candles. I was carried round my tree, and our humble guests—mostly our own servants—"wah-wahed" in great astonishment and glee.

Tempora mutantur! We are now in the foothills of the Rockies, with no servants to fetch and carry for us, but with plenty of snow and fir-trees and the other conventional "properties" of a genuine Christmas festivity. A few days before last Christmas my brother, David, hitched up a team and he and Dad drove off in the sleigh to fetch home a choice young fir-tree they had spotted in the Fall when out after prairie chicken. It was one of our nasty days—a biting north wind and a dull sky; but in the service of Santa Claus no one grudges roughing it a bit. We watched them as they skinned along in a bee-line over the bush and across "heaver dam," till they disappeared in the brush down by the river. The next two days were given over entirely to putting the house in order for Santa Claus' eagerly looked-for visit. Baby (not me this time, but Marjorie

Daw, "the sixth in succession") wondered how dear old Santa could possibly come down an American stove-pipe.

At last the day and hour arrived, and our neighbors, too. People think nothing of a ten-mile drive here! While the guests were having something warm to drink around the stove in the entrance hall, my sister, "little Alice," stood up and addressed the audience thus:

"Good evening, friends!
Thrice welcome, all,
To join the mirth at Strath Pine Hall.
We are a colony of five—
A roisterous, boisterous, dolsterous hive.
First comes our eldest sister, Nora,
So amiable—we all adore her;
Next Dave—more brain than brawn, they say;
Born tired—that is, of work—not play;
Then sweet, angelic Al.—that's me—
Blythe, debonnaire and free.
Our brother Jock comes next in train.
Then last of all, but not the least,
Sweet Marjorie, Queen of this feast.
Our programme is a simple one—
From Alpha on to Omega, 'tis fun;
There's Mr. Snowman to be shot at,
Then Snowball's prizes to be got at;
The magic lantern's pictured treasures
Will add much to the evening's pleasures.
Then, supper done, sweet Marjorie
Will lead us to her Christmas tree.
Hark! There's the signal to begin—
Come, try your skill, and see who'll win."

Mr. Snowman, leaning against the

far end of the lobby, was an artistic production! Two sacks, stuffed and placed on end, one on top of the other, draped, daubed and figured to represent a jolly old fellow; pipe in mouth and, rakishly on his head, my best "tile" hat, which I last wore at a fashionable wedding in Calcutta. The excitement of the youngsters in trying to hit the pipe was intense. The snow-ball was in lieu of the popular khoi-bag of our Indian days. Instead of khoi (parched rice) we had popped corn in the snow-ball, along with all manner of "prizes." The ball was hung in the centre of our largest room and each child had a poke at it with a long stick. Soon the delicate workmanship of the snow-ball yielded to the sturdy blows, and down poured the pop-corn and bags of candies and all the other contents. Then began a royal scramble on the floor. It was indeed a "roisterous hive." Our worthy minister had, in the meantime, got his magic lantern ready and while others were busy preparing the supper table he amused the children with his "picture treasures." All too soon the carnival came to an end. The last candle on the tree has been extinguished; furs have been donned; good rights have been said. We can still

hear the jingling of the sleigh-bells away beyond the gate as we shut the door, thus bringing to a close one more happy Christmas.

A Chinese Story.

This pretty little story is told of a spelling-class in China:

The youngest of the children had by hard study contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying: "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly."

That little act displayed great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously came the quick remark: "He do all same as Jesus."—Golden Rule.

TRAVELLERS ARE GREAT SUFFERERS

From Indigestion and Dyspepsia but are Finding Sure Relief in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—What Mr. H. Hutchinson says.

Probably no class of people are so much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia as travelling men. The constant change of diet, and the different styles of cooking keep their stomachs constantly at work, and as a consequence always in need of rest. Those travellers are now finding the rest their stomachs require in Dodd's Dyspeptic Tablets.

Mr. H. Hutchinson, of Chatham, buyer for one of Canada's big mercantile houses, who crosses the ocean several times each year, says:

"I must confess one of the greatest blessings I ever received comes from using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suffered for a long time from Dyspepsia till some time ago a friend bought me a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and from the very first box I got relief. I keep them by me and if at any time I feel that my food is likely to disagree with me I just take one or two Tablets and feel no more effects of Indigestion."



"WHY FEAR, WITH A MOTHER SO BIG AND BRAVE?"

The First Christmas Tree!

On Christmas Eve in 724 a little band was traveling through the great dark German forest, led by Winfried of England, called by the Romans Boniface. He is known in history as the Apostle of Germany. After nightfall and moonrise they come to an open space in which is a huge ancient oak. Before it is a great bon-fire and around this a crowd of people facing the oak. All are dressed in white, women, warriors, old men and little children. The old priest greets Winfried and his followers, and then says, "This is the death-night of Baldur the beautiful, the sun-god. Thor is grieved for Baldur, and angry because his people have forsaken his worship. Therefore he has sent defeat and famine and plague upon us. A costly offering must be given to appease his anger. Thor claims your dearest and noblest gift." Then, suddenly turning, he lays his hand on a slender boy, the eldest son of the chief, saying, "Bernhard, wilt thou go to Valhalla with a message to Thor?" The child answers, "Yes, if my father bids; is it far?" "Yes," said the priest, "but thou art brave, and thou must journey in darkness for a little." Then he blindfolds the child and bids him kneel by a broad stone before the fire. The priest lifts the black hammer of Thor and swings it high over the child. But before it falls, Winfried's heavy staff is thrust forward and the black stone strikes the rock altar, breaking it in twain. The daring deed raises a clamor of conflicting cries, but the chief commands silence and asks the stranger to speak. Winfried opens a roll of parchment and reads a letter from the great Bishop of Rome to the people of the forest, commanding them to listen to the words of Boniface and to build a church wherein to pray to the Almighty King of Heaven. "What," said the chief, "is the word thou bringest from the Almighty?" "This," said Winfried, "not a drop of blood shall fall to-night; but the great shadow of the tree which hides the light of heaven shall be swept away. This is the birthnight of the white Christ—Thor is dead—can he protect his oak?" And Winfried and one of his followers seized axes and felled the oak. "Here," cried Winfried, "is wood for your chapel." Then, turning towards a slender young fir-tree, he added, "There is a tree with no stain of blood on it—that shall be the sign of your new worship." So they carried the tree of the Christ-child to the chieftain's hall and hung lights among the branches, and Winfried stood beside it and told the story of the babe and the shepherds, and of the angels and their song.—From Henry Van Dyke's classic, "The First Christmas Tree."

How to Talk Well.

The art of talking well—that is, with ease and intelligently—interesting those who listen and, rarest gift of all, leading them to talk their best in reply, is a natural gift. There is no doubt of this. The gift goes with what we call "personal magnetism." Yet one who has not this can learn to talk pleasantly, fluently and agreeably. First let him talk much to himself, not audibly, but forcing himself to formulate his ideas. What a man thinks clearly he should be able to put into words. Next let him study what will please those with whom he talks rather than what interests himself. Please note that I say "talks with" and not "to." There is a great—essential—difference, all the difference between conversing and lecturing. "You never heard me preach, I believe?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. "I never heard you d-do anything else!" stammered the wit. When you meet a man for the first time say something you think would draw him out. A fool can babble at length. Wisdom and courtesy are required to tempt others to speak with ease to themselves. There is no royal road to becoming a good talker. Practice of the few simple rules I have indicated will help you on step by step.



FARM BUILDINGS OF THOMAS HICKS, SOURIS, MAN.

Canada the Coming Wheat Country.

Opportunity, of St. Paul, says: The scarcity of good milling wheat in the United States this year and the consequent bulging of the American wheat market until it is out of touch with the world's wheat markets, has caused our millers to turn with longing eyes toward the wheat fields of Western Canada. Western Canada has produced this year about 60,000,000 bushels of excellent milling wheat. After taking care of Canadian home consumption there ought to be about 30,000,000 bushels for export. On account of the tariff, the bulk of this wheat will go to Europe to be milled. It is so much cheaper this year, on account of the spread in the markets, than American wheat that it is hopeless for American millers to hint of competing with the flour product made from it by English mills. The Minneapolis mills are going to make an effort to mill some of this wheat in bond for export, but the conditions at present attached to milling in bond are so difficult that it is not likely that any very large portion of the Canadian crop can be brought to Minneapolis. The fact is that the shortage of the

American wheat crop this year has reminded the millers of Minneapolis of what is in store for them unless something is done to give them access to the wheat of Western Canada. The centre of wheat production on this continent is steadily marching toward Western Canada. The mills will have to follow it, so far as the export trade is concerned, unless the customs regulations shall be so changed that the wheat can be brought to the Minneapolis mills. The present condition suggests the possibility of a coming time when the farmers of the United States, devoting their attention to more profitable crops, will not raise enough wheat to supply even the home demand. By that time Canada will have an enormous surplus. Western Canada can easily raise a billion bushels of wheat, the time for preparation being given. Will the United States continue to tax Canadian wheat then? The fact is that we are to some extent going cut of the wheat business just as Western Canada is going into it. It would seem, therefore, that the time is at hand when the item of wheat will supply a basis for a reciprocal treaty between the two countries. The present high price of wheat will doubtless attract thousands of American farmers to the free or cheap wheat

lands of the Canadian west. In their new homes their voices will be raised for reciprocity, because they will readily understand that with a choice of competing markets to which to send their wheat they will realize higher prices.

A New Way of Distributing Presents.

Let one corner of the room where the Christmas festivities are to take place be fitted up as a post-office, and another corner made to represent a bank. Have ready in the post-office, envelopes, each bearing the name of the one who is to receive a gift, and in each envelope a "check" in favor of the one to whom the envelope is addressed. This check may read as follows:

North Pole, Christmas, 1904.
Snow, Frost & Co., Bankers.
Pay to the order of Harry Hawthorne
one pair of skates.
SANTA CLAUS.

Also have ready in the bank the presents which are to be given, each one properly designated. On the evening of the festival let the postmaster call out the names upon the envelopes one by one, and each child or person, as his name is called, go to the office and receive his check. He may then take it to the bank, and, presenting it to the cashier, receive his gift.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.

HE OWES A DUTY TO THE PUBLIC

Tells of Benefit Derived from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Cures of Rheumatism and Dropsy by Canada's Great Kidney Remedy.

YELLOW GRASS, Assa., N.W.T., Dec. 2. —(Special).—"I think I should let the public know the benefit I derived from Dodd's Kidney Pills." The speaker was Mr. John White, well known here, and he voices the sentiments of many a man on those Western prairies who has been relieved of his pains and misery by the great Canadian Kidney Remedy. "I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for years," Mr. White continued. "I tried doctors and medicine, but never got anything to do me much good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for me was wonderful. "I also know the Harris family and I saw their little girl, Edith, who was cured of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I know that to be true. I tell you I feel like recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills even stronger than I talk." There is no Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure.



UNION BANK FLAGPOLE.

The Highest in the West and one of the Highest in the Dominion.

Boys and Girls

Warren's "Bestest Christmas."

This little lad Warren always was the dearest, most loving, little rascal that ever you saw, going around with his blue and dancing eyes and face so sweet and "smiley" (as Mark said) that folks smiled back in spite of themselves when they looked at him.

When he was just a wee boy, he would say, after using every pet name he could think of:

"Oh, Muvver! I wish there were more sweet names so I could call them to you."

So you may guess his heart was brimful of love and his head fairly running over with plans for Christmas presents for everyone he loved. He didn't have much money and the little he did have he earned and saved till every penny was precious as gold, as he figured out just what he could buy for each one.

It took a lot of courage, too, to go out in the hot sun and pick blackberries when Chester Bell was going fishing and taking his lunch along, and wanted him to go too "just awfully," and to run indoors cheerfully and pare potatoes the moment mamma called, and to go errands when he had to stop work on "the dandiest snow house you ever saw," but he did it, and all through the twelve long months he polished papa's shoes, wiped dishes, cleaned vegetables, dressed the twins and did everything he could possibly think of to have more to slip into his bank, which he always opened two days before Christmas.

This year he was unusually gleeful and went around with his eyes shining like stars and a smile so broad that one of his friends nick-named him "The-laugh-a-lot boy," and the reason for all his joy was that he had five dollars and thirty-seven cents, and "some besides," for, as he confided to mamma when they were having their good-night cuddling time:

"You see when I keep 'count of how much I put in my bank, sometimes I call a dime five cents so I'll be s'prised when I open it."

So the dear little chap had every penny counted out for each one, and his list all made out, and the "s'prise" pennies were to buy a present for somebody who wouldn't have "a single bit for Christmas."

Well, here it was the twenty-third of December and the bank was opened, and the "s'prise" counted up to eighty-five cents, and Warren had stood on his head and nearly broken his mamma's ribs with a bear hug in his delight, when a knock at the back door sent him scurrying to open it. There stood a big boy, as tall as papa, but with a boyish face, so cold and pinched and hungry-looking it would have made your heart ache. When he asked for something to eat, Warren would have given him a good deal more than half of his own dinner rather than have him go away.

Now you can guess pretty well what sort of a mamma Warren had, a face so like a sweet, wild rose, that Warren's big brother always called her "You-pretty mamma-you," and then laughed to see the dimples come in her cheeks; one of those mammas that can cure a pounded finger by the way she says "Oh!" and drive away a headache or a heartache by just snuggling you close in her arms. Well, this same sweet mamma was just the least bit afraid of tramps, and this great, tall boy, with his rough looks and a sort of fierce way about him, wasn't exactly the sort she would have invited to eat at her table. But something about his eyes made her think of her own manly face, and she didn't mean to have a long wait.

When he was eating, Warren, who was used to going to bed with everyone, thought of his Christmas plans, and when he had finished his money, and had the very nicest present of all

was to be "for mamma," and suddenly asked:

"What are you going to give your mamma?"

That was too much for the Big Boy tramp, and his eyes filled with tears. Then Warren patted his hand and questioned in a voice full of sympathy:

"Haven't you any mamma? Has she gone to heaven?"

And the Big Boy just put his head on the table and cried and cried as if his heart would break. When he could speak he told Warren all about it—the dear mother at home who was so sad because she didn't know where her boy was, and how he had run away from home six years ago, and been a bad, bad boy, and had done things that would break her heart if she knew, and how he would give anything in the world, if he had it, to see her again, until Warren's eyes were full, too, feeling so sorry for the poor mamma and her poor boy.

But soon a bright idea popped into

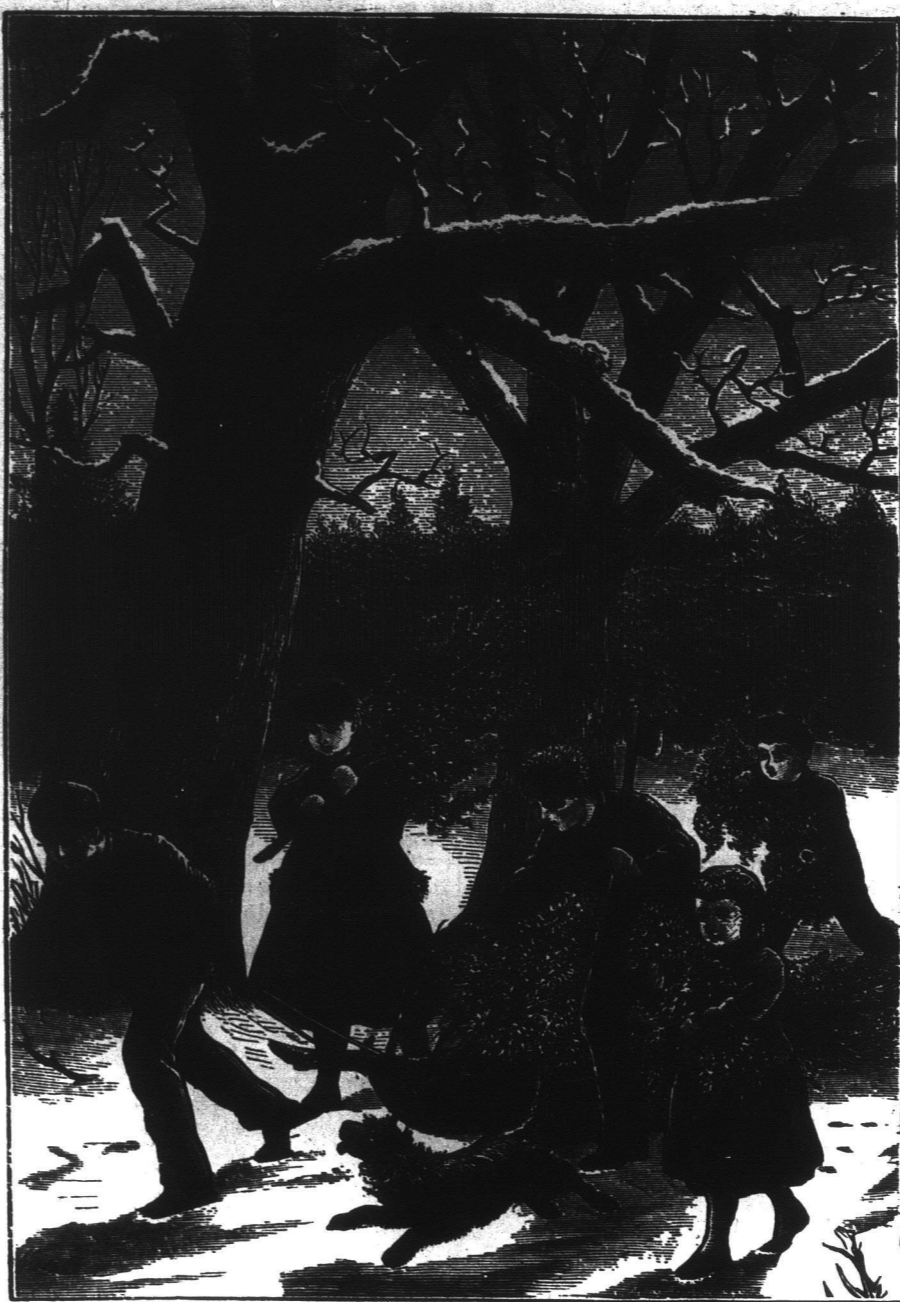
he told her the pitiful story of the Big Boy and his mother, and how he wanted to give him his precious Christmas money to go back home, "and if he goes right away quick don't you think he could get there in time for her Christmas present, mamma?"

Mamma thought maybe he could; and after a long talk with Big Boy it was finally settled, and Warren's store of pennies and nickels and dimes was changed into a ticket which took him back to the old home and the mother-love waiting for him all those years.

That night, after his, "Now I lay me," and mamma's last kiss, Warren said, bravely choking back a little sob:

"Anyhow, mamma, I think this will be the bestest Christmas I ever had 'cause I'm pretty sure it's what Jesus would have done," and mamma said, "I think so too, darling," and tucked him in, with the lovelight in her eyes brighter than ever.

And now just hold your breath while



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

his curly head and he smiled up at him an eager:

"Why don't you go home and give her yourself for a Christmas present? I'm most sure she'd like that heaps better'n anything else."

"I can't. I haven't any money nor any decent clothes, and no one will give me any chance to earn any, and besides, I'm too bad to go home."

To all of which Warren insisted, "Mammas always love their boys no matter how bad they are, and she'd just love you hard'n ever before, if you'd go back, even if you don't look very nice."

And then the beautifullest thought came to him as he asked with a little tremble in his voice:

"Big Boy, how much does it cost to go to your mamma?"

"Five dollars and ninety cents," was the answer in as hopeless a tone as if it were five thousand instead.

Then what do you think? That Warren boy slipped into the sitting room and put both arms around mamma's neck and held her tight, while

I tell you how the very last mail brought a little box which held a shining twenty-dollar gold piece and a note from Big Boy's mother thanking the little boy for helping Big Boy to give his mother the dearest Christmas present she ever had in all her life.

When Warren found out he could buy his presents after all he gave the biggest Hurrah you ever heard from any seven-year-old boy and the last thing he said that night was a sleepy whisper which only the sand-man heard—"This is the very bestest Christmas I ever had."

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT.
For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

A Rich Boy.

"Oh, my!" said Ben; "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. "How much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben in surprise.

"Yes! What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No sir."

"And your arms—I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 apiece, at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes now. How would you like to have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, they are worth that much, at least. Let's see now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—

"legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000, at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty-thousand-dollar eyes at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.

- Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.
- Don't overdress, or underdress.
- Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.
- Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.
- Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Selected.

A REFORMED HUSBAND

ASTONISHING EFFECTS.

"I do not know how to express my gratitude to the Samaria prescription which you sent me some weeks ago. It has produced astonishing effects on my husband. My pen cannot express the feeling of gratitude I have. We owe to you my husband's life, who was a wreck in health and in business. Today he is a perfect man, which he had not been for the last three years on account of the drink habit. Enclosed find money order for another treatment for a friend's husband, whose case is quite similar to my own husband's case."—Madame A. Ville-neuve.



FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials, and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 40 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada. Samaria Remedy is tasteless and can be used without the patient's knowledge.

"I wish I was
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WE HAVE COME FROM THE NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST TO WISH YOU A CHRISTMAS MERRY AND BLEST.
 Selected from portraits from all parts of the country.

Not Work, but Worry.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and toss and wonder
About the cares of the day,
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah! no, but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid,
When we should be cheery and glad,
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue,
The scent of the rose is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven,
And the wisdom of God's plan,
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry
That breaks the heart of a man.

—Somerville Journal.

Curious Accidents.

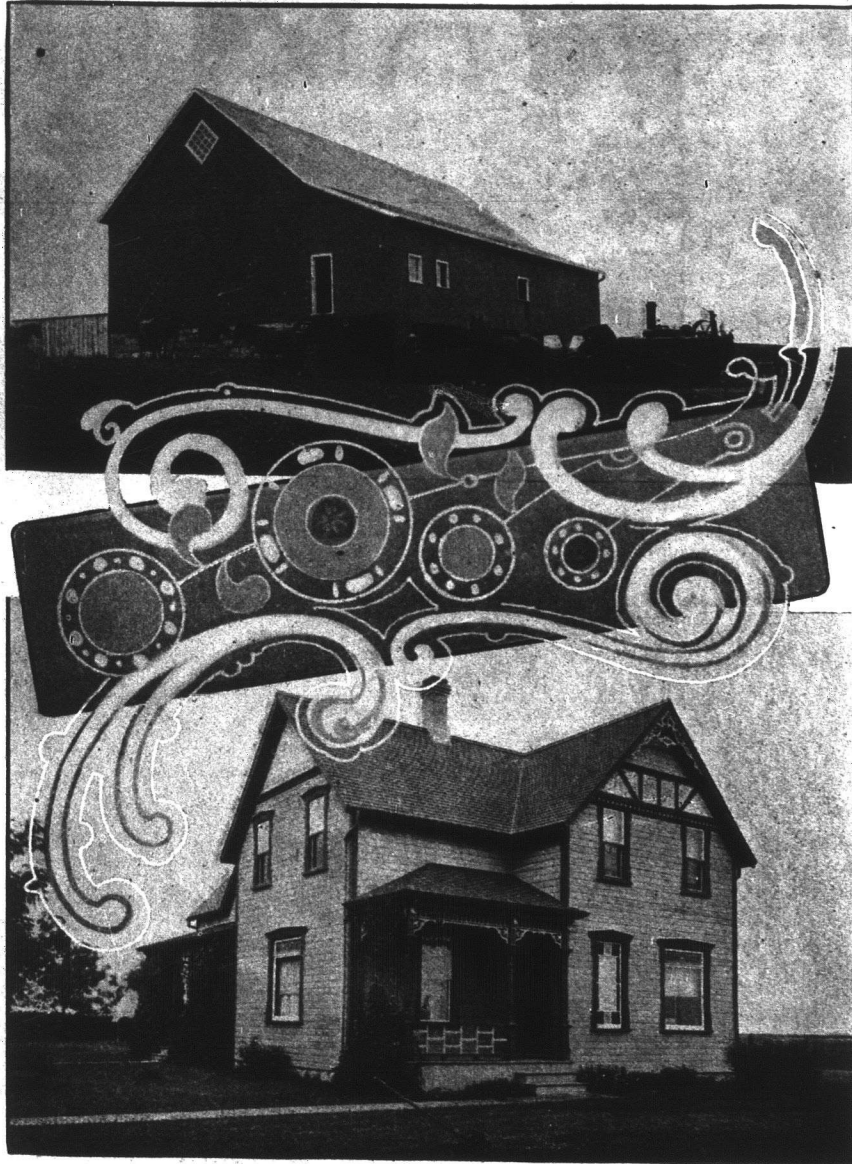
The Fidelity and Casualty Monthly Bulletin gives the following peculiar accidents:

During the process of tiling the slanting roof of an athletic club in this city, a workman who was astride the ridge-pole, putting on the last layer of tiles, shifted his position so that both feet were on the same side of the ridge-pole. He slipped, and, sliding down the roof, shot over the eaves to the ground, some 120 feet below. At the particular place he fell there was a pile of shavings and refuse about ten feet high. This pile existed by reason of a chute connecting with each floor of the building, down which the carpenters and other workmen on the building were in the habit of throwing refuse. The man bounced once or twice on the pile of chips, received absolutely no injuries, and in the course of fifteen minutes was back again at his work.

In Chicago some years ago, at a large varnish manufacturing establishment, the men were accustomed to be trained at fire drill whenever the alarm was given. On one occasion the men were lined up with fire-extinguishers on their backs. Probably because of long storage, the decomposition of the chemicals contained in one of the extinguishers had made the pressure within the extinguisher greater than it was calculated to bear. The result was that the bottom flew out, and the man, in the semblance of a human rocket, was shot up off his feet and out through a window, and, falling, was killed.

One of the high buildings in New York was just about finished, and the contractor was engaged in clearing it up. On the floor half way between the basement and the top floor, stood a barrel of lime which had not been used. A single block, with a one-part tackle rove through it, had been hung at the top floor. The workmen on the seventh floor slung the barrel of lime in a loop, and called to a workman on the first floor to lower it. They then swung the barrel off into

the elevator-shaft. The lime was heavier than the man below. He became frightened, but held on. The lime went down and the man went up. The barrel reached the floor and struck it with a blow sufficient to knock out the bottom and to release part of the lime. The rest of the lime being caked somewhat, stayed in the barrel.



RESIDENCE AND BARN OF JAMES BRYDEN, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

The man now, being heavier than what was left of the lime, came down again, while the barrel went up, but so gently that the man, in his trip of some seven stories up and down, received no injuries whatever.

Some years ago, at Donaldson, La., an explosion of a boiler took place while a negro happened at the moment to be on top of it. The boiler was thrown in one direction and the negro in another. In his flight the negro passed over a building thirty-five feet high and fifty feet broad, and lighted upon the roof of another building some ten feet lower than that over which he was thrown. Upon being asked by the company's representative how long he was in the air, he replied: "I cannot tell you exactly, sir. I did not look at my watch." He received no injuries whatever.

It is more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one.

A Girl's Pin Money.

A girl can scarcely be too young to have some idea of the value of money, and a weekly allowance will teach her the pleasure of providing little gifts and nicknacks out of her own pocket. At the age of 15 or 16 every girl should have an allowance, out of which she should buy her own gloves, sta-

Simple Hospitality.

One reason why we fail to take all the comfort and enjoyment we might from our friends and neighbors is that we are ambitious to make our social entertainments too elaborate. They soon become a burden and an expense to all but the very well-to-do. There is good sense in having a little something to eat when a few friends visit you in the evening.

Nobody has satisfactorily explained why the act of eating together promotes good fellowship, but we all know that it does. To secure this result, however, it is not in the least necessary that what is eaten be rare or expensive. Crackers and cheese, provided they are good and daintily served, will do quite as well as pate de foie gras or boiled mushrooms. The main thing is that what is eaten be relishable.

A chafing dish is a great invention for neighborly sociability. The moment the little company is gathered about the dining-room table, interest centres in the manipulations of the fair hostess. That is one of the moments when a woman looks most engaging. And when the plates are filled with the toothsome morsels, the spirit of neighborly friendliness and good cheer is at high tide. A little money will go a long way in pleasant entertaining, if we are sensible enough to make it very simple, and let good feeling largely take the place of money in the ordering of our hospitality.—The Watchman.

In life troubles will come which look as if they never would pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stopped.

The Value of Hair

OUR MAIL ORDER SYSTEM



This picture shows how beauty has been restored by a properly made Pompadour of rich, glossy hair matched perfectly with the natural growth. You can well imagine the injury to appearance lack of this artistic creation would now cause, still it is so applied that even a suspicion of its being unreal is impossible.

It is but one of our Hair Creations so essential to women who lack a bountiful growth of natural hair. Our Transformations, Bangs, Switches, etc., are all made by the same skilled hands, and we guarantee satisfaction by mail equal to that of personal visit.



This shows the youthful appearance given by one of our invisible Toupees to a man prematurely old by baldness. By our measurement system these also can be supplied with absolute satisfaction. OUR BOOKLET puts the matter before you; we mail it free.

The MANITOBA HAIR GOODS CO.
301 Portage Avenue
WINNIPEG



FARM BUILDINGS OF JAMES REID, WEST HALL, NEAR HARTNEY, MAN.

USEFUL PREMIUMS

FOR

ROYAL CROWN

SOAP WRAPPERS

These are all First-class Goods, nothing Cheap or Shoddy.

They can be relied upon to give First-class satisfaction.

Address: PREMIUM DEPARTMENT, ROYAL CROWN LIMITED, WINNIPEG



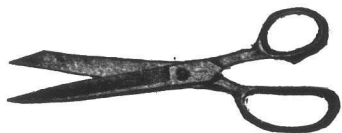
This Beautiful Tray, in Nickered Tin, 13 inches in diameter, for 25 Royal Crown Soap wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



Salt and Pepper Castors—Quadruple plate on white metal, plain satin finish, in satin lined box, for 175 R. C. wrappers, or 50c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



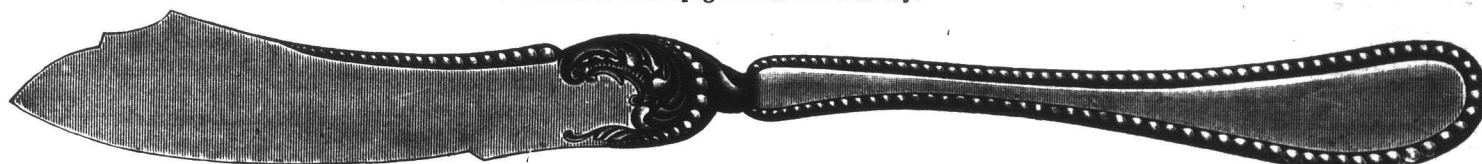
Oblong Nickel Tray—Nicely stamped with rich pattern, for 125 Royal Crown Soap wrappers, or 35c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



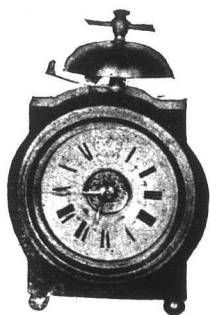
Scissors—An extra fine pair of Steel Shears for 75 wrappers, or 15c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 5c. for delivery.



Pen Knives—Two Blades and nice Nickel Handle for 75 wrappers, or 20c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 5c. for delivery.



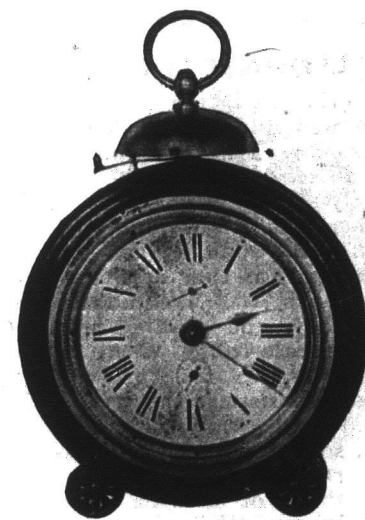
Butter Knife—Alberta Pattern, Rogers triple plate, for 100 Royal Crown Soap wrappers, or 25c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 5c. for delivery.



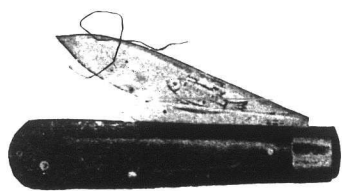
Alarm Clock—Rich Golden Oak Wood Case, Brass trimmed. First-class timepiece for \$1.25 and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



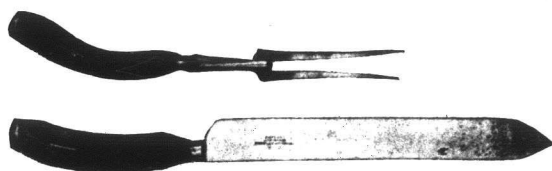
Bread Trays—Satin Engraved, Rococo Border, Rogers Triple Plate, for \$2.75 and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



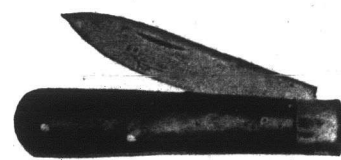
Alarm Clock—Highly Polished Wood Case, six inches in diameter, a first-class timekeeper, for \$1.75 and 25 Royal Crown Soap wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 25c. for delivery.



Jack Knife—Two Bladed, Black Horn Handle, best quality steel, for 20c. and 25 Royal Crown Soap wrappers, or 100 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 5c. for delivery.



Stag Handle Carvers—Good steel, attractive handles. Every household should have them. The pair for 125 wrappers, or 35c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 15c. for delivery.



Jack Knife—One Blade, Black Horn Handle best quality steel, for 15c. and 25 wrappers, or 75 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 5c. for delivery.

The Home

At Christmas Time.

Oh bells, to-day let warfare cease,
Ring out this birthday of the King,
And tell us of that glorious morn
When Christ was in a manger born,
And wise men came from lands afar,
Led by the glory of the star
That heralded his birth, to pay
Most tribute that first Christmas day,
While angels sang, o'er Bethlehem's hill,
"Be Peace on earth, to men Good Will."

Oh bells, to-day let warfare cease,
Christ came to be a Prince of Peace,
No longer let the sound of drum
Or trumpet, campward calling, come
To vex the earth with dread, and make
The hearts of wives and mothers ache.
Leave battle-flags to moths and dust—
Let gun and sword grow red with rust.
Birth groans with carnage—let it cease,
Ring in the thousand years of Peace!

O bells, ring in, to make sublime
The century's dawn, the glad New Time.
The dreamed-of, longed-for time when we
May gain a glimpse of things to be—
When love is law, and hand in hand
Go right and truth adown the land.
Ring out the false, ring out the wrong,
And help men voice the mighty song
To grow from God's eternal plan
Of man in fellowship with man.

Ring in the time when honor's test
Shall be supreme and all-confessed.
When mind, not rank, or wealth, or birth,
Shall be the standard of man's worth.
The golden time, when we shall stand
With earnest heart and honest hand,
Facing the world with fearless eyes
Because we live the truth that lies
At heart of all things truly great—
Heirs of pure manhood's high estate.

Ring out the littleness of things,
Ring in the broader thought that brings
Swift end to all ignoble creeds.
Ring in the age of noble deeds
For all things pure, and high, and good—
The era of true brotherhood.
Ring out the lust for gold and gain—
The greed that cripples soul and brain,
And open eyes, long blind, to see
What grander, better things there be,

Ring, happy bells, o'er plain and hill—
Ring loud, ring clear, ring sweet, and fill
The souls of those who pause to hear
With reverent thought and Christmas cheer.
Swing wide the heart's closed door, and say
"Come in!—all men are kin to-day!
Come in—come in! Clasp hands, and break
The bread of friendship for the sake
Of him who came to earth to find
His brothers in all humankind."

Ring, happy bells, the earth around,
And girdle it with gladdest sound,
And, while we sing His birthday in,
Let Christ—and Christ is love—begin
His reign of peace, and men shall say,
"This is indeed a Christmas day!"
Your hand, my brother! Lo afar
Behold the radiant Bethlehem star—
And hark!—the angels singing still,
"Peace on earth, to men Good Will!"

—E. E. Rexford.

Christmas in the Country.

Christmas in the country forty years ago was a different affair from what it is now. I never think of Christmas in those days without thinking of a lovely winter day, bright with sunshine, and snow everywhere; large drifts, through which the horses floundered as they drew the stout sled, on which was the wagon-bed filled with hay, and covered with blankets and buffalo-ropes, where we cuddled down, as we rode merrily away to spend Christmas at grandpa's. We could hardly wait till the horses stopped, so eager were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas; but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of "Christmas gift." That entitled him to a present instead of us; but a kiss all around was usually the way we



NITELINE INDIANS.

Preparing for Pony Race on Dominion Day

paid off our indebtedness, while some striped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and merry jokes.

A bright fire burned in the fire place, and there, suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, was a great turkey packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth; and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen where a cook-stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffee-boiler sent out an odor of coffee, strong and fragrant, while a long table covered with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were all called to dinner. No one was left to wait,



PLUM PUDDING A LA DAVID HARUM.

Pour a cupful of hot milk over a cupful of breadcrumbs. When the milk becomes cold add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of four eggs, half a pound each of raisins and currants, half a cupful of chopped almonds, half a pound of suet and spices to taste. Steam for six hours. Serve with whipped cream sweetened with maple sugar.

and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he carved the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with all manner of good things in the way of vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosy-cheeked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook-stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind-man's buff while the older ones "visited" in the "keepin'-room" until the time came to return home.

—A. M. M.

A New Big Game Country.

Field and Stream says that Jack Hyland, of Telegraph Creek, which is away off towards the Arctic Circle, came into Victoria a few days ago with some extraordinary stories of the mysterious North. He is a son of Telegraph Creek's pioneer trader, and knows every foot of the country about the Stikeen and Skeena rivers. He says that within sixty miles of Telegraph Creek is the finest big game hunting on the American continent today. The list of game includes big cinnamon, silvertip and grizzly bears, moose, caribou, elk, black-tail deer and wolves, with enough mountain sheep and white goats to make it interesting, and an occasional musk-ox thrown in for good measure. Lynx, beaver, northern panther (whatever that may be), and many smaller animals are countless. Geese and ducks he does he does not attempt to count, but just lumps them off by the million, and the streams and lakes contain, according to his version, only enough water to float the numbers of fish that swim in them.

Christmas Decorations.

The custom of recent years in giving the home a festive appearance for Christmas is one to be highly commended.

The use of holly and mistletoe, the plants sacred to Christmas, is now very general, and as they are abundant in our markets, as well as cheap, every household may be made bright with them. In parlors and sitting-rooms, wreaths, crowns and festoons can be arranged over mantels and windows, as well as hung from lamps and over pictures.

For the Christmas dinner-table, a large bowl of holly leaves, with the berries, make a beautiful centre-piece; while tiny bunches of holly laid at each plate brighten the table wonderfully. Cakes may be ornamented with candy designs of holly, while ices may be molded and colored in the same style. If in remote localities it is not possible to obtain holly and mistletoe, green of some other variety should be procured, as the display of artificial wreaths of holly is bad taste. All-over greens, such as pine, cedar, spruce, etc., can be utilized, and berries of some sort arranged with these can be made into beautiful decorations. When chrysanthemums are yet blooming, they add greatly to the beauty of the table; the bright yellow and dark crimson are particularly appropriate for the Christmas dinner-table.

In arranging the table, the cakes, bon-bons, nuts and fruits may be placed on it at the beginning, and will give it a festive appearance, rendering very little additional decoration necessary.

To serve an informal Christmas dinner with as little trouble to the family as possible should be the aim of every housekeeper. The soup may be placed at each plate before dinner is announced, the turkey carved at the table and passed with the vegetables, the salad and dessert dished by the hostess. By the exercise of good judgment and management, the dinner may thus be served with simple elegance even in the humblest household.

Six Cents for One.

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of the rings," said a man to a boy; "and if the ring catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed the man a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to the stake and tossed the ring, and it caught in one of the nails that were fastened in a board.

"Will you take six rings and pitch again, or six cents?" asked the man.

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three-cent pieces were put in his hand.

The boy stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having any idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman who was standing near had watched him, and now, before the boy had time to look about to rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling," said the gentleman.

"Gambling, sir?" said the boy, questioningly.

"You staked your penny and won six pennies, did you not?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, I did," replied the boy.

"You did not earn them," said the gentleman, "and they were not given to you. You won them, just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give the six cents back and ask the man for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

The boy had hung his head, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it!" will never be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. That was an honest boy.—Selected.

Canada's Need.

Canada's greatest need to-day is for powerful young men. We have in this country a splendid heritage. Our institutions and our laws are marks of the highest civilization. Our wealth in farms, forests and mines is almost beyond our ability to compute. We have ample opportunity for growth. The wide expanse of our territory and the immense distances in this young country force us to breadth of view and largeness of outlook. We are just beginning to comprehend the gravity of our responsibilities and the character of the opportunities which are thrusting themselves upon us. We stand upon the threshold of national greatness. The problems awaiting our solution are many and difficult. The need of the hour is for young men of strength, young men of brain and brawn, young men of courage and character, integrity and honor. This country has work for the leaders and work for the lead. But those who have power to originate, design, plan and execute are in greatest demand. Men are required who will take great pains, who do things thoroughly, master details, and are not confused with the pressure of duties; men who know the value of time and will seize an opportunity; men who put their hearts into each daily task, whose enthusiasm creates enthusiasm in their fellows. They must be strong in body, strong in morals, and strong in mind. They must be trained thinkers and skilled workmen. Conditions are changing rapidly. Man's muscle alone cannot compete with the forces of nature harnessed in steel. The motive power of this age and country is the brain of the man who knows how to think, and works up to the limit of his knowledge.—C. C. C.

Around the World.

Within three months Germany could put in the field 5,600,000 men, 195,000 horses and 4,864 guns.

Out of every 1,000 of the world's population 264 own King Edward as their sovereign.

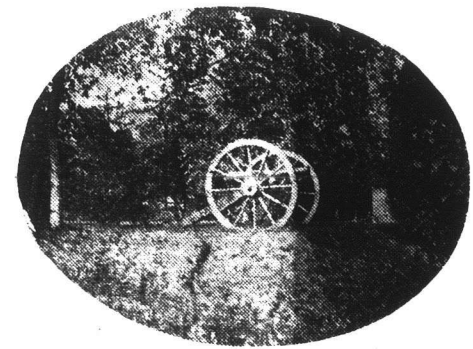
Manhattan Island, on which New York now stands, was originally bought from an Indian chief for about \$25.

Only one-third of the world's population use bread as a daily article of food. Nearly one-half of the people of the world subsist chiefly on rice.

Denmark, which produces an immense quantity of butter, has an average of one cow for every two inhabitants.

On a grave in a cemetery at Chichester, there is a wreath which at first glance appears to be a coral. In reality it is composed of human bones. The bones were collected during his travels by the deceased, who carved them with a penknife and formed them into a wreath which now adorns his grave.

A Russian sailor, a deserter from his ship, recently gave himself up to a crew of British seamen on the guano island of Leone, saying that he desired to renounce his allegiance to the Czar and to become a subject of King Edward. The British sailors were puzzled how to naturalize the man, so they held a consultation on the subject. Finally, after the Russian had abjured his country, every British tar present threw a bucket of water over him, and thus his nationality was washed off.



ONE OF THE OLD GUNS.

Blue Ribbon

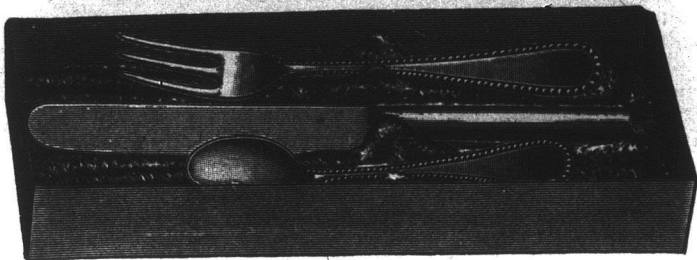
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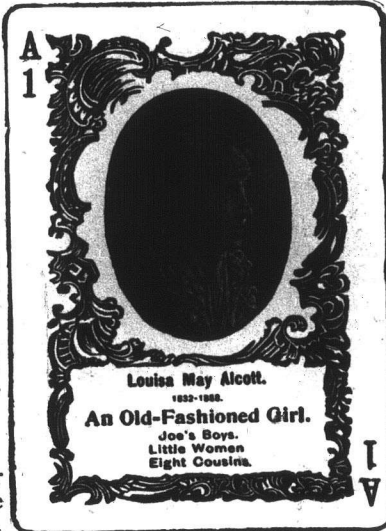
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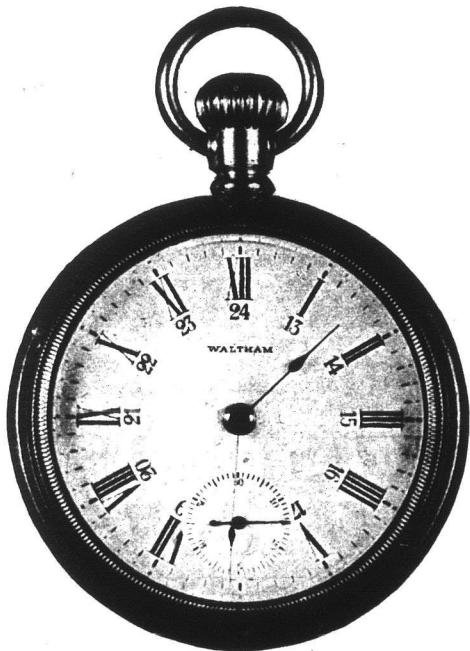
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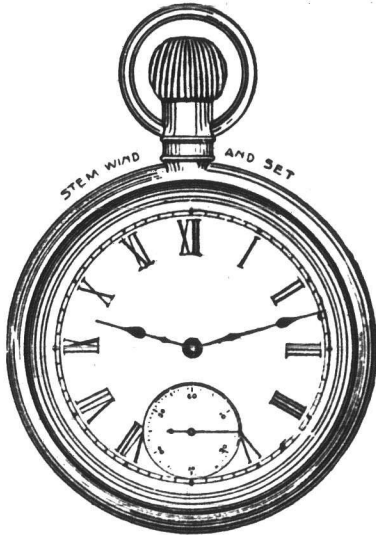
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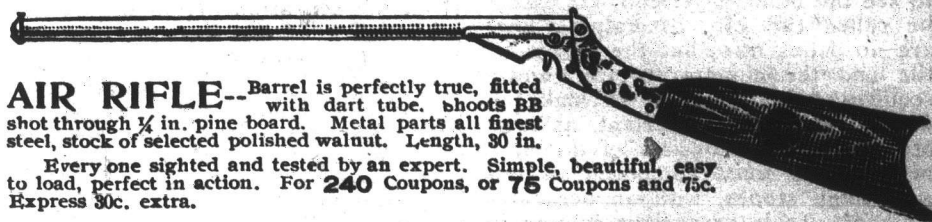
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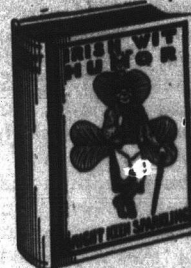
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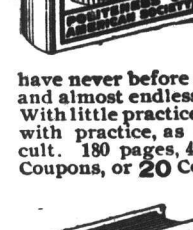
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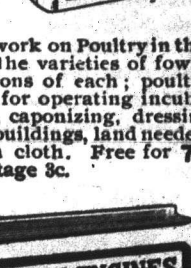


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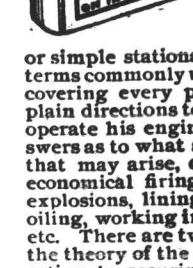
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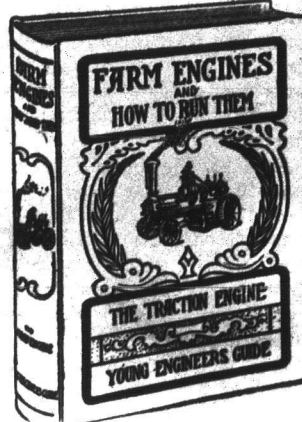
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Jericho

By Mrs. Julia
A. Symington.

Our route lay over barren plains and desolate hills, deep ravines, here and there a grave, which added, if possible, to the dreariness of the long, rough road down to Jericho. Down, down we drove over dangerous paths that we had to walk over for fear of accidents, especially along the ravine of the brook Cherith, where Elijah might have hidden from Ahab's wrath unto this day, so deep and cavernous are its shores. The driving and excitement of the day had given us an appetite that made us rather anxious to see the modern Jericho. It used to be called the City of Palms. There are no palms now, but the soil is fertile and the climate tropical, and it requires only irrigation to make the whole region as luxuriant as ever. Modern Jericho consists of fifteen or twenty mud huts, composed of mud and rough stones, with an occasional piece of marble or ancient column inserted. The houses for the most part are enclosed by a hedge of thorns, and the citizens are a villainous looking lot, who might well be descendants of those among whom the Samaritan fell in his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho. The gardens were well watered and vegetation very abundant; lemon and other trees were laden with fruit, where the least attention was given to this industry. Our hotel host did his best to serve us, but found it difficult to maintain his evidently much desired reputation as a landlord of a lordly inn. The Jericho plains are covered with bushes, shrubs and trees. The yellow apple of Sodom is found, and the so-called balm of Gilead grows in many places around the city. It is named Zakkum by the Arabs, the bark of which is of grayish color, and its fruit resembles green plums, from which a fragrant oil is extracted. We had a few given us, but in some way they disappeared. This rich plain lies waste because the Turkish government exists only to crush the people. Jews and Syrians see the evil, but cannot cure it. Though these plains are not now what they may have been when the Israelites realized for the first time that the promise made to their ancestors centuries before was fulfilled, and, as the ransomed ones from Egyptian slavery, they could celebrate with joy the first passover in the land of their freedom, yet it is a spot of surpassing interest.

After lunch we again took our carriages for the Jordan and the Dead Sea. A small waterspout had exhausted itself during our lunch, the first we had encountered, but we are never likely to forget the result. About a mile from the sea, after driving through the mud, that strange Dead Sea appeared like a deep basin hemmed in by the Mountains of Moab on the east side, that stood out in sharp outline and rugged grandeur against the sky, and by these, down whose brows and deep chasms we were driving. The carriages and horses slipped and plunged until we were ordered to leave them and walk over the dangerous ravines of mud—waxy, tenacious mud; it would take off your rubbers and shoes as well. Mud! Well, the experience is indescribable. For myself I speak. The coachman had to lift me, mud and all, into the carriage, or I should have remained until now in that mud.

At last the clear water of the sea sparkled at our feet. No mud now. The driver had charge of our rubbers. It is a strange sea, 1,320 feet below the level of the ocean and in the centre 1,900 feet deep. Its water is clear as crystal, and is said to contain bromine, potassium and other minerals, and about 28 per cent. of salt. The water is dense, and feels waxy to the touch. Some of the party enjoyed a swim, but as nothing like bathing houses is yet

prepared for ladies, and only a pretense of rushes for the gentlemen, what were we to do to test those wonderful waters? All there was left us to do if we would like to test the buoyancy of these inviting waves. And they were inviting after the mud; I never saw water more so. It was with some trepidation I began to unlace my shoes, and many a curious glance was shot over my head, but the opportunity of a lifetime was not to be lost and I thought the fastidious might look the other way, and I lost no time in testing the sensation of the waters of the Dead Sea. I can feel the exhilaration of wading over that pebbly shore out as far as I dare go, for the waves would lift you, if not cautious, quite off your feet. As I write, the sensation comes back. Many more braved the position and were not sorry. I saw one bird fly over its waters, but it is a scene of silence and death. Across the sea the Moabite Mountains rose up barren and bleak and riven with deep chasms to their base.

From this dreary place, or not far among the wild mountains of Moab, isolated from friends and doubtless



J. SHORT'S BARN, OAK RIVER, MAN.

suffering from heartless cruelty, John the Baptist sent his disciples to Christ, asking, "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" If the chained forerunner of Christ were allowed to look out of his prison across the Dead Sea towards the plains of Jericho, the scene of his labors, and towards Bethlehem and Jerusalem, he must have fretted like a captive eagle and wondered why the mighty Son of God did not free him, that he might work longer as a preparer of the way of the Lord. But his work was done. Along the beach were scattered pieces of dead wood, encrusted with saline matter, but no sign of vegetable life is visible as far as the eye can reach. We pick a few pebbles that are worn smooth by the action of the waves and look bright-hued under water, but soon lose their brilliancy when dried.

We again took our carriages, that were clean of mud now, and in about an hour reached the traditional site of the passage of the Israelites over the Jordan. The river is about 100 feet broad here. The current is swift and the water muddy, but not so muddy but some lapped it with eagerness because it was Jordan water. I got our coachman to fill a Jericho bottle with it, but took care to have it filtered and sterilized before bringing it very far. The Jordan banks are a jungle of rank and rather beautiful growth of willow-tamarisk and the acacia and tropical trees of many kinds. After so many days and miles of bare and almost treeless wastes of the Judean Desert,

a sight of this fresh, green vegetation is refreshing. On the west side, where we landed, the ground gradually shelved down towards the river, and the flats, which are sometimes overflowed at the harvest time, are covered with taria and other shrubs and trees. After the most of the party had been rowed across the river and cut a few limbs from the trees on the banks of Moab, as memorials of the visit, we were glad to get away to our carriages again, although many features of the place would induce the tourist to linger long; but a driving rain on the plains of Jordan and Jericho is an experience not to be forgotten, although not of long duration. We passed ruined walls, aqueducts and traces of old foundations which are said to mark the site of Jericho, which, contrary to prophetic orders, was rebuilt, and disobedience was rewarded by the death of the oldest and youngest son of the builder.

After our return, and dinner over, we enjoyed a short walk with a friend and visited a Bedouin camp, the original natives of the place. Our guide seemed quite in his native element, too, for our first glimpse of him he was sipping, with an evident relish, coffee taken from a large iron pot in the centre of one of the apartments. The coffee was passed to all the guests, but the scarcity of cups made rather slow work of the hospitable act, and some were anxious to see the Bedouin girls do their flag drill outside in the court of the camp, which fifteen or more were enjoying. It was a kind

with my experience of Bedouin life, from the infant of two days old to hoary heads of nearly a hundred. The contrast between the Bedouin and their visitors was rather in favor of Christian civilization. From this city, Jericho, a Roman road can yet be traced, and possibly Herod, in his heathen splendor, passed over it, and our Lord when blind Bartimeus begged for relief. West of Jericho the barren hills rise perpendicular from the plains; thither the spies fled, and tradition says Quarantania, just in sight and desolate enough for anything, was the scene of Christ's temptation. He defeated his enemies and foes, came out of the struggle better qualified to succor them that are tempted. Had he wavered or fallen for a moment even, not earth only, but heaven and God would have been ruined. Bright and early in that eastern clime that scarcely knows anything of night, we started for Elisha's fountain on our return to Jerusalem. This spring, whose clear waters flow over the plain, the prophet healed. We drank its waters. It was slightly tepid and a little brackish, but not disagreeable. Far down into the chasms about this place, dug over and over by wandering Arabs and inhabitants of the modern villages seeking for buried treasures, I could see broken pottery, pieces of hewn stone and broken columns. We bought a cup and saucer, which seemed a fitting souvenir of Elisha's fountain among the many trinkets that are pressed upon your charity as a tourist. The long drive back was enjoyable, the weather fine, the scenery of the wildest description; especially was the ravine of Elijah wonderful on the return. For miles and miles this deep, lonely, yawning ravine was at our right; sometimes we were too near the edge for our safety, at others we could see far, far down a little white thread of water that noisily sped its way to the Dead Sea.

We came again to that city that the Psalmist asked the people to walk round and admire her bulwarks and palace. Her glory as a fortified city is no more, even with her ancient defenses modern weapons of war would soon lay her in ruins. But her glory in connection with Christ is imperishable.

Thus ended our visit to the plains of Jericho, the Dead Sea and the River Jordan with an experience invaluable and lasting as our time on earth.

There is no dart capable of inflicting a deeper wound to the heart than an unkind word, and all the repentance will not serve to erase the searing. Be careful, therefore, and shun unkind words always.

Do not crave opportunities to exercise virtues, but crave the possession of them. If you possess virtues, you will use them when occasion requires; if you do not possess them, the occasion for their use will simply demonstrate your weakness.

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RESIDENCE OF F. J. G. McARTHUR, B.A., LL.B., BARRISTER, CARMAN, MAN.

He Put up his Gun.

One of our best practical farmers related to us the other day how he came to change his mind about killing birds. He said he formerly took a great deal of pleasure with his gun and dogs. About six months after coming to the territory he told his wife he would go out and kill a few quail. It was about four o'clock; so calling his dogs he started out on his own farm. He soon shot three quail, and his wife, knowing that if he got thoroughly interested in the pursuit of game he would be out till long after supper time, persuaded him to come back to the house and they would have supper, when he could go again. "All right," said the farmer; "I will dress these and we'll have them for supper." His wife remarked on the fullness of the craws of the birds, and on opening one it was found packed full of chinch bugs! Out of curiosity they counted and found over four hundred dead chinch bugs in the craw of one quail. Said the farmer in relating the circumstance to us: "I just cleaned up the gun and have not shot a bird since, and if you'll come down to my place of a morning or evening and see the birds coming to my farm you'll think they know their friends."—Oklahoma Clipper.

A Woman With a Will.

A few years ago, Miss Rosa Weiss was poor, but also ambitious; now she is an M. D., and has a lucrative practice. She asked her brother to send her to college. He told her that he could not afford to do that, but, giving her five cents, jestingly said to her, "Go on that!" She saw wonderful possibilities in that nickel. With it she bought a yard of calico from which she made a sunbonnet. Selling the sunbonnet for twenty-five cents, she bought material for bonnets and aprons. In this way several dollars were realized. Her brother, pleased with her thriftiness, gave her some land, which she planted to sweet potatoes, cultivating it with the assistance of a small boy. The products of the first year brought her forty dollars. Later she entered a state educational institution where she remained until she graduated with honor. During the course, she received some assistance from an aid society, all of which was repaid. Miss Weiss entered the medical college at Baltimore, Maryland, where she paid her tuition by nursing, and was graduated from there with honor. She is now a practicing physician in Meridian, Mississippi, near her former home, and her income is a good one.

How Animals act in Fires.

It is interesting to notice the different dispositions that animals manifest in the event of fire. A horse when the stable burns is wild with fright. A dog in a burning house is as cool as at any other time. He keeps his nose close to the floor and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats hide their faces from the

light, crouch in corners and howl piteously. When they are rescued they are docile and subdued, never biting or scratching their rescuer. Birds in burning woods seem to be hypnotized by fire, and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows are usually easy to lead forth, and if let alone will often find their way out themselves. It is peculiar that rodents seem never to have any difficulty in escaping from fires, and few persons have ever known of a rat's being burned to death in a building.—Exchange.

Near the termination of the yawn the eyes close, the ears are slightly raised and the nostrils dilate. The crack sometimes heard in the ear shows that the aural membranes are also stretched and exercised, something that cannot be done by any other process.

Nasal catarrh, inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache may all be helped toward a cure by the sufferer's making a practice of yawning six or seven times a day. But good form requires that it should be done in private, of course.



RESIDENCE AND BARN OF CHARLES SPICER, BIRTLE, MAN.

Widows in Japan.

Widows of Japan—of whom there will soon, unfortunately, be a greatly increased number—cut their hair short and comb it back plainly without a parting, unless, indeed, they are prepared to accept fresh offers, in which case they give a broad hint of their inclinations by twisting their hair around a long shell hairpin placed horizontally across the back of the head. Marriageable maidens distinguish and, as it were, advertise themselves by combing their locks high in front and arranging them in the form of a butterfly—which is something to be caught—or a fan half open, and adorning these significant designs with bright colored balls and gold or silver cord. Speaking generally, the dressing of the hair, which is changed at intervals from childhood upward, is an indication of the age and position of the simple-minded and fascinating female Jap.

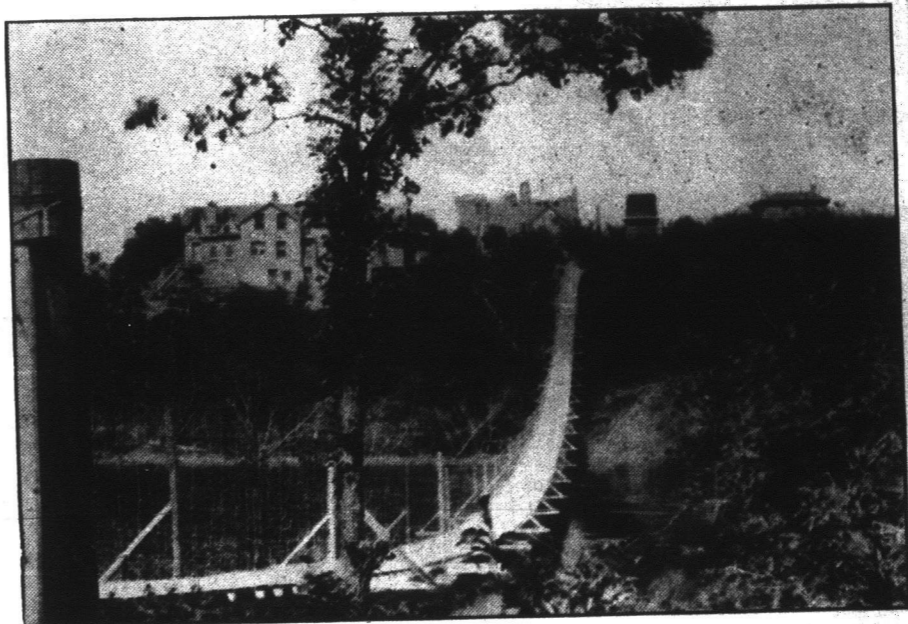
Yawning Does Good.

To be told that physicians recommend yawning as a remedy for disease would make some people smile with incredulity, but it is a fact nevertheless.

They say that muscles are brought into play during a yawn that would otherwise never get any exercise at all. The muscles that move the lower jaw and the breathing muscles of the chest are the first that come into use in the yawn. Then the tongue is rounded, the palate tightly stretched and the uvula raised.

The Orchard Oriole.

A very pretty little story comes from Hartford, and it is true. A nest of the orchard oriole (improperly called the "English robin") was discovered by the owner of the lot, whose child wanted the young birds, and the child was duly gratified. The nest was taken home, to the delight of the child and the grief of the parent birds, and the fledglings were placed in a cage outside the house. To the surprise of the person who had put them there, he found, one day, that the mother-bird had discovered her lost children, and was feeding them through the wires



SUSPENSION FOOT BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER AT SOURIS, MAN.

of the cage. This proof of parental affection in a bird was continued, till at length the person who had removed the nest from its place and put it in the cage was moved to restore it to its place on the tree, with the young birds in it. The unbounded delight of the old birds proved a full compensation for the sense of his—or, rather, his child's—loss, by the restoration of the young birds to their mother.—Dumb Animals.

"Never put off till Morrow," etc.

Morrow is a town of some importance about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new porter on the railway, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day while standing by a train at the Cincinnati station.

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the porter, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger. "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why don't you wait till to-morrow then, and not come bothering to-day?"

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"No! It will go to-day and come back to-morrow." Luckily the conductor appeared, and explained the situation, thus preventing the stranger's train of thought from running off the track.

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A Family Restored to Happiness by the Great Haines Cure for the Liquor Habit.

A new tasteless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by W.C.T.U. and all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 2506 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a trial package of Golden Specific free, to show how easily it is to cure drunkards with this remedy.

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2070 Fine pearls	4.50
2071 Fine pearls	5.00
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2073 Pearl heart	4.50
2074 Pearl heart	4.00
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2056 Fine diamonds	60.00
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2218 Opals, olivines	3.50
2219 Opals, olivines	3.50
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ON THE FARM OF WM. HOWDEN, RAPID CITY, MAN.

How to Keep Young.

To keep young in mind is a great blessing and we could do this by surrounding ourselves with interests, and especially the interests and pleasures of the young. We must have, indeed, the young of both sexes about

interest of business or profession. With girls, as someone has beautifully written, "You must be their companion. The love between a mother and daughter is a very fair and gracious tie; but to gain it you must find the golden mean between priggishness and want of dignity, for you must

common a one, to neglect dress, it is absolutely imperative that the middle-aged woman be garbed becomingly and well. Dress to a woman is like the setting of a jewel. It is the duty we owe ourselves and to the world in general. We are always influenced by our surroundings and a well-dress-



FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN OVER THE WINNIPEG, SELKIRK AND LAKE WINNIPEG RAILWAY. Photo taken at Selkirk, Man.

us, those fresh innocent lives who never look upon us as old as long as we love and care for them, but take us always on trust.

With boys, you may keep the everlasting secret of youth by entering into their lessons first, then their play or sports; and lastly, the absorbing

enjoy life without being frivolous; you must guide unconsciously, so that the check is unnoticed; you must learn the art of making new friendships, to appreciate new impressions, to move with the times; and, above all, you must never appear dowdy!"

It is a great mistake; but, alas! too

ed woman has the same effect on our senses as a charming picture or a melodious strain of music. Believe me, there is a dignity, as well as a grace, in dress which does much to influence those about us. It is the duty of every woman, at all times of her life, to look as beautiful as possible.—Alice A. Argente.



MRS. EVA HANSON AND FAMILY AETNA, ALBERTA. All under 15 years and of different ages.

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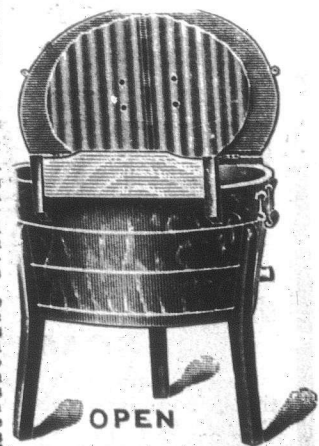
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We know the general public condemn washers and with good reasons. We also know how much a good washer is appreciated from the enormous sale the Waldron has created for itself.

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The Imperial Dry Goods Co., Ltd.,

WINNIPEG'S POPULAR STORE

How to Become Graceful.

Every woman would like to be graceful, but comparatively few are by nature as graceful as they might be if they would take a little trouble in the matter. English women, as a rule, are far behind French and Italian ladies in grace of bearing, and the reason probably is that their bodies are not so carefully trained.

In Spain and Italy women of the higher class are generally expert swordswomen, for they esteem fencing as one of the best possible athletic exercises, valuable alike for giving strength and grace to the body and alertness to the mind. Young girls therefore, are taught to fence as carefully as their brothers, and as accurately, and there are many schools where ladies practice not only with the foils, but with the broadsword.

In England a few ladies of high rank and a good number of our younger actresses delight in fencing, but this form of athletics is by no means popular, as it deserves to be, among

our girls, and yet those few who take it up not only derive great physical benefit from it, but find it a most fascinating and exhilarating exercise.

A Pan of Fudge.

"Fudge" is one of the nicest varieties of home-made candy and is easily made if directions are closely followed. It is often spoiled, however, by too long cooking:

One cup of granulated sugar, one cup of light brown sugar, one-fourth cup of cream, one teaspoonful of butter. Stir over the fire until thoroughly dissolved, then cook steadily (stirring only to prevent scorching) until the syrup will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water. This will usually require not more than six to eight minutes. Take from the fire and leave standing for a moment or two, then beat until creamy. Added nuts improves the candy and coconut is also good if one desires to make two varieties with the one cooking.



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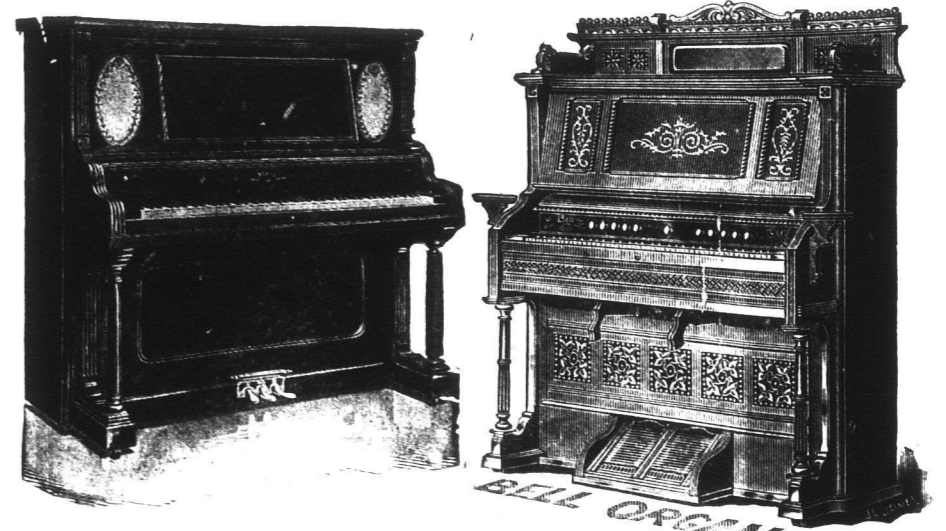
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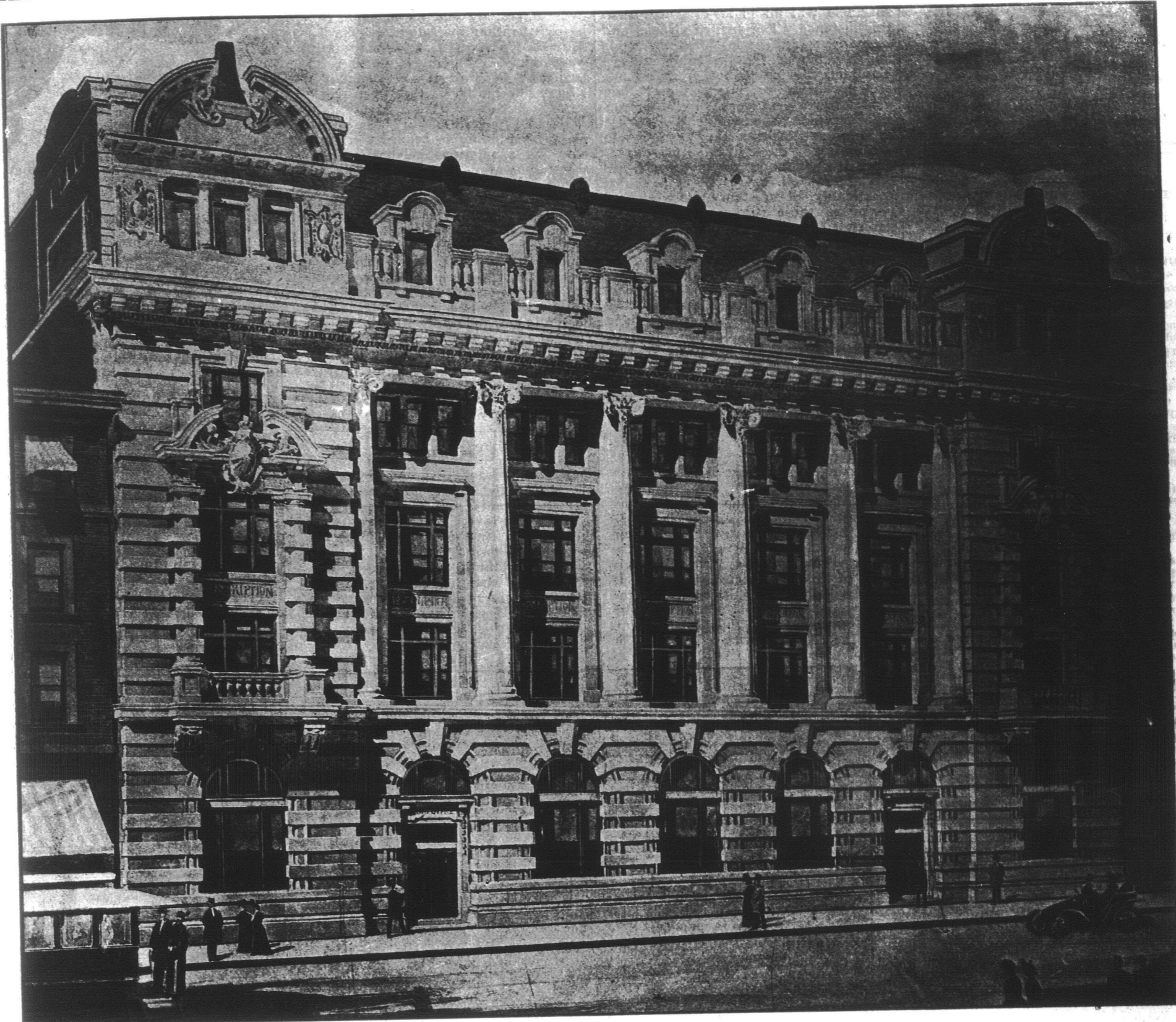
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Monthly.



WINNIPEG'S NEW POST OFFICE.

A Woman.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend—

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because on her breast he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterward.

Because she will stick to a man through good and evil report, and always believe in him if she loves him.

Because when he is behaving like a fretful boy—and they all do, you know at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself as he ought to be.

Dumping Troubles.

Lillie Hamilton French contributes to the March Delineator an inspiring paper in the "Joy of Living" series. It is on Dumping Troubles, and contains a wholesome, old-fashioned philosophy that is pleasant and profitable to read. Here is a paragraph from it:

We would all be helped in this dumping-trouble habit if we would but think more of what it meant to

make a contribution of ourselves to our friends, of what it meant to bring a cheerful spirit into their lives, a pleasant face, a well-dressed person; of what it meant to offer them a welcoming fireside, a pretty window, an atmosphere of joy. We are all parts of a great whole, each one giving and taking. The unconscious giving and taking goes on like that which is conscious, and a discontented face and a dejected manner in the street are troubles dumped upon the passer-by, thoughtlessly perhaps, but as surely as though by intention. So why not let our contributions to the world about us be pleasant ones, our offerings an inspiration? Why not, indeed, so develop ourselves that even our unconscious contributions to life be those which add to the joy, not the gloom, of our friends?

Our Influence.

As a stove parts with its heat to bring all surrounding objects into its own heated condition, so we affect those surrounding us. Not more certainly does a rose diffuse its fragrance than human beings dispense their influence wherever they go. * * Is a man religious?

Not more truly does the sunshine impart its glory to surrounding objects than that man's religious influ-

ence passes from him to all persons and things within its sphere. Houses become so imbued with the influence of the people that live in them that sensitive persons can feel that influence as soon as they enter.

2 Dime Mail Order Co., record breaking sale holiday goods. Everything 20c. We give away \$300 ev'ry month. Send 2 dimes for 50c. holiday present, catalogue, and prize offer. Address—
D. DAVIDS, MANAGER,
75 GARDEN ST., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

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No Operation, Pain, Danger; no Loss of Time from Work.



Why wear a truss when you can be cured so as not to require one?
MR. WM. McSHANE, 67 1/2 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man., whose portrait here appears, is cured of an almost hopeless case while at daily duties. All can be cured; no case too bad or of too long standing. Valuable information and a **Free Trial Treatment** sent to all sufferers. Do not wait; write to-day. **DR. W. S. RICE,** 2 Queen St. East, Dept. 421, Toronto, Ont.

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Stovel Building,
Winnipeg.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Christmas.

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvelous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more. The cattle have turned their heads to the east and knelt down to worship the king cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the yule-log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away; the sun is up and the bright-eyed children, who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmastide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

Gift Giving and Receiving.

One of the most promising aspects of each recurring Christmas is the manner in which the custom of gift-giving has grown. This feature is observed by Christian and Jew alike—in many instances by those in pagan pales. The wealthy give largely of their abundance, those less fortunately situated, in accordance with their means. A touching phase of the season is the effort which even the poverty-stricken put forth to remember substantially those on their own level and others still more luckless than themselves. There is good reason why this should be the case. God, the maker of the sentient universe, gave to our world the marvellous, unspeakable gift of His Son, a God Himself. No more sublime, no more heroic

spectacle will all history furnish than this instance. The ancient Greeks and Romans made effigies of their gods and worshipped the carven likenesses. To Baal, who could not or would not see nor hear or intermedate, they made flowery prayers. To divinities who demanded the sacrifices of purity, of blood and of lives, they did homage—counting themselves privileged. Christianity's boon to the world, on the other hand, bears the evidence of practicality, of substance, infinitely superior to these pagan rites. A God descended to the earth, with all its vile-smelling tumult and its cheerless wastes of sin and indifference, for the avowed purpose of becoming the Intercessor for humanity with the Intelligent Force which fixed the sun and the stars and the earth itself in their orbits.

Contemplating the grandeur of this gift; recognizing the divine love and condescension involved, is it not natural that we should wish to show our love and benignity to our friends, by a similar course on our own small, finite scale? This is the core of Christmas giving. The wish to convey the impression of affection; of thought, the desire to demonstrate the tenderness of relations which bind us to other people, even to the extent of sacrificing a few of our own whims and indulgences. The gift given with the veneer of ostentation, "with a lively sense of favors expected," is the one which will fall flat in its effect on the sender and receiver. The man who gives extravagantly, that he may impress the recipient with a sense of his

own superiority and importance, is to be pitied rather than detested—he misses nine-tenths of the gratification, the warm glow of kindness which is experienced by the simple-hearted man whose sole motive is that of unselfishness.

Happily, too, the great mass of people are beginning to regard Christmas more as a religious celebration than the excuse for license in food and drink consumption. While the occasion is obviously one which calls for liberal good cheer, for hospitality with a free hand, it should by no means be construed as a pretext for brutal gourmandizing, for reckless dissipation more fitted to the saturnalias of the children of antediluvian barbarism. Co-operating with a commendable public sentiment, the authorities have each year drawn a tighter cordon around those who would thus interpret the feast of the Nativity. Together with a wholesome spontaneity and a loving altruism, we are coming to observe in the history of humanity.

Christmas.

Of course you are going to have a merry Christmas time. You expect to receive presents and will many gifts to those you love. Knowing you want the happiest time possible, let me tell you what to do.

Give something to somebody who really needs what you can give. Somebody who does not expect anything from you. If you have to sacrifice a little to do this, it will be better, for you will feel happier. Try it.

Secrets of Success.

What is the secret of success, asked the sphinx.

Push, said the button.

Never be led, said the pencil.

Take pains, said the window.

Be up to date, said the calendar.

Always keep cool, said the ice.

Do business on tick, said the clock.

Never lose your head, said the barrel.

Do a driving business, said the hammer.

Aspire to greater things, said the nutmeg.

Never do anything off-hand, said the glove.

Be sharp in all your dealings, said the knife.

Spend much time in reflection, said the mirror.

Trust to your stars for success, said the night.

Strive to make a good impression, said the seal.

Turn all things to your advantage, said the lathe.

Make much of small things, said the microscope.

Get a good pull with the ring, said the door-bell.

Find a good thing and stick to it, said the glue.

Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted, said the bell.

Make the most of your good points, said the compass.



"WHAT WILL 'SANTIE' BRING ME?"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT THE LEAST COST

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INCORPORATED A.D. 1670. The Great Traders of the Great West.

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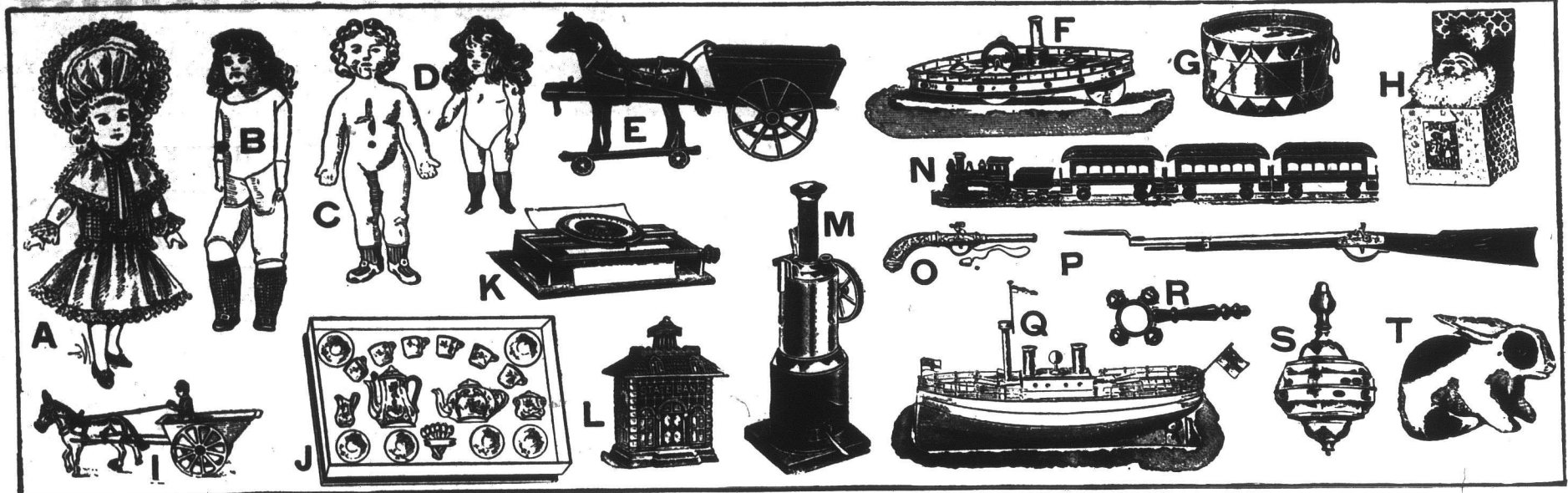
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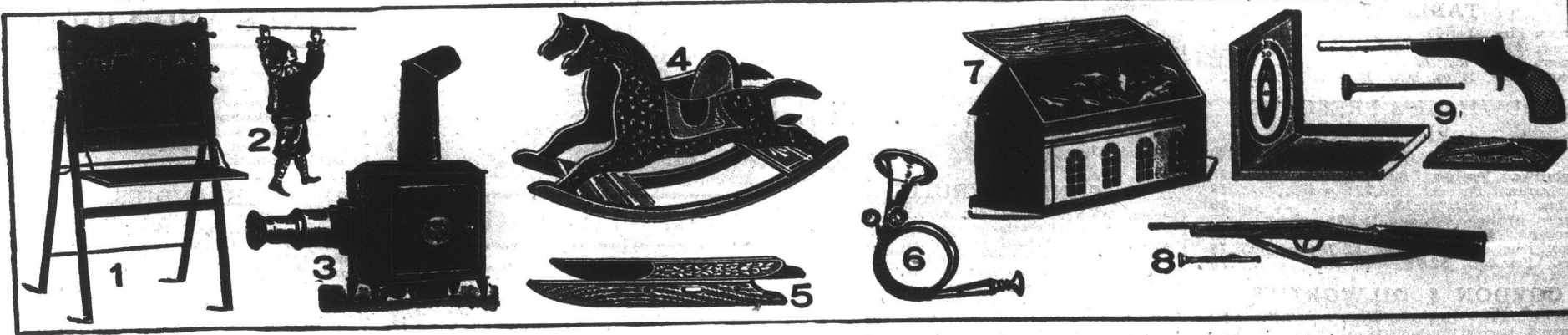
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 Creme Chocolate Suranne, Per lb. .40
 Creme Chocolate Suranne, 1 lb. .40
 Souvenir Chocolates, Per lb. .85
 Souvenir Chocolates, 1 lb. .45
- GANONG BROTHERS.**
 Specially Assorted, Per lb. .75
 One pound Fancy Box. .60
 Two pound Fancy Box. \$1.20
 Fancy Chocolates loose, Per lb. .50
- WALLACE.**
 Fancy Chocolates in fancy boxes, Per lb. \$1.00
 Fancy Jordan Almonds, assorted, Per lb. 1.00
 Fancy Crystallized Fruits, Per lb. 1.00
- ROWNTREE'S.**
 Fancy boxes of Confectionery, one to four lbs. \$1.00 to \$4.00
 Voice Jububes assorted, Per lb. .40
 One pound boxes Chocolates, Each. .40
- ROBERTSON.**
 Silkies, Per lb. .20
 Pressed Figs, Per box, 1/2 lb. .25
 Maple Walnut Loaf, Per lb. .40
 Maple Walnut Cream, Per lb. .40
 Fruit Maple Cream, Per lb. .40
 Peanut Crisps, Per package. .10
 Rock Candy, Per lb. .20
 Butterscotch Tablets, Per package. .10
 Butterscotch Drops, Per package. .10
 Nut Crunchers, Per package. .10
 Royal Bon-Bons, 1 lb. .25
 Maple Chocolate Bon-Bons, 1 lb. .25
 Chocolate Bon-Bons, 1 lb. .40
 Chocolate Bon-Bons, 1 lb. .25
 Caraway Candy, Per lb. .25

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Christmas Announcement, 1904

GROCERIES, — Continued

TABLE FIGS.

3 Crown Figs. Per lb.	17
5 Crown Figs. Per lb.	20
6 Crown Figs. Per lb.	25
5 Crown Figs. 14 oz. box. Each ..	20

GOODWILLIE'S PRESERVED FRUITS.

IN GLASS.

Raspberries. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25
Strawberries. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25
Peaches. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25
Cherries, White. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25
Green Gages. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25
Plums, Lombard. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25
Pears. Per doz., \$2.75; each ..	25

GORDON & DILWORTH'S.

Preserved Strawberries, quarts ..	\$1.50
Preserved Raspberries, quarts ..	1.50
Preserved White Cherries, quarts ..	1.50
Preserved Red Cherries, quarts ..	1.50

CROSSE & BLACKWELL.

Strawberry Jam, in 1/2 lb. glass ..	25
Raspberry Jam, in 1/2 lb. glass ..	25
Apricot Jam, in 1/2 lb. glass ..	25
Plum Jam, in 1/2 lb. glass ..	25
Black Currant Jam, in 1/2 lb. glass ..	25

TABLE RAISINS.

2 1/2 lb. cartons Fable Raisins, Each ..	50
Spanish London Layers, Per lb.	15
Connoisseur Clusters, Per lb.	20
Connoisseur Clusters, 1 lb. boxes, Each ..	\$1.00
Royal Buckingham Clusters, Per lb.	35
Imperial Russian Clusters, Per lb.	45
Imperial Clusters, 1 lb. cartons ..	30

COOKING RAISINS.

Balsin, Valencia Layer, 28 lb. box ..	\$2.40
Balsin, Valencia, off stalk, 28 lb. box ..	2.10
Balsin, Sultana, fancy, per lb.	15
Balsin, Sultana, choice, 2 lbs. for ..	25

NUTS.

Brazil, Per lb.	20
New Grenoble Walnuts, shelled ..	35
New Grenoble Walnuts, Per lb.	15
New Shelled Almonds, Valencia, Per lb.	40
New Shelled Almonds, Jordan, Per lb.	60
New Soft Shell Almonds, Per lb.	20
New Filberts, Per lb.	15
New Pecans, Per lb.	20

KMAS PLUM PUDDINGS.

Gordon & Dilworth's No. 1 ..	40
Gordon & Dilworth's No. 2 ..	75
Gordon & Dilworth's No. 3 ..	\$1.10

MINCE MEAT.

Armour's 5 lb. pail ..	\$1.10
Wetley's 7 lb. pail ..	85
Wetley's 2 lb. package, 2 for ..	25
Bulk, Per pound ..	15
C. & B. Black Currant Jelly, 1 lb. glass ..	30
C. & B. Red Currant Jelly, 1 lb. glass ..	30
Pure Guava Jelly, 1 lb. glass ..	35
Hawaiian Guava Jelly, 1 lb. glass ..	60

CHEESE.

Canadian Cream Cheese, Per roll ..	12 1/2
English Stilton, Per lb.	35
Rocquetfort, Per lb.	50

Gorgonzola, Per lb.	50
Edam Balls, About 4 lbs. each ..	1.25
Sweet Per lb.	40
Pineapple, Each ..	75
Lambert, Per lb.	30
Promage de Bras, Per tin ..	40
Camembert, Per tin ..	40
Primagas de Montasio, Per tin ..	40
McLaren's Cheese, Jar, small ..	50
McLaren's Cheese, Jar, large ..	1.00

CANNED FRUITS.

Peaches, 3/4, Kent brand, per tin ..	30
Peaches, 3/4, Bowly's brand, per tin ..	30
Peaches, 2 1/2, Kent brand, per tin ..	20
Peaches, 2 1/2, Bowly's brand, per tin ..	20
Peaches, Pie, 3/4, Bowly's brand, per tin ..	20
Peaches, Gallon, Lowrey brand, per tin ..	40
Pears, 3/4, Kent brand, per tin ..	30
Pears, 3/4, Bowly's brand, per tin ..	30
Pears, 2 1/2, Kent brand, 2 for ..	35
Pears, 2 1/2, Bowly's brand, 2 for ..	20
Strawberries, 2 lb. tin, Bowly's ..	15
Raspberries, Red, 2 lb. tin, Kent ..	15
Cherries, Red, 2 lb. tin, Bowly ..	20
Gooseberries, 2 lb. tin, Bowly ..	15
Green Gage, 2 lb. tin, Bowly, 2 for ..	25
Plums, Lombard, 2 lb. tin, Kent, 2 for ..	25
Pineapple, Whole ..	25

BISCUITS.

We have the largest choice of Biscuits ever carried by one house in Canada. Full lines of both Huntley & Palmer's & Christie's at the best possible prices.

See large general Catalogue for full list.

Graham Wafers, Per 2 lb. tin ..	30
Crust Soda, Per 2 lb. tin ..	30
Cigarette Biscuit, Per 1 lb. tin ..	35

SOUPS.

Chicken, 2 1/2, per tin ..	50
Chicken, 1 1/2, per tin ..	30
Ox Tail, 2 1/2, per tin ..	50
Ox Tail, 1 1/2, per tin ..	30
Mock Turtle, 2 1/2, per tin ..	50
Mock Turtle, 1 1/2, per tin ..	30
Terapin, 1 1/2, per tin ..	60
Terapin, 2 1/2, per tin ..	1.00
Turtle, Green, 2 1/2, per tin ..	1.00
Turtle, Green, 1 1/2, per tin ..	50
French Bouillon, 1 1/2, per tin ..	25
French Bouillon, 2 1/2, per tin ..	50
Julienne, Per tin ..	25
Gravy, Per tin ..	25
Hare, Per tin ..	40
Ox Tail, Per tin ..	35
Van Camp's, 1 1/2, per tin ..	12 1/2

CANNED VEGETABLES.

Tomatoes, 3/4, Bowly's, 2 for ..	25
Tomatoes, 3/4, Kent, 2 for ..	25
Corn, 2 1/2, Kent, per tin ..	10
Peas, 2 1/2, Bowly's, per tin ..	10
Beans, Wax, Simcoe, per tin ..	10
Beans, Refugee, Simcoe, per tin ..	10
Succotash, Red Cross, per tin ..	15
Stuffed Mushrooms, Per tin ..	50
Teyssonneau Mushrooms, Extra fine, first choice, Per tin ..	20
De Hotel Mushrooms, 2nd choice, per tin ..	20
Teyssonneau Mushrooms, Extra fine, 1st choice, Glass ..	25
Teyssonneau French Peas, Extra fine, 1st choice, Per tin ..	25
Teyssonneau French Peas, extra fine, 1st choice, glass ..	35

PICKLES.

Crosse & Blackwell, assorted, large bottle ..	35
Crosse & Blackwell, assorted, small bottle ..	20
Capit. White, Mixed, small bottle ..	35
Capit. White, Mixed, large bottle ..	60
Gellard's Mixed, large bottle ..	35
Bombay Mango Pickle, large bottle ..	50
H. B. Co. Mixed, large bottle ..	25
Heintz Assorted, large bottle ..	40
Heintz, Sweet Assorted, large bottle ..	40
Rowats & Co., Assorted, 40 oz. bottle ..	30

DOMESTIC CIGARS.

Brand	Size Cigars	Size box	Pr. box
Flor de Bahama ..	50s	50s	\$4.00
El Presidente ..	25s	10s	75
El Presidente ..	25s	20s	2.00
La Fortuna ..	50s	50s	3.25
Wm. Pitt ..	25s	25s	2.00
Marguerite ..	50s	50s	1.75
El Padre ..	50s	50s	3.00
El Padre ..	50s	50s	3.25
El Padre ..	50s	50s	3.00
Chamberlain ..	50s	50s	3.75
Chamberlain ..	50s	50s	3.75
La Fama ..	50s	50s	3.75
Lord Tennyson ..	50s	50s	2.75
H. B. Co. Imperial ..	50s	50s	2.00
Itello ..	50s	50s	3.25
Crusader ..	50s	50s	2.75
Manuel Victor ..	50s	50s	2.25
Manuel Victor ..	50s	50s	3.00
Pure Cream ..	50s	50s	1.75
Irving's ..	25s	25s	2.25
Irving's ..	50s	50s	3.00

IMPORTED CIGARS.

Brand	Size Cigars	Size box	Pr. box
La Rosa Aromatic—Aromatic Princess ..	50s	50s	\$4.50
La Rosa Aromatic—Con. Esp.	50s	50s	4.50
La Rosa Aromatic—Con. Finca ..	50s	50s	4.50
La Rosa Aromatic—Violetas ..	50s	50s	4.00
La Africana—Fort Garrys ..	50s	50s	5.25
La Africana—Pur. Finos ..	50s	50s	5.50
La Union ..	100s	100s	8.50
Oscar and Amanda—Con. Esp.	50s	50s	3.50
Golden Eagle Bock—Con. Esp.	50s	50s	6.00
Golden Eagle Bock—Pur. Finos ..	50s	50s	6.50
Golden Eagle Bock—Piac. Imp.	50s	50s	5.25
Golden Eagle Bock—Panatillas ..	100s	100s	12.00
Estrella—Reg. Fin.	50s	50s	6.00
Estrella—Bismarks ..	25s	25s	6.25
Hy. Clay—Con. Esp.	50s	50s	5.50
Hy. Clay—Lentis ..	25s	25s	4.00
Hy. Clay—Perfectos ..	25s	25s	5.50
Hy. Clay—Panatillas ..	25s	25s	7.00
Hy. Clay—Bachelors ..	25s	25s	3.50
Hy. Clay—Petit Duc ..	25s	25s	3.50
Hy. Clay—Puritans Finos ..	50s	50s	6.25
La Antiquidad—Perfecto ..	25s	25s	3.75
La Antiquidad—Drev. Chic.	25s	25s	2.50
La Antiquidad—Pur. Finos ..	50s	50s	5.50
La Antiquidad—Darlings ..	50s	50s	5.75
Manuel Garcia—Consul ..	50s	50s	4.75
Manuel Garcia—Especial ..	50s	50s	5.50
Manuel Garcia—Irvin.	25s	25s	6.75
Pedre Murias—Mercedes ..	50s	50s	6.50
Carolinus—Con. Esp.	50s	50s	5.00
La Espanola—Petit Boque ..	25s	25s	4.75
La Espanola—Canovas ..	25s	25s	4.00
La Espanola—Hermoses ..	25s	25s	3.00
Carolinus—Perfecto ..	25s	25s	5.25
Carolinus—Londres Imp.	50s	50s	6.25
Carolinus—Con. Esp.	50s	50s	6.25

WINES AND LIQUORS

Our reputation for good Liquors stands unequalled. To those who would enjoy their Christmas festivities in every sense of the word, we highly recommend the following list, calling special attention to the Hudson's Bay Co.'s own choice blends, which have been received everywhere with unbounded satisfaction.

BRANDIES.

Hudson's Bay Co., No. 1 Pale ..	\$1.25
Hudson's Bay Co., Dark ..	1.25
Hudson's Bay Co., Diamond ..	1.10
Hennessy & Co., 1 Star ..	1.50
Hennessy & Co., 3 Star ..	1.70
Hennessy & Co., V.O.	1.85
Hennessy & Co., X. S. O.	3.80

PORT WINES.

H. B. Co. Finest Old Port ..	\$2.00
H. B. Co. No. 1 English ..	1.25
H. B. Co. Diamond ..	1.10
H. B. Co. No. 2 English ..	1.00

SHERRY WINES.

H. B. Co.'s Finest Old Sherry ..	\$2.00
H. B. Co., No. 1 ..	1.25
H. B. Co., Diamond ..	1.00
H. B. Co., No. 2 ..	.75
H. B. Co., "Special" Extra Dry ..	2.00
Soft Old Amontillado ..	1.50

SCOTCH WHISKIES.

H. B. Co., Finest Old Highland ..	\$1.00
H. B. Co., Finest Old Highland "Special" ..	1.50

RYE WHISKIES.

Gooderham & Worts, H. B. Co. bottling, 3-year-old, 55c per bottle; per imperial quart bot. ..	.75
Gooderham & Worts, H. B. Co. bottling, 5-year-old, 70c per bottle; per imperial quart bot. ..	.85
Gooderham & Worts, H. B. Co. bottling, 7-year-old, 80c per bottle; per imperial quart bot. ..	.95

RUM.

H. B. Co., Old Jamaica ..	\$1.00
H. B. Co., Old Demerara ..	.90

CLARETS.

Hudson's Bay Co., St. Julien, quarts, \$4.40 per dozen; per bottle ..	.40
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CALIFORNIA WINES.

Port Wine, 75c per bottle; per case ..	\$7.00
Sherry, 60c per bottle; per case ..	5.50
Claret, 50c per bottle; per case ..	4.50
Zinfandel, 50c per bottle; per case ..	5.00

BETHESDA WATER.

Quarts (50 in case), \$7.25 per case; per doz. ..	\$2.00
Pints (100 in case), \$10.25 per case; per doz. ..	1.35
Splits (100 in case), \$8.25 per case; per doz. ..	1.10

Ladies' Millinery, Gloves, Furs, Footwear, Etc.



LADIES' SKIRTS.
B555—Ladies' Vienna Cloth Skirt. An excellent suggestion for a Christmas gift is this ladies' cloth skirt, made of heavy imported Vienna cloth, made in 9-gore style, double stitched seams, finished with inverted pleat below knee, and trimmed with silk strapping and silk covered buttons. Black only. Sizes 38 to 42. Good value at \$5.00. Our Christmas price ..



B551—Ready-to-wear Hat, small toque of camel hair cloth, trimmed, stitched points, cord on edge and gold buttons, in brown, navy, black or red. Price ..



B553—Camel Hair Tam, in navy, red, grey, fawn mixture and cream, silk pom-pom on top. Price .75



B552—Camel Hair Tam, suitable for skating or hockey, in cream, grey, navy or red, four cornered top, cord and tassel at side. Wore 90c, each. Your choice for ..



B554—Infants' Bonnets close fitting, cream scalloped, cream pleated silk lining, front, bow of ribbon on top and ties. Each ..



B550—A smart rolling brim, low broad crown, stitched camel hair felt, in fawn, brown, navy, black or red, with cream facing, band of ribbon and loops at sides. Price ..

SILK WAISTS.

The following Silk Waists are carefully packed and prettily tied with ribbons ready for shipment upon receipt of order.

Ladies' Waists, made of taffetas and Louise silks, elaborately trimmed with strappings, insertions, etc., made in a wide range of handsome styles in shades of blue, pink, rosea, cardinal, as well as cream and black, all sizes. Regular values, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00.

Special Xmas selling price ..

Another line of Silk Waists, made of Jap silks, tulle and Louisines, in pretty tucked styles in cream, black, blue, pink and cardinal. Regular values, \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Special Xmas selling ..

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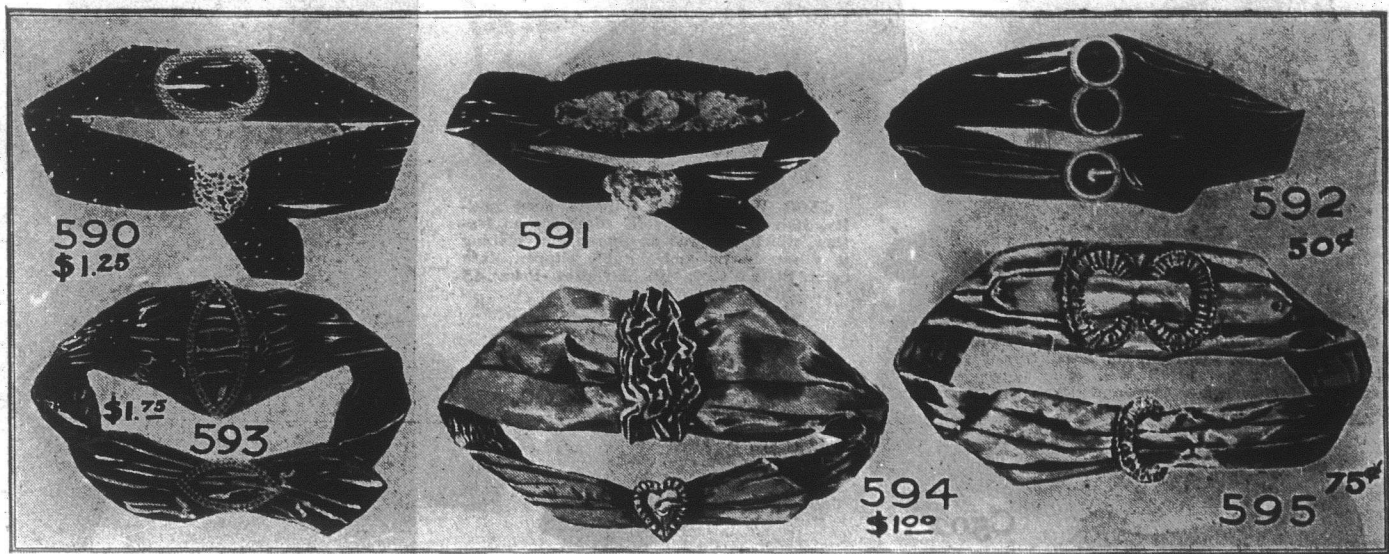
The Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg

SOME TASTY GIFTS FOR LADIES Ladies' Belts



SILK SHAWLS.

B556—Silk Shawl. A very appropriate Xmas gift for mother or sister. Knitted from pure silk in dainty and intricate lace effects, finished with silk fringe. Colors, cream, cardinal or black. Prices, \$2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.75, 5.00 and\$6.00



No. 590—Red Velvet Belt, studded with steel beads, steel buckle and back piece. Price ..\$1.25
No. 593—Black Taffeta Silk Belt, six rows of shirring across sides and back, steel buckle and back piece. Price

No. 591—Folded Black Taffeta Silk Belt, prettily shirred at sides, stayed with featherbone at back, oxidised buckle and back85
No. 594—Black Duchesse Satin Belt, neatly shirred at sides and back, black buckle. Price \$1.00

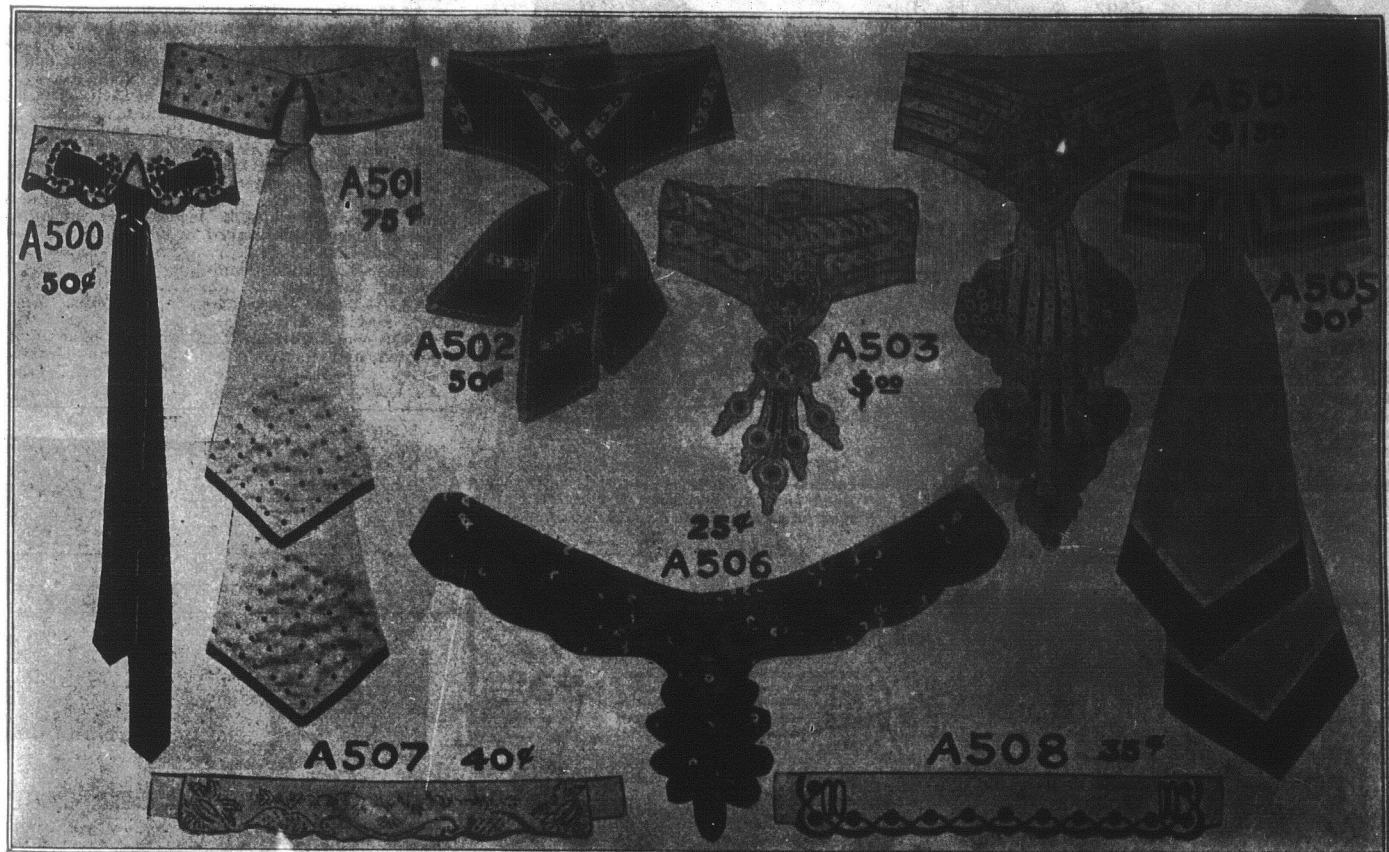
No. 592—Folded Black Taffeta Silk Belt, gilt buckle and back ornament50
No. 595—Folded Black Taffeta Silk Belt, silk covered rings and strap ornament at back75

Ladies' Neckwear



SILK FASCINATORS.

B557—Silk Fascinators. Another pretty suggestion. Ladies' handsome silk fascinators, heavy enough for cool evenings and so light and flimsy as not to disarrange the hair. Colors include blue, pink, rose, heliotrope, cream and black. Prices, \$1.25, 2.25 and\$2.75



A500—Buster Brown Collar of white linen, embroidered in brown, black, emerald, ecru and all white, silk four-in-hand tie to match. Price .50

A501—White Satin Buster Brown Collar and Tie, French knots and bindings, in the following colors: Emerald, navy, brown and orange.... .75

A502—Taffeta Silk Collar, with ecru insertions and lace binding, in brown, sky, navy, orange, pink, rose and emerald. Price50

A503—White Silk Collar, studded with gilt beads, combination colors, rose, sky, pink, orange and cream. Price \$1.00

A504—Transparent Soft Stock Fine Swiss Ecru, guipure applique, folds of taffeta, studded with gilt beads, in cream, sky, pink and rose. \$1.50

A505—White Taffeta Silk Buster Brown Collar and Tie, collar made of bias folds of silk fagotted together and the bound with colored silk in following shades: Emerald, navy, brown and orange. Price90

A507—Buster Brown Collar of white linen, embroidered in black, brown, emerald and all white. Price40

A508—Buster Brown Collar of white linen, embroidered in brown, emerald and all white... .35

A506—Black Sequin Transparent Collar..... 25

LADIES' FURS



VISTA.

BLANCHÉ

We have made unusual preparations for a big Christmas fur trade, and we can assure you of a full choice of all the fashionable furs, mole, Persian lamb, in black and grey; mink, marmot, black and white Thibet, sable, stone marten, oppos-

sum, black bear, ermine, squirrel, fox, etc. We have a wide range of styles in Ruffs, Stoles, Capelines and Boas, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$75.00 The Islington, in Alaska sable or mink. Prices from \$12.75, 19.50, 32.50 to\$40.00 The Blanche, \$6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 10.00, 11.75, 13.50, 15.00, 26.50 to\$50.00 The Irma, \$20.00, 37.50 to\$50.00 The Vista, \$12.50, 15.00, 26.50 to ..\$32.50

JACKETS.

Fur Jackets in plain and combination furs. Prices, From \$25.00 to\$300.00

MUFFS.

Fur Muffs in round and cushion shapes. \$1.75, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.50, 10.50, 11.50, 12.00, 15.00, 25.00, 35.00, 45.00 to\$50.00

FUR GAUNTLETS.

Fur Gauntlets, the latest shapes. Prices, \$4.25 to\$40.00

FUR CAPS.

Wedge shape Ladies' Fur Caps. Prices, \$3.00 to\$30.00



IRMA.

ISLINGTON.

FINE GLOVES.

A550—Ladies' one-dome heavy dogskin Wash Glove, suitable for either walking or driving, pique stitching, Victor point, gusset finger, tan or oxidised. Sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2. Price, per pair\$1.25

A551—Ladies' silk lined Mocha Glove in newest shades of modes, greys and browns, 2 dome fasteners, pique stitching, Victor points, quirked fingers. Sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2. Price, per pair\$1.85

A552—Ladies' Mocha Mitts in black, brown and grey, fur lined. Sizes 6 to 8. Price, per pair \$3.50

LADIES' HOSE.

A560—Ladies' embroidered Cashmere Hose, high spliced heels, full fashioned, fine embroidered silk fronts, colors white, red, green and pale blue, all sizes. Price, per pair75

A561—Ladies' fine Llama Embroidered Hose, high spliced heels and full fashioned embroidered silk fronts, white, blue, red and green, new and up-to-date goods, all sizes. Price, per pair\$1.00

A562—Ladies' finest Llama embroidered, high spliced heels, full fashioned embroidered silk fronts, white, red, green and blue. Price, per pair \$1.25

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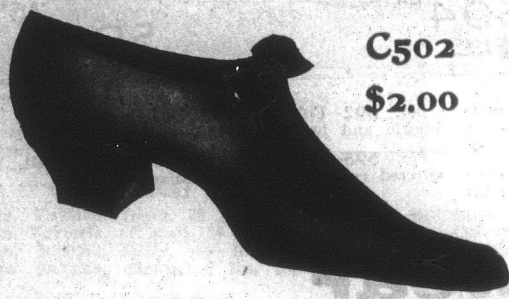
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Christmas Announcement, 1904



C501
\$1.75

C501—Women's best quality Dolge's Felt Slipper, Romeo cut, richly fur trimmed, hand turned sole, with felt insole, low heel. Will wear as good as leather and is much softer and warmer. Colors red, black and brown. Sizes 2½ to 7. Price \$1.75



C502
\$2.00

C502—Women's fine Duro Kid Slipper, with strap and bow over instep, light turn sole, medium heel, very neat and comfortable. Sizes 2½ to 7. Price \$2.00



C503
\$3.00

C503—Women's best quality velvet finished Kid Slipper, French heel, latest style, with dainty sprinkling of jet beadwork on vamp, light turn sole. Sizes 2½ to 7. Price \$3.00

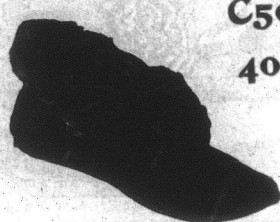
PERFUMES.

575 20¢
579 \$1.35
580 60¢
578
581 \$1.20
576 \$2.50
577 \$3.00



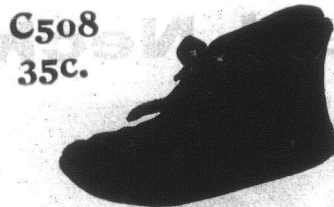
C500
45c.

C500—Women's Felt Slippers, good quality, Romeo cut, felt sole, covered with leather, which is sewed on to the felt, making it a very warm and durable slipper, dark color. Sizes 3 to 7. No half sizes. Price .45



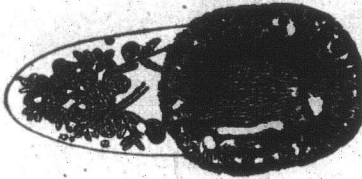
C507
40c.

C507—Missie's fine quality red Felt Slipper, English make, fancy red trimmings around top, rope canvas sole. A fine warm house slipper. Missie's sizes, 11 to 2. Price .45
Child's sizes, 6 to 10. Price .40



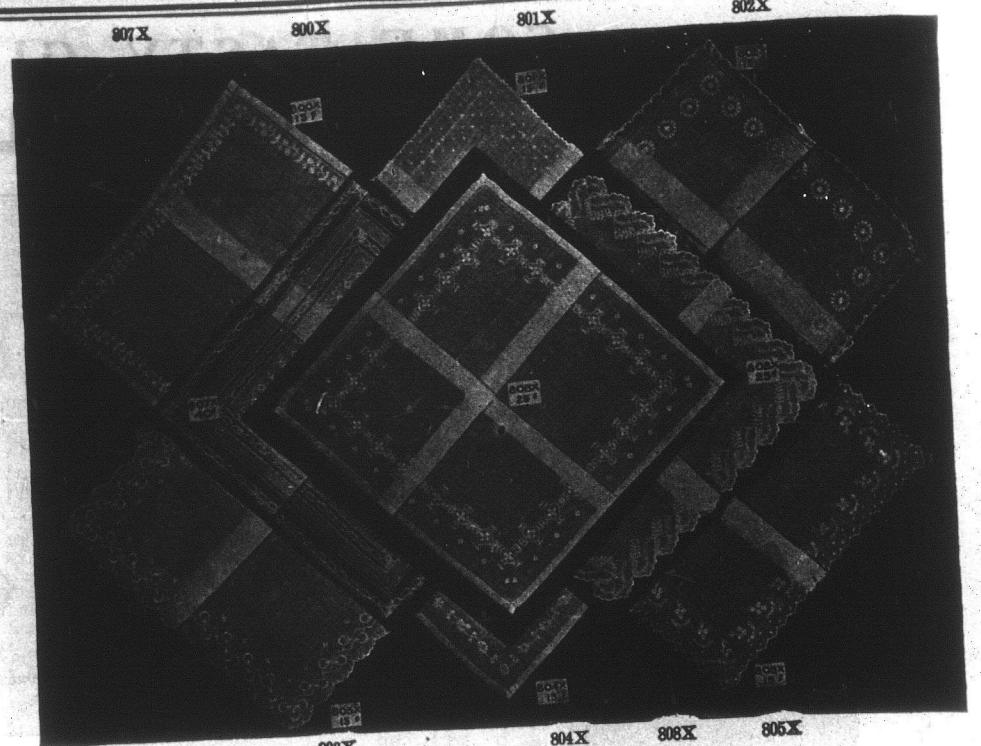
C508
35c.

C508—Infants' fine Felt Boots, good quality lace, fancy rosette and stitching, colors black, red and brown. Sizes 1 to 4. Price .35



C510—Women's Slippers, made of fine caribou skin, fancy Indian silk worked, silk lined and fur trimmed. A suitable Christmas gift. Sizes 3 to 7. Price \$2.25

MIRRORS.

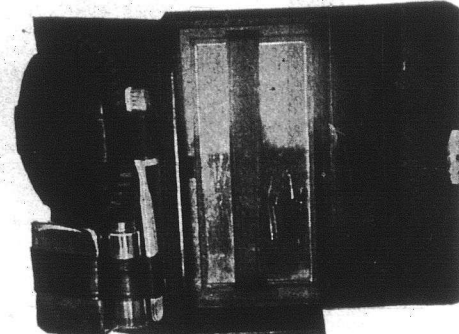
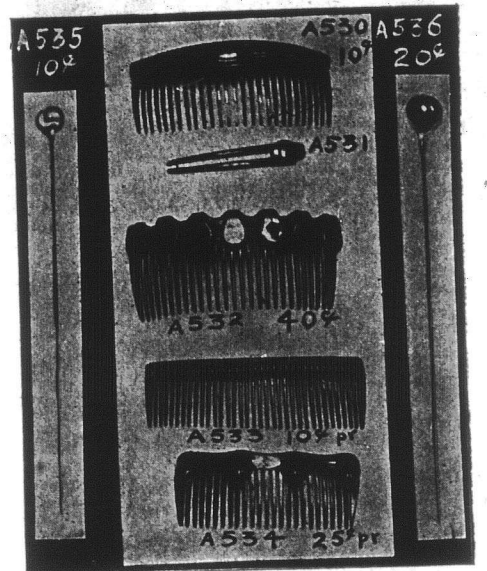


CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEFS.

Fine Linen Lawn, Swiss embroidered and lace trimmed. 800X, 801X, 802X 803 804X, 805X. 15c. each; 806X, 808X, 25c.; 807X. .40
Make your selection from these. They are all excellent values.

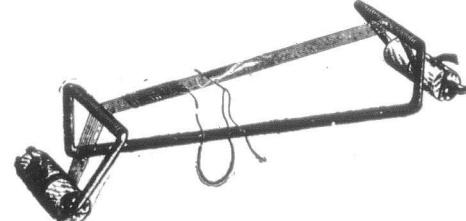
NOTIONS.

A535—Fancy Pearl Hat Pin, with filled pearl head and 9 inch gilt pin. Large size head... .12½
Small size head. Each10
A536—Claw Hat Pin, in gilt, with eagle claw holding a cherry. Something nice for Xmas gifts. Each20
A532—Olivette Back Comb, fancy back comb, something very new in shell and amber. Holds up the hair well. Each40
A534—Olivette Side Combs, in shell, and the newest thing in the side comb. Pair25
A531—Olivette Hair Pin Set, in shell. The latest novelty in hair ornaments and just what you want to wear with the Olivette back and side combs. Hair pin set15
A537—Frilling for cushions or putting around plain on table centres. Also makes very pretty collar and cuff sets. Dark green, light green, red and black and white, 2 inches wide, and has a narrow linen stripe worked in silk to match border. Per yard25
A533—Shell Side Combs, regular price, 20c. pair. Special, per pair10
A530—Vassar Back Comb, in shell only. Regular 20c. Special, each10
A538—Soft Chiffon Featherbone Collar Forms, pointed and round, cotton bound, in black and white. Special price, each4
All sizes, 12 to 14½ inches.



GENTLEMAN'S TOILET CASE.

E595—Strong serviceable Case, leather covered, containing shaving mirror, military hair brush and comb, silver soap box and shaving brush holder. When closed has a very neat appearance, with handle on top. Price \$4.50



BEAD LOOM OUTFITS.

One Bead Loom, two bunches Beads, one paper of Needles, two spools of Linen Thread, one for needle and one for loom. Price for the complete outfit \$4.50

MILITARY HAIR BRUSHES.

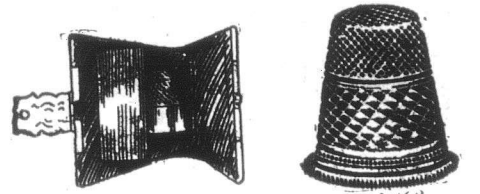
577—Solid back ebony, pure French bristles, hand sewed black leather cases. Three sizes, \$4.00, 5.00, 6.50, or in light wood instead of ebony, and tan leather cases, at \$3.00, 4.00 and \$5.00

BONNET BRUSH.

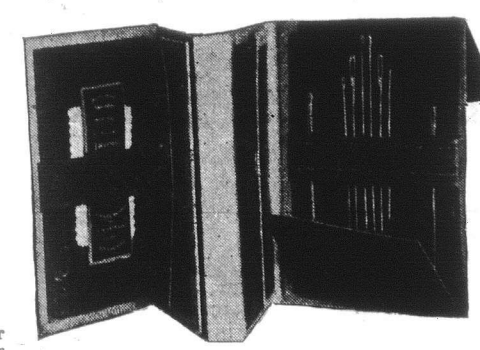
578—Ebony handle, long camel's hair . . \$1.00
575—Folding Pocket or Shaving Mirror, morocco leather cover, bevel glass20
576—Bevel Plate Oval Hand Mirror. The glass is steamed in and not glued; 6 inches in diameter, ebony or mahogany wood \$2.50

PERFUMES.

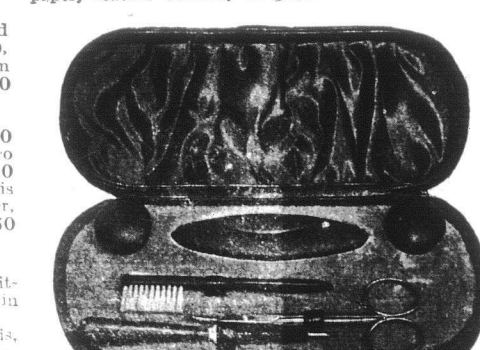
Perfumes in beautiful and artistic packages suitable for presentation. Each bottle contained in a box of an entirely different design.
579—Pivers' celebrated French odors: Rosiris, Azurca, Le Trelle, Le Gal, San Tour, Saffranor, Ex. Violette de Parme, Pines, etc. \$1.35
581—Roger & Gallet's—Jalou Hay, Citrus, Vera Violetta, Bouquet des Amours, Violette Andre, White Heliotrope, Jockey Club, White Lilac, Vera Rose, White Oris, Oeillet Blanc, etc. per package \$1.20
580—Colgate's Perfumes—Camomile Bouquet, etc. price, Moud Violet and La Fiance Rose. Price, per bottle60



A067—Sterling Silver Thimble, all marked, with narrow cut band. Each25
A068—Sterling Silver Thimble, hall marked, with 3-8 inch band, carved.40
A069—Sterling Silver Thimble, hall marked with 3 inch band, carved. Each50
A070—Push Thimble Book, with plated thimble, all size thimbles and assorted colors, in plush cases, red, old gold, blue, green. Each10



Needle Case—The Theodora Needle Case contains a large assortment of all kinds of needles and bodkins, about 10 papers in all, and a folding case, paper, leather covered, in green red and blue .25



LADIES' TOILET COMPANION.

1550 In strong morocco case, silk lined, containing high nature scissors, small brush, nail file and etc. etc. etc. powder boxes and face brush. An exceptionally well made set \$3.00

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg

Men's Neckwear



Cut G-Way's Muffers, all wool, in self colors, navy, black or garnet. Prices, .50c. and75
 Cut G-Way's Muffers, all wool, with colored stripes. Prices, 75c. and\$1.00
 Cut G-Way's Muffer, all wool, pure white. Choice for ladies' wear75
 Cut J-Made up Muffer in Silk, choice colorings in stripes and fancy designs. Price\$1.00

Cut J-Made up Muffer in black silk or navy and white polka dots. Prices, 75c., \$1.00, 1.25 and\$1.50
 Cut H-Made up Muffers, "The Doublet," in black silk or satin. Prices, \$1.50 and\$2.00
 Cut M-Full Dress Muffer in black silk, with light colored lining. Prices, \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50
 Cut N-Long Silk Muffer newest style, to fold.

Choice colorings in spots stripes and fancy designs. Also in all black or white. Prices, \$1.75, 2.00
 Cut K-Cashmere Squares, in white ground with colored spots. Prices, 40c., 50c., 60c., and 75
 Cut K-Silk and Wool Squares in stripes, checks and fancy designs. Prices, 75c., 85c., \$1.00, 1.25 and\$1.50
 Cut L1-L2-Visor Hood and Muffer, in navy, blue or black, also with red or white stripe \$1.50

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS.

E500-White Hemstitched Cambric, Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 1, 1 1/2 inch hem. Extra value, each25
 E503-White Silk Handkerchiefs, with hemstitched border and initial in corner. Prices 35c., 50c., and\$1.00
 E506-India Silk Handkerchiefs, with self colored borders, also with fancy design border. Prices \$1.00 and\$1.25

MEN'S SOCKS.

E523-Black Cashmere. Special values, per pair, 25c., 35c. and50
 E524-Black Cashmere, with colored silk embroidered spots and designs, in blue, cardinal or white. Prices, per pair, 60c., 75c. and85
 E525-Black Silk. Prices, \$1.25 and\$1.50
 E526-Black Silk, with colored designs. Prices, per pair, \$1.50, 2.00 and\$2.50

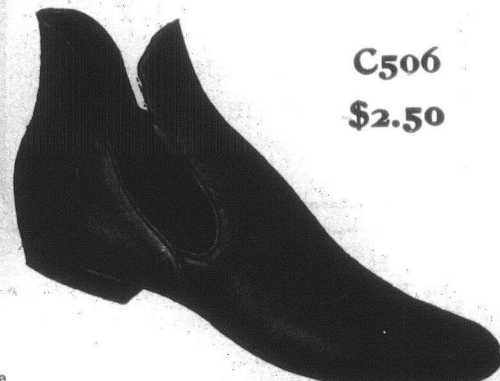
MEN'S GLOVES.

E529-Choice Mocha, with fleeces linings. Per pair, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and\$2.50
 E530-Choice Mocha, with fur lining, in tans or greys. Per pair\$3.50
 E531-Choice Knitted Silk Gloves, in black, grey, fawn or white. Per pair\$2.50



BERRY SETS.

B504-Berry Set of 13 pieces, consisting of one large berry bowl and 12 individual dishes, cream ground, gold trimmed edge, narrow line of blue on rim. Price\$1.35
 B505-Berry Set of 13 pieces, good decoration, pink roses with narrow green band. Price ..\$2.35
 B506-Berry Set of 13 pieces finely decorated, rose pattern. Price\$2.40



C506
\$2.50

C506-Men's fine quality Kid Slipper, Romeo cut, elastic in sides, hand turned sole, foot form shape, medium low heel, chocolate or black color. Sizes 6 to 11. Price\$2.50



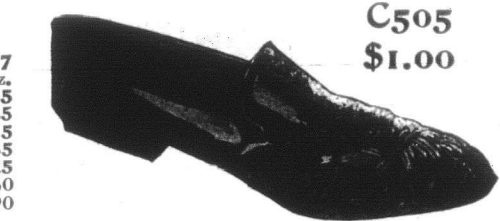
C509
\$2.25

C509-Boys' Hockey Boots made of good quality calfskin, laced down to toe, with ankle supports attached, sewed sole. Boys' sizes, 1 to 5. Price\$2.25
 Men's sizes, 6 to 10. Price 2.50



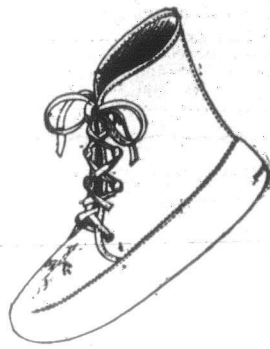
C504
\$1.25

C504-Men's good quality Felt Slippers, Romeo cut, friction lined, flexible felt sole, covered with leather, checked fawn shades. Sizes 6 to 11..\$1.25

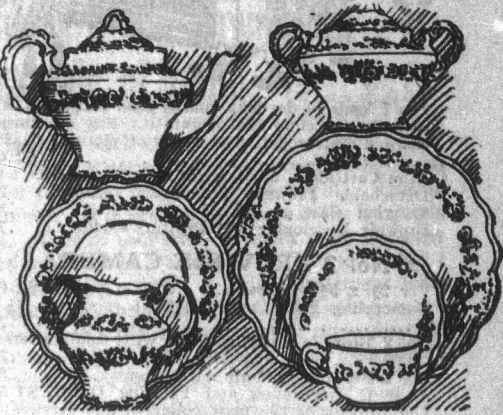


C505
\$1.00

C505-Men's fancy Velvet Plush Slipper, patent leather around heel and top of vamp, leather lined, medium weight sole and low heel. Sizes 6 to 10. Price\$1.00



C512-Fancy Laced Moccasins with large eye holes, good heavy moose skin, wax thread sewed specially for ourselves, to prevent ripping.
 Men's sizes, 8 to 11. Price....\$1.50
 Boys' sizes, 3 to 7. Price.... 1.25
 Youths' sizes, 11 to 2. Price 1.00
 Child's sizes, 6 to 10. Price75

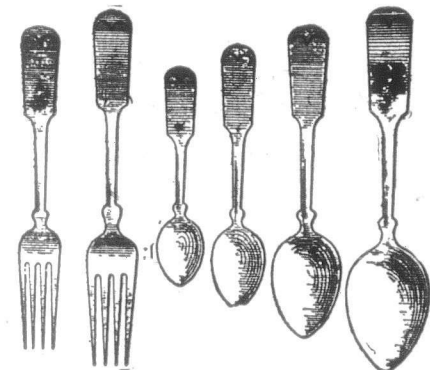


TEA SETS.

B500-A 44 piece Tea Set of the finest English semi-porcelain for\$2.95
 These are equal to any you can get up to \$5.00 or \$5.50 elsewhere.
 Colors-Pink floral decoration, gold line on edge; dark blue, with gold line on edge; dark blue, with gold line through pattern; green, with gold line on edge; green, with gold line through pattern.

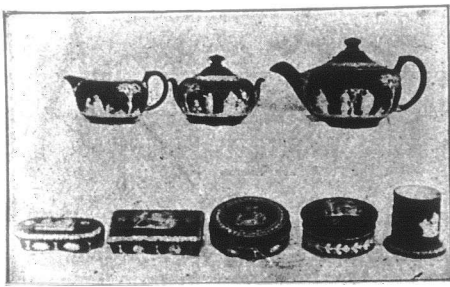


B501-40 piece China Tea Set. \$6.50, 7.50, 9.00, 11.00, 13.50 up to\$70.00



KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS.

1847 ROGER BROS. 1847
 Doz. Doz.
 Tea Spoons\$2.45
 Dessert Spoons 4.65
 Table Spoons 5.25
 Dessert Forks 4.65
 Table Forks 5.25
 Dessert Knives 3.60
 Dinner Knives 3.90



GENUINE WEDGWOOD.

B510-Tea Pots, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.40, 1.75
 B511-Covered Sugars, \$1.10, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00
 B512-Cream Jugs, .70c., 95c., \$1.15, 1.25
 B514-Hanging Match Holders75
 Match Boxes-B516, 90c.; B517\$1.10
 Pomade Boxes-B513, \$1.50; B515\$1.75



B508.

CHEESE COVERS.

B508-Cheese Dish, pink or green effect and pretty floral decorations\$1.45
 B507-Cheese Dish, white and gold, with narrow blue line on edge75



BREAD AND MILK SETS.

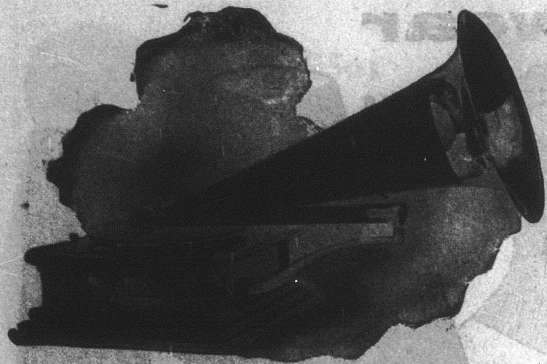
White and gold for30
 Others at 35c., 40c. and50
 These are all good lines; well decorated.



B502-Musical Alarm Clock, plays one tune at time set for, first class time keeper, heavy nickel top and glass sides. Price\$2.75
 B503-Table Mats in sets of 5 mats of different size. These are Japanese goods. Per set .. .25

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Christmas Announcement, 1904



The Berliner Gram-o-Phone

You can own one for

\$1.00

What better present can you make a family than this scientific wonder? With it you can entertain friends and instruct the children, besides hear all the old and new songs and music.

TYPE E—Made of quartered oak, piano finish 16-inch japanned steel horn, 20 needles and three 7-inch records free; automatic sound box. Will play 7-inch or 10-inch records.
Cash price\$22.00

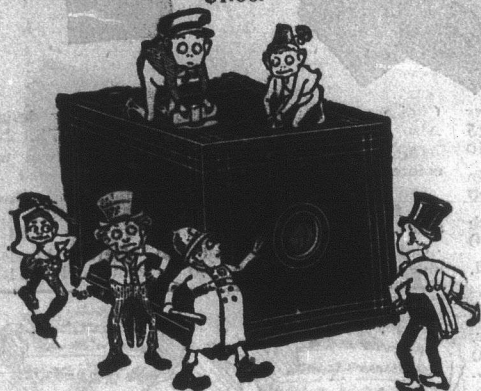
TYPE B—Has hinged top, two-spring motor, and will play four 7-inch records with one winding and two 10-inch. Cash price\$28.00
TYPE C—Is a large size with all the latest improvements, plays 3 10-inch records with one winding. Cash price\$45.00
Easy payments taken on all the foregoing.

THE RECORDS.

The new Gram-o-Phone Maroon Records have proved that they are louder than all other makes and are an assured success. Each month sees some improvement, but the early ones are hard to beat. The records are practically indestructible.
Prices—7-inch, 50c. each, or \$5.00 per doz.
10-inch, \$1.00 each, or \$10.00 per doz.
Old records we will exchange free, providing you send them carriage paid with your name on parcel and purchase at the same time two new records for every one you exchange.
Needles, 300 for 25c.
The latest record lists mailed on application.

TYPE A—Made of highly finished quartered oak, japanned steel 16-inch horn, improved automatic sound box, 20 needles, three 7-inch records free.
Cash price\$15.00
With brass horn, cash price\$17.00
Easy payments, \$1.00 down and \$2.00 per month for eight months. Write for further particulars.

THE BROWNIE CAMERA

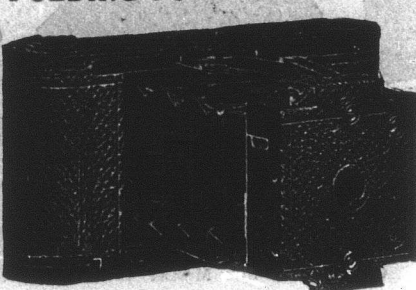


No. 1 loads in daylight, makes good pictures and is so simple any child can operate it. Size of camera, 3 x 3 3/4 x 4 1/2; weight, 8 oz.; size of picture, 2 1/4 x 2 1/4.
Film Cartridges, 6 exposures\$1.00
Detachable Brownie Finder25
Carrying Case50
Brownie Developing and Printing Outfit75

No. 2 BROWNIE CAMERA

For 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 pictures\$2.00
Non-curling Film Cartridge, for 6 exposures, 2 1/4 x 3 1/420
No. 2 Brownie Carrying Case, with shoulder strap75
No. 2 Brownie Portrait Attachment50
A B C Developing and Printing Outfit, \$1.50
The Brownie is the most complete and serviceable camera ever produced at the price.

FOLDING POCKET KODAK



No. 1. No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak, for pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches, with achromatic lens\$10.00
Non-curling Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 2 1/4 x 3 1/440
Do., 6 exposures20
Kodak Portrait Attachment50
Black Sole Leather Carrying Case, with shoulder strap\$1.25

FOLDING POCKET KODAK No. 1A

For pictures 2 1/4 x 4 1/4 inches, with achromatic lens\$12.00
Non-curling Film Cartridges, 12 exposures, 2 1/4 x 4 1/425
Kodak Portrait Attachment50
Black Sole Leather Carrying Case, with shoulder strap\$1.25

Christmas Cameras and Photo Goods

No. 0 FOLDING POCKET CAMERA

No. 0 Folding Pocket Kodak, for pictures 1 1/8 x 2 1/8, not loaded\$6.00
Non-curling Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 1 1/8 x 2 1/825
Do., 6 exposures15
Kodak Portrait Attachment50
Black Sole Leather Carrying Case, with shoulder strap\$1.00

No. 2 FOLDING POCKET KODAK

For pictures 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches\$15.00
No. 3—For pictures 3 1/2 x 4 1/4\$17.50
Others ranging in price as high as\$35.00

KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINE

Style A Developing Machine—For No. 0, No. 1 and No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 1 Panoram-Kodak and No. 1 and No. 2 Brownie Cartridges. (Price includes a handsomely finished wooden carrying case, with leather handle)\$6.00
Style B Kodak Developing Machine—For use with Kodak and Brownie Cartridges of all sizes up to and including 4 x 5. (Price includes a handsomely finished wooden carrying case, with leather handle)\$7.50
The "Brownie" Kodak Developing Machine—For use with No. 1 and No. 2 Brownie Cartridges (packed in neat wooden box). Price\$2.50
Kodak Developer Powders for Style A Machine, per package of 1/2 doz.20
Do., for Style B Machine30

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING OUTFITS.

Eastman's A B C Developing and Printing Outfit includes every requisite for developing, printing and finishing 2 1/4 x 2 1/4, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4, or 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 pictures. It contains: 1 Eastman Improved Candle Lamp, 25c.; 1 4 1/2 Printing Frame, 25c.; Glass for printing frame, 5c.; 1 Glass Beaker, 12c.; 1 Stirring Rod, 5c.; 4 1/4 x 5 1/2 Developing Trays, 40c.; 1/2 doz. Developing Powders, 25c.; 1/2 lb. Hyposulphite Soda, 7c.; 1/2 oz. Bromide Potassium, 10c.; 2 doz. Solio Paper, 25c.; 2 oz. Solio Toning Solution, 15c.; 1 oz. Glycerine, 5c.; Instruction Book, 10c.; total\$2.09
Price, complete, neatly packed 1.50
Eastman's "Brownie" Developing and Printing Outfit at75

GOODS SHIPPED

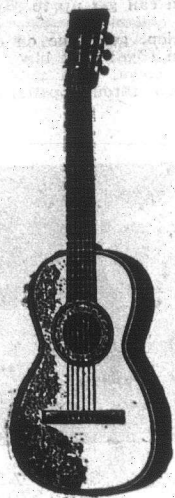
PROMPTLY

WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR

HOURS OF RECEIPT

OF ORDER

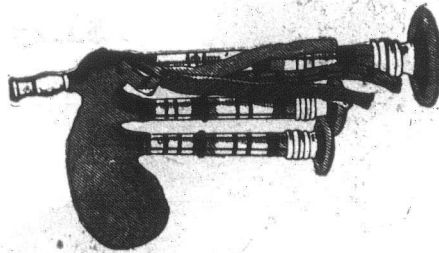
GUITARS



No. 520—Standard size, imitation mahogany sides and back, colored front, fancy wood inlaying around sound-hole, imitation ebony finger board and bridge, pearl position dots, imitation cherry neck, American machine head. Price\$4.50

No. 521—Standard size, fine imitation rosewood back and sides, highly polished, fancy stripe down the back, celluloid bound edges front and back, colored front, fancy wood finger board and bridge, position dots, imitation mahogany neck, American patent machine head. Price\$7.50

No. 522—Beautiful quartered oak back and sides, two rows of inlaid wood around soundhole, oval rosewood fingerboard, pearl position dots, fine tone \$10.00



MINIATURE BAGPIPES

These instruments have been on the market but a very short time and it is impossible to adequately describe the manner in which they have been accepted by the public. The intonation and volume of tone is surprisingly good, making them a good rival of the famous military bagpipes in the rendition of the old time favorite Scotch melodies.

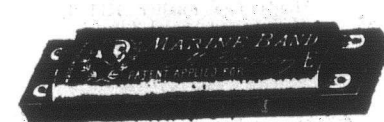
They are well made, nicely finished, and each set is put up in a strong pasteboard box.

No. 525—Single chanter10
No. 526—Single chanter, large size25
No. 527—Chanter and two drones50
No. 528—Chanter and two drones, better quality. Each90

H HNER HARMONICAS

No. 529—Ten single holes, 20 reeds, nickel covers. Each25
No. 530—Ten double holes, 40 reeds, nickel covers. Each50

MARINE BAND



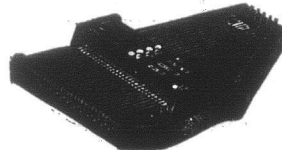
No. 531—Marine Band, 10 single holes, 20 reeds, nickel covers. Each25
No. 532—Marine Band, 10 single holes, 40 reeds, nickel covers. Each50
(Fine quality in imitation leather case.)
No. 533—Hohner Tremolo, 2 sides, 20 holes, 40 reeds. Each60
531—Hohner Tremolo, 2 sides, 48 holes, 96 reeds. Each\$1.50

CLOVER HARMONICA.

No. 535—With patent muffler attached. The latest in vention in the Harmonica line.
Single reed, tremolo bell. Each35
Largest size. Each65

NICKLE WHISTLES OR FLAGEOLETS

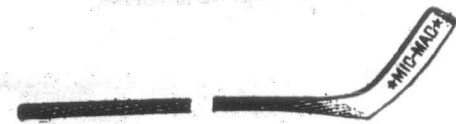
No. 536—Nickel Whistle. Each5
No. 537—Nickel Whistle. Each10
No. 538—Nickel Flageolet. Each15
No. 539—Cylinder bore, assorted sizes. Each25
No. 540—Metal, nickel plated. Each25
No. 541—Metal, nickel plated, long metal mouth-piece. Each25



AUTOHARPS

Each instrument complete with instruction book, picks and tuning key neatly packed in box.
No. 542—23 strings, 3 bars, producing 3 chords. Each\$2.50
No. 543—28 strings, 6 bars, producing 6 chords. Each\$6.00

HOCKEY STICKS.



MIC-MAC HOCKEY STICK.

No. 550—The wood from which this stick is made is found in young hardwood trees which have grown to the correct shape in the woods and trimmed carefully to the shape and finish which make it so desirable an article to use.

Mic-Mac. Price 50
No. 551—Victor. Price 40
No. 552—Practice. Price 30
No. 553—Junior League. Price 20

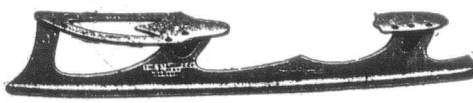
SKATES.



THE CHEBUCTO HOCKEY.

FOR BOYS AND MEN.

No. 554—The Double-ended Skate. A skate of very high quality, the runners being tempered by a special process and the tops being of the very highest quality steel sheets, highly carbonized to secure stiffness, nickel plated on copper. Sizes 9 1/2 to 12. Price\$3.00



LADIES BEAVER.

No. 555—The Rink Skate for Ladies and Gentlemen. It is a highly finished skate, presents a very neat appearance to the boot and is made with a radius that causes the least possible strain on the ankle. Sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2. Price, plain \$1.75
No. 556—Price, flanged as per cut\$2.25

SCISSORS.



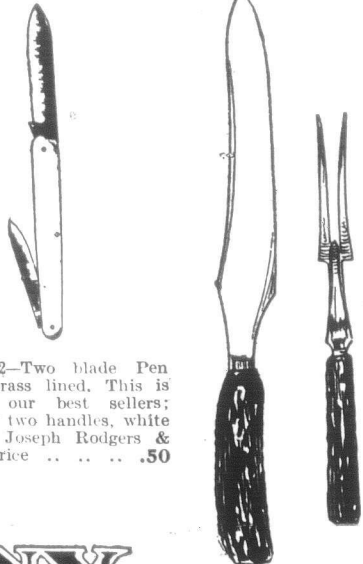
No. 553—Ladies' Embroidery Scissors fancy gold handles, superior quality. Price60



No. 564—Scissors, in neat leather and plush cases. Three pairs to the set. \$2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75 and\$3.00
Four pairs to the set. \$2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.25 and\$3.50

KNIVES.

No. 557—Rogers' Knives, dinner size, celluloid handle. Per doz.\$7.75
No. 558—Ditto. Per doz. 6.00
No. 559—Kirby's (Sheffield make), dinner size. Per doz.\$4.50
No. 560—Alfred Field & Co., (Sheffield make), dinner size. Per doz.\$3.75
No. 575—Nevada Silver Forks, dessert size \$1.75
Dinner size 2.00
Dessert sizes 50c. per dozen less than dinner sizes.



OUR LEADER.

No. 561—Rogers' Carving Knife and Fork, buck handle, riveted, 9 in. blade. Per pair\$1.25

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The Great Traders of the Great West.

INCORPORATED A.D.1870.

WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION HELD AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, NOV. 15-17, 1904.

Chinese Magistrates' Old Boots.

Visitors in China are particularly struck by the numbers of pairs of boots hung out in separate wooden cages in the archway of the main gate of Hsuan-Hua, says the Lahore Tribune, the valedictory gifts of beneficial prefects. It is an attractive

custom in China to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to leave a pair of old boots for suspension in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps. It is a considerable honor to be asked to leave these boots, and the people make the request all the more eagerly because they believe in the efficacy of the hint.



ON THE FARM OF WM. FERGUSON, GLADSTONE, MAN.



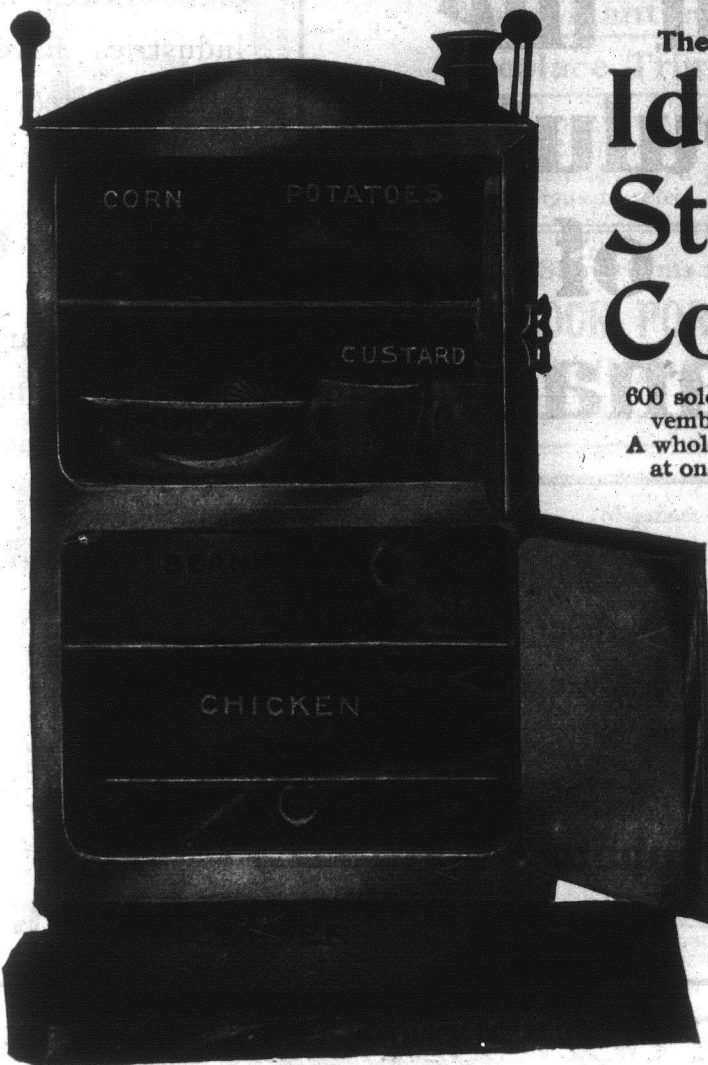
THE 20th CENTURY TREATMENT, The source of all Power, discovered in the Laboratories of Dr. Jules Kohr. The Fountain of Youth.

The result of 50 years of scientific research. Lost manhood brought back after years of weakness and despair. Nature's Secret restored by combining three of the rarest chemical reagents in the world. This is no experiment. It is proved by its use in the Hospitals of Europe. Tens of thousands of weak and hopeless cases cured by 30 days treatment. This is a fact! Prove it yourself by a test. A 5 days treatment with full particulars sent absolutely free: All packages are carefully sealed in a plain wrapper with no mark. A full 30 days treatment (180 doses) with guaranteed cure or refund of money, for \$3.00.

Send for sworn Canadian testimonials received within the last twelve months. (7) Dr. KOHR MEDICINE CO., P.O. Drawer 2341, MONTREAL.

EVERYBODY'S FOUNTAIN PEN, 25c.

Think of being able to buy a real Fountain Pen, one that works perfectly in every respect, and which although selling at 25c. will give the same results obtainable by the use of a Fountain Pen selling at \$2.00. In reality, Everybody's Fountain Pen is better than many high priced fountain pens, in that it is guaranteed to do even and perfect work at all times. WRITE TO-DAY. PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25c. EVERYBODY'S FOUNTAIN PEN CO., P.O. Box 753, WINNIPEG, MAN.



The... Ideal Steam Cooker

800 sold in Winnipeg in November by a demonstration. A whole dinner can be cooked at once.

- No steam or odor escapes into the room. No burning, scorching, smoking or overcooking. You cook everything in this that can be cooked. After putting in your dinner, you have nothing more to do until it is ready to serve. It saves worry, labor and money. Write for prices and full particulars.

The... JACK ROSS CO. 141 Bannatyne Ave. P.O. Box 888

00

DS.

Records have shown all other makes. Each month scores of ones are hard to find. Indestructible. \$5.00 per doz. \$10.00 per doz. free, providing you put your name on parcel. Two new records on application.

PRINTING

For No. 0, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100.

PRINTING

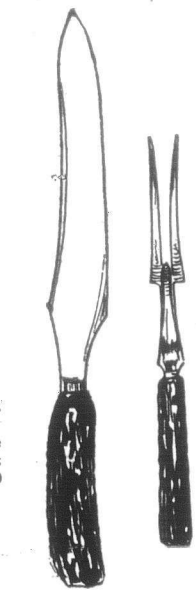
and Printing Outfit. Copying, printing and pictures. Loved Candle Lamp. Glass for printer. 12c. 1 Stirring Trays, 40c. 1 doz. Hyposulphite Soda, 10c. 2 doz. 425 Toning Solution. Instruction Book, 10c. \$2.09. 1.50. Printing and Printing .75.

KNIVES OR CUTS

Each .50. Each .10. Each .15. Each .25. Each .25. long metal mouth .25.

KNIVES

with instruction book, packed in box. producing 3 chords. \$2.50. producing 6 chords. \$6.00.



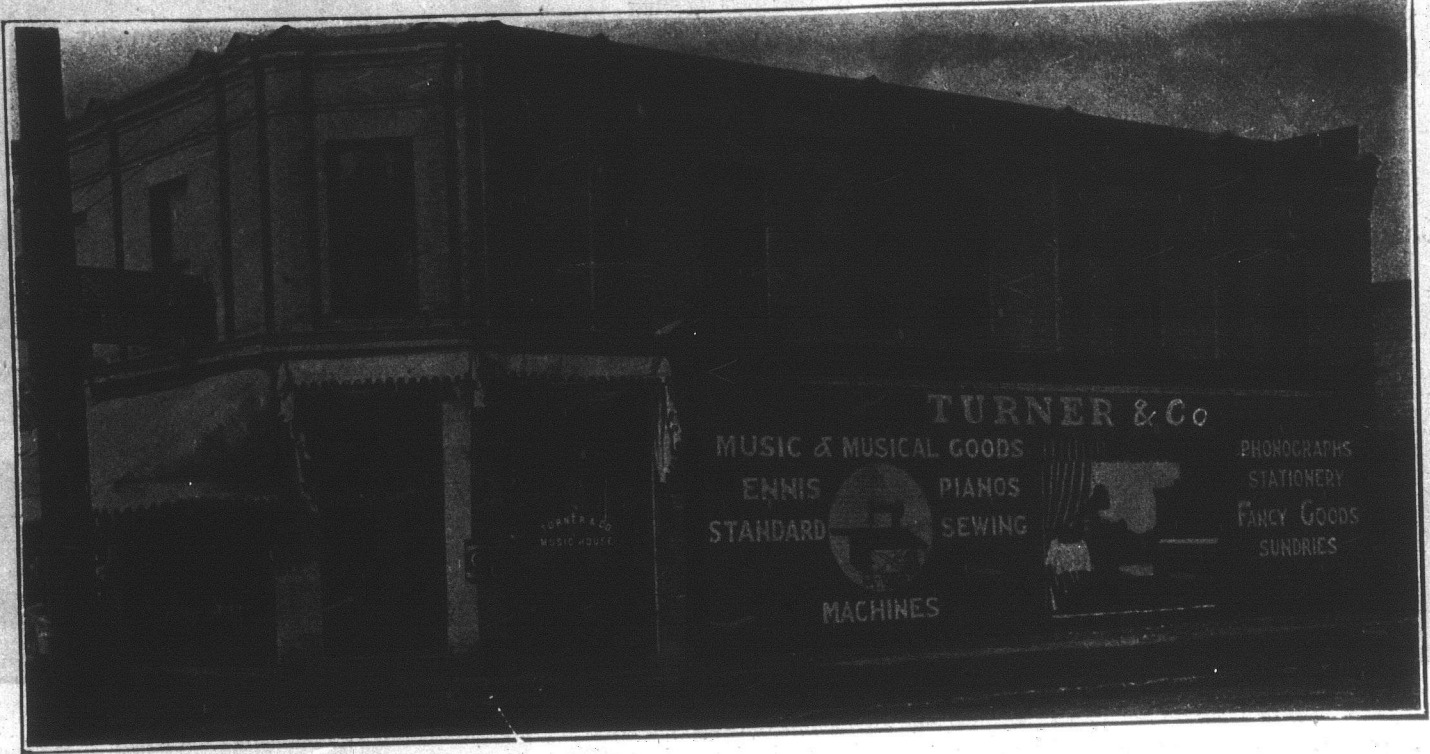
OUR LEADER.

No. 561—Rogers' Carving Knife and Fork. buck handle, riveted, 9 in. blade. Per pair \$1.25.

NOTICE
THE
PLACE

CORNER OF
Portage Ave.
AND
Garry Street

Where the Musical
People of Winnipeg and
the West go to buy
Music.



THIS CUT SHOWS THE FRONT RETAIL STORE ONLY, WITH JUST A GLIMPSE OF THE LARGE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE IN THE REAR.

Special Music Sale of New Popular Music *Now On*
50c. Pieces for 25c.

such as "Good-bye Little Girl Good-bye," "Blue Bell," "My Genevieve,"
"Longing," etc. Send \$1.00 for four of the latest and we will send postpaid.
Complete stock of Classical Music, Church 8vo Anthems, and Part Songs.

Winnipeg Agents for the celebrated **DOMINION Pianos and Organs**
BRASS INSTRUMENTS a specialty.
Everything in Music.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR
Columbia & Berliner Disc Talking Machines

Thousands of New Records in for Xmas. trade.

Also big stock of **EDISON RECORDS and MACHINES.**

TURNER & CO.

Phone 1052

WINNIPEG

Buy Lots
in the
"Duluth"
of
Canada

FORT WILLIAM IS BOOMING

Prices will treble in value next spring. Big American industries have established in the lake town and the G. T. P., it is reported, have located its terminals there.

ONLY \$25 AND \$50 A LOT

in the best part of the city, near the big industries and on the proposed extension of the street car line. You will get 100 per cent on money invested in these lots in less than six months.

\$10 CASH AND \$3 A MONTH

Without interest secures a lot. Write us for plans. To see them is to buy them. Buy before the advance.

BOWERMAN & CO.

Telephone 2491

188 Market Street, East

WINNIPEG, CANADA.



VICTORIA AVENUE, FORT WILLIAM, ONT., IN 1904.

Hints for Buyers.

One of the many firms who expect to do a large Christmas trade is Henry Birks & Sons, Winnipeg. Their stock is most complete and they will be pleased to send their catalogue upon request of any reader of The Western Home Monthly.

Anyone interested in music would find it to their interest to write Whaley, Royce & Co., Winnipeg. See their announcement in this issue.

Merrick, Anderson & Co., Winnipeg, will be pleased to send circulars fully describing the "Monarch" range free upon request.

The original Keeley cure for the drink habit still stands the test of time and the manager at Winnipeg will be pleased to correspond with anyone who needs their help.

The Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, the premier as well as the pioneer departmental store in the West, offer an exhaustive list of bargains of great magnitude. A careful perusal of their Xmas announcement in the advertising pages of this issue of The Western Home Monthly will prove interesting and profitable reading for thrifty buyers. When writing kindly mention having seen their advt. in our journal.

The Imperial Dry Goods Company, Winnipeg, this Xmas, have surpassed all previous efforts on their part in presenting to the buying public a stock most complete in every way at right prices. They conduct a clean, up-to-date, progressive business. Mention The Western Home Monthly in writing.

Dingwall's big jewellery stores, Winnipeg, offer special attractions to those who are in quest of something good and substantial in the jewellery line. The name of Dingwall is synonymous with money saving and they offer special bargains to thrifty buyers. Their immense stock is most complete and comprehensive and they are in a position to cater to the lean purse as well as the fat purse. Their mail order business is assuming large proportions.

The quality and flavor of Blue Ribbon tea has made it famous in the homes of our most progressive people. Connoisseurs pronounce a cup of it healthy, palatable and invigorating. The demand for Blue Ribbon is steadily on the increase and the best effort of the Blue Ribbon Company is being exerted to keep its popularity in the foreground. The handsome prizes offered are appreciated by their patrons all over the country.

The Waldron Washer needs no special introduction to the people of the West. Thousands of them are now in use and a card addressed to the Waldron Washer Co., 169 Portage Ave. E., Winnipeg, will bring a prompt reply regarding its construction, operation and price.

Turner's Music Store, Winnipeg, has in stock a complete assortment of the latest and most popular music, which they offer the buying public by mail at popular prices. Their display of musical instruments of every kind would do credit to any of the large musical stores in the East.

Royal Crown soap is now sold throughout the length and breadth of this great western country. Its use makes washing comparatively easy in any home, takes

out the dirt and does no injury whatever to the clothes. Its popularity is attested to by thousands of housewives throughout the land. Save the wrappers and consult their premium list in the columns of The Western Home Monthly.

The E. H. Briggs Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, are pushing the famous "Stephenson Washer" and are meeting with good success right along the line. Cut out the coupon appearing in their advertisement in this issue, mail it to them and they will instruct the dealer in your locality to allow you 50 cents off the regular selling price of the washer.

The Jack Ross Company are now offering a "cooker" which is said to be almost indispensable in every well appointed home. They are being sold at a moderate price and a card addressed to the firm's Winnipeg address will bring an answer and circular letter by return mail explaining its many good qualities.

The Manitoba Hair Goods Company, Winnipeg, are specialists in their line. Their stock of hair goods and accessories are in keeping with the high class of their trade.

PIANOS

FOR Xmas. Gifts

A PIANO isn't an extravagance—it is economy. It isn't a gift that lasts a month or a year. The years of its usefulness measured are a decade, and a Piano somehow has always been THE Christmas Gift of father or husband.

Morris Pianos

are built to last a lifetime. Every instrument carries with it quality and character. Rich new case designs. Art finds a large field in Pianos. Confidential arrangements can be made to suit your wishes concerning payments

The Morris Piano Co.

228 Portage Ave. S.L. BARROWCLOUGH, Mgr. Winnipeg

Ladies! Here is a snap if you order now.

A Handsome "Needle Book" full of needles, only 15 cents. Good value.

Manitoba Novelty Co.

Box 1, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Weak Back

Thousands of women who are suffering from female weaknesses, suffer agonizing pains in the back. They feel as if they would "break in two." You can be cured with

7 Monks Ton-i-cure

This remedy cures all irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women—makes you strong and healthy. It is a wonderful remedy.

7 Monks Ton-i-cure Price \$1.00

Sold by all Druggists. (Mailed upon receipt of the price.)

7 MONKS COMPANY

Sole Proprietors Box 742 Winnipeg, Canada

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Rocky Mountain Development Co. Limited OF ALBERTA, N.W.T.

have now Oil in paying quantities sufficient to warrant the building of a REFINERY

For this purpose and for other developments, they offer a limited amount of stock for sale. This is the best investment ever offered the Canadian public. Oil has made more rich men than any other product in the commercial world. For full particulars write

L. D. KEAN, Agent, 423 Main Street, WINNIPEG

THE WINNIPEG MANTLE CO.

WE are Importers and Dealers in

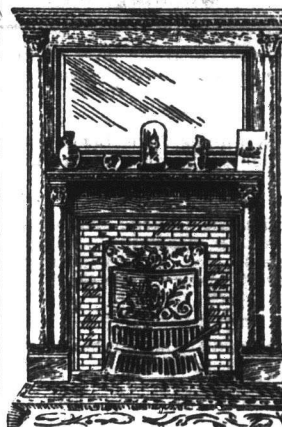
Wood Mantles and Fireplace Trimmings

and carry a large stock. We are also tile sellers and do all kinds of tile work.

Write us for catalogue and prices. One hundred different designs to select from.

Showrooms:

STEELE BLOCK, PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG



Two in One. Magazines for Progressive People

The World To-Day . . . \$1.00 Western Home Monthly50

READ OUR OFFER

THE WORLD TO-DAY is not simply a chronicle of events or a summary of other publications. It obtains its information at first hand, and is always up-to-date. It embodies a new idea that has met with remarkable success and has an individuality of its own. THE WORLD TO-DAY contains in each issue vigorous editorials upon persons, opinions and events. It also contains articles from the foremost men and women of the day upon an astonishingly wide range of subjects of current interest. The calendar of the month, biographies of noted men and women, book reviews and cumulative index in each issue are features that appeal to people who wish to keep in touch with the world's progress and have no time for extensive reading.

In point of presswork, illustrations (many in color), range of subjects and general attractiveness it is unequalled by any other magazine. 128 pages and over 100 illustrations (many in color) every month. Sample copy 10c. The only magazine of its class at \$1.00.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY and THE WORLD TO-DAY WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR \$1.25.

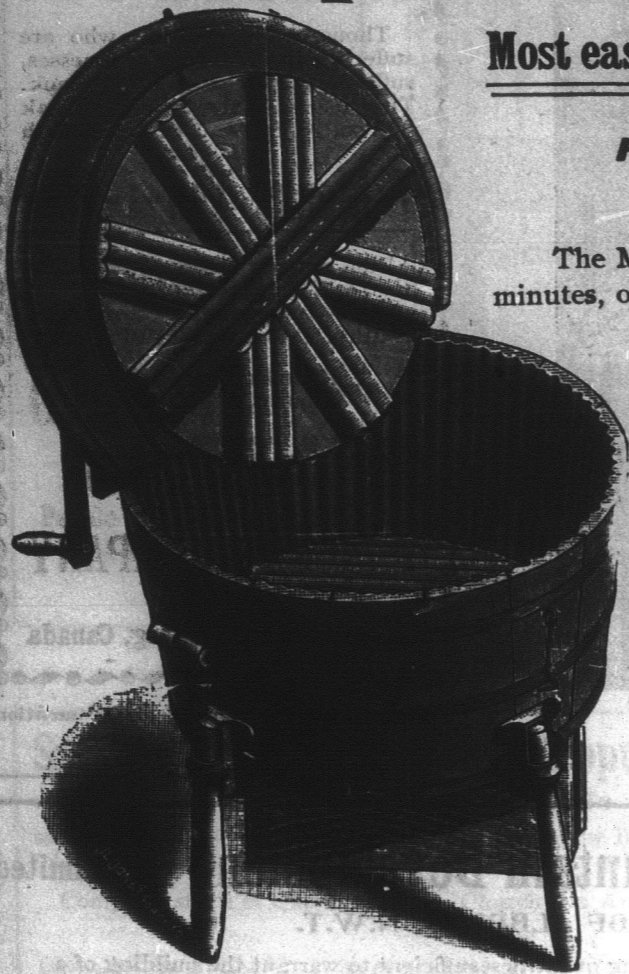
Address THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man.

"Stephenson" Washing Machine

Most easily operated Washer on the market

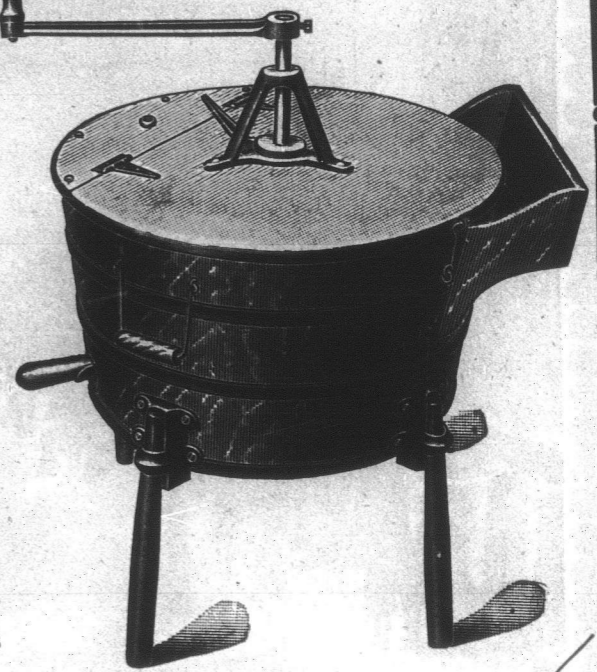
**Reduces Labor. Saves Time.
A Boon to the Family.**

The Machine will wash 75 to 100 napkins in about five minutes, or about 40 to 50 towels in the same time, 4 to 6 sheets, or 8 or 10 shirts can be washed in the machines at once, and wash them good and clean. You can wash quilts or blankets as easily as small articles, and the Washer should be worth the price to some families if used for bed clothes alone. Instead of boiling, the clothes are put through again for five minutes with boiling hot water and soap, the steam and hot water, combined with the rubbing and soap, bleaches the clothes better than boiling. You need not touch the clothes after putting them in the Washer, as



OPEN

If you cannot procure the Stephenson Washer in your locality write direct to us.



CLOSED

**The Machine Turns the Clothes. The Machine
Distributes the Soap. The Machine does the Washing**

E. H. BRIGGS CO., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Cut out and Return this Coupon to us, and we will instruct the dealer in your locality to allow you 50c. off the price of the Washer.

E. H. Briggs Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man.

The Winnipeg Piano and Organ Co. handle the "Bell Piano" as well as other makes of pianos and organs and are doing a splendid business. They are looking to the country for orders.

Bowerman & Co., Winnipeg, are offering Fort William lots at a small price. A great deal of property has changed hands recently in the town by the lake.

The Morris piano is represented by S. L. Barrowclough, Winnipeg, and the many sales recorded is conclusive proof of its popularity.

The Scott Furniture Co., Winnipeg, are now doing business in their handsome new store with an entirely new stock of furniture. They are hustlers and are keeping ahead of the times. Write for their new catalogue and mention The Monthly.

Mrs. E. Coates Coleman, dermatologist, Winnipeg, is a leader in her business and the women would do well to look up her advertisement in this issue of The Western Home Monthly.

The Winnipeg Mantel Company, Winnipeg, carry a magnificent stock of wood mantels, fire place trimmings and tile, and are looking for a mail order trade in the West. It

SAMPLE PHOTO BUTTON, 10c.



One inch button, 25c.; 1 1/4 inch 35c.; 2 1/4 inch button or pocket mirror, 50c. Photos returned unharmed. Send 10c. for sample button and have your name inserted in our agents' directory free. We are the largest manufacturers of photo buttons and souvenirs in the West.
WINNIPEG NOVELTY CO.,
Winnipeg, Man.

does not cost a great deal to have a grate put in your new home. Correspond with them.

Duffin & Co. Winnipeg, are headquarters for kodaks and photo supplies of all kinds.

The Central Business College, successfully managed by Wood & Hawkins, Winnipeg, is booking students for the winter term commencing January 1st. Write for calendar.

The Rocky Mountain Development Company have struck oil in Alberta. Stock in the company is being offered for sale by L. D. Kean, 423 Main St., Winnipeg.



MR. MOTT'S RESIDENCE NORTH OF MORDEN, MAN.

Musical



GIFTS

No better Christmas a Musical Instrument,

line. For a few suggestions we enumerate below a choice lot of Musical Goods, and all at unheard of prices for the gift giver.

Present could be given than or something in the music or something in the music

VIOLINS-Complete with Bows and extra set of Strings, at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, and up to \$100.00. Add \$1.35 for a good case.

MANDOLINS-At \$3.50, \$4.50, \$6.50, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, \$18.00, and up to \$50.00.

GUITARS-\$4.00, \$4.75, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, and up to \$60.00.

BANJOS- \$4.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, and up to \$50.00.

ACCORDIONS- \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, and up to \$25.00.

AUTOHARPS- \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.50.

REGINA MUSIC BOXES-The Best of all Home Entertainers with changeable time sheet at prices \$20.00 up to \$100.00

MUSIC ROLLS and MUSIC CASES

In solid Leather, at 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, and up to \$4.50.

SHEET MUSIC and MUSIC BOOKS

Handsome Bound Volumes. Opera Scores and everything known in Music and Musical Instruments.

All goods sold by us, we guarantee to give satisfaction, or refund your money cheerfully.

Write us for Catalogue, stating your requirements.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., LTD.

356 MAIN STREET - - WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.



FARM BUILDINGS OF J. HYNDMAN, THREE MILES SOUTH OF CRANDELL, MAN.

Suggestions for Christmas Presents.

We came across an old copy of The Ladies' Home Journal recently, in which were many excellent "pointers" for the purchase of Christmas presents. The article was prepared with a view to assisting would-be givers to solve the problem which transcends all others at the festive season.

In the general suggestions was quite an important one, to the effect that, when buying, the purchaser have the article sent direct to the person, or persons, for whom they are intended. When sending presents to any great distance, this plan is most convenient, as it saves a second packing and generally insures safe and prompt delivery, as the merchant is likely to have better facilities for packing than the home.

First in importance in all households, are the children, and of first importance to them are toys.

PRESENTS OF ALL SORTS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

For little girls, there come ordinary and extraordinary dolls, dolls' furniture, dolls' cradles, and baskets and trunks, tiny sheets, pillow-cases, counterpanes, blankets and comforters; linen closets; dolls' bureaus, washstands with complete china toilet sets, dolls' towels, bath-ropes and tiny porcelain-lined baths.

For little girls with housekeeping proclivities, complete sets of kitchen furniture, consisting of stoves, washing machines, ironing outfits, toy sweepers, and kitchen utensils which may really be used.

Other gifts for girls are little work-baskets and boxes fitted with thimbles, scissors, etc. Low tables, tinted in the delicate shades, and little chairs to match; children's books, paint boxes, pencils and prepared cards for drawing. In jewelry, pins, rings, necklaces and dress studs.

Useful gifts are muffs and collars of fur, in white or gray, boxes of handkerchiefs, umbrellas and waterproof coats.

WHAT THE GROWN-UP SISTER WILL LIKE.

For the older sister, the one who is almost a young lady, there are pictures and books, and desk and bureau fittings, dainty handkerchiefs, gloves and ribbons. She can use a camera; she needs a new lamp or a silver name-plate for her wheel, she would like a new belt and buckle, a new pocket-book, a new umbrella, a new traveling bag. Then there are workboxes and bags, ribbon and lace cases. All girls love fans and chatelaines, pretty china ornaments, curling tongs and lamps.

Useful presents are furs, waterproof cloaks, evening wraps, opera-glasses, party bags, fur-lined overshoes, dressing jackets, sets of hand-made underwear, silk eiderdown quilts, clocks, odd pieces of silverware, feather boas and slippers. Books, stationery and subscriptions to magazines are gifts which are always warmly welcomed by young girls. Odd pieces of furniture, in the shape of chair, table or bookshelf, may be added to the list.

GIFTS FOR THE DEAREST ONE OF ALL.

Mothers may be given many of the articles enumerated for the grown-up sister. To the list may be added

wrappers, shopping bags, table linen, pretty counterpanes, china, silver or glass ware, chatelaine spectacle cases, stationery, pretty laces, gloves, desks, embroidered centrepieces, breakfast tea or coffee cups, sofa-pillows, easy-chairs, afghans, lamps and lamp shades.

GIFTS WHICH PLEASE THE BIG BROTHER.

For the young man there is a great variety. He would like a new suit of clothes, a dress-suit case; then there are tooth-powder bottles, postage stamp and court plaster cases, and shaving cases. Handkerchiefs legibly marked are always welcomed by young men as are neckties, gloves and mufflers.

variety of rings, studs, sleeve-buttons, watch-charms, watch-chains, scarf-pins and scarf-rings. A watch is always a most welcome present to a young man or boy. Pocket-knives, key-ring chains, inkstands, paper-knives, photographs, blotters, penwipers, seals and match-cases are also in order. If the young man has literary tastes nothing will please him better than a new bookshelf, some of the newest books, a subscription to his favorite periodical, or to a circulating library.

PRESENTS FOR THE VERY SMALL BOYS.

For small boys there are fire engines, railroad trains, tracks, locomotives, trolley cars, rocking horses, bicycles,



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE SEATH, SCOTIA, MAN.

For their rooms pictures, framed or unframed, sofa-cushions, books, desks, chairs, pieces of odd china, photograph frames, pipe racks, odd curtains, table covers, afghans, lamps, shades and plaster casts are always in order. Other presents are bath-ropes, slippers, pipes, tobacco pouches, smoking jackets, matchsafes, ash trays and cigar-box cases. If, fortunately, the young man does not smoke, find out his favorite occupation and try to cater to it. In jewelry for men there is an unusual

skates, sets of toy soldiers, drums, building blocks, toy typewriters, sleds, ships, magic lanterns, wizard outfits, Punch and Judy shows, games, completely filled tool-chests, paint-boxes. Useful gifts are sweaters, mittens, neckties, handkerchiefs, desks, rubber boots, pocketbooks, penknives, slippers bath wrappers, dumb-bells and Indian clubs.

In jewelry there are pretty sets of sleeve buttons, studs and scarf pins. Boys' books are in abundance, and for



RESIDENCE AND STOCK BARN OF MR. SIMPSON, CANNINGTON MANOR, ASSA. Formerly the Beeton Place.

very small boys there are sliced animals, toy carts, transparent slates, building blocks, drawing slates, Noah's arks, and so on.

TOYS, SILVER, AND DOLLS FOR THE BABIES.

For babies there are rag dolls, woolly dogs and sheep, and toy horses, fur Baby Buntings, Brownies, picture books with reversible pictures, and blocks; go-carts with horses; studs for babies' dresses; bib and collar pins, forks and spoons. Silver and china porringers are always appropriate gifts for babies, as are parasols and pillows, as well as dainty little embroidered jackets, bibs, collars, flannel wrappers and carriage boots.

WHAT THE FATHERS WILL LIKE.

For the fathers provide a comfortable lounge, some sofa-cushions, a pocket knife, a traveling satchel, a photograph case which will hold as many photographs as he has children and one more for his wife. Put all the photographs in, and be sure he will carry it away with him whenever he has to leave home. If his sleeve-buttons are old in design, give him a new-style pair, and a new-style key-ring, and anything new which is in his particular line.

Subscribe for his favorite periodicals, give him a new house coat, and if he smokes give him the very latest device for smokers. A new umbrella, a new cane, or penknife will also be in order.

GIFTS FOR THE GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND-FATHER.

Almost every family has a grandmother, many families have great-grandparents, and when Christmas comes they should be thought of even before the babies. For them provide nothing which suggests old age: the newest books; subscriptions to the best of the periodicals; generous-sized china cups and saucers; pretty traveling accessories; bright sofa-cushions and footstools; the newest things in carriage robes, traveling clocks or book-rests—something that will make them feel quite sure that you are counting upon

Instant Relief from "Cold in the Head"

Sneezing—coughing—nostrils stopped up—hard to breathe—head aches? Get Chester's Cure—burn a little—and inhale the smoke. It knocks cold in the head right out of the head. Often, the first treatment cures. Two or three always do.

Chester's Cure

soothes the irritated membranes of nose and throat—clears the nostrils—stops the discharge, the sneezing and coughing. Simply burn it and inhale the smoke. That's the whole treatment. 50c and \$1. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, write the agents for Canada, THE LEEHING, MILES CO. LTD., MONTREAL

When the Summer Rush is Over.

When the summer rush is over
And I get a breathing spell,
Time to rest myself a little
Ere fall goods begin to sell;
Then I bask in solid comfort,
Soak in joy the livelong day,
I have earned a short vacation,
Can afford a week for play.

When the summer rush is over
I can drive out in the morn,
See the peaches, pears and pippins,
Hear the rustle of the corn;
And the good wife, sitting by me,
Trills a song, so great her joy,
We have time to get acquainted
It is bliss without alloy.

When the summer rush is over
I am happy as can be
In the lawn swing, with the children
'Neath the giant maple tree;
But to listen to their chatter
Is an entertaining treat
And in noting all their antics
I forget about the heat.

When the summer rush is over
There is still enough to do
Ere the store is put in order
And supplied with samples new,
So as soon as I am rested
Business will have first call
And I'll push trade with fresh vigor,
Keep it humming all the fall.

—Orlo L. Dobson.

The Winter Sleepers.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping-places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds.

He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.—Selected.

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY and SUCCESS CLUBBING OFFERS

FOR 1904-5

Our Magazine List

	Regular Price.
Western Home Monthly (M.)	.50
Success Magazine (M.)	\$1.00
CLASS A	
Lealie's Monthly Magazine (M.)	\$1.00
Harper's Basar (M.)	1.00
The Cosmopolitan Magazine (M.)	1.00
Pearson's Magazine (M.)	1.00
The Twentieth Century Home (M.)	1.00
The American Boy (M.)	1.00
The American Inventor (S.-M.)	1.50
The Sunset Magazine (M.)	1.00
The Technical World (M.)	2.00
The Bookkeeper and Business Man's Magazine (M., \$1.00), with "Business Short Cuts (50c.)"	1.50
The Ladies' World (M., 50c.), with "Entertainments for all Seasons" (\$1.00)	1.50
The Holiday Magazine for Children (50c., M.), with "Home Games and Parties" (50c.)	1.00
CLASS B	
The Review of Reviews (M.)	\$2.50
The World's Work (M.)	3.00
Outing (M.)	3.00
The Booklovers' Magazine (M.)	3.00
The Independent (W.)	2.00

SPECIAL MAGAZINES

	Regular Price.
The Outlook (new) (W.)	\$3.00
Twelve magazine numbers and forty weeklies per annum. New subscriptions only accepted at our prices.	
Country Life in America (M.)	3.00
Including three annual double numbers: The "Gardening Number," the "Housebuilding Number," and the "Christmas Annual."	
Harper's Magazine (M.)	4.00
The Leading General Magazine of the World.	
Harper's Weekly (W.)	4.00
An illustrated weekly of wide influence.	
North American Review (new) (M.)	5.00
New subscriptions only accepted at our prices.	

NOTE—(M.) Monthly. (S.-M.) Semi-Monthly. (W.) Weekly.

Our Club Prices

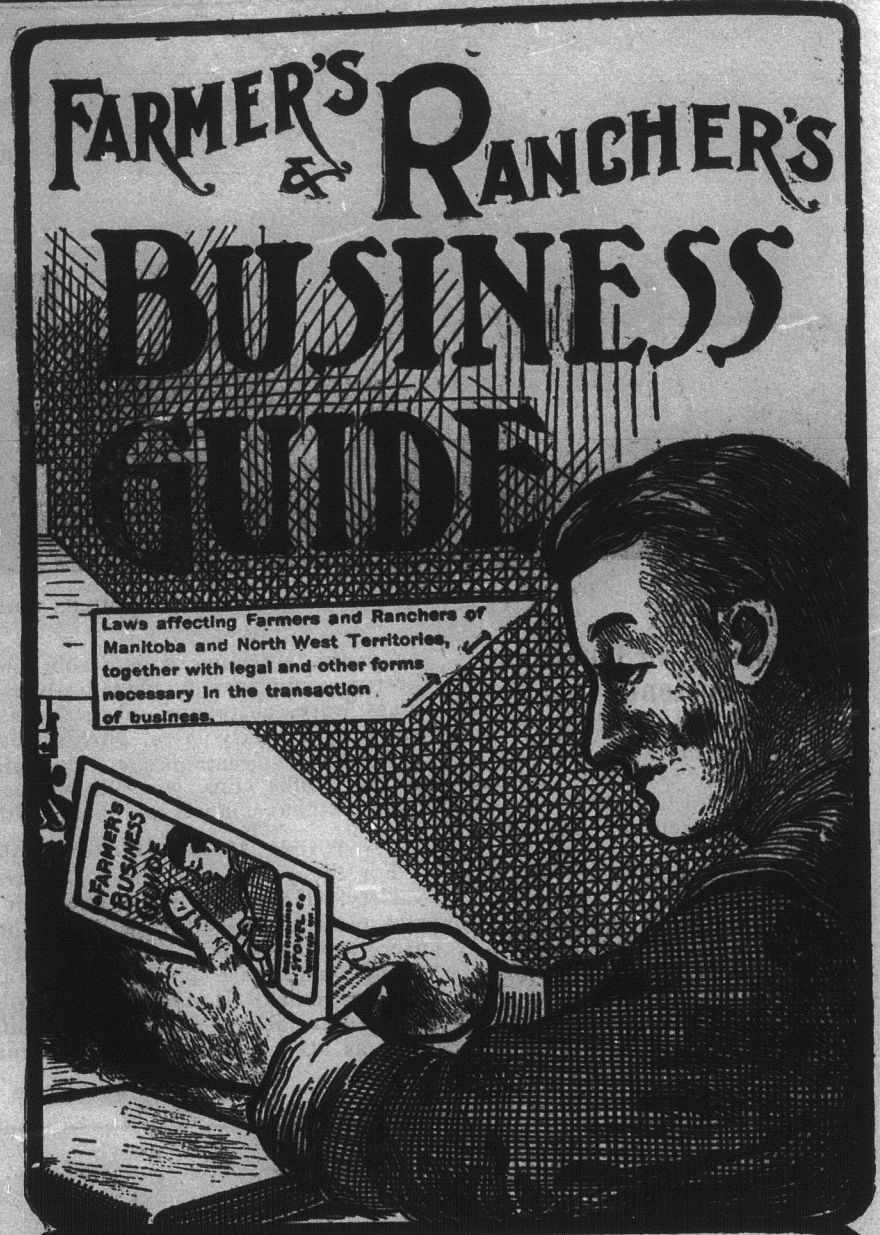
For annual subscriptions in all cases.

Subscription	Our Price.
Western Home Monthly and Success	
With any 1 of Class A	\$1.75
" " 2 " " A	2.25
" " 3 " " A	2.75
" " 4 " " A	3.25
With Review of Reviews	\$2.75
" The Independent	2.75
" any 2 of Class B	4.25
" " 3 " " B	5.75
" " 4 " " B	7.25
With 1 of A and 1 of B	\$3.25
" 2 of A and 1 of B	3.75
" 1 of A and 2 of B	4.75
" 2 of A and 2 of B	5.25
Western Home Monthly and Country Life in America	
With Success	\$3.50
" Success and 1 of A	4.00
" Success and 2 of A	4.50
" Success and 1 of B	5.00
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having them with you for very many more Christmas Days.

Some dear old great-grandmothers seem made for pretty little lace fichus and caps. Other pretty gifts are silver-topped shopping bags, bureau silver, traveling rugs, satchel and shawl straps, as well as the easy chair, with book-rest and soft silken cushions.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY.

For the servants of the family provide gifts which will not in any way suggest work. Where money can be afforded it is almost always the best way of remembering those who have served faithfully; with it may go boxes of candy and pretty boxes of stationery. For the nurse a watch, if you feel that you can afford to be so generous, or some gift which shall appeal particularly to her. For the household where many servants are kept, and where there is a sitting-room reserved for their use, a Christmas present that will please all alike will be the addition to their room of a new picture, or a chair, or a table, a new carpet, if that is possible—no matter what, so that it is new, and not something which has done duty elsewhere.

FOR THOSE OUTSIDE OF YOUR OWN FAMILY.

It has always been customary in England to remember at Christmas time all the people with whom one has come in contact during the year; and do not forget, when administering your Christmas bounties, the sick in the hospitals. Send toys, books, fruit and scrapbooks to the children's wards and flowers and fruit, jellies and delicacies to those other invalids who are not too ill to appreciate them. To any sick people whom you may know let your gifts take the form of a surprise, something that shall for the moment make them forget that they have not been able to share in the Christmas shopping. Let your present go with the cheeriest of holiday greetings and tied up with the brightest of ribbons.

FOR THOSE YOU HAVE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

In your Christmas purchasing do not be tempted to forget those who, because of their poverty, are unable to do any shopping either for themselves or for others. Let your presents to them be of a substantial character—a ton of coal, some warm clothing, some money, a box of groceries, or a basket of Christmas marketing topped with a bunch of holly. And to the little children in whose homes Christmas is little more than a name send some of the many bright, new tin toys which are so inexpensive; some candy, some fruit, bright red woolen mittens and Tam o' Shaners, and, if you can afford it, some good stout shoes and warm stockings. Accompany your Christmas presents with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thoughtfulness will bring its own reward, and that in the years to come the memory of the Christmas when you gave most and received least will be the happiest of all memories to you, for "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

The Happiest Boy.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he was not such a small boy; "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and thirsty were they. The



A COSY SPOT.

Interior of Room in the Home of E. E. Parley, Wolsley, Assa.

drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them. But one poor ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and touselled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his hat and carry it—one, two, three—oh, as many as six times! to the poor suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest.

"Did the sheep say 'Thank you!' papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa.

"But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."—Christian Observer.

Earthquake-Proof Buildings.

The only buildings in the world which are earthquake proof are the Japanese pagodas. There are many which are 700 or 800 years old, and as solid as when first built. The reason lies in their construction. A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timber which starts from a wide base, and is in itself a substantial structure, but is rendered still more

stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber, two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end of the four sides. Four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty, still more timbers, are added to these. The whole forms an enormous pendulum, which reaches within six inches of the ground. When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda, the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the centre of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium is never disturbed.

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The machine pays for itself many times over before that time. There couldn't be a fairer offer than this. We ship a Chatham Incubator to you at once, freight prepaid by us, and your first payment is not due until October, 1905. Write us to-day for full particulars. The Chatham Incubators and Brooders have every new improvement worth while in an incubator or brooder. The incubators are made with two walls, case within case, of dry material that has been seasoned in our lumber yards. They are built solid as a rock and will stand any amount of usage for years. The sooner you accept our offer the sooner will the Chatham Incubator be earning profits for you.



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Indian Words in English.

A list of Indian words adopted into the English language is being made by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. While the Indian dialects have furnished names for thousands of towns, rivers and lakes in the United States and Canada, the number of other Indian words now used in English is very small.

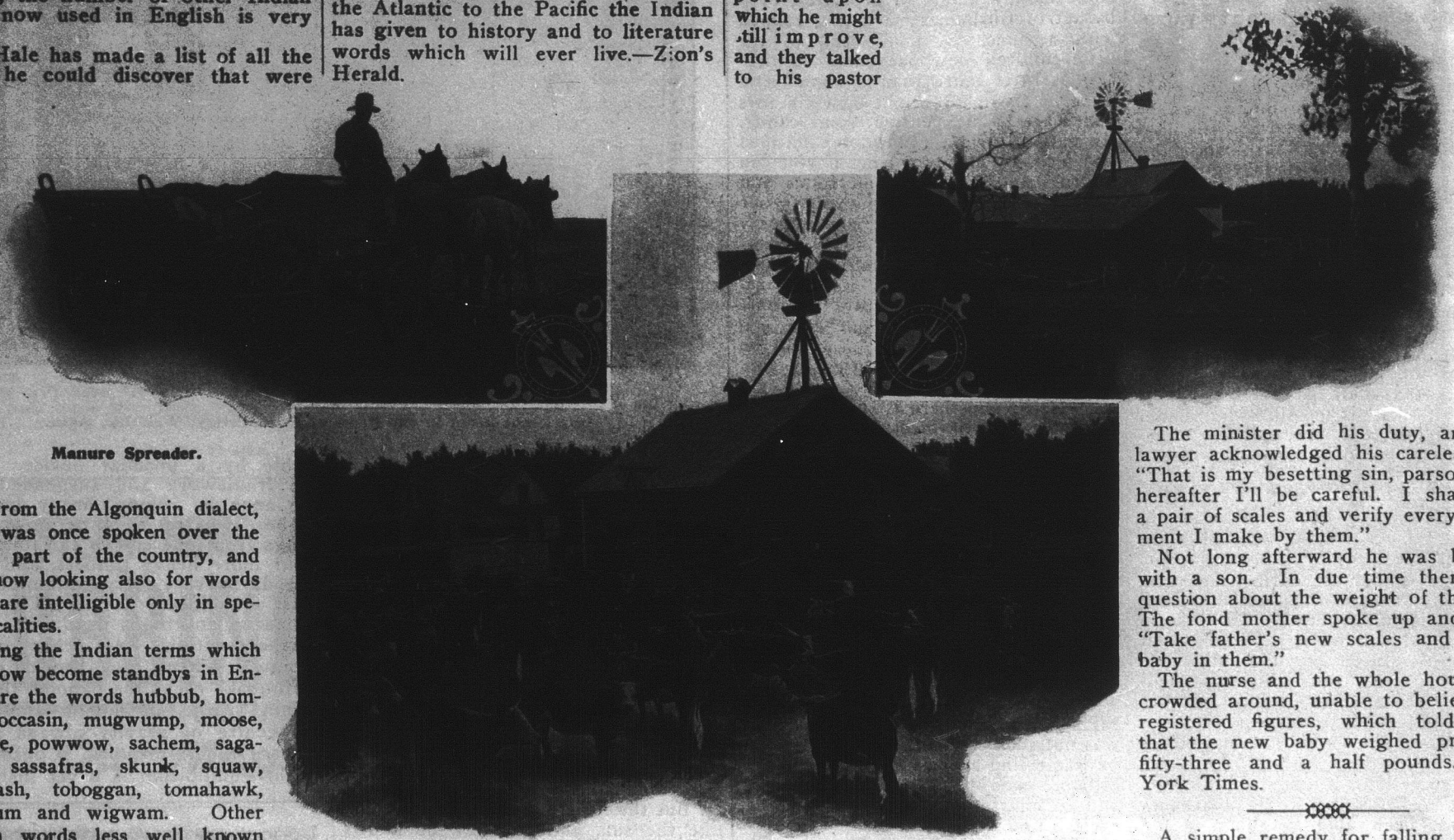
Dr. Hale has made a list of all the words he could discover that were

and tautog (a species of fish). It seems pathetic that a once great people should pass away without leaving some more decided impression upon the language of their conquerors than is recorded in the short list of words collected by Doctor Hale. Yet in the names of geographical localities from the Atlantic to the Pacific the Indian has given to history and to literature words which will ever live.—Zion's Herald.

A New Fish Story.

A well-known lawyer experienced religion and joined the church. His friends, upon learning of his desire to ally himself with active religious work, decided that there was one point upon which he might still improve, and they talked to his pastor

about it. Said they in effect: "So-and-so is a fine man in every way, but he certainly does fail to stick closely to the truth when he tells about his fish catches, and we wish you would caution him about it."



Manure Spreader.

taken from the Algonquin dialect, which was once spoken over the greater part of the country, and he is now looking also for words which are intelligible only in special localities.

Among the Indian terms which have now become standbys in English are the words hubbub, homily, moccasin, mugwump, moose, papoose, powwow, sachem, sagamore, sassafras, skunk, squaw, succotash, toboggan, tomahawk, wampum and wigwam. Other Indian words less well known are musquash (meaning muskrat), quahog (an edible clam), samp (maize crushed for food), mannop (a brave),

ON THE FARM OF J. E. MARPLES, DELEAU, MAN.

The minister did his duty, and the lawyer acknowledged his carelessness. "That is my besetting sin, parson, and hereafter I'll be careful. I shall buy a pair of scales and verify every statement I make by them."

Not long afterward he was blessed with a son. In due time there was question about the weight of the boy. The fond mother spoke up and said: "Take father's new scales and weigh baby in them."

The nurse and the whole household crowded around, unable to believe the registered figures, which told them that the new baby weighed precisely fifty-three and a half pounds.—New York Times.

A simple remedy for falling hair is made by adding twenty grains of quinine to a pint of bay rum. Rub thoroughly into the scalp.

"A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a Nail the Shoe was lost; for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; for want of a Horse the Rider was lost—being overtaken by the Enemy—all for want of Care about a Horse Shoe Nail."

Benjamin Franklin, 1758.

The Merchant who buys, or the Farmer who uses the "C" brand Horse Nails is getting the Best, and "Made in Canada." Don't buy Horse Nails because they are lower priced than the "C" brand. The best article always commands the best price; that's why our price is a little higher than any others. But, and this is important, don't forget the fact, that you only use on the average, about one-third of a pound of nails to shoe a horse; and, therefore, other brands of nails, which might cost you 25 cents a box less, only reduce the cost one-third of one cent. When you consider all that Horse Nails have to stand, you must surely conclude that "the Best are the Cheapest," that's the experience of the world. Profit by others' experience and buy the Best Horse Nails. Take care of the Nails and the shoes will take care of themselves. Buy the "C" brand men of the North West, they are "No. 1 Hard."

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Pattern Department.

The Western Home Monthly will send any single pattern mentioned below on receipt of 15c. When two patterns are illustrated, either may be had on receipt of 15c., or both on receipt of 30c. New subscribers sending us 50c. for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly may select one pattern as a premium Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

GIRL'S ONE-PIECE APRON.

No. 4486.—An exceedingly pretty apron is shown here in an original design, made up in lawn and edged with embroidery. The apron is in one piece and slips on over the head. This means a saving in the labor of making, for there are no buttons and buttonholes, and no back opening. A narrow belt is worn with the dress and, if desired, pockets might be added. Aside from the simplicity of the design and make, anyone can see at a glance how easily a gar-



Girl's Apron with Belt.

ment of this kind could be laundered, the front and back being the same. It requires only a few minutes time to make the garment and as little time to freshen it up by laundering. Lawn, dimity, cross barred muslin, gingham or batiste are suitable. Material required for girl of eight years, 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 years.

MEN'S SHIRT.

6217.—Of all ready-made garments, the least desirable is that of shirt. If the neck band is not entirely too large, it is too high or too low, and this throws the collar out of position. Another serious trouble is the length of sleeves; they are never right. In fact, however well cut the garment may be, the sizes rarely correspond exactly to those of the purchaser. Then, too, the material used is not the best, and it is only a matter of a few visits to the laundry before the material gives way. On the other



hand, a woman's gingham shirt waist that has been made at home will last for months, simply because not only the material but the home sewing is much better than "factory" made. With 2 1/2 yards of gingham or madras, a woman can make a shirt that

will fit better and wear better than any she could duplicate in the stores for several times the amount expended. Then, too, she has the whole range of materials to select from, and many are the pretty designs to be had for the looking, too! The pattern is simple and the parts fit together without the slightest difficulty. The shirt may be made with the cuffs and collar, or finished with wristband and neck band. What would be more acceptable to the father or brother for a Christmas present than two or three pretty shirts fashioned in the colors he likes best?

Sizes 32 to 46 inch breast measure, or 14 to 17 1/2 inch neck size.

LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS.

No. 6203.—The first cool days of winter remind us that once more the season approaches for home sewing. Almost every woman who sews at all makes her "every-day" dresses, possibly for reasons of economy, for every woman has a natural desire for dainty, pretty house dresses, a desire which is difficult to gratify, because these pretty house dresses are quite as expensive as street clothes. Then, too, most women begin their first sewing on such articles, and the knowledge acquired in the making is the stepping-stone, as it were, for the making of more elaborate things. Such knowledge is an aid to the woman with a small purse, and gives many a girl a neat wardrobe which otherwise would prove impossible for her to obtain.

In this age of the practical morning gowns, negligees and breakfast sacks are no

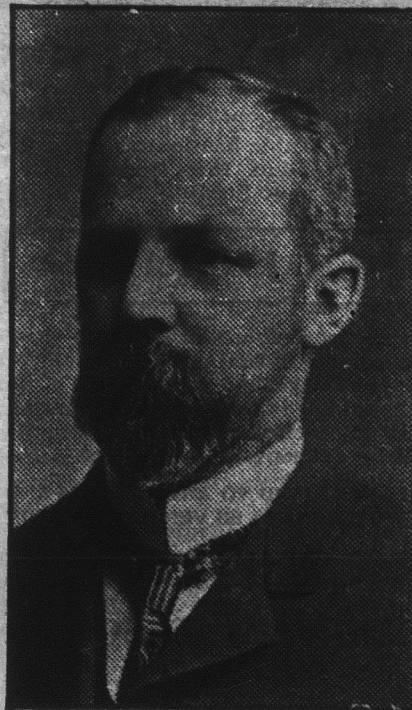


longer limited to the confines of one's boudoir. Indeed, nothing will give more of a dash of color to the home landscape at an early morning hour or at a quiet evening at home with one's family, than a brightly-colored wrapper or negligee. As they have more than often to be slipped on hurriedly, this thought should not be lost sight of, and with a well selected pattern this need may be looked after without in any way marring the beauty of contour or construction.

For real utility and good appearance the princess wrapper is recommended, and by the tasteful selection of materials it is rendered quite correct for afternoon or morning wear. The pattern is tight fitting, with closing at the side. The front is fitted by darts which extend to the shoulder. This not only gives excellent lines to the garment, but is ever so much easier to fit than the old-fashioned dart. The model provides a pointed collar, and it may be made in high or pointed neck. Made of blue cashmere, with trimmings of cream wool lace insertion and lace. It is quite elaborate enough for any wear, but its charm is not by any means lost when it is developed of polka dot outing flannel.

Sizes 32 to 44 inch bust.

Children's white dresses often get badly stained with fruit. The worst stains may be removed in the following manner: Dissolve a large but not heaping tablespoonful of chloride of lime in an eight quart pail of water; soak the garment in the solution, squeezing it occasionally. In twenty-four hours or less, according to the extent of the stain, the garment will be quite clean.



W. H. SHAW, President.

Are You Content

to stay in the same old rut and at the same old job all your life? Surely not! Every ambitious young person wishes to make the best of himself. Are you doing anything to improve yourself? Are you fitting yourself to step upward into something better? Let us help you. We start deserving young people successward. Write the

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WOOD & HAWKINS, Principals.

The white of an egg is a good remedy for a burn.

A pinch of cream of tartar in a glass of water taken before breakfast will purify the blood.

If the finger nails are brittle, soak in warm water or olive oil a few moments before cutting.

Sleep with the mouth closed; many throat diseases come from taking the breath through the mouth.

Using any drug in the eyes to make them appear larger is sure to result in permanent injury to the sight.

To remove corns, bunions and calloused places, apply nightly a drop or two of castor oil.

Two ounces of alcohol, four of tannic acid, and one-half ounce cologne will allay excessive perspiration and remove the offensive odor.

The simplest and surest remedy for the removal of freckles is a drop of lemon juice applied to each spot with a small camel's hair brush.

All kinds of nuts—English walnuts, almonds, etc., are healthful and said to be flesh producing. If eaten at the meals they may take the place of meat.

Are you Costive ?

If you knew how bad for health constipation is you would take better care of yourself. Irregular bowels cause appendicitis, jaundice, anaemia and a thousand other diseases, too. Sooner or later it will bring you to a sick bed! The use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills changes all this quickly. They are made to cure constipation in one night and always do

so. By taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills you are sure of a keen appetite, splendid color, jovial spirits and sound, restful sleep. Gentle in action; good for men, women or children. 25c. per box, or five for \$1.00. At all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

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Such is the Watch Bracelet. But see to it that it is well and truly made; for what use is a bracelet if it be continually separating, or a watch that will not keep correct time?

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The New Woman.

The other day a man and a woman called on the real estate man about taking a house. The woman did all the talking, and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly:

"Well," said the woman, "we're willing to take the house at \$20 a month. Ain't we, John?"

John replied: "Yes."

"And we'll pay the rent promptly, too, won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"And we'll take good care of the house. Won't we, John?"

"Yes."

"And we don't mind taking it for three years. Do we, John?"

"No."

"By the bye," the agent inquired, "of course you are man and wife?"

"Man and wife," exclaimed the woman sharply. Indeed we're not. Are we, John?"

"No, my dear."

"What?" said the agent. "Not man and wife?"

"Not exactly," she retorted. "I'd have you know in this instance we are wife and man. That's so, isn't it, John?"

And John meekly agreed.

personal taxes, and the bachelors had to pay them. Plato condemned single men to a fine, and at Sparta they were driven at certain times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who castigated them in true military style.

Christmas Carol.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field,
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.
—Bishop Brooks.

Value of the Japanese Yen.

When the public reads that 100,000,000 yen has been provisionally set apart by Japan for war purposes, it may perhaps put an exaggerated estimate on that amount. Although Japan has a gold standard, the yen is of silver currency, and fluctuates with the price of silver, so that at the moment 100,000,000 of them means scarcely more than £10,000,000. But even this is an immense amount in a country in which the wages of a skillful artisan are often not more than 3 yen a week. The Japanese currency system is decimal. Thus the yen, or dollar, is divided into 100 sen or cents, the sen into 10 rin, the rin into 10 mo, the mo into 10 shu, and the shu, finally, into 10 kotsu. Government accounts do not take account of any value smaller than a rin, but estimates by private tradesmen often descend to mo and shu, which are incredibly minute fractions of a farthing. No coin exists, however, to represent these lilliputian sums.—London Chronicle.

Some Common Errors Corrected.

"I took you for another person," is incorrect. It should be: "I mistook you for another person."

Do not ask "Is Mrs. Jones in?" "Is Mrs. Jones within?"

Instead of "His health has been shook," say "His health has been shaken."

Instead of "Some-how or another," say "Somehow or other."

Instead of "What will I do?" say "What shall I do?"

Instead of "following up a principle," say "Guided by a principle."

Penalties of being a Bachelor.

The ancient Romans were severe with their bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines; and worse than that, Camillus, after the siege of Veii, is recorded to have compelled them to marry the widows of the soldiers who had fallen in war. In the time of Augustus, married men were preferred for public office. The Romans who had three children were exempted from

Instead of saying "I belong to the Masonic order," say "I am a member of the Masonic order."

"Better nor that" is vulgar and wrong. It should be "Better than that."

Instead of saying "I don't choose to," say "Because I would rather not."

There are those who acquire the habit of helping others, of comforting, of adding cheerfulness and strength wherever they go. To those who thus give, much is given in return—contentment, trust in their fellow-men, sweet hopes, peaceful memories.

When the first railroad was built through China the native workmen were anxious to paint an eye on the front of the locomotive. They thought it was not safe to allow such a fierce looking creature as an engine to run about blind.

Handsome Watch FREE



Anyone can secure this fine Watch by a few hours easy work. It has handsome ornamented case, a celebrated American lever jewelled movement guaranteed, carefully adjusted, with hour minute and second indicators tested by experienced workmen, and will equal for time a \$30 GOLD WATCH.

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Send us your name and address and agree to a \$1.50 package at only 5c. a package. A Prize Ticket goes with every package. Every lady needs and will buy Blueing. We will send 35 packages by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money, 41c., and we will send you this handsome Watch at once. Don't delay. If you sell the goods and return the money quickly we will send a handsome Chain and Charm with your Watch. Address **The Marvel Blueing Co., Dept. 201, Toronto Ont.**

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As I am sure that it will prove a true friend and guide in the hour of need. I will, therefore, for this month only, send a copy of this book


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"Woman in Health and Disease" is a book for women, written by a woman. It contains over one hundred pages of instructive and interesting reading, and is fully illustrated. It is worth its weight in gold to any woman.

N.B.—I take this occasion to ask those readers of the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY who have had occasion to use my treatment to let me know how they are now.

J.C.R.

MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal, Can.



Christmas on a Whale's Back.

The great Christian festival is so intimately associated in the minds of our people with family reunion, joyful feasting, warmth, light and gaiety, that those who are privileged year by year to enjoy it and have not grown cynical as to its observance may very well endure to be reminded of the less fortunate ones, who, by reason of their occupation, accident, or misfortune, spend anything but a happy or merry Christmas. A long list might easily be compiled of those to whom Christmas means nothing, in the midst of an overflowing kindness and earnestness that on this day at least all shall be happy, they are condemned to be shut out from it all from no fault of their own. But such is not my intention; I only wish to set down, as plainly as may be, a record of the most perilous and comfortless Christmas ever spent by me during a curiously adventurous life.

Twenty-six years ago I found myself in the position of fourth mate or "boat-header" of an American South Sea whaler, on that particular Christmas day cruising in the north Pacific. I was very happy, for the skipper was a splendid fellow whom we all loved, a man to whom injustice was unknown, and withal, one who never begrudged a seasonable word of praise to anyone whom he thought deserved it. Moreover, I had long felt an intense desire to measure my prowess against that of the mighty sperm whale, and with all the calmness and insolence of youth and inexperience, felt sure that I should be able to teach the cautious, conservative old whalefishers, my shipmates, some wrinkles in whale hunting of which they had never dreamed, as soon as opportunity to do so was afforded me. But all the same I may as well say at once that the last thing desired was an opportunity to fight whales on Christmas day.

It was our third Christmas on board, but the first under the new regime, and controversy raged high as to whether the old man would take any notice of the day or continue the secular work as the previous skipper had done, not recognizing, as he said, any holidays but Sunday and the Fourth of July. For sailors on board English-speaking vessels very strangely cling to the idea that Christmas should be a holiday and that something should be added to the meagre diet scale to mark the event. That controversy remained unsettled. Christmas day dawned in primitive splendor upon a sleeping sea, a cloudless sky. The throbbing pulses of the morning filled all heaven with beauty untellable, every tender hue that the eye can discriminate came in quick sequence over the glorious breadth of ocean. A pair of sleepy men climbed languidly aloft to their respective crows' nests and had hardly settled themselves in position when he at the fore, a southern Kanaka, threw back his head and emitted his long-drawn, musical cry of "Blo-o-o-w-n" at the same moment as I did myself. Suddenly, as if all had been waiting the signal, the hands swarmed up from below, all knowing that Erreanao would never have prolonged his call like that had he not known that what he saw was a sperm whale. I was the first officer to be in a boat—was I not eager as young hound to be unleashed! The skipper came painfully up, for he was incapacitated by an accident from moving except at a crawl, and gave a few quiet orders. To these there followed in quick succession the pleasant whirr of the sheaves as the boats dropped lightly into the water in due order of precedence, mine last. As we glided away from the ship I heard the warning voice of the skipper over my head, saying, "Naow boy, jest mine wut yer doin. Doan get int' no miss-chief if kin he'p it." I whispered back, "Aye, aye, sir," most earnestly, in-

wardly resolving to make a chance for showing off if I did not get one legitimately.

The four boats spread out fan-wise, under sail, but with all hands plying their paddles in perfect silence, in order to get as much way on the boats as possible with the light airs prevailing. The whales, all unaware of the nearness of their enemies, were pursuing their leisurely way, the spouts rising with the regularity of one's breath in sleep. We gained upon them rapidly, so rapidly as to show that they were merely lolling on the lovely sea surface getting their lungs completely refreshed, and with no other object in view. Nearer and nearer we drew; there was a breathless pause, a yell of triumph followed by a fierce yell of rage, for the mate's harpooner had missed! This of course, galled the whales, who broke their order and

or that as need came, avoiding as if by miracle the awful rushes of the raging whale. And I, nervously dreading the use of the hand-lance on such a rushing, ravaging beast, loaded a bomb gun and held it ready to my shoulder. The whale disappeared, leaving the water a whirlpool of curling foam. All hands strained their eyes for his coming, when suddenly the whole vast bulk of him appeared not twenty feet away, broadside on the boat, and rolling from us. I fired point blank at his belly. The next minute or two must be left to imagination. All I remember is the hideous spectacle of that mighty rounded mass rolling towards me in a welter of bloody foam, and then a roar as of Niagara in my ears, followed by oblivion.

A painful return to being, as of groping blindly through interminable tunnels filled with the rush of many waters was my next sensation. And presently I realized that while I was among my boat mates, I was neither in any boat nor on board the ship. It really took some time for my scattered senses to form themselves upon the fact that I was on board of a



fled, one, fortunately for me occupying my humble position in the rear, plunging straight astern. Now it is an axiom that no matter how frightened a whale may be, if he has not finished the requisite number of "spoutings out" of breathings, he must rise to the surface to do so. And this proved to be my opportunity. For one of the fugitive leviathans, rising for his final spout, came within striking distance of us, only some six or seven fathoms away, his broad black side presenting a huge target. The marksman was not wanting. My splendid Kanaka made a pitch-pole dart, his harpoon curved singing through the air, and sank to the hitches in the whale's side. In a moment we were off at about fourteen knots, my heart singing with joy, and every man elate, triumphant. He ran us due east for miles, out of sight of the ship, apparently untirable, until at last I began to wonder whether, as it was impossible to get up on him, I dare risk all hands' lives longer.

Himself solved the problem by suddenly turning and rushing for me headlong. Well was it then for all of us that we had in Samuela a boat-steerer of finest calibre. Without word from me he swung the boat this way

whale. But my gallant harpooner soon explained the situation by telling me that all but me had dived deep when the whale rolled over on the boat, to find on rising to the surface no sign of their late craft, but instead the inert carcass of the whale. Samuela had but just succeeded in gaining a seat upon the body when he caught sight of me aloft but insensible. He immediately dived after me and aided by the rest managed to get me up on to the same precarious refuge afforded only by the fact that the broad side of the whale, just a little higher than the sea surface, was slightly hollowed, probably because of the explosion in the great cavity of his abdomen. Even then we could not have clambered up there I fear but for the fortunate circumstance of the harpoon and its attached line being upon that side.

But alas for our Christmas! We were hungry, for food had not passed our lips since 6 p.m. on the preceding day, nor any drink since 6 that morning, and it was now past noon by the look of the sun. Yet I doubt if to any of my mates the fact of its being Christmas day lent the added pang to the situation that it did for me. In aggravation of plain hunger and thirst I pictured the silent London suburban

streets pervaded by the smell of savory roastings and occasionally made musical by the sound of happy laughter bursting through close shut windows. I envied even the dolefully chanting beggars who always appear in such numbers on quiet streets on that day, for I knew what a rich harvest they were sure of directly. And meanwhile, the pitiless sun roasted us, our greasy refuge sent up a reek of stale oil, while all around the otherwise quiet waters foamed with the coming and going of hundreds of huge sharks using their utmost efforts to devour the enormous mass of food so suddenly thrown in their way. The albatrosses, mollymauks and other sea birds troubled us, too, by hovering closely above us, the albatross in particular, with his huge hooked beak, looking particularly dangerous. But nothing mattered soon except thirst. Those who have ever undergone privation of water when exposed to the direct rays of a burning sun will know what I mean, and to horrify those who do not by an attempt to describe our suffering, would be needless cruelty. Most gratefully do I record the blessed relief of a tremendous shower, a veritable cloudburst, which presently emptied out upon us masses of sweet, fresh water, filling the hollow in which we sat in a second and refreshing us beyond measure. When it passed we felt as if new life had been given us, we were drenched without and within with that absolute necessity of life—fresh water.

Samuela, ever ingenious and enterprising, then decided that he would have food as well as drink, and soon following his example all hands were vigorously digging with their sheath knives down through the thick envelope of blubber to the underlying muscle. Presently all of us were gnawing at chunks of black whale beef and laughing at the quaint meal. Our spirits had risen amazingly for the time, and when our jaws ached with chewing, we swapped yarns and even tried a song or two. But that exercise was a failure. For our voices sounded so pitifully feeble in that vast solitude, and moreover, none of us could keep eyes off the all too swiftly descending sun. Nor could our thoughts be diverted from the grim fact that the ship was nowhere to be seen.

The shadows lengthened, the air became cooler; all around us the terrible tumult among those ravening hordes of sea monsters increased, and the whole carcass trembled at their multitudinous assaults. Yet there was no word of complaint or of fear among us, motley crowd as we were; two Kanakas, two Portuguese, one American and one Englishman, all held our peace in the face of that last grim shadow of all.

Then came a blessed vision. Out of a lowering squall the ship emerged, haloed by the setting sun, beautiful beyond all knowledge, a mighty angel of deliverance, and we were saved.

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Christmas Lullaby.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The eastern skies
Are calm and bright;
And over all the world,
The Star of Bethlehem
Is shedding its pure light!

O little one!
O little one!
Let all thy sobbings cease,
For the little babe who comes to be
The king of all men's destiny,
Is named the Prince of Peace!
Is named the Prince of Peace!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
For man and beast is glad;
Thy gentle King by angel hands
Was in a manger laid,
That all the patient kine might see
He scorned not even their degree;

There are yellow tiled, imperial temples, built and enriched by the Emperor Kienlung, and these golden roofs still gleam in their neglect and decay among sacred groves of trees that are alone enough to make the fame of the island shrine. Enormous camphor trees of unknown age

Kienling's time, and it was his intention that Pootoo's vales and bamboo groves, the shade of its great camphor trees, should be such a seat of learning, such an academy of religious philosophers, as China had not known for a thousand years. But the priests who live there and the

All the region of the Ningpo hills and south of the Bohea hills was explored and exploited sixty years ago by Thomas Fortune, the English botanist, who obtained tea seeds for the first Indian tea plantation and a score of useful and ornamental flowering plants and shrubs for introduction to



ON THE FARM OF JOHN EADE, SOURIS, MAN.

But unto burdened beasts, as men,
He came their loads to ease,
This little Prince of Peace!
This little Prince of Peace!
Let all thy sobbings cease, my babe,
Let all thy sobbings cease!
For lo! thy King, my little babe,
Is named the Prince of Peace!
Is named the Prince of Peace!

Women are not Allowed on these Islands.

There is one spot in the whole world where women's feet dare not tread. It is the sacred isle of Pootoo, in the Chusan archipelago, on which are eighty temples, and for a thousand years, it is declared, a woman has never touched foot on the soil. Pootoo is barely three miles across, and its wooded peaks rise to a height of 1,500 feet, with more than eighty temples niched in its ravines and valleys, perched on its sea fronting cliffs, nestled at the foot of the hills, and crowning their summits.

look to be the most venerable of their kind, and cedar and ginko (salisbury), or maiden hair fern trees are as splendid in their development. The company of priests has dwindled as revenues were withdrawn, and pilgrims are not as many now as a century ago.

The whole island is sacred ground and no woman may live there, or presumably defile it with her presence, but many women pilgrims do set foot on the sacred isle and make the round of the neglected temples. Even foreign women have been there on the rare occasions, when an excursion has been arranged and a steamer chartered from Shanghai.

This exclusion of women is highly consistent when the goddess of mercy, Kwan Yin, the queen of heaven and protector of the sea, is the deity to whom the most of the temples are vowed. The golden Kwan Yin rides on the sea dragon's head to the western paradise on many an altar erection, and the sailors have covered some shrines with their pathetic ex-votos.

There was a splendid imperial library of thousands of volumes established there in

England. Many foreigners have since made the pilgrimage of the Ningpo hills to see the spring cloudburst of flowers, more often weary mission teachers, willing to take the effort and make the exertion for such abundant reward.

There is shelter to be had there in the guest rooms attached to large Buddhist temples in the midst of the wildest and most picturesque scenery.

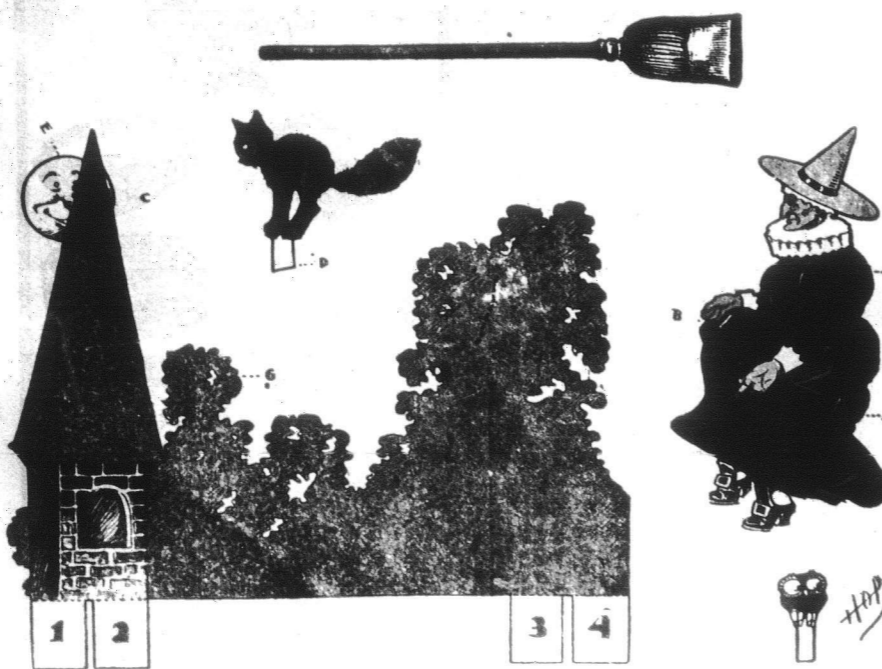
The temples are old foundations, and for centuries have been the shrines of resort for those who had most of Buddhist belief remaining to them. Prayers and masses for the repose of ancestors and relatives celebrated there are believed in implicitly, and the priests have always enjoyed great revenue from visiting mourners. None of the priests of the mountain monasteries is represented as being learned, and little is said of any great libraries of Buddhist books, but they are kindly, liberal minded, hospitable communities, and they are strict in the observance of their order of religious exercises. In the dead of night and long before daylight they celebrate masses, and the drum beat of some praying priest can always be heard in the big, dim temple.

Not many foreigners since Thomas Fortune seem to have traveled overland across the Bohea country to Foochow, and these hills and mountains, whose name is synonym for fragrant tea, are unknown to foreign tourists, for all their reputation for picturesque and wild beauty, their thickets of azaleas and tangles of dog roses and wistaria vines.

Mary had a little waist,
She laced it smaller still;
A stone o'er Mary has been placed
Out on the silent hill.

THE OLD WITCH AND HER CAT.

DIRECTIONS.
Cut out the park. To have witch ride broom, cut slits A, B, F, C and E. Slip broom through F. Slip broom handle through A, B, C, and E, passing behind the steeple. Place cat through D on witch's shoulder. Place owl on steeple. To stand up: Bend flaps 1 and 3 forward and 2 and 4 backward. Place a book on 2 and 4 to brace. Witch may be moved back and forth on her broom-stick. Cat can also ride back on the broom. Place blue piece of paper behind and witch will seem to be riding through the sky.



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THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD
SO SAYS A WELL-KNOWN MAN OF EUSTIS, MICH.

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Dear Dr. McDonald—I am entirely cured of Rheumatism by the use of your Electric Belt, which I consider one of the wonders of the world. It worked just as you said, and made me feel for the first time in my life the power of electricity over disease. I surely cannot recommend it too highly, and should any one doubt the power of your belt to cure disease, tell them to write to me and I shall soon convince them.

LOUIS ESTER, Eustis, Mich.

Thousands of cured men and women have written me similar enthusiastic letters. That is why I am so positive I can cure you. I say that I can cure you, and if I fail to do so, I want to be the only one to bear the expense of the trial, hence the following offer:

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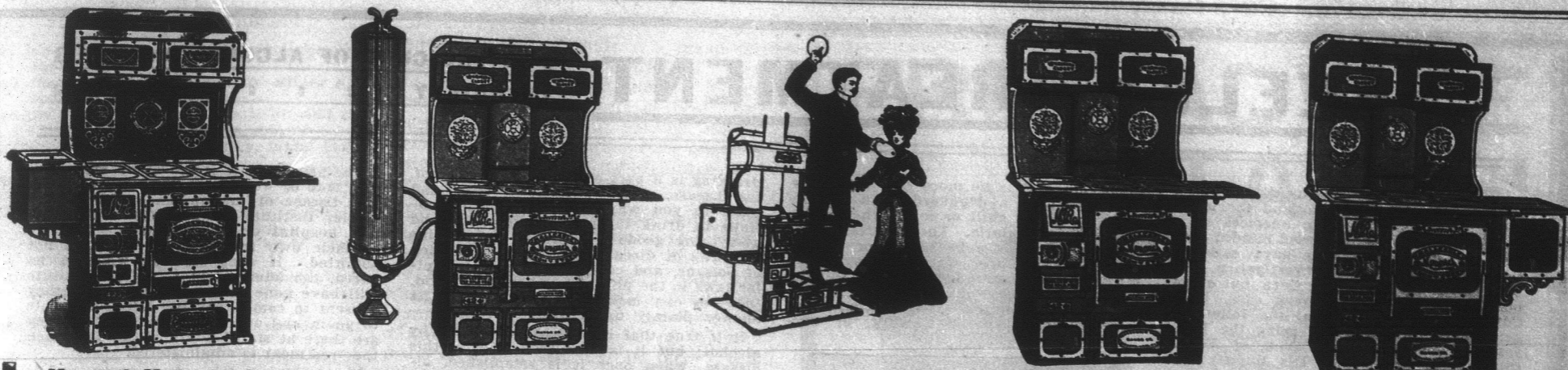
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HERE IS YOUR CHANCE—FREE! FREE! FREE!

My book on diseases of men and women, and their treatment by electricity, is worth its weight in gold. It is profusely illustrated, and teaches all about the human body, its construction, functions, and the ills it is subject to. This book, although it cost me quite a little fortune to publish, will be sent free, and securely sealed, to any one sending me his name and address. Write to-day. This is your opportunity.

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A New Christmas for Old People.

A writer in one of our exchanges says that, if some of the dear old ladies of the land were to rebel at the customary presents which people send them at Christmas time, he should not be at all surprised. He says that: When the average woman thinks of an old lady at Christmas one of four presents at once pops into her mind: some kind of a shawl or comforter, a knitted or other kind of a jacket, a warm bedspread; or a warm pair of house slippers. If I were an old lady I'd be blest if I would care to be reminded of the fact, even in my Christmas presents. Now, it seems to me that in this age of ingenuity we might hit upon a few presents at Christmas for the aged which would not be quite so eloquent. If some of these presents were a bit more reminiscent of the years gone by I fancy some old ladies might be made happier.

Christmas to the old people ought to be made a little less practical, and a bit more cheerful; more reminiscent of their girlhood days or young manhood hours. There is nothing which the aged enjoy so much as attentions from the young—some thought or remembrance, some act of consideration. The young have no idea of the pleasures which they can give to old people. The very cheer of their presence is an exhilaration to the old. Young girls can do nothing more beautiful in life than to give their fresh young thoughts to some aged lady. It will take her back to her own girlhood days, and she will feel in touch with the outer world. Let it be tried at the festive season. At this Christmastide let each of our girl readers bring her mind to bear on some old saint, and brighten life by some holiday thought or attention. A bunch of bright flowers can bring a year's sunshine into a sunset life. Let the gift be ever so simple: the attention ever so small: but let it be bright: let it be suggestive of cheer, of hope, of freshness, of youth—something that will bring the sparkle to the eye, the tinge of color to the cheek. It is for the young to prolong the life of the aged by just such little attentions as this. It will be a double Christmas for you: a fresh, new Christmas for the old, while to you it will mean more than you think. We always gain more than we give by associating with old people. The poorest old lady in the land is rich in knowledge for a young girl. It always does a girl good to come in contact with an old lady. The girl may be the most brilliant college graduate who ever addressed a valedictory to her class, but in the comfortable chair before her sits one who has learned from experience what the girl has learned from books. Let the young girls think over this

with the approaching holidays, and seek to throw a bright ray of sunshine into some old lady's life. Let every girl who can, see to it that it shall be no longer said that young people care very little for old people these days. There are hundreds of dear old ladies in our land whose lives would be lengthened by some fresh, bright Christmas thought from the hand and heart of a young girl. For many such it would be a new Christmas: a sunrise at sunset.

The Old Man's Christmas Gifts.

The old man had six daughters (we wuz his hired hands,
An' we wuz six, an' all the year we plowed an' hoed his lands),
An' every single gal o' them wuz purty as a peach.
(An' bein' six an' six, we said: "Thar's one apiece fer each!")
But how could any folks like us, that walked the cotton row,
An' made an' marked the melons, an' coaxed the corn ter grow,
Think that he'd let a gal o' his come steppin' down so fer,
To hear a poor chap askin' fer the hand an' heart o' her?
An' so we jest said 'nuthin', but kep' a-feelin' blue,
An' thinkin'—till it 'peared ter us the gals wuz thinkin', too!
An' sometimes when they'd walk our way, and nuthin' more was said,
They'd smile the sweetest o' smiles, an' blush a rosy-red!

But still we kep' our distance, till in the fields and dells
The Christmas horns wuz blowin', an' we heard the Christmas bells;
An' then the old man says ter us: "Come in! It's Christmas Day,
An' I've got some purty presents that I'm goin' ter give away."
An' thar the gals wuz—in a row—a-blushin' left an' right,
The old man in the centre an' six o' us in sight!
An' we knowed jest what wuz comin'—an' we knowed 'twuz comin' quick,
Fer the old man says: "It's Christmas, boys; whirl in an' take yer pick!"

Well, I took swet Miss 'Liza, an' John took Mandy Jane;
An' Jim said he'd take Laura fer this world's shine or rain!
An' so on, till we'd been supplied, then said: "We're 'bleeged ter you,
But—with all your daughters give away, what air you goin' ter do?"
An' then the old man winked at me, an' whispered mighty low:
"As fer the gals, 'twuz gittin' time fer all o' them ter go!
I've jest been waitin' on you boys the weddin' word ter say—
I'm goin' ter marry a widdar, an' I wants 'em out the way!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

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Guarding the Children at Christmas.

It is a notorious fact that great mistakes are made each Christmas on the part of parents in the purchase of toys. Each Christmas we hear of children made seriously ill and frequently poisoned by wooden playthings coated with paints. Everything in the way of a toy naturally goes to the mouth of a child, and yet constantly is the error made of buying playthings covered with injurious paints; toys made of lead or brass, or contrivances made of metals, which, left unfinished, cut and make sore the tender mouth of a child. Not less dangerous are the rag babies and rag animals so commonly sold by sidewalk vendors at Christmas time, which are often simply store-houses of disease germs. A rag toy is so simply made that when such a present is given to a child, it is better that it should be home-made, so that there may be some definite knowledge of the material used in its make-up.

Another dangerous practice, sometimes followed at Christmas time, is that of giving away toys that have been used or kept in a house where

there has been a case of contagious disease. No presents should ever emanate from a house where there has been such illness. A child is peculiarly sensitive to influences which do not affect mature people, but this fact is too often overlooked. It is not an act of charity to send the plaything of a sick child to some poor wail. Nor is it kind to send poor children toys which, if carried to the mouth, may bring illness. There are enough toys without the dangerous exterior ingredients of paint or lead, or the interior germ-stuffed materials. In our desire to make children happy, whether our own or those of others, let us be extremely careful not to send them instruments of sickness. Unpainted toys may not be so attractive, but they are decidedly safer, and that should count with us more.

Bethlehem.

Dear Bethlehem, the proud repose
Of conscious worthiness is thine.
Rest on! The Arab comes and goes,
But farthest Saxon holds thy shrine
More sacred in his stouter Christian hold
Than England's heaped-up iron house of gold.
—Joaquin Miller.

EATEN HOT OR COLD

If you do not care to eat it cold,
Eat it hot.

Orange Meat

Can be taken either way. If hot, place in hot oven for a few moments, or serve with warm milk or cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

THE KEELEY TREATMENT

FOR THE CURE OF ALCOHOL and DRUG
INEBRIETY

THE Keeley treatment has been employed in England for many years under the auspices of a Committee of broad-minded men of affairs, who have satisfied themselves by personal investigation, not only of the efficacy of the Cure, but of its permanency in nearly every case. This Committee is composed of the following gentlemen, the Chairman being the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., Canon of York, Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty the King; Mr. W. Hind-Smith, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, Exeter Hall, London; Lord Bray; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who keep in constant touch with the operations of the Keeley Institute. Here are some facts from prominent men regarding the Keeley Cure for the Drink and Drug Habit.

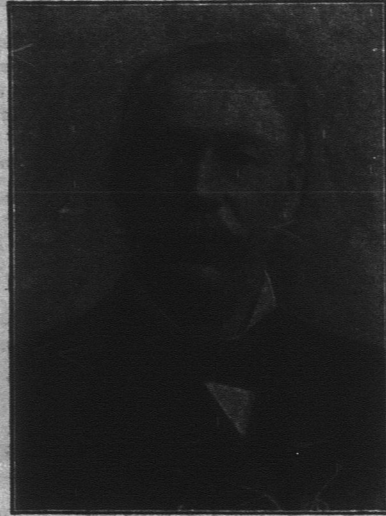
"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for many years has had the Keeley method under close observation in his country. He adds: "I do not wish to use high-flown language, but really and truly I look upon the Keeley Cure as a modern miracle." And then he tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless has yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigor, and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

He has sent bad cases which his society were unable to deal with. These cases numbered in all forty, and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot says that out of these only four have lapsed, while the remaining thirty-six recovered, and have been total abstainers ever since.

Furthermore, Mr. W. Hind-Smith, of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations, declares that in his opinion, after ten years of constant service on the investigating Committee of the Keeley Cure, it is the only effective cure for chronic alcoholism and drug addiction of which he is aware.

Why does the inebriate continue to drink? He drinks because he is a slave

of alcohol. He is no more responsible for drinking—when a drunkard—than a man is for having a chill or fever when he is poisoned by malaria. The inebriate will stop drinking for a few days, or weeks, or months, perhaps. You may say then, Why not stop continuously? But this is a law of the disease of alcoholism. A man may have an attack of ague, and may then go two days, or a week, or two



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.

weeks, or a month, or even a year, without a paroxysm. You may say, If a man can throw off the disease for a week, or a month, or a year, why can't he do so continuously? The reason he can't is because the nature of the disease is to cause these paroxysms periodically. If the malarial disease is cured, the paroxysms will cease for ever, and the same law is found to hold good in alcoholism.

The man so diseased will continue to drink rhythmically. His persistence in

drinking is a part of, and a main part of, his disease. Can we make it clear and plain to you why a drunkard will continue to drink in spite of everybody and everything good? I think if we examine the laws of disease relating to the action of poisons, and compare them with similar laws in the physical and mental world, that we can make the question and its answer plainly understood.

It is true that his disease is caused by alcohol; but it is also true that in this disease, when once it is established, alcohol is a necessity. The inebriate is diseased because he drank whiskey with his friends, or socially, or took it as a medicine, or for any reason whatever that caused him to begin drinking; but he continues to drink because his disease demands alcohol.

Persons prevent epidemics by fighting their rhythmical returns. They combat disease by interposing remedies which break up the settled rhythms of chill and fever.

Right here is the secret of the cure of inebriety. The chronic inebriate acquires a resistance to alcohol when he has a drunken bout. His family, friends, his will, and his tissue cells resist it. All these things make such an impression on his mind that he stops drinking for a while. But these resisting forces lose their power in time, and then the clamor of tissue cells for alcohol is again predominant, and he goes off again on another spree.

From this standpoint, a drunkard is made up of the rhythmical predominance of all the forces which lead him to drink, and of the forces which prevent him from drinking. If all these forces could remain equal, he would be naturally cured; but they never remain equal. The Keeley remedy breaks up this rhythm. It puts the inebriate into an entirely new sphere, externally and internally. It is very like, and just as effectual as giving a man who has the ague a quantity of quinine and a change of climate. It breaks up the regular swing of the pendulum which ticks against sobriety at one extreme and into debauchery at the other.

The principles of it are easily explained. The man or woman upon whom has fallen the disease of intemperance goes to the Keeley Institute as he or she would go to any hospital or nursing-home. They go of their own free will, or they are not admitted. If they do not wish to be cured, the administrators of the Institute will have none of them. Even when they consent to come, they are left free agents to go in and out at will, so long as they are there at stated hours of the day when the treatment is administered.

The treatment takes four weeks, and is carried out only at Keeley Institutes. It consists of hypodermic injections four times a day, and Dr. Keeley's remedies, which are taken every two hours during the day.

At the beginning of the treatment the patient is provided with a liberal amount of the best whisky, if he desires it; or, if the addiction be in the category of drugs, the accustomed dose is allowed, but after two or three days the old craving for alcohol disappears for good and all; for drugs it takes longer.

The Keeley Institute was established nine years ago in Winnipeg. The buildings are well adapted to the purpose, being modern in every respect, with accommodations for thirty persons. From carefully kept statistics, more than nine-tenths of the cures have been permanent, and are to-day living witnesses of the Keeley Cure.

A discerning public appreciates hard facts. The published Annual Reports of Canon Fleming's Committee can be had for the asking. These reports are highly interesting, containing, as they do, authentic information as to the cures effected, whether the trouble had been alcoholism, morphinism, or nervous prostration.

Some of the patients had been victims to the drink or drug habit for very many years. Cures are the rule, and what is more, they are permanent. Among the patients are physicians, lawyers, clergymen, journalists, and men generally who do the brain work of the world.

Any inquiries should be addressed to The Manager.

Only One Genuine Keeley Institute in Western Canada located at

133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, WINNIPEG

Christmas on de Ol' Plantation.

It was Christmas Eve, I mind hit fu' a mighty gloomy day—
Bofe de weathah an' de people—not a one of us was gay.

Cose you'll tink dat's mighty funny twell I try to mek hit cleah,
Fu' a da'ky's allus happy when de holidays is neah.

But we wasn't, fu' dat mo'nin' Mastah told us we mus' go,
He'd been payin' us sence freedom, but he couldn't pay no mo'.

He wa'n't nevah used to plannin' fo' he got so po' an' ol',
So he gwine to give up tryin' an' de home-stead must be sol'.

I kin see him stan'in' now erpon de step ez cleah ez day,
Wid de win' a-kind o' fondlin' thoo his hair all thin an' gray;

An' I 'membah how he trimbled when he said, "It's ha'd fu' me,
Not to mek yo' Christmas brightah, but I 'low it wa'n't to be."

All de women was a-cryin' an' de men, too, on de sly,
An' I noticed somep'n' shinin' even in ol' Mastah's eye.

But we all stood still to listen ez ol' Ben come f'om de crowd
An' spoke up a-tryin' to steady down his voice and mek it loud:

"Look hyeah, Mastah, I's been servin' you fu' lo' dese many yeahs,
An' now sence we's all got freedom an' you's kind o' po', hit 'pears

Dat you want us all to leave you 'cause you don't tink you can pay—
If my membry hasn't fooled me, seem dat whut I hyeah you say.

"Er in othah we'ds, you wants us to fu'git dat you's been kin',
An' ez soon ez you is he'pless, we's to leave you hyeah behin'.

Well, ef dat's de way dis freedom ac's on people, white or black,
You kin jes' tell Mistah Lincum fu' to tek his freedom back.

"We gwine wo'k dis' ol' plantation fu' what-eva' we kin git,
Fu' I know it did suppo' us, an' de place kin do it yit.

Now de land is yo's, de hands is ouahs, but I reckon we'll be brave,
An' we'll bah ez much ez you do when we have to scrape an' save."

Ol' Mastah stood dah trimblin', but a-smillin' thoo his teahs.

An' den hit seemed jest nachul-like, de place fah rung wid cheahs,
An' soon ez dey was quiet, some one sta'ted sof' an' low:

"Praise God," an' den we all jined in, "from whom all blessin's flow!"

Well, dey wasn't no use tryin', ouah min's was sot to stay,
An' po' ol' Mastah couldn't plead ner baig, ner drive us 'way.

An' all at once, hit seemed to us, de day was bright agin,
So evahone was gay dat night an' watched de Christmas in.

Josh Billings on "Sharp" Men.

The sharp man iz often mistaken for the wise one, but he iz just az different from a wise one az he iz from an honest one.

He trusts tew his cunning for success, and this iz the next thing to being a rogue.

The sharp man iz like a razor—they are so constituted that they must cheat sumbody, and rather than be idle or loze a good job, they will pitch onto their best friends.

They are not crackly outcasts, but liv cluss on the borders of criminality, and are liable tew step over at enny time.

It is but a step from cunning to rascality, and it iz a step that iz alwuss inviting to take.

Sharp men hav but phew friends, seldom a konfidant. They hav learnt tew fear treachery by studyin' their own naturs.

They are alwuss bizzy, but, like the hornet want a heap ov sharp watching.

What the Moon Can Tell.

A clear moon indicates frost.
A single halo around the moon indicates a storm.

If the moon looks high, cold weather may be expected.
If the moon looks low down, warm weather is promised.

A double halo around the moon means very boisterous weather.
If the moon changes with the wind in the east, then shall we have bad weather.

If the moon be bright and clear when three days old, fine weather is promised.
When the moon is visible in the day time, then we may look forward to cool days.

When the points of the crescent of the new moon are clearly visible, frost may be looked for.

If the new moon appear with points upward, then will the month be dry, but should the points be downward, more or less rain must be expected during the next three weeks.—American Queen.

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Trav. Pass. Agent, 486 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

The Little Feller's Stockin'

Oh, it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas air is chill, And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill, And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle and the Christmas laughter rings, As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christmas things; And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy, curly head; And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once agin fer me and you, With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue. 'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show, And the darns are pretty plenty 'round about the heel and toe, And the color's kind er faded, and it's sort er worn and old, But it really is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold; And the little hand that hung it by the chimney there along, Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong; So old Sanny won't fergit it, though it isn't fine and new— That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue. And the crops may fail, and leave us with our plans all knocked ter smash, And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash, But whenever comes the season, just so long's we've got a dime, There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?— every time. And if in amongst our sunshine there's a shower or two of rain, Why, we'll face it bravely smiling, and we'll try not ter complain, Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me and you, With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue. —Joe Lincoln.

Recipes.

If when making a beef-steak pie you get the meat the night before wanted and sprinkle it with salt and vinegar, the meat will be more tender and a much nicer flavor.

When tea has been put into the teapot, it should at once be filled up with boiling water. It is a great mistake to put only a little drop of water on the leaves first, filling the pot afterwards.

Always keep cheese well covered in a cheese dish, or it will become dry and tasteless. If the cheese is wrapped in a cloth moistened with vinegar it will keep beautifully moist, and retain its flavor longer.

Ink spots on mahogany may be removed by touching with a feather dipped in oil of vitrol diluted with twice its quantity of water. The spot should be well and quickly rubbed.

For a sprain nothing will give relief more quickly than cold salt water; swellings may often be reduced very quickly by frequent bathing of the part affected in strong brine, and, taken moderately, it is an antidote for alcoholic poison. It is an excellent hair tonic.

To keep bread and butter fresh and moist when cut, put in a cool place, cover closely with a serviette or clean cloth that has been wrung out of cold water, and many hours after it will be as moist as when first cut. It is very convenient to prepare the bread and butter for the afternoon tea in this way.

Take cold chicken, cut in small pieces, using the thickened gravy for wetting, pouring it while hot over a beaten egg; put a thick layer of crumbs in a buttered pan, then one of chicken and gravy, alternating till all are used, having the last layer of crumbs; bake, covered for half an hour, then uncover and brown.

Tainted meat is sometimes cooked by ignorant cooks who do not know how to treat it to make it perfectly nice. First scrape the affected parts with a knife, and cut off what is absolutely necessary. Then dip a cloth in vinegar, and with it wipe over the meat previous to cooking. Meat that is at all doubtful, which is to be boiled, should be put into cold water and brought to the boil. Throw away the water, and add fresh hot water to cook the joint in.

Beat together two eggs, add one cupful of milk, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one cupful of cranberries, coarsely chopped; steam for two hours and serve with a sweet sauce.

Boil two cupfuls of sugar with one-third cupful of water until the syrup threads when dropped from the tip of the spoon; pour gradually onto the whites of two eggs, beaten until very foamy, but not dry; to one-third the mixture add half a cupful of selected prunes, stoned and cut in pieces, and one-third cupful of almonds, blanched and chopped; beat until cool enough to hold its shape, then use as filling; use the rest of the mixture as a frosting.

Take a nice fine-grained pumpkin and stew down until all the water evaporates (stirring often to prevent burning); this takes several hours and should be a rich brown color when done; strain through a colander; take one pint of the strained pumpkin, two-thirds cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of baking molasses, two eggs, well beaten, one heaping teaspoonful ginger, one pint of rich milk, pinch salt. These ingredients well mixed will make one nice, thick pie, baked with one (under) crust.

To one cupful of warm wheat mush add one-fourth cupful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and one-fourth cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, then add one cupful of walnut meats cut into small pieces, three-fourths cupful of dates cut in pieces, and enough flour to make a dough that may be kneaded; when well kneaded, cover and let rise over night; in the morning, again knead, shape into loaves, and when again nearly doubled in bulk, bake in a moderate oven.

Dining-Room Comfort.

The essentials of a dining-room are not what some people consider them. Some rooms there are dedicated to eating wherein the sun is allowed to shine full into the faces of those occupying certain seats at the table, while at least one is placed with the back of his chair in direct contact with a hot radiator. There may be fine silver and china, but the table is spread with a thin cloth only. Sewing-tables obstruct the corners while all the plants under process of cultivation, and not "pretty enough for the parlor," are shelved before the windows. Nothing in the least unpleasant should be allowed in the dining-room of all apartments. The table should have a heavy silence cloth, with flowers, cut ones if possible, or those growing so luxuriantly that there is no suggestion of "dirt and sticks" about them. The windows should be shaded, and a screen may be used to shut off the extremes of heat from any one person. Remove all furniture except the sideboard, table and chairs, and don't as you value peace of mind, put pictures of dead pheasants on the walls.

A very remarkable tree grows in Nevada. It is called by the superstitious Indians the witch tree. It grows to a height of six or seven feet, and its trunk at the base is about three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist. The wonderful characteristic of the tree is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be seen plainly at least a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light.

La Grippe Coming Again

The doctors believe another epidemic of Grippe is here, and already many are suffering. The medical men are not afraid of Grippe since Catarrh-ozone was introduced, and claim that no one will ever catch this disease who inhales the fragrant healing vapor of Catarrh-ozone a few times daily. Catarrh-ozone kills the Grippe germ and prevents it spreading through the system. "Last winter I had an attack of Grippe," writes C. P. Mackinnon of St. John's. "I bought Catarrh-ozone and got relief in short time. I found Catarrh-ozone better than anything else and was cured by using it." Catarrh-ozone prevents and cures Grippe, colds and catarrh. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

FREE ADVICE ON CURING CATARRH



DR. SPROULE, B.A. Successful Catarrh Specialist.

Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no, and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon. Dr. Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

- Is your throat raw? Do you sneeze often? Is your breath foul? Are your eyes watery? Do you take cold easily? Is your nose stopped up? Does your nose feel full? Do you have to spit often? Do crusts form in your nose? Are you worse in damp weather? Do you blow your nose a good deal? Are you losing your sense of smell? Does your mouth taste bad mornings? Do you have pains across your forehead? Do you have a dull feeling in your head? Do you have to clear your throat on rising? Is there a tickling sensation in your throat? Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose? Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail them to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address: Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 97 Trade Building, Boston. Don't lose any time! Do it now!

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer! Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

Don't think it can't be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the right place.

Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Not merely for a day, a week, for a year—but permanently. Let me explain my new scientific method of treatment, discovered by myself—used only by myself.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclear disease—more than a brief ailment. It's the advance guard of Consumption. If you don't check it, it's bound to become Consumption. It has opened the door of death for thousands. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

I'll gladly diagnose your case and give you free consultation and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—to-day they are free from Catarrh. You're nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my nineteen years of experience—my important new discovery—my vast knowledge of the disease.

FREE MEDICAL Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 97 Trade Building, Boston, will you kindly send me, entirely free of charge, your advice, ADVICE COUPON in regard to the cure of Catarrh.

NAME ADDRESS

Cooking with Sun Rays.

The various experiments made with solar engines by the French in Algeria, where the sun is never overclouded and shines with great power, have been attended in some instances with marked success. The best apparatus is stated to be a simple arrangement of boiler and concave mirror, the steam generated being condensed in a coil tube surrounded by water, this being intended merely for distilling water. But in India an inventor has contrived some machines with which

more varied results are accomplished. One of these is what is termed a cooking box made of wood and lined with reflecting mirrors, at the bottom of the box being a small copper boiler covered with glass to retain the heat of the rays concentrated by the mirrors upon the boiler. In this contrivance any sort of food may be quickly cooked, the result being a stew or boil if the steam is retained, or if allowed to escape it is a bake. The heat with this device may be augmented indefinitely by increasing the diameter of the box.



FREE FUR SCARF

This beautiful fine quality rich black

made from fine selected full furred skins, in the latest New York style. It has 6 large handsome black tails and silvered neck chain, all complete. A lovely high class warm and beautiful Scarf

OVER 44 INCHES IN LENGTH

5 inches wide, Free to anyone for selling only 20¢ of our assorted Fancy Jewellery Novelties at 10 cents each. Our goods are easy to sell. Each customer is entitled to a handsome extra present. If you want this beautiful Fur Scarf send your name and address. We trust you and send the 20¢ Jewellery Novelties to you, postage paid. When sold return us the money, \$2.00, and we will promptly send you the beautiful scarf. This is a grand opportunity to get a handsome Fur Scarf FREE. Don't delay. If you answer promptly and sell the goods and return the money quickly, we give you an opportunity to secure as an extra present a Handsome Fur Muff or "Gold" Watch Free without selling any more goods. Address, MUTUAL CREDIT CO., Dept. 112, Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

A SIN AND A SHAME

YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR

may tell you that your case is incurable, that medical science is unable to help you, that all you can expect is temporary or slight RELIEF. Well, let HIM think so. He is certainly entitled to HIS OPINION. You need not think so unless YOU WISH TO. Many people whose testimony appears in the books, pamphlets and literature of the THEO. NOEL COMPANY were told that their cases were hopeless, helpless, impossible, incurable, past all recovery, yet—READ THEIR TESTIMONY.



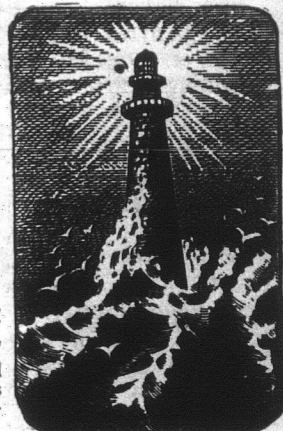
Many were told that they had but a few short years—some but months—to live, yet—READ THEIR TESTIMONY. There are more things in HEAVEN and EARTH than are dreamed of in the Doctor's philosophy, and Vitae-Ore is one of them.

IF YOU

Need it and do not send for it, it is actually a sin and a shame. It is OFFERED TO YOU FREELY, unreservedly, genuinely; YOU HAVE BUT TO ASK for it. There are no strings tied to the offer, no questions to answer, no documents to sign, no references or past history to give. Getting it is simple as A B C. You just SAY THAT YOU WANT IT, that you need it, that you will use it, AND IT IS SENT TO YOU. It must be good, or it could not be sent out in this way. YOU KNOW IT MUST BE GOOD; that it IS GOOD. You have seen it advertised too often, seen it endorsed too many times, heard it highly spoken of too frequently, not to know that it IS GOOD, that it is SENT OUT FREELY as it is advertised, that it does what is claimed for it. Now if you need it, WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR IT TO-DAY? With this knowledge before you, how can you delay, wait or refuse? What is your excuse? YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! It is a SIN AND A SHAME if you need it and don't send for it. Do it to-day. Read our Special Offer.

AS A BEACON LIGHT

VITAE-ORE points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, port your helm ere it be too late, take heed of the message of hope and safety which it flashes to you; STOP DRIFTING about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately and reach the goal you are seeking by the route so MANY HAVE TRAVELED WITH SUCCESS.



Every person who has used Vitae-Ore is willing to act as a Pilot for you, each knows the way from having followed it. Attend their advice, FOLLOW THE LIGHT and be cured with Nature's Remedy as they have been.

We Will Send to All

Subscribers or readers of this paper, a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore by mail, postpaid, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. If not, no money is wanted! We take all the risk, you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We give you thirty days' time to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, and you do not pay the one cent unless you do see the results. You are to be the judge! We know Vitae-Ore and

We Are Willing to Take All the Risk.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN

HAD NO STRENGTH, HEART WAS WEAK, COULD NOT REST

For years I was troubled with a complete breaking down of the system. My strength left me entirely and I was as weak as a child, and often felt as though I had not strength to breathe. My heart was so

weak that it would seem as though it would stop beating, and my family was afraid I would die of heart failure. I took a great deal of medicine, but none of it did me any good; I could not get rest and often cried with weakness. I bought a medical electric battery, and although it gave me some relief, it was only temporary. Vitae-Ore was brought to my notice and I at once decided to try it. I have used V.-O. for three months' time and I cannot praise its curative powers too highly, for I am now strong and feel better than ever before in my life. Vitae-Ore has done all this for me and I will always be ready to speak highly of this remedy.
—MRS. JNO. E. DAVIS, Box 373, Parry Sound, Ont.



This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your personal investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

From the Earth's Veins to Your Veins

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS:

Vitae-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral-ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver in the neighborhood of a once powerful, but now extinct mineral spring. It requires twenty years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slacks down like lime and is then of medicinal value. It contains free iron, free sulphur and free magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package—one ounce of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as

Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Affections, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,

as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITAE-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitae-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitae-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitae-Ore on this liberal offer! One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

NOT A PENNY WANTED UNLESS YOU ARE BENEFITED!

CURED OF RHEUMATISM

BY A TWO MONTH'S TREATMENT AT THE AGE OF 80.

About two years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck, and my arms were badly swollen even to the ends of my fingers.

The pain passed to my other shoulder and I suffered so terribly I could hardly turn over in my bed and could not put on my clothes without great difficulty. I was troubled in this way for some time, until I saw the advertisement, "You Are to Be the Judge." It attracted my attention and I read it and read the testimonials of people who had used Vitae-Ore, and I came to the conclusion that it exactly suited my case and decided to try a package. Before I had used the entire package I felt much improved, and as I wanted to make a perfect cure entirely sure I sent for and used another package. Vitae-Ore cured me, for which I am very thankful. I will do all I can to make it known and advertise it. This photograph was taken on my eightieth anniversary.



O. F. BUELL, Menominee, Mich.

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, H.M. Dept. YONGE ST. Toronto, Ont.



Snow on the Moon.

Prof. W. H. Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, who has been making astronomical observations in Jamaica, West Indies, for several months, has brought a series of photographs of the moon which appear to establish the fact that there is snow on the moon. This fact was suggested about a year ago by Prof. Pickering, and while in Jamaica he made a special study of this matter, adopting a method that would afford fuller data. The method adopted was to take photographs of the moon at lunar sunrise, noon and sunset, and half-way between these. What the snow really is can as yet, according to Prof. Pickering, be only a matter of inference. It is most probably the snow of water. It appears that the presence of an atmosphere on the moon is accepted now among astronomers, though it is of extreme tenuity. A general view of any given series of photographs gives a fair assurance also that there is something beside a bare land surface reflecting the light, and the most tenable suggestion is that the more diffused parts of the moon pictures are in that condition by reason of the presence there of snow.

Let It Go.

If you have had an unfortunate experience the last year, forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book or your article; if you have been placed in an embarrassing position, if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step, or if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it—forget it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind forever. Drop them. Forget them. Resolve that, whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons nor cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sunshine. Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, but that everyone of them must get out of your mind. No matter how formidable or persistent, wipe them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worrying and foreboding, anxiety and regrets—sag your energy, for this is your success and happiness capital. Whatever is disagreeable, or whatever irritates, nags, or destroys your balance of mind—forget it. Thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in

worry, or in useless trifles. Let the rubbish go. Make war upon despondency, if you are subject to it. Drive the blues out of your mind as you would a thief out of your house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies, and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it; entertain it; never let it go.

Christmas Wishes.

I wish for thee
Light snowfalls in thy heart,
To make its chambers pure and white,
For Christmas-tide of love and light,
And generous outgivings.

I wish for thee
The holly wreaths and Christmas bells
Which symbol what the music tells
Of life and joy that richly swell
The stream of human love.

I wish for thee
The sweetest gift that e'er can come
Within the heart, or realm of home—
That rare and never-ending song
Of "Peace, good will to men."

I wish for thee
A symphony of sweet content,
That, like angelic voices blent,
May fill thy soul with melody, and bend
Thy heart and will toward God.

—Helen Van-Anderson.

Two Wood Piles.

"Ho, hum!" sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard, and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. "That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an elder brother." And he shrugged his shoulders as he started towards the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed he noticed that Luke Stoford and Jim Brent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them for a few minutes.

Jim was busy piling the wood he had already sawed and split, and made it an even, regular pile that any boy might have been proud of.

"That's the way Jim always works," Roy thought, with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labor.

Just then the minister passed by the Brent's front gate. "All done but sandpapering, Jim?" he inquired with a smile.

Jim blushed at the implied compliment, and answered: "Pretty nearly, sir."

Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stoford, across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled, and only a few sticks lying in a heap beside

him had been sawed. Now he called out, in drawing tones: "Mother! how many sticks do you need to-day?"

The sharp contrast between the two boys he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his own load of wood, and laughed. Then he picked up the saw and went to work with a will.

"I may not be able to rival Jim," he said to himself as he sawed, "but I'm bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw at night."

When Mrs. Miller came to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order. "Why, Roy, how much you have done!" she said. "I'm glad to see you have taken hold of your work so heartily and well."

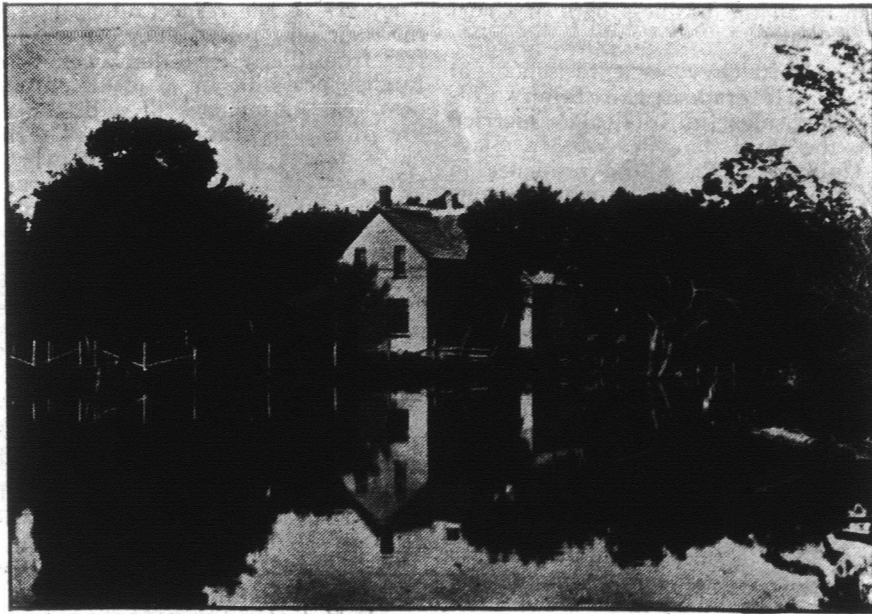
"Oh," replied Roy, "I didn't relish the undertaking when I began, but I had an object lesson."

"What was that?" asked his mother, looking interested.

"It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood," replied Roy, pointing as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys, looked and laughed, and then said: "I like the choice you made of patterns."

And the pattern proved to be one that lasted with Roy. If he were tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones as he asked: "How many sticks do you need?"—The King's Own.

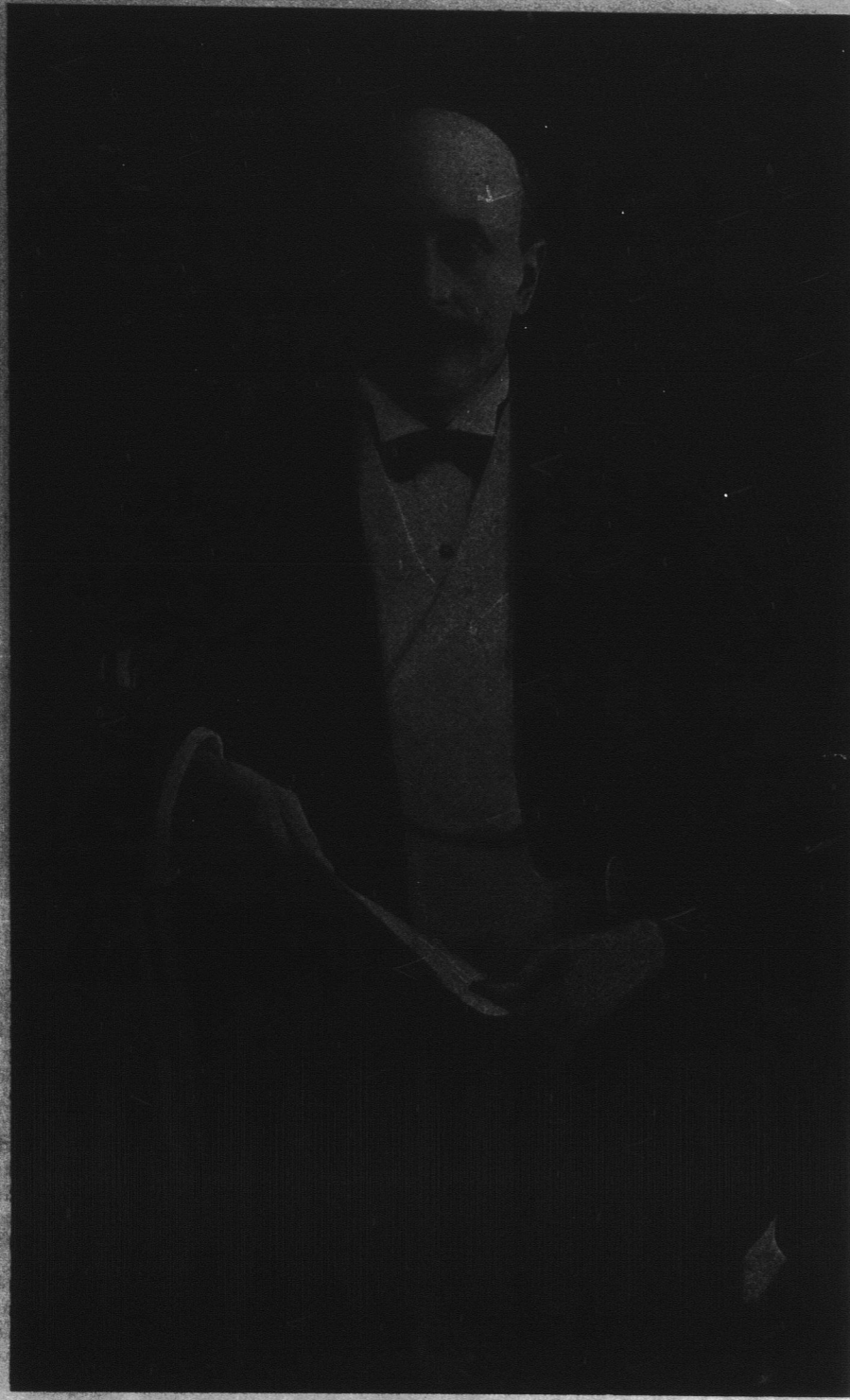


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LORD GREY.



LADY GREY.

Canada's New Governor-General

Before this issue reaches all our subscribers the Dominion of Canada will have within its borders a new Governor-General. Lord Grey, who succeeds Lord Minto, was to set sail the first of this month, and should by this date be in office. The new Governor is a brother-in-law of the distinguished gentleman who has just vacated the chair, and comes to us with an exceedingly good record. The great journalist, W. T. Stead, says that Earl Grey is one of the Elizabethans, a breed which will never die out in England until the English race is extinct. He is one of the most charming of men. By birth an aristocrat, no one can be more democratic in his sympathies. An unfortunate antipathy to home rule alone shunted him into the Unionist camp. Otherwise it would have been difficult to find a stouter, sounder Liberal within a day's march. Nor is his Liberalism confined to party politics. He is Liberal in Church as well as in State; Liberal in the catholicity of his friendships and in the breadth and variety of his sympathies. A man more mentally alert and more physically active it would be difficult to find in a day's march. He turns up everywhere, whenever any good work is to be done, and seems to find time for every kind of social and political effort. Thirty years ago, he was interested in Church reform; to-day, he is enthusiastic over the work of the Salvation Army.

Albert Henry George Grey, the fourth

earl, was born on November 28, 1851. He came of notable lineage, his father having held positions of great trust in the British Court. His grandfather was Prime Minister of the Crown from 1830 to 1834. The new governor-general is not only the grandson of one of the most famous prime ministers of the nineteenth century, but he is son of a man who from 1849 to 1870 occupied a position which made him the personal friend and trusted confidant of the Queen in all the business both of Court and of State.

Mr. Albert Grey went to school at Harrow. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1877, he married Alice, the third daughter of Mr. Slayner Holford, M.P., whose residence in Park Lane is one of the most famous palaces in London.

In 1880 he entered the House of Commons, being elected Liberal member for South Northumberland. The wave of Gladstonian enthusiasm was then at its flood and Mr. Albert Grey was a Gladstonian. At the general election of 1885, Mr. Albert Grey elected to stand for Tyneside, one of the constituencies into which South Northumberland had been cut up. In the following year, Mr. Gladstone plunged for home rule. Mr. Grey refused to follow him, and his place in the Liberal party and the House of Commons knew him no more. He became a Liberal Unionist. He did not reappear in Parliament till his uncle's

death, in 1894, opened for him the portals of the House of Lords.

He was a friend of Mr. Rhodes, and is a Rhodesian to this day. Was successful administrator of Rhodesia in 1896-97. Took an active part in securing the Hague or Peace Conference. In home politics, Lord Grey has devoted himself with great enthusiasm to the course of co-operation and the cause of temperance.

Lord Grey's family seat is at Howick, in Northumberland, and he has twice visited the Dominion.

Lady Grey has never taken a prominent part in the political world. Her eldest son, Lord Howick, who was born in 1879, acts as his father's private secretary. Her eldest daughter, who excites enthusiastic admiration wherever she is known, will probably play a considerable part in the social life of Canada. They are in one respect admirably fitted for their new role. They are singularly free from the reserve that gives to some English peers an air of pride and aloofness that harmonizes ill with the freer life of a democratic colony. The journalist closes by saying that whatever else may be lacking in Government House during Lord Grey's tenure of office, of one thing we may be quite certain there will be no stint, and that is a hearty, sympathetic camaraderie with all comers, and eager, enthusiastic support of all that makes for the prosperity and greatness of the Dominion and of the empire of which it forms a part.

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What Happened on Christmas Days.

Christmas was first celebrated in the year 98, but it was forty years later before it was officially adopted as a Christian festival; nor was it until about the fifth century that the day of its celebration became permanently fixed on the twenty-fifth of December. Up to that time it had been irregularly observed at various times of the year—in December, in April and in May, but most frequently in January.

Two notable coronations occurred on Christmas Day: that of Charlemagne, as Emperor of the West, in the year 800, and that of William the Conqueror, at Westminster Abbey, in 1066. Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was baptized on Christmas Day, 496.

Gilles de Retz, of France, the original "Blue Beard," was executed on Christmas Day, 1440, in atonement for a multitude of crimes, which included the killing of six wives, from which the popular nursery story is derived.

The Pilgrims, who condemned all church festivals, spent their first Christmas in America working hard all day long, amid cold and stormy weather, and commenced the building of the first house in Plymouth, 1620.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose grand discovery of the law of gravitation resulted from the simple fact of his seeing an apple fall to the ground, was born on Christmas Day, 1642.

It is a significant fact that no great battles were fought on Christmas Day. They have occurred on the twenty-fourth and the twenty-sixth of December, but the anniversary of the advent of Peace on Earth has ever been observed by a cessation of hostilities.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the January issue.

Puzzle.

1. My first is in comb, but not in brush.
My second is in cuckoo, but not in thrush;
My third is in red, but not in blue;
My fourth is in neighbor, but not in you;
My fifth is in timber, but not in wood;
My sixth is in right, but not in rude;
My whole is a musical instrument.
2. I always am the same, no matter how you look,
Whether I am on land, or printed in a book;
You may turn me end for end, or put me out to sea—
I always am the same, there is no change in me.
3. Why is the letter S like a furnace?
4. What are we all doing at the same time?
5. My whole, consisting of 34 let-



OF COURSE THE CAT CAME BACK.

The Game of "Pie."

The game of "pie" is great fun for the young. Take a tub or basin and fill it with sawdust. Bury in the sawdust a number of slips of paper, each slip having written upon it a line of doggerel verse, somewhat on the following order:
"Curly hair; eyes blue; Roman nose; tall and true."
"Small; blond; merry eyes; inclined

the cork. Stick two forks into this cork with the handles sloping down on each side of the half-dollar. Balance the edge of the coin on the needle and spin it.

Prize Winners.

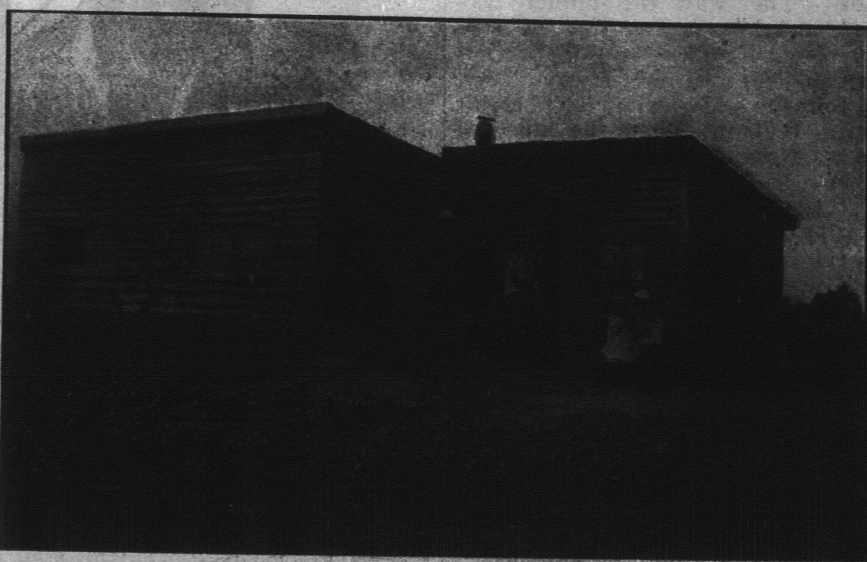
- A. L. Baery, Hochstadt, Man.
- Lillian Ellis, Arcola, Man.
- W. C. Follitt, Winnipeg.
- Bessie McGhan, Strathcona, Alta.
- A. C. Browne, Innisfail, Alta.
- Miss E. Wilson, Wellwood, Man.
- Edna Jacobs, Mayton, Alta.
- Pearl Arnott, Wellwood, Man.
- Miss C. Eastham, Pincher Creek, Alta.
- Edwin Magee, Kenmay, Man.
- J. Dann, Minto, Man.
- George Lee, Mather, Man.
- Leslie A. Oris, Dryden, Ont.
- Jean Smith, Rothbury, Assa.

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clothes are being washed, the washerwoman must not touch them for four hours, or they will tear in her hands.



LLOYDMINSTER HOMESTEADS.

On this page we give two views of the homestead of W. H. Holland, at Lloydminster, Sask. Mr. Holland arrived on his land in June, 1903, and was therefore too late for a crop, except two acres of oats, for green feed, and a few vegetables. He came from London, Eng., with the British colony, and is well satisfied with the country. At time the photos were mailed he had 12 head of cattle, a promising crop of oats and plenty of hay.

- P. B. T. Toews, Steinbach, Man.
- Hannah Nesbitt, Swan River, Man.
- J. W. Devol, Nanton, Alta.

West Indian Superstitions.

The negroes of the British West Indies have many curious superstitions. They believe it is unlucky to praise a baby or to say it is like its father or its mother. If you say to a Jamaica negress, "What a beautiful child!" you are apt to incur her bitter enmity.

To give the baby good luck, they mark it on the forehead with a cross in washing blue, or tie a blue ribbon on its arm. They will never, on any account, measure or weigh a baby, for that means the worst of bad luck.

If a cock crows at the door, a gentleman is going to visit the house; if a hen crows, some member of the family will die.

If you carry a tree pepper in your pocket, you will become poor.

If you give a thing away and take it back again, you will have a sty.

If you roll your eyes when the moon changes, they will stay crooked.

If you kill a spider, you will soon break a plate.

If a lizard jumps into a tub in which

If a turkey buzzard flies into the house, some terrible misfortune will happen. When birds nest in your house, a wedding may be expected.

Whenever a negro hurts a black dog he always begs its pardon, because the spirits of black dogs are supposed to go into men's bodies after death and cause them to walk the earth in the shape of a black dog.

When a West Indian negro cuts his hair he always buries the severed hairs. He argues that they are a part of the body, and therefore as much entitled to a grave as the rest of him will be.

A negro who is engaged to be married must put a tombstone on the grave of any friend who has recently died before the wedding. Otherwise the spirit will walk and cause trouble at the wedding. The tombstone is supposed to keep it down.

A belief in ghosts is universal. If a negro has to walk abroad at night, he sees ghosts in every bush and tree. The odor of musk in the forest after dark sends him frantic with dread, for he thinks it is a sure sign that evil spirits are abroad.

If a rat bites you during sleep or an owl flaps its wings heavily, some serious trouble is approaching. If you see two bats cross each other in the air diagonally at sunset, a powerful friend will soon quarrel with you.



- ters is the beginning of a familiar song.
- My 24-2-3 is concealed.
 - My 10-25-7-14 is a color.
 - My 30-17-28 is a plant.
 - My 5-11-32 is a sign of the Zodiac.
 - My 26-27-15 is to espouse.
 - My 33-8-23-6-31 is a flower.
 - My 22-9-1 is a total.
 - My 18-13-4 something we all have.
 - My 34-29-16-12 are geographical drawings.
 - My 19-20-21 is a playing card.
6. Word square:—(a) To scorch. (b) The color of the sky. (c) A report. (d) A throng. (e) Doves of animals.
 7. Why is Athens like the wick of a candle?
 8. Why is a hotel waiter like a race horse?
 9. Half square:—(a) More fitted. (b) A little perforated ball. (c) A youth. (d) A shortened form of a name by which several English kings have been known. (e) A consonant.

Answers to October Puzzles.

1. The mother.
2. Man.
3. A man sitting on a three-legged stool, with a leg of lamb on his lap; the dog ran away with the leg of lamb; the man jumped up and threw the stool after the dog and made the dog bring the leg of lamb back.
4. (a) Crow; (b) swan; (c) gull; (d) owl; (e) heron.
5. A football.
6. A "bay bee" (baby).
7. A ditch.
8. When it is a little reddish (radish).
10. When you have her photo.

to plumpness; witty; wise."
"Tall; dark; somewhat sedate; lovely lashes; true life mate."
There should be just as many slips in the pie as there are guests, and all rhymes should be equally applicable to either sex. The pan is covered with a shelving pasteboard crust, tinted to make it resemble nicely browned pastry. Each guest in turn dips out for himself a huge spoonful of the pie. The description found in it is that of the future mate.

To Spin a Half-Dollar on the End of a Needle.

Insert a needle upright in the cork of a bottle. Take another cork and cut a slit in it so that the edge of a half-dollar may be pressed firmly into



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LAUGHS

At an evening party the hostess offered some refreshment to a rather foolish gentleman, who declined, saying: "You may take an ass to the water, but you can't make him drink." "Then I won't press you any more," was the lady's reply.

Lady—"Why did you leave your last place?"

Cook—"I couldn't stand the dreadful noise between the master and missus, mum."

Lady—"What was the noise about?"

Cook—"The way the dinner was cooked, mum."

Watson—Women are always curious. Johnson—My wife isn't a bit curious. Watson—Then she must be a curious woman.

"So you've lost all your marbles, eh? Well, it serves you right. Boys always lose who play on Sundays." "But how about the other fellow who won all my marbles?"

"Would you like to have your fortune told, miss?" asked a gypsy of a young lady. "I don't mind if I do, providing you make the future a happy one for me," replied the lady. "That I can, miss; for sixpence I will show you your future husband's face in this magic glass." All right," said the young lady; here is sixpence—show me my future husband's face." The fortune teller uncovered the glass and the young lady gazed at it abstractedly for a moment, then exclaimed, "I see only my own face!" "Correct," said the gypsy—"that face will be your husband's when you are married."

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam; I have just prescribed for three of the participants."—Richmond Dispatch.

Ethel—"Was there a donkey on our steps when you came in, Mr. Featherly?" Mr. Featherly—"Why, no, Ethel! What would a donkey be doing there?" Ethel—"I don't know; but Clara said, just before you rang the bell: 'There's that donkey coming in here again.'"

"So that seedy-looking fellow is your friend Little? He doesn't seem very prosperous."

"No; he gets a very small salary and he has a big family of boys, too." "How on earth does he get along?" "Well, every Little helps."—Philadelphia Press.

His Better Half—"This is a pretty sort of life you are leading." "Oh, shut up." "The day before yesterday you didn't come home until yesterday, yesterday you came home today, and today, if I hadn't come to fetch you, you wouldn't have come home till tomorrow."

Father (trying to read)—"What's that terrible racket in the hall?" Mother—"One of the children just fell down stairs."

Father—"Well, tell the children if they can't fall down stairs quietly they'll have to stop it."

He—Our engagement is off. You have deceived me, and from this time henceforth you shall not occupy my mind.

She—Oh, thank you! I'm so glad. He—Glad! Why are you glad, pray?

She—I never could bear to occupy a flat—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Diggins—"Say, if I were as bald as you I'd wear a wig." Higgins—"My boy, if you ever become bald don't invest in a peruke." Diggins—"Because why?" Higgins—"It would be money thrown away. What's the use of putting a roof on an empty barn?"

He (at dinner: "May I assist you

A clergyman in New Jersey hired a man to act in the capacity of coachman and gardener. One day the clergyman bought a bottle of horse liniment and told the man to apply it to a lame horse according to the directions on the bottle.

About an hour afterwards he went to the barn and found Silas industriously dipping a spike into the lini-



IT ALL DEPENDED.

BEN JOHNSON—"Goin' teh hev ony turkey foh Christmas, Mr. Thompson?" MR. THOMPSON—"Well, ah sut'nly am, of ah kin git near enuff 't one."

to the cheese, Miss Girton?" Miss Girton: "Thanks, no—I am very comfortable where I am; but you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!"

"Would you like the cause of your late husband's death explained on the monument?" asked the sculptor. "Well," replied the widow, "if it doesn't cost any more, you might engrave a couple of cucumbers on it."

Mrs Young (proudly): "The landlord was here today; I gave him the month's rent and showed him the baby."

Young (who was kept awake last night: "It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the month's rent."

"A nice husband you are!" said madam, in a passion. "You care less about me than about those pet animals of yours. Look what you did when your poodle, Azor, died."

Husband (quietly): "Well, I had him stuffed."

Wife (exasperated): "You wouldn't have gone to that expense for me—not you, indeed!"

Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, James!" replied the minister, indulgently. "And what will he do with the old set?"

"I suppose," replied little James, with a look of resignation on his face, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

Speaking of the idiosyncrasies of the English speech, the Nashville American wants to know if there is a better example of them than the fact that when you "best" a man you "worst" him. The answer is, No, except, perhaps, that when a man is "cleaned out" he's "all in."—Pittsburg Gazette.



UNCLE LIJ.



AUNT MELINDA.

Daughter (marriageable): "I think, pa, that you do Arthur injustice when you say that he is penurious."

Precocious Brother: "What's penurious, pa?"

Pa: "Why, Bobbie, penurious is close."

Precocious Brother: "Ten you're right, pa. Mr. Penrose is awful penurious whenever he comes to see sis."

"It's easy enough to guess pretty nigh it," said the other man, a stalwart farmer, looking with some contempt at his companion.

"Oh, well," said the Cockney, "I think I could guess as near as you can."

"Could ye, now?" roared the farmer. "Well, I'll bet ye a sovereign ye can't."

"Done!" returned the Cockney. "How much do you say?"

After a critical survey the farmer replied: "A hundred and seventy stone."

"Well," said the Cockney, "I'll say a hundred and seventy stone, too. Now hand over the money."

"What do you mean?" "Well, I said I'd guess as near as you, and I've done so. I've guessed exactly the same."

And the bystanders, taking his part, the bumptious farmer had to give him the money.

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Without Deposit.

Without Promise to Pay.

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Dr. Shoop's Restorative

If the worries of business have left their scars on your good health; If careless habits have made you a wreck; If your nerve, your courage is waning; If you lack vim, vigor, vitality; If you are beginning to wear out; If your heart, your liver, your stomach, your kidneys, misbehave. This private prescription of a physician of thirty years' standing will strengthen the ailing nerves—strengthen them harmlessly, safely, surely, till your trouble disappears.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down. It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it, and makes it well.

Don't you see that THIS IS NEW in medicine! That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Would I do this if I were not straightforward in my every claim? Could I AFFORD to do it if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me.

But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though you dollar laid before him. Write for the order today. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand our case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 95, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores