4 P.M. EDITION

London Advertiser

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Death at the Barricades; Civil War on in Moscow

Revolutionists Attack Troops Removing Workmen to Prison and Battle Follows---Agitators Murdered.

London, Dec. 23.—A dispatch to a news agency from St. Petersburg says that barricades have been erected on Tverskaia street, the chief thoroughfare of Moscow, that the revolutionists are holding them bravely, and that they are making repeated attacks on the police, Cossacks and dragoons, whenever the latter attempt to convey prisoners to jail. The patrols of troops are accompanied by machine guns, which are unhesitatingly used against the revolutionists.

Killed at the Barricade.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 23.—Eleven men were killed and 80 were wounded by volleys fired by the troops at the workmen defending a barricade on Tverskaia street, Moscow, today.

The total casualties at Moscow yesterday are estimated at 150.

Bombarded Meeting Place.

Moscow, Dec. 23. — Troops surrounded a schoolhouse, where workmen were meeting here yesterday evening, and summoned the men to surrender. Blank shots were fired to intimidate the workmen, who replied with revolver shots and bombs. Artillery was then brought up, and the schoolhouse was bombarded, until the survivors of the workmen surrendered.

Agitators Murdered.

Vladimir, Russia, Dec. 23. — Owing to the hostile attitude of the people here who attacked the houses of the railroad men, the strike leaders would have been torn to pieces had the troops not interposed. The railroad strike here is ineffective. Most of the employes are working. Reports received here from several villages in the provinces tell of the murder of agitators by peasants, who were enraged at their attacks on the Emperor. Among the victims was a young woman. Two policemen who tried vainly to save an agitator in the village of Modol were themselves torn to pieces.

Newspapers Will Appear.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 23. — 1:40 a.m.—Though the printers' union is one of the most advanced and most thoroughly organized unions in Russia, it is unable to enforce the newspaper strike. The Novoe Vremya, Slovo and other Conservative papers expect to appear today.

The pan-Russian congress of the League of Leagues is scheduled to be held in St. Petersburg tomorrow, but owing to the strike few of the delegates are present, and the meeting probably will be postponed, like the zemstvo congress of Moscow, until January.

With the political strike as a revolutionary weapon, apparently losing its keenness owing to too frequent use, fears are entertained that the revolutionists may be driven to return to the old methods and inaugurate an era of terrorism.

The Government is aware that a number of high agents of the revolutionary organization at Geneva recently returned to Russia, and increased precautions are being taken to safeguard all in authority at St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe-Selo.

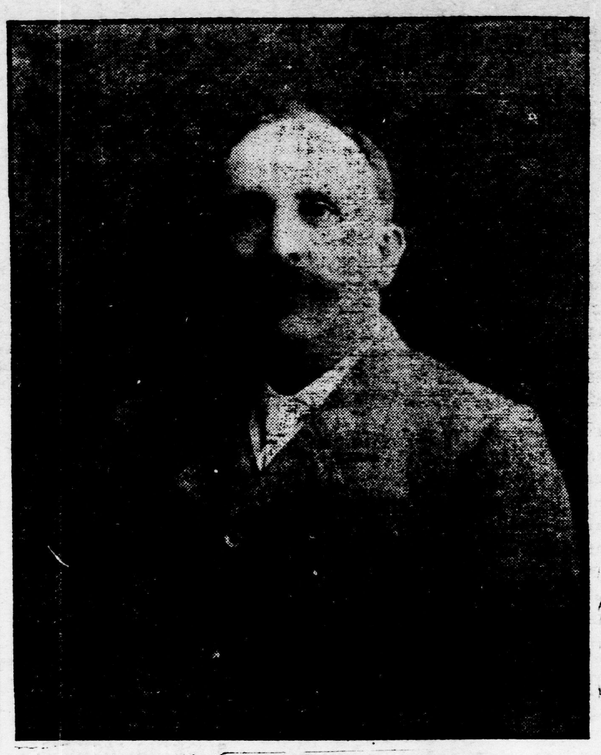
In the Baltic Provinces.

Riga, Livonia, Friday, Dec. 22. — half the Baltic provinces are apparently in control of the autonomists, whose committees, which include in each locality some of the most influential persons, are establishing provisional administrations and preparing for the election of assemblies to arrange the taxes and legitimize the partitioning of the Government lands. Russian garrisons occupy the larger towns and detachments of troops are operating energetically against the smaller centers of the insurrection. The aims of the insurgents are to establish an autonomous state under Russian sovereignty.

Kurks, Russia, Dec. 23. — The striking railroad men of this city have proclaimed a provisional government and have issued an appeal for support in setting up a Russian republic.

Orel, Russia, Dec. 23. — At the village of Fetkoi the peasants have killed two revolutionary emissaries. One of them was beaten to death and the others were burned.

Piotrkow, Russian Poland, Dec. 23.—Owing to the spread of the disorders martial law has been declared in the Province of Piotrkow.



MR. JOSEPH C. JUDD.

The above is a fair likeness of Mr. Joseph C. Judd, who is a candidate a second time for the mayoralty of London.

Mr. Judd has served the city, off and on, for some years, as alderman, library trustee, and water commissioner.

He is a lawyer by profession, and solicitor for the Grand Trunk, the Electric Company (of which he is also a shareholder), the Bell Telephone Company, and the Barber Asphalt Company.

In the municipal campaign last year it was argued by his newspaper supporter that Mr. Judd, being a corporation lawer, was more competent than Dr. Campbell to deal with corporations doing business with the city, as he understood their ways.

This view was not accepted by the electors, and Mr. Judd met defeat, although backed by an efficient party organization.

Should the question of Niagara Power come to the front next year, as is expected, the rights of the London Electric Company, under the provisions of the Conmee act, would be a matter for consideration by the council. Mr. Judd, as a shareholder of the company, would, if he were in the mayor's chair, be placed in a most embarrassing position. The electors should see to it that he is saved from this predicament.

Mr. Beck, in his speech Thursday night at the medical banquet, expressed the belief that Niagara power could be delivered in the city of London at half the cost of electricity produced from coal, and even less. He also declared in favor of the public control of public utilities, such as street lighting plants and street railway systems. But the moment the city of London opens negotiations with the object of securing Niagara power for any purpose, the question arises whether the municipality can purchase or distribute it without offering to acquire existing light and power plants in the city. In May last when Mr. Downey, M. P. P., introduced a bill to confer upon municipalities the right to engage in such an enterprise without being obliged to make an offer for private plants already established, Mr. Judd appeared before a committee of the Legislature and urged that the bill be thrown out.

Mr. Judd, as the local solicitor of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, would, as mayor of the city, be in an equivocal position when the company asked certain favors in return for the large expenditure which it wishes to make in London next year. Is is advisable that the negotiations on the city's behalf should be in the hands of a gentleman who will naturally wish to retain his connection with the big corporation?

If Mr. Judd cannot see the indelicacy of his demand to be placed in the mayor's chair next year, the electors should open his eyes.

MAY BE A MURDER

Assyrian Peddlar Found Fatally Wounded on the Roadside.

Napanee, Dec. 22. — About noon today farmers discovered an Assyrian peddler named Saad, of Napanee, lying unconscious on the road near Enterprize, about 15 miles north of here. He was badly wounded about the head. An axe covered with blood was found in the locality. Saad was removed to Kingston General Hospital this afternoon, but it is not expected he will recover. The county constable is investigating the case.

SON McCOLL BACK.

His Accounting of Moneys Paid to Andrew Hamilton.

New York, Dec. 23. — John C. McCall, secretary of the New York Life Insurance Company, and son of President John A. McCall, returned from Europe today on the steamer La Lorraine. Mr. McCall went to Paris to see Andrew Hamilton, to whom the New York Life Insurance Company advanced hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mr. McCall's mission was either to induce Mr. Hamilton to return to the United States and testify before the legislative insurance investigating committee, or to secure an accounting of the money advanced. This accounting is to be given to this committee. Mr. Hamilton sent a statement by Mr. McCall, his health being such that his physician ordered him not to return at present.

FUN ON THE EXCHANGES

Wall Street's Christmas Celebration Will Be Novel and Strenuous.

New York, Dec. 23. — The cotton and coffee exchanges will be closed today, but on the New York Stock Exchange and the Produce and Consolidated Exchange preparations have been made for elaborate Christmas celebrations.

On the stock exchange a big pushball has been arranged for, and it will be named after one of the most popular, or rather, the most notorious stocks. A tug-of-war between the heavyweights of the floor, selections from the best classical music down to old melodies and ragtime by the Seventh Regiment Band of 40 pieces, and songs and games by the younger element will be other interesting features. Presents for the employes include $10,000, besides other gifts. About $1,200 has been raised to defray the expenses of the festivities.

CROSS ISSUES SUBPOENAS

Witnesses Called to Tell Value of York Loan Assets.

Toronto, Dec. 23.—Mr. W. H. Cross, the Government commissioner in the York County Loan Company investigation, had about half a dozen subpoenas issued yesterday afternoon for the inquiry to be opened on Tuesday morning. The witnesses first to be examined will be expected to throw light on the value of some of the assets of the insolvent company, including the subsidiary companies. Mr. G. T. Clarkson was engaged at the head office in going over the books, and is working in conjunction with the arbitrators. Mr. Home Smith was seen at the head office and stated that an inventory of the loose property was being made, and that inspectors were being sent out to report on the many mortgage held by the company, and the house property.

"It is a very simple liquidation," he said, "and there will be no such difficulty as with the Atlas Company. All the assets are here; you can go out and look at them. We will probably have a list to give to the press in a week or so. It ought to be impressed on the shareholders that everything possible is being done to avoid expense, and not a dollar will be spent that can be avoided.

"Mr. Phillips is here all the time, and is most courteous and obliging. He has given us every information, and in the most thorough way," said Mr. Smith.

The agreement between Messrs. Phillips and Barrett relative to stock in the Southern Light and Power Company was turned over to the liquidators by Mr. Phillips when the winding-up order was issued, and by them was handed to Mr. W. H. Cross, with Mr. Phillips' letter offering to assign his interests. Mr. Phillips' position is that every step he took was in the interests of the York Loan.

THE IRISH CHEER.

Society Did Not Fail to Remember The Worthy Poor.

The Irish Benevolent Society has completed its work of giving Christmas cheer to the worthy poor. In all over 200 families were looked after, representing fully 1,000 people. The deliveries were made so that no one would be the wiser as to who received the cheer. The society gave away a ton of beef, 600 loaves of bread and immense quantities of tea, sugar, rice, currants, raisins, biscuits, oatmeal and the like. The committee desire to thank Somers & Weeks, who placed their store at the disposal of the society, and also the merchants and others who made donations to the cheer.

The committee in charge were: Philip Pocock (president), Thos. Wilson, Harry Merritt, Ald. Forristal, John Stevely, B. C. McCann, Stephen Grant, Jerry Collins, A. O. Graydon, Martin Sullivan, First Vice-President Dennis Mason and Dr. Claude Brown.

Comparatively Few Are Qualifying for Aldermen

Number to Go Before the Electors Will Not Be Large ---Point Raised Regarding Mr. Judd's Qualification.

Though a very large number of candidates were nominated for the different civic offices at yesterday's meeting, it does not appear that an overwhelming number of names will go before the people on voting day. The number of those who qualified for aldermen today was comparatively small, but, of course, the nominees have until tonight at 9 o'clock to qualify.

As announced yesterday, there does not appear to be one chance in a hundred of Ald. Cooper running for mayor. He continues to talk of running, but with considerably less assurance. It is known well enough that the Conservatives would do their best to get him out of the way, if it was thought for a moment that he would run, but the party managers do not appear to be worrying about him. On the contrary, they keep to themselves, although it is said that Ald. Cooper is continuing to seek an assurance of what will be done with him next year in case Conservatives control the council. The chairmanship of the board of works is what the old fouth warder is after.

Stevely and Judd Qualify.

Ald. Stevely and ex-Ald. Judd qualified today, each naming a block of property worth at least $2,000, though the law only asks for a property qualification of $1,000. So far Ald. Cooper has not taken the trouble to qualify.

Mr. W. E. Saunders was the first to qualify for water commissioner. The other nominees up till 2 o'clock did not put in an appearance, but they have until 9 o'clock tonight to make up their minds. It was said around the city hall today that Dr. Hugh A. Stevenson, who is an ex-alderman, will run for the commission, with Messrs. Minhinnick and Saunders.

Neither Mr. Hume Cronyn nor Mr. John Labatt have so far qualified for hospital trustee.

There being no property qualification for school trustee, it is necessary for the candidates who wish to retire to withdraw their names. Today Mr. William Yeates, the present chairman of the board of education, dropped out. It is expected that he will remove to Hamilton within the next year, as his firm, the London Machine Tool Company, has already made arrangements to locate there. Mr. E. H. Johnston also withdrew this morning.

For aldermen the following gentlemen qualified this morning:

G. W. Armstrong, Joseph Brown, George Everett, Joshua Garratt, Wm. Gerry, Thomas Gillean, A. Greenlees, R. F. Matthews, Charles G. Moorehead, Geo. Rowntree, J. H. Saunders,

Continued on Page Ten.

IN TOILS AGAIN, IS FRED MAUDSLEY

This Time He Is Charged With Assault and Shop Breaking —Wants Trial by Jury.

Fred Maudsley, a friend of the notorious "Texas" Burdell and Shorty Billy, was last night lodged behind the bars in the police station. Maudsley became engaged in a dispute about midnight with Samuel Chapman, a young fellow several years Maudsley's junior. It is alleged that Maudsley struck Chapman a severe blow on the head with a heavy instrument, apparently a large chisel. The affair occurred in front of Westman's Hotel, on King street, opposite the market, where a dance was in progress. Chapman was staggered by the blow, and on entering the hotel fainted.

P. C. Shortell was an eye-witness of the affair. He stood in the dark a short distance away, and when Maudsley and his four companions saw the officer they started down the street. Shortell pursued the quintet, but the gang soon separated. Maudsley was the man the officer was after, and Shortell succeeded in capturing him on Bathurst street, near Talbot. Maudsley had run in between two houses, and was in the dark when overtaken. He offered no resistance.

Earlier in the evening the pumphouse of Mr. Taylor, on Wellington street, near York, had been entered, and a chisel stolen. The same chisel was found near an ashpile on the route that Maudsley and his companions followed when the officer pursued them. It had evidently been thrown away by one of the number. Since Maudsley struck Chapman with what was evidently a chisel, the police take it for granted that it was he who threw the tool away.

Maudsley was this morning charged with shop-breaking, theft and assault. He elected trial by jury. He was remanded for a week.

When "Shorty Billy" was shot by Detective Nickle early in 1904, Maudsley was behind the bars awaiting trial on two charges of breaking into Thompson's mill on Talbot street, and Cole's wood-turning shop on York street. Maudsley was allowed to go on suspended sentence.

Maudsley is looked upon by the police as a bad character.

Brakeman Smothered by Coal.

Calgary, Dec. 23.—A brakeman named G. H. Ward was smothered in the tender of a C. P. R. engine at Canmore yesterday morning. He was assisting the fireman to take on coal, when he slipped into the coal pit, and was buried under the rush from the chute.

YANKEE FISHERS IN THE WRONG

Root Says They Have No Right to Ship Newfoundland Fishermen.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Although the British Government has not yet addressed to the Washington Government its reply to the memorandum submitted several months ago by Secretary Root on the points involved in the fishing controversy, Mr. Root has ruled on two questions of far-reaching importance to the satisfaction of both Governments.

The secretary has decided that it is clearly an evasion of the law for American fishermen to take on Newfoundland fishermen within the three-mile limit and take them outside that limit for the purpose of shipping them as a crew for their vessels. The secretary has further ruled that American fishermen have the right to freeze herring on the south shore of the Bay of Islands, but they are not permitted under the law to engage in this practice on the west shore.

St. Johns, Nfld., Dec. 22. — The Colonial Government having been notified by the British cabinet that the Washington Government had protested against the alleged seizure of an American herring fishing vessel and the robbery of or destruction of American nets, anchors and other fishing gear in Bay of Islands, has denied all of the allegations and asserts that no vessel was seized.

Operated on Elephant.

New York, Dec. 23.—Bazil, one of the largest elephants in captivity, was operated on at the Hippodrome yesterday by Drs. Martin J. Potter and William E. Young, and a cancerous growth weighing several pounds was cut from the under side of one of the animal's hind legs. Next to the late Jumbo and Gip, Bazil is said to be the biggest elephant ever brought to this country.

TO GET 100 CENTS ON THEIR STOCK

York County Loan Shareholders With Terminating Stock May Be Paid in Full.

St. Catharines, Ont., Dec. 22.—Mayor Sweet informed a meeting of local shareholders of the York County Loan last night that he had been assured that day by telephone by Mr. Cross, the accountant appointed by the Government to investigate, that holders of terminating shares would in all probability receive 100 cents on the dollar. Until the terminating shareholders are paid, holders of permanent shares will not get a dollar.

Dr. Jessop, member of the Legislature for this county, likewise assured the shareholders. The doctor said he had just visited the York Loan Company's real estate, and was very well impressed with it. The mayor advised the terminating shareholders to send in their books at once to the National Trust Company.

Kills Seven Attackers.

Vladisto, Ga., Dec. 23. — A report reached here today from Ewing between Fargo and St. George, the new colony town, that a crowd of negroes tried to mob a white man who was manager of a large turpentine still at that place last night. He barricaded himself and opened fire upon them, killing five men and two women, and wounding seven others.

CANNOT REMOVE THOSE GUNBOATS

The Government Gives Mayor of Chatham Full Power to Act.

Chatham, Dec. 23. — Government Engineer J. G. Sing, from the department of public works, Ottawa, arrived in the city at 11 o'clock last evening to consult with his Worship Mayor Cowan relative to the efforts of Americans to secure the raising of the sunken gunboats in the River Thames and their removal for exhibition to Belle Isle Park, Detroit.

The Government said Engineer Sing, were anxious to learn the position of the people of Chatham relative to the project.

Mayor Cowan emphatically presented the case with his vigorous patriotism, and the engineer left with him full power to take all steps necessary at any cost to prevent the Americans interfering with these boats.

When interviewed this morning the mayor simply said smilingly, "The boats will not be removed by our American friends."

And the way he said it meant much.

MR. JUDD IS STRONGLY OPPOSED TO MUNICIPAL LIGHTING PLANT

Not in Favor of City Expropriating Works of His Company, the London Electric.

Toronto, May 16.—President C. B. Hunt, of the London Electric Company, and Mr. J. C. Judd, representing the company and other electrical interests in Western Ontario, were among the opponents of Mr. Downey's amendment to the municipal act before the municipal committee this morning.

The bill practically gives municipalities powers of expropriation of electric and gas plants. The bill was finally laid over till next session.

The above dispatch from Toronto tells a little story of much interest to Londoners just now. Mr. J. C. Judd, the lawyer, who is seeking the votes of the people for mayor of the city, is a shareholder and director—or, at least, he has been a director—of the London Electric Company. This company draws annually from the city about $30,000 for lighting the streets. The business is a very profitable one, and Mr. Judd appreciates the fact. Consequently, when a Conservative member of the Legislature, Mr. Downey, of Guelph, undertook to have the law amended so that the city of London could establish its own lighting plant by expropriating the London Electric Company's property, Mr. Judd hurried to Toronto to fight the interests of the people he is now asking to vote for him.

And Mr. Judd did not go to Toronto simply as a lawyer pleading a case for a client. He went as a directly interested party—as a shareholder in the London Electric Company, which each year exacts a toll of about 75 cents from each man, woman and child in the city of London for lighting the streets. He is a member of this company. He benefits by its profits and shares in its losses. This is why he did not want the city of London to have its own lighting plant.

In 1908, the contract of the London Electric Company with the city of London will expire. It may be that the company will not await the expiration of the contract before seeking a renewal. This was the case some years ago when the present contract was signed. In such an event, would not Mr. Judd be in a very embarrassing position in the mayor's chair?

Would it look well for Mayor Judd to be negotiating in regard to a contract for street lighting with his own company? And is it probable that he would use his influence to have a lighting plant established by the city—a plant which would mean the cutting off of his dividends?

These are matters for the citizens to consider.

Irving's Will.

London, Dec. 22.—The will of Sir Henry Irving, it is understood, leaves two-thirds of his estate, which consists solely of the $100,000 realized at the recent sale of his theatrical relics, art works and library, to his sons, Henry B. and Laurence Irving.

First Honor to Canada.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—The International Live Stock Exposition will end tomorrow. In the contest today for the grand champion Shorthorn, Matron Queen Ideal, the Canadian champion, was awarded first honors.

Disclose Smuggle Plot.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 22. — A Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., dispatch says three hoboes talking in a cell gave away a plan to smuggle a big party of Chinese across the border here on Christmas evening. The police are on the lookout.

THE WEATHER.

Tomorrow—Colder.

London, Saturday, Dec. 23.

Sun rises..7:49 a.m. Moon rises..4:33 a.m.
Sun sets...4:45 p.m. Moon sets...3:04 p.m.

Toronto, Dec. 22—8 p.m.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 34—40; Vancouver, 30—38; Kamloops, 16—22; Calgary, 12—32; Edmonton, 20—30; Qu'Appelle, 2 below—8; Winnipeg, 14—18; Port Arthur, 24—26; Parry Sound, 32—36; Toronto, 36—40; Ottawa, 24—40; Montreal, 22—38; Quebec, 8—24; Halifax, 34—42; St. John, 32—34.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, Dec. 23—8 a.m.

Today—Cloudy, with light local snowfalls.

Sunday—Strong northwest winds, and colder.

WEATHER NOTES.

The weather continues cold in Manitoba and Northern Ontario, but it is mild in other parts of the Dominion. The lowest temperature this morning is 14° below, at Winnipeg.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest readings of the thermometer at the local observatory for the 24 hours ended at 8 p.m. Friday were: Highest, 37°; lowest, 23° above.

CONSCIOUS LONG AFTER THE DROP; MURDERER SIGNALS TO PHYSICIAN

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 23. — Dr. Carleton Simon, who witnessed the hanging yesterday of Edwin F. Tapley, jun., declares that the murderer gave the pre-arranged signals in proof that he was conscious nearly half a minute after the trap had been sprung. Dr. Simon said:

The actual test on the gallows was most successful. Tapley was absolutely in possession of his mental faculties. The hands and finger of the dangling body moved with convulsive contractions. Then the hands fell rigid at the sides. Five seconds passed, and then Tapley began the signals agreed upon between us.

The first signal came as Tapley, holding the left hand extended rigidly downward, raised his right slowly as far as the bands permitted him, and made three distinct contractions of the thumb and forefinger. Then, with clearly determined effort, the dying man lowered his right hand, held it for an instant rigidly against his thigh, and, slowly raising the left hand, repeated the signal.

At the third contraction of the left hand there seemed barely strength in the dying fingers to carry out the agreed programme.

To any man of scientific knowledge, viewing this test with a full knowledge of all the governing conditions, it is inevitable that Tapley was alive, and in conscious torture for nearly half a minute after the fall of the drop, and was literally strangled to death."

ADROIT MOVE BY BANNERMAN; SIDETRACKS BALFOUR'S PLANS

An Anti-Coolie Declaration Is Now British Campaign Theme.

London, Dec. 23.—The announcement made by the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his speech at Albert Hall Thursday night, that the Government would stop the importation of Chinese labor into South Africa, has aroused a storm of indignation among the Conservatives, as a result of which the question of home rule for Ireland appears likely to be well nigh forgotten. Whatever may have been the intention of the Premier, his action is looked upon in some quarters as an adroit counter move to Mr. Balfour's plan for forcing discussion of home rule to the front in the forthcoming campaign. In any case, it projects a new and totally unexpected theme of contention into the forefront. It had been supposed that the new Government would do nothing of the kind without first appointing a commission to consider the question. The leading officials of the Rand, as a general rule, reserve their opinions on the matter, but they admit that the action of the Government can have little affect for at least a year, as 48,000 Chinese coolies are already there, while the original idea was to experiment with 50,000. The elections for the new government of the Transvaal will take place in February.

The Daily Telegraph, an organ of the late Balfour ministry, in an editorial this morning, contends that there is absolutely no legal means at the disposal of the Campbell-Bannerman Government by which it can stop the exportation of coolies from China or their admission to South Africa without exposing that country to actions for damages, which, it says, may easily run into the millions. It advises the mine owners of the Rand to continue the importation of coolies and to leave the colonial office to "do its worst."

The Johannesburg correspondent of the Times says that the general attitude in the region affected is a calmly expectant one. He adds that contracts have already been signed and sanctioned by the Transvaal Government for 11,866 more coolies, which number will enable the mines to carry on their operations comfortably pending the formal decision of the inhabitants of the colony.

"Which will be the same whether under a representative or any other form of government."

"If the Government," says the correspondent, "compels the repudiation of these contracts, it will not only be mulcted in compensation to the extent of at least a half million, but it will create a genuinely serious situation. On the other hand, if the contracts should be carried out no harm would be done."

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

CHELSEA GREEN—THE MOST POPULAR SUBURB. GOOD WATER, GOOD SEWERS. GOOD SIDEWALKS. CHURCH BEING BUILT. LOTS FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS.

GROCERY STORE AND STOCK—Doing a first-class business. Will sell cheap. Call for particulars.

EASY TERMS—If you have $50 or $100 I can sell you a nice property. I have a number to choose from.

BRISCOE STREET—New brick cottage, cement block foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, hall, kitchen, pantry, summer kitchen; lot 40x189 feet.

INKERMAN STREET—New brick cottage, cement foundation, 3 large bedrooms, 2 clothes closets, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 2 cellars, with cement floors, water and sink in house, piped for gas; lot 33x122 feet.

ST GEORGE STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, hard and soft water and sink in house, 2 clothes closets; lot 32x110 feet, and right of way.

DUCHESS AVENUE—New brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, water in house, cellar, coal cellar, porch, sink; grained and varnished; cement walks, plate glass window; lot 46x216 feet.

WELLINGTON STREET—Brick cottage, stone foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, 2 clothes closets, cellar; lot 40x157 feet.

CRAIG STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, bath and closet, gas; lot 33x192 feet. Easy terms.

QUEEN'S AVENUE—New brick two-story and attic, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, front and back stairs, all modern conveniences, splendid corner; lot 34x90 feet.

MAITLAND STREET — Brick-veneer story and half, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, bathroom complete, wired for electric light, cement walks.

OXFORD STREET—Brick two-story and attic, 6 bedrooms, double parlor, library, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, modern conveniences; fruit and shade trees, stable and poultry house; lot 140x150 feet; would trade for smaller house. Call for particulars.

RIDOUT STREET—Brick two-story and attic, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, hall, modern conveniences; lot 108x226 feet. A splendid home.

TALBOT STREET—Brick two-story and attic, stone foundation, slate roof, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, oak floors in all rooms downstairs, all modern conveniences, mantel and grate, house in splendid repair, newly papered, painted and grained, cement walks, stable, etc; lot 100x155 feet, $1,000 cash down, balance on time if desired.

HORTON STREET—Brick-veneer story and half, cement foundation, 3 bedrooms, with clothes closets, room for bath, parlor, dining-room, pantry, kitchen and summer kitchen, water and sink in house; lot 30x100 feet.

REDAN STREET—New brick-veneer story and half, 3 bedrooms, bath, pantry, summer kitchen, cellar, cement soft water cistern. Easy terms.

ELIZABETH STREET—New brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, 3 clothes closets, water in house, sink, piped for gas. Well built and cheap.

BEACONSFIELD AVENUE — New cement block, two-story and attic, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, scullery, veranda, all modern conveniences. Will sell cheap.

GROSVENOR STREET—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, hall, summer kitchen and clothes closets; lot 165x264 feet.

BRUCE STREET—Two-story brick, 3 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 30x160 feet.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Brick two-story and attic, 5 bedrooms, good parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, woodshed, all modern conveniences; lot 50x259 feet. Will sell cheap. Immediate possession.

DUNDAS STREET — Brick two-story stores, with dwellings above; dwelling, parlor, 4 bedrooms, dining-room and kitchen; barns, sheds.

VACANT LOTS — GROSVENOR STREET, BETWEEN COLBORNE AND MAITLAND STREETS. ONLY $5 PER FOOT.

For further list of properties see Free Press.

EDWARD STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, storeroom, kitchen, 4 clothes closets, bath, furnace, electric light and fixtures, front and back stairs, double cellar Only $2,200.

WANTED—FARMS OF FROM 2 TO 25 ACRES.

WANTED—PROPERTIES FOR SALE. NO CHARGE IF NOT SOLD BY OR THROUGH ME, AND THEN ONLY THE REGULAR REAL ESTATE AGENTS' COMMISSION. LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH ME, AND YOU WILL BE SURE OF HAVING IT WELL ADVERTISED.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THREE ACRES, just outside of the city limits—Two-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, furnace, bath, fruit and ornamental trees, new barn.

THOS. C. KNOTT,

'PHONE 650.

ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE.

Ever Increasing

A savings account is like a snowball—roll it along, and it will grow larger and larger, almost without your noticing it. You can open an account today by depositing $1, or as much more as you can; 4 per cent interest allowed.

PEOPLES BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

428 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

99c-t

Real Estate For Sale.

225 WORTLEY ROAD—Two-story modern house, stone foundation, mantel, gas, electric light. Will sell cheap.

VACANT LOT—227 Wortley road. $350.

1½-STORY HOUSE, Elmwood avenue; nearly finished; furnace, basement full size.

VACANT LOT—Elmwood avenue, $8 50 a foot.

13 BRIGHTON STREET—1½-story brick-veneer, cement block foundation. Price, $1,625.

15 BRIGHTON STREET — 1½-story brick-veneer, modern. Price, $1,725.

R. H. SMITH, Builder,

99k-t 15 BRIGHTON STREET.

If You Are Wanting

to sell your property at a fair valuation, it will pay you to place it in our hands. We have a thorough knowledge of the real estate business, and we are in a position to give each and every property placed in our hands a good advertising, as well as our personal attention. We make no charge unless the property is sold or exchanged.

IF YOU ARE WANTING

to buy farm, city, town, village or business properties, let us know your wants.

WANTED—A number of suburban properties.

The following are a few of the properties which we have for sale:

150 acres in the Township of SOUTH DORCHESTER; 140 acres cleared; soil clay loam, one-story frame house, frame barn and other outbuildings; one mile to school, three miles to Belmont.

100 acres in the Township of LONDON; soil clay loam, 1½-story frame house, two frame barns, other outbuildings; one mile to school, six miles to market, half-mile to postoffice. Will exchange for house and lot in London.

50 acres in the Township of TUCKERSMITH, County of Huron; soil clay loam, 1½-story frame house, frame barn; 2½ miles to Hensall market. Price, $2,700. Will exchange for town property.

50 acres in the Township of LONDON, seven miles from the city. Price, $1,500. Will exchange for other property.

For further particulars and fuller list apply

WM. NEEDHAM & SON,

418 Talbot Street, London, Ont.

J. F. SANGSTER'S LIST.

$3,000—Two-story brick, 5 bedrooms, bath, w.c., furnace, gas; deep lot; very central.

$2,400—1½-story new brick, modern; good location, north.

$4,600—Fine pair of new two-story brick dwellings, all modern improvements.

$1,500—Frame cottage, in south part of the city; three large lots, stable and good poultry house and yards.

$1,200—1½-story frame, brick foundation, in first-class repair; central.

J. F. SANGSTER,

b 112 Masonic Temple.

INSURANCE.

E. J. MACROBERT,

General and District Agent for Western Ontario. Fire, Life, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance effected. English, American and Canadian companies represented. Room 107, Masonic Temple, corner Richmond and King streets, London, Ont. Telephone 449. ywt

Queen Insurance Co'y.

Funds available for security of Queen policyholders, $64,000,000.

J. A. NELLES, Agent,

428 Richmond Street.

Phone 343. ywt

LIVERPOOL LONDON & GLOBE

ED. TOWE & CO.—Office, 216 (second floor), Masonic Temple. Fire, Life, Accident, Employers' Liability Insurance and Fidelity Bonds, Real Estate Loans. Phone 245. Residence phone 1,107. ssf

FOR SALE.

Fifty-acre farm, also 15 acres, on St. Clair River, near Courtright.

No. 3792—110 acres in the Township of Waterloo, County of Waterloo, 4½ miles from Berlin. Price, $4,200.

No. 3791—99 acres in the Township of East Nissouri, 4½ miles from railroad station; good frame house and outbuildings; an excellent farm. Price, $6,300.

No. 3786—40 acres in the Township of North Dorchester, 3 miles from Dorchester Station, 8 miles from London; 1½-story house, 9 rooms. Price, $2,000.

No. 3785—37-acre farm, three-quarters mile from Wellandsport P. O., in the County of Lincoln; frame house. Price, $1,200.

No. 3783—45 acres in Lambton County, 4 miles from Brigden; soil clay loam, oil well on property pumping 10 barrels. Price, $4,000.

No. 3772—100 acres in the Township of Westminster, 4 miles from London; 4 acres orchard, good house and barns, excellent silo. Price, $7,200.

No. 3767—50 acres in the County of Lincoln, 5 miles from Attercliffe; 1½-story frame house, barn with hip-roof. Price, $1,700.

No. 3736—92 acres in the Township of Bayham, County of Elgin, close to Eden school, church and postoffice; frame house and barns. Price, $4,000.

No. 49—16 acres of land, with two houses; one is a 1¾-story brick, with all modern conveniences; the other is a brick cottage, in good repair; only 2½ miles from London market, one mile to G. T. R. station; one acre orchard, choice apples and pears. Price, $3,500.

No. 45—10 acres of land, with stable, 60 fruit trees, apples, cherries, plums and pears, 4 acres of small fruits; situated half-mile outside the city.

No. 25—Five acres of land and good brick house, in the Township of London, half-mile from C. P. R. station, 2½ miles from London market. Price, $2,600.

No. 320—Frame cottage and lot on Clarence street; lot 110x110. Price, $800. A bargain.

No. 319—1½-story brick on Lorne avenue, 3 bedrooms; lot 33x150; also vacant lot, same size. Price, $1,800 for house and one lot, $1,850 for house and both lots.

No. 318—Fine two-story brick house on Queen's avenue, all modern; good lot, with fruit and shade trees. Price, $3,600.

See Free Press of this date for further list.

FULL PARTICULARS OF ABOVE ON APPLICATION.

WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, Limited

78 Dundas Street LONDON

Telephone 696

WELLAND CANAL

Tenders for Supplies for the Year 1906.

Sealed tenders for supplies, addressed to the superintending engineer, Welland Canal, St. Catharines, will be received until 16 o'clock on Tuesday, the 2nd of January, 1906, for the supply and delivery of various articles of timber, hardware, castings, fuel, paints, oils, etc., for use on the Welland Canal and its branches for the year 1906.

Specifications, forms of tender and other information may be obtained at the superintending engineer's office, St. Catharines, on and after Monday, the 11th December, 1905.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By order,

L. K. JONES, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 11th December, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it. 991-tyw

OSTEOPATHY.

H. V. CATON, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN—Chronic diseases. 664 Richmond street. Phone 1,572.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

ELIZABETH STREET AND PRINCESS AVENUE—A new solid brick cottage, 7 rooms, finished in style; connected with sewer; nice lot. Inspect at once.

NELSON STREET, near Clarence street—A brick cottage, on cement foundation, 6 rooms, in good order; lot 47x204 feet. Price, $700; cheap property.

CENTRAL AVENUE, near Victoria Park—Two semi-detached brick cottages, 5 rooms each, in good order; lot 50x133.6 to a lane. At a reasonable price. These cottages are always rented.

KING STREET, near Glebe street—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 32x150 feet. Owner leaving for the Northwest. Call within a few days.

FORWARD AVENUE—A splendid brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, 2 kitchens, frame barn, with 1¾ acres of good land, high and dry. Inquire at once.

PHILIP STREET—A large frame cottage, 7 rooms, in good order; lot 62x110 feet. Price, $1,050.

PRINCESS AVENUE, close to Victoria Park — Two-story brick house, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, furnace and vegetable cellars, all modern improvements; lot 33x210 feet. Price, $3,000; cheap property.

EGERTON STREET, near the Hamilton road—A new 1½-story brick house, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and 4 bedrooms; nice lot. Price, $1,200. Call at once.

TALBOT STREET—A new modern two-story brick house, 9 rooms; corner lot. Price, $3,300.

A SPLENDID CORNER LOT on Becher street, for $550. Call at once.

ONTARIO STREET—1½-story frame house, 7 rooms, in good order; large lot; in a desirable location. Will close for $1,250.

PRINCESS AVENUE—A new 1½-story brick house, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 33x137 feet. Price, $1,950.

ADELAIDE STREET, near Central avenue—1½-story frame house, almost new, brick foundation, large cellar; 7 rooms; in perfect order; lot 33x150 feet. Price, $1,500.

HILL STREET—A splendid frame cottage, on brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, cellar, sewer connections; lot 40x165 feet. Price, $1,500. Inspection invited.

A SPLENDID FARM in the Township of London, 9 miles from this city; good buildings and well fenced. At a reasonable price.

CHEAP LOTS on the Hamilton road, Redan and Grey streets.

If you want to dispose of your property, list it with us. The real estate business was never better.

P. WALSH,

Phone 1,021. - 110 Dundas St.

London Loan Company of Canada.

Dividend No. 57.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6% per annum for the current half year has been declared, payable after Jan. 1 next.

93k-t M. J. KENT, Manager.

The Peoples Building & Loan Association, London, Ont.

Dividend No. 21.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT per annum upon the fully paid-up capital stock of the association for the current half-year has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the association's office on and after

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1906.

The transfer books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st inst., both days inclusive. WILLIAM SPITTAL,

Secretary.

London, Ont., Dec. 11, 1905. 99c-t

AGRICULTURAL SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

DIVIDEND NO. 67.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of

SIX PER CENT

per annum has been declared for the current half year upon the Capital Stock, payable on and after 2nd January next.

Transfer Books closed from 15th to the 31st instant. C. P. BUTLER,

London, Dec. 4, 1905. Manager.

93k-t

The Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company.

Half-Yearly Dividend No. 83.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four and one-half per cent for the current half year, being at the rate of nine per cent per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this company, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the company's office in this city on and after

Tuesday, January 2, 1905.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 31st December, both days inclusive.

GEO. A. SOMERVILLE,

London, Nov. 27, 1905. Manager.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and indorsed "Tender for Hamilton Wharf," will be received at this office up to and including Feb. 5, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a wharf in the City of Hamilton, Wentworth County, Ont., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., resident engineer, Confederation Life building, Toronto, on application to the postmaster of Hamilton, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted check on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for eight thousand dollars ($8,000), must accompany each tender. The check will be forfeited if the party tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order,

FRED GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Dec. 16, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it. 1c-ywt

Administrators' Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of Martin Gould, late of the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, gentleman, deceased:

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the statute in that behalf, that all persons having claims against Martin Gould, late of the City of London, aforesaid, who died on or about the 13th day of October, 1905, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned, on or before the 31st day of January next, 1906, their names and addresses, with full particulars of their claim and the nature of the security, if any, held by them, and after that date the administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of those by whom notice shall have been given, and that the administrators will not be liable for the assets so distributed to any person of whose claim they shall then have notice.

THE LONDON AND WESTERN TRUSTS COMPANY, LIMITED, administrators, by GIBBONS, HARPER & GIBBONS, their solicitors, London, Ont. 8u-6

PLAGUE ADDS TO RUSSIAN HORRORS

Impossible to Isolate the Dread Disease.

DID STRIKE LEADERS BLUNDER

A Dispatch From St. Petersburg Announces That Government Is More Than Holding Its Own.

Berlin, Dec. 22.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Tageblatt telegraphs as follows, under today's date. "Slowly and surely the danger of a great plague epidemic advances. Nothing more can be done to suppress it and already the indication covers an area of 180 to 360 miles. Owing to the lack of doctors it is impossible to isolate the disease.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 22, 1:20 p.m. — There was some extension of the strike today in St. Petersburg, but the Government plainly holds the upper hand here. The success of the strike generally speaking depends on its development in Moscow and other places of the interior.

Evidently the leaders hope to precipitate matters at Moscow with the view of setting up a provisional government there if they can effect a split in the army, and also to secure possession of other towns, as they did in the case of Kharkoff, but their plans have not matured. They seem to be striking wildly and blindly.

The Government, it is now apparent, took the revolutionists off their guard and forced the issue, preferring a test of strength before the workmen's organization was complete, confident that a defeat would greatly impair the prestige of the revolutionary leaders among their followers and afford the Government time to marshal the forces of conservatism, which are disgusted with the prevailing chaos and give the Government time to hold the elections.

Some Trains Stopped.

The final decision in regard to the electoral law is expected to be taken at Tsarskoe-Selo today. The minority in the cabinet is understood to favor universal suffrage, but Premier Witte will present both the majority and minority reports to the Emperor. The railway men's strike committee made heroic efforts to stop trains from being run out of St. Petersburg today and succeeded in inducing practically all the station and roundhouse men and many of the trainmen who remained on duty yesterday to join in the strike.

The Russ, evidently discounting the failure of the strike, today declares that in any event "Every defeat is a revolution victory, and every victory of the Government approaches its final surrender.

It is reported here that the disorders at Pskoff, 162 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, has assumed great dimensions, and at Vilorsk, on the Warsaw Line, a squadron of dragoons has been besieged for three days.

The news from the Baltic Provinces continues bad. Frederickstad has been taken by the insurgents, and Kreutsburg is surrounded and standing a siege.

Leaders Blundered.

Some of the strike leaders already discouraged by the prospect of failure do not hesitate to say that the decision to accept the challenge of the Government, while the organizations were unprepared, was a blunder and that it can only be recommenced by forcing a conifct which will arouse the populace.

Several attempts at red-flag demonstrations in the Vassil district were dispersed today by Cossacks.

There were several attacks on strikers by non-union workmen, who fear that the strike will jeopardize the gratuities usually received by them during the Russian Christmas.

The Circum-Baikal Railway has been destroyed for a considerable distance by falling rocks.

It is suspected that this destruction is the work of the revolutionaries who are interested in stopping the return of troops from the Far East at this time.

M. C. R. TO DISAPPEAR

After 1906 Will Be Known as the New York Central.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 22.—Gradually during the coming year that well-known line, "Michigan Central," will disappear from all the cars, locomotives and stations of that railroad system. In its place will be painted the words, "New York Central Lines."

This change is also being made on all other lines of the Vanderbilt system, that travelers and the public may understand the extent and ramifications of the New York Central lines. The identity of the particular line will be maintained by small lettering at the end of the car or locomotive designating the original owning line. The Nickle Plate will be the only line exempt from this rule, as it parallels the Lake Shore, and the laws of Ohio prevent even a suggestion of consolidation of parallel lines.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

THE WEATHER TODAY Rain or snow.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE.

FINAL HOURS

Climax of Christmas shopping is reached today. That there will be big crowds in the store today goes without saying. But we will do our utmost to satisfy you all. And where in Western Ontario will you find as commodious a store, as large a stock of suitable, sensible Christmas gifts, as big a force of sales clerks to wait on you, as at the

SATISFACTORY STORE?

Time is extra valuable today. As a help we list a large collection of appropriate Christmas gifts. But it is only a mere handful of suggestions in comparison to the multitude of Christmas gifts that you'll see when you visit the store.

PLEASE TAKE SMALL PARCELS WITH YOU

For Men

SMOKING JACKETS, $4.50 to $9.50.

BATH ROBES, $3.75 to $6.75.

HANDKERCHIEFS, Linen $1.65 to $4.50 dozen. Silk, 25c to 75c each.

UNDERWEAR, 50c to $1.75 garment.

TRAVELING CASES, $2.75 to $15.00.

SHAVING SETS, $1.50 to $5.50.

GLASS TOBACCO JARS, Silver Tops, $1.25.

MILITARY BRUSHES, 89c to $4.50 pair. Special values in Real Ebony at pair, $1.00 and $1.25.

CLOTHES BRUSHES, $1.00 and $1.25.

SHAVING MIRRORS, $1.25 to $2.00.

PURSES, 75c to $1.75.

BILL BOOKS, $1.50.

CARD CASES, 95c.

WRITING FOLIOS, $5.00 to $6.50.

UMBRELLAS, $1.00 to $8.00.

GLOVES, 85c to $1.75.

SOCKS, Cashmere, Lisle Thread, Wool, Cotton, Embroidered, 10c to $1.00 pair.

LINEN BATH TOWELS, 50c to $1.35 each.

SILK MUFFLERS, 75c and $1.00.

For Baby

BEARSKIN AND ANGORA BONNETS, 50c to $2.00.

BOOTEES, Silk, Wool, 12½c to 75c.

SILK KIMONOS, $2.00.

RATTLES, 10c and 20c.

RUBBER TOYS, 12½c to 80c.

KINDERGARTEN QUILTS, $1.25 to $3.00.

MANY KINDS OF MECHANICAL TOYS.

For Ladies

HANDKERCHIEFS Pure Linen, Lace and Hand-Embroidered, 10c to $13 each.

GLOVES, 75c to $2.00 each.

UMBRELLAS, $1.00 to $15.00.

FURS Ruffs, Muffs, Ties, etc., Various Prices.

FUR COATS, $30 to $175.

FUR-LINED COATS, $32 to $80.

WAISTS, Jap Silk, Peau de Soie, Louisine, Lace, etc., $2 to $14.

HOSIERY, Silk, Plain and Lace Lisle Thread, Embroidered and Plain Cashmere, 25c to $4.50 pair.

LOUNGING ROBES, Silk, $8.75 to $19. Velour, $2.50 to $18.00.

DRESSING SACQUES, Eiderdown and Knitted Wool, $2.00 to $3.75, Silk, $4.50 to $6.50.

SHAWLS AND FASCINATORS, Silk, Wool, Iced Wool, Chenille, etc., 25c to $3.00.

COATS, WALKING SKIRTS, AND TAILOR-MADE SUITS, Smart Styles. Many Prices.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS AND DAINTY WASH GOODS, Waist or Dress Lengths at Various prices.

BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SETS, $1.75 to $8.00.

EBONY HAND MIRRORS, $1.00 and $1.50.

CREPE DE CHINE SCARFS Just arrived, Pale Blue and Pure White, 85c to $2.00.

OPERA GLASSES, $8.00 to $11.00.

PURSES, 25c to $2.50.

CARD CASES, 95c to $2.50.

MUSIC FOLIOS, $2.25 to $3.50.

LEATHER TRAVELING, GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF CASES, $1.85 to $16.50.

WORK BASKETS, 50c to $4.00.

JAP SILK UNDERWEAR, $2.00 to $4.00.

APRONS, 25c to $1.25.

JAP SILK WAIST SETS, Hand-Embroidered, neatly boxed, Each, $5.00.

STYLISH HATS, Prices too numerous to mention.

FANS, 75c to $2.50.

LAUNDRY BAGS, 25c to $1.00.

SOFA CUSHIONS, $2.99 to $8.25.

KNITTED GOLF JACKETS, $1.75 to $3.50.

LADIES' CARDIGANS AND SLEEVELESS VESTS, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

UNDERSKIRTS, Black Sateen, 98c to $3.25. Silk, $4.50 to $16.50.

NEW VEILINGS, Fresh from France. 25c to 50c yard.

GLOVE COUPONS, Issued when size and color of glove desired for gifts are unknown.

GREAT VARIETY OF PILLOWS, PILLOW TOPS, GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF CASES, BASKETS of all kinds, CROCHET SLIPPERS, EMBROIDERED CENTER PIECES, etc., in the ART DEPARTMENT.

For Chidren

GLOVES, 65c to 85c.

UNDERWEAR, 25c to 85c.

HOSE, Cashmere, Silk, Wool, Ribbed, Plain and Lace Lisle Thread, 18c to $1.00.

TOBOGGAN CAPS, 25c to 50c.

UMBRELLAS, 50c to 89c.

Dress and Waist Lengths of SILK, DRESS AND WASH GOODS.

FURS Many varieties and prices.

MUSIC FOLIOS, $2.25 to $3.50.

APRONS, 45c to $1.35.

UNDERSKIRTS, Flannel and Flannelette, 19c to $1.00.

GOLF JACKETS, $1.35 and $1.75.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES, Cashmere, Flannelette, Silk and Serge, 65c to $4.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS, Colored, 45c to 75c dozen.

Toytown News

We've done an immense business this season. But there are still numerous toy left to make your youngsters happy. Come with the crowd today, and just these hints:

BEDS for the young mothers of dolls. These are nicely made in oak finish. Can be taken apart just like a real bed. Each 15c, and 25c

ELECTRIC BATTERIES afford a lot of shocking amusements. Can be regulated so as to give any strength of shock desired $1.00

Mighty good value is a MAGIC LANTERN with 12 views for $1.00

HORSE rushes down an incline and jumps a hurdle. Very realistic. No spring to break. Price 25c

For the Home

COMFORTERS, $1.19 to $22.50.

WOOL BLANKETS, $2.59 to $7.75.

QUILTS, 75c to $5.00.

PILLOWS, $1.25 to $4.00.

TAPESTRY TABLE COVERS, 29c to $13.50.

LACE CURTAINS, 50c to $24.00.

PORTIERES, $3.00 to $10.00.

LACE BED SETS, $5.50 to $25.00.

PURE LINENS,

Table Cloths ..... $1.25 to $27
Doyleys ..... 10c to $1.00
Napkins ..... $1.15 to $21
Table Sets ..... $2.80 to $37.50
Shams, pair ..... $1.30 to $9.00
Bed Spreads, each ..... $7 to $27
Scarfs ..... 35c to $8.00
Sheets ..... $3.75 to $12.00
Pillow Slips, pair $1.75 to $2.15

CANDLE STICK, Complete with shade and a holder, 25c.

FANCY CANDLE STICKS, Separate, each, 60c.

CARPET SWEEPERS, $2.25 to $3.75.

ART SILKS, 75c yard.

LATE ARRIVALS

JAPANESE KIMONOS, Fancy designs, Each $1.50.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM, 149, 151, 153 and 155 Dundas Street.

The Purchasing Power Behind the unexcelled home circulation of THE LONDON ADVERTISER Is what makes Advertisers know it pays

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

GRAND Christmas Day, Matinee & Night

The Funniest Farce Since "Charley's Aunt."

The Arrival of Kitty

By Norman Lee Swartwood.

Presented by a cast of clever comedians.

Mat. 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Evg. 25c, 50c, 75c

4 Days, commencing Tuesday, Dec. 26. **The American Vitagraph** Return engagement Everything new. Mat. daily. Seats 15c, 25c

---

BENNETT'S

CHRISTMAS WEEK OFFERINGS.

GEORGIA GARDNER & CO.
Presenting the Mirthful, Farcical Sketch, "Too Many Darlings."

PIERCE & ROSLYN
Sweetest Singers in Vaudeville. The Two Toreadors.

TALBOT & ROGERS
Two Inimitable Comedians.

PETE BAKER.
The Famous Dutch Comedian.

HERBERT, "THE FROGMAN."

NEFF AND MILLER.
Singers, Dancers, Comedians.

BARNEY FIRST,
Hebrew Delineator.

Special Holiday Matinee, Monday,
CHRISTMAS DAY
Full orchestra. Regular evening prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, and a few seats at 50c.
Regular daily matinee, 10c and 15c.

POLO TONIGHT AFTER ROLLER skating at Jubilee Rink. Hortons vs. Jubilees. Admission, 10c. b

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—St. Mary's Hall, Lyle street. A boys' operetta will be presented on Thursday evening, Dec. 28. It will be very amusing. Admission, 25c. 5i

Allan Line Tickets to bring your friends from the Old Country at low rates. F. B. Clarke, agent, Richmond street, next new Bank of Commerce building.

F. B. CLARKE, RICHMOND STREET, next Bank of Commerce new building, sells foreign checks, cable transfers, express orders. Money exchanged.

LECTURE, UNDER THE AUSPICES of the London Froebel Society—Professor Richard G. Moulton, University of Chicago, Feb. 2, 3 and 5. Five lectures. Single lecture, 25c; course tickets, $1. 29e-t

CHOICEST MUSIC FURNISHED FOR private parties, balls, banquets, etc. Telephone 1,265. Tony Vita's Italian Harpers, 122 Queen's avenue.

TONY CORTESE — THE ORIGINAL London Harpers. Music furnished for all occasions. 161 Maple street. Telephone 1,570.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING BY R. B. Millard. Waltz, Two-Step. Lessons any hour. Residence and academy, 345 Princess avenue.

625 PUPILS ATTENDED LONDON CONSERVATORY Music last year. Mr. Barron hears all pupils play, and gives reports.

GRUBER'S HARP ORCHESTRA, OR pianist for all engagements. 245 Talbot street. Telephone 1050.

LONDON MINERAL BATHS — NEW baths now open. Everything new.

DANCING — NEW TERMS: LADIES and children, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6; gentlemen, Monday evening, Jan. 8; ladies, Tuesday evening, Jan. 9. Advanced class, ladies and gentlemen, Wednesday evening, Jan. 10. Academy open evenings. Call and register. Dayton & McCormick. Phone 1774.

MEETINGS.

MYRTLE LODGE, NO. 2, K. P.—A meeting will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 26. Business, election of officers. Visiting Knights welcome. Walter Toll, K. R. and S. b

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

GIRLS WANTED IN IRONING DEPARTMENT. Apply the Parisian Steam Laundry. 3c

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—CANADIAN COAT OF ARMS belt buckle. Reward for return to 233 Richmond street. b

LOST, IN VICINITY OF POSTOFFICE —Wallet containing papers. Finder please return to this office. b

LOST, ON FRIDAY EVENING—A black cord bag, containing a purse and small sum of money. Finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving the same at this office. b

STRAYED OR STOLEN FROM THE premises of the undersigned, lot 22, con. 2, Dunwich, or about Dec. 8, 22 sheep, mostly Oxfords; $25 reward will be given for information leading to their recovery. Dugald Campbell, Cowal P. O. 5k

IF YOUNG WOMAN WHO PICKED UP three $5 bills at Wood's Fair Tuesday afternoon, will return same to Wood's Fair, she will receive $5 reward. 3c

STRAYED—RED YEARLING HEIFER, from lot 22, con. 11, London Township. Any information leading to recovery will be suitably rewarded. J. H. Patrick, Ilderton. 100n

BUSINESS CHANCES.

COUNTRY STORE TO RENT, WITH A small stock of goods for sale; postoffice in store; daily mail will go to tenant; no opposition. Apply Box 25, Advertiser, London. 1bu

PERSONAL.

FREE—YOUR FORTUNE TOLD. FUTURE and past revealed; surprising, by America's eminent philosopher, astrologist, clairvoyant. St. John, 12 Sheldon street, Chicago. Send birth date and stamp. Know thyself. b

WANTED.

HORSEHIDES WANTED — HIGHEST price paid. The London Soap Company. 4tf

WANTED — LONDON LOAN COMPANY'S stock. John Wright, stock broker, London, Ont. Phone 693.

HELP WANTED.

ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY earn a good income corresponding for newspapers; no canvassing; experience unnecessary. Send for particulars. Northern Press Syndicate, Lockport, N. Y.

YORK COUNTY LOAN AGENTS should mail us their names and addresses in city or county, if they desire profitable employment. Address Box 426 London. 5c-txt

CLEANERS AND DYERS.

LANGLEY, MY VALET—CLEANING, pressing, repairing. 283 Dundas street. Phone 1,721. Wagon calls.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS

MARRIAGES.

WILLIAMS—FERGUSON—At the First Methodist Church, London, by Rev. J. W. Graham, on Dec. 23, 1905, Miss Olive M. Fergson, daughter of the late J. H. Ferguson, to George Leys Williams, of Sarnia, son of W. Williams, Sarnia.

DEATHS.

COOKE—In St. George, at 6 a.m., on Friday, Dec. 22, 1905, Andrew A. Cooke, in his 54th year, formerly of London.

The funeral will take place from the residence of his brother-in-law, G. B. Patten, at 2:30 p.m., on Sunday, Dec. 24, to the Baptist Cemetery, St. George. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation.

ERRINGTON—In this city, on Dec. 22, 1905, Frederick J. Errington, beloved husband of Sarah Errington, aged 59 years, 9 months and 20 days.

Funeral from his late residence, 590 English street, on Monday, Dec. 25, at 2:30 p.m.; service at 2 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Woodland Cemetery.

SAMPSON—At Hyde Park, on Friday, Dec. 22, 1905, Simon Sampson, aged 72 years and 6 months.

Funeral from his late residence, in the village of Hyde Park, on Monday, Dec. 25, at 2:30 p.m.; services at 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances kindly accept this intimation. Woodmen of the World please attend.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—MAN WITH SOME EXPERIENCE, to solicit trade and deliver goods. Box 27, this office. 5u

WANTED—ELDERLY MAN OR STOUT youth to carry sign on streets; moderate salary; permanent position. Bennett's Vaudeville Theater. b

AGENTS WANTED 1.1..VGsl $12 PER 1,000 CASH, TO DISTRIBUTE circulars; inclose stamp. C. H. Rowan, Toronto, Canada. 4n

BANDMASTER WANTED — WANTED for the Seventh Regiment of Fusiliers, London, Canada, bandmaster; must have military training. Apply to Capt. W. J. Reid, president of band committee, stating experience and qualifications. 99u-t

BE A TELEGRAPHER — YOU CAN qualify for a position at from forty-five to sixty dollars per month in from four to seven months. Our handsomely illustrated new telegraph book gives full particulars. A postal, giving your name and address, brings it. Write today. B. W. Somers, principal, Dominion School of Telegraphy and Railroading, Toronto. t

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY DISTRICT to sell household specialty; liberal commission; good seller; move quick. Kenwood, 400 Cannon street east, Hamilton. 3c

TRAVELERS WANTED. APPLY 355-357 Clarence street, London.

HOUSES, ROOMS, TO LET.

TO LET—LARGE WARM FURNISHED bedroom, suitable for gentlemen. 187 King street. b

TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOM, WITH board or without. 309 Dundas street, near Wellington street. 5c

FLAT TO LET—100 BY 20 FEET; WELL lighted, electric power, shipping facilities on ground floor. Apply 350 Richmond street. 5i

UPPER FLAT TO LET — SUITABLE for office. Apply 109 Dundas street. 3tf-tyw

ROOMS TO RENT, NEAR McCLARY works. Apply to Mr. McKay, grocer, corner Hill and William; bring references. 4c

FOR RENT—HOUSES, $5, $6, $7, $8, $10 and $12 per month. Scarrow, 233 Dundas street. 99tf

TO LET OR FOR SALE—1½-STORY brick, 189 Bruce, near Ridout; possession after Dec. 20. Apply on premises. 91tf

FOREST CITY IMPROVED MOVING vans—W. Broughton, 340 Central avenue. Phone 1,444.

TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VANS. Furniture carefully handled. John Biggs, Cathcart and Bruce streets, South London. Phone 310.

PEOPLE'S MOVING VANS—LARGEST in city. A. Henderson, corner Colborne and Cheapside. Phone 1,724.

DERMATOLOGY.

MISS BEATTIE, GRADUATE GRAHAM Dermatological School, Chicago—Superfluous hair, moles, warts, permanently removed. Chiropody and manicuring. Room 35, Bank of Toronto. tzx

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, facial blemishes, removed by electrolysis. Manicuring, shampooing, scalp treatment. Butler's Dermatological Parlors, 235½ Dundas.

SLATE ROOFING.

SLATE ROOFING, ASPHALT, CEMENT paint for iron roofs. Walter Scott, 504 York street, London.

ARCHITECTS.

H. C. McBRIDE, ARCHITECT—SIXTH floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers.

MOORE & HENRY—
ARCHITECTS, LAND SURVEYERS, CIVIL ENGINEERS.
John M. Moore. Frederick Henry.

REMOVAL — GEORGE CRADDOCK, architect, 461 Talbot.

WILLIAM G. MURRAY, ARCHITECT—114, second floor, Masonic Temple. Phone 1,557.

HERBERT MATTHEWS, ARCHITECT. W. Fletcher Shepherd (late of Toronto), architect, Duffield block. Phone.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STRATFOLD & BAWDEN, CONTRACTING Plasterers. Agents for Paristone hard wall plaster. Phone 1,460. Henry Stratfold, 427 Waterloo. ywt

T. EDWARDS — FURNITURE, ETC., packed, removed or stored. Furniture repaired, refinished. 85 Bruce street.

JOHN TOM—LAUNDRY, 312½ DUNDAS. Goods called for and delivered. Tea, ginger, Chinese fans, handkerchiefs. Phone 1808.

J. HARRIS & CO.—REMOVED TO 728 Simcoe, opposite London and Petrolea Barrel Works.

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

AMERICAN CORN FOR SALE AT Turnbull's Elevator, Komoka. tyw

HANDSOME LARGE BIRDCAGE, FIVE feet by three; cost $65; will take $12, if sold at once. Apply Box 26, Advertiser. b

GORDON PRESS, FOOT POWER, cheap; also type and small, complete outfit. 352 Clarence street, London. 98tf-t

FOR SALE — McCLARY FAMOUS baseburner for sale. 477 English street. 3c

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—ODD PIECES, morris chairs, couches and stools. Patten, the Upholsterer.

IN GOOD CONDITION—SECOND-HAND sewing machines, from $5 up. What better than the Raymond Sewing Machine for a Christmas present? $2 down, $2 per month. Prices right, terms easy. 217 Dundas.

SPRINGS, MATTRESSES AND IRON beds. Special low prices this week at Keene Bros., 125 and 127 King street.

UNDERSKIRTS—
Made to order. Silk, Taffatine, Sateen and Cambric. CORSETS made to order only. The only corset that is made with WALHON CORSET CLASP. Absolutely sweat proof. Thin and smooth, and forms its own cushion. Canadian Lady Corset Co., 474 Dundas St., London. ywt

SOUTHCOTT & KETTLE—THE NEW coal and wood yard, corner Maitland and G. T. R. Phone 299. ywt

CHRISTMAS TREES—ALL VARIETIES, from 10c upwards. All other trees in season. Pruning grape vines and all trees done now. Also instructions given. G. Baker, London Nursery, Ridout street south. 97n-wtyxwt

INCUBATOR AND BROODER FOR sale. Apply J. L. Williamson, Dorchester. 3cwtw

FOR SALE — ONE COUNTER, TWO showcases; first-class. Apply 256 Richmond street. 98h

SHOES REPAIRED—CALLED FOR AND delivered. Phone 1895. Wm. Paxman, 290 Dundas.

FRESH FISH NOW ON SALE—SEE what we have. F. S. Oan, Fish Market. Phone 1,296.

ELEVATOR, ENGINE, STEAM PUMPS and heavy machinery repairs. D. McKenzie & Co. Phone 1141.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!—BEST HARDWOOD, $7 50 per cord. Marcel Hoehn & Son, 695 York street. Phone 1715. 91tf

15% OFF ANY BUGGY FOR ONE WEEK only, at J. W. Smith's.

MAGNIFICENT HIGH-TOP WALNUT organ, 9 stops, good as new, guaranteed 5 years, only $25, payable 50 cents a week; a good square piano, also an English upright piano, in good condition, guaranteed, splendid for practicing, only $50, payable 50 cents a week. Call or write quickly. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas, corner Clarence street.

LUMBER.

As we are about to remove to our new yard and planing mill, Rectory street, we are offering our stock at reduced prices in order to clean out our old yard. Call and see us for prices. GEO. H. BELTON, corner Clarence and Bathurst streets. xt

GOLD LETTERING
ON BIBLES, LEATHER GOODS, ETC.
FANCY LEATHER
FOR BURNT-WORK—ALL COLORS.
CHAPMAN'S BINDERY,
91 DUNDAS STREET. xt

CLEARING SALE OF SEWING MACHINES—New machines, $16 up. J. H. Cunningham, Dundas street, East London.

SUNGLEE IS GUARANTEED TO RESTORE hair. Accept no substitute. Sole agent, James T. Gleeson, 205 Dundas.

FOR SALE—LADIES' TAILORMADE suits, half price; also theater blouses. 185½ Dundas street.

D. H. GILLIES & CO., COAL AND wood dealers. Wood our specialty. Try load of wood. Corner Adelaide and Bathurst. Phone 1,222.

STOVES, RANGES, SECOND-HAND baseburners, at Keene's, 141 King. Large stock second-hand furniture on hand.

RAYMOND BROS., 172 KING, FOR coal bags, waterproof covers for horses and wagons.

PHOTO SUPPLIES, KODAKS AND Films. W. A. McKenzie, opposite City Hall, upstairs.

LEGAL CARDS.

EDMUND WELD—
Barrister, 425 Richmond Street.

W. H. BARTRAM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc. Office, 99 Dundas street.

BUCHNER & GUNN, BARRISTERS, etc., 83 Dundas street; phone 99. Money to loan, lowest rates. U. A. Buchner; J. M. Gunn, B.A.

FOLINSBEE & BARTRAM, BARRISTERS—Office, Bank of Toronto Chambers, and Front street, Strathroy. John Follinsbee; W. G. R. Bartram.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 189 Dundas street, near Richmond. Money at lowest rates.

A. GREENLEES, BARRISTER, ETC., Canadian Loan Company's building, Richmond street, London. Private funds to loan.

T. W. SCANDRETT, BARRISTER, solicitor, etc., 98 Dundas street, London.

GIBBONS, HARPER & GIBBONS, BARRISTERS, etc., London—Office, corner Richmond and Carling. George C. Gibbons, K.C.; Fred F. Harper; George S. Gibbons.

JARVIS & VINING, BARRISTERS, etc., 101 Dundas street. C. G. Jarvis; Jared Vining, B.A.

McEVOY & PERRIN, BARRISTERS, solicitors, Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

PURDOM & PURDOM, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Office, Masonic Temple building, corner Richmond and King streets, London, Ont. Thos. H. Purdom, K.C.; Alexander Purdom.

McKILLOP & MURPHY, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries, etc. Office, corner Richmond and Dundas, London. J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

TENNENT & COLERIDGE, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries, etc. Money to loan at lowest rate. 78 Dundas.

FITZGERALD & FITZGERALD, BARRISTERS. Money to loan. Masonic Temple, London.

R. M. C. TOOTHE, BARRISTER, ETC., Robinson Hall, opposite Court House. Specialty, office work and consultations.

CRONYN & BETTS, BARRISTERS, solicitors, notaries public, etc. Huron and Erie building.

LIVERIES AND HACKS.

KING EDWARD LIVERY, WELLINGTON street—Rubber-tired hacks, coupes, etc. Phone 503. Branch, corner Bathurst and Richmond. Phone 634. A. G. Stroyan.

DYER'S LIVERY, NEXT ADVERTISER —Telephone 1,277. Coupes, hacks, etc. Open day and night.

J. H. HARRIS—LIVERY, 450 ST. JAMES. Cab, rubber-tired rigs, etc. Phone 1,383.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. T. T. Shields, pastor. The pastor will preach morning and evening.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH —Rev. Alfred Brown, pastor. Christmas services: Morning, "The Magi"; evening, special service of song by the choir. Cordial welcome.

BISHOP CRONYN MEMORIAL Church—Services, 11, 7. Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 or 11 a.m., or 7 p.m. Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., rector; Rev. Arthur Carlisle, B.A., assistant. Seats free.

CATHEDRAL, ST. PAUL'S—CHRISTMAS Day, 1905. Holy Communion, 7:30, 8:30 and noon. Morning prayer, 11 o'clock—Processional hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angel Sing"; "Venite" (Macfarren); Proper Psalms (Macfarren and Nares); "Te Deum" (Calkin, in D); "Jubilate Deo" (Calkin, in D); Creed of St. Athanasius; anthems, "Angels from the Realms of Glory" (F. Cowen); "Kyrie Eliesou" (Ross); Hymn No. 2, "And Now, O Father." Sermon, preacher, the Lord Bishop of Huron.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. George McAlister. Christmas services. Morning, "Shepherds"; evening, "Magi." Mr. Bleuthner, musical director.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH —Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. 11 a.m., 7 p.m., special service of praise. Sabbath school, 3 p.m.

CHANNING HALL, UNITARIAN, 276 Dundas street—Rev. V. J. Gilpin, B.A., minister. Service, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Idyll of Bethlehem."

CHRIST CHURCH — REV. R. S. W. Howard, M.A., rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Christmas Day services: Holy Communion at 8:30 a.m. Morning prayer and Holy Communion at 10:30 o'clock. Special music and church decorated.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS, KING STREET —Services by the pastor. Morning, "The Mission of Christ"; evening, "The Questioner Questioned." South Street services —Miss Cook, of Toronto.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST Church—Christmas Services of Praise. Preacher, Dr. Daniel.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Rev. E. B. Lanceley, the pastor, will preach at both services. Sermons appropriate to the day. At the evening service the full choir and soloists will render the sacred cantata, "The Nativity," under the direction of Mr. Parnell Morris.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—I. B. Wallwin, B.A., pastor, 11 a.m., Christmas sermon; 7 p.m., "Why Less Hotels?" Christmas music. Cordial welcome to all.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. D. S. Hamilton, will preach, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Christmas themes and special Christmas music.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—REV. J. W. Graham, pastor. The pastor will preach at both services, which will be of a Christmas character. Morning theme, "The Lord's Day"; evening theme, "The Star of Bethlehem." An open session of the Sunday School at 2:45 in the afternoon. Special Christmas music at all of the services.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—11 a.m., Rev. W. J. Clark; John iii., 22 to 36; 3 p.m., Sabbath School and Bible Classes; 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. Clark; Christmas service.

GOSPEL HALL—CORNER COLBORNE and Horton streets—Gospel meeting every Sunday evening, 7 p.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—Rev. D. E. Martin, pastor. 11, Christmas sermon; 7, "Our Religion a Double Blessing." Special music.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—The pastor, Rev. Jas. Rollins, B.A., will conduct Christmas services. Morning subject, "The Word Made Flesh." Anthem, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Stainer); solo, "The Babe of Bethlehem" (Dyre), Miss Margaret Mowat, soprano. Evening subject, "Mary, Joseph and Emmanuel." Anthem, "Sing, O Heavens" (Tours); anthem, "To Victory!" (Neidlinger); solo, "Hail the Night, All Hail the Morn" (Wiegand), Mr. Frank Webster, baritone; violin obligato, Mr. Roselle Pococke. Strangers welcome.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS, MAITLAND street—Preaching, 11 and 7; evening subject, by Elder Mortimore, "Ambrahamic Covenant." All welcome.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—REV. JAS. Ross, D.D., pastor. Morning, "The Fullness of Time"; evening, "License Reduction." Minister's Bible Class at 3; "Providence." Special music morning and evening.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON —Dean Davis, rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST—SERVICE at 11 a.m. by the rector, Rev. W. T. Hill. "Venite," "Te Deum" (Woodward), "Jubilate" (Nevin), "Kyries" (Dr. Nares); anthem, "The Birthday of a King" (Neidlinger); solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" ("Messiah").

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, West London—Pastor, Rev. Thomas Nixon, Ph.D. Sabbath School, 3 o'clock; public worship, 7 p.m.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Ross, pastor. Morning, "The Conduct of the Shepherds." In the evening the pastor will continue his address upon "Fools," taking "The Rationalistic Fool" as the one. Baptism after the morning service. Both services will possess throughout the spirit and the thought of Christmas. All welcome.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. Jas. Livingstone, pastor. Morning subject, "Christ." Anthem, "Te Deum" in D (Woodward); solo, "Bright in the East." (Hansbom). Evening subject, "The Sorrowing of Christ." Anthem, "Sing O Heaven"; solo, "I Hear the Glad Song" (Nevin).

YORK STREET MISSION HALL — Morning, Mr. F. A. Smith. Evening subject, "First Coming of Christ." Preacher, Evangelist Belcher.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES, BEING NORTH half lot 10, con. 5, London Township; soil sandy loam, good state of cultivation, mostly grass. Apply Ralph Bros., lot 11 con. 7, or by letter to Ballymote, Ont. ywt

TWO-STORY BRICK, 5 BEDROOMS, double parlors, grate, front and back stairs, bath, w.c., furnace, gas light, deep lot; central, $3,000. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple. 91tf

HOTEL CARDS.

DOMINION HOUSE, ADJOINING Grand Trunk Railway station, London. J. J. Cox, proprietor.

EDUCATIONAL.

NIGHT SCHOOL AT THE WESTERN Ontario Shorthand and Business College, 76 Dundas street, every Monday and Thursday evening. Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Touch Typewriting. Individual instruction. Pupils may join any time. William Coo, principal. 97tf-tyw

J. A. YOUNG PREPARES PUPILS FOR matriculation, etc. Class in civil service commencing. 349 Princess.

PUBLIC MEETING.

At the request of a number of ratepayers a public meeting will be held in the East End Hall on Tuesday evening, 26th inst., and in the City Hall on Friday evening, 29th inst., for the discussion of license reduction and other municipal questions.

5c-tyw CL. T. CAMPBELL, Mayor.

AUCTION SALE
of counters, shelving, counter showcases (oval) shelf cupboard, with glass doors, and other shop fixtures, at
Horton's, 179 Dundas Street, Wednesday, 3 p.m.
b A. M. HUNT, Auctioneer.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
Respectfully Solicited For
Chas. G. Moorhead
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1906
5k-tywt

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
Respectfully Solicited For
Geo. Rowntree
(Ex-Grocer)
AS ALDERMAN FOR 1906
5c-tyt

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN — EASY TERMS, lowest rate. Avery Casey, barrister, 98 Dundas street (upstairs), London.

PRIVATE FUNDS AT LOWEST RATES —M. P. McDonough, barrister, 413 Talbot street.

J. W. G. WINNETT, BARRISTER, solicitor. Money to loan. Marriage licenses. 418½ Talbot. ywt

PRIVATE AND TRUST FUNDS TO loan at 4½ to 5½% on real estate security, in sums to suit. No commission charged. T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 98 Dundas street, London.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN—LOWEST rate. Buchner & Gunn, 83 Dundas street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. Bartram, 99 Dundas street.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

NORA LITTLE, A.L.C.M., TEACHER of voice culture and singing, 383 Central avenue. zxt

ELIZABETH WALKER—VOICE CULTURE, piano, harmony, counterpoint. Exams. prepared. Phone 1,989. 316 King. ywt

VOICE CULTURE—EVA N. ROBLYN McKILLOP — Residence, 326 St. James street; phone 451. Concert engagements accepted. tx

E. W. GOETHE QUANTZ, ORGANIST New St. James, has resumed teaching. 316 Oxford street, or Central Conservatory.

W. A. BLUETHNER, TEACHER OF piano and harmony. Studio, Nordheimer's.

CHARLES E. WHEELER, ORGANIST St. Andrew's Church — Piano, organ, harmony, singing. Studio, 429 Waterloo. Phone 1,527.

GEORGE PHELPS, MEMBER LONDON Conservatory of Music, has recommenced teaching.

CYRIL DWIGHT-EDWARDS, BARITONE, late London, England—Instruction in art of absolute tone production, breathing and singing. Concert and other engagements. 356 Dundas.

LILLIAN G. WILSON—VOICE, PIANO, concert soprano. Soloist Dundas Center Methodist Church. 375 Maitland street.

JAS. CRESSWELL, VIOLIN TEACHER, director Grand Opera House Orchestra. Studio, 523 King.

VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING—J. Parnell Morris, 466 Queen's avenue.

J. W. FETHERSTON, ORGANIST WELLINGTON Street Church. Teacher singing, organ, piano, theory.

DENTAL CARDS.

DR. G. H. KENNEDY, DENTIST—Specialty, preservation of natural teeth. 175 Dundas street. Phone 975.

DR. S. M. THOMAS, DENTIST, 252½ Dundas, between Wellington and Clarence.

DR. WESTLAND, DENTIST—CHICAGO, post-graduate in Crown, Bridge and Porcelain Work. Philadelphia, post-graduate, Porcelain. Masonic Temple, first floor.

WOOLVERTON & BENTLEY, DENTISTS, 216 Dundas street, next Edy Bros., over Cairncross & Lawrence, druggists. Telephone 822.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. KINGSMILL, MEMBER ROYAL College Surgeons and Licentiate Royal College Physicians. Corner Park and Queen's avenues.

DR. W. J. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS. Phone 519. Special attention diseases women and surgery. X-rays.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 260 Queen's avenue. Special attention paid to surgery and diseases of women. Office hours, 11:30 to 4 p.m.

R. W. SHAW, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (England)—Office, 257 King street. Telephone 839.

DR. BAYLY, 211 QUEEN'S AVENUE—Specialty, diseases of children. Phone 827.

DR. P. J. MUGAN, CORNER KING AND Lyle streets. Phone 2,058.

HADLEY WILLIAMS, F. R. C. S. (England—Returned from Europe and resumed surgical practice. 439 Park avenue. Phone 324.

DR. MEEK, QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON — Specialty, diseases of women. Hours, 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

DR. NORMAN R. HENDERSON, 473 Park avenue, London, Ont. Eye, ear, nose and throat.

DR. G. McNEIL — OFFICE, 260 Queen's avenue. Telephone 265.

DR. D. H. ARNOTT, 226 QUEEN'S avenue. Hours, 11 to 3:30, 7 to 8. Phone 418.

DR. R. OVENS, EYE AND EAR SURGEON—Phone 1,019. Office, 225 Queen's avenue. Residence, 171 Queen's avenue.

F. L. BURDON, M.D., L.R.C.P. AND S., Edinburgh—Special attention diseases women, children. Office and residence, 461 Waterloo. Phone 258.

DR. ERNEST WILLIAMS, 398 DUNDAS —Hours, 11-2, 4-8. Phone 1,342.

DR. J. B. CAMPBELL, 390 DUNDAS street. Hours, 12 to 4 and 6 to 8.

DR. PINGEL, ELECTRICAL SPECIALIST, 444 Wellington street, London.

DR. WEEKES, 436 WATERLOO STREET —Hours, 11 to 3 and 7 to 8:30. 96tf

J. J. MASON, B.A., M.D., SOUTHEAST corner Dundas and Colborne. Phone 388.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOL, 619 Richmond street—Complete equipment. Specialties: Lung weakness, functional weakness of heart, corpulency, constipation removed, lateral curvature, any physical defect eradicated, boxing, fencing. Office hours, 10 to 11 a.m., and 7 to 8 p.m. Shower baths.

ON THE TRAIL OF STANDARD OIL

Report From Washington That Government Has Unearthed Damaging Evidence.

New York, Dec. 23. — A Washington dispatch to the Sun says:

It is intimated that the administration is about to extend its anti-trust campaign, and the report is current that the Standard Oil Company is one of the corporations that will figure in developments soon to appear. James R. Garfield, commissioner of corporations, will soon complete his inquiry into the operations of Standard Oil, and it is said that immediately following the publication of his report in January the administration will make clear what it intends to do with reference to allegations affecting this great concern.

In prosecuting his inquiry into the operations of the Standard Oil Company in Kansas and elsewhere, the commissioner of corporations has proceeded with great secrecy. Only the President, the Attorney-General, Assistant Attorney-General Purdy and the special agents engaged in the work are fully advised as to just what has been done. There is an impression in Washington that the Garfield inquiry has developed some important facts relative to the payment of rebates to the Standard Oil Company and its subsidiary companies since the Elkins act has been in force.

Attention is called to recent discriminations in favor of companies affiliated with the Standard, which has been disclosed incident to inquiries conducted by the interstate commerce commission. Mr. Garfield has instructed his special agents in the oil fields to forward their final reports as soon as possible. He has before him already an immense amount of information bearing upon the oil industry, and he is anxious to submit his findings to President Roosevelt at the earliest possible date.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS IS THIS WOMAN'S

The Heartfelt Outburst of One That Spent Most of Her Life in Prison.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 22. — Libbie Garrabrant, the life convict who has been pardoned after spending 35 of the 52 years of her life in the state prison here, is today joyous in the enjoyment of her freedom. Her friends deceived all watchers, and today refuse to reveal the resting place to which they have taken her, being determined to protect her from the intrusion of the curious.

When Libbie Garrabrant was told that she had been pardoned, she sank upon her knees and uttered a fervent prayer of thanks to the Almighty.

Then, lifting her pale, tear-stained face, and gazing steadily at those who stood about her, she said, "Thank God! Thank God! This will be the happiest Christmas of all my miserable life!"

Following her first outburst of gratitude to divine Providence the woman broke down and sobbed hysterically for many minutes. Several hours later she became comparatively quiet and could talk with a degree of calmness of the future.

"It seems almost too good to be true," she said, "to think that after all these years I am to go out into the world again a free woman — into the world which seems to me almost like a dream. And to think that all my friends are strangers; everybody has been so good to me. I only want to do whatever I can to prove to the world that I am worthy of the sympathy that has been bestowed upon me. I feel that I cannot be grateful enough."

She will be taken to some sanatorium, where she will be treated by experts until she feels able to go to relatives in Paterson.

GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE

Dan Curtin Makes Promises to P. M. and Is Released.

Daniel Curtin, a horse trainer, was this morning charged at the police court with neglecting to support his wife. Curtin, through his drinking habits, has found life a hard row and his wife and two children have found it even harder.

Curtin told the court that he has decided to quit drinking and that as soon as he can get a position he will pay his wife a weekly allowance. He was bailed in $500 to appear for sentence when called upon, he having pleaded guilty to the charge. A term in the penitentiary of two or three years awaits Curtin if he repeats the offense. By reason of the small wages of the accused, the magistrate found it rather hard to decide the matter. Out of $7 a week it was pretty hard for a man to board and also to keep a wife and two children.

James Harris was drunk and disorderly on Adelaide street last night. His offense was of such a nature that it could not be overlooked, and he was fined $5 or 21 days.

Louis A. Frothingham, the Republican candidate for mayor of Boston, was captain of one of the best football teams Harvard has ever had. He is only 34 years of age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—THE FINEST assortment of fancy back combs. Miller's Hair Store, 223 Dundas street.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

C. S. TAMLIN, VETERINARY SURGEON—Office, 351 Talbot; phone 965. Residence, 354 Oxford; phone 768.

TENNENT & BARNES, VETERINARY surgeons—Office, 137 King; residence and infirmary, corner King and Wellington. Phones: Office, 688; house, 275. Treatment of dogs a specialty.

Exquisite Violette Perfumes

The Violet is the Queen of Odorous Flowers. Violet Reine is the queen of perfumes prepared from it. So thought the judges of the Paris Exposition of 1900 when they awarded it the highest of all distinctions.

Only 60c per ounce.

ASK FOR OUR HANDSOME CALENDAR FOR 1906

Cairncross & Lawrence
Chemists and Druggists,
216 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Just Lovely for a Christmas Gift.

One of Our Artistic and Decorative

Aquariums

[We have them in all sizes and many beautiful designs.]

With one, two, three or a dozen frisky little

Gold Fish

Could anything be more truly pleasing for Her present?

Gammage & Sons
207 DUNDAS STREET.

BUT ONE CODE FOR NEW CHURCH

Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists Have Common Basis.

Toronto, Dec. 23. — The central committee, composed of representatives from the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches throughout the Dominion, has agreed upon a code of doctrines that will unify the three denominations into one great church, which it is proposed should be known as "The United Church of Canada."

The revised confession of faith of the American Presbyterian Church will be used. The new church is to be governed by the "general conference" after the Methodist form, with a president as the chief officer. Below this will be a council, after the Congregational idea, with a chairman at the head. The next body is to be "Presbytery," governed by a moderator.

Rev. J. C. Tolmie, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Windsor, expressed himself as delighted with the prospects for a union of the three churches in Canada.

"It is a move that the great minds in the three churches have been working on for some years," said Mr. Tolmie. "There is really very little difference in the form of worship in the three churches and personally I am greatly in favor of the proposed union. It will prevent overlapping in the mission fields in unorganized districts and enable us to carry out the work at far less cost. Any differences in the doctrines of the three churches should be laid aside in the public good.

"The three governing bodies of the churches do not meet until next June, so that no definite action can be taken until that time. However, the report of the central committee will be made public and we will have plenty of time to discuss the new code of doctrines proposed.

"By June the delegates to the different governing bodies of the churches should be well versed in the matter and be in a position to vote intelligently on the matter. I have no doubt but that the union of the churches will take place before another year passes. When it comes to pass

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1905.

Christmas.

Of all anniversaries, festivals, and holidays, there is no other like Christmas. When we were children our several birthdays were great days to us, but the twenty-fifth of December was even then the day of days. This has always been the day of feasting and rejoicing, of homecoming and giving of gifts. Of the many Christian festivals this is the most nearly universal, even Easter taking second place.

The history of Christmas, like that of Easter, illustrates the wisdom which mingled with the dovelike qualities of the early Christian movement. Easter was with the Teutonic tribes the feast of Eostre, goddess of Spring. The Christian missionaries, instead of denouncing the whole thing as idolatrous and the work of Satan, as many modern apostles would have done, adopted the festival with all its harmless ceremonies, and took it for the festival of the resurrection, which it admirably typified. For several centuries after the death of Jesus no particular date was generally accepted as His birthday, some time in October finding most favor in the east. Indeed, all scholars agree that it could not have been December. That is the height of the rainy season in Judea, when shepherds do not watch their flocks by night in the Judean hills. When, however, Christianity became the state religion of Rome the unifying force of that world center began to be felt. The festival of Saturn, called Saturnalia, was held in heathen times about December 19, and lasted, in later years, about seven days. Its great features were harmless fun and frolic, equality of patrician and plebeian, of master and slave—a time of giving gifts and healing broken friendships. The occasion was dear to the people's hearts and the sort of its joys well suited the birthday of earth, peace and goodwill to men. Saturnalia became Christmas. Its definite restriction to December 25 marks the later born influence of Northern Europe. The Norse and other Teutonic races had a festival about the time of the winter solstice, the festival of Yule. Their mode of celebrating it was very similar to that of the Roman Saturnalia, which seems to have had some reference to the same solar period. As these Northerners were a scattered people, living by families in their own fields and hamlets, their festival ways were more homely, and less public than those of the urban peoples of Italy, and we, the descendants of these forest and field dwellers, have inherited their tastes. Even the names Yuletide, Yulelog, etc., stand a close second to the name Christmas in our affections. All the old customs peculiar to Christmas, the great special candles freshly lighted, the huge new Yulelog in the fireplace, the boar's head with an apple in its mouth, the mistletoe pendant from the ceiling, the stockings hung in the chimney corner, the great plum pudding which must be stirred once in the making by the youngest in the house, the rosy apples bubbling and bobbing in the pot, and a hundred other dear and innocent Christmas fancies, all these are our inheritance from our ancestors who worshiped God under such names as Odin and Thor.

For all these facts of history, none the less does our celebration of Christmas, with all its sweet affections, go to show that all these customs, whensoever begun, are not heathenborn, but heavenborn, and from their origin till today have shown forth love, the true religion of which Jesus of Nazareth was the great prophet. To all the world, sinner as well as saint, this day comes welcome, the festival of universal brotherhood. In each heart is felt the same thrill as

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

To good and bad alike, (but are not all good on that holy eve of brotherly love?), comes that "sorrow touched with joy" where a place is vacant that was not vacant last year. To all come the feeling that on that day even the dear ones we do not see are still with us, that

"They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

"Rise happy morn, rise holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O! Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

Tom Lawson's Defeat.

The expected has happened, and Tom Lawson, the vitriolic antagonist of Frenzied Finance, has been compelled to acknowledge himself defeated by the "System." He declares that he will stake his last dollar in a final effort to beat the Rockefeller combination. Whether he will do so or not is a question, but it is expected his valor will yield to his discretion, and that he will submit as gracefully as he may.

There are two principal reasons for Mr. Lawson's defeat. The first was the System itself, intrenched as it is behind legislatures, trusts and even the Government itself, as partially revealed by the disclosures in connection with the campaign funds. Secondly, it has control of illimitable wealth. Lawson and his pool at best represented only $100,000,000. He relied on the terrific sweep of public sympathy to assist him, but this failed to materialize.

Natural causes also played a great part in his defeat. The cardinal principle laid down by Lawson at the outset of his campaign was that stocks would rise or fall through manipulation. To illustrate his view, he made an attack on Amalgamated Copper, and began the great fight for the control of the stock. But there was another element making for his defeat. Copper began to rise in price from almost the very day of his campaign. The law of supply and demand was having its effect. The Amalgamated treasury became plethoric because of the increasing demand for Copper and the corresponding rise in the price. The System had more money to fight Lawson with. The fluctuation in the value of Copper stocks was taken out of the hands of either Lawson or Rogers, and the System was victorious without effort.

While failure is the portion of the striking leader of the movement, his campaign taught a most salutary lesson to American and Canadian speculators. It revealed what little chance the uninitiated have, or what little certainty there is even for the initiated. The outsider is at the mercy of the clique, whether he has $1,000,000 at his back or $100,000,000. The operation of natural laws has a certain effect, but it is only incidental and temporary. Lawson has also convinced the average reader that great names do not always make an honest directorate.

Childish Attack Upon Ald. Stevely

The electors have a right to expect from a public journal, which presumes to give them advice, and is in a better position than most citizens to get information at first-hand, intelligent and honest discussion of municipal questions.

Readers of the Free Press need not be so sapient as Macaulay's schoolboy to laugh at the puerilities with which that newspaper is pelting one of the candidates for the mayoralty, Ald. Stevely.

It charges Ald. Stevely with "suppressing the auditors' report" for the present year. The transactions for the year 1905 are not yet closed, and it will be impossible for the auditors to present their report till February. This has been the custom for many years, as our contemporary would have known had it kept half an eye on civic affairs.

But a more heinous charge is brought by the Free Press against Ald. Stevely as the "finance minister" of the city council. Here it is:

"Perhaps the most unpardonable piece of management in city hall financing the citizens have ever witnessed took place at the very beginning of the year, in the spectacle of the city of London, with its wealth and self-respect, rushing to the usurer to borrow a paltry $9,000.

"It will be remembered that the waterworks department required $9,000 to complete certain mains which had been laid. They proposed to pay for these mains out of current account.

"Mayor Campbell, with his finance minister, Ald. Stevely, stepped in, however, and demanded that the money be paid over to the city, and that money be borrowed for the purpose of paying for the construction of the main."

The council, in issuing debentures, followed the city auditors' advice, and the invariable practice. The water mains to be constructed or completed will earn money for probably 50 years, and it is not thought fair or advisable to charge the whole expense up to the ratepayers in a single year. Had the debentures not been issued the tax rate this year would have been appreciably higher.

Acting on this principle in 1902, the city council, with Mr. Beck as mayor, and Ald. Beattie as "finance minister," authorized $9,000 worth of waterworks debentures.

The same course was pursued by the council of 1903. The bylaw for the issue of $10,000 worth of waterworks debentures was moved by Ald. Judd, seconded by Ald. Matthews.

In its hysterical screed, of which a portion has been quoted, the Free Press goes on to denounce the action of this year's council as "utterly indefensible," "unbusinesslike," and so on. "Everyone knows." it says, "that as chairman of the finance committee Ald. Stevely is equally responsible." It is very easy to reply with a tu quoque by pointing out that Ald. Judd, as chairman of the finance committee of the council in 1903, took the same position as Ald. Stevely, and that Ald. Judd is now hailed by the Free Press as a wizard of finance. But we are not so anxious to score a point against our contemporary as to urge it to drop its childishness and endeavor to lift the discussion of public issues to a higher level.

The plague is the latest of Russia's ills. The Czar's Christmas box resembles Pandora's, but does even hope remain?

According to our contemporary, Mayor Campbell and Ald. Stevely are a pair of civic chumps for doing what Mayor Beck and ex-Ald. Judd did two years ago.

John Burns spent four weeks in Canada and has written a book on the country. He should be frank with his readers and label it "Canada as Seen Through a Car Window."

The Free Press is very angry because The Advertiser said the other day that "no paid agent of the corporations should sit in the mayor's chair." No names were mentioned, but this is construed into an attack on Ald. Judd. "If the cap doesn't fit, don't wear it."

Mr. Judd is the solicitor of nearly all the corporations doing business with the city of London. He is a shareholder in at least one of them. Is he not showing a little too much assurance in asking to be elected mayor at a time when these corporations or some of them, are asking favors of the city?

The smart aleck of the Free Press throws a slur on one of the most estimable clergymen of London by suggesting that other city preachers would welcome "$3,000 jobs" as a Christmas box. The change brings no financial advantage to the clergyman in question, considering the increased cost of living in the West. The ministers of London are not the mercenary tribe depicted by the Free Press, or they would have chosen some other occupation.

Maintaining Exclusiveness.

[London Punch.]

It is, we hear, becoming an increasing fashion for wealthy children in America to call in the assistance of professional packers on Christmas Day, to enable them to eat more than their less fortunate brethren.

In the Way.

[New York Times.]

"Your honor, it's impossible that my automobile was running forty miles an hour at the time the officer speaks of. It hasn't power enough to go that fast."

"All right, then—ten dollars for obstructing the public highway."

Many Thanks.

[Punch.]

Roy (who has been out to tea)—Mrs. Freeman's cake is better than ours, mamma.

Mamma—I hope you said, 'Thank you,' nicely.

Roy—Oh, yes, mamma. I said it five times.

Mamma—You need only have said it once, dear.

Roy—But I had five pieces of cake, mamma!

An Explanation.

[Washington Star.]

"Why is it," said the young man with long hair, "that the average woman would rather marry money than brains?"

"She takes less chance," answered Miss Cayenne. "The average woman is a better judge of money than she is of brains."

No Danger.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Now, Mr. Newcome," the vestryman, who was decidedly "low church," said to the new rector, "there's one thing we demand of our rector; there must be no surplice here—"

"Surplus?" interrupted the Rev. Mr. Newcome, "there's no danger of that on the salary you pay."

A Sample.

[London Tatler.]

A clergyman, fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, always carried a bottle with him. One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and, with an American accent, presently asked the minister to pass the pickles. The minister, who enjoyed the joke, politely passed the bottle, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing the Yankee watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I guess," said the latter, "that you are a parson?"

"Yes, my friend, I am," replied the minister.

"I suppose you preach?" asked the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I preach twice a week, usually," said the minister.

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the Yankee.

"Yes, I sometimes consider it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment," returned the minister.

"I thought so," returned the Yankee; "but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

Standing Room Only.

[Chicago News.]

The Lawyer—So your wife has sued you for a divorce, eh? Will she have any standing in court?

The Client—I'm afraid so. From the nature of the evidence she threatens to bring in there won't be half enough seats to accommodate the crowd.

Ibsen.

[New York Evening World.]

If Ibsen, whose end is near, had died thirty years ago, there would have been none of that extensive output of pathological drama which is his monument. There would be no one to acclaim him master, and no laurel wreaths. Would not the world be better off?

How has it profited humanity to have the clinical studies in moral disease, the investigations of hereditary blood taint, the dissection of morbid social tissue which constitute the fabric of his plays? What benefit has society derived from his unveiling of skeletons in closets and his exploitation of moral ulcers? Of what are the Heddas and Noras, the Theas and the Mrs. Alvings and the whole gallery of neurotic femininity?

To Ibsen is due what credit there may be as the originator of the modern short cut to success in stage authorship. He first demonstrated the inherent and unfailing interest in ideals of vice as dramatic themes, and proved that, given the requisite morbidity of plot, style and construction may be left to take care of themselves.

Rev. Pinkerton's Way.

[Kenton (Ohio) News.]

Rev. Pinkerton is one of the staunchest friends of the young men, and his board views of the young life make him a man whom the young men not only respect but advise with and enjoy being in his company. He is one of that type of men who do not stand apart with uplifted hands and deplore what the young people are doing, and who does not hold aloof and comment, criticise and place limitations upon the good times which young people have and demand in their buoyant spirits, but joins in all the merriment with a will, and when he thinks they are carrying their fun to a danger point, instead of running away, takes off his coat, goes in heart and soul and does his best to head off the rush on to forbidden ground before they have stepped too far.

This pastor, in his sermon last night, made one of the strongest appeals for Kenton to provide a place of recreation which has ever been heard in this city.

Might Have Been Worse.

[Washington Star.]

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, when he had reached the bedside, "has he been playing football?"

"No," replied the sufferer's mother. "I'm glad to say it's not as bad as that. He was merely run over by a switch engine."

A Chump.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Tess—Mr. Dumley's just the meanest man. He told me last evening he'd teach me how to whistle if I'd pucker up my lips—

Jess—Oh, that old scheme! Then he kissed you, eh?"

Tess—No, the stupid thing! He didn't kiss me at all.

TOLSTOY AND HENRY GEORGE.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

Sir—Tolstoy's recent letter to the London Times upon the subject "A Great Iniquity" is the Russian philosopher's latest utterance upon the land question. In it is declared his belief that the greatest of all iniquities is the private ownership of land, together with his explicit indorsement of the single tax doctrine of Henry George. The utterances of this world-famous man, heralded far and near, are likely to foster the misapprehension that the mutual aim of both Henry George and himself was the destruction of private property in land. I therefore beg, with only a word or two of comment, to call critical attention to one of Tolstoy's statements, leaving it to the reader to make his own interpretation of its meaning.

Notwithstanding Tolstoy's unequivocal declaration that "the soil must be restored to the people," and his reiteration of "the wrong of private property in land," the conclusion that he would destroy the private ownership of land must be, it seems to me, a mistaken one, and out of harmony with both his text and context. Henry George specifically arraigned the institution of private property in land, as it now exists. He condemned that feature of land tenure which necessitates the invasion by taxation of the otherwise sacred right of private property in the products of labor in order that ground rent may continue to inure mainly to private benefit. Hence it must be submitted that what Tolstoy also had in mind was private property in land "as now existing." The length and breadth of George's proposed remedy, to which Tolstoy gives full indorsement, was, in Mr. George's own words, "I do not propose. . . to confiscate private property in land . . ." but "to appropriate rent by taxation" ('Progress and Poverty,' book viii., chapter 2). In the enjoyment of every other "right and privilege" of tenure, the right to "own," possess, buy, sell, devise, and bequeath," excepting only the one privilege of the private appropriation of rent, Mr. George's specific declaration was that the land owner should be left undisturbed. The following paragraph is from Tolstoy's "The Great Iniquity":

"A member of the English Parliament, Labouchere, could publicly say, without meeting any refutation, that 'he was not such a visionary as Henry George; he did not propose to take the land from the landlords and rent it out again; what he was in favor of was putting a tax on land values.' That is, whilst attributing to George what he could not possibly have said, Labouchere, by way of correcting these imaginary fantasies, suggested that which Henry George did indeed say."

Tolstoy's language thus proves beyond a possible doubt that he does not believe in taking the land from the landlords, and that he does not believe that Henry George could have said so, but both are agreed in taking ground rent in taxation.

One more thought by way of comment. George and Tolstoy, in common with Herbert Spencer, found, in the literature of the land question, in the dictionaries, and in works on political economy, one word "land" standing for soil, and for situation, and they used the one term without defining to themselves and to their readers the two ideas embraced in it. A clear distinction presents itself between what the professors might call two separate "concepts," viz.: "land" and "land value." It is as follows:

"Land," per se, defined as the earth's surface; the inherent capabilities of the soil; the bounties of nature; natural resources; "natural media."

"Land value," defined to be the value of "rights and privileges thereto pertaining," as specified in deeds of conveyance; value of the advantages of society and government; value of proximity; value due to command of facilities for commerce and communication with the world; an artificial value, not a value of "natural media." The value of land per se, and land value as above defined, may be contrasted by supposing one of two city lots to have a doorless and windowless hundred-foot wall around it, or to have no legal right of way to and from it, in either of which cases the value would be that of land per se.

If anyone will reread both authors, bearing in mind to apply private property in land wherever it occurs, the above distinction, as well as the qualifying words "as at present existing," a great deal of confusion will appear in place of what may have been pronounced foolishness.

C. B. FILLEBROWN,
President of the Massachusetts Single Tax League.
Boston, Dec 16.

POEMS THAT LIVE

Snow.

[William Wilfred Campbell.]

Down out of heaven,
Frost-kissed
And wind-driven,
Flake upon flake,
Over forest and lake,
Cometh the snow.

Folding the forest,
Folding the farms
In a mantle of white:
And the great river's arms,
Kissed by the chill night
From clamor to rest,
Lies all white and shrouded
Upon the world's breast.

Falling so slowly
Down from above,
So white, hushed and holy,
Folding the dead
Like the great pity
Of God in His love,
Sent down from heaven
On its sorrow and crime,
Blotting them, folding them,
Under its rime.

Fluttering, rustling,
Soft as a breath,
The whisper of leaves,
Low pinions of death,
Or the voice of the dawning,
When day has its birth,
In the music of silence
It makes to the earth

Thus down out of heaven,
Frost-kissed
And wind-driven,
Flake upon flake,
Over forest and lake,
Cometh the snow.

TWO MASS MEETINGS

Municipal Matters Will Be Discussed Tuesday and Friday Nights.

Thus far only two meetings for the discussion of municipal matters have been arranged. One of these will be held in the East End Hall on Tuesday night, and one in the city hall on Friday night.

West Londoners are protesting against this programme, and it is understood will demand a meeting in Collins' Hall some night next week.

KELLY NOW W. M.

Hacket L. O. Lodge Elects Officers for Next Year.

Hackett L. O. B. L., No. 805, held its annual meeting and election of officers in Castle Hall, Duffield Block. The finances of the lodge are in excellent condition. Over $100 was paid out in sick benefits this year. Six candidates will be initiated at the next meeting.

The officers for 1906 were elected as follows: Bro. H. Kelley, W. M.; Bro. R. J. Hunter, D. M.; Bro. Frank Brodison, chaplain (re-elected); Bro. J. E. Showler, recording secretary (re-elected); Bro. S. H. Wood, financial secretary (re-elected); Bro. Thos. J. Taylor, treasurer (re-elected); Bro. James Tuffield, director of ceremonies (re-elected); Bro. B. J. Tydd, lecturer; Bro. W. Temple, deputy lecturer; Bro. J. Stanley, Bro. J. B. Draper, Bro. Wm. Fox, Bro. D. Tripp, Bro. A. R. Pingle, committee; doctor, Bro. A. R. Pingle, M. D.; trustees, Bro. E. H. Johnston, Bro. Joseph Murray; auditors, E. H. Johnston, J. McKenna.

Bro. Nevin, past county master of Huron, and Bro. Perry Davis, recording secretary of L. O. L., No. 762, acted as scrutineers. The officers-elect all made speeches.

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & COMPANY

LAST CALL! CHRISTMAS!

Just a few more shopping hours. Have you forgotten anything?

Silk Kimonos $7.85

Reduced price for today and tonight. These handsome, full length robes, silk inside and out, heavily quilted, Japanese embroidered; colors, cardinal, navy, pink and pale blue. A pleasing gift.....$7.85

Half Price Kimonos

Full-Length Kimonos or Dressing Gowns, good quality of eiderdown, fancy and plain patterns; regular price $5; all day today $2 50

Pretty Waists For Gifts

Cream Habutai Wash-Silk Waists, daintily designed with lace, also brown and navy blue silk waists, in pleated style, at $1 95

$7.50 Coats $3.98

FOR THE SMALL PRICE $3 98—A splendid winter Coat; made of golf and tweed mixtures, loose and fitting, 32 and 36 inches long. Today and tonight, choice $3 98

BLACK DRESS SKIRTS, reduced from $6 50 and $7 50, to $3 85

Bibles, Hymnals and Prayer Books

Below regular prices, a large variety, easy to select gifts. Prices, 25c to $2 00

Gloves

The fleeing hours remind you that you must do some quick choosing. GLOVES are always appreciated, and are as pleasing a gift as you can find. Prices, 59c to $4 00

Today's Bargain in Furs

Unexpected good luck in Furs for today's buyers.

6 only, LADIES' FUR-LINED COATS, handsome broadcloth coverings, black, navy and brown; squirrel lining and dark fur collar; felt back; regular price $40, special..... $28 00

LADIES' SABLE RUFFS, extra large size, trimmed with six squirrel tails, regular price $10 50, reduced to $8 25

EXTRA FINE SABLE RUFFS, large full collar, were $16 50, today $12 50

8 only GRAY OPOSSUM RUFFS, 52 inches, 3 sable tails, today $4 98

Lace Collars

GERMAN LACE STOCK COLLARS, suitable for giving; different styles, worth 35c and 50c, today and tonight 25c

Pin Cushions

PIN-CUSHIONS, hand-made, of silk, lace and ribbons, long, square, crescent and bolster shape, in the fancy goods section. Up from $1 00

WORKED LAUNDRY BAGS, white, blue and pink, up from 50c

Men's Initial Handkerchiefs

We still have plenty, MEN'S PURE LINEN HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS, large initial, special, ...25c

All Books To Be Sold Today

Great bargains in Books today and tonight. Just as soon as possible come for them. Prices have been cut so they'll hustle away.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

SELLING OUT

Hamilton Works, 21 jewels, in a 14k gold-filled case, warranted to wear 25 years.....$26.00

Lady's Silver Watch.....$2.50
17-jewels, Bartlett works, adjusted, 20-year case.....$10.75
Eight-Day Watch, guaranteed, gunmetal case.....$4.75
Famous Longine Nurse's Watch.....$10.75
Boys' Gunmetal Watch, was $3.00.....$1.75
Complete Watch, adjusted.....$6.00

No Fakir Goods

Gilt Clock, guaranteed.....$1.25
Gent's 20-year filled case, with Waltham works.....$6.65
Complete Waltham Watch, 15-jeweled.....$5.00
Lady's 15-jeweled Waltham Watch, in a 25-year case..$9.50
Boy's Non-magnetic Watch, warranted.....$2.65
8-Day Clocks, 22 inches high, ½-hour strike.....$2.00
Repeating Alarm Clock, was $1.50, now.....$1.00
Name any case and works in any grade of Waltham or Elgin Watches and we will quote prices.
Good Alarm Clock, guaranteed.....60c
1847 Rogers Bros.' A1 Tea Spoons, per doz.....$2.25
75c Handbags [all others in proportion].....50c
$8.00 Diamond Ring, 14k, full cut stone.....$5.75
$6.00 14k Ring, 3 full pearls.....$3.75
Silver Spoons and Forks, in any style; at per ounce...$1.00
W. A. Roger's Fancy Teaspoons, per dozen.....$1.50
Best quality Brass Kettles and Chafing Dishes.
Candelabras with shades and candles.
Ebony Goods cheaper than anyone in the country.
Buy goods where you can get them repaired.

P. BIRTWISTLE, 116 Dundas Street

A ST. THOMAS WEDDING

Miss Cora Axford United in Marriage to Mr. J. W. Boath, London.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Axford, 20 Alma street, St. Thomas, when their daughter, Cora Lida, was united in holy matrimony to John William Stalker Boath, of London (son of Mrs. M. C. Boath and the late Engineer William S. Boath), by the Rev. T. B. Clark, of All Saints' Church, London, in the presence of about 50 invited guests. The bride was given away by her father, and was becomingly attired in a gray cloth traveling suit, carrying a beautiful bouquet of white carnations. Miss Margaret Axford, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, assisted by Miss Etta J. Boath, sister of the groom. The groom was supported by his brother, Frederick G. Boath, of St. Louis, Mo., assisted by Mr. Milton Francis, of London. After partaking of a dainty wedding breakfast, the happy couple left amid showers of rice and good wishes at 6:30 on the M. C. R. for Kent City, Mich., and points west. Mr. and Mrs. Boath, on their return, will make their home in St. Thomas. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly presents, showing the high esteem in which the young couple were held. Among those invited were relatives from Scotland, Meriden, Conn.; St. Louis, Detroit, London, Hamilton, Aylmer, Dutton and Tillsonburg.

Fresh from the Gardens

of the Finest Tea-Producing Country in the World

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CEYLON TEA, Black, Mixed or Green, is Pure, Delicious and Wholesome.

Sold in Lead Packets Only, at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound. By all Grocers. HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

Wayward But Winning

"Then you will refuse Gerald Moore?" said Philippa sadly. "It is so great a pity! He is so handsome and—why, he is everything that is desirable. And you will refuse him because of a memory, of a shadow that his love for you would dispel as the mist is dispelled by the noonday sun!"

Carrie hid her face in her hands. It was so true!

"Philippa," she murmured, piteously, "it is wrong and foolish, I know, but have pity on me. What would he say when he learned that I, too, had become faithless and had broken my plight?"

"He? Lord Cecil, you mean?" said Philippa, flushing hotly. "What does it matter what he thinks? He must have too much to think of now, I should imagine."

It was spoken hastily, bitterly, and Carrie dropped her hands from her hot face and looked at her.

"What do you mean? What is it? Tell me! You—you—have heard something about him?" and she grasped Philippa's arm. "Tell me, Philippa! Tell me! I can bear it! I can bear anything but suspense! What is it?"

"My darling, be calm, be brave!"

"Calm—brave! Look at me!" she cried, holding out her arms and setting her teeth hard. "I am brave enough for anything! Why should you hesitate? What is he to me more than the man who once loved"—bitterly—"and now—are you going to tell me he has forgotten me?"

"My darling," said por Philippa, "are you sure you can bear it? Shall I—must I tell you? I will. It is better that you should hear it from me than haphazard from some stranger. Summon all your pride, dearest. Lord Cecil is going to marry the Princess Florenza!"

Carrie uttered no cry, though something seemed to have gone out of her heart's life.

"To—marry—her!" she murmured, in a dry, constrained voice. "It is not true! Where did you hear it?"

"I read it."

"Show me—quick. Let me see it myself."

Philippa slowly got up and fetched the paper from her own room. Carrie took it and read the paragraph word by word; then she let the paper drop, and sat with her head drooped, her hands listlessly locked on the coverlet. Then she looked up with a white, strained face.

"Good-night, Flippa. I think I shall sleep now. How good you are to me! Never mind, dear, you will get your reward some day. Good-night! Go now, Flippa."

Philippa rose hesitatingly, not knowing how to take this unnatural calm.

"But, Carrie, my dear, what do you mean to do?"

Carrie looked at her with a dreamy, sorrowful smile.

"I think I have decided, Flippa. It is easy after he has set me the example. Do not be alarmed. I will be Gerald Moore's wife! Go, now. I think I shall sleep. Why do you look at me like that? Do you think I am mad? Why should I not be able to chop and change my affections as he has done? Going to marry the princess! I might have foreseen it. Well, he shall find that I, too, can forget; that I, too, am not so heart-broken and desolate. Good-night, Philippa," and she smiled wildly up in Philippa's face.

"Carrie, my darling, take care! There is such a thing as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face!"

"I have no spite against my face," said Carrie, with the same hard smile. "It is rather a pretty face still, if—if Gerald Moore is to be believed; and as he admires it, why should it not belong to him? Lord Cecil Neville has succeeded in forgetting it! Go, Philippa, I shall sleep the sleep of the just now."

But Philippa, instead of going, took the slim form in her arms and held her until, worn out, she sunk into sleep.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On the morrow Philippa and Miss Harrington were startled by seeing Carrie enter the room at breakfast-time. She was dressed with scrupulous care, and had discarded her dressing-gown for a morning costume which had been made for her visit to the Castle. Philippa noticed that she had put on some old lace which had belonged to their mother, and that on her slim fingers there sparkled the few rings which she possessed. She looked, as she stood in the doorway, like a vision of beauty such as Paul Delaroche might have painted—pale, ethereal, spiritual—the sort of beauty which snares men's souls at the first glance. With a smile that, forced as it was, lit up her pale face, she took her place at the table.

"My dear," said her aunt, "isn't this rather unwise, after your excitement yesterday? We don't want you to go back, you know."

"I shall not 'go back,' as you call it," said Carrie. "I have played the part of invalid, aunt, until I am tired of it, and I resign it. I give you notice that henceforth, if you wish to offend me, you will treat me as if I were still on the sick-list. Philappa, do you mean to eat all those poached eggs yourself?"

Too overwhelmed to offer any remark, Philippa helped her, and Carrie made a brave attempt to eat; but presently she pushed her plate away.

"I hate poached eggs," she said. "Philippa, why do you always have them? Philippa, give me some toast."

But the toast was served as unceremoniously as the eggs, and presently she rose and went to the piano, which she had never so much as noticed hitherto, and began to play.

Philippa and her aunt exchanged glances of consternation and anxiety.

The thin fingers wandered over the keys, then struck the chords of Byron's "Farewell," and, to Philippa's dismay, the sweet voice that had been silent so long commenced the exquisite song.

The two listeners sat speechless and motionless. The song came to an end, and Philippa rose from her chair and went to the piano. She was only just in time, for, with a passionate wail, Carrie threw up her hands.

"What shall I do?—what shall I do?" she cried. "Is there no one to help me? What shall I do?"

Scarcely had the words that struck consternation to the hearts of the hearers died away when the door opened.

"Hush, hush, my dear," murmured Philippa. "He is here — Gerald Moore!"

Carrie turned swiftly, then she uttered a cry of relief: for there stood in the doorway the familiar form and figure of Willie Fairfold!

Philippa stared as if she could not believe her eyes; and Carrie, as if his appearance were an answer to her prayer, ran forward and held out both her hands.

He had stepped forward eagerly enough when he entered the room, but as she came into the light, and he saw the difference in her, he stopped aghast and turned pale.

He had left her a beaming, bright-eyed girl, with the crimson of health on her cheeks, the glow of happiness in her eyes. Before him stood Carrie Harrington, it is true, but as different to the Carrie whose image he had cherished in his heart as the lily is to the rose.

For a moment he stood grasping her hands—so thin they feel in his strong, bronzed ones—in silence, Carrie looking up at his handsome, weather-beaten face, with a world of sisterly affection in her eyes. Philippa was the first to recover her voice.

"Why, Willie," she exclaimed, "where on earth did you spring from? If you can spare a hand I should like to shake hands, too, just to convince myself that it is yourself in reality, and not a vision."

Carrie relinquished one hand and he grasped Philippa's.

"Oh, it's myself right enough," he said, trying to laugh, but still eyeing Carrie, anxiously and wonderingly, "and I sprung from the sea."

"Like Venus," murmured Carrie, trying to seem to be her old self.

He looked at her, not at all deceived by her attempt at gayety.

"My vessel was coming up the Channel for England, and put in here for some water and fresh meat. I had had about enough of it, and so landed, intending to go by the first train to London. There was an hour to spare, and I looked in at the bookseller's to buy a day-before-yesterday's paper. While I was looking at it I heard the old woman mention your name, convinced myself that you were here, and—came on at once."

He spoke slowly to give himself time to get over the shock that Carrie's appearance had caused him.

"It is like a fairy story!" said Philippa. "But there will be no first train to London for you, Willie! We shall not let you go for many trains. Sit down and let me give you some coffee, or what is it the seafaring man always thirsts after the moment he gets ashore?"

"A glass—no, a jug of ale, if you please!" he said.

Philippa rang the bell, and the ale was brought, and he began to tell them of his wanderings, talking against time as it were, but scarcely knowing what he said, with Carrie's face, pale and wistful, opposite him, with the dark, sad eyes fixed on his face.

He had learned from the woman at the shop that Carrie was still unmarried, and a wild hope had sprung up in his heart, as he turned to the cottage, that there might still be a chance for him; but the hope had died out at Carrie's greeting. It was full of sisterly affection, but nothing more. He knew, even as he held her hand, that she could never be his.

"But what had hapened to drive the roses from her cheeks and quench the light in her eyes? Had she been ill? And where was Lord Cecil?"

"You must see Aunt Harrington!" said Philippa. "She will be delighted to renew her acquaintance with her favorite Willie; and I am quite sure you will not be allowed to leave us for weeks to come," said Philippa, rising; but Carrie put her hand upon her arm.

"I will fetch her," she said, and she glided from the room.

Then Willie turned to Philippa with feverish eagerness.

"What is the matter, Philippa? Has she been ill? Great heavens! Why does she look like that? What have you been doing to her?"

He put the questions almost angrily, in his great trouble and anxiety.

"Yes, she has been very ill," said Philippa, gravely.

"Ill? She looks as if she had been nearly dead!" he said, sorrowfully. "What is it, Philippa? She looks worse than ill! Where is Lord Cecil?" and he looked round the room almost as if he expected to see him enter it.

Philippa shook her head.

"I do not know, Willie."

"Don't know! Why not? I thought—I expected—dreaded—to find that they were married when I came back!" he said.

"No," said Philippa, "they are not married. They are not likely to be."

"Then—then there has been some quarrel! What is it all about?" he asked impatiently.

[To be Continued.]

SOCIAL GLEANINGS

Hon. Charles Hyman and Mr. James Duffield have been spending a week in New York.

Mr. George Hale returned home from McGill, Montreal, on Thursday evening to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Hale, in Waterloo street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smallman and their little son will dine en famille with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Smallman, Waverley, on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kingsmill. Mr. Stephenson, and Mr. Plummer, came up from St. Thomas for the dance at Endiang last evening, dining informally with Mr. and Mrs. Puddicombe, the Beeches, before going to the dance.

Masters Keith and Duncan MacDougal are home from college in Hamilton with their parents, Colonel and Mrs. MacDougal, Wolseley Barracks, for the holidays.

Miss Estelle Leonard, Oakwood, came home from school in Toronto on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hyla Betts and Mr. Hugh Peters arrived home on Thursday.

Miss Olive Peters returned home on Wednesday, after a delightful visit with Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Toronto.

There has been a great lull in social activities this week, all occupying themselves with Christmas preparations. The only event of any magnitude was the brilliant dance at Endiang last evening given by Mr. and Mrs. John Labatt in honor of the debut of their daughters, Misses Mary and Ismena, at which a great many bright and pretty young faces were seen and several out-of-town beaux.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilmour, Toronto, will be with Mrs. McDonough, Parkhurst, to dine en famille on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin, of St. Thomas, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Scatcherd previous to the dance at Endlang last evening. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin went on to Toronto to spend Christmas with Mr. Baldwin's mother, Mrs. Baldwin, Mashquotah.

Mrs. Moffatt, of Buffalo, accompanied by her sisters, Miss Belton and Miss Jo Belton, arrived home this morning to spend Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Belton, in Hyman street.

Mr. Jack Blair and Mr. Clare Moore are home from Toronto for the holidays.

The schoot set will have a very gay time next week. Many informal little affairs are in order to pass the time merrily for them.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Meredith will entertain at luncheon on Christmas Day at the See House, the guests to be for their son, Mr. Stanley Meredith.

Miss Dorothy Bullen will remain a visitor in London over the Christmas holidays.

The marriage of Mr. T. Stafford Woods, teller at the Molsons Bank, and Miss Katie Talbot Heald, was solemnized at St. James' Church, St. Marys, at 1 o'clock on Saturday last. It was an ideal wedding day, the sacred edifice gleaming with golden sunlight.

The stately bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her uncle, Mr. J. Travers Leslie, manager of the Bank of Montreal. She wore an exquisite gown of white silk crepe over white taffeta, a coronet of orange blossoms fastening the beautiful wedding veil in place. She carried bridal roses.

The maid of honor Miss Annie Heald, was daintily gowned in white lace seeded with pearls over white silk. A white hat with ostrich plume was most becomingly worn. She carried a bouquet of violets.

Miss Leslie, cousin of the bride, made a charming bridesmaid in pale blue silk crepe over blue silk. She wore a black picture hat and carried exquisite pink roses.

The groom's attendant was Mr. H. Walker, of Toronto Junction.

The impressive marriage service was read by Canon Dann, of London, assisted by the Rev. Rural Dean Taylor, rector of St. James.

After the ceremony the bridal party and guests repaired to the residence of Mr. Leslie, where a wedding breakfast was served.

The church was prettily decorated for the occasion. The wedding march was played most effectively by Miss Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods left at 4 o'clock for Montreal and other eastern points; the bride going away in a gown of burgundy chiffon broadcloth with hat to match. Handsome mink furs completing the becoming costume.

Mrs. Judge Woods, mother of the groom, wore silver gray silk trimmed with cream lace and touches of pink velvet. With this was worn a becoming toque.

Mrs. Leslie, aunt of the bride, was handsomely gowned in black silk and net, with hat to match.

On their return Mr. and Mrs. Woods will reside in their handsome residence on Robinson street, west ward.

Miss Macara returned home to Goderich on Tuesday after a quiet but very happy visit in town, the guest of Mrs. Ginge, in Queen's avenue.

Messrs. Harold, Victor and Ernest Kerrigan are the guests of Mr. Fred Kerrigan this week.

Miss Beatrice Richardson is expected home from Winnipeg early in January, 1906.

The regular monthly meeting of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, was held recently. Several interesting matters were under discussion, but it was decided that no new branch of work could be undertaken by the order until the monument fund is accomplished, which fund the order realizes has not augmented as speedily as anticipated. The members are well aware it is a prodigious work, but surely if the citizens evinced the interest the project merits the total amount would shortly be forthcoming. The past year has been one of repeated calls upon the generosity of the public, and the order refrained from pressing their claim, but intend strenuously putting forth the matter early in the new year and may they ask for the kindly co-operation and assistance of all our citizens? Doubtless many will acclaim more needy avenues for our money and again we hear that our city is young (but even our country is young), and has no need of monuments, but " we must not despise the day of small beginnings," and what more laudable and inspiring reminder of the heroism and bravery of those who, at the mother country's call have gone forth to battle, if it, only as an object lesson, creates in our children respect and homage for those noble lives, strengthens their characters and invites research. The Daughters of the Empire earnestly appeal to the citizens for a speedy and successful issue of the monument fund.

The illness of Baby Charles Kerrigan was the source of anxious inquiry by Mr. and Mrs. Kerrigan's many friends this week.

Miss Florence Somerville, from Havergall College, and Mr. Walter Somerville, from Waterloo, are welcome holiday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Somerville.

Mrs. Joseph Mickleborough, of St. Thomas, is to be the hostess of a dance at the Armory, St. Thomas, on Tuesday.

The New Year's dance at the Kennels to be given by a few of the London officers of the cavalry and artillery, is greatly anticipated by the younger set. Several small dinner parties are on the tapis for those of maturer years.

Miss Hazel Gillean, of Havergal College, is spending the holidays at the home of her father, Mr. Alex. Gillean, in Waterloo street.

A very pretty luncheon on Thursday claimed Mrs. Smallman, Elton Lodge, as hostess. The table was beautifully arranged with scarfs of crimson chiffon edged with holly, and with silver embroidered center piece, on which rested a glittering cut glass bowl filled with glorious Meteor roses. Covers were laid for ten, the guests being Mrs. (Hon.) Adam Beck, Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. W. B. Richardson, Mrs. Eccles, Miss Grace Hyman, Miss Laura Hyman, Miss Pringle, Miss Morgan and Miss Nita Hunt.

The great personal charms and perfect manner of Miss Miriam Hill, of Salisbury, Wiltshire, England, have, during her prenuptial visit with Rev. Canon and Mrs. Hill, endeared her to many London friends, and all wish her very much happiness in her marriage to Rev. Hubert Seaver, of St. Marys, Glass Bay, Nova Scotia, which is arranged to be solemnized in the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Tuesday, January 9. The invitations for this event will be issued next week. Miss Norah Dann has, I hear, been honored by being chosen bridesmaid.

Mrs. L. Clarke, 153 Wortley road, has sent out invitations for a reception on Friday next from 4 to 7. The same evening Mrs. Clarke will entertain in honor of her daughter, Miss Elfleda.

Wolseley Barracks was en fete this afternoon when Colonel MacDougal and officers gave a splendid Christmas tree party for all the little folks at the barracks. Mrs. (Col.) MacDougal, Mrs. (Col.) Peters and Mrs. (Major) Carpenter were the best of hostesses, and were untiring in their zeal to make the little one enjoy the merriest time imaginable.

Mrs. Mara, in Waterloo street, entertains a large party of relatives from St. Marys at dinner on Christmas Day.

The Armories were bright and animated on Friday afternoon of last week when the second of the Badminton Club teas was in progress. Mrs. Adam Beck, assisted by Miss Helen Gibbons, were kindest tea hostesses, the fragrant brew being personally prepared by the hostesses, and thoroughly enjoyed by those who participated in the six or more sets, Miss Edna Kent, Miss Beddome, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Laura Hyman, Miss Enid Morgan, Miss Ina Pringle, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Nita Hunt, Mrs. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Raikes, Mr. Rumball, Colonel MacDougal, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Fred Macfie and Mr. George Macbeth, and among those who contented themselves with watching these splendid specimens of young Canada at her fairest and best were Mrs. Charles Leonard, Mrs. George C. Gibbons, Mrs. (Col.) Peters, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. John Smallman, Miss Helen Harris, Miss Dorothy Bullen and Major Layborne.

Miss Patti MacLaren returned home from Ottawa this morning accompanied by her brother, Mr. R. A. MacLaren, of Montreal.

Mrs. Fred Denison, of Tilbury, daughter-in-law of Mrs. Denison, Rusholme, Toronto, and her three sturdy and handsome little sons, have returned home from a delightful visit in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blackburn and little daughter Constance are spending Christmas with Mrs. Blackburn's mother, Mrs. Walter Henderson, Wardsville. Mrs. Blackburn and her daughter will remain away a fortnight.

Toronto Saturday Night says: "Captain and Mrs. John Kaye left for Halifax on Monday night greatly regretted by a number of friends in Toronto, who have long had a warm place in their hearts for this young couple. Mrs. Kaye as Trotte Buchan, shared the popularity of her parents, Col. and Mrs. Lawrence Buchan, for years before her marriage to her handsome young soldier, and though they have been living lately en pension in Bloor street in that unsettled state of mind called "waiting for marching orders," their friends have secured for them lots of little parties where their absence will now leave a regrettable blank."

The marriage takes place in Belleville on Monday, January 1, 1906, of Miss Edith Catharine Phippen, daughter of Mr. J. A. Phippen, to Mr. Levin Hyman.

Miss Bethune returned home on Friday last from a very delightful series of visits in Toronto, New York, Boston and Rochester.

Mr. Harry Walker, of the Molsons Bank, Toronto Junction, spent the last week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Carling, Trewaineth.

Mr. Harry Walker was the raison d'etre of a smart little tea early in the week.

Mr. Arthur Bayly, of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, is spending from Saturday to Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs Richard Bayly, in Albert street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Skinner, of St. John, N. B., came to London last evening to spend Christmas with Mrs. Skinner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Edge, in Queen's avenue.

Mr. Norman Johnston, of the Bank of Montreal, Lindsay, is spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Johnston, 96 Elmwood avenue.

Mrs. Gunn and Miss Helen Gunn, in Kent street, will be the hostesses of a very smart dinner dance at the Kennels on Thursday evening next.

Mrs. Gibbons, of Toronto, is spending Christmas at the home of her son, Mr. George C. Gibbons, Lornehurst.

Major Layborn and Lieut. George Macbeth are being gladly welcomed back in social circles after a three months' absence in Kingston.

Mrs. (Col.) Lawrence Buchan was a much admired guest at the annual ball of the Royal St, Lawrence Yacht Club.

Miss Gwendolyn Davis, of Havergal College, and Mr. Llewellyn Davis, of Wycliffe College, arrived home on Wednesday to spend Christmas at the Deanery.

Mr. Egbert Gardiner is home from McGill, Montreal, for Christmas.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell and baby daughter, Alexandra, left early in the week to spend the winter in Montrose, Colorado.

When tobogganning does arrive those who belong to the club at the Barracks purpose holding special events on each Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dichard Davis and their wee son are spending Christmas with Mrs. Davis' parents in Aylmer.

Mrs. Anderson, Walmington House, in Ridout street, will continue her old custom of entertaining her near relatives at dinner on Christmas day.

Mrs. Dawson and Miss Millicent Dawson have gone to Stayner, where they intend to spend the winter with Rev. and Mrs. Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jewell and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jewell, of Toronto, are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. George F. Jewell, in Dundas street.

Miss Patty MacLaren, of this city, was the honor guest of a very smart little dance at the Capital on Thursday evening given by Mrs. E. D. Sutherland.

Miss Isabel Shaw-Wood, Miss Dallas, Miss Corlette and Miss Roether were the hostesses of a tea on Friday afternoon last to mark the closing of Westbourne School, Toronto, for the Christmas vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Cl. T. Campbell, in Queen's avenue, will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Southcott, St. Catharines.

Mr. Ernest Jackson is in Montreal for Christmas.

When Killaen Van Rensselaer and Miss Dorothy Manson were married in New York recently a wedding ring was used which had been used by an ancestor and namesake of the groom when he married Ann Van Weyler in Amsterdam 278 years ago.

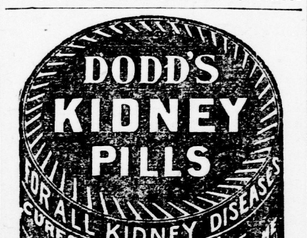
Messrs. Folinsbee and Lindsay, of Strathroy, Mr. Sawers, Brucefield, Mr. Silcox, St. Thomas, of the London Medical School, are holidaying at their homes.

Miss Lena Labatt came home from New York this week to spend a fortnight at Endiang.

One of the most remarkable collections of fans in this country (with the exception of course of those in the larger curio shops), is the group of such treasures Miss Alice Roosevelt is showing to a few of her friends. She brought the fans from the Orient. Some of them were gifts, others she bought. Some are mere toys trifles, such as Japanese maids flourish; others are of great size and intended only for decorative purposes. Miss Roosevelt obtained nearly 40 in the Philippines. Her Chinese fans are gorgeous, some of them jeweled, hand-painted, and two centuries old. An exquisite white satin screen, embroidered in wistaria, is intended for her boudoir when she has a home of her own. With this is a toilet set of antique silver and some exquisite bowls for flowers, all of which were gifts from the Mikado.

Mr. Victor Kent and Mr. F. Peters are home for Christmas,

The Badminton Club tea for yesterday afternoon was postponed until next Friday afternoon.



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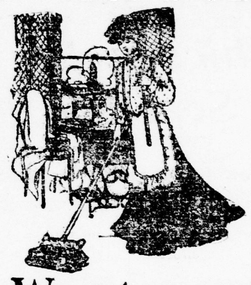

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75tf-t

"Pop," said Tommy, "what do the newspapers mean when they say "a member of the 400?"

"They refer, Tommy, to certain society men and women who think they are better than anybody else, and that's about all the thinking they do."

"Did I ever see one of them, Pop?"

"I don't know, Tommy, but you can easily tell one if you happen to run across it."

"How?"

"If it's on a street car, it talks so loudly that you can't hear the roar of the wheels.

"If it's on a street corner, it laughs so boisterously that the policeman wakes up and walks away.

"If it's in a church, the plumes in its hat hide the preacher.

"If it's at a party, the most of its clothes are in the dressing-room.

"If it's in an automobile, dodge it, if you are quick enough, and come home to mamma alive.

"If it's walking on the sidewalk, it usually strides along as if it were taking the street home with it.

"If it's in a store you can stand outside and hear it give its orders.

"If it's in a theater, you can tell by the stony glare in its face that the actors are doing good and intelligent work.

"If it's in a railway station in full dress, you'll wonder why the locomotive doesn't jump the track and take to the woods.

"You can't miss it, Tommy."—Trenton, N. J., Gazette.

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Music and the Drama

At the Grand.

Christmas Day, matinee and night ..... "The Arrival of Kitty"

At Bennett's.

All Week.....First Class Vaudeville

For Christmas Day, Manager Turton, of the Grand Opera House, has arranged a popular priced entertainment for afternoon and evening. "The Arrival of Kitty," which is being presented by C. S. Williams this season, said to be the best as well as the most rollicking and amusing farce comedy produced in a long time. It was written by Norman Lee Swartout, and is wholesome and clean throughout. The scenes of the play are laid at Atlantic City and tell a highly pleasing story of the efforts of Billy Brown to win the hand of the girl of his choice in the face of the objections of her uncle. The dialogue is clean and fresh, and the play has been received with open arms by the press and public alike wherever it has been presented. It is presented in a most delightful manner by a company of farce comedy artists who have picked from the front ranks in their particular lines. The company is headed by Miss Dolly De Vyne, whose clever work in "Peggy from Paris," "The Girl and the Bandit" and several other big successes, and Mr. Fred R. Wren, who is considered to be one of the best comedians in the business. The scenery, stage settings and electrical effects are all new and elaborate.

KATHRYN OSTERMAN,
Who Will Be Seen at the Grand Shortly in "Piff, Paff, Pouf."

Next week at Bennett's Vaudeville, a bill of unusual merit will be presented. Miss Georgia Gardner, the talented young actress, who for several seasons played important roles with the Frohman forces, will present a novel offering in Geore H. Emerick's farcical sketch "Too Many Darlings." It is full of bright witty lines, funny situations and is said to be very clever.

J. Edward Pierce and Marie Roslyn, known from coast to coast as the Toreadors, will present a singing act the like of which has never before been seen in this city.

Both Miss Roslyn and Mr. Pierce have highly educated voices, and are sure to please the music-loving people of this city.

Barney First, a clever Hebrew impersonator, who calls himself the sociable guy, will sing his original parodies in his own peculiar way.

A novelty in the contortion line will be introduced by Herbert the Frogman. A beautiful setting is used in the act, showing the everglades of Florida.

Illustrated songs and the Bennettograph will conclude the bill.

Pete Baker, the clever German comedian, who for years starred in Caris and Lena, will present an original monologue interspersed with his famous yodling solos.

Neff and Milles, a pair of eccentric comedian acrobats and dancers, fresh from their western laurels, will make their initial bow to Londoners. These gentlemen are considered by the press and public to be the best in their line.

The success of the engagement of the American Vitagraph as the Grand Opera House recently has prompted Manager Small to re-engage this peer of all "moving picture" machines for two performances a day, during the coming week, commencing Tuesday afternoon. The views to be shown will be entirely new, and in keeping with the holiday spirit comic subjects will predominate. The matinees will be essentially for children and the entertainment each afternoon will be especially prepared for the little ones. New illustrated songs will be rendered at each performance and the prices will be of the bargain variety namely 15 cents for children and 25 cents for adults. There will be a change of pictures at each performance. The American iVtagraph Company control all their own machines and pictures and supply their own traveling companies with the newest subjects as they are developed, renting same out to owners of other machines after they have toured the country. It will thus be seen that there is no likelihood of the audience at these entertainments having to witness any pictures that they have seen before.

A regular Sambo, Quimbo, Dinah aggregation of "cull'ed" tallent headed by Ernest Hogan, who calls himself the "unbleached American" is booked for New Year's Day at the Grand. Hogan is a comparatively new star in the colored dramatic firmament, and was discovered by Hurtig & Seaman, of New York, who have furnished him with a vehicle entitled "Rufus Rastus," have supplied him with a first-class scenic equipment and surrounded him with a company of sixty dingy men and maidens, said to be expert entertainers in the style of show which the descendants of Ethiopia have become famous for the world over. Nothing but fun is said to be the motto of the Ernest Hogan "Rufus Rastus" organization.

"Piff, Paff, Pouf," Mr. B. C. Whitney's great musical attraction, which comes to the Grand Opera House at an early date, is essentially a musical show, and comes to this city after a run of over eight months at the New York Casino. This company is one of the largest and most expensive musical organizations ever organized, and contains among the principal members such well known theatrical celebrities as Fred W. Mace, Kathryn Osterman, R. E. Graham, Dorothy Maynard, Jas. Devlin, Lulu McConnell, Walter H. Cluxton, Eveleen Dunmore, Harry Stuart, Mae Ellwood, Martin Cheeseman, Lisle Bloodgood and others, including a chorus of over half a hundred people. The songs are the features of the piece and are of a character that compels appreciation. In fact, there is a song hit in the air all the time, and they follow each other in rapid succession, with a snap and a go that is always relished. Messrs. Wm. Jerome and Joan Schwartz have repeated their "Bodelia" and "Mr. Dooley" in the way their songs have caught on and hit the public. The following are some of the more popular ones: "The Melancholy Sunbeam and the Rose," "I Don't Want Any Wutzburger," "Under the Goo-Goo Tree," "My Unkissed Man," "Love, Love, Love," "Lutie," "I'm So Happy," "Cordelia Malone," and "Since Little Dolly Dimple Made a Hit."

Chicago Playhouses Seat 500,000 Each Week

A Few Facts About the Many Theaters of the Windy City.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—Fifty thousand people can seat themselves in Chicago's playhouses at one time, and over 25,000 a night the year round throng the theaters of the city. During the "season" an average of nearly 40,000 a day attend theatrical performances—and this, exclusive of the great throngs that pack church halls, concert halls, and such places.

And then only about 2 per cent of the population of the city can go on pleasure bent and find themselves seated at any time. The vastness of the amusement enterprises of the city is shown by the fact that, besides all these, there are over 100 halls used for purposes of amusement and that the summer amusement places will more than hold the crowds that are diverted from the few theaters that close during the summer.

It is estimated that every night the year around over 80,000 people attend some public performance within the city limits and that added to these there must be 15,000 Wednesday afternoon, nearly 20,000 Saturday afternoons, and quite 10,000 a day at afternoon vaudeville and at popular priced theaters that have daily matinees. In all perhaps 500,000 (deducting a small percentage for houses that close on Sunday) pay admission to public entertainments in the city every week, which means, or might mean, that one-quarter of the city's population sees a "show" every week. That is not true, however, as there are thousands who go to a theater three, four, even five times a week regularly the year round.

The theaters of Chicago are among the best in the country, and, although their capacity has been reduced through recent safety legislation, it still is large. The total number of seats authorized is about 50,000, divided about as follows: Olympic 2,127, Illinois 1,304, Powers' 1,318, Garrick 1,400, Grand 1,700, McVicker's 2,200, Great Northern 1,385, Alhambra 1,500, Academy 1,467, Criterion 1,600, Bijou 1,221, Studebaker 1,549, Chicago Opera House 1,900, Haymarket 2,196, Hopkins 1,300, Colonial 1,450, Folly 1,400, People's 2,000, Columbus 1,400, Trocadero 1,000, Bush Temple 1,100, La Salle 1,000, Euson's 1,100, Thirty-first Street 500, Clark Street Museum 400, and South Chicago 1,100.

Besides these there are the Auditorium, 4,079, open much of the year; Coliseum, 6,000; Marlowe, 1,000; Music Hall, Orchestra Hall, and scores of other great meeting places that are open the greater part of the year.

What percentage of total capacity is occupied nightly is hard to tell. One manager figures as high as 75 per cent the year around; another calculates on 60 per cent as an average, admitting that his own house has approximately 70 per cent. Perhaps, taken all through the week, figuring that every house is filled to capacity, or even a shade above seating capacity Saturday and Sunday nights, and counting special attractions, where a house may sell its capacity for four or five weeks at a stretch, 70 per cent is a fair estimate for the entire city.

Yet there are hundreds of thousands of people in the city who never attend a theatrical performance of any kind once a year. If there are 500,000 such in the city who either from poverty or opposition to theaters do not go, there must be many thousands who are regulars.

Managers of playhouses, especially of the popular priced houses and the stock houses, declare a large portion of their patrons are regulars. Many families have their regular weekly night for going to see a play. The high-priced houses declare that, while they have a small regular clientele, their audiences shift. Many lovers of the stage make it a rule to "see everything worth seeing" in town, and go once to a theater during each engagement, thus making the rounds of the better class of playhouses. The stock companies have their faithful followers who come every week.

Yet, while Chicago is a theater loving city, and while its dwellers are regular attendants, it is the stranger within the gates that makes the crowds. A great proportion of the 200,000 strangers that come into Chicago every day in the year want to "see a show" at night and it is that class that swells the average attendance, especially of the downtown playhouses.

Besides the visiting merchant, the buyer, and the visitors who are stopping with relatives or friends, and therefore are taken to a theater as part of the scheme of entertainment, there is a huge suburban attendance, as is shown by the fact that all the railways that pretend to have suburban services run theater trains that carry hundreds of theatergoers every evening. The smaller cities within a radius of 100 miles pour theater lovers into the city every night.

The custom of city people of keeping standing orders for seats at theaters is a growing one, and many have the same seats in the same theater on the same night of each week and often hold seats in two or three theaters at their command the year round for certain nights.

The theaters of the city are valued at close to $15,000,000 and the number of employes, including the companies, is estimated at nearly 1,100.

Andrew Carnegie as He Appears in Shaw's Play

Millionaire One of the Leading Characters in "Major Barbara" in Old London.

London, Dec. 23.—It is no exaggeration to say that a more expectant audience has seldom gathered in a London playhouse than that which crowded the Court for the first performance of George Bernard Shaw's much-heralded new play, "Major Barbara." A feverishly-interested audience and an uncommonly brilliant one, too, which included A. J. Balfour, the prime minister; Sir Oliver Lodge, and Dr. Jameson, leader of the famous raid, to name only the best known of the many celebrities present.

And no wonder that "Major Barbara" was awaited wiah more than ordinary curiosity — considering the extent to which Shaw's work has dominated things of late. He has, of course, been more of a figure than ever since the excitement in the United States over "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but before that the enormous success of "Candida" and "Man and Superman" had made all the difference in Bernard Shaw's standing as a dramatist.

Well, "Major Barbara" proves to be much of a piece with "John Bull's Other Island," which failed at home because there was too much talk in it and too little play. Still, American playgoers can't but be diverted by the spectacle of Andrew Carnegie tooting a trombone at the head of a Salvation Army squad. For there is no doubt that the millionaire manufacturer of fighting machines in Mr. Shaw's new play is Mr. Carnegie, and lest there should be any question about this he is named "Andrew Undershaft," and Louis Calvert, who plays the part at the Court, is carefully made up as the laird of Skibo. Another character—a whisky manufacturer "whose product is advertised on the Thames embankment"—is obviously Sir Thomas Dewar.

Annie Russell plays the part of the capitalist's daughter, Barbara, who has joined the army "because she wants to do good," and Shaw's theme—so far as can be discovered—is the struggle between the father's and daughter's respective creeds, his being the cynical one that money and force accomplish everything, while hers is an abiding faith in Christian charity.

About these two creeds, and about all Mr. Shaw's other favorite themes there is talk interminable — though it goes without saying that much of it is highly brilliant. But Mr. Shaw has broken his word to us, and broken it in an unexpected way. He promised, remember, "a discussion in three acts," and recently warned "romantic playgoers" that he had "thrown them over completely" in writing his new piece. But "Major Barbara" is not merely a discussion, and romantic playgoers are not thrown over completely, and it is just this circumstance that inclines one to believe that the latest Shavian farrago will share the fate of "John Bull's Other Island" when it is produced in the United States. For there is just enough real play and real character drawing in the first two acts of "Major Barbara" to pique our interest and rouse our anticipation, and then comes the long-winded debate about everything from university education to how the poor live, which, toward the finish, puts even the ardent Shaw admirer perilously close to the yawn.

Beside the stage Carnegie with his trombone we have a professor of Greek pounding a bass drum—also in the service of the Salvation Army. He is Major Barbara's lover, who has joined the Booth forces in order to be near her, but who ultimately becomes the manager of the factory where her

MISS GEORGIA GARDNER,
Who Will Be Seen in a Clever Act at Bennett's Next Week.

father's death-dealing missiles are turned out. There is, it appears, a tradition in the Undershaft family that its head always shall adopt a foundling as his business successor, and owing to Andrew Undershaft's insisting on following this rule and disinheriting his own son, he and his wife have quarreled and separated several years before the play opens. The Undershaft girls, however, Barbara and Sophie, need wedding portions, so the father of the house is summoned back and in the first act we have him calling at Lady Britomart Undershaft's house, and being "introduced" to his own daughters. Taken with the girl whose religious tendencies have led her to become a major in the Salvation Army, the millionaire proceeds to draw her out, and here there begins the struggle between the two. Barbara is convinced that a visit to her Salvation Army "shelter" will impress her father with the fallacy of his creed that might makes right, while he merely exacts a promise from her that she will afterward pay a visit to his explosive sheds, his model workmen's village, and the rest of his plant.

That is the end of the first act, and the second, with its lifelike picture of the "army" shelter, is really uncommonly interesting and dramatic. Andrew Undershaft arrives with Barbara, and meets several of the converts—but what he gets out of them is not favorable to his daughter's beliefs. These converts, by the way, are among the best character studies that Mr. Shaw has given us—one of them, a slum bully, being as truly a character as the chauffeur in "Man and Superman." Meanwhile, however, the wealthy brewer already mentioned has offered the shelter a handsome check, which Barbara refuses, objecting to the means by which the money has been made. But her superiors overrule the girl, and furthermore accept a substantial contribution from the manufacturer of war implements, and so Barbara resigns disgustedly, while Undershaft proceeds to lead forth a detachment of the army, himself playing the trombone, and followed by Barbara's lover, the erstwhile pedagogue, with the big drum.

There the play, as such, ends. All the rest is talk.

Writing from New York, Franklin Fyles says:

There is a hullabaloo over good old Grandma Bernhardt, arrived at the age of 60-something, yet still the greatest of living actresses. Yet why the public wildly tumbles over itself to get at her in 1905, after having calmly staid away from her in 1900, is a puzzle to the showmen. Then she was accompanied by the famed Coquelin, while now her stage comrade is De Max, of Parisian note, but unknown here. Only two plays in her fortnight round of ten are additions to her familiar repertory. The readiest sales of seats were for the old "Camille" and "La Tosca," except for her opening with "The Sorceress." My own idea is that the deaths of Irving and Jefferson convinced us that this might be actually Bernhardt's last farewell tour.

Sarah Bernhardt's start with "The Sorceress" gave a chance to measure her art by the standard of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Of course, the contrast is belittling to Mrs. Campbell, whose performance looks small when recollected in connection with Bernhardt's great one. There is a mellifluous voice under the French woman's tricky elocution, a sirenical personality behind her theatric devices, a born genius behind her acquired skill, all of which nature gave to her and not to the Englishwoman. However, some of the rhapsodic idiocy in the New York journals made me feel, after having read such sane praise as the Chicago reviews gave to the same achievement, like pitching into her. Of course, that would not do. But I may venture to object to the berating of Victorien Sardou which accompanied some of the adulation of Bernhardt. In my opinion, though I may be biased favorably by an inartistic liking of melodrama, Sardou's plays written for Bernhardt have been an important, if not essential, factor in her success. Critical Paris has never accepted her without reserve in classical roles, like Phedre, nor cared particularly for her in modern emotionalism, like that of Camille—a character, by the way, which she plays seldom except in America; but has made her famous by admiration of such Sardou heroines of outbreaking violence as Fedora, La Tosca, Theodora, Cleopatra, and Gismonda. Yet there are critics in New York who recognize the making of Mrs. Carter by David Belasco, yet hold that Sardou's greater work of the same general kind for the greater Bernhardt has been a hindrance to her. I think that idea is fudge.

While David Belasco has the reputation for having invented many of the most realistic stage effects shown in recent years, he has also to his credit the most unreal effect ever attempted. Many years ago in California, when Mr. Belasco was officiating as stage manager for a local company (who were then playing "Under the Gas Light"), he had occasion to reprimand the property man whose carelessness in neglecting to fasten securely the bit of firework that produced the sparks from the canvas locomotive, had spoiled the big scene. Belasco cautioned the young man that a reoccurrence of the offense would result in his immediate dismissal, and on the following night, as the locomotive was reposing in its accustomed place resting against a "wood wing," the property man mounted a ladder, and with a look of determination on his face he nailed the "spark" securely to the smoke stack, but in his zeal he failed to estimate the length of the nail he used, which went through the smoke stack and into the wood wing, and when the cue came for the train to rush across the stage, it rushed all right, and so did the wood wing, and the spectacle of a tree flying across the stage emitting a shower of sparks was a Belascoan effect that has not been equaled in latter day production.

KIDNAPPED ON HIS WEDDING EVE

Son of Nicaroguo's President Torn From Sweetheart and Packed Off Home.

Washington, Dec. 22.—On the eve of his marriage to a pretty Washington girl whom he had been courting for two years, Alphonso Zelaya, the 19-year-old son of the President of Nicaragua, was kidnapped while visiting his sweetheart. He was forced into a waiting cab and driven to a prominent hotel, where detectives kept him a close prisoner for two days, when he was started for Central America under guard. The kidnapping was at the request of Minister Corea, of Nicaragua, the guardian of the young man.

Zelaya, after two years at West Point, resigned last year and returned to this city, where he had studied before entering the academy. He had met Miss Marguerite Baker, daughter of Dr. W. W. Baker, employed in one of the Government departments, and had fallen in love with her. Miss Baker lives at the boarding-house of Mrs. Cunningham, No. 1301 K street. Zelaya was much in her company. It was known to all the boarders that they were soon to be married. It was understood among the boarders that Zelaya was completing a course of study and that he was a lieutenant in the Nicaraguan army.

The wedding was set for Saturday, and all of Friday was spent by Zelaya and Miss Baker flat-hunting. Minister Corea heard of the contemplated marriage and asked Major Sylvester, chief of police, to aid him in preventing it as the young man was only nineteen years old. Sylvester consented and detailed two detectives, McNames and Haien, to accompany Mr. Mercurie, personal representative of the Nicaraguan minister, in a search for the young man.

Hustled Away by Force.

They went first to his apartments, and not finding him there, proceeded to the home of Miss Baker. The young man and his sweetheart were in the parlor discussing plans for housekeeping when the detectives and Mercurie forced their way in.

"You're wanted to answer a very serious charge," Mercurie said to Zelaya. "Get your coat and come with us."

Zelaya went to the door, protesting that he had done no wrong and asking for what he was wanted. He was bundled into a carriage and the detectives piled in on top of him. At the Cairo Apartment Hotel, in Q street, near Sixteenth, the young man was escorted to a suite on the top floor. He threatened to commit suicide unless released. When Minister Corea heard of this he was greatly worried and the detectives were directed not to leave Zelaya alone for an instant.

Miss Baker's friends appealed to Major Sylvester and to the Nicaraguan minister to permit Zelaya to bid his sweetheart good-bye, but the request was refused. Zelaya was so closely guarded that escape was impossible. It was under the charge of a trusted employe of the Nicaraguan legation that he was started for Central America. Before the departure Miss Baker, with several of her friends, appeared, and her tearful appeals resulted in the minister's consenting that she see Zelaya a few moments.

Has Faith in Alphonse.

Miss Baker refuses to see all callers, and any inquiries are answered by Mrs. Cunningham.

"It is a shame to interfere between the two," Mrs. Cunningham said. "They are thoroughly in love with each other."

Miss Baker, through a friend, made this statement: "Nothing can happen which will cause me to break my faith in Alphonso. I have every confidence in him and know he has been greatly wronged. It will not be long until he will return, and then we will be happy again."

Miss Baker is a tall, graceful brunette. Her father, who lives in North Capitol street, said he knew about the love affair of his daughter.

"I do not know what the objections of the young man's parents or guardian were, but I suppose they were because of his age," Dr. Baker said. "My daughter, although she does not look to be more than sixteen, is almost twenty."

The police department justified its course by the plea that it was bound to protect the ward of a foreign minister.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Halifax. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of acute bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
LIEUT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex.

I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

EYEWITNESS TELLS OF THE BATTLES

Lieutenant Sent to the Orient Describes Adventures.

SEES PORT ARTHUR FIGHTS

Relates First Hand Story of Struggle of Japan and Russia at Mukden.

Washington, Dec. 22. — Lieutenant Newton A. McCully of the navy, who has just returned from Vladivestock and Mukden, after a series of exciting adventures in Port Arthur, tells his story in a very modest but interesting way.

"I was sent over in February, 1904," he says, "to go with the Russians as an observer for the Navy Department. I went via St. Petersburg and the Great Siberian Railroad to Liao-Yang, and reported at the head-quarters of General Kuropatkin. I was delayed there for two weeks, trying to get a permit to go to Port Arthur; and finally obtained it just as the Japanese were landing to begin the siege. On the 4th or 5th of May I started for Port Arthur with a scouting party of Primorski dragoons—from a Russian province of that name, which means, 'by the sea.' They were under command of Captain Boutakoff, a cousin of the present naval attache of the Russian embassy here. The railway had been torn up in places. The Japanese had blown up a bridge to prevent the Russians from using it, while the Russians had torn up a lot of track to prevent the Japanese from using it. So we had to go on horseback until we reached the lower end of the line, which was still in working order. We were three days on the march. All I had was the clothes I wore, a camera and a canteen, but I got part of my baggage a few days later. The dragoons drove the Japanese off so as to let the ammunition train through, and my friends at Liao-Yang had put some of my baggage on one of the wagons. I got the rest of it six months later. They sent it back to head-quarters and kept it carefully until my return.

"Upon arriving at Port Arthur I was assigned quarters in a Chinese house near the navy yard, with two Germans—Captain Hopman and Lieutenant von Gilgenheim—and the French observer—Viscount Cuverille. I had a good room and we took our meals at the naval club. There were no Americans or English in Port Arthur at the time. Hector Fuller, a newspaper correspondent, came in while I was there, but I did not see him or know anything about him until after he had been sent away. I remained in Port Arthur from May 8 to Aug. 14.

"We were reasonably comfortable and had nothing to complain of. Everybody was very polite to us and there was plenty of tinned goods to eat and plenty of tea to drink, but very little fresh meat or vegetables. We were allowed to go around the hills and up and down the beach and could see a great deal. I visited all the ships in the harbor, but they would not let me go out with them when they went to meet the Japanese fleet. I did not expect they would, because it is not customary to permit foreigners to accompany ships of war in action.

"The blockade was not very strict before July 27. I saw the fleet go out on June 23 and Aug. 10 for those two fights, as a fleet; and single ships or squadrons of battleships or cruisers frequently went out to engage the enemy. They would exchange shots and then return to the harbor. The Russian officers were friendly and talked freely, but would not give us any official data. They gave us every opportunity, however, to see their methods of laying mines and taking them up, and the effect of the mines upon the enemy. I did not see the Japanese cruiser Hatsuse blown up, but got to the top of Gold Hill a few moments later, while the Japanese were still picking their men out of the water. I could see the Yashima limping out to sea very painfully after she struck a mine. She sank the same night. I remained on Gold Hill most of that night and saw the searchlights of the Japanese fleet playing around the Yashima. They were trying to save her, and after she sank they were picking up the crew. I saw the torpedo attack of the Japanese upon the Russian fleet on the night of June 23. It continued all night long, and we picked up torpedos all along the beach next day; but they had not touched a single Russian ship.

"I could not see the naval battle of Aug. 10, continued Lieutenant McCully, "because it took place a hundred miles away; but I saw the fleet come back next day. One of the battleships was very badly battered, but the rest did not seem to have suffered much damage. The torpedo fights were the most interesting. They occurred nearly every night. The Japanese torpedo flotillas would come in for an attack; the land batteries would open up on them; and the Russian guard boats would engage them and chase them away. Gold Hill was a platform from which we could see it all. The Russian fleet was in the foreground; the Japanese fleet on the horizon, and its ships would come up four at a time and discharge their batteries and retire; then another four would come up, sometimes nearer than the others, and retire. The Russians constantly responded, both from the ships and fortifications, keeping up a continuous canonade. The torpedo boats and destroyers would be playing around, trying to get in their work. I saw half a dozen of these duels, but comparatively little damage was done by either side. More was done by the mines than by artillery. In one of the battles the Japanese cruiser Chiyoda struck a mine and was towed off badly injured.

"In the meantime the Japanese army was surrounding the city and the bombardment began in earnest on Aug. 7. The first shot struck only a few feet from the office of the Russian commander-in-chief. The shells struck all parts of the town. The gunners were evidently aiming for the navy-yard, but they had to shoot over the hills that lay between and could not see where their shots fell. There were a great many killed and a good deal of destruction, but it was mostly on the outside of the town, among the outer lines of defences. Only about 20 people were killed in the city while I was there. The firing became monotonous after a while, and, as the Japanese closed in around the town we were forbidden to go anywhere or see anything, and our usefulness was practically ended. We knew that the Russian fleet was going to Vladivostock at the first opportunity. It went out twice with that intention. The first time it was driven back, the second time it was badly broken up and scattered. This left us nothing further to observe, and, as we anticipated that the naval operations would be transferred to Vladivostock, we asked permission to go there.

"General Smirnoff gave me a pass, and I, with two ladies, took a Chinese coasting junk across the Gulf to Shanhai-kwan. One of the ladies was the wife of a Russian officer, and the other the wife of a Frenchman living in Port Arthur, with her child. Captain Hoffman had been recalled by the German emperor, and went out through the Japanese lines on a safe conduct. Lieutenant von Gilgenheim and Viscount Cuverville were intending to go with me, but were not ready and the junk sailed without them. They started the next day, but did not reach their destination, and we have never had any definite news concerning their fate. The Chinese authorities executed the crew of a junk on which it is said they sailed, but the evidence against them was only circumstantial and it is not absolutely certain that the men who were executed were responsible. No direct evidence was brought against them. They may have been guilty of making away with Von Gilgenheim and Cuverville, yet, at the same time, it is possible that the officers may have been on another junk, which may have struck a mine, or the Japanese may have sunk them, or they may have been captured and sunk by pirates. Nobody knows. Their fate is involved in complete mystery. Not the slightest trace of them has been discovered since they sailed from Port Arthur. We might have met with the same mysterious fate, but for the fact that Miss Helen Chaffanzon, the young daughter of the French lady with whom I sailed, was able to converse freely with our boatmen in Chinese and could explain them my orders and wishes. Miss Helen is quite a remarkable young woman. She can talk fluently in English, French, Russian and Chinese. If Von Gilgenheim and Cuverville had been able to talk with their boatmen, or if they had an interpreter in the junk, perhaps their lives might have been saved. It is possible some misunderstanding might have occurred, through their inability to talk to the men, of which they were the victims.

"Junks were going back and forth all the time," explained Lieutenant McCully, "between Port Arthur and the Chinese coast. The Russians encouraged them, for they brought in vegetables, meats and newspapers. They were common, everyday junks, such as you see all along the Chinese coast, and on the rivers of the interior, and were very well handled. They were not comfortable for passengers, but people who wanted to get out of Port Arthur were glad to take any kind of a boat to accomplish it. I paid the captain $100 to take me over. We had a little excitement on the voyage, caused by two suspicious-looking junks which we ran afoul of and which fired on us. They were evidently pirates, but our captain knew his business, and his men were good sailors, and we escaped in the dark.

"From Shan-kai-kwan I started for Peking, and from there made my way to Vladivostock via Mukden—partly by cart and partly by railroad. I had a Russian officer for traveling companion, and we got through without trouble, although we were a little uneasy because of the Chinese bandits, who were pretty thick and troublesome in that locality. We saw a skirmish between them and a party of Chinese soldiers, but nothing happened to us, and we reached Liao-Yang in time to see the battle—as much as could be seen of it—and that was only the artillery fire. I was inside of the town, at Russian head-quarters, and the fighting was going on outside.

"I was at Vladivostock altogether about six months, but most of that time was going back and forth between the city and the Russian army. The railroad was open to Mukden, and it was easy to run down by train. The Russian authorities allowed us to come and go wherever and whenever we pleased, and gave us every opportunity to see what was going on. I was in Mukden during the great battle there, but did not see much of it. It was impossible to do so. The line of battle was 80 miles long; the country around Mukden is dead level; the soil is very dry, and between the dust and the smoke we could scarcely see farther than across the street at rare intervals. Under such circumstances it was not easy to observe the action of the troops, but I saw plenty of Japanese 11-inch shells dropping into the Russian trenches.

There were a number of foreign attaches there—British, Swedish, Danish and Argentine—and we went around together. We remained at Mukden, until the end of the fighting, and then started for home by way of the Amur River and across Mongolia to Peking. Then we went down to Shanghai and took a steamer via the Suez Canal to Genoa. From there I went to St. Petersburg, via Vienna, paid my respects to the minister of marine on Sept. 22 and returned home via Norway and Sweden.

"I have scarcely begun on my report," said the lieutenant, in conclusion, "but am getting my notes in order. The war has developed a great deal of interest in military matters, and has furnished many valuable lessons in strategy, organization, ordnance and other respects. It is the only practical guage we have for modern warfare, and is equally important to army and navy men."

A mink can, when put to it, climb a tree, as was clearly demonstrated by Leo Duchesneau at Keene, N. H. He chased the animal some distance and at last the sly fellow took refuge in an elm. The boy secured the treasure with the aid of his rifle.

If some hearts should go to heaven there would be a hard frost there right off.

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The Adventures of Captain Kettle

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

No. 2—

Crown and Garrote.

"We will garrotte el Senor Kettle with due form and ceremony," said the mulatto, with an ugly smile. "The saints must have sent us this machine on purpose."

He threw away the cigarette stump from his yellow fingers, and began to knot a running bowline on the end of a rawhide rope. "I will do myself the honor of capturing him. He covered me with that revolver of his this morning, and put me to shame before the men. I have not forgotten."

"And the other Englishman?" said the ex-priest. "He fought well for us in the morning. He is brave."

"And so is far too dangerous to be left alive, padre, after we garrote the sailor."

"My dear Cuchillo," said the ecclesiastic, "you are so abominably bloodthirsty. But I suppose you are right, I will come with you, and if the man shows trouble, I will shoot him where he sits." He and the mulatto got up as he spoke, and the other men rose also, and the six of them left the ingenio silently on the side away from the camp. The jungle growths of the ruined plantation swallowed them out of sight. They held along their way silently and confidently, like men well skilled in woodcraft. With primitive cunning they had arranged to make their attack from the rear.

The noise of their chatter ceased, and from the distance there went up into the hot, tropical night faint snatches of the "Swanee River," sung by a Louisiana negro, who had grown delirious from a wound.

In the meanwhile the two Englishmen were taking their tobacco barely a couple of hundred yards away. They had built a small fire of green wood, and were sitting in the alley of smoke as some refuge from the swarming mosquitoes, and the conversation ran upon themselves and their own prospects.

"I don't want to mess about with a crown," Capt. Kettle was saying, "A cheese-cutter cap's good enough for me, or, seeing that Cuba's hot, a pith helmet might be preferable, if we are going in for luxury." He peered through the smoke wreaths at the camp of the revolutionists, a naked bivouac chopped from amongst the canes, and strewn with sleeping men who moaned in their dreams. The ruined ingenio at the further side had its white walls smeared with smoke. The place ached with poverty and squalor.

"Not that there seems much luxury here," he went on, "These beauties haven't a sound pair of breeches amongst them, and if it wasn't for the rifles and ammunition we brought ashore from the poor old Sultan, sir, I'd say they'd just starve to death before they kicked the Spaniards out of the island. But if ugliness means pluck, there should be none better as fighting men; and when we get 'em bossing them properly you'll see we shall just make this revolutionary busines hum. You are going to stay on and help, Mr. Carnforth?"

The big man in the shooting coat gave a rueful laugh. "You've got my promise, Kettle. I don't see any way of backing out of it."

"I thank you for that, sir," said the sailor, with a bow. "When I come to be formally made king of these Cubans, you shall find I am not ungrateful. I am not a man to neglect either my friends or my enemies."

"You shal sign on as my prime minister, Mr. Carnforth, when we get the show reguarly in commission, and I'll see you make a good thing out of it. Don't you get the notion it'll be a bit like the dreary business you wert used to in parliament in England. Empty talk is not to my taste, and I'll not set up a parliament here to encourage it. I'm going to hold a full king's ticket myself, and it won't do for anyone to forget it."

"You seem very anxious for power, captain."

"It's a fact, sir," said the other with a sigh, "I do like to have the ordering of men. But don't you think that's the only reason I'm taking on with this racket. I'm a man with an income to make, and I'm out of a berth elsewhere. I'm a man with a family, sir."

"I am a bachelor," said Carnforth, "and I'm thanking heaven for it this minute. Doesn't it strike you, captain, that this is no sort of a job for a married man? Can't you see its' far too risky?"

"Big pay, big risk; that's always the way, sir, and as I've faced ugly places before and come out on top side,there's no reason why I shouldn't do it again here. Indeed, it's the thought of my wife that's principally pushing me on. During all the time we've been together, Mr. Carnforth, I've never been able to give Mrs. Kettle the place I'd wish."

"She was brought up, sir, as the daughter of a minister of religion, and splendidly educated; she can play the harmonium and do crewel work; and, though I'll not deny I married her from behind a bar, I may tell you she only took to busines from a liking to see society." He looked out dreamily through the smoke at the fireflies which were winking across the black rim of the forest.

"I'd like to see her, Mr. Carnforth, with gold brooches and chains and a black satin dress and a bonnet that cost twenty shillings, sitting in government house, with the British consul on the mat before her, waiting till she chose to ask him to take a chair and talk. She'd fill the position splendidly, and I've just got to wade in and get it for her."

The little man broke off and stared out at the fireflies, and Carnforth coughed the wood smoke from his lungs and rammed fresh tobacco into his pipe. He was a man with a fine sense of humor and he appreciated to the full the ludicrousness of Kettle's pretensions. The sailor had run a cargo of much wanted contraband of war onto the Cuban beach, had sunk a Spanish cruiser, in the process and had received effusive thanks.

But he had taken the florid metaphor of the country to mean a literal offer and when in their complimentary phrase they shouted that he should be king, a king from that moment he intended to be. The comedy of the situation was irresistible.

But at the same time Mr. Martin Carnforth was a man of wealth and a man (in England) of assured position; and he could not avoid seeing that by his present association with Capt. Owen Kettle he was flirting with ugly tragedy every moment that he lived. Yet here he was pinned, not only to keep in the man's society, but to help him in his mad endeavor.

He would gladly have forfeited half his fortune to be snugly back in St. Stephen's, Westminster, clear of the mess; but escape was out of the question; and, moreover, he knew quite well that trying to make Kettle appreciate his true position would be like an attempt to reason with the winds or the surf on an ocean beach. So he held his tongue, and did as he was bidden. He was a man of physical bravery, and the rush of actual fighting that morning had come pleasantly to him.

It was only when he thought of the certain and treacherous dangers of the future, and the cozy niche that awaited him at home in England, that his throat tickled with apprehension, and he caressed with affectionate fingers the region of his carotids. And if he had known that at that precise moment the ex-priest, and the mulatto they called el Cuchillo, and the others were stalking him with a view to capture and execution, it is probable that he would have felt even still more disturbed.

"We did well in that fight this morning," said Kettle presently, as he drew his eyes away from the light-snaps of the fireflies, and shut them to keep out the sting of the wood smoke. "You've been shot at before, sir?"

"Never," said Carnforth.

"You couldn't have been cooler, sir, if you'd been at sea all your life, and seen pins flying every watch. Do you know, I've been thinking it over, and I'm beginning to fancy that perhaps our black and yellow mongrels weren't quite such cowards as I said. I know they did scuttle to the bushes like rabbits so soon as ever a gun was fired, but then their business is to shoot these Spanish soldiers and not get shot back, and so, perhaps, they were right to keep to their own way.

"Anyway, we licked them, and that means getting on towards Mrs. Kettle's being a queen. But that murdering the wounded afterward was more than I can stand, and it has got to be put a stop to."

"You didn't make yourself popular over it."

"I am not usually liked when I am captain,' said Kettle grimly.

"Well, skipper, I don't, as a rule, agree with your methods, as you know, but here I'm with you all the way. Your excellent subjects are a great deal too barbarous for my taste."

"They are wholly brutes, and that's a fact," said Capt. Kettle, 'and I expect a good many of them will be hurt whilst I'm teaching them manners. But they've got to learn this lesson first of all: They're to treat their prisoners decently, or else let them go, or else shoot them clean and dead in the first instance, whilst they're still on the run. I'm a man myself, Mr. Carnforth, that can do a deal in hot blood; but afterward, when the poor brutes are on the ground, I want to go round with sticking plaster, and not a knife to slit their throats."

"It will take a tolerable amount of trouble to drum that into this crew. A Spaniard on the warpath is not merciful; an African is a barbarian; but make a cross of the two (as you get here), and you turn out the most unutterable savage on the face of the earth."

"They will not be taught by kindness alone," said Capt. Kettle suggestively. "I've got heavy hands, and I sha'n't be afraid to use them. It's a job," he added with a sigh, "which will not come new to me, I've put to sea with some of the worst toughs that ever wrote their crosses before a shipping master, and none of them can ever say they got the top side of me yet."

He was about to say more, but at that moment speech was taken from him. A long rawhide rope suddenly flicked out into the air like a slim, black snake; the noose at its end for an instant poised open-mouthed above him and then it descended around his elbows and was as simultaneously plucked by unseen hands behind the shelter of the jungle. Captain Kettle struggled like a wildcat to release himself, but four lithe, bony men threw themselves upon him, twisted his arms behind his back and made them fast there with other thongs of rawhide.

Carnforth did nothing to help. At the first alarm that burly gentleman had looked up and discovered a rifle muzzle, not ten feet off, pointed squarely at his breast. The voice of the ex-priest came from behind the rifle and assured him in mild, unctuous tones, that the least movement would secure him a quick and instant passage to one or other of the next worlds. And Martin Carnforth surrendered without terms. When the four men had finished their other business they came and roped him up also.

The mulatto strode out from the cover and flicked the ashes of a cigarette into Kettle's face. "El rey," he said, "de los Cubanos must have his power limited. He has come where he was not wanted, he has done what was forbidden and shortly he will taste the consequences."

"You gingerbread-colored beast," retorted Capt. Kettle, "you shame of your mother, I made a big mistake when I did not shoot you in the morning."

The mulatto pressed the lighted end of his cigarette against Kettle's forehead. "I will trouble you," he said, "to keep silence for the present. At dawn you will be put upon trial, and then you may speak. But till then (and the sun will not rise for another three hours yet), if you talk, you will earn a painful burn for each sentence.

"You are a man accustomed to having you own way, senor; I am another; and as at present I possess the upper hand, your will has got to bend to mine. The process, I can well imagine, will be distasteful to you. It was distasteful to me when I looked down your revolver muzzle over the affair of those prisoners. But I do not think you will be foolish enough to earn torture uselessly."

Kettle glared, but with an effort held his tongue. He understood he was in a very tight place, And for the present the only thing remaining for him was to bide his time. He quite recognized that he was in dangerous hands. The mulatto was a man of education, who had been brought up in an American college, and who had learned in the States to hate his white father and loathe his black mother with a ferocity which nothing but that atmosphere could foster.

He was a fellow living on the borderland of the two primitive colors, and his whole life was soured by the pigment in his skin. As a white man he would have been a genius; as a black he would have become a star; but as a mulatto he was merely a suave and brilliant savage, thirsting for vengeance against the whole of the human race. He had entered this Cuban revolution through no taint of patriotism, but merely from the lust of cruelty. By sheer daring and ability he had raised himself from the ranks to supreme command of the revolutionists, and he was not likely to let so appetising a situation slip from his fingers for even a few short hours without exacting a bitter retribution when the chance was put in his way.

Carnforth lifted up his voice in expostulation, but was quickly silenced by the promise of branding from the cigarette end if he did not choose to hold his tongue. Quiet fell over the group. The only sounds weer scraps of the "Swanee River" sung by the wounded negro in his delirium from somewhere in the distance:

"Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home."

came the words in a thin quavering tenor, and Carnforth, with a sigh, thought how well he could indorse them.

The first glow of morning saw the camp aroused, and half an hour later the court was ranged. The self-styled judges sat under the whitewashed piazza of the ruined house; the motley troops faced them in an irregular ring 20 yards' away; and the two prisoners, with an armed man to guard each, stood on the open ground between.

El Cuchillo was himself principal spokesman and proceedings were carried on in Spanish and English alternately. The crime of Capt. Kettle was set forth in a dozen words. He had stopped the rightful execution of prisoners, and had let them go free."

"You had no place to jail them," said Carnforth in defence.

The mulatto pointed a thin yellow finger at the sun-baked ground in front of the piazza. "We have the earth," he said. "Give them to the earth, and she will keep them jailed so fast that they will never fight against us more. It is a war here to the knife on both sides. The Spanish troops kill us when they catch, and we do the like by them. It is right that it should be so. We do not want quarter at their hands; neither do we wish them to remain alive upon Cuba. Three Spanish soldiers were ours a few hours ago. Our cause demanded that their lives should have been taken away. And yet they were set free."

"Yes," broke in Kettle, "and, by James, that's a thing you ought to sing small about. Here's you, six officers and 150 men, all armed. Here's me a cocoa-in low-down, foul-of-his-luck Britisher, with a vinegar tongue and a thirty-shilling pistol. You said the beggars should be hanged; I said they shouldn't; and, by James, I scared the whole caboodle of you with just one half ugly look, and got my own blessed way. O, I do say you are a holy crowd."

Carnforth stamped in anger. It seemed to him that this truculent little sailor was deliberately inviting their captors to murder the pair of them out of hand. He understood that Kettle was bitterly disappointed at having his bubble about the kingship so ruthlessly pricked, but with this recklessness which was snatching away their only chance of escape, he could have no sympathy. He was unprepared, however, for his comrade's next remark.

"Don't think I'd any help from Mr. Carnforth here. He's a member of parliament in London and is far too much ofa gentleman to concern himself with your fourpenny-ha'penny matters here. He warned me before I began that being king of the whole of your rotten island wasn't worth a dish of beans; but I wouldn't believe him till I'd seen how it was for myself.

"I'm here now through my own fault; I ought to have remembered that niggers and yellow bellies, and white men who have forgotten their color, could have no spark of gratitude. I'll not deny, too, that I got to thinking about those fireflies, and so wasn't keeping a proper watch; but here I am, lashed up snug, and I guess you're going to make the most of your chance. By James, though, if you weren't a pack of cowards you'd cast me adrift, and give me my gun again!"

"Speaking as a man of peace," said the ex-priest, "I fancy you are safest as you are, amigo."

"I'd be king of this crowd again inside three minutes if I was loose," retorted Kettle.

El Cuchillo snapped his yellow fingers impatiently. "We are wasting time," he said, "Capt. Kettle seems still to dispute my supreme authority. He shall taste of it within the next dozen minutes; and if he can see his way to resisting it, and asserting his own kingship, he has my full permission to do so. Here, you; go into the ingenio, and bring out that machine."

A dozen ragged fellows detached themselves from the onlookers, and went through a low stone doorwary into the ruined sugar house. In a couple of minutes they reappeared, dragging with noisy laughter a dusty,cumbersome erection, which they sat down in the open space before the piazza.

It was made up of a wooden platform on which was fastened a chair and an upright. On the upright was a hinged iron ring immediately above the chair. A screw passed through the upright into the ring, with a long lever at its outside end, on either extremity of which was a heavy sphere of iron. If once that lever was set on the tfirl, it would drive the screw's point into whatever the iron ring contained, with a force that was irresistible.

The mulatto introduced the machine with a wave of his yellow fingers, "El garrote," he said. "A mediaeval survival of which I did not dream of finding here. Of its previous history I can form no idea. Of its future use I can give a simple account. It will serve to ease us of the society of this objectionable Capt. Kettle."

"Great heavens, man," Carnforth broke out, "this is murder."

"Ah," said el Cuchillo, "I will attend to your case at the same time. You shal have the honor of turning the screw which gives,your friend his exit, In that way we shall secure your silence afterward as to what has occurred."

"You fool brute," said Carnforth,with a shout, "do you think I am an assassin like yourself?"

The mulatto took a long draft at his cigarette. "What a horrible country England must be to live in, if all the people there have tongues as long as you two. Senor, if you do not choose to accept my suggestion for pinning you to silence, I can offer you another. Refuse to take your place at the screw, and I promise that you shall be stood up against the wall of this ingenio and be shot inside the minute. The choice stands open before you."

"Mr. Carnforth," said Capt. Kettle, "you mustn't be foolish. You must officiate over me exactly as you are asked, or otherwise you'll get shot useless. Gingerbread and his friends mean business. And if you still think you're taking liberty in handling the screw (in spite of what I say) you may fine yourself a matter of ten shillings wtekly, and hand it across to Mrs. Kettle. I make no doubt she would find that sum very useful."

"This is horrible," said Carnforth.

"It will be horrible for Mrs. Kettle and my youngsters, sir, if you don't act sensibly and man the lever as Gingerbread asks. If you get planted here alongside of men, I don't know anyone at all likely to give them a pension. It would afford me a great deal of pleasure just now, Mr. Carnforth, if I knew my family could still keep to windward of parish relief."

"Of course," said Carnforth, with a white face, "I will see your wife and children are all right if I get clear; but it is too ghastly to think of purchasing even my life on these terms."

"You seem slow to make up your mind, senor," broke in the mulatto, "Allow me to hasten your decision." He gave some directions, and the men who had brought out the garrote took Capt. Kettle and sat him on the chair. They opened the iron ring, which screeched noisily with its rusted hinge, and they clasped it, collar-fashion, about his neck. Then they led Carnforth up to the back of the upright and cast off the lashing from his wrists.

"Now, Senor Carnforth," said the yellow man, "I want that person garroted. If you do it for me, I will give you a safe conduct down to any seaport in Cuba which you may choose. If I have to set on one of my own men to do the work you will not have sight to witness it. I will stick you up against that white wall yonder and have you shot out of hand. Now, senor, I have the honor to ask for your decision."

"Come, sir, don't hesitate," said Capt. Kettle. "If you don't handle the screw, remember someone else will."

"That will be a flimsy excuse to remember afterwards."

"You will be paying a weekly fine, and can recollect that carries a full pardon with it."

"Pah,' said Carnforth, "what is ten shillings a week?"

"Exactly," said Kettle. "Make it twelve, sir, and that will hold you clear of everything."

"What feeble, dilatory people you English are," said el Cuchillo, "I must trouble you to make up your mind at once, Senor Carnforth."

"He has made it up," said Kettle, "and I shall go smiling, because I shall get my clearance at the hands of a decent man. I'd have taken it as a disgrace to be shoved out of this world by a yellow beast like you, you shame of your mother."

The mulatto blazed out with fury. "By heaven," he cried, "I've a mind to take you out of that garrote even now and have you burnt."

"And we should lose a pleasant little comedy," said the ex-priest. "No, amigo; let us see the pair of them perform together."

"Go on," said the mulatto to Carnforth.

"Yes," said Kettle, in a lower voice, "For God's sake go on and get it over. It isn't very pleasant work for me, this waiting. And you will make it twelve shillings a week, sir?"

"I will give your wife $1,050 a year, my poor fellow. I will give her $5,000. No, I am murdering her husband, and I will give her all I have, and go away to start life afresh elsewhere. I shall never dare to show my face again in England or carry my own name." He gripped one of the iron spheres and threw his weight upon the lever. The bar buckled and sprang under his effort, but the screw did not budge.

"Quick, man, quick!" said Kettle, in a low fierce voice. "This is cruel. If you don't get me finished directly, I shall go white or something, and those brutes will think I'm afraid."

Carnforth wrenched at the lever with a tremendous effort. One arm of the bar bent slowly, into a semicircle, but the lethal screw remained fast in its socket. It was glued there with the rust of years.

Carnforth flung away from the machine. "I have done my best," he said sullenly to the men on the piazza, "and I can do no more. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made me a murderer in intent, if not in actual fact; and now, if you choose, you can stick me up against that wall and have me shot. I'm sure I don't care. I'm sick of it all here."

"You shall have fair treatment," said el Cuchillo, "and neither more nor less. You have tried to obey my orders, and Capt. Kettle is at present alive because of the garrote's deficiency and not by your intention." He gave a command and the men released the iron collar from Kettle's neck. "I will have the machine repaired by my armorer," he said, "and in the meanwhile you may await my pleasure out of the sunshine."

He gave another order and the men laid hands upon their shoulders and led them away, and thrust them into a small arched room of whitened stone, under the boiler house of the ingenio. The window was a mere arrow slit; the door was a ponderous thing of Spanish oak, barred with iron bolts which ran into the stonework; the place was absolutely unbreakable.

The silence had lasted a dozen hours, although it was plain that each of the prisoners was busily thinking. At last Kettle spoke.

"If I only could get a rhyme to 'brow'," he said, "I believe I could manage the rest."

"What?" asked Carnforth.

"I want a word to rhyme with 'brow,' sir, if you can help me."

"What in the world are you up to, now?"

"I've been filling up time, sir, whilst we've been here by hammering out a bit of poetry about those fireflies. I got the idea of it last night, when we saw them flashing in and out against the black of the forest."

"You don't owe them much gratitude that I can see, skipper. According to what you said, if you hadn't been looking at them, you'd have been more on the watch, and wouldn't have got caught."

"Perfectly right, sir. And so this poem should be all the more valuable when it's put together. I'm running it to the tune of 'Greenland's Icy Mountains,' my favorite air, Mr. Carnforth. I'm trying to work a parallel between those fireflies switching their lights in and out, and a soul, sir. Do you catch the idea?"

"I can't say I do, quite."

Capt. Kettle rubbed thoughtfully at his beard. "Well, I'm a trifle misty about it myself,' he admitted, "but it will make none the worse poetry for being a bit that way, if I can get the rhymes all right."

"'Plow' might suit you," Carnforth suggested.

"That's just the word I want, sir 'The fields of heaven to plow.' That would be the very occupation the soul of the man I'm thinking about would delight in: something restful and in the agricultural line. I wanted to give him a good time up there. He was due for it," he added thoughtfully, and then he closed his eyes and fell to making further poetry.

Martin Carnforth knew the little ruffian's taste for this form of exercise, but it seemed to him jarringly out of place just then, "I am in no mood for verse now," he commented, with a frown.

"I am," said Kettle, and tapped out the meter of a new line with a finger tip upon his knee. "It always takes a set-to with the hands, or a gale of wind, or a tight corner of some kind to work me up to poetry at all. And the worse the fix has been the better I can rhyme. I find it very restful and pleasant, sir, to send my thoughts over a bit of a sonnet after times like these."

"Then you ought to turn out a masterpiece now," said Carnforth, "and enjoy the making of it."

Kettle took him seriously. "I quite agree with you there, sir," he said, and puckered his forehead and went on with his work.

Carnforth did not say any more, but turned again to brooding. Every time he looked at the matter, the more he cursed himself for leaving his snug pinnacle in England. The utmost boon he could have gained in Capt. Kettle's society was not to be caught. Dangers, hardships and exposures he was discovering are much pleasanter to hear of from a distance, or to read about in a well-stuffed chair by a warm fireside. The actual items themselves had turned out terribly squalid when viewed at first hand.

At last he broke out again. "Look here, Skipper," he said, "I'm fond enough of life, but I don't think I want to earn it by playing executioner. I'd prefer to let this rebel fellow parade me and bring out his platoon."

Kettle woke up from his work. "I'm not sweet on wearing the iron collar again, and that's a fact. It's horrible work waiting to have your backbone snapped without being able to raise a finger to interfere. I'm not a coward, Mr. Carnforth, but I tell you it took all the nerve I'd got to sit quiet in that chair without squirming whilst you were getting ready the ceremonial."

"It's no new thing for me to expect being killed before the hour was through, I've had trouble of all kinds, with all sorts of crews, but I've always had my hands free and been able to use them, and I will say I've most always had a gun of some sort to help me. I might even go so far as to tell you, sir, (and you may kick me for saying it if you like) I've felt a kind joy regularly glow inside me during some of those kind of scuffles. Yes, sir, that's the kind of animal I am; in hot blood I think no more of being killed than a terrier dog does."

"If there was only a chance of being knocked on the head in hot blood," said Carnforth, "I'd fight like a cornered thief till I got my quietus."

"And Mrs. Kettle would lose her twelve shillings a week if—. By James, sir, her they come for us,"

He leaped up from the bench on which he had sat, and whirled it above his head. With a crash he brought it down against the whitened wall of the cell, and the bench split down its length into two staves. He gave one to Carnforth and hefted the other himself like a connoisseur.

"Now, sir, you on one side of the door, and me on the other, They can't reach us from the outside there. And if they want us out from here, we've got to be fetched."

Carnforth took up his stand, and shifted his fingers knowingly along his weapon. He was a big man and a powerful one, and the hunger for fighting lit in his eye.

"Horatius Cocbles and the other Johnnie holding the bridge," quoth he. "We can bag the first two, and the others will fall over them if they try a rush. What fools they were to untie our wrists and shins! But our fun won't last long. As soon as they find we are awkward, they wil go around to the window slit, and shoot us down from there,"

"We aren't shot yet," said Kettle, grimly, "and I'm wanting to do a lot of damage before they get me. Look out!"

The bolts grated back in the rusty staples, and the heavy door screamed outwards on its hinges. A negro came in, whistling merrily. The two halves of the bench flew down upon his head from either side with a simultaneous crash.

A white man's skull would have crunched like an eggshell under that impact, but the African cranium is stout. The fellow toppled to the ground under the sheer tonnage of the blows, and he lay there with the whistle half frozen on his lips, and such a ludicrous look of surprise growing over his features that Carnforth burst into an involuntary laugh, Kettle, however, was more businesslike. The negro had a machete dangling from his hip, and the little sailor darted out and snatched it from its sheath. He jumped back again to cover with slim activity, and a couple of pistol bullets which followed him made harmless gray splashes on the opposite wall. Then there was a pause in the proceedings, and Carnforth felt his heart thumping noisily against his watch as he waited.

Presently a brisk fotstep made itself heard on the flagging outside, and the voice of the mulatto leader spoke through the doorway.

"If you come out now, one of you shall be garroted and the other shall go free. If I have more trouble to fetch you, you shall both be roasted to death over slow fires."

"If—if—if!" retorted Kettle, "If your mother had stuck to her laundry work and married a nigger, she'd have kept a very great rascal out of the world. If I'd the sense of a sheep I'd come to you at once, and my poor wife would have twelve bob a week for life. If you want to talk, you frightened lump of gingerbread, come in here and do it, and don't squall out there like a cat on a garden wall."

The suave voice of the ex-priest made a comment. "Saints deliver us from these Englishmen's tongues. Truly they are not fit to live; but why should we send our terriers into the rat pit? A little careful shooting through the window yonder will soon limit their capers, and if the shooting is carefully done, neither will be any the worse as a roast."

El Cuchillo answered him savagely. "Then do you see to it. The big man you may shoot as you please, but if you kill the sailor, look to yourself. That man is in my debt, and I want him in my hands alive, so that I may pay it."

"Amigo," said the unfrocked priest, "you may trust to my shooting. I will pink him most scientifically in one leg and the right arm, and I will guarantee that you shall get him in perfect condition to have your satisfaction on."

"Do so," said the mulatto, and the other marched briskly away on his rope-soled sandals. But in the meantime Kettle's active brain had formed a plan, and in dumb show he had telegraphed it across to Carnforth at the opposite flank of the doorway.

Of a sudden the pair of them rushed out simultaneously. Kettle handed the machete to his companion, and sprang upon the yellow man with greedy fingers. His feet he kicked away from beneath him, and at the same instant grappled him by the throat. It was a trick he had many a time before played upon mutinous seamen, and he had dragged the mulatto back into the cell almost before the man had time to struggle. Carnforth followed closely upon their heels, leaving signatures behind him written redly with the machete.

Capt. Kettle bumped the mulatto's head against the wall as a way of quieting him, and keeping his fingers away from dangerous weapons, and threw him onto the floor. He extracted a revolver and a knife from the man's belt, and looked up to see the face of the ex-priest staring at him from the window. Then he sat himself on the chest of his prisoner and prepared to treat for terms.

A shot rang out across the bivouac outside, and then another. The man at the window slit turned away his face, There was a minute's pause, and then a dropping fire began, the sound of it coming from two distinct quarters.

The ex-priest's head went out of sight. It was the last they ever saw of him. Some one outside the doorway shouted "Los Espanoles!" and there was a scuffle of bare feet running away and fading into the distance. And, meanwhile, outside the windows, the crackle of rifles grew more noisy, and cries rose up of men in pain. The light in the vaulted room grew faintly blue and the air was soured with powder smoke.

"By James," said Kettle, "the Spanish regular troops have raided the camp, and the whole lot of them are fighting like a parcel of cats. Hark to the racket. Here's a slice of luck."

"I don't see it," said Carnforth, "If we're out of the fire we're into the frying pan. Sinking that Spanish warship was an act of piracy, and we shall be strung up if the Dons catch us, without the prelude of a trial. Listen! There's a Maxim come into action. Listen! I wonder which way the fights' going. They're making row enough over it. I'm going to get to the window to have a look."

"It's tempting," said the little sailor wistfully, "but I think, sir, you'd better not. If you're seen we shall be gastados, as they say, anyway. Whereas, if the rebels are licked, the Dons may march off again without knowing we are here. It's a chance. By James, though, I'd like to have a look. Hark to that. They're at hand-grips now. Hear 'em swear. And hear 'em scream.

"Some of them are beginning to run. Hark to that crashing as they're making their way through the cane."

"These Dagos always yell blue murder when they're in a fight," said Kettle contemptuously.

"The Maxim's stopped," said Carnforth, with a frown.

They listened on for awhile with straining ears, and then: "Perhaps that means the rebels have rushed it."

"They may have run, But the Dons ought to be browning the cover if they've cleared the camp. The fools! A Maxim would shoot through half a mile of that cane jungle."

"Short of ammunition," said Kettle, "or, perhaps, it's jammed." A bugle shrilled out through the hot air, and its noise came to them there in the hot, dark room. "That means cease fire, and the Spaniards have won. Our mongrels had no bugles. Well, it's been a quick thing. I wonder what next."

There was a dull murmur of many voice. Then orders were shouted, and noise came as of moving men, and a few more scattered shots, rang out. most of them answered by cries and groans.

"Hullo?" said Kettle.

A weak voice from beneath him made explanation. "They are shooting their prisoners, senores—the men who were my comrades. It is the custom—the custom of Cuba."

"So you have concluded to come to life again, have you?" asked the little sailor. "I thought I'd bumped you harder. What do you expect to be done with eh?"

"I am in your hands," said the mulatto, sullenly.

"That's no lie," said Kettle, "and I've a perfect right to kill you if I wish. But I don't choose to dirty my hands further. You've only acted according to your nature. And—when it came to me being able to move, I've beaten you every time. But now we'll have silence, please, for all hands. If those Spaniards are going to search this old sugar house they'll do it, and up on a string we go, the three of us; but there's no need to entice them here by chattering."

Their voices stopped, and the noises from without buzzed on. Of all the trials he had gone through, Carnforth felt that waiting to be the most intolerable of all. The Spanish soldiery were looking to their wounds and hunting through the bivouac. Some (to judge from their talk) had gathered round the rusted garrote and were examinnig it with interest. And a few strolled up to the ruined ingenio, and smoked their cigarettes under its piazza. Any moment the room beneath the boiler house might be peeped upon.

The sun beat down upon the stonework and the heat grew. The voices gradually drew away till only the hum of the insects remained. And so an hour passed.

Another hour came and went without disturbance, and still another; and then there came the sound of a quavering tenor voice singing a scrap from the "Swanee River" from close outside the walls:

O take me to my kind ole mudder!
Dere let me live and die,

"That Yankee nigger," said Kettle, in a whisper. "He was wounded and delirious before we came, and he's been hidden amongst the cane. They can't have seen him before; but, poor devil, they'll shoot him now."

But no quietening rifle shot rang out and wonder grew on the faces of all three. They waited on with straining ears and Carnforth raised his eyebrows in an unspoken question. Kettle nodded, and the big man rose gingerly to his feet and peeped from the corner of the window-slit. He turned around with rather a harsh laugh. "The place is empty," he said. "I believe they've been gone these three hours."

Capt. Kettle leaped to his feet and made for the door. "Quick," he cried, "or we shall have the rebels back again and I'll own that I don't want to fight the whole lot of them again just now. We'll leave Gingerbread in here till his friends come to fetch him; and you and I, sir, will slip down to the beach and get off in one of the old Sultan's quarter boats"

They passed outside the door and closed and bolted it after them.

"By the way," said Capt. Kettle, "you couldn't happen to think of a rhyme to 'gleam,' could you?"

"No," said Carnforth.

"Well, I'll hammer it out on the road down, and then I'll have finished that sonnet, sir. But never mind poetry just now. I'll say the piece to you when we've got to sea. For the present, Mr. Carnforth, we must just pick up our feet and run."

And so they went off to the quarter-boat, and ten minutes later they were running her down the beach and into the sea.

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Land of the Make-Believe.

The attempt to drive the fairy tale out of the nursery has done one good thing, says a writer in the Express, London, Eng. It has left no room for doubt that the elves and goblins and myriads of mystic beings who people that strange country so far away and yet sometimes so near to each one of us, have not lost one iota of their old hold on our affections.

"A pack of nonsense," said her Grace of Somerset, who led the attack on the dear old tales that are the rightful heritage of all generations of childhood, and the shouts of dissent called forth by the Duchess' criticism have come not in shrill crescendo from the nursery itself, but from the prosaic, matter-of-fact grown-ups, who cannot forget the spells that the fairies held over them in their own nursery days. "Vandalism," they have styled this latest attack on the little people in green, the banshees and the brownies and the pixies, and all the host of other fairy inhabitants of the Land of Make Believe.

Though the dominion of the fairies has been challenged, and their sovereignty of the nursery question, neither the faithful little ones who love them nor the fairies themselves have troubled their heads about the matter. The fairies know their foothold in the heart of childhood is too secure to fear the skeptics who have never head the fairy voices, never gambolled with them in the green rings where the fairies dance while tuneful sprites a merry concert play, never heard the haunting music that lures the wandering thoughts of the little children back to whence they came, never reached the portals of the dream world, never claimed kinship with their friends among the fairy immortals.

AGE OF ACTUALITIES.

No more of old romantic story, say the people who think they know what is the best mental food for the little ones. We live in an age of actualities. Let us then take leave of Fairyland. The fairies are creations of unbridled imaginations, fairy stories give false ideas of real life—all this and more say the well-meaning, but mistaken people who want to bring up the children on hard facts and make them miniature encyclopaedias of knowledge, walking biographies of celebrities, and so succeed in dwarfing their imagination to vanishing point. But those who are defending the fairies can put forward evidence for their clients every bit as weighty as that offered by the opposition.

There is the ethical purport of the fairy tale to be considered. The simple little stories that have endeared themselves to successive generations of children solve deep problems of life, they awaken sympathy for the good and arouse feelings of disgust for the selfish, the cowardly, and the cruel. When the little one sobs out its heart at the thought of the luckless babes in the wood whom the robins covered with the autumn leaves, new feelings are awakened in its mind, sympathy and compassion and thought for others. All unknown to itself, the great work of educating its heart and soul has begun. Later comes the cultivation of the powers of the imagination. Listening to the tales of the fairies, new worlds open before the child's imagination, for fairy stories are the wings with which the little ones fly away to the realms of the ideal, where the twin ogres, Fact and Reality, may not enter.

POINTING A MORAL.

What is Mme. Villeneuve's pretty tale of "Beauty and the Beast," but a first and never-to-be-forgotten object lesson in self-sacrifice? Beauty saved the life of her father by consenting to live with the Beast, and by this act of renunciation the Beast himself is disenchanted and becomes a handsome prince. The story of Red Riding Hood is an early lesson in obedience to parents. "Cinderella," tells of the reward of goodness and the punishment of selfishness, and so through the whole gallery of mythical heroes and heroines of nursery days.

Northern Sagas, Scandinavian folklore, Greek mythology, French romance, German legend, the fairy tale, whatever its form, is always the ladder by which the child escapes from the greyness and the drabness of the material world to the land of his own creation.

And so the fairy tale, like the historical romance, has an educational as well as a sentimental value. Great truths and human emotions are conveyed in metaphor. The child thrills with pride when the brave fairy prince wrestles with the wicked old ogre and vanquishes the terrible dragon that made a practice of devouring beautiful fairy princesses, swells with indignation at the ill-doings of the wicked fairy god-mother, and the little tender heart trembles at the thought of the poor princess imprisoned in the enchanted castle.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE

BY EDGAR L. LARKIN, Lick Observatory.

The star No. 1830 Groombridge is 200 trillion miles from the earth and sun. It has a proper motion which, if continued on a circular orbit, would carry it around the celestial vault in 185,000 years, with a velocity of 200 miles per second. Now imagine that no matter exists outside the orbit, and thus find the quantity within. A mass must be found inside the orbit great enough to exert attraction sufficient to balance the centrifugal tendency set up by a speed of 200 miles per second at a distance of 200 trillion miles from its center.

Centrifugal tendency equals the square of the linear velocity divided by the radius of the orbit, and 200 squared equals 40,000, which divided by 200 trillion equals 0.0000000002 of a mile acceleration per second due to centrifugal tendency of the flying star. Next compute the gravitational acceleration exerted by the mass of our sun at a distance of 200 trillion miles. Gravity equals mass divided by the square of distance. The mass and radius of our sun each equals 1. The radius of the sun is 433,000 miles; but in this example, to avoid minute fractions, call it 400,000 miles. Then 200 trillion divided by 400,000 is equal to 500 million, which, squared, gives a product of 250 quadrillion.

Take a stone to within a mile or two of the surface of the sun and let it fall. At the exact end of the first second of time the stone will be falling with a velocity of 0.17 of a mile per second. This is the acceleration caused by the attraction of the sun upon the stone. Take the stone to a distance of 200 trillion miles from the sun and drop it. At the end of the first second it will be descending with a speed of 0.00000000000000000068 of a mile a second. This decimal is the quotient obtained by dividing 0.17 by 250 quadrillion. But it measures the power exerted by the mass of the sun at a distance of 200 trillion miles. The actual acceleration of 1830 Groombridge is enormous in comparison, 300 million! That is, there must be enough matter within the orbit of the star to make 300 million suns like ours, if no other matter exists as stated in the problem above.

But we see with the telescope and the sensitive plate records only 100 million. And many are more than 200 trillion miles away, and, therefore, outside of the orbit of the Groombridge star. This modifies the problem. Imagine the star to be now moving on a straight line instead of a circular or elliptical orbit, and consider it to be at the center of a finite universe of stars. And let these suns be 500 million in number, each with a mass equal to that of our sun; and imagine them to be within a sphere having a diameter so vast that light, moving with a speed of 186 thousand miles per second, requires the enormous period of 30,000 years to traverse it. then the velocity of a stone or sun would be 25 miles per second, if it had been falling "forever"—that is, had arrived at the center in from an infinite distance. A mere 25 miles per second is the velocity potential due to 500 million suns as massive as our own, distributed as here given. But 1830 Groombridge is actually moving with eight times the speed, or 200 miles per second. The question now is: How much matter must be added to the mass within the sphere to impart eight times the central velocity of the falling star? If we double the mass, we do not double the speed. From the known laws of gravity and motion, we must quadruple mass to double velocity. That is, mass is proportional to the square of imparted velocity. Eight squared equals 64, which, multiplied by 500 million, equals 32 billion. And this is the true number of suns like ours, dispersed in a sphere of 30,000 light years diameter, required to give 1830 Groombridge its known velocity of falling, if it is now anywhere near the center. But if it is not near the center then the universe is of greater mass than that here computed.

The mass of all our sister planets is only 1-745th that of the sun. Add 1-745th to the mass of each of the 32 billion suns, and terminal velocity of fall of 1830 G. would be increased by a minute fraction only. The planets of the universe and satellites are mere residuals, and could all come to an end without disturbance in the vast machine. Multiply 32 billion by 8, and the product, 256 billion, is the total number of planets like ours that could either be added to or subtracted from the sidereal structure without detection. It matters not whether any planets or inhabited worlds exist or not. Suppose that the "runaway star," our wondrous 1830 G., is several quadrillion miles from the center of the structure, the stellar cosmos—and it may as well be as not—then the sidereal mass is vastly larger than that in 32 billion suns as massive as our own. The diameter of a sphere of 30,000 light years is 176 quadrillion miles.

I have watched this marvelous foundation of the sidereal edifice during five years from this peak. When I came here from an observatory in Illinois, on a flat prairie, I could scarcely trust my eyes. I never knew that the universe had a shining floor until I saw it from this mountain summit. I explored it during every state of the air for more than one year before I dared to publish anything. I feared that the glimmer and glow might be caused by diffusion of light by dust or other substances in the upper atmosphere. I was not versed in mountain climatic condition, so gazed in mute wonder. The entire stellar universe is inclosed in a winding sheet—a cloth of pearl! After a tremendous fall of rain all traces of dust are washed away from the air. And then the cosmical floor burns and blazes and glows in the most amazing splendor. Even faint traces can be seen as an excessively thin veil in front or within those black and appalling deeps—the starless fields. Colossal windows in the Galaxy are not jet black as seen from here; filmy curtains are actually before these mighty caverns in the basic rocks of nature. This primordial cosmical layer is either made of nebula or separate suns. Or every object in the universe is immersed in nebula; the appearance of a background being had from looking through its frightful depths. If not, then the inconceivably remote foundation, the floor of the universe, is made of suns sunk in such terrifice deeps that they are smaller and finer than the finest powders known to microscopists. In five and one-half years I have not discovered an opening in the background, open corridors in the depths of infinitude, void of cosmic light. If this light of the universe comes from gas, it is wonderful; but if from separate suns, our 32 billion is a vanishing quantity. It is no use to write sextillion, octillion, for they are idle, useless words. They make no impress on minds—weak minds like ours. I do not feel that I am mistaken in regard to this foundation. I am convinced that it is not due to our air, pure or impure, and believe that if the telescope could be taken thousands of miles from the earth, this wondrous and supernatural glow would be brighter still. None could be more cautious than I about publishing views concerning the primordial cosmic floor; but surely it is on display—its shimmer and sheen are splendid always on the clerest, darknest nights.

Whatever it may be it is the most amazing object within the range of the vision of man. Suppose that the star 1830 G., or that one still more rapid, discovered by Kapteyn, whose annual motion is 8 minutes, 7 seconds, and without parallax, should be, say 20 quadrillion miles from the center of mass, the requisite number of suns would mount to trillion. Now, if the stellar floor is made of suns, the required number is had; if not, then the quantity of invisible matter, dark and lifeless, is so much greater than the visible that the latter may be omitted from cosmical computations. Perhaps this is the time to drop the world's million and billion and put trillion. But night is now coming on apace; sentinels of the stellar hosts are appearing one by one. I must open the dome and be ready for coming splendors. Sagittarius will soon unfurl sidereal sheets of pearl and let fall the carless garments of night even to the sea, and drag them along in its watery waste.—Chicago Tribune.

LONDON OF DICKENS BEING TRANSFORMED

LANDMARKS ARE DISAPPEARING FROM THE THAMES.

London is so great, so boundless, that the face of it is constantly undergoing a change. That the changes are, in the majority of cases, for the better there is no doubt, but when the hand of the "improver" falls it strikes heavily, and there is hardly an improvement of some sort or other which does not rob London of a landmark of importance.

And so it is with the London which Charles Dickens loved so well. But really there is very little of Dickens' London left to us nowadays.

The great illusion—threatened times without number—is there, however, and we are wont to fondly gaze at it and fancy that Little Nell really did live there at the Old Curiosity Shop of Lincoln's Inn Fields; but there is not one shred of evidence to prove that this was the home of that sweet child and her grandfather.

The house is doomed, and when it has passed away one of the great delusions of Charles Dickens' London will have passed away too, and if we are not the poorer for it in that respect we shall certainly mourn its loss as a vanished bit of Old London.

FAMILIAR SPOTS.

Lant street—or at least that part of it where Dickens lived as a boy, and where Bob Sawyer held his memorable party, has gone; so has the Marshalsea prison of Little Dorrit fame, but a tablet is still there to record the fact. St. George's Church, where Little Dorrit slept on the night of her "party," and where she was afterward married, still stands. London bridge steps, figuring in "Oliver Twist"—although altered by the recent widening—are still there. The "curious little nooks in a great place like London"—the Inns of Court—are mostly still with us. It is true that Furnival's Inn has disappeared altogether, and a great loss to Dickens' London it is; for here the young novelist had chambers, and here "Pickwick" was written. Yet for all that Furnival's Inn is not mentioned in the novel. It was Gray's Inn that occasioned the remark of Mr. Pickwick that the Inns of Court were "curious little nooks in a great place like London," and it was here "up two pairs of steep and dirty stairs" that Mr. Perker, the little attorney, lived. Gray's Inn has not much changed since then in outward appearance, but, being somewhat distant now from the center of legal London, it is not so favored by lawyers as it was when the pages of "Pickwick" were written.

Almost opposite, and "behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking upon the public way, as if disconsolately looking for Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles called Staple Inn."

These Inns are the only real parts of Dickens' London left us. Those that are still preserved are almost intact. Staple Inn is no exception. Dickens must have had a great fondness for the Inns of Court, for almost without exception we find mention of them, more or less, in every one of his books. Gray's Inn finds a place in his first novel; Staple Inn in his last.

A PICTURESQUE NOOK.

I can conceive no more picturesque spot in all London than Staple Inn. How long it will remain hidden away behind the handful of bulging old houses I do not know. We are continually hearing that the old houses on Holborn are doomed, and when they fall Staple Inn will fall, too. The old houses are world famous; but not so Staple Inn. Why, I know not, but the average Londoner is, perhaps, hardly aware there is such a place. "It is one of those nooks," continues Dickens, "the turning into which from the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden mold and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover, it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks, and it contains a little hall, with a little lantern in its roof; to what obstructive purpose devoted, and at whose expense, this History knoweth not."

Passing from the outer quadrangle, passing the tree and the birds, we reach the inner quadrangle, where, in the left-hand corner, we find the set of chambers "presenting in black and white over its ugly portals" the mysterious inscription:

P
J T
1747

which "might mean Perhaps John Thomas or, Perhaps Joe Tyler." Here Mr. Grewgious lived. There is a mournful memory attaching itself to this house in Staple Inn. It was the last of many London houses immortalized by Charles Dickens. It is the only such house now remaining!

Adjacent to Staple Inn is Barnard's Inn, which Pip described as "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tomcats." In those days "Barnard was . . . a disembodied spirit or a fiction," and even now it is very much the same. There is not much of Barnard left; he is incorporated with a school, and his "inn" is no more.

There is still another "inn" left off Holborn—Thavies Inn, from which Mrs. Jellyby addressed long epistles to the world on the subject of Borrioboola-Gha, leaving her children in general to themselves, and little Peepy in particular to get his head fixed between the area railings. Thavies Inn is still "a narrow street of high houses like an oblong cistern to hold the fog," and there are area railings galore for the little Peepys of today to come to grief upon.

The "Golden Cross" at Charing Cross has undergone many changes since May 13, 1827, when Mr. Pickwick and his friends started on their memorable journey; the low archway through which the coach passed calling forth the warning of Mr. Jingle, "Heads, heads; take care of your heads," has been put to more modern uses. Hungerford stairs have gone, and the blacking factory, too. We are not far off the abbey now where Charles Dickens sleeps his last sleep in the companionship of our immortal dead.—London Chronicle.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

(Nixon Waterman, in Woman's Home Companion.)

Glad Christmas Day is here again,
With loving word and deed,
When all get much they do not want,
And little that they need,
The baby's jacket, cousin sent, we can't get on at all,
And mother's slippers are too large and father's are too small.

And sister Zella got a hood she'll be afraid to wear
Because its color clashes with the color of her hair.
And brother Henry got some books from pious Uncle Ned.
And after he had told him, too, he hoped he'd send a sled.

Aunt Mary, who's so timid she's afraid to slumber nights,
Received an Indian story book that's so chuck-full of fights
And tomahawks and scalping knives it makes your blood run cold—
She wouldn't read a word of it for twice its weight in gold.

Our parson, who is single, and is thought to be a prize,
Got nineteen pairs of slippers, every color, kind and size,
And Deacon Gray, who isn't gray, because his head is bare,
Received a splendid set of combs and brushes for his hair.

But while some gifts are not a fit, the ones who get them know
'Twas kindly hearts and loving thoughts that prompted them, and so
The spirit that surrounds them all makes everyone seem dear,
And Christmas Day shall still be held the best of all the year.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN

He Found His Lost Health in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Leading Business Man of Welland Gives His Experience With the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Welland, Ont., Dec. 22. — There is no better known or more highly respected man in Welland than Mr. J. J. Yokom. Born and brought up in the neighboring township of Crowland, by his own industry and sterling honesty, he has grown to be one of Welland's leading merchants. Consequently when Mr. Yokom comes out with a statement that he was cured of a serious illness by Dodd's Kidney Pills everybody knows it must be so.

"For a year or more I had Kidney Trouble in all its worst symptoms," says Mr. Yokom, "My head was bad, I had no appetite and I lost weight fact. At times I was entirely incapacitated. I doctored with a physician of vast experience, but got no good results.

"I became despondent of ever being well again, when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and from the first they seemed to suit my case. Five boxes cured me completely."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

(Eugene Field.)

My little child comes to my knee,
And tugging, pleads that he may climb
Into my lap and hear me tell
The Christmas tale he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning, "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem, once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime;
Of one who prayed alone and wept
While his awearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners, once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tomes or fluent ryhme
Like misty shadows fade away—
But this sweet story bides for aye,
And like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

Squirrels' Christmas

The gray squirrels of Central Park have become the universal pets of a city of 4,000,000 people. Proof of the fact will be readily obtained by any one who will visit the people's big pleasure ground any Christmas morning or on the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

He will find many of the little rustic cottages in the tree tops decorated in real Christmas fashion, some of them draped with strings of nuts, others with nuts with the addition of tiny dolls and dogs and other toys dear to the juvenile heart. On the lower limbs of the trees, within reach, and on the bushes in many parts of the park he will see hung hundreds of little bags filled with nuts, and tiny stockings bulging with the same, for nuts are the substantials as well as the dessert of a healthy squirrel's menu.

The Central Park squirrels live largely in colonies, and of these the best-known are the ones on Squirrel Ridge, running along the West Drive, from One Hundred and Fourth street to the Blockhouse, at One Hundred and Tenth street; the one at One Hundredth street, about 100 yards from Central Park west; along the Ramble, from Seventy-sixth to Eighty-first street, and the one just inside the entrance at East Seventy-second street.

Hundreds of New York youngsters know all about the feeding grounds established about a year ago by the late Commissioner Pallas on the summit of Squirrel Ridge, at One Hundred and Fourth street. The same youngsters also know that Mrs. Rusell Sage, Mrs. General Dodge and other noted women go there almost daily to feed their bushy-tailed pets, and that the most noted of this especial colony are Admiral Dewey, Elihu Root, Joe Folk and William Travers Jerome. The four occupy a cottage just above the feeding ground, and naturally their little home came in for a generous share of Santa Claus' attention.

Altogether over three hundred squirrel cottages now rest in the tree forks of Central Park, and it is estimated that there are at least that many more natural nests. The females live by themselves, but the males, while at swords' points during the day while abroad, forget their differences when the cold winter nights come on and cuddle in a furry ball, sometimes as many as six in a cottage, for warmth and comfort. There are probably a thousand squirrels now in Central Park, and under the fostering care of officials and the public alike they are rapidly multiplying. Probably not less than fifty bushels of nuts were distributed by the children and the old folks in Central Park for the squirrels' Christmas feast.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[James Russell Lowell.]

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightness through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then.
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

THE GIFT I DIDN'T GET

I have presents by the dozen,
Meant to make my Christmas glad.
From each uncle, aunt and cousin—
Best a fellow ever had.
There's a keepsake from my mother,
Father sent a check—and yet
I am thinking of another—
Of the one I didn't get.

There are gifts from all the fellows,
Pipes and things a chum will send;
There's a tie, all reds and yellows,
From a girl who calls me friend.
You would think me far from slighted
If you saw them all—and yet,
I confess, I'm most delighted
With the one I didn't get.

She told me it was ready,
She'd prepared it long before;
I'd been calling on her steady
For at least a year or more.
She told me all about it,
And her eyes with tears were wet,
And I'm happy, never doubt it,
For that gift I didn't get.

Her attitude was altered
When I called on her last night,
But my tale of love I faltered,
And I guess I did it right.
And this little rhyme is written
'Cause I'm full of joy—you bet!
For a frosty little mitten
Was the gift I didn't get.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint, and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centers and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

The public executioner of the Grand Duchy of Hesse has been fined $20 for "casting a disdainful glance" at the judge of the supreme court of Darmstadt.

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

"Red Feather" Tea

Quoth John Bull to Jack Canuck,
"I'm proud of you and wish you luck.
RED FEATHER has the proper smack—
I'm glad you're in the Union, Jack,
For 40c. the lb.," says he,
"'Tis 60c. of quali-tea!"

A Treat from Ceylon

Black, Green or Mixed
One Price—40 Cents.

SANTA IN SALT LAKE

(Judge.)

To a thrifty Mormon household came
the patron saint of Yule;
He was puffing like an engine, he was
laden like a mule,
For he knew a row of stockings such
as nowhere else is seen,
Would be yawning there before him in
the home of Elder Green.
So he shoved his pack ahead of him
and started down the flue,
While he muttered: "This is something
that I hate like smoke to do."
Then he followed with reluctance
through the Smooty, smudgy air.
Quickly landing where the hosiery
was hung in many a pair.

There were papa's socks and twenty
pairs of lengthy, wifely hose;
There were socks for Eddie, Willie,
for Elephet and Mose;
There were stockings of Matilda's,
Esmeralda's and Susanne's;
There were Charley's hose and Molly's
Cora Belle's and little Dan's;
Amaryilis, George, Alphonso, Peter,
Joseph, Maude, Eugene.
Arthur, Lizzie, James, Amelia, Mary,
Frances and Irene.
Briggie, Reed, Lucile, Clorinda, Arethusa, John, Estelle,
Mattie, Lucifer, Elfrida—from his lips
their titles fell.

But about the shelf there dangled
other hose whose owners' names
He could not recall to save him as he
watched the dying flames.
Seven pairs, all baby sizes, each in
age not quite a year—
"Gee" cried Nick. "Been something
doing since the last time I was
here.
Glad I brought a stock of rattles and
a lot of teething-rings—
Utah always gives a market for such
kindergarten things.
From 'race suicide' she ever has discreetly held aloof,
And there's not a home in Zion free
from stork-tracks on the roof."

The "Gospel of Flannel."

Now as to the great gospel of flannel. Let us clearly understand that the indispensable character of any garment worn next the skin is that it be absorbent. It does not matter where the warm—that is, badly conducting—layer is placed, so long as the layer next the skin is absorbent. This property depends not upon the material, but upon its texture; and wool may be woven into non-absorbent form, while other fabrics may be woven into perfectly absorbent forms; different makes of cotton wool vary widely in this regard, as every surgeon knows. There are flannel garments which are totally unfitted for wearing next the skin or anywhere else, since they are almost as incapable of absorbing moisture or of permitting ventilation as indiarubber. These facts are beginning to be recognized, and I could name quite a dozen firms which now make a point of supplying linen, silk and cotton undergarments which are perfectly absorbent and far more comfortable than wool to sensitive skins. Cricketers, too, are learning rightly to appraise the virtues of flannel, and nowadays one sees relatively few flannel shirts in the field, their place being taken by lightly-woven and often perforated linen or cotton shirts, which are better in every respect.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Not One of the Tribe.

Two men approached the desk at the Savoy Hotel yesterday and asked for rooms. Sam Campbell, the clerk, turned the register around and handed the one nearest him a pen. The man registered: "Smith Brothers."

Campbell looked at the name a moment and then said: "Hadn't you better register the two full names instead of this?"

The man who had done the writing looked puzzled. "How's that?" he asked.

"I just suggested," said Campbell, "that you register your full name and that of your brother. It isn't customary to register firm names on hotel books."

There was another short pause and then the man with the pen said:

"I don't exactly understand. My name is Smith Brothers. I don't know this other gentleman."—Kansas City Times.

Human Hair Stockings.

They were black stockings, thick, stiff, lustrous, and the price mark on them was $15.

"From China," the dealer said. "From Northern China." Every family has a few pairs of human hair stockings there. They are worn over the cotton stockings—they are too prickly to be worn next the skin—and, properly treated, they last a lifetime.

"The Chinese exporter who sold me these stockings said that when a child's hair is shaved in Northern China the hair is preserved in a special hairbox of lacquer. As soon as the box is full enough the hair is taken from it and a pair of stockings woven. Such stockings have a sentimental, almost a religious value, and they are rarely parted with.

"It would be safe to say that there are not six other pairs of hair stockings on sale in America."—Chicago Chronicle.

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Safety of Ocean Travel.

In the presence of the fearful loss of life in accidents on our railroads, it is with relief that we contemplate the ever-increasing safety of travel by sea, says the Scientific American. Year after year passes by without any of the important passenger steamers that cross the Atlantic or other oceans on which passenger travel is heavy meeting with an accident that causes risk of life or limb to the passengers. The mail steamers come and go with a regularity approaching that of the best railroad schedule, and it takes the very fiercest of Atlantic midwinter gales to interfere seriously with this punctuality. The secret of this security is to be found both in the structure of the ship itself and in the marvelously ingenious devices which science and invention have placed at the service of the navigator to guide him in the more perilous phases of his duty.

The submarine signaling is a close rival to the wireless telegraph in the great increase that it has made in the safety of travel on the sea. One receiver is placed on each side of the ship, with separate wires from each, and by the use of telephones the officer is able to hear a bell that is struck at a point many miles distant from the ship and determine its direction. The officer of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse states that on the last trip over, when the ship was four miles distant from the mouth of the River Weser, he plainly made out the signals conveyed from the lightship there. Furthermore, as the vessel neared Nantucket, and when she was about four miles distant from the lightship, he heard through the telephone the signal "96." This consists of six strokes of the bell, a pause, and then six more strokes of the bell, which is the Nantucket lightship code signal. At about the same distance from Fire Island light and from Sandy Hook lightship, the respective signals were distinctly audible. The value of this device in preventing collision between approaching ships is evident, for it has this advantage over the foghorn, that the direction of the approaching vessel, whether from port or starboard, is determined at once by the fact that the sounds are audible to the port or starboard telephone.—Scientific American.

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BERTIE SURPRISES THE COLONEL

BY JOHN WORNE.

"This is too much," said Eva, with flashing eyes. "I have endured a good deal from you, Mr. Pilkinghame, since we became engaged, but you have gone too far."

Bertie was overcome with humility and repentance.

"Can you deny," she continued, turning fiercely upon him, "that you proposed to Enid Stafford last evening?"

"I did not," he said firmly; "she proposed to me—practically."

"Oh! Well I give you my full permission to marry her."

"I am sorry," he replied. "I was hoping you would put difficulties in the way. I trusted you to put an end to this foolish entanglement. Eva, Eva, have you considered what misery this means to us both?"

"Thank you," she said, frigidly, "I have no doubt that I can console myself. I will accept the first proposal that comes."

"You are very hard upon me. However, goodby,"

"Goodby," she said.

He hailed a hansom and drove to one of his seventeen clubs. In the smoking-room he found the colonel writing a letter to the Times. The colonel was the most shocking bore ever known. He had propesed to Eva before her engagement to Bertie, and even that he had done in an unsufferably dull way. Bertie went up to him and said, in a husky voice: "I congratulate you, sir."

"Eh?" said the colonel. "Oh, ah, yes—that article on 'Gladstonian Fallacies.' Yes, I flatter myself on its merits."

"I didn't mean that." Bertie looked around, saw that nobody was within hearing, and said: "I have just seen Miss Rowen." He stopped. The colonel was still puzzled. "I found her cold toward me. I tried to get an explanation. I soon found that I was in a false position—"

"Bless my soul," said the colonel, becoming very red in the face.

Bertie's voice broke. I felt bound to release her from her engagement," he said. "I—I—congratulate you, sir."

"I'm—I'm very sorry for you," gasped the colonel, decently concealing his blissful rapture. "Bless my soul."

"No," said Bertie, "never mind me. I ought to have known from the start that my case was hopeless against a man who could write like you—upon—upon—er—the subject of that article."

"Bless my soul," repeated the colonel, dazed. "I must—I must—go home and consider this. This is most important. I—er—"

"Four o'clock was the time I understood her to say that she would be at home."

"Bless my soul! Four this afternoon! Dear, dear! Good morning." He hurried out with a light step, muttering to himself.

It was not long before Lord Bobby Delmainham strolled in for his customary after-breakfast light reading. Bertie only looked at him with a cold stare, rose and walked toward the door.

"Hello!" said Lord Bobby. "What's happened now?"

"You'll understand," said Bertie, "that it is quite impossible for our acquaintance to continue."

"Why on earth——" asked Lord Bobby.

"Well," said Bertie, bitterly, "you'll be glad to hear that I'm no longer engaged to Miss Rowen."

"I—I'm most awfully sorry, old man. But what——"

"None of your crocodile's tears, please. It was only with great difficulty that I extracted from her the fact that this is just what you have been longing for months past."

"By Jove!" said Lord Bobby.

"She owed me some explanation for the change in her feeling towards me. I soon found that a visit from somebody was hoped for this afternoon at four, and it didn't take long to find out who that somebody was; and this is your gratitude for the man who saved your life."

"My dear fellow, I—I can't say how sorry I am for you; but it's the fortune of war, you know. Four o'clock, did you say? Each man for himself, you know, and somebody does the rest."

"Be punctual," Bertie called out after him as he left the room.

He then wandered about, looking for men who were acquainted with Eva. He drove off to another club, and there also was the cause of much happiness in three bosoms. They were all sympathetic in their condolences, and they were all determined to be punctual.

At 3:30 it was raining, and Eva decided to stay at home. At 3:35 John looked in. "Col. Cush is at the door, miss. Shall I say 'not at home?'"

She thought it well to be polite to the colonel, as he was an old friend of Mr. Rowen. You may as well say we're at home, and then go and ask Mr. Rowen. "You may as well say anybody else does come—I don't suppose anybody will—you can let them in at once." It was always well to be fortified by numbers against the colonel.

He entered, radiant, but uncertain as to the exact thing to be done. However, a little earnest pressure of the hand was enough to begin with. She didn't return it. But how could she until after he had declared himself. for, of course, she couldn't know that Bertie had disclosed his wonderful secret. He began on the subject which formed the golden link between them.

"So you admire 'Gladstonian Fallacies?'" he asked modestly.

"Awfully," she murmured, "Don't you?"

She resigned herself to fate, and wondered how soon help would arrive. It came sooner than she expected. John opened the door, and Lord Bobby entered with a rush and a happy smile. The colonel glared at him, and gave Eva a glance which was to make her understand that he felt the infliction as much as she did. Lord Bobby sat down, and having come prepared with only one subject of conversation, said nothing for some time.

John soon admitted in quick succession the Hon. Percy Fitzpearce, Mr. Archie Pawling, and Mr. Philip Bartram.

The conversation that afternoon was interesting, not so much by reason of the things said as by reasons of the things thought and choked down in silence. The colonel's few remarks on "Gladstonian Fallacies" developed, as they were apt to do, into a set speech, while Eva murmured at intervals her entire agreement.

Then Mrs. Rowen came in; she was generally late at her own tea parties. There was some exciting maneuvering by each to drive the other four over to her and get a few words quietly with Eva: it was as interesting as the ten minutes before the gun fires in a yacht race.

As 5 o'clock approached each watched furtively for signs of the departure of the others. No gentleman who is a gentleman should make a call of more than an hour. Lord Bobby mentioned exciting things that were going on elsewhere, and Archie Pawling asked why he wasn't there. Lord Bobby remarked casually that he did not care for such things. Mr. Fitzpearce remembered an engagemnet that Mr. Bartram had; but Mr. Bartram thanked him kindly, and said it had been postponed. The colonel was occupied in annihilating only the third fallacy of Mr. Gladstone, and there were seven still to be dealt with, three of which were most outrageously fallacious. And Eva wondered more and more.

At about 5:30, Mr. Pawling, with many "ha-has," and earnest assurances that he had never laughed so much in his life, told a story, but remembered in the middle that it might not do in the drawing-room, and had to switch off into something with a moral but no meaning. Eva laughed very much; in fact she felt that on the slightest provocation she would scream. She wondered if her parting from Bertie was known, and this was the penalty for being disengaged. Poor Bertie! There was a halo around him already. She had never realized so fully before how dull were the gentlemen of her acquaintance. Poor Bertie! How different the afternoon would have been had he been there.

It was getting on toward 6:30 when John entered and announced Mr. Bertie Pilkinghame. Her heart leaped, and she rose and went towards him.

Bertie looked around with a grave face. Then he shook hands with Eva, then with Mrs. Rowen, then with the heroic fie. Then he returnd to Eva, sat down on a chair by her side, and without saying anything, looked solemnly at the colonel. The astonishment on five faces turned to wrath and disgust, and that in turn, gave way to pleasant, though grim, smiles.

"Er—ah—ahem," said the colonel, feeling his position accutely. "Bless my soul, how late it is! Dear, dear! How one forgets time when one is really interested. I—I am afraid that I must be going now, really."

"Must you, really?" said Mrs. Rowen.

"Er—I really must. Er—good afternoon."

The same process was repeated four times.

There was a council of war on the sidewalk.

"Let's thrash him," said Pawling, savagely.

"Yes," said Bartram, gripping his stick.

"And have it all made public, and look bigger fools than we are?" said Fitzpearce.

"If possible," said Lord Bobby, and in woeful silence they dispersed.

"I didn't hear you come," said Eva, when the room was cleared.

"Didn't you?" said Bertie. As a matter of fact he had arrived at four, and sat in the library while John reported how things were going. "I came because I heard that you were about to accept the first proposal you got. In case I'm not too late, he continued, going down gracefully on one knee, "I have the honor to lay at your feet the heart and hand of a most humble, repentant, and devoted slave."

Did you tell all these people to come here?"

"I told them our engagement was over," said Bertie cheerfully.

Eva looked at him steadily. Disdain, anger, amusement, apprehension, seemed to struggle for expression in her face. Bertie waited for an outburst.

"My dear," she said, shuddering, "you must never do such a thing again."

Bertie suddenly got to his feet and opened his arms. "Darling," he said. "I never will."

WHEN PRUE PRETENDS

BY JEAN COURTENAY.

She began it when she was a curly-headed mite of about three. She was just the friendliest, merriest, black-eyed morsel that ever stepped, and I, a long-legged lump of a boy, with a stiff tongue and awkward hands and feet in the presence of strangers, fell captive to her fascinations at once.

"Let's p'tend, boy!" she said, with a hunching up of plump shoulders and a wrinkling of a button of a nose, set between a pair of the biggest, softest, wickedest eyes I ever encountered.

She slipped a ridiculous bit of a hand into mine, and pulled me in the direction of the garden.

After a sheepish glance to see that we were not observed, I yielded to her wishes, and we walked out into the sunshine.

"Pretend what, kiddie?" I said feebly.

"Oh, lots of fings!" she replied, with a sigh of absolute contentment. "Tum on!"

And I went.

"It's always been like that ever since. Prue has followed the erratic workings of her own wayward fancies and I have followed her.

Among those of my own sex it is usually I who do the leading, but I verily believe that through all those fair, long years of youth I would have left my boy companions without a shadow of compunction at any moment if little Prue had beckoned me with one fat finger, or coquettishly peeped through her curls in my direction.

Of course, she knew her power, and never scrupled to use it. She drove me to the verge of madness when arrived at dawning womanhood. Her gypsy coloring and barefaced rogueries won the hearts of innocent males before they were aware of their danger, and she would caress them with a smile or coax them with a curl till I, in a very frenzy of jealousy, flung away into the woods to brood over her willful ways and ceaseless charm.

And then probably there would come a quick flurry of flying footsteps, a soft hand slipped into mine, and a dear, pretending penitent voice in my ear:

"Don't be cross, Tony! You made me do it, because you looked so glum in the corner. It was really all your fault!"

"That's nonsense, Prue." I would answer, feeling all my anger vanishing like morning mists before the sun.

But what could you do with a girl like that?

Those days fled, and with them a dream I had been cherishing till it grew brighter and clearer, and every day dearer.

Prue became a great heiress, while I had little beyond my captain's pay. I had never spoken to her of that sweet dream, she had seemed too young to listen. Now my time for speaking was gone — my dream must be forgotten.

I must do the pretending now. Other engagements — business — anything — must prevent my seeing her often, and a cool, elderly friendliness must be my constant aim.

She began a violent flirtation with a young guardsman, who was perfectly open in his slavish admiration. I watched them together several times, but the sultry weather, or something, upset my liver and I felt if I didn't get right away for a bit I should make a fool of myself—a thing I particularly bar.

"Goodby, Prue," I said the evening before leaving for a trip on a friend's yacht. And I kept my voice in the frigid zone. "It is too early, or may I offer my congratulations?"

She looked unusually pale. I fancied, and the hand she gave me was as cold as ice.

"Goodby, Tony. You can keep your congratulations till they are wanted. Meanwhile, you are a grumpy old bear, and oh! so silly!"

"You called me 'stoopid,' I believe, the very first day we met," I answered, politely.

"Very like. I generally stick to my opinion — and you haven't altered much."

I heard nothing of Prue or her doings for the next three weeks, for the yacht was bound for nowhere in particular, and we had left no addresses for letters.

No sooner was I ashore than I drove straight to Prue's house. I felt it would be polite and kind to inquire for them after being away so long, and it would be just as well to know as soon as possible whether a wedding present for Prue would be required.

The house was closed and they were away from home.

I couldn't help wondering whether that silly young cub of a guardsman had gone away with them. It seemed highly probable if affairs had gone on as they were going when I left England. He would never know how to manage Prue, I felt sure. She required a very tender, light hand; in fact, it was necessary to know her for years to really understand her. And she had only met him about six months before.

One crisp, lovely morning about three weeks after I got back, I went for a solitary ramble on the common. I was striding along, slashing the broom blossoms savagely with my stick, when a voice close behind me made me start violently.

"Even if you do feel cross, Tony, you needn't vent your ill temper on the gorse."

And there was Prue! Prue! A mocking, glowing gypsy of a Prue!

I gripped her outstretched hands in a trice, and we stood and laughed at each other foolishly.

"You here!" I gasped.

"Why not? I've just as much right as you," she said, with a belligerent sparkle in her eyes.

"What have you been doing all this time?" I asked, ignoring her last remark.

"Enjoying myself. And what has my Uncle Tony been doing with himself?"

"I'm not your uncle, Prue, and I wouldn't be for worlds."

"Wouldn't you? Well, you might have told me so gradually. You should always break that sort of thing gently."

"Prue, where's that guardsman?" I demanded, sternly.

"Give it up; ask me another," she replied, as she coolly borrowed my stick to play with.

I began to feel absurdly light-hearted, for that guardsman had weighed heavily.

"Am I to buy you a wedding present, Prue?"

"Dear Tony! How perfectly sweet of you. Why, of course, I'm always ready to receive present, birthday, unbirthday, wedding. You see, it's never wise to refuse a good offer is it?"

"That depends on what you consider good," I said, gloomily. "If you refer to the guardsman—well, of course, tastes differ."

"How you do harp on the guardsman!" cried Prue. "A simple string becomes monotonous, Tony."

"True," I assented. "You never erred in that respect, Prue."

"Tony, when a lady makes a great effort and offers to come for a walk with you, you should be pleasant and polite to her. At present you are neither."

"Are you coming for a walk with me, Prue?" I said gayly.

"'Yes, if you ask, kind sir,' she said. Tony, let's pretend the old days have come back, and you haven't grown old, and there's no guardsman, at all, shall we? We'll be the Old and Young Pretenders."

"And what about the money?"

The words had slipped out before I was aware. Prue stopped and gave a queer little, long-drawn "Oh!" Then she said, softly:

"Tony, dear, let's pretend that the money came to you and not to me."

"It's too impossible a case," said I. "My pretending won't stretch to it."

"Then let's pretend we are both as poor as poor. What would you do, Tony?"

"Marry you tomorrow," again the words had slipped out before I could prevent them.

There was a delicious peal of laughter from Prue, and then she said softly:

"Shouldn't I have a voice in that matter, sir?"

"Prue," I said, without looking at her, "if we were both as poor as poor, and I asked you to marry me, what would you say?"

"I should say 'Yes, please,'" said Prue.

"Prue! Do you mean it, darling?" I cried, forgetting that it was a game. And I caught her to my heart and kissed her dear lips before she could answer.

When I remembered, and, stricken with shame, released her, she stood blushing like a damask rose in front of me; then, giving me a swift, shy look from under her long lashes, she said:

"You do pretend well, Tony. It felt quite real. Didn't it to you?"

"It did," I said, fervently, "but it was only pretending, Prue."

"That's all," she assented, sadly. "It was grateful and comforting, somehow, Tony, wasn't it?"

"Comforting! There's nothing like it for comfort," I exclaimed, tugging furiously at my mustache.

We walked along some little way in silence. Then Prue's small, soft hand crept into mine and she said:

"Tony, let's lose the money or bury it, if you dislike it so, and let's go on pretending as long as we live."

Now, what are you to do with a girl like that? Why, nothing, except thank God for her!

And, after all, the money wasn't so objectionable—when you grew accustomed to it.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieve the pressure on the nerves which causes the headache. Try them.

No, Alonzo, a bald head isn't necessarily an emblem of wisdom.

Poets are born because their ancestors escaped hanging.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

A prosperous looker isn't always a prosperous feller.

Men applaud your good judgment every time you agree with them.

A QUESTION OF COST.

In any number of stores you'll see various preparations of cod liver oil at as many different prices. You'll wonder, perhaps, why Scott's Emulsion costs more than some other kind in as large a bottle. Hearing only one side of the question you may be led into buying the "just as good as Scott's" at the lower price. That's false economy. Scott's Emulsion costs more because its more expensive to make. Every ingredient is tested and guaranteed of the purest quality. No adulteration, no shaving of quality. There's no economy in bargain medicine. If you can afford to experiment with your health, substitutes may satisfy you. We take it, however, that you want a pure preparation, a reliable remedy and something that's going to help you. That's what you get in Scott's Emulsion. Thirty years the standard.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

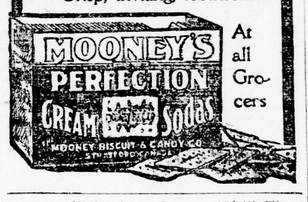
The Mooney Way

There's nothing too good to go into MOONEY'S CRACKERS. The best flour that Canada mills, the best butter and cream that Canada's famous dairies can produce, and the best equipped bakery in Canada, to convert them into the best crackers you ever ate—

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

They are good eating any time and all the time.

Crisp, inviting, toothsome.



At all Grocers

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

To all of us who are leaving the years of youth behind, Christmas naturally brings some sadness with its joy; memories of the old home; the old friends, bygone good times, of unfulfilled ambitions and disappointed hopes. But in the glow of every new-lighted Yule log we can still see visions and dream dreams if we will. I pity the world-weary who are ashamed to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve and to whom Christmas carols bring no stirring of the pulses. Heaven deliver us from the barrenness of life when both faith and superstition are dead.

Why do we let the cares and exactions of the unimportant part of the festival so engross us that we lose sight of its higher significance—so tire us that we are incapable of learning, to the full, its lessons of enthusiasm, kindness, hopes, loyalty and love?

The storm has passed and the stars are shining as brightly as they did over Bethlehem to greet the Christmas Child so long ago. How I wish the happiness and cheer we anticipate, instead of reaching the few nearest us only, could extend to ease the sick and comfort the sorrowful and help the discouraged all over the world.—Canadian Good Housekeeping.

HOW A MERE TRIFLE MAY TRIP A CRIMINAL

COBWEB ON HIS COAT CAUSED ROBBER'S ARREST.

The eye of the law is remarkably keen nowadays. A few weeks back a man was brought up at the central criminal court who found himself in the dock mainly through a cobweb. A detective had been attracted to pay him particular attention by the fact that, fashionably attired, he was walking down the street with a mass of cobwebs on the elbow of his frock coat. The news received later that a robbery had been effected in a wine merchant's office in the neighborhood suggested the question whether there were, in the cellars, where the thief might have concealed himself, cobwebs of the same description. There were, and the immaculately dressed man will in future probably take a clothes-brush with him when engaged in like pursuits. He will not need one, however, for over two years.

"It is the little thing that catches the criminal," declared M. Mace, the head of the Paris police. He cought a criminal named Avinet by a scent the offender used. The crime was a terrible one—the murder of a lady for her jewels and certain bonds in her possession. The lady was discovered lying upon the floor of her room, dead. She had been strangled. No one had been seen going in or departing from her rooms. There appeared to be no clue. The unfortunate lady had evidently been attacked suddenly while engaged in friendly conversation with a visitor, for a bottle of wine and two partly filled glasses stood upon the table. A handkerchief—a lady's—was on the floor beside her. It was at once assumed that the handkerchief was madame's, and that it had fallen from her hand. But it was scented, and no one had ever known madame to use that peculiar scent.

Mace came to the conclusion that it belonged to the murderer, and that the assassin was a man of effeminate and dandyish habits. What man was there likely to commit the crime who used such a scent, and preferred not to bulge his pocket out with a handkerchief which was larger than a lady's. Within four days Mace had found his man. It was the scent that led to his head falling into M. Deibler's basket.

In the Black Museum at Scotland Yard is the plaster cast of a bitten apple, which was the only clue the police had to the identity of the perpetrator of a most sensational crime. The murderer's victim was a woman who was found dead in a room in a house in Great Coram street, London. The assassin had eaten part of the apple, and a very fair impression of his teeth remained in the fruit. Unfortunately the clue was not sufficient and the guilty man was never discovered.

In a case tried on the western circuit some years since, a man suspected of murder was discovered to have on two fingers of his right hand marks which had clearly been made by peculiarly shaped human teeth. The teet of the dead man were shown to exactly fit into the marks, and the prisoner was convicted.

The mystery surrounding the death of a great continental banker was cleared by means of a cigar holder, found in the room with the body. No one could identify the holder. No one had ever seen the banker using it. But in the holder was a small piece of unconsumed cigar end. Experts pronounced it a cigar of the finest quality—one which only a person of wealth could afford to purchase. This evidence appeared to confirm the notion that the cigar holder oelonged to the dead plutocrat. He had cigars in the house, too, of the same brand. One of the detectives, however engaged in the case was not satisfied. The cigar holder was peculiarly worn in two places. Its owner had evidently been accustomed to bite it hard. Two teeth had almost bitten it through. The detective inserted the holder in the mouth of the dead man, but his teeth would not fit these hollows. The holder had evidently belonged to the murderer. He was discovered at last in the person of the banker's cook, whose teeth corresponded to the worn places. He had been accustomed to help himself to his master's choice cigars.—London Answers.

An Alibi.

Among the many good stories of humorous happenings in court told by Attorney Watson, of Pittsburg, is the following:

"A prominent attorney of Kansas City who was retained as counsel for the defense in a criminal case in the city named succeeded in getting his client out of a pretty bad situation by means of an alibi, which the attorney presented to the court in so novel a way that it was little short of masterful.

"At the end of the trial the attorney was overwhelmed by congratulations from his colleagues of the legal fraternity, who spoke in the highest terms of admiration of his able work. To these felicitations there were added those of the learned judge himself, who observed:

"'A fine alibi that, and mighty well put.'

"'Well,' modestly responded the lawyer, 'I myself think it was rather neat. Of those that were offered me it was by far the best.'"—Harper's Weekly.

CATARRH

The true Cause and the true Cure.

How and why "Fruit-a-tives" completely eradicate this disease from the system.

Catarrh means inflammation. Ordinary catarrh is inflammation of the nose cavity opening into the throat. This cavity receives all the air going to and from the lungs. Food and drink passes through it to the stomach. And the prime cause of catarrh is indigestion.

Because indigestion means an irritated stomach. This irritation spreads to the throat and nose. Belching gas keeps up the inflammation. The blood is impure and badly nourished. And nine times in ten, there is Constipation and poor skin action.

The only way to cure Catarrh is to cure the cause of catarrh. Digestion must be improved — inflammation in stomach soothed—blood purified—and the liver strengthened so it will give up enough bile to make the bowels move regularly every day.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets

will always cure Catarrh of the throat and nose because these marvellous fruit tablets cure indigestion—sweeten the stomach—and eradicate all impurities from the blood by its stimulating and invigorating action on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

Leave sprays, atomisers, powders and snuffs alone. Take "Fruit-a-tives" regularly—be careful of your diet—and catarrh will soon be a thing of the past.

One 50c. box of "Fruit-a-tives" will prove how effectively these tablets relieve catarrh—and will do you so much good that you will gladly continue the treatment until cured.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, if your druggist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

Dye With Maypole Soap

Maypole! a cake of soap that dyes and washes at the same time. A household world in England. No mess, no trouble, no uncertain results, no streaks. The tired women's best friend—an Economical Home Dye.

MAYPOLE SOAP

Made in England, sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

IT ALWAYS PAYS TO BUY THE BEST CHOCOLATES

Especially when the best can be bought at or near the price of Chocolates not half so good.

Stewart's Delicious Chocolates and Confectionery

Surpass all others for PURITY and WHOLESOMENESS

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Will reduce running expenses—write us.

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

MIDY

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

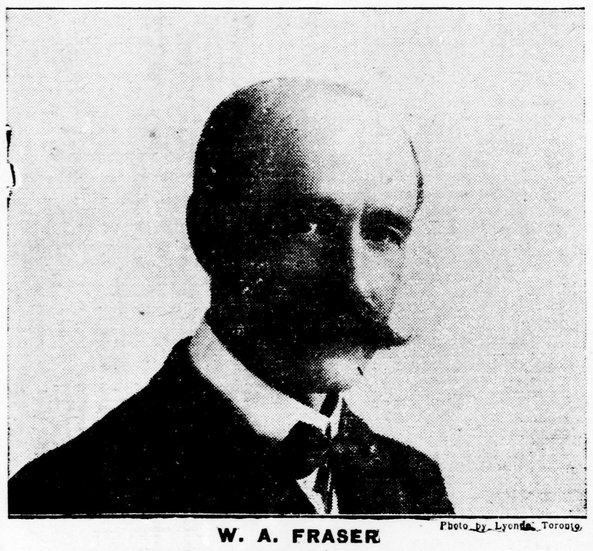


Photo by Lyonde, Toronto.

W. A. FRASER

Canada's Author, Artist and Engineer.

Knowing the life of William A. Fraser, the books he has written seem inevitable. Each is the harvesting of certain distinct years of his living; renewed, revivified and transformed by his individuality. The nervous intensity of the writing, the incisive, forceful phrases, the keen observation, the humor, the originality, the sympathy with nature in all its phases, the artistic genius in catching instantly the essentials of a scene or an episode are characteristic of Fraser the man, as well as of Fraser the author. His books are himself; he writes because he loves to write, because he cannot help writing.

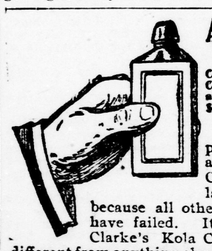
Born in Nova Scotia in 1859 of Scotch parentage, his early school days were spent in Boston and later in New York. His unusual artistic ability early became manifest, and it seemed that he was destined for a sculptor's life, but the death of his father changed his plans. He now paints scenes in his novels in vocabularic colors instead of with a brush. It was with regret that he temporarily gave up the oils of art for the oil of commerce and made a specialty of petroleum; but he was thorough and a second time mastered oil.

In 1881 he went to India as an expert for some English capitalists, and later the British government employed him on some mission in Beluchistan. Nine years he spent in India, Burma and the neighboring countries, not studying the country idly from an armchair, but in nine years of constant travel, where he saw everything and forgot nothing, and it is the splendid fruitage of these years that is garnered in his stories of India.

In 1889 he returned to Boston and married Miss Barber of Toronto, and the year following, went back with his wife for an eight months' stay in the Orient. On returning to Canada he settled in Toronto and for six years went each summer, surveying and doing other engineering work in the North-West. It was far away from the whirr of humanity; lonely, often having no roof but the starry sky, no bed but his blanket, no restaurant but his pouch. He met trappers and guides sometimes, grew to know and love the animals better, and his splendid stories of Canadian life and charmingly sympathetic animal stories would never have been written but for the payment of price in months of isolation. His first story was published in the "Detroit Free Press," and a few others soon afterward gave him that first rich taste of literary creation. He went each year to the North-West with greater reluctance as it cut out his time for writing, until finally reluctance led to rebellion and then to revolt, and he turned his back on it all forever and consecrated his life to literature and art. Mr. Fraser has had the honor of having his paintings hung on the line with the work of professional artists.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture

ASTHMA



Samples of Clarke's Kola Compound sent free to all Sufferers.

Don't be prejudiced against Clarke's KolaCompound because all other remedies have failed. It is because Clarke's Kola Compound is different from anything else, that it can, and does, cure. It has saved the lives of people who suffered for 20 years with Asthma and were on the verge of Consumption. Suppose they had refused to try it because others failed. Don't hesitate. Surely you will not let prejudice prevent you from winning health and happiness, especially when the sample bottle costs nothing. Write to The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited. Toronto, Canada.

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

As might have been expected, the obsequies of King Leopold's only brother, the Count of Flanders, furnished another public demonstration of the painful and disgraceful scandals which divide the members of the reigning house of Belgium, and which they cannot apparently bring themselves to conceal from popular view, even in the presence of death. For Countess Lonyay, the ex-Crown Princess of Austria, telegraphed not alone to her aunt, the widowed Countess of Flanders, but likewise to the Brussels newspapers, intimating that her absence from the funeral of her uncle was due to her father, the king, who had intimated to her that under no circumstances would he allow her to take part in the obsequies, and that even her presence incognito—that is to say, not as a royal princess, but as a private citizen—would be prevented by the police.

Fortunately, Stephanie decided not to make any attempt to put in an appearance at the funeral. Otherwise the widowed Queen of Saxony and the other royal and imperial representatives of nearly every reigning house in Europe assembled in the ancient Greek Church of St. Gudule at Brussels,might have been treated to the same disgraceful spectacle as that which marred the magnificent ceremony of the coronation of King George IV. of England, when his consort, Queen Caroline, was turned away by the police from the entrance of Westminster Abbey and forcibly prevented from entering the sacred edifice.

It is easy to understand why Stephanie should have been anxious to attend her uncle's funeral. For he had always displayed a certain amount of sympathy for her in her many troubles, and on the occasion of her memorable attempt to attend the funeral of her mother, Queen Henrietta, when she was ordered away from the bier, she paid a long call afterwards at the palace of the Count of Flanders, where she was received with much kindness by her uncle and aunt. The former escorted her at the close of the call to her carriage in the street, where a crowd had assembled, and in its presence he embraced her affectionately, kissing her on both cheeks as she took her seat in the vehicle.

The palace of the Count of Flanders, it may be added, is built right on the public street, on to which all its windows open, and as the count was phenomenally deaf, and, like most men thus afflicted, spoke in the most stentorian tones the passers-by in the street could not help hearing through the open windows of the dining-room, and of the library, the expression of his pronounced views on the subject of the family differences of the royal house of Belgium.

In order to show how entirely stone-deaf he was, it need merely be mentioned that not even the noisy strains of the "Brabanconne," when played by a full military band, ever reached his ear, and it required a nudge on the part of his faithful A. D. C. in order to intimate to him that the National Anthem was being played, and that the doffing of his hat, or, if in military uniform, the standing at salute was necessary.

It is understood that his son, Prince Albert, will now be proclaimed crown prince. But he will not assume his father's title of Count of Flanders.That is a dignity which is reserved for the second son of the reigning sovereign, and it will probably be conferred, after Prince Albert's accession to the throne, upon little Prince Charles, the younger of his two boys.

The election of Lord Wicklow as a representative peer of Ireland serves to recall the fact that his earldom has been the subject of one of the most remarkable peerage cases in modern times. In March, 1869, the fourth Earl of Wicklow died without male issue, and on his demise Charles Francis Howard, son of his younger brother, by the latter's second marriage, was recognized officially as the fifth earl, but soon found his title to the honors and estates contested by a claimant, who furnished a certain amount of testimony to prove that he was the son of the earl's half-brother.

It is perfectly true that the fifth earl had had an elder half-brother of the name of William George Howard, a dissipated and rather disreputable individual, always in straitened circumas widow a woman of the maiden name of Richardson, and of somewhat questionable antecedents. His marriage to her was always understood to have been childless until her alleged son appeared upon the scene as a claimant to the Wicklow earldom and estates.

After lengthy and costly proceedings, the House of Lords eventually decided against the claimant on testimony being furnished of the fact that he had been born in a workhouse at Liverpool as a foundling there, and had been purchased there from his real mother by Mrs. William George Howard. The evidence went on to show that Mrs. Howard had never given birth to a child. With a view of confirming or disproving this, she was asked to satisfy the physicians appointed for the purpose by the House of Lords whether or not she had been a mother. But she absolutely declined to submit to any examination, and was in consequence thereof committed to prison for contempt. There she remained for a considerable time, the case going meanwhile, against her pseudo son. Ultimately she was set at liberty, and to this day it remains a mystery as to why she and her confederates should have escaped subsequent prosecution for the conspiracy and flagrant perjury of which they had undoubtedly been guilty in connection with the affair.

The present Lord Wicklow is about 27 years of age, is married to the youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, served in South Africa during the war, and makes his home at Shelton Abbey, which has been in the possession of his family ever since its foundation by Dr. Ralph Howard, president of the Royal College of Physicians, Dublin, in the seventeenth century. The doctor's son was the Bishop of Elphin, and his grandson was the first Lord Wicklow. Shelton Abbey, as its name implies, formerly belonged to the church, a monastery for Cistercian monks having been established there some 700 years ago by Theobold Fitzwalter. But few traces of the abbey remain, though the present building, which is about two centuries old, was constructed with the idea of embodying the ancient character of the abbey, which once had occupied the site. It sheltered the unfortunate King James II., after the battle of the Boyne, and is situated in the Vale of Avoca, which was the favorite theme of Ireland's most famous poet, Thomas Moore.

Every person who has visited London knows those squares and crescents and streets and places distinguished by the name of Lowndes. But few, doubtless, have ever inquired as to the origin of this name. It comes to them from the Lowndes family, the chief of which has just died at an advanced age, unmarried, and known to but few as one of the greatest ground landlords of the British metropolis, where his real estate holdings and the wealth which he derived thereefrom were on a par with those of the Duke of Westminster.

William Lowndes came to his enormous riches through inheritance. His family hailed from Buckinghamshire, and it seems that some two centuries or so ago one of his ancestors was approached by one of his fellow landowners in Buckinghamshire one day, and asked whether, as a special favor, he would not let him have a parcel of his land in the county needed to round off his estate, there, taking in exchange some property which he owned in what was then the village of Knights Bridge, near London. The Squire Lowndes of the day complied with the request, more from motives of good nature than with the idea of making a profitable deal, and in those days there seemed but little prospect of Knights Bridge ever being anything but a mere dingy village. Today it is the most fashionable and certainly the most expensive district in London, and the ground which in olden times was a coppice, which supplied the abbot and the monastery of Westminster with wood and fuel, is now occupied by some of the grandest houses in London.

The late William Lowndes spent almost his entire life at his place in Buckinghamshire, where he was known and loved as the "Squire," and where he was famed as the kindliest and the most generous of landlords, contenting himself with the role of county magistrate, and deputy lieutenant, although, with his wealth, and especially with the political influence of the great ground landlords of London, he might have played a very conspicuous and notable part in public affairs.

Sir Frederick St. John, who for so long represented Great Britain as envoy in various parts of Central and South America, has followed the example of Sir Horace Rumbold, formerly ambassador to Vienna, in publishing his reminiscences. More judicious than Sir Horace, he has confined himself to social and personal matters, to sport and to travel, and has carefully avoided diplomatic secrets and indiscretions. One of Sir Frederick's most curious adventures occurred at Constantinople, where an odalisque of the harem, of the deposed Sultan Murad, escaped and took refuge in the British embassy, threatening to stab herself if any attempts were made to expel her. She was, according to Sir Frederick, "a very beautiful, delicate-looking Circassian," and it fell to the lot of Sir Frederick, under instructions to the ambassador, Lord Goschen, to conduct her in masculine disguise to the launch of the British guard ship which took her up the Bosphorus to the embassy's summer home at Therapia, where she was to remain until the embarrassing question what to do with her could be decided.

Sultan Abdul Hamid demanded her surrender, but Lord Goschen declined to give her up until he had obtained assurances of her safety, and enforced the condition that she was "to choose her own residence, her own attendants, and to receive an ample allowance." Until all these things were decided she was under the guard of Sir Frederick, from which it will be seen that the lot of the minor fry of the diplomatic service is not without occasional compensations, sometimes of a highly romantic order. As to the ultimate fate of the beautiful odalisque, Sir Frederick can furnish us no information on the subject. Probably she subsequently perished in the manner in which harem ladies who have incurred the displeasure of the Commander of the Faithful are put out of the way, namely, by being tied up into a heavily weighted sack and dropped into the swiftly flowing waters off the shores of the Bosphorus.

Baron Robert von Pagenhardte, who appeared in court at Berlin the other day in the garb of a convict to furnish certain information needed in a criminal case, is a son of Princes Alexandra Ysemburg, by her second marriage. Her first husband was Prince Adelbert Ysemburg, to whose family she likewise belongs by birth, and she has been divorced by both her husbands in turn.

It may be remembered that this particular princess has during the last ten years been repeatedly before the public in connection with more or less questionable financial transactions, which have led on two occasions to her arrest on charges of fraud, so that her son, the baron, may be said to have come by his lack of moral sense through inheritance. He is now doing time for a number of frauds perpetrated at Berlin, his victims including jewelers, pawnbrokers, and hotel waiters. His father's family belongs to the old nobility of Wurtemberg.

The Crown Princess of Germany is passionately fond of horses, of dogs, and, in fact, of all animals, and has not only accepted the office of patroness of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but has likewise succeeded in inducing her father-in-law, the Kaiser, to abolish the bearing rein in the imperial stables. Indeed, the Emperor has issued an edict to that effect, and the fact that bearing reins have now disappeared from the stables of the Emperor, of the Crown Prince, and of the other members of the reigning family at Berlin, will no doubt go far to influence people throughout the length and breadth of Germany to do away with this cruel form of equine torture.

Queen Maud of Norway has made a particularly wise choice of a grand mistress for her household at Christiania. For she has selected for that important office, which carries with it the direction of the entire femine portion of the court, the Baroness Wedel-Jarlsberg, whose husband has lately been acting as Norwegian envoy to the court of Copenhagen, where he conducted all the negotiations in connection with the offer of the Norwegian throne to Prince Charles of Denmark. Previous to that, Baron Wedel-Jarlsberg had been the first gentleman of the chamber at the court of Christiania, having, of course, no duties of any kind to perform, excepting when King Oscar or his son, the Crown Prince of Sweden, was in residence at Christiania.

The Wedel-Jarlsberg family is of German origin, a branch of the noble German house of Wedel, and its title of baron is an old German one, dating back several hundred years. But the branch of the Wedel-Jarlsberg family to which Queen Maud's grand mistress of the robes belongs has been settled for more than a hundred years in Norway, and may therefore be regarded as entirely Norwegian. The baroness herself is a German lady of noble birth, and was a Miss von Wagner of Aix-la-Chapelle, prior to her marriage some two-and-twenty years ago.

HUMAN AND ANIMAL GLUTTONS COMPARED

MAN PRONOUNCED GREEDIEST OF THEM ALL.

That of all the greedy animals in nature man is the greediest, with less excuse for his gluttony, by reason of his higher intelligence, than the lowest of the animals, is the latest of the theories advanced by a medical writer, who has made an exhaustive study of the whole of the subject.

Disagreeable, even repulsive, as the man who habitually eats more than his fellows must be, it is certain that he is more natural than those who, under the restraints that govern modern social life, eat less than they would do in a state of nature.

Striking support for the new argument is found in the following differentiation of two classes of the four-footed and winged creatures—the gluttons, who eat all thing discriminately, and the epicures, who eat by a process of selection and elimination.

In the class of gluttons must be included the mole, the bear, the boar, the hyena, the killer-whale, the hornbills, the vulture, the cormorant, the seagull, the python, the sand-hopper, the burying beetle and the shark.

In the class of animal epicures are the giraffe, the Aard wolf, the ant-eater, the sperm whale, the manatee, the osprey, the humming bird, the gray millet, the bee and the wasp.

Now, in order to prove that the gluttony or the exaggeration of epicurean taste in man is less excusabe than that of the beast or bird, one need only remember that man is able, by various devices, to procure his food as required and to appoint certain hours for breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

The winged and four-footed creatures must scramble for their food as best they can. The mole, the vulture, the shark and the python have excellent reasons for eating everything in sight whenever a chance offers.

Unlike man, they may not allot a certain hour for meals. At luncheon, they are unable to say exactly when they will be dining; while man taking luncheon at the downtown Delmonico is able to say with reasonable certainty that he will, five or six hours later, be at dinner in his home or at one of the uptown restaurants.

But the mole must dig and tunnel and burrow in the acres of surface soil in his pursuit of the worm; the vulture must search for carrion; the python, the shark, the bear, the boar and other animals classed as gluttons trust to chance—generally the chance human—or the weaker beasts and creatures among animals, for their subsistence.

The animals familiar in our daily life are subject to the same laws. The bird searches for worms, the cattle graze, the ant and the caterpillar are always eating from the rosebush or the storeroom.

For the greed of the wilder and larger animals there is still another excuse lacking as in the case of man.

Thus the teeth of the python, and of all other serpents, are so stunted that he almost involuntarily eats all that it is possible for him to eat, and when, on occasion, a giant serpent eats another, as happened a few years ago at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, the act must not be regarded as an excess of gluttony, but one of necessity and obedience to the law of nature.

Buffon, in one chapter of his natural history, records the case of two pythons which went over the body of a rabbit and began eating at opposite ends. By degrees they approached nearer and nearer until they met in the middle. Then the question of supremacy was settled in favor of the larger of the two pythons, who was irresistibly compelled to eat his rival.

And now, in order to demonstrate the inferiority of the human gluttons and the human epicure endowed with the reasoning faculty and the education that comes with civilization, to the fellows of the animal world, who are gluttons and epicures from necessity, one need only recall the case of Vitelius, who ate ten pounds of beef at a sitting, of King John who died after a surfeit of lampreys, of Louis XIII., King of France, whose supply of food and wine was always triple that of his courtiers, of Haydn, the composer, who ordered six covers for dinner and dined alone, of Sporeogumbe, who ate 2,000 yards of macaroni at luncheon, of the famous Italian baritone, who ate four pounds of steak for breakfast, of Domery, who ate fourteen pounds of raw beef at a sitting.—Chicago Tribune.

MANY INHERIT weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

The rich man's son is to be pitied. What does it mean to him to get his first gold watch?

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT TAKE NO OTHER.

GRAND OLD SURGEON SAVED 25,000 LIVES

LORD JOSEPH LISTER HAS AN ENVIABLE RECORD.

Savior of 250,000 human lives is Lord Lister, the "grand old man of surgery," discoverer of a new world in the surgical art of the days when the surgeon's patients died mysterious and unaccountable and delirious deaths after apparently successful operations, leaving the faithful surgeons appalled, their reasons put to rout.

When Joseph Lister first made his acquaintance with a hospital about sixty years ago, an operation of any importance meant almost certain death while even most simple performances of the surgical knife were attended with much risk. The wounds refused to heal, putrefaction was followed by suppuration, the patients lost their minds, and in a startling majority of instances ended with the loss of their lives.

It was he who revealed the deadly secret of this needless mortality. He found that the putrefaction was due to the presence of germs which were introduced from the outside; and in carbolic acid he discovered the means to destroy these germs, thus by this seemingly simple discovery revolutionizing surgery and saving a full quarter of a million of lives. Gangrene, which had infected 80 per cent of the wounds, vanished entirely and the hospitals full of patients with "their compound odor of boiled mutton and sour poultices" were transformed into the dainty dormitories of today, where operations which would have been certainly fatal in the pre-Listerian times half a century ago, are executed daily without the least peril.

Almost to a day it is sixty years since the grand old man of surgery began studying medicine at University College, London. He was the son of a prominent Fellow of the Royal Society and the inventor practically of the modern microscope. He swiftly distinguished himself, graduating brilliantly and taking the coveted F. R. C. S. before he was 25. After this came a course of splendid training under the great surgeon of Edinburgh, Mr. Syme, whose daughter he married, and at the early age of 33 he was made the regius professor of surgery at Glasgow.

It was here that the young professor became vividly impressed with the terrible mortality following in the wake of the surgeon's knife, and it was here that he set himself the task of unveiling its mystery. There are still living students who saw him first experiment in antiseptic surgery by making a paste of carbolic acid over the wound, and who remember that "Lister's wards" were the healthiest in the world. Their fame spread widely abroad. Germany, France and other continental countries adopted his methods with avidity and after his repute had become known, European Great Britain became a tardy convert to his teaching and knew the prophet in his own country.

Unlike many world benefactors, Joseph Lister has happily lived to see the universal triumph of his discovery and to reap honors such as fall to few men in a century. Long years ago the University of Budapest conferred an honorary degree on him amid a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm. Germany has long hailed him as the world's first surgeon, save only perhaps their idol, Virchow. The principal hospital of Rome, the Clinico Umberto I., has over its chief entrance a bas relief representing the famous man in the act of dressing a wound. The royal society has made Lister a Fellow, universities have vied with each other in conferring degrees on him; in 1883 he was made a baronet and eight years ago was elevated to the rank of a peer and privy councilor, the first in his profession to receive the honor, while to his many titles he now adds those most prized letters, O. M.

Never perhaps did great man bear honors with more modesty. At 78 he remains "as simple and as lovable as a child." His old pupils adore him, his numberless friends respect and love him; the world counts him as one of its greatest benefactors. He is a fervent lover of nature, skilled in botany and woodcraft, and loves to listen to the songs of the woodland birds, declaring that their's is earth's sweetest music.—Chicago Tribune.

EXPERIENCE OF A BIRCHTOWN LADY

Tried in Vain to Cure Her Dyspepsia Till She Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured Her Completely and Permanently.

Miss Mary Brown, of Birchtown, Shelburne County, N. S., relates an experience that is of immediate interest to thousands of people in all parts of Canada. These thousands are the people who face a square meal with mingled feelings of pleasure and dread, in other words, the victims of indigestion and Dyspepsia.

"I can say I had Dyspepsia for some time," says Miss Brown. "I tried many medicines, but never met with anything to help me till I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"After taking three boxes I think they have made a perfect cure. And as it is over a year now since I took them, I think I can safely say the cure was a permanent one."

If you want to eat three square meals a day and enjoy them use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Another Faux Pas.

Mr. Makinbrakes, who was strolling through the dime museum, stopped in front of the platform on which sat a gentlemanly looking person, wearing a suit of faded black and a bored look.

"It must be infernally tiresome to sit here all day for people to stare at," he remarked in a sympatheic tone.

"Yes, sir; it is."

"May I ask if smoking is permitted in here?"

"Oh, yes. Anybody can smoke who likes."

Mr. Makinbrakes opened his cigar case and extracted a fine Havana.

"Then smoke this one on me," he said, with a genial smile.

"Sir," indignantly exclaimed the gentlemanly looking person, "I am the bearded lady."

WHAT THE SUCCESSFUL SAY ABOUT SUCCESS

STEPS BY WHICH A MAN MAY REACH "THE TOP."

The following are extracts from a new edition of "Successful Men of Today," by Wilbur F. Crafts, published by Funk & Wagnalls. They are answers to the question: "What do you consider essential elements of success for a young man entering upon such a business or profession as yours?"

Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., ex-president of Williams College—Capacity and determined purpose.

Franklin Carter, LL.D., president of Williams College—Concentration of the mind.

Andrew D. White, LL.D., president of Cornell University, ex-ambassador to Germany—Soundness of heart and mind, clear judgment, fair knowledge of men, great devotion to some one purpose or study, but with breadth of view.

Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., president of Harvard University — Intelligence, alacrity energy, good judgment and uprightness.

J. H. Seelye, LL.D., president of Amherst College, former member of Congress—Patiently to wait for it.

S. C. Bartlett, D.D., president of Dartmouth College—Conscientious diligence.

C. N. Simms, D.D., chancellor of Syracuse University — Conscientiousness, systematic industry, heart in his work.

Joseph Moore, president of Abingdon College, Richmond, Ind.—That he take care of his health, that he act on the principle that devotion and application to duty are essential after success is secured as truly as before.

Joseph Cook—Complete surrender to God, clear thought, varied and accurate learning.

Noah Davis, chief justice, New York—The profession of law requires, to achieve complete success, great industry, strict integrity and exclusive devotion to its duties and labors.

Nelson Dingley, Congressman, Maine—Character, industry, perseverance.

C. B. Farwell, Chicago—Integrity, with money, but integrity without; integrity even as a policy.

Joseph Medill, proprietor of the Chicago Tribune—Sobriety, avoidance of intoxicating drinks and all forms of gambling, a virtuous life, fidelity to employers or clients, close study, hard work, honesty.

Gen. John A. Logan—Unceasing labor.

Levi Taylor, banker—A taste for the calling which one intends to pursue, honesty of purpose and strict integrity in dealing.

Gen. A. C. McClurg—Integrity, embracing perfect truthfulness, absolute honesty and general trustworthiness, good judgment, willingness and ability to work.

Anthony Comstock—Consecration to the service of God; perfect faith and trust in Him; moral courage and untiring zeal.

John Wanamaker—Close application, integrity, attention to detail, discreet advertising.

E. P. Roe, the author—First ability to write correctly and clearly, acquired by patient, well-directed training; second, ability to write interestingly and freshly; third, sympathy with the subject we are writing about; fourth, careful study of real men and women; fifth, have some worthy purpose.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott—Study how to do the most good and let the pay take care of itself.

George H. Corliss, inventor of the Corliss engine—Brains, habitual and persistent industry, self reliance.

G. W. Pach, photographer—Thorough study,close observation and doing work on a cash basis.

William Jennings Bryan—Honesty, industry and sympathy with the common people.

H. J. Heinz, delicatessen manufacturer—Love for work, mastering of details, a disposition to strike for sixteen hours a day while others are striking for eight, thereby having twice as much time for one's business as others.

John S. Huyler, candy manufacturer—Principles, and attention to details generally considered too small for serious consideration.

Edward W. Bok—Love work for the sake of your work and not for the money in it, and consider that something difficult is simply something to overcome.

Cured of Lying.

"We had in my company at the beginning of the civil war," said the old veteran, "one of the slickest, sleekest liars I ever ran across. He was a farmer's son, and we could never make out how the pure air of the country had affected him so. He wasn't a malicious liar, but he'd begin early in the morning and lie until taps sounded at night. We all got on to him after a bit, but yet he told many lies that kept the camp upset, and it was finally decided to teach him a lesson. A private from another company was dressed as a citizen and then brought to the colonel's tent under arrest as a spy. He at once claimed that a grave mistake was being made, and that he was Private Jim Gorman, of Company E. That was our liar, and he was sent for at once.

"'Look here Gorman,' said the colonel, 'this man, whom we believe to be a spy, claims your name.'

"'But he can't be me,' replied Jim.

"'My name,' insisted the spy, 'is James Gorman, and I belong to E Company. This other man is a fraud.'

"'He is a dratted fool!' exclaimed the true Jim. 'Can't I prove it by all of you who I am?'

"'I hope you can,' replied the colonel, as he shook his head, 'but you may not be able to. I will send for the captain of your company.'

"The captain, after looking at both men for along time, said:

"'Well, I can't say which is the true Gorman.'

"'But you know me,' insisted Jim. 'Why, you've seen me a thousand times.'

"'It may have been you or it may have been this other man. As it is a case of life and death I shouldn't want to decide.'

"The two lieutenants were sent for, and they were equally doubtful, while the orderly sergeant was ready to swear that the true Jim was the false one. The thing strung out half a day, and then a funny thing happened. Our man lost his head with fright, and actually owned up that he was a spy in the employ of the Confederates, and he had to be carefully watched for several days to prevent him from committing suicide. It was a good lesson to him. When he was finally 'pardoned' he was the meekest, humblest chap you ever saw, and from that time on nothing could induce him to tell a lie. He also had a doubt about his true identity, and up to the day he was mustered out he wasn't quite sure whether he was himself or some other fellow."

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THE LITTLE FELLER'S STOCKIN'

[By Joe Lincoln.]

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 sleighbells 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 again fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hang-
in' 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 its color kinder faded, and it's
sorter worn and old,
But it really is surprisin' what a lot
of love 'twill hold;
And the little hand that hung it by
the chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that
is mighty firm and strong;
So Old Santy don't forgit 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 gone ter
smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy,
and the bills use up the cash,
But wherever comes the season, jest
so long's we 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 er two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and
we'll try not to complain,
Long as Christmas comes and finds
us here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hang-
in' up beside the flue.

With a Modest Income.

Our good friend with a million dollars a year cannot eat much more or better food, or drink much more or better drinks, than we can. If he does, he will be sorry. He can have more places to live in, and enormously more and handsomer apparatus of living, but he can't live in more than one place at once, and too much apparatus is a bother. He can make himself comfortable and live healthfully. So can we. He can have all the leisure he wants, can go where he likes and stay as long as he will. He has the better of us there. We have the better of him in having the daily excitement and discipline of making a living. It is a great game—that game of making a living—full of chances and hazards, hopes, surprises, thrills, disappointments and satisfactions. Our million-a-year friend misses that. We may beat him in discipline, too. We are apt to get more than he does—the salutary discipline of steady work, of self-denial, of effort. That is enormously valuable to soul, body and mind. He can't buy it. We get it thrown in without daily bread. We are as likely to marry to our taste and live happily in the domesticated state as he is. We have rather better chances than he of raising our children well. We are as likely as he to have good friends worth having, and to find pleasure in them.—Atlantic.

Children in the Drama.

If it were certain that something of value is lost to the stage through the restrictions governing children in plays, it might be worth while to amend the child labor law in this state. But probably there is nothing lost. Some plays contain child parts which bring tears to the eyes of a good many people, but these are the plays of long ago. In the past, before the advent of the sex problem play, a good homely cry in a piece was worth many dollars at the box office. Things have changed. It is not probable that anyone is moved to extreme tenderness by the children in Miss Nethersole's "The Labyrinth." Present-day audiences do not cry easily. But at all events the employment of such young children under such circumstances is forbidden. Theatrical managers should remember this when they come to Chicago, and so save themselves trouble and annoyance. Chicago must do without the "che-ild" in drama, and it will try cheerfully to make the best of the situation.

Whether the employment of children is necessary to the true interpretation of art as displayed on the stage is not a matter for the factory inspector to debate. There is a law forbidding the employment of children under the age of 16 after 7 p.m. The law makes no exception of the theater. Consequently theatrical companies producing plays in which young children have parts suffer severe inconvenience when they come to Chicago. Miss Olga Nethersole's company, in which two children, 14 and 12 years old, are employed, is the latest to run foul of the child labor law here. The law was violated, and the factory inspector had no choice but to prosecute.

Theatrical managers and stars who are put to this trouble in Chicago can expect little sympathy. The plea that the stage should be distinguished from the workshop is no excuse for their violation of the law. The law is severely plain and explicit. The inspector's office, upon which rests the responsibility of its enforcement, must prosecute managers who employ children illegally. Art may suffer, but the children must go.—Chicago Tribune.

PALE, SICKLY CHILDREN should A COUGH is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely-recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price, 25 cents, at all dealers.

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THE LESSON OF CHRISTMAS TIDE

By Dr. MacArthur, Calgary Baptist Church, New York.

The Christmastide celebrates the birth-festival of our Lord. The incarnation of Christ is the central thought in the history of the world. It is the event around which all other events revolve in smaller or larger circles. All the great facts of history previous to His coming had reference to His advent; all the events since look back to that advent as the beginning of a new era. All lines of previous history converge to the manger and the cross; all lines of history since diverge from these two epochal events. The birth of Christ was the beginning of a new race, and the observance of that birth is still the jubilee of this new race. Angels joined in the advent of Christ, with solo and choral song as He left the bosom of the Father to become the child of Mary in the manger of Bethlehem.

This festival is still the most joyous feast of the church. It make childhood more beautiful and glorious, and it lightens the burdens of age and sorrow with its tender memories and its triumphant prophecies. In the chill of midwinter in northern climes it kindles a fire of hope and joy in every home and heart. It is prophetic of the golden age when Christ shall come again,when evil shall be overthrown, and when the song of a redeemed humanity shall sweep over the universe as the song of celestial choirs echoed over the plains of Bethlehem.

But, marvellous and blessed as was the incarnation of Christ, we know neither the day, the month nor the year when it took place. Dionysius the Small, about the year A. D. 526, fixed the birth of Christ in the 754th year of Rome; but all scholars know that he was in error by at least four years. We know that Jesus was born before the death of Herod the Great; and we know that Herod died about the first of April in the year 750 of Rome. It is not too much to say that in all probability Christ was born four or five years before the date usually given; so that this present year ought to be 1909 or 1910. There is no doubt that the selection of the 25th of December as the day and the month was due to the existence of heathen festivals about that season of the year. The Christmas observance is thus a tranfiguration of such heathen festivals as Saturnalia, Juvenalia and Brumalia. These were observed in the month of December to commemorate the golden age of universal freedom and in honor of the unconquered sun.

There was a beautiful significance in the symbolic reference to the turning of the sun after the 25th of December. The natural sun thus began a new career and was illustrative of the birth of Christ as the Sun of Righteousness and the Light of the World. The 20th of May and the 20th of April were once observed as the birthday of Christ The 6th of January was also observed as the date of both His birth and His baptism. The day, the month and the year of His birth will never be known. It was vastly more important that we should know Christ as spiritual Lord and Master rather than that we should know Him after the flesh.

By the gifts which characterize this season we commemorate God's great Gift; the unspeakable gift of His Son to a world lost in sin and wandering in darkness. No one can rightly esttmate the blessings which flow every year to all classes and conditions of men from the tender memories and gentle charities called forth by the remembrance of the Holy Child, Jesus. His birth has exalted the poetry, the music and the art of the centuries. It has changed all social customs and religious rituals. It has given a new glory to human life and a new trend to eternity.

This is the time when all bitterness should be forgotten, all family feuds reconciled and all life glorified. It is unspeakably sad that in the name of Jesus Christ Russian murderers are slaughtering the Jewish people, the ancient and historic race which gave us the Christ. It is a cause for profound humiliation that superstition and bigotry still abound under the shelter of the Christian name. God grant that the day may speedily come when the song of the angels celebrating the birth of the Christ may find its fulfilment throughout the whole world.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

THE BEST CHRISTMAS

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

A child sat bending over her work. Her curly hair fell over her eyes. The sunlight was playing on the flower beds, and white butterflies fluttered over the green lawn where she sat, and yellow-thighed bees boomed among the roses.

She never lifted her eyes from the little garment that she was sewing. An unclothed doll lay on a chair beside her, awaiting the clothing which she was so busily making. Presently her mother came across the grass, and laid her hand upon the child's head.

"What are you doing, Nelly?" she said.

"I am dressing the doll. I am so anxious to get it done. It is the first doll that I have ever dressed, and I think I shall like it better than any other. It seems more like being a real mother, doesn't it, to have made its clothes?" and she looked up with great grave eyes, into the woman's face.

"I wonder if you have thought," said her mother, sitting down beside her, "what thousands and thousands and thousands of children there are who have no dolls to play with. They dress up the leg of an old chair, or sometimes they wrap a carrot in a newspaper to make believe they are dollies. There was a little child who used to play on a doorstep in a place I knew well, who had nothing but an old stay busk, but she loved it. I think, almost more than you love any of your dolls. But one day a rough man trod upon it and broke it to pieces, and then she had nothing."

The child put her work down, and looked into her mother's face. "Nothing!" she said. "Oh, how dreadful!" Then she got up, and stood with her hands behind her back, gazing out beyond the flower beds and beyond the garden, as though she were looking away to some distant thing she had never noticed before.

"Children without dollies and without toys? That does seem a terrible thing! Suppose"—and then her whole face lit up—"that instead of keeping this dolly I gave it at Christmas time to some little girl that had none. I wonder whether that would not be better. May I send this dolly, may I take it to some little child, mother?" And she held it up for a moment, looked lovingly into its face, stroked its flaxen hair, and then cuddled it up in her arms. "May I take it myself, and give it myself to the child on the doorstep?"

"I don't know how you can give it yourself," said her mother. "London is a long way off; but you can dress it and make it beautiful, and we will find somebody who will take it to a child who has no toys."

* * * * * * *

The summer sun had gone, the flowers were nearly all asleep,and the butterflies were hiding away, trying to keep warm through the cold winter, so that they might flutter out again in the first spring sunshine. But many of them had died in the rain which poured down all through the autumn days. There was no child in the garden now, and the only sound that was heard was the rustle of the dead leaves as they floated down to the grass. The child had gone away to London. She had been very, very ill, and the doctor came and looked grave, and said that her mother must take her away to see some cleverer man in the city; and so, instead of looking out over the wide garden and the grass and the flower beds, Nelly was sitting in a little stuffy room in a London The only thing she was ever strict about was that directly she said it was time to go to bed they were never to ask to stay up a little longer. They had had their fun, she said, and she always wanted to be obeyed, and of course, mother knew best. But this Christmas was very different. It was terrible to be alone, and though mother read aloud and did all she could to amuse her, still Nelly did sigh for a good romp with the other children.

One morning as she lay in bed she suddenly remembered the doll she had dressed in the summer time, and she asked her mother to get it out of the drawer; then as it lay on the bed with the clothes she had made, the under things which took on and off, and the dress with real hooks and eyes, she recollected that she meant to give it to some child who had no toys, and when her mother came to take her out she reminded her of her promise, and she said: "Tomorrow, mother, is Christmas Day. Won't you let me take it to some little child who has no toys?" and her mother said she hotel. The doctors came every day and put their ears to her chest, and weighed her in great scales to see whether she was getting heavier, and mother looked very grave, and would often turn away and look out the window when the doctors undressed her, as though to hide her face.

But when December came, Nelly began to get stronger, and she was allowed sometimes to go out for a walk in Kensington Gardens. She was taken there in a closed cab, so she did not see anything of the streets of London, and the walk seemed very dull to her, because she could not run about and dig in her flower garden as she did at home. By and by it was Christmas time. It seemed a very dreary Christmas. She was all alone, and her brothers and sisters were away in the country, and all her little friends. Mother had said that she should have a very tiny Christmas tree all to herself, but that did not seem much fun. They always had such a jolly time, and when her brothers brought their friends back from school for the holidays they said it was the happiest Christmas home in the world. And so it was, for mother never minded noise and they could play hide-and-seek all over the house. would.

So the next day she set out in a four-wheeled cab, and drove a long way till they came to a great broad street; then her mother sent away the cab and they walked a little bit and turned down a very narrow one. A great many children were in the street, and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the steps sat a little girl, her grimy face was resting on her hand, and she looked out on the children playing as if the game did not interest her much. The children were singing in the street something about—

"If you want a nice young man,
Stuff him with bread and jam."

But the girl paid no heed to the song.

"She has got no doll, I am sure," said Nelly, in a loud whisper, to her mother.

"Ask her," said the woman.

"Have you got a doll, little girl?" said Nelly, in a loud whisper to her, and speaking shyly.

"No, I 'aven't, and that's a fac'," said the child, looking up. "I was giv' one once when I went to the treat at Southend, but I giv' it to my young Polly when she went to the 'orspital I did."

By this time a chowd of eager children had gathered round the doorstep, and Nelly was getting very shy.

"Would you like a doll?" she said, and then hastilly pulled out her parcel, thrust it into the child's lap and turned to go away.

"Oh, moi!" said the child as she opened the parcel, "Gawd in 'eaven 'as sent Father Christmas, an' no mistake."

But Nelly was some way down the street, and the pink color was bright in her cheeks.

That night as she sat by her mother and listened to the Christmas bells, with the toys that had been sent to her ranged round her, and the little twinkling candles of the tiny Christmas tree burning out one by one, she laid her head upon her mother's lap, and said: "I don't know but what, after all, it has been the nicest Christmas. Do you remember mother," she continued, "that she said God sent the doll to her? I think I like to do God's errands.'

LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE

BY VIRGINIA BELMONT.

"Balder the beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm.
Even the planets and stones
All save the Mistletoe,
The sacred Mistletoe."

There are some customs which seem to survive almost indefinitely the lapse of centuries. The Mistletoe, which reappears every Christmas, was a sacred plant as far back as the days of the Persians, an object of worship in Persia and India. It evokes memories of the ancient Gauls, of the sacred groves, and the Druids, whose priests were said to have sprung from the Magi, and all that belongs to a vanished religion.

In the days of the Druids, the festival of the cutting of the Mistletoe took place in the month of March, on the sixth day of the moon. The 10th of March at that period was New Year's Day, and as the festival required the full light of the moon, it was held as near New Year's Day as the moon would allow. The Druids claimed that the gods loved the oak above all other trees. It was the tree of Thor, the Thunderer in Scandinavian mythology, of Jupiter among the Greeks, of Perun, who is the Jove of the Slavonic nations.

CUTTING THE MISTLETOE.

On the day appointed for the festival of cutting the sacred plant, a procession was formed. Two white bulls being led, were fastened by their horns to the oak. A white-robed Druid climbed the leafless branches of the tree, and with a golden sickle cut the sprays of Mistletoe. Beneath the stately oak was a circle of Druid priestesses in white robes, their hair confined by golden crescents; they held their snowy veils outspread to receive the sacred sprays as they fell from the oak, for they were never permitted to touch the ground. Religious rites were then performed and the two white bulls were sacrificed. The sprays of Mistletoe were carefully preserved and used in many ways. They were placed over doors to bring good fortune, to keep off evil spirits. They were also used in varicus decoctions to cure many maladies, for great healing power was ascribed to the plant.

Bacon says that the Mistletoe which grew upon oaks was counted very medicinal, and the Druids considered it a remedy for every kind of poison.

In some parts of Germany the children still run about the streets at Christmastide, knocking at doors and windows with hammers, and shouting, "Gut heil, Gut heil!" These words are plainly equivalent to the Druidical name of the Mistletoe, used by Pliny when he speaks of it as "All heal." It played an important part in the life of the Gauls; a remnant of this still seems to exist in France, for the peasant boys still use the expression "An gui l'an neuf," as a New Year's greeting.

The custom of decorating churches and houses with evergreens is of great antiquity and was observed in many countries hundreds of years ago, just as we still find a similar custom observed in the east at New Year, showing that the origin of the observances is the same in each case. It was esteemed a sacred plant among the Normans and the Celtic bards, the harpers of Scotland and Wales held it in great reverence. Perhaps the Mistletoe was taken as a symbol of the New Year on account of its clusters of green leaves growing upon bare trees, and giving them the appearance of having renewed their foliage. In Brittany, it is called "Herbe de la Croix," because it was believed that from its wood the cross was made, and that it was degraded from a stately forest tree in consequence of this fact.

EARLIER THAN THE DRUIDS.

But before we hear of the Mistletoe of the Druids, we meet with the plant in the beautiful legend of the death of Balder, from the association with which it doubtless derived its sanctity.

The Apollo, or Day god of the Norsemen, bore the name of Balder the Good. He was beloved alike of gods and men. In him the Norsemen honored all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good. He was the spirit of activity, joy and light, with out the brightness of his presence, Asgard, the abode of the gods, of Odin, of Thor, of Freyja, would have been sad and gloomy; without his joyous blessing earth would have been dull and barren. Great trouble, therefore, fell on the gods in Valhalla, when Balder one day informed them that he had been visited by terrific dreams, threatening him with deadly peril. It seems that he did not possess the immortality which the Greeks attributed to their mythic divinities. Therefore the gods of Valhalla determined to use all their magic arts to preserve to themselves and to men their favorite deity.

The mythology of ancient Scandinavia included a principle or power of evil called Loki, whose chief aim was to do mischief and mar the happiness of the gods. Of all the deities, Loki hated most the God of Light. Balder's mother, Freyja, resolved to extort an oath from all created things that they would not hurt him. The goddess mother met with a ready response from earth, air, fire, water, stones, diseases, beasts, birds, insects and poisons, and from trees and flowers. One thing alone escaped her spells. There grew on the eastern side of the Valhalla an ancient oak, attached to which, rooted in its gnarled branches, she perceived a tiny plant, a soft green, insignificant thing with pearly white berries. It seemed so powerless to do harm, that she passed it by. Alas! from all ages comes the warning, that

NOTHING IS INSIGNIFCANT.

After the spell had been laid on all creation not to hurt Balder, the gods were wont to test this immunity from harm by getting him to stand on the plains of Asgard as a target at which they hurled darts and stones, and some struck at home with swords and battle-axes. The spell worked well; Balder was ever unhurt, and it came to be an honor paid him, when his invulnerability was thus tested.

One day the gods were assembled when Loki, hovering near unseen, gazed upon the singular spectacle. He beheld the bright-haired Balder standing in a circle formed by the deities of Valhalla. Odin stood gazing at the sport, while Thor threw his mighty hammer at Balder, which rebounded without injury to the youthful god. In his turn each god hurled missiles at Balder, who stood smiling at them, erect and unharmed. What could it mean? Loki determined to find out. So changing his shape to that of a fair and queenly woman, he hastened to the dwelling of Freyja. The goddess received her visitor graciously, and inquired whence she came. "From the plain whence the gods are making a target of Balder, without hurting him," replied the false guest.

"Aye," said Freyja, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all things that they will not harm him."

"What!" exclaimed the guest, "have all things sworn to spare him."

ONE LITTLE SHRUB.

"All things," replied Freyja, "except one little shrub that grows upon an oak on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called the mistletoe. I thought it too young and too feeble to crave an oath from it."

A secret joy thrilled through the false maiden as she heard these words, and, hastening from Freyja's dwelling as soon as she could, she flew to the spot where grew the fatal parasite. Then, resuming his proper shape, Loki cut off the mistletoe and hastened back to the plains of Asgard. He found the gods still at their singular amusement. The blind god Hodur, the god of brute strength, was standing alone to one side. In the Norse mythology he signified Night, as Balder signified Day.

"Why dost thou not throw something at Balder?" asked Loki.

"Because," answered Hodur, "I cannot see, and I have nothing to throw."

"Come, then," said Loki, "do as the rest do, and honor Balder by throwing this twig at him. I will guide thine arm."

DEATH OF THE DAY GOD.

Hodur took the mistletoe and, guided by Loki, threw it with all his strength at Balder, who fell lifeless, pierced by the dart.

"Thus fell Balder the Good," says the old Norse legend, "by the bough of the uncharmed mistletoe."

The grief and rage of the gods was intense at this cruel termination to their hopes, and, feeling that light and joy had been taken from them, they gave way to sorrow and fear. All their efforts to release Balder from Hela, the pallid daughter of Death, who held him captive "in the plains of Nifiheim, where dwell the dead," were frustrated by the machinations of Loki.

They resolved to avenge themselves. Having captured Loki, they confined him in a gloomy mountain canyon, and bound him at the foot of a huge rock, on the summit of which lay an enormous serpent, who dropped poison on his face, but his wife, Sygin, was faithful to him, remained at his side, and caught the drops as they fell in a golden chalice. It was only when she was forced to turn aside to empty the goblet that the venom touched Loki, and he shrank and withered to escape the burning drops; the struggles shook the earth and caused earthquakes. There Loki will remain till Ragnarok, the twilight of the world, when the gods, the earth and all the dwellers therein will be destroyed by the powers of evil, the companions of Loki.

NEW AND BETTER WORLD.

Only Odin, the Allfather, will remain and gather around him on the plains where Asgard once stood the gods regenerate and purified by fire, and then a new and better world will arise, in which Balder will come again with his unconscious slayer, Hodur, and all evil will cease, and light and darkness will dwell together in unity.

After the final purification by suffering and fire, and the regeneration to which the Northmen looked as the means of the ultimate adjustment of good and evil, and from which they did not exempt even their gods, the influence of good was to prevail. Balder would reappear, radiant, beautiful, joyous as before, and Loki, the spirit of evil, be no more heard of.

Extra Trousers and Fancy Vests

WHAT MAN is there who does not desire a pair or more of extra Trousers and a fair supply of Fancy Vests? But it is imperative that these be rigidly correct in every detail——→

20th Century Brand

of Trousers and Fancy Vests leave nothing to be desired. They are made by master tailors and conform to the most exacting demands of fashion. The variety of patterns is large. No delay in delivery—they await you at our agencies.

Agencies in nearly every town in Canada.

TAILORED BY

The Lowndes Company, Limited

TORONTO, ONT.

An Envious Woman.

The train had pulled out of the terminal and the conductor was on his fare-collecting tour. In one car there sat a lone woman dressed in deep mourning. When the conductor approached her the woman burst into tears.

The conductor asked her what was the matter. She sobbed this reply: "Ten years ago I took my first husband over this road to be cremated; five years ago I took my second husband on the same trip to the crematory and now I am taking my third husband to be consumed to ashes."

Just then there were loud sobs heard coming from a seat on the opposite side of the car. The conductor turned and saw another woman crying. Approaching softly, he asked the weeping one: "What is the matter, madam?"

Taking her handkerchief from her eyes, the second one in tears answered: "That woman has husbands to burn, while I can't get even one."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

An Appeal for English.

In the Boston subway signs marked "Exit" have lately been taken down, to be replaced with others upon which the Saxon word "Out" is plainly inscribed. A Boston paper remarks that it has evidently been discovered that not all the people in that erudite city understand Latin. We should say, however, that the substitution indicates a growth in the public intelligence rather than a decline. There is no reason whatever in common sense why the people should be told that a certain door offers them a way to make their exit, rather than a place at which they may go out. We believe that the sensible practive of marking women's waiting rooms at railroad stations "Women," instead of "Ladies," and the men's similar apartments "Men," instead of "Gentlemen," originated with a Boston railroad.

In the process of the purification of the English language, as used in America, from unnecessary and intrusive foreign elements, it is quite possible that the abounding foreign population of our great cities is exercising a certain helpful influence. Why? Because the foreigner who is required to learn English here doubtless feels it an imposition that he should be made to learn another language, and begins to talk at too much Latin and French. As an example, it is a fact that the Latin races themselves no longer used the word "exit" as we, in our affectation of Latinity employ it, but use their own native phrases, as we should ours, if we were wise. Even the Frenchman or the Italian must learn the meaning of the word "exit" in addition to the word "out." As to the Slav, the German or the Scandinavian, he must be continually exasperated by the necessity of learning one English form of speech for ordinary use, and another for public placards, books and official proceedings.

Of course, the public placard, which is intended to command the crowd, should be in the very plainest possible language. But it is not the practive in this country to put it in such language. In the park we find such signs as this: "The public is requested to deposit all refuse in the receptacle provided." What Russian, Hungarian, Swede, Finn or Syrian could possibly make out the meaning of that? If the authorities had shown more sense and made the placard read "Put rubbish in the tub," its admonition might occasionally be heeded. We need to be more English and less Latin—more sensible and less sophomorical.—New York Mail.

A WIDE SPHERE OF USEFULNESS.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over thirty-one years, its prosperity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

THROUGH THE HEART!

WHEN THE NERVES BECOME A WRECK AND VITALITY RUNS LOW BECAUSE THE HEART FAILS TO DO ITS WORK—THROUGH THE SELFSAME HEART—IF CURE COMES—MUST IT COME

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

Cures the nerves through the heart. Experience of the highest medical authorities has conclusively proven that the quickest way to cure diseases of the nerves is to fortify the heart with "food" that is natural to it, and that enriches the blood; and it has been proven also, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by this same high medical authority, that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the most potent nerve nourisher and heart strengthener that has been "gathered in" from nature's lap to assuage sufferings, stop pain and heal the heartsick; and when you know that with the heart, the main spring, the balance wheel of life, out of order, the future looks out on nothing but darkness and suffering, why postpone applying the remedy? Why delay taking hold of the healing hand that will lift you back to health? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will relieve any and every form of heart disease in 30 minutes.

Margaret Smith, of Brussels, Ontario, says: "Many a time my suffering was so great that I would have hailed death with a welcome, but four bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart wrought a wonderful cure in me."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS. 2

DR. AGNEW'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion and Constipation—they never gripe—40 for 10c.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves in 10 minutes.

For 33 Years

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and this, together with the fact that its sales have steadily increased year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

Shiloh

as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you.

"Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good until I used Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. This winter I had a very bad cold, was not able to speak, my lungs were sore on the side and back. Six bottles of Shiloh made me well again. I have given it to several people and every one of them have been cured.—D. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que." 601

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee at all druggists

The Chain Book which tells you about H. & A. S. gold-filled Watch Chains for men and women is instructive. Sent free with pleasure to all who ask for it.

Your jeweler sells H. & A. S. Chains.

H. & A. SAUNDERS, King & John Sts., Toronto.

Life Chips
10c Package

Granola
15c Package

Granose Flakes
15c Package

Granose Biscuits
15c Box

Caramel Cereal
13c and 25c Package

The above is a list of foods recommended to the public for their purity and for their other virtues by Dr. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, the foremost food expert of America. The first four are breakfast foods, the last is the best known substitute for tea or coffee. Cut out this list for reference.

A Clear Soft Skin is possible in Winter in spite of cold winds. By using only a good Soap, a pure Soap, an emollient Soap like

CALVERT'S

10% Carbolic Toilet Soap,

much can be done towards keeping the skin soft and smooth, only the purest materials go to make it, including a special emollient and Crystal Carbolic (so good for the skin)

45 cents a 3-tab. box, at all Druggists.

Send for our free booklet about this and our other specialities.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., 807, Dorchester Street, MONTREAL.

LYNX TRIMMED GREAT COAT.

BROADTAIL IN SEMI-EMPIRE EFFECT.

NEW YEAR OFFERINGS IN FUR GARMENTS

Long Empire Models, as They Will Permit of Several Remodelings—Suggestions for the Great Coat in Imitation Fur.

Mink Has Rather Taken the Place of Persian Lamb for the Short Fur Jacket — Ermine Is Employed to Relieve Its Severe Effect, While Velvet and Tinsel Embroideries Give a Flnal Touch of Elegance.

A Queenly Wrap Is the Dolman of Real Ermine for Afternoon Wear—Pelerines Are as Popular as Last Year, but Are More Elaborate in Their Make-Up—White and Silver Fox Combined With Charming Result.

(By Katharine Anderson.)

If ever there was a season of magnificence in furs it is these winter months of 1905-1906. Miladi of wealth has set no limit to the splendor and costliness of her fur garments. The result is an unrivaled display of the most perfect creations of the furrier's art, the handsomest of which are none too fine for the woman of fashion. And now that this winter grandeur has been paraded by the exclusive lady, the woman of moderate means is ready to consider that luxury of her entire wardrobe—an all-fur or a fur-lined garment.

Modes of the year in fur coats show no partiality toward either the long, all-enveloping wrap or the short fancy jacket. However, for the woman who is expending a large amount of money, the most profitable investment is the great coat, which serves in its original shape the first two seasons, and, with remodeling, for many winters afterward.

With the exception perhaps of Russian sable, the very handsomest fur coat made is of black baby lamb, cut either in Empire style, or in bell shape to hang loosely from the shoulders nearly to the bottom of the gown. In the example in question, this silky looking fur is modeled with an Empire yoke at the back, while the fronts fall straight and loose. A wide black braid with silver edge faces the inside of spoon-shaped revers, as well as the cross straps that hold the garment in place when the revers are thrown back.

For the woman to whom the genuine pelt is an impossibility, a coat of this description can be built of imitation broadtail to look almost as stunning as the original model. The fur cloth which resembles this skin is hardly to be distinguished from the original, and is the most perfect of any of the imitation furs.

Long sealskin wraps are again to the fore, but their beauty is enhanced this season by trimmings of a lighter fur. In strong contrast, to the loose Empire models, a chinchilla-trimmed sealskin coat is fitted snugly to the figure. At the waist line a long rippling skirt of the fur gives a redingote effect. Broad chinchilla cuffs finish the elbow sleeves. The same pelt fashions high standing collar, wide turnback revers and huge buttons, while an embroidered suede vest from the throat nearly to the bottom of the skirt, gives warmth when the fur basque is thrown open.

Another beautiful fur wrap in kimono style is built of soft gray moleskin. A great rolling collar of silver fox encircles the neck and a silver tinsel embroidery is scattered here and there over the entire wrap. Wide cuffs are embroidered also in silver tinsel.

More within the province of the moderate income are the fur-lined coats. These have gained a tremendous popularity and in the more costly models are royally magnificent. An instance of the latter sort, marked at $175, shows a loose exterior of blue gray mottled velvet, and is lined with white squirrel. Shaggy blue-gray fox spreads out splendidly about the throat and trims the wide sleeves.

In similar style, a cinnamon-brown-face cloth shows a wide sailor collar of black lynx, and a band of the same fur edges a flaring sleeve. The coat is not lined throughout with fur, but the lynx extends well back inside the edges, and a heavy wool wadding between the cloth and the white satin lining gives nearly an equal warmth. Silk braid motifs with long ends add grace to the coat at the back as well as to the peculiarly shaped sleeve.

An English importation that shows considerable distinction is an Empire wrap of black velvet, lined with plush having chinchilla markings. A shawl collar of the plush lays well over the shoulders and terminates in a surplice effect below the deep Josephine yoke of velvet.

To begin to describe the beauty of short fur jackets is to lose oneself in a maze of novelty and wonderful combinations of different furs and hand embroideries. The simplest fur coat of the season is in box shape with kimono sleeves, shawl collar and huge fancy buttons. Next in order is the blouse jacket with velvet girdle, elbow sleeves and fur peplum that extends across the back and just over the hips. Big buttons trim this also and a deep buckle adorns the front of the girdle. This model has been stunningly carried out in golden brown fur plush with collar, turn-back cuffs and peplum of sealskin and a fastening of rhinestone buttons and buckle.

The Persian lamb jacket which has enjoyed such popularity for the last five years has been supplanted by the short coat of mink this winter. But mink alone is anything but softening to the face and more dressy furs are employed to relieve its severity.

Ermine and mink form a charming combination. In a basque jacket of carefully matched mink skins, ermine faces the loose front seams, while a narrow band of mink is applied at the very edge. A very wide band of mink with rounding ends shapes the cuff of the rather scant sleeve, and is held together by a gilt filigree button. The accompanying muff is a small round affair, completely hidden beneath whole mink skins.

Another mink coat displays a stole collar of ermine, each end of which is finished with jabot of ecru lace and ecru lace forms a full cuff for the bell-shaped elbow sleeves.

Chic boleros and tight fitting jackets are built also of caracul in black or white. These are set off by velvet collars and cuffs edged with bands of silver or gold embroidery. In cream white caracul a bolero with elbow sleeves shows black velvet pipings and buttons. Lace vest, collar and deep cuffs complete a warm jacket and a deep velvet girdle finishes the waist. Royal blue cloth in imitation of caracul shapes another style of coat in hip length and is set off by a turquoise blue felt vest. The revers are of royal blue velvet lined at the edges with silver bullion. A muff of the blue fur cloth is worn with the coat.

In the realm of large fur garments, dolmans and pelesines play an important part. Among the former, no more queenly looking wrap could be imagined than a huge cape of real ermine. This is intended for wear over heavy afternoon and reception gowns. It is lined with cream white moire silk.

For the same purpose a shorter cape or pelerine of ermine shows box plaits of the fur that fall well over the shoulders and a narrow flat stole of ermine that reach almost to the knees. Tiny white head with ermine tails comprise the trimming for both the stole and the envelope muff. More unusual still is a pelerine made up of a long white fox boa, widened over the shoulders by silver gray fox that terminates at the waist line in a head at the front and in tails at the back. The muff shows a silver fox skin with long tail on either edge, while an entire white fox skin forms the center.

CHAMPION TYPEWRITER ELUCIDATES HER ART

REACHED HER SPEED BY USING "CULTIVATED TOUCH."

Fleetest of horses, most rapid of runners, fastest of steamships — all have had their panegyrists. So why not the swiftest of typewriters. Miss Mae Carrington — young, amiable, pretty—is to the keyboard what Lou Dillon is to the trotting turf, what W. G. George is to the running turf, what the Lucania is to the ocean—champion and holder of the record.

She has been crowned queen of typewriters in many national and international contests — at Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Buffalo and the recent exhibition of her skill at the business show at the Madison Square Garden was a phenomenal one, something never equaled in this city. Blindfolded the young woman wrote 3,700 words from dictation, correctly punctuated, capitalized and paragraphed, at an average rate of 62 words a minute.

Miss Carrington is a "long-distance" operator—her maximum speed is not attained in the first few minutes. In the blindfolded contest at the Madison Square Garden she reached the remarkable speed of 125 words a minute after an hour's work.

Miss Carrington, who is now a teacher of typewriting in a business school at her home town, Springfield, Mass., has made a seven-year study of typewriting.

As illustrated in the recent exhibition in this city, her eyes play no part in assisting her deft manipulation of the machine.

Her natural gift, without which she might never have attained the skill she possesses, is a keen sense of location. This gift has been specialized in the education of her finger tips.

Miss Carrington's cultivated touch enables her to write page after page blindfolded without the slightest error.

Of typewriting in its present development and the methods of acquiring skill in it, Miss Carrington has much of interest to tell.

"Most people have mistaken ideas as to speed in typewriting," she says. "The contests in New York between expert operators were won with a speed of less than 75 words a minute. That is high speed for continuous work on present day machines."

"But have not 200 words a minute been written?" was asked.

"Oh, yes. But this 'record' has been made with selected words in a sentence just one line long and this sentence is written over and over again. This is practice for speed, but does not prove anything as to the actual accomplishment of the operator for real work. Here is such a sentence: 'I am not to say it is a sin to use the pen to aid it to a bad end.' I can write that at the rate of 200 words a minute. Others can write it faster.

"Now, here is a sentence of another kind: 'Poor Poliy Questzers, plumply built, ardently and secretly plays polo.' That sentence written on a typewriter is full of trips and tricks in fingering. I can write it at the rate of 70 words a minute—after very long practice.

"Many absurd claims are made as to speed by ordinary typewriter operators. After ten months in a 'business school' I won the gold medal of the school in typewriting with a record of 50 words a minute—a high speed for the school.

"The touch system was used by all the successful operators at the New York contest. The fingers are quicker and more accurate than the eyes, and can be educated to do far better without their aid than if the eyes are trusted to help and guide the fingers. In the touch system all the fingers and thumbs are used."

Miss Carrington knows how much the intelligent and expert stenographer and typewriter contribute to the success of her wealthy employer, and resents the fact that, as their part of the proceeds, many of these young women in New York receive but $12, $15 or at the most $20 a week.

But Miss Carrington will come to New York to earn $100 a week. Her story is truly a story of success, though she modestly doubts it, and is more concerned with the fact that a man beat her in the short-time speed contest at the garden show. But that is explainable, though not by her—and will not occur again, Miss Carrington herself declares.

"In that contest," says Miss Carrington—she wrote 2,004 words in 30 minutes—"some force seemed to bind and hold my hands. These speed tests are a great nervous strain. I was not conscious, though of being out of condition to do my best when I sat down to the machine. It was a strange feeling, though in the telling it does not appear remarkable. The half-hour closed before I attained my speed."

A wrong letter in a word counts against the operator in these speed contests as five words deducted from the number she has written. But Miss Carrington made no such errors.

Mr. J. B. Griffin, who was the young woman's teacher in typewriting, witnessed her appearance in the contests in New York. "An ambition for success, a resolution to be 'first in something,'" he says, "has guided Miss Carrington to the acquirement of her truly remarkable skill. Then, of course, there was added to that the willingness to work, and work hard. In the short speed contest at the garden she failed because of lack of practice. Her wonderful speed and perfect accuracy were shown in the longer time contests. To keep up to the full capacity of his speed a typewriter should practice half an hour each day. That Miss Carrington has not done since she herself became a teacher. Next year she will come to New York prepared to exhibit the full possibilities of her remarkable faculty for operating a typewriter under every test and condition."
—New York World.

How Baily Joined Barnum.

The story of the origin of the partnership between the circus men, Barnum and Bailey, is as picturesque as the posters that subsequently announced their show. When Mr. Bailey headed the old firm of Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper, their chief attraction was "Gib, the elephant with two trunks."

Gib was a wonder, the whole country was crazy to see him, and everywhere the Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper show spread it tents, they were crowded to their limit.

Phineas T. Barnum did not like the tremendous success his rivals were having. Calling in his secretary, he said in a thoughtful and puzzled way: "Dan, did you ever see that Gib?"

"No, I never did see him," replied Dan.

"Has he really got two trunks?" asked Mr. Barnum in a speculative manner.

"Can't say for sure, but they keep on saying he has, good and loud.

"Dan," said Mr. Barnum slowly, "we've got to have that elephant." And he reached for a telegraph blank and sent the following message to Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper:

"Will give you $10,000 for Gib, the elephant with two trunks. — P. T. Barnum."

The next towns the Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper show visited were placarded up and down their streets with posters reproducing Mr. Barnum's telegram, with photographic accuracy, and under it this line:

"That's how much P. T. Barnum thinks of the famous Gib, the only elephant in the world with two trunks."

When Mr. Barnum heard of it, he meditated a while in silence, and then said: "Dan, it's not the elephant we want; it's that man Bailey."

And thus was the great partnership of Barnum & Bailey formed.—Saturday Evening Post.

Help for Slow Talkers.

At no time more than when a thought is struggling toward expression should a friend bear with a friend's infirmities. A deep sympathy should be poured out with lavish affection about the one who is seriously striving to say some real thing. In this atmosphere of patient, sympathetic intelligence the inept word, the crude phrase, the wholly inadequate expression will be enabled to do their work and the thought-transference will be effected; the thought will be safely lodged in the mind of the other, slightly bruised in transit, but intact and intelligible. With an "I know what you mean," "exactly," or "go on, I understand," much help may be rendered, and at last, when the thinker of the thought has placed his friend in possession, and by reason of this effort has entered into fuller possession of it himself, the conversation is in a way to begin. Then lavish upon the elaboration of the thought all the beauties that can be woven out of words—precision, balance, music—but let us, dear lovers of language, remember to be discreetly gentle and listen with averted glance while the thought is still in negligee.—Atlantic.

IT IS ONLY necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequaled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

It isn't safe to bet on anything—especially a sure thing.

WHEN YOU'RE INVITED OUT

THREE RULES THAT MAKE FOR POPULARITY IN SOCIAL LIFE.

A Special Mark of Courtesy Following Meals or an Evening in the Home Circle—Charm of Manner Welds All the Other Graces—A Desirable Guest Considers the Host and Hostess First.

With the crowding of holiday festivities, invitations come thick and fast. The person who has no social engagements at this time of year can be no other than one who does not wish them, for when every one is at home who can possibly be there, it is the signal for the gathering together of each and every friend and acquaintance. For the girl or man, therefore, who wishes to keep up a social life and be invited again, the time is ripe to make oneself a popular guest.

Difficult though this may seem, it can be worked out by the rule of three. Certain laws govern social success as surely as they do the working out of a problem in arithmetic. To be invited again is merely to observe the seemingly insignificant little niceties that count so heavily and unerringly in weighing the balance of people's favor. Once you have that a hostess inevitably seeks you as her guest.

In the first place, no matter what invitation you may receive, answer it within a day of the time it reaches you. Never hold a summons to any form of entertainment for a day or so in order to make sure whether or not you can accept. When in the least bit of doubt, send your regrets in a polite or formal note. If the invitation is for an informal function, however, it is perfectly proper to qualify your refusal with a word as to your reasons, and a hope that at the last moment you will find that you can come. Nevertheless, your note should make it thoroughly clear that you have definitely refused, and that your hostess should not expect to see you unless she hears from you again.

The value of social notes cannot be overestimated to the person who would become popular. That any sort of a polite note should be inscribed on the very neatest of writing paper with envelope to match, goes without saying. That the handwriting should be your own is also most essential, and it must be clear enough to be easily read. As lined stationery is not permissible, the words should run straight and be evenly spaced, while the margin at the left of the sheet should be decided.

Whatever you may say, have it to the point; that is, concise and unequivocal. Read the note through at least twice to be assured that the person receiving it would be unable to understand it in any but the way you intend. Finally, if any mistakes of spelling, poorly written words or blots of ink have crept into the form of the note, do not send it out without rewriting, and when you stamp the envelope put the engraved messenger squarely in the upper right-hand corner.

When to write these social notes is the next question of importance. Of the two kinds, sympathetic notes and civil notes, the former should be sent early and often. Nothing brings more pleasure to the average person than a simple expression of appreciation or condolence in connection with pleasure or sorrow that may have come to them. In such a note, there should be above all else a tone of genuine interest without in any way suggesting selfish or self-seeking motives. But withal it must be dignified. Too much cannot be said with regard to the thoughtful note which bears with it only good will and cheerfulness and which helps to keep up the thread of friendship or acquaintanceship.

Civil notes include answers to invitations and certain explanations called for by some slight misunderstanding. Unless you have been entertained very formally, the note which accepted the invitation should be followed after the function by a note of appreciation. Especially is this true when you have enjoyed an evening or a meal in some home circle. Your friends will appreciate the extra mark of courtesy and you will be less hurried about making your subsequent call. Only a most careless person allows over two days to pass before sending a letter of appreciation after an extended visit at a friend's home.

Conversation is the second very important factor in gaining social popularity. This does not necessarily mean being a ready conversationalist, for a good listener is more to be envied than a fluent talker. Its real meaning is to show a true interest in whatever is taking place, and yet to retain sufficient of your own personality to command the interest of others. In this respect, the second and third part of the rule of three that makes for popularity, are very closely allied.

To begin with, conversation in social life implies the exchange of thoughts on an equal basis. To ascertain what the standard of your listener may be questions are the very best method. Learn first on what ground the person with whom you are conversing will meet you, and do not scorn the asking of commonplace questions to find this out. Personal questions, however, are barred except in a very general way, and when used should be worded so that the person answering may avoid a direct reply if he wishes.

Once you find the subject in which your companion is interested, try to see his view of it rather than your own. Keep your decided opinions in the background unless they are especially asked. Make the other person's hobbies and fads seem to be your immediate concern and by no means allow your attention to be distracted. Your thoughts as well as your looks must convey consideration.

The voice counts tremendously in conversation. Speak with musical tones. Accustom your ear to catch any harsh or jarring note that you may utter. An authority on this subject says to use only the low pitch of the voice, as this is always sweeter and more convincing. Speak slowly and distinctly that the person with whom you are conversing will not be obliged to ask you constantly to repeat.

Do not emphasize what you say with movements of your hands or feet or with contortions of the face. Leave this to people on the stage who in playing to a mixed audience need to use every means at their command to express the different emotions.

In private life the most refined and cultured members of society retain, always the quietest and calmest manner of saying and doing everything. This is an invaluable aid in the exchange of thoughts and ideas, for it allows the other person to think of what you are saying rather than of what you are doing. Furthermore, this repose of manner is a delicate compliment to your companion, who immediately feels that you are not anxious to be somewhere else. In other words, it puts him perfectly at his ease.

A pitfall into which the youthful conversationalist is always in danger of falling, is the use of slang words that have not been accepted as legitimate. An occasional use of the more usual of the newly coined words and phrases is not so serious a mistake as some would have it. However, girls especially have to avoid rough modes of expression, which invariably mar a pleasant conversation.

There is one trick which the successful conversationalist never fails to employ and that is the paying of indirect compliments. It can be truthfully said that this is one sure way of gaining the interest of almost any human being. As soon as you show appreciation of some quality or characteristic which they may—or may not—possess, their pride is touched and they begin to take note of your opinions. Open flattery is far removed from the tactful compliment, however. You must have some reason, drawn either from observation or from the say-so of friends, for whatever pleasant remark you may make, and it must be subtle rather than direct.

And now for the last quality which makes you a desirable guest on every occasion. Charm of manner welds all the other graces together. A friendly, kindly spirit should be shown toward every one you meet in a social way. Never allow a suggestion of condescension to enter anything you may say or do, while not to place a proper estimate on your own abilities is very bad form and a sure means of embarrassing other people. A cheerful smile and a straightforward handshake is the simplest and best way of greeting new and old acquaintances. Should this be met by a snobbish manner do not permit it to alter your kindly feelings and welcome the next person in the same agreeable, unpretentious way.

An unchangeable rule when you are being entertained is to remember that your host and hostess are to be considered before your personal desires and opinions. Whatever their guests may be to you in your outside life, they are to be considered only as friends under this common roof of hospitality, and one person should be treated with the same thoughtfulness as another. A multitude of sins through mistakes in etiquette and even tactless conversation are overlooked when this is your guiding spirit, and to be invited again is to be a desirable guest first and an individual afterward.

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Merry Christmas!

The day after tomorrow, this greeting will flash from heart to heart all over the civilized world. Man to man, woman to woman, and best of all, the prattling voices of little children will lisp the time-honored words.

Often as we say it, so few of us stop to realize its significance or to think what Christmas really means, yet it should be the most joyous and festive occasion in all the year; a time when both purse strings and hearts loosen, when all the world should unite in singing the old song of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Do we ever stop to think of why we celebrate Christmas Day? Why we send gifts to each other?

As a rule, our one thought is "What a nuisance it is to be bothered with all this Christmas business," instead of remembering that we celebrate in reality the "Birthday of the King," and it is in honor of him that we give each other tokens of our love.

There is no story in the world as beautiful as that of the Christ child.

When we consider it from the very beginning, the story of the stable, the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, the lowly manger.

And yet, through all this squalor and desolation, there came the three wise men, following the star, and the wonderful gifts they brought to this poor child, the purple, the frankincense, the myrrh. There is such a fascination in all these wonderful things and in the whole wonderful story.

Yet, the most beautiful part of it all is the story of the angels, of their appearance in the heavens to the poor shepherd on earth, and of their song, the most inspired song the world has ever heard, of "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men."

That is the song we all should sing at this time of the year. Let us forget all our enemies, our sorrows and our cares, and remember only that it is Christmas, the time of gladness and of mirth, of love and reconciliation.

Let us close up round the vacant space at the table; forget, if we can, that loved ones are lost or absent, and try only to make our world happier, brighter and better, because of Christmas.

In short, let us make it truly in deed, as well as word, "Merry Christmas."

A SCOTTISH ADMIRAL IN SWEDEN'S SERVICE

FORTUNE SMILED ON A SAILOR FROM MONTREAL.

When Sweden and Norway are bulking so largely in the public eye it is interesting to remember that though both nations have sprung from a race of Vikings, they were assisted to independence by not a few men of adventure — soldiers and sailors — from these shores. Among those who served in the Swedish navy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a native of Montross, which, in those days, and many years before, was a port of no small renown. Richard Clark was his name, and little is known of either himself or his family. Fortune smiled on his service, and he attained the rank of vice-admiral. A gift of his, which hangs in the parish church, in the shape of a chandelier or "hearse," is the oldest existing relic of the old kirk of Montross. Mr. James G. Low, the local historian, writes, by Skipper James Wood, a cousin of the admiral, and it may be inferred that it is of continental workmanship. The admiral died March 14, 1624, and in a letter addressed to the "Lord Provost of Montross," the bearer of the "hearse" alludes to Clark's "good and natural affection toward his native town of Montross," who "in his last moment remembered the kirk wt ane little ornament of his love, to wit, one hearse, to be placed in the church, so that the good affection and name of the giver that is wt God may be acceptable to ye spectatouris thereof."

The chandelier has sixteen branches, divided into two rows of eight each, the lower row projecting beyond the upper. It is of brass, about five feet in height, and consists of a large globe and shaft, surmounted by an elegant molding of an angel with uplifted hands standing on the globe, on which are engraved the figures of Justice and of St. George and the Dragon, with the armorial insignia of the admiral and his wife, Christina Lamb. Round the base is the following inscription: "Richardus, Clark, Montrosae, Natus, Nvne, Avtem, Vice, Admiralis, Regis, Svediae, Christianae, Fidei, Testimonio, Hvivs, Templi, Ornamento, Cognatis, Svis, Caetervqve, Hvivs, Vrbis, Incolis, Pristini, et Integri, Amoris, Pignori, Aenaevm, Hoc, Candelabrum,.. Hic, Erigi, Fecit, Anno, MDCXXIII." Upon the introduction of gas into the church it was thrown aside as useless, and, after being lost, was discovered in a blacksmith's shop denuded of its branches. It was repaired and fitted up for gas in 1859. Bowick, a local poet of some satire, wrote "Rhimes cimpilit quhan bie the Swedish skipper." The two verses may be given:

"In ancient times our Parish kirk
Was dull and dowie as the mirk;
And though the priest did try
To clear the congregation's e'en,
Nae licht nor glimmer could be seen
Of doctrine or of sky.

"But now this candle will blaze,
And shine aroon' with cheerful rays,
Like tapers at ane feast;
Oh, may it beam within the walls,
To clear the laics' dull eyeballs
And luminate the priest!"
—Dundee Advertiser.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

Texas, in the fiscal years 1906 and 1907 will pay $900,000 to Confederate veterans for pensions, besides expending $154,538 for the support of the Confederate home.

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CARE THAT THE HANDS NEED IN WINTER

Don't leave a drop of moisture remain.

Keep the palms pink.

Don't fail to wear gloves at night.

Rub block magnesia into the palms before going out.

Protection for thumb and forefinger.

THE woman who does not care for her hands is never so attractive as the woman whose hands are in perfect condition. Not only that, it is one of the earmarks of refinement, and you will frequently judge a woman's refinement, not by her face, not by her gowns, but by her hands.

Women with badly kept hands make many excuses for them, but, as a matter of fact, all women can have nice hands. The wearing of gloves for housework and gardening is merely a matter of habit, and so is that of putting on the finger and thumb of an old glove when peeling fruits and vegetables; but such precautions are well worth taking for the woman who wants to keep her hands white and smooth. The hands require more care in winter than in summer, for, as a rule, the natural oil of the body keeps them soft in summer, and it is only necessary to guard against tan and sunburn. But in winter they are apt to become dry, red, rough and generally ugly, unless carefully treated, and I am giving a few simple suggestions in this respect, which I know, from my personal experience, will be beneficial.

The woman whose habitual occupation is housework should protect the hands by wearing gloves as much as possible. Loose cotton ones for sweeping, dusting, etc. Dishwashing will lose half its terror if rubber gloves are used during this operation.

After her housework is done, if gloves have been worn, the hands will often feel hot and stiff; rub in a liberal spoonful of vaseline and let it remain several minutes, if possible. Rub the fingers from the tips down, exactly as if putting on a pair of new gloves; this will keep the knuckles from knotting or enlarging.

Dirt makes the hands hard and grimy. Women who are afraid to wash their hands for fear of making them chap can quiet their fears. But there are ways and ways of washing the hands, particularly in winter time.

Take warm water and let it be soft. Add a teaspoonful of borax to the water to soften it still more. Now take good soap and wash your hands well. Let out the water and let clear, warm water into the bowl and rinse the hands thoroughly. If running water of the proper temperature can be procured, it makes the rinsing thorough. When the hands are perfectly free from soap, dry them. Carelessness in drying has spoiled the appearance of many a pair of hands. Nothing will so quickly cause rough skin and a tendency to chapping. The towel upon which the hands are dried should never be relinquished until every drop of moisture has been absorbed. This is the first and most important of all rules for keeping the hands in good condition.

There are many simple preparations which, applied after washing, will aid greatly in making the hands smooth and white.

A preparation of lemon juice and glycerine in equal parts, rubbed well into the skin, is excellent, and if you will keep a tin box of oatmeal on your washstand and rub some over your hands every time after washing you will find it most satisfactory.

Oatmeal taken from the family table and thinned with boiling water makes a good hand lotion. Drop a few drops of benzoin into the mixture and immerse the hands in it. Then rinse with warm water.

The wearing of gloves at night is one of the best ways to keep the hands soft and white.

Give the hands a bath of olive oil and pull on a pair of kid gloves, preferably white—and they should be very loose—before the oil has dried.

Another way is to make a generous application of cold cream or a good skin food, and then put on the gloves. It is best to cut off the tip ends of the glove fingers, and make a few slits in the palms. This allows perfect circulation.

Many women are worried by a constant tendency to perspire freely in the palms, which is most unpleasant, and often causes the skin to become chapped. For this, use magnesia. Get it in square blocks, and rub it thoroughly into the skin before putting on the glove. Smooth, white hands, with pink palms, may be difficult to acquire, but they are a great attraction and within the reach of all who care for them sufficiently to make the effort required to secure them.

Curing Moles

A Talk on Facial Blemishes

By Dr. Emma E. Walker

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MOLES are mentally very distressing, especially when they grow on the face. Those from which hair grow are most unsightly, but one should never attempt to use any home remedies, since these defects are too deep-seated for superficial treatment.

They may also, if interfered with ignorantly, be the starting point of cancerous growths. Never meddle with them. If you must have something done, consult a skin specialist (I mean physician) or a reliable surgeon, and follow the advice given to you.

I never suppose warts to be contagious, as this has never been proved, neither is it at all probable that they are caught from toads. Their habits are curious, and many old traditions are afloat about them. Sometimes they disappear suddenly for no apparent reason.

Caustics, such as nitric acid, chromic acid or acetic acid, are often efficacious, but are too dangerous for use in the hands of any but an experienced physician. Many lifelong scars have been caused by their use. A simple remedy for warts is the following: Have the chemist put up a dram of salicylic acid and an ounce of collodion in a bottle which has a tiny brush run through the cork. Apply the mixture to the warts twice a day, and they will disappear.

Any ordinary corn cure, of which the basis is salicylic acid, will accomplish the same result.

Scars that are left from pimples or scratching sometimes last quite a while, but gentle massage of these with cold cream will nearly always improve their appearance. Much patience is needed, however, for it will take time to efface such marks.

Some girls are troubled with a red nose. The nose is very easily affected by various internal disorders, and it is always well to seek carefully for the cause. Many times this defect is due to tightness of some part of the clothing. It may be the corset, it may be the collar, it may be the sleeve.

The following lotion is excellent for local application: Powdered calamine, 1 dram; zinc oxide, ½ dram; glycerine, ½ dram; cherry laurel water, 2 ounces. This lotion should be well shaken before using, and mopped on the nose both morning and evening.

If your face is very dry, use cold cream, rubbing it on at night. Your skin has not enough oil in it.

An excellent cold cream for use in massage is one made according to the official formula: Spermaceti, 1 ounce avoirdupois, 200 grains; white wax, 1 ounce avoirdupois, 270 grains; expressed oil of almonds, 9 fluid ounces; stronger rosewater, 3 fluid ounces; sodium borate in fine powder, 35 grains. The spermaceti and wax are shaved very fine and melted at moderate heat. The oil of almonds is added, and the mixture poured into a warm, shallow wedgwood mortar. The sodium borate is dissolved in the rosewater, and is then added without stirring. Now stir rapidly and continuously until the mixture is creamy.

It is much better, however, for you to get a good druggist to put up the cream than to try to make it yourself.

Do not use cold cream, vaseline or the like before exposing your face to wind or sun—but afterward.

If your face is too oily, wipe it off once or twice a day with dilute alcohol. Put a pinch of borax into the basin now and then, when you wash your face. You may use a good rice powder that is absorbent. Avoid all rich and greasy food, and stop butter for a little time.

If your complexion is too florid, look to your diet; it may be too stimulating. Do not drink tea or coffee, or alcoholic beverages. Avoid greasy foods, and spices. Fruit and green vegetables will be good for you.

If you cannot make your cheeks rosy, you can at least have a clear skin. Not all girls can have rosy cheeks. Some girls always have them.

As to the cause of skin diseases, these are legion. Some skin troubles are merely local, and consequently are cured by local treatment, while others are due to some more deeply seated cause, and have to be treated accordingly. Many are known to have come from disordered digestion, and it certainly behooves us to look well to this function, and to be extremely careful of diet.

Mrs. Henry Symes' Advice to Those Seeking Health and Beauty

Good Hair Tonic

Will you please publish a recipe for hair tonic? My hair is so dry, and has a lot of dandruff. J. S.

Jaborandi Tonic.

Quinine sulphur, 20 grains; tincture of cantharides, 2 fluid drams; alcohol, 2 fluid ounces; glycerine, 2 ounces; bay rum, 6 fluid ounces; rosewater, 16 fluid ounces. The quinine should be dissolved in the alcoholic liquids by warming slightly; then the other ingredients added, and the whole filtered. Rub into the roots of the hair every night.

Annoying Moles

I have come to you for advice, as you have helped so many, hoping you can help me also. I have several moles on one side of my face, which show very much, and have endeavored very hard to remove them, but did not succeed, and will you tell me what will positively take them off, and also freckles? Am married and nothing but a girl.

ANXIOUS.

The removal of moles should never be attempted by an inexperienced person; this operation requires the services of a surgeon or skin specialist. For the freckles you will find Dr. Shoemaker's bleach, frequently published in this department, very beneficial.

Pimples Leave Spots

Would you please publish in your paper a good recipe for face massage? Would also like to ask you what to do about my face. Of late it has been breaking out quite a little, and each pimple leaves a red spot on my face that looks as though it was there to stay. Kindly publish this at your earliest convenience, and oblige ANXIOUS.

The orange-flower cream is excellent for facial massage. For the pimples you describe, try the following lotion, which has been highly recommended: To five ounces of elderflower water add one ounce of spirits of camphor and one dram of milk of sulphur. Shake thoroughly. Wash the face at night with tepid water and soap, and after rinsing and drying, apply the lotion with a soft sponge, allowing it to dry on.

Wrinkled Skin on Hands

As so many women seem to obtain such good results from your advice, so kindly given, I am going to beg you to give me a little, if you possibly can, for which I will be ever so thankful. In the first place, is there anything that will remove wrinkles from the hands, which I am sure was caused by my hands being very fat at one time, and are now very thin? It seems to be a sort of a loose skin all over, not exactly wrinkles. Can you tell me something that will remove wrinkles from the neck, which, I have been told by a doctor, were caused from wearing such very high collars? I have a fairly good complexion, haven't any wrinkles in my face, except around the eyes, from laughing so much; but I don't think anything would help that if I don't stop laughing, do you? Still, I would like to get rid of them; am afraid to massage for fear of making matters worse, and can't afford to have it done. So here I am going to try the next best thing—your advice.

AN INTERESTED READER.

I think you can improve the appearance of your hands by massaging them nightly with a good skin food; this will fill out the tissues and fill out the loose skin. Massaging the tiny wrinkles around your eyes will arrest their growth. Make a rotary movement with the tips of the fingers upward and outward, using a good cream or skin food. The same treatment will improve the appearance of your throat.

How to Use Henna

Will you kindly give me your advice in regard to "henna," how to use it, what strength and how often?

My hair, which was a golden red, has got very dark, and is beginning to streak with gray. Would the use of henna restore it to its original color? ANXIOUS.

Henna is a vegetable stain, quite harmless, producing an attractive reddish tint. It may be applied in several ways, but the simplest and easiest method for the amateur is to use a tea made of the leaves. In preparing the tea use an ounce of leaves to a quart of water and boil the whole down to one pint. A thorough shampooing of the hair should precede each application of the stain. Treatment must be repeated when the color needs renewing, usually about once in six weeks.

Annoyed by Pimples.

Will you kindly tell me something to remove pimples from the face and clear the complexion? Please let me hear from you at once. I remain, Mrs. C. J. P.

The first step toward improving your complexion will be to improve your health. Pimples are the outward indication of some inward disturbance, and until this is righted they will continue to appear. The cream for which I am giving you formula is an excellent healing agent, but you will probably find it necessary to take something internally as well.

Fossati Cream for Pimples.

Lanolin, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2½ grams; extract of violet, 10 drops.

Apply a little to the pimples each night.

Hair Straight and Stringy.

When about 7 years of age I had typhoid fever. My hair was cut short, and kept so for some time. My hair did not come in as thick as it was before. Two years ago I had the measles. My hair came out very much. It has not grown more than fifteen inches since I had typhoid fever. (I am now 19.) I have very light hair, and it is very straight and stringy. I have very much dandruff. D. O.

Trim the ends of your hair carefully, give it a thorough shampooing, and commence treatment with the dandruff cure, for which I am giving you formula. After all traces of dandruff have disappeared, use the quinine tonic, which will promote the growth of your hair.

To Remove Dandruff.

Tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; liquid ammonia, 1 dram; glycerine, ½ ounce; oil thyme, ½ dram; rosemary oil, ½ dram.

Mix all together with six ounces of rosewater. Rub the scalp thoroughly with this preparation until no further evidence of dandruff is noticed.

Quinine Hair Tonic.

Sulphate of quinine, 1 dram; rosewater, 8 ounces; dilute sulphuric acid, 15 minims; rectified spirits, 2 ounces. Mix, then further add: Glycerine, ¼ ounce; essence royale or essence musk, 5 or 6 minims. Agitate until solution is complete. Apply to the roots of the hair every day.

Sticky Dandruff on Scalp

Hair is dry, but a sticky sort of dandruff seems to form on the scalp, which can only be relieved with hot water and fine comb. Can you give a remedy? Hair has been falling for years; not enough to cause baldness, but keeps the hair in unequal lengths.

G. F. F.

Follow directions given to "D. O."

Stubborn Freckles

Will you kindly advise me in your column a sure remedy for removing large freckles from the hands and arms? Also give me preparation to make the hands white.

GRAHAM.

I am giving you formula for a lotion which has proved most beneficial in the removal of stubborn freckles. You will also find the cream to whiten the hands very satisfactory.

Dr. Shoemaker's Bleach.

(For Freckles and Brown Spots.)

Bichloride of mercury in coarse powder, 8 grains; witch hazel, 2 ounces; rosewater, 2 ounces.

Agitate until a solution is obtained. Mop over the affected parts. Keep out of the way of ignorant persons and children.

To Whiten the Hands.

Lanolin, 100 grams; paraffin (liquid), 25 grams; extract of vanilla, 10 drops; oil of rose, 1 drop.

Mix and apply when necessary.

To Improve the Hands

As there seems to be no limit to your power of assisting the ugly and unhealthful I, too, come to you for aid.

My finger nails are hard and thick, and may be peeled off in layers. Is there any way you can tell me to make them as they should be?

Do you know of any sort of massaging which will prevent the veins in the arm and hand from showing? E. S.

To improve the appearance of your hands and nails, soak them every night in hot, soapy water, in which a pinch of borax has been dissolved. Rinse thoroughly and massage with the following skin food, rubbing each finger from the tip backward, and the hand back toward the wrist. If the condition of your nails does not improve, I advise you to consult a physician in regard to your general health, as this may cause the conditions you describe.

Skin Food for the Hands.

Cocoa butter, 1 ounce; oil of sweet almonds, 1 ounce; oxide of zinc, 1 dram; borax, 1 dram; oil of bergamot, 6 drops.

Heat the cocoa butter and oil of almonds in a bainmarie, and when thoroughly blended add the zinc and borax; stir as it cools, and add the oil of bergamot last. Rub into the hands at night.

To Prevent Chapping

I am a reader of your columns, and, seeing how very obliging you have been to others, would ask you these questions. Would orange flower cream be good to rub on the face when going out driving? Is it of a greasy nature? My skin is so easily chapped would like some preparation to rub on when going out. Mrs. A. H.

The orange flower cream is excellent for preventing the skin from chapping. Before exposure rub a little of the cream well into the pores of the skin. Wipe off carefully with a very soft cloth. If applied in this manner, it will not leave the face with an oily appearance.

Bothersome Neck Hairs

Would you kindly advise me how to remove the short hairs from the back of the neck and back of ears? I am a little past 13, and when I dress my hair it always sticks out around the edge. N. L. S.

I know of no way of removing the hairs you speak of without disfiguring the skin. I think if you have patience and brush them carefully in the proper direction you may be able to train them so that they will not stick out. Rubbing in a good tonic at the roots will help them to grow out quickly.

Not Too Old for Treatment

Kindly inform me if I am too old to use Dr. Vaucaire's treatment. I am 48 years old. Do you think it would do me any good? MRS. G.

No doubt the Vaucaire remedy would prove most beneficial.

Wants Light Curly Hair

Will you please publish in the Health and Beauty page something to keep the hair light, and also something to make it curly, as I have very straight hair and cannot make it look nice? E. A.

The following shampoo will keep the hair light. I do not know of anything that will make it permanently curly.

Shampoo.

Potassium carbonate, 1 ounce; ammonia water, 1½ ounces; tincture of cantharides, 6 drams; bay rum, 4 ounces; alcohol, 4 ounces; water, 6 ounces.

Dissolve the potassium carbonate in the water and add the remaining ingredients. Rub well into the roots. Rinse thoroughly in several waters. Then dry carefully.

To Remove Discolorations From Teeth

I have enjoyed your page very much. I have never asked you any question before. I saw in yesterday's paper that discolored teeth could be bleached. Will you please print the recipe as soon as possible?

ROWENA.

If the discoloration has not been of too long standing, it may be removed by pumice stone. It should be slightly moistened, so that it will adhere to the orangewood stick with which it is applied, and rubbed on the spots. If this does not answer, consult a reliable dentist, who will be able to bleach them for you.

Wants Full, Round Lips

Will you kindly publish in your beauty columns if the orange flower cream is good for making the lips plump, also how to massage them? It has made my face plump and round. I have quite a pretty mouth, but would like it a little plumper.

THANKFUL.

The orange flower cream will make your lips plump. Rub it in gently just before retiring, and let it remain on all night.

Jelly Kept Hands Soft

Will you kindly repeat the formula for a liquid powder? I am using the borax-glycerine jelly for my hands, and have never found anything that would keep my hands so soft in cold weather. R. D.

Am glad you find the toilet jelly so beneficial. I repeat the formula for liquid powder with pleasure.

For Whitening the Skin—A Liquid Powder.

Pure oxide of zinc, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 dram; rosewater, 4 ounces; essence of rose, 15 drops.

Sift the zinc, dissolving it in just enough of the rosewater to cover it, then add the glycerine, next the remainder of the rosewater.

Shake well and apply with a soft sponge or an antiseptic gauze. The face must be well wiped off before the liquid dries, or it will be streaked.

To Relieve a Red Nose

As I am a constant reader of your page, will you please name something that would help me, as I have a red nose when I go out in winter. O. L.

So many internal difficulties may cause this disfigurement that it is necessary to first find its origin. Poor circulation, digestive troubles, chronic intestinal derangements and nervous diseases—all these will inflame the nose. So, too, will tight clothing. Massage will sometimes help greatly to make a red nose white. Massage vigorously along the leading nerve of the nose at each side. Use the tips of the fingers, start at the bottom and rub up the nose on either side, and then under the eyebrows. Following the nerve in this way is sure to relieve congested circulation, which is often the secret of that unpleasant redness which comes to the nose.

JESSIE.—I am giving you formula for a harmless rouge and a good lip salve. I think this is the toilet jelly to which you refer.

Camphor Toilet Cream Jelly.

Quince seed, 60 grains; water, hot, 14 ounces; borax powder, 60 grains; glycerine, 2 ounces; spirits of camphor, 1 ounce; oil of bitter almonds, 10 drops.

Macerate the quince seed for several hours with the water, strain, add the glycerine, and in the mixture dissolve the borax. Dissolve the oil in the spirits of camphor and gradually add to it the mucilage and mix thoroughly.

Bloom of Roses.

Carmine, 30 grams; ammonia water, 1 fluid ounce; rosewater, 4 fluid ounces; spirit of rose, 1 fluid dram.

Cherry Lip Salve.

Spermaceti ointment, 1 ounce; balsam of peru, 15 grains; alkanet root, 15 grains; oil of cloves, 5 drops. Heat the alkanet in the spermaceti ointment until the latter melts and the whole is a deep rose color. Pass through a strainer, then slightly cool, stirring in the balsam. Let it settle for a few moments, then pour off the clear part and add the oil of cloves. Pour into small pots. It is ready for use as soon as cold.

T. W.—I am giving you the formula for "Old-fashioned Skin Lotion," with directions for making. Am sure you will like it.

Old-Fashioned Skin Lotion.

Spermaceti, 12 grains; white soap, in powder, ¾ dram; white wax (pulverized), ¾ dram; almond oil (sweet), ¾ dram; Jordan almonds, 3 ounces; pure alcohol, 2 ounces; distilled water, 8 ounces; attar of roses, 3 drops; oil of neroli, 5 drops; essence of jasmine, ½ dram; essence of white rose, ½ dram.

Blanch the almonds and beat them into a smooth paste, adding some water gradually to form a thin cream. Melt the wax, spermaceti and almond oil together, and to this add the soap, previously rubbed down with one-half ounce of water. To this add, in small quantities, the remainder of the water, assiduously stirring. Then add the strained almond cream and finally the alcohol and the perfume.

A little of this milk may be rubbed into the skin several times during the day. The effect is permanently beneficial.

MRS. A. S.—I do not know of any method for changing the appearance of your nose. A reliable dermatologist might help you, but I do not recommend specialists through this department. A red nose is largely a result of poor circulation, so the best thing to do to get rid of the color is to strengthen the physical state and improve the circulation.

R. H. M.—To reduce the size of your bust, make frequent applications of clear alcohol and use the pomade for which I am giving you formula.

Pomade to Reduce Bust.

Iodide of potassium, 3 grams; vaseline, 30 grams; lanolin, 50 grams; tincture of benzoin, 20 drops.

Make into a pomade and rub over the fatty parts twice a day. You should abstain from food that is especially fat-forming—cereals, potatoes, corn, beans, etc. You should also avoid sweets of all kinds.

VENUS.—To clear the skin on your face and arms, rub it over just before washing with two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur mixed in half a pint of new milk. This mixture should stand a little while before it is used on the face.

MRS. L. B. B.—I am giving you formula for walnut hair stain, as requested.

Walnut Stain for the Hair.

Four ounces of walnut skins beaten to a pulp, to which is added pure alcohol, 16 ounces. Let stand eight days and strain.

Before using any dye the hair should be freed from grease by a thorough shampoo.

PRACTICAL AID and PICTORIAL SUGGESTION FOR WOMEN

A New Seamless Opera Wrap

Draped in classic style. A silk tassel is sewed on to the point. Diagram for cutting the wrap out.

The Newest Wrap

Invented in One of Paris' Moods Simple to Make and Full of Style

PARIS, December 11.

THE season has brought out no prettier fashion—and none half so practical—as this new opera cloak. You take a piece of broadcloth—it drapes the most gracefully—8¾ yards long, fold it in half; cut the corner circular with sharp shears; tear off the selvedge, and turn a seam toward the right side; then sew a border trimming all along this straight edge.

Tacking eighteen inches from the double fold forms the hood, to the point of which fasten a silk tassel. Two big fancy buttons, with a cord or a pretty frog, fasten the front.

Satin linings are well worth the trouble—soft liberty satin, if you are going to get it especially, cut with the length of your cloth; or some of those double-width silks, so convenient for cutting wide sweeps out of. To put this in, turn the cloth outside up, in a good seam, and baste it; then press carefully, so that the seam lies flat when you remove the basting threads.

Join the lining seams, and baste it and the cloth together, keeping the lining on top while you are basting. Then blind-stitch the satin to the outside, taking care not to let the stitches draw; pull out the basting threads, and press again.

The whole thing should take less than a day to make.

E. D.

How to Treat the Bites of Insects

When Mosquitoes and Other Pests Bother Baby Mother Should Know What to Do

By Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

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THE greatest pains should be taken to keep flies and mosquitoes away from the baby. Strange as it may seem, a baby will often allow flies to walk over his face without attempting to brush them away or even moving his head.

The nursery windows should be carefully screened in summer time, and when baby is asleep, either indoors or outdoors, he should be protected by meaps of netting. If this netting is suspended high enough above the baby so that he does not feel it, he will not be annoyed by it.

Flies are not only very troublesome, but they are even dangerous at times, as they often carry germs of disease on their legs and wings. Frequently they light on the baby's mouth or on the nipple of his nursing bottle, which must then be taken into his clean little mouth. I have known a very bad case of ophthalmia to be caused by a fly lighting on a baby's eye.

CHICKENPOX, TOO

It is well known now that mosquitoes carry the germ of malaria and possibly other germs as well. Many children, as well as adults, contract malaria by being bitten by mosquitoes. Some babies are badly poisoned by the bite, a large swelling taking place which is often very sore and even painful, while the itching is intense. A little camphor, witch hazel compress of witch hazel, solution of bicarbonate of soda or boracic acid should be kept on the bite, and if the child attempts to scratch the place his hands should be tied or so fixed that he cannot reach the spot, for if he is allowed to scratch he may poison the place still further by means of his nails.

Sometimes one part of oil of sassafras to three of alcohol will keep away mosquitoes, if a little of it is rubbed on the baby's hands or cheeks. At least, it is worth trying.

Chickenpox is another of the contagious diseases apt to be contracted by infants under one year of age, as well as by older children. The disease may be contracted by direct exposure or may be carried by a third person.

A baby who has been exposed may develop the disease at any time from ten days to two weeks after exposure. Frequently the first thing noticed by the mother is that the child is a little feverish. But this symptom is sometimes not present, or present in such a slight degree that it is not noticed by the family. In such a case the rash is usually the first sign of the presence of the disease.

Generally the rash is first seen on the face, scalp or back; it is sometimes perceptible in the mouth. When it first appears it consists of little papules, which soon become vesicles or blisters; then in a few days these vesicles begin to dry up and crusts form, which drop off at any time from five to twenty days. If the skin has been very deeply invaded a little scar may remain, but generally no mark is left.

HIGH FEVER DUE

One of the most characteristic points of the disease is that the eruption appears in crops. When some of the spots are drying up, others are just beginning to appear, so that all stages of the rash may be seen on the body at the same time. When the eruption is most rapidly appearing the fever will often be quite high; as long as there is any fever the child should be kept in bed and his usual food diluted with gruel or water.

Very little treatment is needed, but the baby should not be allowed to scratch the spots, for there is danger of poisoning if this is done. It is a good plan to rub the entire body with carbolized vaseline, as this often helps to stop the itching, which is at times quite annoying, and it makes the baby more comfortable and less restless if this can be stopped.

It is best to disinfect the clothing worn by the patient before it is sent to the laundry and to fumigate the room at the close of the disease.

SCURVY

This is a disease not infrequently seen in babies as well as among sailors, with whom the name "scurvy" is most frequently associated. When the disease attacks sailors it is usually ascribed to lack of fresh food, and this also is the case with babies, for it nearly always occurs among infants who have been kept for a long time on a proprietary food or else on milk that has been much oversterilized. The disease is seldom or never seen among breast-fed children, or among those who have been fed on properly modified cow's milk.

It most frequently attacks babies who are delicate and poorly nourished. The first thing often noticed by the mother is that the child seems to be in acute pain whenever his legs are touched; when his napkin is being changed he will often scream, sometimes it is both legs that are painful, and again only one will be affected; at other times the arms will be most painful, and again the extremities seem to suffer about alike. As the disease progresses the joints usually become more or less enlarged, sometimes little red spots appear just under the skin—these are hemorrhages—and very often the gums will become red and spongy; this is especially noticed around the incisor teeth of the upper gums, if the baby has already cut them.

When a doctor is called in, if he is not accustomed to the diseases of children, he will frequently think the baby is suffering from rheumatism; but scurvy nearly always occurs in a bottle-fed baby under two years old, while rheumatism is very rarely seen at that age. Then, when a child has rheumatism in an acute stage there is nearly always fever, while in scurvy it is seldom present.

A CHANGE OF FOOD

A wrong diagnosis seems almost inexcusable, and yet we are constantly hearing of these two diseases being confused and the cure being delayed because the child is receiving treatment for rheumatism, when in reality scurvy is the disease from which he is suffering.

When the correct diagnosis is made early, it is usually a matter of a few days only to effect a complete cure.

If the child has been taking a patent food it must at once be stopped, or if the milk has been sterilized it must be discontinued, and the baby given unsterilized milk diluted to the proper strength for his especial age. He should also be given the strained juice of one orange every day; if he is under six months old, he can have the juice of half an orange, over that age he can usually take the juice of an entire orange at intervals during the day.

Beef juice is also excellent, and most babies will be able to stand two ounces during the twenty-four hours. If it seems to cause indigestion, however, a smaller quantity must be given.

Little Talks With Discontented People, No. 1

DID you ever feel "down and out"? Well, that's the way I was one day about six months ago. So I decided to take a trip to the country and see my good friend, Farmer Jones—just why every one called him that I don't know, except he lived in the country, for if ever there was a philosopher and gentleman, Jones was one.

"Well, old man," said I, "it's the end of the earth for me. I am sick of it all—tired of everything."

"What about that smart, pretty woman you married—going to take her along?" asked Jones.

I told him I thought she was happiest away from me.

"Well, perhaps I can't change you, John," he said.

"But I figured out that tired feeling for myself years ago, and I may say, to my satisfaction, you've got about the same complaint I had. I married a pretty woman and a smart woman, and I soon grew used to her charms. Now that was all right if I had stopped there, but I grew insane. Somehow we didn't try to amuse each other, and our faults were taken in a 'to-be-endured' way instead of a 'to-be-cured' desire. I felt I could not live with my wife—but I also knew I could not live without her. I had walked roughshod over all her lovers, even her, gloated over my prize like some beast over its prey.

"Then I got used to it and grew indifferent. You see, I was a dog in the manger. My craving had been satisfied in possession.

"It's on the same principle we take most of the things in life; gratitude and appreciation go out of date. A man wins fame. He has worked for it, spent sleepless nights in building air castles up on the mountain of glory to which he feels himself climbing. But when the morning of success dawns, what does he do? Give thanks? No. He envies the man who is just starting. He begrudges the other the joy of working. He has dreamed of and pictured the heights so long that he has lived there in spirit. When they are reached, he is already used to them."

"Do you know, Jones, I saw something in the station to-day which just about fits what you are saying: There was a lovely child of three running here and there. Every one was trying to attract its attention. Finally, it ran to a beautiful lady who lay languidly back in her seat. Finding no response to its playful mood, it continued its route.

"Finally a train was called. The woman gathered up the child and left.

"I had said to my neighbor, 'She must be a cold sort not to notice such a child.' 'That's the mother,' said the man. She was used to her child."

"That's it," said Jones, "there's a difference without a difference between being 'tired of' and growing 'used to.' Now, you see I am used to my farm. So I stay here in winter. Necessity forces the miner to go down daily to his uncertain chance of life and he grows used to it.

"If we could only make habits of things when we see we are growing tired. That's the way our characters are made. Society is able to draw her lines from the sub-strata up because each class is used to a sphere."

"But," I volunteered, "people don't get used to their money. This tricky world of chance keeps us guessing—keeps our interest alive."

"Yes," said Jones, "they grow used to it, but not indifferent as to its possession. There is only one class that never grows used to its glory or fame—that of the genius. His ideals are too high for the praises of men to reach. God's approbation alone can satisfy his discontented efforts. A genius is born. We may not all reach to that, but if our purpose be so high that it keeps us busy to the end, we have done well.

"Why should we grow used to this world and its creatures? The world is always changing with the seasons, while we are different each day, each hour, each breath. What is the mount of fame but an ant-hill to the peaks above? Can we strut like feathered birds, puffed with foolish pride, when we might soar in the realms 'worth while'? Can parents afford to be indifferent when there is so much to be done to mould the character of their offspring?"

"What you say is logic—but your solution? To what do you resolve it?" queried I.

"Have an ideal—be it small or great. Live up to it; never lose sight of it. Ideals are not things to be grown used to. For you I would advise 'Science.' Set that unsatisfied god in some work in your home. Even Cupid will worship with you at that shrine, nor will he hide his jealous face in pouting, but will remind you of the hour of worship.

"You see, John, you and I are not religious. But we can be Christians. We have worked and earned a goodly amount of money. Let us help others, instead of spending it trying to fly from ourselves and the things of which we are tired. Let the poor strive to get used to their condition until better times come. Aspiration to high ideals alone will save us."

"Old man," said I, "I'll try your medicine, and I believe I can take it, somehow. I know if it doesn't cure me it will make me better."

Just six months have passed. I feel I have applied oil enough to the machinery of my brain to set it flying too fast to have time to grow used to, or tired of, my possessions. My wife, brave little soul, has caught the spirit—we are studying, together, in our leisure hours the things one never grows used to.

Women's Ways of Making Money

What is Required in the Civil Service Positions and How to Prepare For Them

By Cynthia Westover Alden

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ALL applications for civil service positions must be made on the printed blanks prepared by the Civil Service Commission, national, State or city. The blanks may be obtained by writing for them. But if you can, it is better to make personal application, going directly to the secretary of the Board of Examiners. If you can't find the address in the directory, go to the City Hall or the Postmaster for information. The New York office of the Federal Board is in the Custom House Building. From the secretary learn what positions there are under the Civil Service Commission filled by women; get your application blanks, fill them out and be ready for an examination when the day arrives. You will get your notice from the secretary. It may be he can tell you of some examination to be held soon.

Every applicant for examination must be a citizen of the United States. In the customs service the most important civil service position for a woman is that of inspectress, with a salary of $900 a year. Examinations for this position are not held at any regular time, only when vacancies are to be filled. The duties are to examine female passengers to determine if they have any dutiable articles hidden about their persons.

GET ON ANY LIST

Applicants for such classified service must pass an examination in seven different subjects—spelling, arithmetic, letter-writing, penmanship, copying from plain copy, transcribing rough drafts and geography. The rules for getting blanks apply to almost any civil service examination. The civil service stenographer generally receives $25 a week, or $1200 a year, whether under the Federal, the State or the city government.

I strongly advise you to get on any waiting list that is available. There is no harm in being there, no loss of time, no expense, and the opportunity to fill such a position might come when you most need it. Should it come, it does not mean that you must take it—the woman standing next to you may be praying for the place, and your falling out is her great gain.

For several years I was United States customs inspectress. In a recent publication I described some of my experiences.

Perhaps there is no occupation that women engage in so full of incident. I got into it without much reflection, as a result of a good or bad habit of trying all possible civil service examinations, never asking too closely what they were for. And I have never been sorry for the experience. It was a liberal education in itself.

LOOKING FOR SMUGGLERS

So long as women delight in smuggling there must be inspectresses, for intolerable hardship in the enforcement of the customs laws. Now, women are inveterate smugglers. Some of them do it as a business. Dressmakers and milliners can see no wickedness in furtively getting through, free of duty, goods they have honestly bought and paid for on the other side. They regard it as resistance to oppression. As for women who have been traveling for pleasure, probably nine out of every ten try to smuggle something. Often they succeed. The professional has a much harder task, for the Secret Service keeps pretty close track of her, and knows when she could not fully explain herself. Often there is some irregularity of figure that suggests hidden wealth. Frequently there is a stiffness of carriage that needs explanation. But the mere assumption of excessive dignity and a nervousness of the eye are good signs, too. The expert is rarely deceived.

Women simply love to hide something dutiable in the bosoms of their dresses. If it isn't too big, and they are good enough actresses not to show their excitement, success is possible; the costume of the sex lends itself to smuggling pretty readily.

A STRENUOUS WORK

The muff has marvelous utility to the woman smuggler, or it would have if it were not so generally suspected. One learns quickly to distrust the muff even in winter. But, fatuous as it may seem, there are plenty of women who try to use it in September, and come to grief thereby. They are particularly indignant when asked to let it be inspected. And their explanations when something like a diamond ring or a lot of expensive lace is found therein would do no discredit to any Baroness Munchausen of the past or present.

The little pads or dress shields, under the arms, often contain diamonds. Of course, they are not ordinarily examined save in the case of a person who is believed to be smuggling in a business way.

One charming, fresh-faced baby, not more than 9 months old, was in the act of doing its mother's smuggling for her. The child's hood and cloak were padded with lace. The lace was sold by the government for over $500. On further examination a diamond was found in the toe of each little shoe.

Children's dolls, especially if ostentatiously carried in the arms, come in for close inspection. They have been known to contain thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds.

I don't know that I would care to recommend the work of an inspectress to the average young woman. It is a deal too strenuous in some ways. The hours are necessarily irregular. You must be on hand when your ships come in. Success demands tact, common sense, self-restraint and industry. Yet, for one who is fitted for it, there are many attractions in the life. It gives plenty of time for study of art or music. And as for languages—the modern languages—one cannot have a field with more opportunities for self-improvement.

The Art of Leaving After a Visit Should Be Ended

Things That Every Woman Should Know and Observe Carefully

By Eleanor B. Clapp

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"STAND not on the order of your going, but go at once," said Shakespeare; and would that many modern men and women could be prevailed upon to con over the rule well and act upon it. There are some people who make a call of twenty minutes and then take twenty more in saying good-bye, wearying their hostess and even themselves, but seemingly unable to take even such a simple thing as their departure without a great deal of unnecessary dallying. And then, on the other hand, there are people who go to the other extreme, who break off or break into a conversation suddenly with a hurried "Good-bye," as if they were in a wild hurry to get away and had been bored to death by the call. This, to say the least, is the reverse of complimentary to the hostess. So that a little care should be taken not to fall into either of these gaucheries.

On approaching the hostess when other callers are present, one should wait for a moment until she pauses in her conversation with whomever is near her. If she is well bred she will do this at the first opportunity, and rise from her seat to say farewell. "It has been such a delightful call. I have enjoyed meeting so many pleasant people," one can murmur in saying good-bye, while the hostess appears her pleasure in the with regard to the time at which one should take one's departure at an afternoon call, a tea, etc. But even these are subject to exceptions and variations, and are regulated by the wishes of the hostess. For example, should a visitor rise to take leave at a call, or perhaps after a luncheon or something of that sort, and the hostess desire to delay her departure and say, "It's early yet; must you go so soon?" or "Don't hurry away," or some other kindly remark, if one's engagements permit, the leave-taking should be postponed for a few moments. But these few minutes asked for—it really amounts to no more—should not be lengthened out to half or three-quarters of an hour, for fear of occasioning regret rather than satisfaction on the part of so friendly a hostess.

At large teas, dances and dinners these persuasive words are seldom addressed to parting guests, who leave early or late, within the given hours, as best suits their convenience.

The Chinese have the most complete and complicated system of etiquette of any nation in the world and have reduced the question of leave-taking to an exact science. There is not a single awkward movement from the moment a Chinese gentleman bows his visitor into his house and supplies him with his own hand with the indispensable cup of tea to the conclusion of the interview. The tea itself is called "guest tea," and is not intended for any such prosaic purpose as drinking. Woe betide the "foreign devil" who drinks off his cupful before ten words have been exchanged and makes yet stronger the unfavorable opinion his host already entertains of the politeness of the Western nations! In accordance with the laws of Chinese etiquette, "guest tea" is provided solely to be used as a signal by either party that the interview is at an end. A visitor no sooner raises his cup to his lips than a dozen voices shout to the coolies to bring his chair. And even when the master of the house is prevented by

THE MISTLETOE

MANY conflicting tales have been told about the mistletoe—how it came to be one of Cupid's strongest cards. In the old Norse mythology curses were heaped upon the unlucky plant because it had been the innocent instrument of the death of Baldur the Beautiful, who was beloved by all the gods except Loki, the mischief-maker, who, naturally, was envious enough to connive at ways to put Baldur out of the way.

But while the sorrowing gods were heaping curses upon the plant, the goddess of love stopped them, and catching up the very plant which had slain Baldur, exhorted them all, in memory of the bright, beautiful, gentle god, to greet each other, whenever they saw it, with a kiss.

"Baldur is dead, indeed," she said.

Taking Care of Medicines

YOU can't be too careful about placing poison bottles so that there's no danger of some one getting hold of them by mistake. If you have many such bottles—and some families have a hundred and one liniments each carefully marked with its poison label—it is a good plan to set one small shelf aside in your medicine closet. If space is too valuable a thing to do this, or your bottles too few, put everything of a poisonous nature in a box, marking the box with the word poison in big letters.

Being shut away from every other sort of medicine makes you safe, especially if every member of the family is forbidden to touch that box. You're safer still if you can have it locked up.

A Useful Hint

PUT a cup of water under your

PLEASING EXERCISES MARKED THE CLOSING DAY AT SCHOOL

From Tots of Kindergarten to Highest Grade, Boys and Girls Gave Programme.

The closing of the Park school for the Christmas holidays was marked by a meeting of the Literary and Debating Society, when a programme was given that reflected much credit on the committee for its arrangement, Misses Nancy Manigault and Margaret Williams.

Miss Madeline Green presided, and introduced the following programme, which was devoted entirely to Shakespeare, and rendered by the pupils of the senior division only:

Shakespeare's Life and Character... .... Marjorie Penningfon
Shakespeare's Plays, Their Character and Influence ... .. Catherine Smart
Twelfth Night ... . Elaine Leonard
Julius Caesar ... ... Dorothy Gunn
The Tempest ... . . Nancy Manigault
King John .... Louie McClary
Romeo and Juliet . .. Eloise Chapman
Taming of the Shrew..Kathleen Betts
The Merchant of Venice .... Marion Willis
King Lear ... ... Jean Allen
Macbeth .. .. Margaret Williams
Prince Arthur ..... Florence Willis
Shylock .... Louie Moore
Lady Macbeth .... Rhea Orr

West London School.

The Christmas closing exercises in the West London school were held yesterday. The rooms were seasonably decorated and the scholars and their friends had a most enjoyable afternoon.

The senior pupils assembled in the Principal's room, where the Boyle memorial medal was presented to Miss Marion Wallwin, the clever daughter of Rev. I. B. Wallwin, by Rev. G. B. Sage, who gave a very happy and seasonable address.

The book donated by Mayor Campbell for the best historical essay was presented to Miss Lorna Jeffries by Rev. I. B. Wallwin.

After the programme was brought to a close the pupils enjoyed a treat of candies, and then dispersed for the Christmas vacation.

At the closing exercises of Grade VI. a varied programme of readings, dialogues and recitations was rendered by the pupils. The following boys and girls took part: Alice Andrewes, Nellie Crockett, Reta McCoy, Alice Bowie, Jennie Graham, Martha Gleadall, Russel McCabe, Earle Kipp, Clifford Bice, William Wallwin, Stanley Ellis, Bert Larway, May Nickerson, Gussie Taylor, Aggie Nichol, George Cotton, Annie Holmes, Harry Kipp and others.

In Grade IV. a programme of songs and recitations was rendered by the following children: Velma McPherson, Ila Stephenson, Annie McMurphy, Maud Tolhurst, Claudia Haselgrove, Bertha Moorehead, Bertha Kipp, Verlyn Lewis, Stewart Parsons, Ellen Tolhurst, Willie Newton, Lily Johnson, Willie Arthur, Charlie Bowie. After which the children presented gifts to each other.

Grades I. and II. of the West London School held their closing exercises on Thursday afternoon in the kindergarten, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens and holly for the occasion. The children enjoyed a very pleasant hour of music and games, after which each received a small gift from the Christmas tree. The children who took part in the programme were as follows: Hazel Bernard, Cora Sherritt, Vera Lawton, Mina Crockett, Edith Calder, Kathleen Tait, Anna Thomas, Orville Howey, Walter Johnson, Leonard Welkins, Dick Milne, Wilfrid Larway, Robbie Annett, Freddie Andrewes, Mamie Gragore, Ernest Wooster, Frank Beechey, Reta Stevens, Beatrice Cathro, Myrtle O'Neil, Pearl Mantz, Marvia Stevenson, and Charlie Robinson.

The West London Kindergarten held their Christmas closing exercises on Thursday morning. The room was prettily decorated with evergreens and holly, while on the Christmas tree hung chains and lanterns made by the children, and also a gift made by each child for some in the home. After the usual class work, songs and games, the children received their treat, and presented their gifts to the mothers, of whom quite a large number were present.

Colborne Street School.

The closing entertainment of Grade IV., Colborne street school, was held Thursday afternoon. Miss Jean Purdom presided, while the following programme was rendered: Recitations, by Helena Jackson, Grace Jefferson, Ruby Andrews, Woollard Cambridge, Cecil Hartle, Roy Root, Jack Carr, Blanche Parsons, Harriet Harwood, Gertrude Johnston, Nellie Bowern, Charlie Kent; songs, by Marguerie Blake, Harold Skinner, Arthur McKenna, Eva Grayson, Jean Purdom, Isabel Tanton, Marjorie Talbot, Myrtle Willis, Hazel Jones and the class. Refreshments were then served, and a happy time was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King."

King Street School.

In the King street school, of which Mr. Fred Chapman is principal, the children had Christmas trees, from which many useful and beautiful gifts, as well as candy and oranges were distributed. Interesting programmes were carried out in grades I. and III., the numbers including songs, choruses and recitations. The following took part:

Grade I.—W. Sceli, Mary Jenkins, Gertrude Miller, Vera Timerly, Everett Logan, Harold Wright.

Grade III.—Percy Mahon, Lily Sadlier, Gladys Wright, Ella Skinner, Rhea Moody, E. Campbell, George Gray, Lena Snelling, Willia Mahon and George Gray.

Talbot Street School.

At the Talbot street school the pupils of Grade VIII., taught by Principal Liddicoatt, made elaborate preparations for the closing on Friday. Not only did they have the classroom gaily decorated for the occasion, and very neat programmes printed, but they also had refreshments served to the many visitors. The programme included the presentation of two medals—the Robb medal, to Miss Marjorie Plastow (daughter of Mr. Harry Plastow), who distinguished herself by leading the high school entrance class at midsummer; and the Boyle medal, to Master George Little (son of ex-Mayor Little), who stood second in the entrance class at Talbot street, but received the prize by reason of Miss Plastow winning the Robb medal. Among those who took part in the programme were Lorna Egelton, Nina Clarke, Leonard Jarvis, Carlyle Webster, Nellie Jones, George Lashbrook, Ellis Slater and Harry Wilkins.

In Grade V. the following participated: E. Little, Lyla Springer, Gladys McIntyre, Ida Manson, Edith Liddle, Alan Ferguson, Mabel Anthony, Julia Ovens, Gower Mills, Lessey Brodrick, Jeanette Sears.

Rectory Street School.

Every grade at Rectory street school, from the little tots of the first to the big boys and girls of the eighth, had its closing exercises Friday afternoon. There was not a room that did not have Christmas decorations of some kind, and work of the pupils shown on the blackboard or hung on the wall, and there was not a room without its quota of mothers in attendance—mothers who could not have felt other than proud as they witnessed the manner in which the children acquitted themselves.

In every room the programme was specially prepared for the day, and it included choruses by the classes, recitations, songs, dialogues, Scotch dances, readings, vocal duets, etc. A feature of the programme in grade VIII. (Principal Althouse's room) was the presentation of the Boyle medal to Master Robbie Boyle, son of Mr. E. W. Boyle, who headed the Rectory street class at the high school entrance examination. The presentation was made by Trustee Dr. English, who complimented Master Boyle on his success, and also the Rectory street school on the good showing made by its pupils at the entrance exams. Those who provided the programmes in the various grades were:

Grades I. and II.—Ella Waddeland, Garnet Moore, Gladys Baldwin, Stella Doan, Flossie Rae, Bessie McLeod, Jessie Rollins, Gertie Finchamp, Leota Dale, Florence Pittaway, Harold English, Fred Elgar, Jennie Smith, Katie Crosby, Aycelyn Pellow, Arley Denny, Francis Smallman, Irene Kerr, Bella Riddell, Ruby Wyatt, Muriel Cunningham, Lew Ivers, Olive Potter, Edgar Boyle, Gordon Morley, Charlie Cexton, Eddie Malone, Minnie and Carrie Karn, Earl Scott, Queenie Hill, Fred Elgar, Minnie Ram.

Grade III.—Harold Hayman, Cecil Swain, Ella Rodgers, Minnie and Carrie Ram, Cora Doan, Lynden Butler, Ethel Beresford, Roy Ackerman, Jimmie Fitzgerald, Lloyd Dale, Cora Doan, Winnifred Ashplant, Miriam Lerner and Lily Pratten, Hazel Gillies and Nellie Chambers, Jimmie Fitzgerald, Miriam Lerner, Roy Ackerman, Lily Pratten, Floyd MacArthur, Myrtle Wyatt.

Grade IV.—Vera Tisdale, Hazel Cunningham, Willie Johnston, Francis Denham, Ruth Watson, Minnie Walker, Melville Richmond, Reginald English, Rose Shoffrin, Annie Dunston, Jessie Johnstone, Harold Childs, Minnie Walker, Clarence Hill, Eva Sharratt, Gladys Hill.

Grade V.—Gordon Caldwell, Gertie Russell, Lillie Stringle, Irene Webb, Maggie Jones, Adeline Anderson, Winnie Putnam, Maude Walker, Zella Gillies, Helen Thompson, Laura Elgar, Charlie Swain, Wilmer Roulston, Florence Modland.

Grade VII. — May Skinner, Edith Tupholm, Lillian Potter, Minnie Austin, Clive McAlister, Aldred Drennan, Wilbert Rourke, Willie Summers.

Grade VIII.—Principal Althouse, Geo. McFadden, Roy Short, Edith Cambridge, Bessie Jones, Nellie Watt, Percy Perrin, Ethel Moyer, Fred Gillies, Roy Stevenson, Hazel Smith, Vida England, Lottie Young.

At Chesley Avenue.

The closing exercises in Chesley avenue school Thursday afternoon were very interesting. Chairman Yeates was present, and addressed the scholars, as did also Trustees English, Teasdall and Burdon, Rev. D. E. Martin, City Clerk Baker, ex-Ald. Fitzgerold and Rev. T. B. Clarke.

Those who assisted in the programmes were:

Part I.—Ethel Hodges, Dottie Hawkin, Annie Bagg, Annie Miller.

Part II.—Fred Burgess, Emily Bellinger, Gladys Heathfield, Arletta Webber, Allan Waggot, Miss Steer's class, Richard Hill, R. Byrness, Paul Andrus, Edgar Garnet, fifteen pupils of Grade V., Harold Fox, eighteen pupils of Grade II., Fred Barney.

Grand Avenue School.

The closing exercises at Grand avenue took the form of a programme given by the school, assembled in the principal's room. The special features were the unveiling of the pictures purchased with the proceeds of the school exhibit, the presentation of Mayor Campbell's prize to Grace Veals, the presentation of an address and fern dish to Miss O'Brien, teacher of Grade I., who is severing her connection with the staff. Irwin Jones made a capable little chairman. The rooms were decorated with the pupils' work in art and construction work.

Wortley Road School.

The pupils of the principal's room at the Wortley road school entertained their parents and friends Friday afternoon to a programme and luncheon. Master Max McEvoy was appointed to the chair and the following programme duly rendered: Songs and choruses, by the class; recitations, Ruth Campbell, Emily Dicks, Nita Westland, Doris Nicholl, Edna Burden, Celestine Marsh, Eva Moore, Stella George, Mabel Allport and Lyle Westland; instrumental selections, Beatrice Wall, Ruby Pack and Stanley Skelly. An attractive number on the programme was a tambourine drill, beautifully performed by twelve girls. Following this were speeches delivered by several parents, of whom a goodly number was present. Rev. Mr. Henderson complimented the children on their deportment, and the excellent rendering of the programme. He also spoke at some length on the future prospects of the children, and proffered some excellent advice, which no doubt will leave an impression on many a young mind. Mr. J. A. Cottam and Mr. J. Pack each gave an interesting address, recalling their own boyhood school days.

There was also a Christmas tree, well laden with articles of the pupils' own manufacture, and the Christmas spirit was exercised by many loving hearts.

The greatest surprise of all was for the grown-up folks. The children had prepared for them a luncheon of cake and cocoa, to which was done ample justice. Then all departed, and the air was full of merry Christmas wishes.

Colborne Street School.

The several rooms at Colborne street school had pleasant exercises, being attended by many of the parents. In Principal Latta's room there were two presentations, Miss Florence Belton receiving the Boyle memorial medal for making the highest marks at the high school entrance, and Master Richardson the prize awarded by Mayor Campbell in the history competition. Addresses were given by Rev. Arthur Carlisle, Dr. Burdon, Dr. Stevenson, Rev. Mr. Stevens and Rev. E. B. Lanceley. Among those who assisted in the programme were Miss Fleta Bennett, Master George Metcalfe, Dick McCollough, Percy Pococke, Norman Grant, Arthur McKenna, Harold Skinner, Miss Neva Snell, Edith Stevens, Addie Wood, Marjorie Skinner, Annie Evans, Gussie Whitehall, Tom McDonald, John Wood, Lillian Purdom, Jean McArthur, Marjorie Ross, Beatrice Hunt, Cyril Brennen.

The pupils who provided the programme in Grade VII. were: Egbert Siggins, Verdi McCracken, Mary Elams, Roy Connor, Ruth Stevely, Ivy Badway, C. Richardson, Mabel Blakie, Minnifred Lanceley, Herbert Horwood, L. Firth, A. Lawson, G. Willis, G. Fitzgerald, C. Blake, G. Manning.

In Grade III. a pleasing programme of bright readings, recitations and music was given by the pupils, every girl and boy taking part.

Richmond Street School.

The pupils and their friends of the Richmond street school held their Christmas entertainment on Friday. The room was tastefully decorated, and a good programme was rendered by the scholars.

FORTY-FOUR HEIRS

For the Myles' Farm at Burford, Valued at $5,000.

Toronto, Dec. 22.—Forty-four heirs are claimants to a farm of 150 acres left by Joseph Myles, who died in the Township of Burford, twenty miles from Brantford, on Jan. 4, 1870. Letters of probate were grated to the widow on Jan. 20, 1870, for the 150 acres, and various other properties. On her death these reverted to Myles' brothers and sisters, who numbered seven. In the course of time they all died, and 44 descendants in Burford, Ont., and various parts of the United States remained for the 150 acres, valued at $5,000, the rest having been administered. Mr. L. F. Heyd, K.C., applied for letters of administration for George Myles, who claims priority of claim. A cousin, Fred Myles, believed that George should get only a 44th share, and opposed the winding up of the estate. Chief Justice Meredith enlarged the case until January, and in the meantime the judge at Brantford will administer the estate.

CHURCH AMALGAMATION

Joint Committee Offer a Basis for the Proposed Union.

Toronto, Dec. 22.—The official report of the proceedings of the joint committee on church union, prepared and published under authority of secretary has been issued.

The reports of various sub-committees, as adopted by the joint committee, supplies the tentative basis of the union, which is to be submitted to the assemblies of the three churches concerned at their next meeting, next summer.

The substantial unity and essential harmony existing among the three denominations is a marked feature of the findings of the committee.

The common doctrines held by the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists are here formulated: The possible lines for framing a policy for the united churches, the arrangements of pastoral service with a time limit, settlement and transfers of pastors, training for the ministry and the relations of a minister to the doctrines of the church are set forth, and the matter of administration is left in the hands of a sub-committee to prepare a detailed report for the next annual meeting of the general committee.

BANWELL A GOOD HIDER

The Mystery of Absconding Teller's Whereabouts as Deep as Ever.

Toronto, Dec. 22. — Where Banwell, the Crown Bank embezzler, has concealed himself still remains a mystery. The police are quite at sea in the matter, and frankly confess that they have absolutely no clue to his whereabouts.

It is the opinion of the old hands among the detectives, however, that Banwell would make for the nearest country having no extradition treaty with Canada.

If he headed for Cuba he has had plenty of time to get there, and with the sum he took away with him, the means should have presented no difficulty.

Colonial Defense.

London, Dec. 22.—Colonial defense is again being discussed here on the publication of correspondence between Australia and the colonial office.

Premier Deakin, of Australia, informed the Imperial Government of its desire to submit a parliamentary scheme for the defense of the ports of the commonwealth.

The colonial secretary replied, gladly consenting to undertake the general scheme of local defense.

Commenting this morning, the Post says the colonies cannot expect to make their voice felt in the empire councils if they are unable to assist the empire in the event of war.

The case of Canada is not less significant than Australia. While she prefers not to place herself in a dependent position by a cash subsidy, she was aroused by the Alaskan difficulty, and great strides are anticipated.

Can Cancer Be Cured? It Can, Sir.

Send 6 cents (stamps) for booklet "Cancer, Its Cause and Cure." Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

NOMINATIONS IN CITY AND TOWN

Many Names Up for Mayor and Councilmen Throughout the Province.

Hamilton, Dec. 22. — S. D. Biggar was today re-elected mayor by acclamation.

The following gentlemen were nominated here today: Aldermen, Charles C. Baird, Hugh C. Sweeney, Daniel Sullivan, William J. Ryan, William Nicholson, Thos. M. Williamson, W. McGill, Herbert A. Martin, Hugh S. Wallace, Samuel Howard, Thomas J. Stuart, George Hill, Edward A. Fearnside, Peter B. Wood, W. Birrell, Hugh G. Mahon, Robert L. Craig, John M. Eastwood, Thos. Robson, Joseph Kirkpatrick, Norman J. Clark, Harry G. Wright, John P. McLeod, Thos. Upton, James Creeks, Thomas S. Morris, Jas. Dickson, William Main, W. Fendley, Walter F. Evans, Herbert J. Gilbert, Wm. G. Bailey, James Phelan, Geo. Cann, Thos. H. Church, David Newland, Alex. McLewis, Chas. B. Linton, Henry B. Wilton, Wm. Bowerman, Edward Merwick and Thos. Allen.

Brantford, Ont., Dec. 22. — Mayor Waterous was elected by acclamation for a second term. This is the first election in the city's history for water commissioners, two to be elected.

The candidates are M. K. Halloran, R. Waddington, Alfred Watts and William Whittaker.

Forty-seven names were proposed for aldermen, fifteen to be elected. There will be elections for school trustees in every ward. Everything is to be fought out on party lines, both parties being represented fully in each ward.

Stratford, Ont., Dec. 22. — The municipal nominations passed off quietly today, and, as predicted, Mayor Ferguson was re-elected by acclamation. For water commissioners four were nominated, two to be elected, and for aldermen, twenty-three, ten to be elected. In Romeo ward Mr. Fred Scrimgeour was elected public school trustee by acclamation, and in Shakespeare ward, Mr. W. H. Tretheway.

Chatham, Dec. 22.—For mayor—W. S. Marshall, acclamation.

For aldermen—W. H. Benson, J. N. Edmundson, L. E. Tillson, E. C. Radley, William Potter, Chas. Austin, W. Stone, A. C. Trudell, J. E. Ainsworth, J. A. King, J. A. Thompson, S. Holmes, Thos. Scullard, John F. Liddy, James Carswell, John E. Stephens, J. N. Massey, William H. Westman, Geo. Cowan, E. E. Wing and J. W. Humphrey.

For water commissioners — W. D. Sheldon and Dr. Geo. W. Cornell, acclamation.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 22.—Mayor—Ernest Wigle and J. W. Drake.

Aldermen — G. English, Chas. Hawkins, F. W. Hamel, C. E. Jackson, Henry Siebert, D. H. Bedford, E. Mooney, W. Lansperry, A. E. Watson, Alex. Moir, Victor Parent Dan MacKenzie, Thos. Foren, Euclid Jacques, J. E. Banwell, John Reynolds, B. G. Davis, Joseph Martin, R. S. Foster, H. Trumble, H. J. McKay, T. M. Keough, John Smith, A. J. Wilkinson, Thomas Porter, Fitzbridges.

Water commissioners—T. W. Brooke and J. F. Smythe.

Ingersoll, Dec. 22. — Citizens of this town have known few, if any, warmer nomination meetings than the one held this evening, which was largely attended. The momentous lighting question monopolized the attention of the speakers, especially the present aldermen, who gave different versions of how the tangle occurred. The nominations were as follows:

Mayor—James P. Boles, Dr. James B. Coleridge.

Councilors—R. A. Skinner, James Stevens, F. G. Walley, J. F. Morrey, W. D. Hook, Dr. J. A. Neff, John W. Paterson, Dr. James B. Coleridge, C. A. O'Neil, Joe Gill, W. F. Johnston, A. MacAuly, Dr. J. M. Rogers, M. T. Buchanan, W. Mills, Thos. Waterhouse, F. Richardson, W. A. Edgar, J. A. Coulter, S. M. Fleet, Joe Halter.

Parkhill, Dec. 22. — Nominations for mayor—C. A. Gibbs, A. W. Humphries, George Murch, John Knapton.

Councilors—James Roberts, Alex. J. Garden, Ben Kilbourne, Thos. Munro, John C. Knappton, Neil McPhee, C. A. Gibbs, Wm. Fletcher, Donald McColl, George Murch, John Mitchell, Jonathan Hall, John Jefferson.

Trustees — Ward 1, Alex. Hotson; ward 2, Wm. Stanley; ward 3, John H. Laughton.

Ridgetown, Dec. 22. — Nominations for town of Ridgetown today brought out the following: For mayor—W. Regan, D. J. McLean, S. Long and T. J. Reycraft. The latter two will retire.

For councilors—P. J. Henry, John Reycraft, John Bullock, William Craig, A. Long, J. S. Dillott, Albert Ferguson, Dr. D. Marr, Jacob Lounsberry and R. R. Tomthian.

School trustees—R. Parterfield, Norman Steer, T. J. Hummel and John C. Smith—elected by acclamation.

St. Marys, Dec. 22. — Nominations for mayor—A. Mennie, T. T. Garner.

Councilors—(By acclamation, South ward), M. J. Dewey; east ward, W. B. Butcher.

Dutton, Dec. 22. — The nominations for the municipality of the township of Dunwich were held here this afternoon and resulted as follows: Reeve—J. R. Cow, A. G. Duncanson, J. E. Graham.

Councilors—Peter Crawford, Dugald Blue, J. C. Brown, Alex. McLaughlin, W. H. McAllister, George Bradon, W. W. Gow, John Dromgole.

Sarnia, Dec. 22. — At the municipal nominations here today, Mayor David Barr was elected by acclamation mayor of Sarnia for the year 1906. Six names were placed in nomination for school trustees, as follows: A. Weir, James Shanks, Adam Laschinger, Peter Clark, David C. McGibbon and Dr. A. N. Hayes.

For aldermen no less than seventeen names were proposed as follows: Wm. A. Brown, Dr. W. A. Henderson, Hugh Boyle, Geo. Thoburn, Albert J. Johnston, Geo. D. Kirby, Joseph B. Dagan, Dr. J. A. Bell, Frank Mitchell, Timothy Maxwell, Thos. H. Cook, John Goodison, David Milne, John McGibbon, Wm. J. Proctor, Alex. A. Kelly and Dr. D. B. Bentley. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, a public meeting will be held in the town hall for the discussion of municipal affairs.

St. Thomas, Dec. 22. — Mayor—Ex-Ald. Calom Lawrence, Dr. L. Luton, Mayor Meek.

Street car commissioners — W. E. Idsardi, George A. Ponsford.

Water commissioners — James E. Swinn, Charles Scrace, sen., George K. Crocker.

School trustees — Ward No. 1, John Merry and Albert Barber; ward 4, Edgar C. Sanders and John A. Crouse.

Ottawa, Dec. 22.—The civic nominations for Ottawa passed off quietly. The only surprise was the nomination of Napoleon Champagne, but he is likely to retire.

He makes the charge that he was offered $3,000 to retire in favor of Mr. Taillon. The nominations were for mayor—A. A. Taillon, W. J. Black, Napoleon Champagne, J. A. Ellis.

For aldermen — Thirty-nine were nominated.

Arva, Dec. 22.—London Township, reeve—Hamilton Needham, George Kimball.

Councilors—W. A. Langford, James H. Hodgins, John Edwards, John Gillson, S. Frank Glass, George E. Hudson, W. E. McAndless.

Brucefield, Dec. 2.—Stanley Township—Reeve, McDiarmid and Keyes; councilors, Armstrong, Stinson, Beattie, Gibson (by acclamation.)

Tuckersmith Township — Reeve, R. McKay and P. McKay; councilors, Pepper, McMillan, Atkinson, Dallas, Crich, Buchanan.

Reeve for township of Mersea—Andrew White acclamation).

Councilors—Tom Dresser, Jas. Hope, C. L. Windgrove, Calvin Cowan, Jas. Gow, Gaines Imeson.

Howard Township—David Willson and Hiram McLarty will contest the reeveship. There are five in the field for councilors, W. A. Walters, James Featherdale, J. N. Campbell, A. E. Arnold and W. F. Galbraith, A. D. McDiarmid and James Hogg withdrew.

Port Stanley, Dec. 22.—Nominations: Reeve, John Ferguson, Arthur McDonald.

Councilors—J. W. Beasley, William Berry, F. R. Dale, Harry Ellison, Jos. Hough, W. G. Payne.

School trustees—W. J. Berry, C. A. Cromwell, Dr. L. G. Mothersill, F. E. Shepard.

Ailsa Craig, Dec. 22.—S. R. Gillies, reeve (by acclamation).

Councilors—T. Stephenson, J. H. McKay, R. J. Robinson, Wm. Easton, James Alexander, H. J. Kennedy, J. M. Ollitor.

Glencoe, Dec. 22.—Ex-Councilham was elected by acclamation as reeve, and ex-Councilors Keith, Moss and Lumly and Messrs. J. H. Neeve, L. Suttir and T. K. Poole were nominated for council.

Delhi, Dec. 22.—Nominations—Reeve, A. J. Wilson; councilors, Joseph F. Ball, A. W. Crysler, W. W. Cosman, W. R. Kent. All elected by acclamation.

Lucan, Dec. 22.—Nominations in Biddulph Township today for reeve, F. A. Ryan (acclamation); councilors, Wm. Lewis, W. Bryan, M. Breen, Thomas Armitage, R. Rayecraft.

Napanee, Dec. 22. — The Napanee town council for 1905 was elected by acclamation for the ensuing year.

Wingham—Mayor, Thomas Bell (acclamation).

Petrolea—Mayor, John D. Noble, Edward E. Grant, James Peat, C. O. Fairbank, John Boges, A. C. Edward.

New Hamburg—Reeve, E. R. Beger (acclamation).

Goderich—Mayor, Thomas Tilt, Alex. Saunders, John Elgin, Wm. T. Murney, Wm. Proudfoot.

FORESTRY PROGRESS

Two Extensive Additions Made to Permanent Forest Reserves.

Toronto, Dec. 22.—The annual report of the bureau of forestry is being circulated by the clerks of the Attorney-General's department.

The report, in reference to foresty progress in Ontario, says the fire ranging system on public lands under license continues to be an increasingly useful institution in the protection of standing timber, in which both the lumbermen and the Province have a service to the lumbering interests.

The number of rangers applied for by lumbermen has been greater than ever before. This is taken to indicate an appreciation of the value of the service to the limbering interests.

During the past season the department has organized a fire protection service for the protection of lands along the Temiskaming Railway, the building of which through a practically unbroken forest presented unusual dangers. The expense of this service, which proved to be most efficient, was borne jointly by the department and the railway commission. A feature of this service was the use of railway velocipedes by the rangers, enabling them during dry seasons to follow up trains and extinguish at once any incipient fires.

Two extensive additions have been made to the permanent forest reserves, amounting in all to 6,700 square miles, or 4,288,000 acres, and known respectively as the Western Temagami reserve and the Mississaga reserve.

A number of pictures of timber lots in Norfolk, Huron and Brant counties accompany the report, showing the possibilities of reforestation.

A smile is more far-reaching than a growl.

Some people are bound to follow style if it leads to the almshouse

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The ORIGINAL remedy that "kills the Dandruff Germ."

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

Herpicide Will Save It. Herpicide Will Save It. Too Late for Herpicide.

The LADIES OBJECT to a gummy and sticky hair dressing, or one that is full of sedimentary chemicals intended to dye the hair. The marked preference for a dainty dressing, particularly one that overcomes excessive oiliness and leaves the hair light and fluffy, is reflected in the enormous sale of Newbro's Herpicide. Ladies become enthusiastic over its refreshing quality and exquisite fragrance. It destroys the microbic growth in the scalp, cures dandruff, stops falling hair, and gives it a silken gloss. STOPS ITCHING INSTANTLY.

Drug Stores, $1. Send 10c. stamps, to HERPICIDE CO., Dept. H, Detroit, Mich., for a sample

C. McCALLUM & CO., Special Agents. | Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.

A VAST ARMY IN THE ORIENT

More Than a Million Russians in Manchuria.

WORK OF SIBERIAN RAILWAY

Remarkable Feat of Transportation Performed by Czar's Minister of Railroads.

Washington, Dec. 22. — Colonel John Van R. Hoff, of the medical corps of the United States army, has just returned from Manchuria, where he was sent by order of the President to observe the work of the medical department of the Russian army, and is now preparing his report. Colonel Hoff makes some surprising statements. He says that when he left Harbin in October there were altogether 1,052,000 Russian soldiers still in Manchuria and that two full army corps of 40,000 men each were then on their way, making a total of 1,132,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria, yet there is no evidence that any have been sent home. The popular impression has been that the Russian forces did not exceed half a million all told.

Colonel Hoff also says that the Siberian Railroad is capable of handling 20 trains—that is, ten each way per day—each carrying 1,000 men, so that it will not take as long as many have supposed to evacuate Manchuria. This, however, Colonel Hoff says, is a general statement, and does not mean that 10,000 men are shipped every day, or that they have been or ever will be.

"The Russians carry their soldiers in freight cars," said the colonel, "an average of 40 men to a car and from 30 to 35 cars to a train." The officers have what we would call ordinary passenger coaches. It usually takes eight weeks for a train of soldiers to make the tip of 5,370 miles from Moscow to Harbin. They carry few supplies. There are many commissary stations en route and the trains make frequent stops for the soldiers to rest and feed and take exercise.

Railroad Did Well.

"The manner in which the Siberian Railroad has handled the troops during the war has been very remarkable," continued Colonel Hoff. "When war was precipitated the Russians were absolutely unprepared. They did not expect war. We have the best of authority for believing that there were no more than 60,000 Russian troops in Manchuria, and the only way to get reinforcements was to bring them across the continent over a single-track road twice as far as from here to San Francisco. Nor was the road completed at Lake Baikal. Every thing had to be transferred by ferry, and in winter, when the ice was several feet thick, sledges were used instead. At one time the train crossed over tracks laid on the ice and a large part of the army marched across through the snow. At the border of Manchuria a tunnel had been commenced though the Kinghau range of mountains, but it was not finished, and during the earlier part of the war everything had to be hauled over the pass on almost prohibitive grades. The trains had to be split up, because a locomotive could haul only a very few cars. The maximum capacity of the road at that time was nine trains each way a day, 1,000 men to a train. The tracks have a five-foot gauge with 60-pound rails. In addition to the troops the railway had to haul their equipment, their horses, ordnance, tools for building fortifications and all kinds of military equipment and impediments. Fortunately they did not have to transport much food.

Siberians Did the Fighting.

"The troops that first came were from Siberia, because they were most available and could be brought in quickest; and they did most of the fighting. The railway was completed as rapidly as possible under the direction of Prince Khilkoff, minister of communications in the Czar's cabinet, who was educated on the Pennsylvania Railroad and is very appreciative of the opportunities he enjoyed in this country. During this war he has given us the most remarkable exhibition of transportation skill in all history. The problem he had to solve was infinitely more difficult than any that ever came up during our civil war or during any other war. Very few accidents happened. Very few detentions occurred. The entire line was given up to military purposes. All trains ran ten miles an hour on fixed schedules, the only exception being one express train between Moscow and Irkutsk, which ran each way three times a week at the usual speed. Even the mail trains were kept down to the ten-miles-an-hour schedule. Prince Khilkoff adopted the 'slow but sure' policy; he sought safety rather than speed.

"The construction of the tracks around Lake Baikal was a stupendous undertaking and was carried on with the utmost vigor and skill. The lake is the crater of an immense extinct volcano, and the mountains come down sheer to the water. The only way to get around it was to cut a shelf 160 miles long on the edge of the rock, and thirty tunnels were required in that distance, very much like those on the Swiss railroads and on the Corniche Road along the Riviera. The tunnel through the Kinghau Mountains, two miles long, was completed at the same time, and a large number of sidings and stations were added to those that already existed. All this time, during all this construction work, you must remember, the mobilization and the forwarding of troops and even the fighting was going on. This movement of troops has been almost continuous since the beginning of the war. The road has scarcely been a day idle. A continuous procession of trains only two or three hours apart has been passing east and west day after day and month after month without cessation, and the manner in which the movement has been conducted is an extraordinary object lesson on transportation.

Eighteen Months to Evacuate.

"How long will it take to send back the million and more men who are now in Manchuria?" I asked.

"There will be no difficulty in sending them all home during the eighteen months allowed by the treaty of peace," replied Col. Hoff. "That gives the Russians eighteen months from last fall; that is, they will have until a year from next spring to evacuate, and I suppose they will send a portion of the army home by rail. I assume that they will send the Siberian troops home first. That would be the natural programme, although, so far as I am aware, it has not been announced. Those that have seen the longest and hardest service are likely to be sent first.

"The army is in magnificent condition," said Col. Hoff, "and it is composed of splendid fighting material—typical Russian peasants. I like ate, oxlike, stupid, stolid, enduring, but docile and good-natured. They are easily susceptible to discipline, obedient to their officers and their priests, loyal to their religion and to the Czar. They are men of large stature and perfect physical development, good constitutions, accustomed to privation, hardened to fatigue and capable of handling weapons with skill."

"What effect has the war had upon them?"

"They have been transformed from unsophisticated peasants into seasoned soldiers, and are much more intelligent beings than when they were first brought out. They were all conscripts. They were forced into the service. They had to go, and they went reluctantly. They had never heard of Manchuria, and did not know anything about Japan. They had no knowledge of the causes of the war, and most of them had never been outside of their native villages, but during the last year and a half they have learned a lot of things, have developed into good soldiers and are very much improved in intelligence by their experience and observation, as well as by drill and discipline."

KEEPING OUT U. S. HOGS

A Big Montreal Packer Does Not Think They Will Suffer.

Montreal, Dec. 22.—Mr. George McGarry, pork packer, said yesterday: "Canada has a perfect right, if disease is feared, to forbid the importation of American hogs. As far as the Canadian market is concerned, the regulation will not have any great effect. This market is ruled by conditions in England, and the law of supply and demand will adjust any difficulty that may arise. As far as the supply is concerned, there is no reason why Canada should not raise all the hogs required. Our country is large, the west is opening up rapidly, and a great many more hogs should be raised in the country than are being marketed today."

Separated by 'Phone Also.

Boston, Dec. 22.—George L. Holton filed a bill in equity this afternoon asking that an order be issued restraining his wife from calling the desk factory by telephone. They are separated. It is alleged that on Dec. 11 she rang for the factory constantly between 9 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, and the steady jingle of the bells upset the employes so much that they were unable to do their work.

Look for Clerk.

New York, Dec. 22. — The Mutual Life authorities are looking for a clerk in the supply department of that institution, and also for some records in that department which have disappeared. The supply department was under the charge of Andy Fields. Fields was too ill to appear.

Postoffice Fraud.

Washington, Dec. 22. — William G. Crawford was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the Government in the sale of supplies to the postoffice department. Crawford is likely to get a sentence of two years, and pay a fine of $10,000.

Patrick Loses Again.

Albany, Dec. 22.—Albert T. Patrick, the convicted murderer of Millionaire Wm. M. Rice, and now under sentence of death, to be executed in the week of Jan. 22, has presented to Gov. Higgins his personal application for a stay of execution. The governor denied Patrick's present petition.

Highly cultured—Flowers in a roof garden.

SOME DOCTORS ON OSLER'S LATEST

What They Think of Death-Bed Visions.

DISAGREE WITH THE PROFESSOR

Toronto Physicians Says Those Who Are Conscious to the End Sometimes Pierce Veil.

Toronto, Dec. 21. — "As a rule, man dies as he has lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life. The preacher was right—man hath no pre-eminence over the beast—'as one dieth, so dieth the other.'"

This, with other extracts from Dr. William Osler's latest book, was cabled to Toronto yesterday, and before night, had the author been in this city, he would have heard some very vigorous dissent, coupled with sly references to his "absurd theory that man does his best work before 40."

Among Toronto's physicians is one who is ripe in years and experience. He has passed the allotted span of threescore years and ten, but his mind is as clear as at 30, and a broad charity tempers his judgment, though without impairing it.

Not Too Seriously.

"I do not wish to take Dr. Osler's alleged statement too seriously," said this white-haired man, who in his day had molded medical minds. "I hope there is some mistake. Of course, if he is reported correctly, I must say that his whimsicality has taken another form. Last time, you know, he wanted to chloroform men of 60. When I was in England some years ago, by the way, I met a noted writer and physician. He was 56 years old, and I was told that he was doing rather well. He was 'just getting into a good practice,' as my informant put it. I knew Osler when he was a boy. He's a nice fellow. Regarding his cabled opinions, I shouldn't be surprised to learn at any time that he has modified these views. As you will remember, he did qualify his strictures on the unfortunate of 40 and over.

Dies as He Lives.

"I have seen many death-beds, and in the large majority of cases the dying man or woman has given thought to the future. To a certain extent, Dr. Osler is right when he says that a man dies as he lives. The man who lives a careless life may die a careless death, and a blatant unbeliever may cling to his unbelief, though there are exceptions. One was the thief on the cross. But if Dr. Osler really means that the future is not in the mind of the dying person, I think that he is decidedly wrong. When death is due to apoplexy, the brain functions may be suspended at once, and there may be no time for thought, but where a conviction of death precedes death itself, the beyond is not forgotten. I remember one death in particular. A woman of exemplary piety called her son to her side and said: 'My son, meet me in heaven; be sure.' Never shall I forget that countenance. There I saw the transfiguration. Trust in an unseen power illumined the face, but there was no forgetfulness of the life she was leaving. She held her boy's hand tightly, and looked into his eyes and soul. It may be that she died as she lived. I believe she did, but had Dr. Osler been present he would never have questioned human faith in an eternal life. I could give you other instances, and I have been told of visions. I believe implicitly that the majority of men and women look forward when the last moment comes. This being so, why should we scoff at what they see or think they see?

'Some may say that visions are due to physical causes, to circulation, for example, but whatever the cause we have the effect, and, to me, there is only a delicate film between the present and future. There are thousands of authenticated cases of the telepathic, of the occult. Why should we assail them? Why, indeed, should we speculate on the subject? Dr. Osler may not be familiar with the circumstances of the geat Stanley's death. Stanley designated himself 'the biggest skeptic' in London, but was converted in South Africa. Just before he breathed his last, he said to his wife, 'Don't weep; we shall meet again.' Was that a death of forgetting? When Osler speaks of man dying as the beasts die, he may simply mean that man and beast alike quit this life, this vessel of clay. If he is in earnest, that there is no future for man, and that man knows it, he is making an unfortunate, a tragical blunder. Still, I am in hope that Dr. Osler will tell us very soon that the words attributed to him are not his at all, or that they are not poperly understood. We must not forget, you know, that Dr. Osler says that, after all, he clings to Christianity."

A Disputed Point.

Another doctor was seen at St. Michael's Hospital. "It has long been a disputed point," said he, "and perhaps is generally true, as Dr. Osler says, that a man dies as he lives. If he has been thinking of going to Heaven he is anxious to get there, while if believing his destination was the other place he is often very much afraid at the last. I have seen—but I do not wish to be quoted as one side or the other. Dr. Osler is an old friend of mine, and I do not care to be set down as taking issue with him."

"It would be very difficult, indeed, to lay down a general rule which would hold," said Dr. Barrick, Bond street. "It is largely dependent upon the disease from which the patient is dying whether he is likely to see what are called death-bed visions or not. In all cases of septic poisoning, such as fever, pneumonia, diphtheria, and the like, the sufferer's body and brain are gradually poisoned, and he becomes unconscious some time before passing away. In such cases there are no visions. I have often thought it a merciful provision of Providence that death in these cases should be accompanied by so little pain of body or of mind. The dying one becomes gradually oblivious of his surroundings, and the anguish of parting from loved ones is not experienced.

"In the more acute diseases, in tuberculosis especially, where the patient retains full possession of his senses right to the end, my experience has been different to that of Dr. Osler. Many who are Christians look forward to death and are ready to go to Heaven at any time they are called. These are the happiest of the dying. In such cases I have often seen patients go off into a dream just before death, and while they were in it their happy faces indicated that they were seeing something. When they awoke they would tell that they had been with loved ones in the other world, or had seen Jesus, or something to that effect. They were disappointed to wake up again in this world.

"In other cases again I have seen the faces of people just crossing the bar light up with a holy joy, such that it made one almost envious of them. A moment before they were in full possession of all their senses, and so far as one could judge they were at the moment of the vision wide awake, their eyes seeming to pierce beyond the veil, they have related to me what they saw."

A Clergyman's View.

"A great many of the deathbed visions are nothing more nor less than hallucinations, to my mind," said Rev. Dr. Perry, of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, "for I have known in some cases, where there was an unexpected recovery, that the visions were forgotten, and the life not improved. But there are some which I cannot but believe are genuine.

"A lady member of our church died recently. Her brother had passed away during her illness, and it had not been thought advisable to tell her of it. She was conscious right to the last. Just before she drew her last breath she raised herself slightly, held out her arms, her eyes and face beaming with pleasure, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Robert! Robert!' What explanation can be given of that, save that she was looking into the face of him who had gone before?"

Among Bad Men.

"I have not come into contact with deathbeds for some years," said Dr. Murray McFarlane, "but when I was in the west I saw death, generally in violent form. There were bad men in those days, and a bullet ended many a career. Dr. Osler may not be wrong when he implies that man is too busily engaged in dying to see visions and to discuss the future, but I know this, that every man who has died in my presence has died without fear, and he died in hope. He did not think that this ended all. I remember one man in particular. He was a gambler, but there was no tremor as to what awaited him. 'It's all right, doctor; it's all right. I have been a gambler, but I have been a square one, and the good Lord won't throw me down.'

"I have had men ask me to hurry them on. 'I am not afraid, doctor; just let me go. Help me on, if you can.' Such a man looked into the vista, and without apprehension.

"I knew another man, who in health declared he was an athiest. 'If I should ever recant, it will be when I am not myself, when illness has enfeebled me and weakened my mind,' he used to say to me. Well, he was six months dying, and in that time a clergyman practically lived in the house. I had a talk with him just before the end. 'Are you yourself, old man?' You know what you used to say about the soul and the hereafter.' They were all vain words,' was his reply. 'I know now that I am but a sand on the seashore, a mere atom. There is One greater than all.'

"There is much that we do not know. What we may know in the future the future will tell."

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY

Was Used as a Shelter for Sylvan Spirits.

The sprigs of holly for the Christmas pudding, or the wreath that is purchased of the sidewalk vendor of the city streets, is quite as alluring and suggestive of coming delights to the city child as the wealth of glossy green and bright red berries gathered from the woods by the country child. The latter will have a better opportunity for studying the characteristics of the growing tree, and may accordingly take a more active interest in the study of their growth and development and of the various holly trees of other lands. Both the city and the country children will have one interest in common in the Christmas holly, however,—that of learning the legends and superstitions connected with the Christmas holly in the past.

The ancient Teutons hung up branches of holly in their houses as places of shelter for the sylvan spirits during the cold weather. It was natural therefore that when Christians began to decorate home and church for their religious festivals they should use the plants they had been accustomed to in other days. It was in this way, doubtless, that holly has become essentially a Christmas plant; and in one English county at least it is considered very unlucky to bring any holly at all into the house before Christmas Eve. Another curious superstition is found in the English counties of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, where a sprig of the holly that has been used in the decoration of the church is carefully treasured up as sure to bring good luck during the ensuing year.

But not only in connection with Christmas decoration and plum pudding is the holly a potent plant, if the testimony of the classics is to be believed. Pliny, the Roman historian and naturalist, tells us that as far back as his time it was planted near dwelling places to protect them from lightning; that the flowers of the plant cause water to freeze, and that if a staff of its wood be thrown at an animal, even if it fall short of touching it, the animal will be so subdued by its influence as to return and lie down by it. He is speaking of course of European holly; probably the American variety would not satisfy these difficult conditions.

It is only natural that such a plant should find a place in folk-medicine. In many districts of England the country people advise you to thrash your chilblains with a bunch of holly leaves, and they assure you that it is a perfect cure. But the plant does not seem to have medicinal virtues of practical value. One species afforded the "black drink" which was used at the opening of the councils of the Creek Indians. Another supplies the famous Mate, or Paraguay tea, which contains the same active principles as tea and coffee, but not their volatile and empyreumatic oils.

An infusion of it has an agreeable and slightly aromatic odor, is rather bitter to the taste, and very refreshing and restorative to the human frame after enduring great fatigue. It is said that when a person has once become addicted to the use of it, he finds great difficulty in renouncing it. It is said also that the leaves of the European species are as efficacious as Peruvian bark in intermittent fevers. The root and bark are known to have valuable active principles. But at present we are satisfied with that sprig stuck so jauntily in the crown of the Christmas pudding. Long may it wave there!

As to utilitarian virtues, the holly grows to a tree of some 40 feet in height, and few evergreens are more valuable in the shrubbery, although of very slow growth. Both the European and American varieties form excellent hedges when carefully trimmed; and such a fence is decidedly of the "wait-a-bit" order.

One such hedge has become historic. It belonged to the pure-minded John Evelyn, and stood in his garden at Say's Court, Deptford, in England. When Peter the Great, of Russia, was working in the royal dockyard of Deptford, during his eccentric excursions into various European countries, he hired Evelyn's house, and he is said to have injured the hedge by having his servant wheel him back and forth through it for his amusement.

At the seat of the Earl of Haddington, at Tyinghame, in Scotland, there were hedges of holly extending over a mile and a half, and varying in height from 10 to 25 feet, with a diameter of from 9 to 13 feet.—P. W. Humphreys, in the Country Gentleman.

THE WHEAT CROP

What an Optimist Prophesies for the Weatern Farmer

So enormous is the crop of wheat and other grains in the Northwest this year that it is prophesied by a Regina optimist that before the snow is off the ground several of the farmers in the vicinity of Saskatchewan's capital will each have a 40-horse power automobile, decorated or otherwise, by a French chauffeur. This is probably a little beyond belief, yet speaking seriously, the crop has been a godsend to the farming community, and the year will be one of mortgage-burning and debt-paying throughout the entire west. And in most cases there will be enough money left to decorate and beautify the homes of the men, once pioneers, but now comfortable farmers. That the decorations will be tasty need not be said, for the westerners know a good thing when they see it, and will not buy anything else. For that reason the sale of the Gourlay piano in the Northwest this year has been enormously large. The whole country from Winnipeg west to the Rockies, yes and even beyond the mountains, seems to have a thorough knowledge of the musical value of the Gourlay, and orders are coming in constantly. The Gourlay piano is higher priced than some of its competitors, but that is due to more care in the building, and the enhanced value of the piano thereby. Customers have been expressing their delight to the firm, but better than that, they have been showing the instrument to their friends, and awakening their interest. That is one reason why a carload of Gourlays left Toronto the other day for Winnipeg, where they will be distributed to the various purchasers. Mrs. (Rev.) T. R. McNair, formerly a piano and voice teacher of high reputation in Western Ontario, an examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music in London, has now removed to Regina, and since taking up her abode in the west purchased a Gourlay piano. Her husband, writing to the firm concerning the instrument, says: "Mrs. McNair has an intimate and extensive knowledge of all the best makes of pianos, and after a thorough trial, places yours first among the Canadian-made instruments. We are delighted with it."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It cost $124,730,057 to run the United States navy for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. yxwt

Two offers of $25,000 are said to have been refused for a specimen of a new orchid, the odontoglossum vuylsteke, shown at the fortnightly exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society in Westminster Hall.

A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGER.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

The Family Ale

The only GOLD MEDAL awarded at the St. Louis Exposition for Ale and Stout was won by JOHN LABATT. Purchasers can always get Labatt's Ale and Porter in prime condition from P. J. WATT, Market Square, Molsons Bank Building.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought
CASTORIA.
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For Young and Old.

The ideal medicine for children and aged persons is Angier's Emulsion. It is the kind physicians prescribe. It is pleasant to take, agrees with the stomach and regulates the bowels. It increases the desire for wholesome food, assists digestion and nourishes the body. Try a 50-cent bottle.

The Heintzman & Co Pianos

Have for over half a century been unexcelled in beauty of tone, brilliancy of touch, genuine durability and artistic construction—they are the best.

The same quality of material is used now as was used years ago. Material has greatly advanced in price. The prices of our pianos have not changed. You are therefore getting better value than ever before and we are getting a reputation for making the highest-grade piano on the market today.

Our Special Christmas Offer

From now until January we have decided to offer a most beautiful French Burl Upright Piano, Weber, 7⅓ octaves, 3 pedals, colonial style, full music desk and all modern improvements for

$285--Payable $6 Per Month

This is one of the finest pianos made in Canada, and you would pay $350 elsewhere for one as good in quality.

We have received two carloads of special pianos for our Christmas trade, and we invite you to call and inspect our immense stock of new, handsome, up-to-date styles.

We also have a few snaps in second-hand pianos and organs. Will sell at a sacrifice.

$50 buys a nice piano—payable 50c per week.
$25 buys a beautiful cabinet organ—payable 50c per week.
(Above guaranteed for five years.)

Heintzman & Co

217 Dundas Street, Corner Clarence

Store open evenings until 10 o'clock.

The Land of the Aztecs.

Who has not read of the glories and wonders of old Mexico? The days when Montezuma held gorgeous court in the ancient capital of Gran Tenochtitlan are departed, but they have left Mexico one of the most interesting countries in the world. Picturesque ruins and relics, in a setting of flowers and sunshine, everywhere delight the fortunate visitor; each day's travel reveals fresh beauties. And out of the ruins a new Mexico is arising, a land of possibilities, abounding in resources of all kinds. In the peasants' hands the soil will yield five crops a year, metals and minerals in abundance. Our business men have here a splendid field for investment, and should see and judge the land for themselves. Leisurely investigation under sunny skies will be pleasant work, while the ladies will be delighted with their bargains in native work and precious stones.

An attractive itinerary, covering the whole of Mexico and the best of the Southern States, and including a visit to Cuba and New Orleans for "Mardi Grass," has been arranged for the Cuthbert house party tour, leaving Toronto early in February next, being the most extensive trip ever taken by any party. The special private train will contain every possible comfort and luxury, and the cuisine equal to that of a first-class hotel. A pleasant, smooth-running trip is assured, the management having had long experience in this branch of travel. Canadian enterprise, when it is the best, is worthy of your attention. Full particulars, with descriptive literature, upon application to E. M. Cuthbert, 25 Maitland street, Toronto, or C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent, C. P. R., Toronto. 1-k-ywvt.

Good Go ing December 29.

And returning up to and including Jan. 7, are the tickets for the West Shore New York excursion from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo on above date (Dec. 29); $9 for the round trip. Full particulars from Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, Ont.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond St. Phone 997.

The latest Paris fashion is gloves adorned with miniature golden or silver mirrors, attached to the palm.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

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sell first-class domestic lump coal for grates at $6 per ton; good, dry, mixed wood, $1 60 per load; hard wood and hard coal at lowest cash price.

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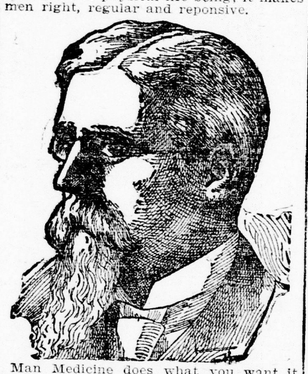
Full Size Dollar Package Man Medicine Free.

You can now obtain the large, full size, dollar package of MAN MEDICINE, sent free to your address for the asking. MAN MEDICINE gives you once more the full sense of man sensation—the pulse and throb of physical life-being; it makes men right, regular and reponsive.



Man Medicine does what you want it to do.

Man Medicine cures early decay, discouraged manhood, nervous debility, functional failure, vital weakness, loss of power, brain fag, backache, prostatitis, kidney trouble and nervousness.

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We ask no payment of any kind—no receipts—no promises. All we want to know is that you are not sending for Man Medicine out of idle curiosity. We want you to give the Medicine a fair trial and be your strong, natural self again.

This free Dollar Package is the proof of what Man Medicine will do for man. We send it to you in a plain wrapper, sealed, prepaid, delivered. Your name and address brings it. Interstate Remedy Co., 572 Luck building, Detroit, Mich. 5tf-t

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Sailing lists, rate sheets, etc., on application to

E. De La Hooke, London, Agent.

Grand Tour of Old Mexico

On Feb. 12, 1906, a special party of Canadians will leave Toronto for a grand six weeks' tour of Old Mexico. All places of interest will be visited, including a side trip to Cuba. The new and elegant train furnished for this trip will be the finest ever seen in America. Every comfort will be provided. There will be nothing wanting to complete one's happiness. The days and nights will pass only too quickly while traveling through this grand old historical country. The entire train will be in charge of one of the most successful tourist agents in America. This will be a trip for your life—do not miss it. For cost of trip and sleeping car reservations, and all other particulars, address E. M. CUTHBERT, 25 Maitland street, Toronto, or J. A. RICHARDSON, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAY RATES

TERRITORY—Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, New York.

At Single Fare

Good going Dec. 23, 24 and 25; returning until Dec. 26. Also good going Dec. 30 and 31, and Jan. 1; valid returning until Jan. 2, 1906.

At Fare and One-Third

Going Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 25, also on Dec. 29, 30, 31 and Jan. 1; valid returning until Jan. 3, 1906.

For tickets and full information call on E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent; E. RUSE, depot agent.

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m., 11:29 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m. (except Sunday), 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m. (except Sunday), 8:10 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m. (except Sunday), 7:50 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

Passenger trains do not run on this branch on Sundays.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east—11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—5 a.m., 8:35 a.m.,* 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 8:10 p.m.,** 11:35 p.m.

*From Chatham only.
**Runs only to Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m.,* 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.*
*From Walkerville.

Depart—5:45 a.m.,* 9:45 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 4 p.m.,* 6:40 p.m.**
*To Walkerville, without change.
**To St. Thomas only.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

Lord Brassey offered to erect at his own expense a large number of wooden cottages on the English model for the sufferers by the recent Italian earthquake. The offer was accepted by the Government.

Michigan Central

The Niagara Falls Route

1905-1906

Christmas and New Years Excursion Tickets

SINGLE FARE to all points in Canada, Detroit, Buffalo, going Dec. 23, 24, 25, returning until Dec. 26, 1905; going Dec. 30, 31, 1905, and Jan. 1, 1906, returning until Jan. 2, 1906.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD—Same territory; going Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, also Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1905, and Jan. 1, 1906, valid for return to Jan. 2, 1906.

City Office, 395 Richmond St. Phone 205.
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Big Game Hunting

Moose, Cariboo, Deer and Bear.

Reports indicate great abundance of game in Quebec and Maritime Provinces.

CANADA'S FAMOUS TRAIN, THE

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Leaving Montreal at 12 noon daily, except Saturday, traverses the best hunting region in North America.

Sleeping and Dining Car Service Unrivaled.

Write for descriptive pamphlets—
"Moose of the Miramichi."
"A Week in the Canadian Woods."
"Fishing and Hunting."

TO

General Passenger Dept.,
MONCTON, N. B.

Christmas and New Years

SINGLE FARE

Going December 23, 24 and 25, good returning until December 26, 1905. Going December 30-31, 1905, and January 1, 1906, good returning to January 2, 1906.

FARE and ONE-THIRD

Going December 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 30 and 31, 1905, and January 1, 1906. Good returning to January 2, 1906.

Above rates between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur and East. (Special rates and limits to points East of Montreal.)

Call on any Canadian Pacific Agent or write to C. B. Foster, D.P.A., C.P. Ry., Toronto.

City Ticket Office, 161 Dundas, Corner Richmond, London.

LADIES! MADAME DUVONT'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS

Are the most efficient remedy for Delayed Menstruation and Irregularities. Full-sized $2 box sent in plain sealed package, on receipt of $1. DUVONT MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.

SNAP-SHOTS AT VARIOUS SPORTS.

Manager Clarke has announced that only nine of the present list of Pirates are sure of their jobs, and they are: Clarke, Beaumont, Leever, Phillippe, Nealon, Ritchie, Leach, Wagner and Gibson. This should set at rest all doubts as to Ritchie. It was rumored that he would be disposed of, but such will not be the case. He is well worth keeping.

Here is a mixture of National League dope, and alleged wit: "McGraw must have his 'Taylor' 'Brush him up a little if he 'Ames' to win the rag next year, and Donlin will have to cut out 'Devlin' 'Doolin' or Philadelphia will be 'Dooin' something. In 'Case' Pittsburg gets more 'Brains' and sticks to it like a 'Leach' they probably would do 'Hansomely.' But they must remember Chicago will not 'Tinker' along, but 'Kling' to their 'Chance' and do them up 'Brown.' St. Louis would like to win, but they 'Arndt' in the race, but with a 'Spade' they should be able to dig some. Boston had 'Street,' but didn't 'Needham,' as he was too 'Young.' If Garry Herrmann wants to win he will have to put on his 'Overalls' and 'Seymour' players, or Brooklyn, with a poor 'Batch' will put a 'Chech' to 'Cin.'"

English sporting writers are of the opinion that Abe Attell will give Jem Bowker, the featherweight champion of England, a beating when they meet. Abe looks good, as he is shifty, and can punch some. Bowker is very clever, however.

Dr. Harry R. Pattengill, one of the foremost educators in Michigan, hands out this roast to Columbia University on the football question: "I have no respect for Columbia University for giving up football. Of course, she did not give up much, for she had the worst team of 'ringers' in the country. The college that cuts out football needs a faculty with red blood in their veins and more sense in their heads. The training football gives a student is what is needed to develop him roundly. I would want my son to be quarterback on his football team and center rush in his studies. I am for football all the time as it is now played, and would indorse the spirit of President Roosevelt when he said, 'Play fair, don't flinch, hit the line hard.'"

A New York turf writer speaks of the daily grind at New Orleans in the following language: With the exception of a mile handicap, the whole schedule at the fair grounds this afternoon is exclusively devoted to the long suffering, purse chasing, form upsetting, despised selling plater. It is sometimes called the sport of kings.

The professional hockey game will demand the attention of President Roosevelt, if the following extract from an account of a New York paper of a game at Brooklyn is true: "The game was a combination of football, steeplechasing and prize fighting, as whenever two opponents met it was a question of who was sent to the rear first. In making a drive at the puck, Moward, of the Brooklyns, swung his stick and caught Leffiton, a Crescent man, in the eye, but luckily did not damage him very much." Gaul, late of the Ottawas, was the worst offender. He can't forget his Ottawa training.

Buffalo is having a matfest. You will hear some healthy hollering directly, as it looks as if the "rasslers" are getting ready to bump the public.

Midget Radtke is the jockey sensation of the year, and his work at the coast is causing much comment. Radtke is a Chicago product, who has been in the saddle less than eight months. He got his first mount at Union Park, St. Louis, last April, and his success was almost instantaneous. The boy's style resembles that of Tod Sloan. He crouches low over his horse's neck and is a coaxing hand rider, seldom using whip or spurs. He is lightning at the post and possesses a cool head at the most critical stages. He will come east in the spring, and it is predicted that he will be the premier jockey of the year.

One person who must have followed the Fitz-O'Brien go with deep regret—regret that Fitz got away from him when his ability to make a battle had departed—is Marvin Hart. That young man, touring the country on a four-flush title that he thinks victory over Jack Root gave him, hardly ranks as high today as does O'Brien, despite the fact that the latter merely had to get in the ring, and then, as the doctors say, let nature take her course. Fitz was the legitimate light heavyweight title holder, and O'Brien now must be regarded as such. Possibly had Hart secured the match Fitz would still hold his honors, for Hart could not have led Fitz the chase that O'Brien did, the latter, by his fine footwork, keeping Fitz on the run and finally exhausting the old man. And at that, the old man probably was more dangerous to O'Brien than Hart would be. Fitz did hurt his man, and would have had a chance to beat him had he possessed enough stamina to enable him to go four or five consecutive rounds at his old speed. Hart, in a 20-round bout with O'Brien, figures to have about as much chance to get to him as John L. Sullivan had to get to Mitchell a. Chantilly. That is as apt a parallel as comes to mind. The battle now—unless Ryan wishes to clash with O'Brien in a middleweight contest—would be between the Philadelphian and Hart. If Marvin gets that match, he can begin to locate himself. The men have met twice, but both bouts were no decision Philadelphia affairs, and they determined nothing.—Detroit Free Press.

If Jack O'Brien looks anything like some of the cuts we see of him, no wonder he whipped Fitz.

We were beginning to worry for fear that Ruby Robert's toupee got mussed in the melee, but a dispatch says that he removed it and left it in his dressing room. Now we feel better. We would not have had his back hair mussed for worlds.

Here is an insurance ode by Woodyard Kindling, some miles after Rudyard Kindling:

When earth's last policy's written and our pockets are twisted and dried,
When insurance, as business, is faded, and the thing we call honor has died,
We won't rest, for how could we do it, when we know in a short week or two
That the master of all good grafters will declare an assessment due.

Nor will they who have pulls be happy, though they sit in directors' chairs,
And make golden incomes more golden, give balls and put on airs.
For there'll be no more victims to draw from, so McCurdy, J. Hyde and McCall
Will begin to size up one another with a view to acquiring it all.

And only the trusts shall praise them, and only the victims shall blame,
And no one shall work for position, and no one shall work for fame,
But just for the love of money. And each in his separate star
Shall frame up new plans of high finance for the god of grafts as they are!

Chris Fitzgerald, the noted turfman, is spending a couple of weeks in the city. He has had a most successful year.

"Dutch" Clare, of Galt, one of the fastest wing men in Western Ontario, has been transferred by the Mrchants' Bank from Galt to Stratford. The Galt inhabitants will likely rise up in rebellion over this outrage.

A petition miles long has left Woodstock for Toronto to persuade the O. H. A. executive to reinstate De Gray. The Baby City people feel rather put out about De Gray, as their senior team without him looks a fair intermediate bunch. It looks as if De Gray will stay on the outside this year.

It's all very well to mess about and sympathize with Fitzsimmons, but what about Mrs. Fitz? Does anyone ever give her so much as a single thought? Have you ever stopped to consider for a moment what that lady's feelings were as she sat by the open casement the long night through, waiting for the lover who was delayed in the stretch, waiting for a champion whose sun had already set? What, pray you, good people, is this lone woman to do now that her freckled-faced meal ticket has had to go back to work? And Fitz, you know, isn't likely to open up an art school or a 520 per cent business. His pitch is horse-shoeing, where you don't make on an average of seven dollars a minute, and where you're dead lucky to be heeled in your kick when rent day cometh round. We're sorry, very sorry, for Fitzsimmons; but when it comes to sincere, unadulterated sympathy, we'll have to pass the old guy up for the lovely little lady who will now have to hustle for her breakfast.—Toronto Telegram.

COVERPOINT.

PRINCETON WANTS MORE OPEN GAME

Would Abolish Interference, Shorten Schedule and Season and Have Amateur Coaches.

Princeton, N. J., Dec. 22.—President Wodrow Wilson and the faculty committee on outdoor sports of Princeton University announced here today the principal changes in the methods of playing and conducting football which Princeton believes to be essential for the proper reformation of the game. They will urge earnestly on all suitable occasions the following:

First—That in the playing of the game all interference be abolished.

Second—That all coaching by men who are paid in any way, directly or indirectly, or who receive their expenses or any part of them, be done away with.

Third—That the number of intercollegiate contests be materially decreased and the length of the season for such contests be correspondingly shortened.

The first suggestion is for the purpose of abolishing all mass plays and of restoring the original open game. The second suggestion is designed to place the game upon a purely amateur footing and to restore to the players themselves the initiative of which in recent years they have been deprived. The object of the third suggestion is to decrease the amount of time and energy which the players are now obliged to devote to the game.

The committee has instructed Princeton's representative upon the rules committee, J. B. Fine, to urge upon that committee the acceptance of the first suggestion.

THE RING.

HANLON LEAVES THE RING.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 22.—Eddie Hanlon has fought his last battle. He announced his retirement yesterday and said he would go into business in San Francisco.

"My fight with Herman was my last," said Eddie. "I have no objection to the decision, but in my bout with Herman I was simply not there. I couldn't put the force in my blows and seemed to have no ginger. I can see nothing ahead for me in this game, and will never fight again."

ZEIGLER AND LAVIGNE TO MEET.

Sharon, Dec. 22.—Owen Zeigler, of Youngstown, and Kid Lavigne, of Pittsburg, may meet at South Sharon in the latter part of January for a twelve-round fight. Zeigler and Lavigne met Manager Skirboll, of the Nonpareil Athletic Club, in Pittsburg, yesterday, and the match will be arranged if the two men can get together in the matter of weight. Abe Attell and Tommy Murphy will also be matched in January. Jack O'Hare, of Pittsburg, and Kid Hogan, of McKeesport, will meet in a ten-round fight at Greenville next Thursday night. This will be the first boxing exhibition ever held in that city.

RYAN VS. O'BRIEN NEXT.

Minneapolis, Dec. 22.—Tommy Ryan and "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien will surely be the next big card on the coast. Ryan insists tonight he is ready at a minute's notice to post his forfeit. O'Brien's telegram to a newspaper here says: "I accept the challenge, sent Wednesday, by Tommy Ryan. Am willing to fight before any club offering a suitable purse. I also want a side bet on the result." Ryan's answer was: "I stand ready to fight O'Brien for the middleweight championship, the weights to be the limit at the ringside in boxing regalia. Will be in San Francisco in a few weeks, but will make the match any time." Ryan has fully recovered his health. He weighs 168 pounds today and says this is the chance he has waited for for two years.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

New Orleans, Fair Grounds—Pinsticker 3 to 1, Proteus 9 to 5, Extol 20 to 1, Paul Clifford 9 to 5, Burning Glass 4 to 1, Mr. Jack 8 to 5.

FITZ FOR STAGE NOW; WILL QUIT THE RING

Old Man Decides To Take to the Footlights and Keep Shy of the Roped Arena.

San Francisco, Dec. 22. — Robert Fitzsimmons, as a result of his contest with "Jack" O'Brien last night, will return to the stage and, according to Fitzsimmons' latest statement, will not again enter the ring. He arose late this morning, partook of a hearty breakfast, and appeared to be little the worse for the punishment he received last night. He is scheduled to appear at one of the local theaters next week.

O'Brien, the victor, has not yet decided whom to meet next. He has been challenged by Sam Berger, Marvin Hart and Tommy Ryan. The general opinion in pugilistic circles is that O'Brien will agree to fight Hart first.

The gate receipts of the fight were $16,407. Of this sum 80 per cent went to the gladiators, the winner receiving 75 per cent of the 60 per cent and the loser getting 25 per cent. It was the largest crowd that has attended any fight in San Francisco this year, and was the largest gallery that has ever gathered at a fistic encounter in this city.

INDOOR BASEBALL.

GAME FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

An indoor baseball team representing G Company of the Ninety-first Highlanders, Hamilton, will play a local team in the armories here on New Year's Day.

TENNIS.

WRIGHT LEADS.

New York, Dec. 22.—At the annual meeting of the executive committee of the National Lawn Tennis Association last night, Beals C. Wright, of Boston, was placed at the head of all experts in the country. Holcombe Ward, of Orange, N. J., was ranked second, with W. A. Larned, of Summit, N. J., and W. J. Clothier, of Philadelphia, next on the list.

In doubles, Messrs. Ward and Wright, who played in England for the Davis cup last summer, are ranked first. They are followed by Harold H. Hacket and Frederick B. Alexander, of this city, and Kreigh Collins and L. H. Waldner, of Chicago.

BASEBALL.

Pittsburg, Dec. 22. — The Tri-State Baseball League officials said today they would attempt to prevent "Vic" Willis pitching with the Pirates next year on the ground that he had a previous contract with the Altoona club, of the "outlaw" league.

THE DEAL CLOSED.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 22. — By an agreement made here today Patrick T. Powers, fomerly president of the Eastern Baseball League, secured control of the Provfidence baseball club by taking up an option given on the controlling interest in the club by Col. Felix D. Wendelschaefer, president and principal owner. President Powers stated that Manage Dunn, who headed the team which won the Eastern League pennant during the past season, would continue in that capacity and would be given a free hand in the selection of players. Powers will make his headquarters in this city next season.

WILL NOT PLAY WITH CUBS.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 22. — James Sheckard, recently sold by the Brooklyn team to Chicago, who is now at his home at Columbia, declared today he would not play in Chicago under any circumstances, not liking the west. He thinks Ebbets, of Brooklyn, gave him a raw deal in not consulting him before trading him. Unless a change is made so that he can play in the east, he will be found with an independent league next season.

WRESTLING.

Watertown, Dec. 22. -- Chas. Kaiser, of Rochester, and Max Wiley, of Watertown, wrestled for two hours and ten minutes here last night without a fall, and the match was declared a draw.

BASEBALL HAS MANY FREAKS

Most professional ball players start into the business either as pitchers or catchers. This is because it is natural for two boys, baseball enthusiasts, to throw the ball back and forth at noons and evenings. One becomes an adept at throwing, the other at catching, and they start out as a battery. Later they probably find that they were meant for basemen or outfielders, and drop into their regular places.

The country towns send the most batteries, and the regular teams are recruited from city ball players mainly, although from cities comes many pitchers and catchers who have learned the art of pitching and catching by working together in streets and alleys.

Developing ball players is largely a matter of available playing space. Pennsylvania sends out the largest number of professionals. Ohio next, Illinois third. The "bottoms" in Cincinnati, the corner lots of Cleveland, the prairies in Chicago, and the "commons" of Massachusetts towns have sent their graduates into every field in the land. Wherever there has been found room for baseball playing good ball players have been developed.

The popular idea that any club that puts up the money to buy players can get a winning team is one of the great fallacies of baseball. As a matter of fact, money will not buy a really first-class ball player, and the man who finds one is as lucky as the man who finds a good mine.

In all my experience I never discovered but two ball players from among the hundreds and hundreds that I have watched as a mother watches her babe. One of those was a lanky, red-headed Irish lad named Carroll—a pitcher. That was early in 1898. I had watched him for nearly two years as a boy pitching with an amateur team and thought I had landed on a wonder. He was all arms and freckles, and he had speed that the race horse man would call dazzling.

That spring I thought he was ripe, so I framed it up with Tom Loftus, who had the Columbus Club, to give the youngster a trial. He joined Loftus' team, and pitched the first game, letting down the opposing team with two hits and no runs. And that night he went out to the State fair grounds, saw the boys from "home," preparing to war against Spain, enlisted, and went to Cuba. I never heard of him afterward.

The other fellow was a lanky Missourian, an outfielder, named Clancy, who was about nineteen hands high and rangy. Jimmy Manning gave him a trial, but he ran against the outfield fence while chasing a fly, broke a leg and went back to the farm.

One great double is that a good ball player may never be recognized as such, even by the most astute managers. For managers may have their prejudices as well as common white folks. I remember distinctly that Anson thought poor Jiggs Parrott was a good ball player.

Also, I remember that Anson released one of the best second basemen that ever wore a spike on account of the best plays ever a baseman made. The victim of Anson's wrath was "Bad Bill" Egan—and never a better ball player wore shoes.

Egan was playing his usual sloppy, but wonderfully effective game at second, and perhaps his style, contrasted with Pfeffer's brilliant work and showy playing, was too much for "Cap." Anyhow, he didn't think much of Egan. One day, in a close game, with a man on second, someone hit a slashing bounder to Egan, who fumbled it. He blocked down the ball, but could not recover it in time to throw out the fast runner at first. He knew this, and pouncing after the ball in a flash, he grabbed it and without stopping to look made a perfect throw to third.

Egan knew that the runner going second base was going to turn third and then stop to see if the ball had rolled far enough to permit him to score, so he made the throw to third. The runner was ten feet past the base treading air. Dahlen, who was playing third, was sound asleep and the ball shot within an inch of his head, hit the grand stand and a run scored, while the other runner reached third, scoring later and beating Chicago.

Anson released Egan for quick thinking, and kept Dahlen, whose brain had been working at a D. Green pace.

FOOTBALL TEAM WAS TOO STRONG

Corey, of Steel Trust, Had It, But Could Not Get Any Team to Play With It.

W. E. Corey, the steel trust magnate, provided the town of Homestead, Pa., with a football team the like of which never before was seen in the athletic world.

His vanity would not permit any one else to have a team which nearly approached his in excellence, and he sunk a small fortune in an organization which was really so good that it could not get any other team to stand out against it, and so had to disband.

It was in 1891 that W. C. Temple, former president of the Pittsburg baseball team and donor of the Temple Cup, had a football team that seemed good enough for anybody, but Corey in his jealousy announced that he would put one in the field which would make Temple's team look like a lot of amateurs—and he did, but it cost him dear.

Some idea of the strength of the football team which Corey put in the field in the fall of 1901 can be gathered from the following names which appeared on the roster, and the players were all on hand:

Arthur Poe, Princeton, end.
Perry Hale, Yale, end.
George Brook, U. of P., full back.
David Fultz, of Brown, now with the New York American baseball team, halfback.
John Gammons, of Brown, halfback.
W. B. Richardson, of Brown, quarterback.
Overfield, U. of P., center, with Bemis and Hawley Pierce of Carlisle, the famous Indian brothers; Church of Princeton; Weinstein and Lawlor to fill.

This team was put up at the best hotel in Pittsburg, and was the laughing-stock of the valley, because it was so strong that no team could be persuaded to play it.

The salaries paid by Corey to this outfit were most extraordinary, while the revenue he obtained from the few games they played scarcely paid for the shoe shines of the high-priced players.

Corey's football fad that season alone cost him $6,000 but he did not seem to care, as he had lots of money and spent it like a lord.

SWIMMING.

A CHAMPION DEAD.

Brisbane, Queensland, Dec. 22. — The death is announced of Bernard B. Kieran, the Australian champion swimmer, who made notable records during his recent visit to Europe.

Kieran, who was but 19 years of age, came into prominence in 1904, when he easily outclassed all open swimmers.

He held all the world's amateur records from 350 yards to one mile, excepting the 900 and 1,000 yards figures, which are held by J. A. Jarvis, of England.

HOCKEY.

GALT LOSES A GOOD ONE.

Galt, Dec. 22.—Norman Clare, of the Merchants' Bank, Galt, has received notice of his removal to Stratford, and has already transferred his belongings to the Classic City. Galt thereby loses its star individual hockey player, on whom they have been counting so much to help win the senior trophy. Stratford would be materially strengthened if he is allowed to play with their team, but as no change of residence permits will be granted this year by the O. H. A., Clare will not be allowed to play hockey this winter.

WANT DEGRAY REINSTATED.

Toronto, Dec. 22. — A petition, signed by the mayor, aldermen and 500 citizens of Woodstock, asking the O. H. A. to raise the suspension of Ambrose De-Gray, was presented to President D. L. Darroch at Collingwood and forwarded today to Toronto for the consideration of the sub-committee and other local members of the committee.

CANUCKS LOST OPENING GAME.

Soo, Dec. 21. — The Canadian Soo lost to the American Soo in the opening game of the hockey season here this evening by 8 to 3. The Americans showed great superiority in the forward line, while the defense were about equal in strength. The ice was soft, but the play was comparatively fast and exciting, and was kept clean by Referee Chaucer Elliott. In the first half the score stood 5 to 3. The teams:

Soo, Mich. (8)—Goal, Jones; point, Howell; coverpoint, McDonald; rover, Pitre; center, McMillan; w. wing, Laviolette; l. wing, Swatzer.

Soo, Ont. (3)—Goal, Regan; point, Spittall; coverpoint, Miln; rover, Decorle; center, Clifton; w. wing, Rattery; l. wing, Ward.

N. Y. C. Pensions.

New York, Dec. 22. — At meetings yesterday of the directors of the New York Central, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central and the Big Four railroads, each decided to establish a pension bureau to take care of faithful employes who have been in the service of the company for a great number of years and are no longer fitted for active duty.

In Jail for Contempt.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Scoring the Chicago Teamsters' Unions for lawless methods in the recent strikes, Judge Kohlsaat sentenced Daniel Garrigan, a city fireman, to serve three months in jail for contempt of court in violating the injunction issued by the court restraining interference with the business of the Employers' Teaming Company.

Carnegie Donates Whisky.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Representative Sulzer has received a Christmas present of 24 quart bottles of Scotch whisky, 30 years old, from Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Sulzer does not use intoxicating liquors, but Mr. Sulzer has friends.

Stopped for a Rescue.

Millerton, N. Y., Dec. 22.—The crew of a freight train on the New York Central Railroad saved John Bates, Alonzo Andrews and John Burns from drowning. They broke through the ice. The engineer saw the two men and boy struggling in the water and stopped the train.

A BIG BALLOT FOR NORWAY'S KING

Received the Votes of Four-Fifths of the Norwegian Electorate.

Christiania, Dec. 19.—The people of Norway appear to be well pleased with their new king and queen, King Haaken VII. and Queen Maud. One thing that pleases the Norwegians very much is that the new king is extremely fond of the water, having been given an excellent naval education, and being well qualified for the position of admiral of the Danish navy, which appointment he received with the crown. Queen Maud is just 36 years of age. She is three years older than her husband, and is a woman of unusual mental ability. She was considered the brightest and most charming of the daughters of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra of England.

It is too early to definitely determine how this solution of the difficulty will affect the Scandinavian people. Many there are who regret that Norway found it impossible to preserve in some shape the union with Sweden under which she had achieved such remarkable progress for nearly a hundred years. When once, however, it became manifest that arrangements which had contributed in no small degree to the maintenance of European peace for more than three generations must be broken, the one anxiety of those having the interest of Europe at heart was that it should be terminated with the least possible shock to existing institutions.

For the students of romance perhaps the most interesting point in all of these changes is the fact that after one hundred years or more the ruling family of Denmark is apparently coming into its own again. In one sense of the word when everything was said and done it must be acknowledged that the royal families of Europe have always regarded the house of Bernadotte as interlopers. It will be remembered that after the Napoleonic wars the restoration movement put every ruling family back on the throne, and fixed things up precisely as they were during the days before the French revolution. There was one exception, however. This was in the case of the house of Bernadotte, many of the Scandinavians having become attached to Napoleon's brilliant marshal, Bernadotte, during his rule in the years of the Napoleonic period.

The interesting fact remains, however, that while the theory of divine right of kings to rule is undoubtedly obsolute or obsolescent in most parts of the world, nevertheless it does seem as though sooner or later certain families were bound to come to the surface and mount the thrones of Europe, retaining possession against all newcomers and for all time. This stripping King Oscar of nearly one-half of his territorial dominion, though perhaps not more than one-third of the population of the Scandinavian peninsula, makes it appear as though the house of Bernadotte after all had no right to rule, and that the troubles which may beset his kingdom, now greatly diminished—Russia on the east, Norway on the west—Denmark affiliated by family ties with Norway on the south—all these things go to show that King Oscar is surrounded by monarchs not unduly friendly, and that blood is thicker than water among the rulers of nations as well as among the people themselves.

King Oscar must have felt some of these things when according to all reports the loss of Norway affected him profoundly, almost to the extent of affecting his health. He pointed out during the chief stages of the crisis that the election of any member of his family to the throne of Norway would probably tend to breed distrust on both sides of the Norwegian frontier and to disturb the friendly feelings which he earnestly hoped to see strengthened between the sister nations. The statesmen at the head of affairs in Norway and the great majority of the members of the Storthing realized all along the importance of making the indispensable changes as speedily as circumstances would allow.

Notwithstanding the strongly democratic temper of the nation and the existence of a very active and clamorous republican minority, they resolved to preserve the monarchical constitution of the country. They perceived that the best way to effect their purpose was not to call upon the voters in the first instance to choose between a monarchy and a republic. They asked and obtained from the Storthing authority to invite Prince Charles of Denmark to accept election to the throne on condition that the nation should confirm this proposal by referendum.

The figures show that 257,710 votes were cast for King Haakon—Prince Charles of Denmark—and 68,852 against him. The suporters of the monarchical constitution said in advance that they would obtain a majority of two-thirds over the republicans. They appear to have under-estimated rather than over-estimated, for the republicans do not appear to have secured more than one-fifth of the total poll. The monarchists now declare that the results of this overwhelming majority against a republic cannot fail to kill the republican agitation. Even in Bratsberg, where 13 districts out of 23 voted for a republic, 1,500 more votes were cast for the proposal of the Government than against it, while it is pointed out here that not one of the 29 members of the Storthing who opposed it in the House has been supported by a majority of his constituents. The total number of the votes fails short of that given in the referendum taken in August on the question of separation by some 40,000, but the poll nevertheless has been very heavy—far heavier than in the general election of two years ago, when less than 237,000 votes were recorded. The decisive character of the majority is a matter of considerable importance. Had the republicans succeeded in obtaining a minority of such a kind as would have indicated a genuine division of opinion in the nation, Prince Charles might well have hesitated to mount the throne.

Christmas Gifts.

Boys' Hockey Skates	40c
Nickel-Plated Hockey	75c
Boys' Hockey Sticks	10c to 15c
Toboggans	$2 50 up
Snowshoes	$3 00
Air Rifles	$1 00
Boxing Gloves	$1 50 set up
Striking Bags	$1 50 up
Boys' Knives	10c to 50c
Girls' Knives	15c to 50c
Men's Knives	25c to $1 50
Good Razors	$1 00 to $2 00
Star Safety Razors	$2 00
Razor Strops	15c to $2 00
Fancy Scissors	25c to 75c
Footballs	$1 00 up

Gurd's Good Guns

185 DUNDAS STREET.

THIS SAURIAN TOPS THEM ALL

A Monster Fossil Found in Montana Bad Lands.

IT LIVED 8,000,000 YEARS AGO

Weighed Thirty Tons and Could Whip all Other Antediluvian Creatures in Battle.

New York, Dec. 15.—Prof. Henry Osborn and Dr. Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History are restoring from fossil remains found in the bad lands of Montana the greatest Saurian of them all, the king of living things in an age so remote that it is computed as 8,000,000 years ago. The quarry itself is a limestone hill, into which the bone hunters dug and blasted 30 feet back from the surface. Four men were occupied nearly three months in disinterring the bones of his one saurian, although detached bones to the number of nearly 100 were discovered while the excavations were in progress.

Some years ago Director William T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Park, discovered a Triceratops horn on the site of the present quarry and brought it back to New York. On the strength of his important discovery the Brown expedition was at once formed and dispatched to the scene. While hunting for other bones of the Triceratops the fossil hunters came across the Tyrannosaurus by mere chance. He is believed to have weighed about 30 tons when stripped and ready for battle, when, in other words, in the prime of his powers. As you may remember, the giant Brontosaurus weighed nearly 80 tons; but compared with the Tyrannosaurus as a fighter he was but as an unwieldly elephant beside a royal man-eater of the jungle.

For the Tyrannosaurus was not only formidable in weight, but was the most agile monster of his generation. True his foot covered an area of about 12 square feet, but it was built for agility as well as strength, being shaped like the foot of a bird, with three enormous toes in front and one extending backward. Each section of his gigantic backbone was ten inches in diameter, his thigh bone was six feet long, and he probably measured 40 feet from head to tail tip.

But, as was unusual with prehistoric animals, he was admirably constructed to walk or fight erect on his hind legs, the fore legs, or paws, being used to defend himself, while most of his attacking and rending were done with his teeth. And such razor-edged teeth as they were and still are! The jawbone measures between three and four feet, and many of the teeth are a foot long.

The Fabled Griffin.

While the dinosaurs exceeded in size the family of Tyrannosaurs, the former were herbivorous, while the latter were carnivora. As Dr. Brown ventured, the Tyrannosaurus was so formidable a fighting machine that he easily preyed upon herbivorous neighbors twice his own size.

According to Dr. Brown, the newly found Tyrannosaurus Rex is the nearest approach to the fabled griffin that archaeologist or geologist has ever discovered. Since his comparatively light skeleton is a walking, running, or flying adaptation, rather than a swimming one, the saurian vertebrae is advanced as proof of a supreme fitness for the propulsion of an enormous frame during occasional incursions on land.

In a portion of the first thunder saurian found in the Como Bluffs, Professor Osborn discovered interesting evidence as to the probable cause of extinction on the part of the dinosaurs. On the side of the spine were discovered large furrows at regular intervals, made by sharply-pointed teeth, which intervals correspond with the intervals between the teeth of the Tyrannosaurus. With less direct circumstantial evidence it is believed that the huge dinosaur had been attacked, probably at the throat, as the most vulnerable point.

Claws of Tremendous Power.

However, the sharp, serrated teeth were not the only distinction of the meat-eating Tyrannosaurus. Smaller in size, they were superior in agility, practically bipedal, with very long, powerful hind limbs, upon which they advanced by running or springing, and with short fore limbs, the exact usage of which it is difficult to ascertain. Both hands and feet were equipped with powerful tearing claws.

On the rear foot is the back claw, characteristic of birds, which during the Triassic period left its faint impression, said Professor Osborn, in the famous Connecticut Valley imprints. That the fore limb and hand were of distinct use is proved by the enormous thumb claw.

Never before, added the same authority, in the history of the world, as we know it, have there been such remarkable land scenes as were presented during the reign of the Tyrannosaurus—king of all the animal kingdom. Imagine herds of these enormous creatures, from 30 to 80 feet long, roving the earth and terrifying even the huger dinosaurs! The extinction of the dinosaur dynasty is believed to have been simultaneous the earth over, this explanation being deduced from similar catastrophes to other large types of animals. When an animal of such huge bulk, with a limited and specialized set of teeth, fitted only to a certain sort of food, is subjected to foreign conditions it at once becomes impossible for him to exist.

HIS SIDE OF THE CASE.

High Constable Preparing Statement Re Charges Made Against Him.

High Constable McLoud, whose dismissal takes effect on Jan. 1, is preparing a complete answer to all the charges preferred against him, and which results in him getting his walking ticket from the county council.

Mr. McLoud claims that he was not given a fair chance to defend himself fully before the county council's special committee, and he is taking this means of letting the public know what he contends is the correct version of the matter.

One of the charges against Mr. McLoud was that of neglecting to drive the fakirs from the Belmont fair. In support of his contention that he was not responsible for the operation of the fakirs, Mr. McLoud has secured a statement from Mr. Robert Craig, a director, stating that he (Craig) was responsible for the high constable remaining on duty in the ring on the day of the fair, and on that account McLoud should not be charged with failure to see that the laws were strictly observed in other parts of the ground.

NOT THE MAN FOR MAYOR

Mr. Judd's Corporation Connections Make Him Unsuitable.

Mr. J. C. Judd's corporation connections are of the utmost importance when considering his fitness for mayor.

He has acted for the Grand Trunk Railway in many cases. This year his firm has acted for the Grand Trunk in numerous real estate deals.

Assuming that he were the mayor of the city, of what avail would it be for a citizen to seek redress from the company by appealing to the mayor? Would Mr. Judd be likely to compromise a profitable connection with the Grand Trunk by taking the part of citizens against the company if Mr. Judd were mayor?

"We want some person in the mayor's chair who isn't mixed up with the Grand Trunk," said a ratepayer in the city hall this morning. "Mr. Judd will never do for the office. He's tied hand and foot, and, it appears to me, that he should have the decency to cease inflicting himself on a public which well knows how he is connected with the London Electric Company and other concerns."

FEW ARE QUALIFYING.

Continued from Page One.

Alex Stuart, K.C., Wm. Bernard, W. T. Hamilton.

Lawyer Creates a Stir.

A local lawyer caused quite a mild sensation around the city hall today by venturing the opinion that Mr. J. C. Judd can be disqualified from running for the mayoralty through his alleged connection with certain suits with which the city is connected. The law in this regard is very plain. Section 80 of the consolidated municipal act states that:

"No person who is counsel or solicitor, either by himself, or with or through another, in the prosecution of any claim, action or proceedings against a municipality shall be qualified to be a member of the council of any municipal corporation."

The lawyer referred to thinks that this clause will knock out Mr. Judd's candidature, because of the fact that Mr. Judd is now defending an action brought by a certain citizen against a property-owner of West London to compel the annulling of an agreement made by the said property-owner with the city of London re the transfer of certain lands for breakwater purposes.

The allegation is also made that Mr. Judd has made claims for certain individuals against the city, which claims are now in the hands of the city solicitor, awaiting his opinion before the council decides on them, and if the statement be true, the opinion is again ventured that Mr. Judd is disqualified under the law.

Ald. Carson practically announced his withdrawal from municipal life today. It looks as though he has something in view, and does not allow any aldermanic pride to interfere with his personal interest.

It is still an open question whether Ald. Ferristal will be a candidate next year, as at noon he had not made up his mind in the matter. Very many friends on both sides of politics are urging him to run, but he has very large business interests which need his entire attention, and he is inclined to drop out.

Wise Talks by the Printer's Devil

I'm no quitter, but I guess I don't like to hear 12 o'clock ring at all, at all. Gee, but it's a cinch for me from 12 to 1. I get outside my lunch, and then its mine for the editorial room, where they keep all the big American papers, and ask me whether I don't like reading 'em. Well do you know what I've been thinking lately? I've read a big wad of stuff about this insurance rumpus over in New York, and I ran across the words "Mutual Benefit" an awful lot. I asked the boss what "mutual benefit" means. He told me, and when I got it through my crust, I said to myself, that if there ever was anything in the world that means "mutual benefit" it was advertising. I'm always glad when I see the ads come in. I know it means my pay, and that as long as they keep coming in my job holds good. That's where the benefit for me comes in. Then I take the paper home, and the first thing mother does is to look over the ads to see what's doing. That's where she gets in on the "mutual benefit," and the next day she goes downtown and buys some things she wants that she saw in the ad, and that's where Mr. Merchant gets his share of the "mutual benefit." What do you think of it? I'll just give you this tip—if you're not advertising, you're outside the biggest Mutual Benefit Association there is in the world today. If you've got goods to sell, it's simply a sin to be satisfied with dragging on when you might make your business flourish.

THE LAST MOVE

York Loan Offices Here Closed by the National Trust.

The local offices of the York County Loan have been closed by the National Trust Company. All shareholders who have not turned in their passbooks are requested to do so at once. The books must be addressed to the National Trust Company, liquidators of the York County Loan, 243 Roncevalles avenue, Toronto.

Shareholders are advised to make a memo of the amount deposited and to keep all certificates.

MAJORITY IN CLASS I.

Standing of the Pupils in Grade VIII. at Simcoe Street School.

The following is the standing of the pupils of Grade VIII., Simcoe street school. Class I. pupils have 60 per cent and over, Class II. pupils have 50 to 60 per cent, Class III. below 50 per cent. Pupils' names are in order of merit.

Class I.—Lily Jackson, Belle Hedley, Cebie Westman, Libbie Rosenthal, Jean Hutton, Prudence Swanwick, Pearl Gillet, Pearl Bugg, Lulu Oliver, Carrie Carruthers, William Ford, Mary Ackert, Annie Taylor, Alfred Luedeman, Sadie Barned, Beatrice Mowat, Edith Greer and May Parsons equal, Nelles Livingstone, Fred Davis, Winnie Chatto, Kate Thorn, Charles Wilson, Melvin Dockstader, Pearl Roughley.

Class II.—Sam Crawford, Ada Parsons, Mollie Stephenson, Roy Barton, Ralph O'Neil, Fred Luney, Ida Moore, Gordon Hutchinson, Reuben Goldberg, Gordon Tanner, Freda Ingle, Myrtle Parks, Herbert Moffatt, Percy Harrison, Ethel Morrison.

Class III.—Bert Parkinson, Beattie Curnoe, Ed Tripp, Herdbert Cullis, Russell Croden, Irene Roe, Orville Muxworthy, Lyla Johnson.

Unclassified—Leah Davis and Beula Winder.

ST. PETER'S HONOR ROLL

Pupils Who Did Well During November and December.

The following is the St. Peter's school honor roll for November and December:

JUNIOR IV.

Reading—Gilbert Reynolds.
Writing—Kathleen Collins.
Drawing—Louis Girard.
Arithmetic—Ralph McPhillips, Chris Hevey.
Grammar—Rose Logindice.
Geography—Alex. Wilson, Chris Hevey.
History—Kathleen Cushing.
Literature—Rose Logindice.
Spelling—Rose Logindice.
Neatness, Politeness and Good Conduct—Marie Corcoran, Kathleen Cox, Gladys Bradish, Rose Logindice, Wilfred Doyle, Francis Doyle, Ernest Dewan, Chris Hevey, Alex Wilson.

SENIOR III.

Christian Doctrine—Chester Moffat.
Highest Marks—Teresa Donegan.
Arithmetic—Martin Morkin, Willie O'Rourke.
Geography—Edward Foxworthy.
Composition—Justin Collins, Aggie Stewart.
Spelling—Blanche Kalterbach, Edward Harper.
Literature—Minnie Irwin, Edward Foxworthy.
Reading—Irene Clare, Frank Mahoney.
Writing—Teresa Donegan, B. Kaltenbach.
Drawing—Mary Flynn, Ruby O'Neill.
Good Conduct — Nellie Flannery, Aggie Stewart, Irene Clare, Edith Moran, George Regan, Bernard Murphy.

SENIOR II.

Lillian Bloye, Winifrid Kilgallin, Geraldine Mascheri, Earl Gruber, Elmore Pocock, Frank Selby, Dora Dwyer, Harold Doyle, Andrew Bradish, Fred Mullins, Joseph Pocock, Arthur Waud, Rebecca Marlow, Josephine Cortese, Michael Thomas, Arthur Richardson, Clara Cavanagh, Gerty McHugh, Willie Harper, Fred Mullins, Joseph Miles, Peter McIntyre, Joe Famularo, Paul Mascheri, Tom Mascherl, Angela Cafarello, Joe Catalano.

PART II.

Frank Steel, Mamie Dewan, Charles O'Rourke, Elmo Clare, Cyril Murphy, Will Miles, Fannie Bloye, Pearl Steel, Maggie Kearney, Jessie Cortese, Kathleen Webb, Tom Selby, Loretta Dewan, Charles McHugh, Mary Fontana, Mira Marlow, Louis Pocock, Warren Bradish, Frank Kelly, John McAteer, John Guthrie, Olive Kelly, Maggie Mascheri, Charles Kilgallin, Annie Maiorana, Frank Deveney, Laura Bloye, Philip Pocock, Bartlo Merlino, Frank Famularo, Carmelo Fenech, John Russo.

THE HOLIDAY PAPER

Monday being a public holiday, there will be no evening edition of The Advertiser.

The Advertiser will be printed at 4 a.m., and it will be sent to all subscribers, both in and out of London.

Arrangements have been made for a special telegraph service, giving all the news of the outside world up to the hour of going to press. All the latest local news will also be furnished.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

—Miss Jennie Heron, of this city, is visiting friends in Embro.

—Medical Health Officer Hutchinson is confined to his home with a severe cold.

—Mr. Fred G. Boath, of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting at his old home, 580 Central avenue.

—Messrs. C. S. Hyman & Co. yesterday presented each employe with a fine turkey for Christmas.

—Miss Maud M. Angus, of Ottawa, is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents at 514 William street.

—The choir of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church will render appropriate Christmas music at both services tomorrow.

—M. J. Walker, formerly of London, England, died in St. Joseph's Hospital yesterday. Deceased was buried this afternoon.

—Mrs. Lawrence Clarke, of Queen's avenue, accompanied by her son Gordon and daughter Annie, are visiting for a few days in Brantford.

—Mr. Charles G. Williams, of Montreal, and Mr. Percy Williams, of Toronto, are spending the Christmas holidays at their home in Elmwood avenue.

—The Students' Union of the Collegiate Institute has made a donation of $10 worth of supplies to the Children's Shelter Home, for which the authorities are very grateful.

—An old resident of Hyde Park passed away yesterday in the person of Simon Sampson, aged 72 years. The funeral will be held on Christmas Day from his late residence.

—Mr. and Mrs. Christopher J. Fitzgerald, of New York, are visiting in this city, and are the guests of Mrs. Fitzgerald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cook, of Colbourne street.

—St. Andrew's Church has just sent in a donation of $50 for the Bible Society. Rev. Dr. Ross and his congregation are to be congratulated, and the thanks of the society are certainly due the collector, Miss Mary Purdom.

—The many friends of Mrs. J. Y. Cutler, of 314 Oxford street, will regret to hear of the death of her mother, Mrs. John Long, of Wingham. Mrs. Long survived her husband but a short time.

—Tomorrow will be gift Sunday in the Memorial Sunday school, when the scholars will bring presents for teachers and officers. Holy communion will be celebrated at 8 a.m., and the rector, Rev. Dyson Hague, will preach at 11.

—The death occurred in this city yesterday of Frederick J. Errington, at the family esidence, 560 English street. Deceased was in his 60th year and is survived by his wife. The funeral will be held from the late home on Monday to Woodland Cemetery.

—Margaret Irwin, widow of the late Edward Irwin, passed away yesterday. Deceased was 73 years old. The funeral will be held from the residence of the son-in-law, Mr. Harry Turner, lot 18, con. 5, London Township, tomorrow at 2 o'clock to St. John's Cemetery.

—The annual entertainment of the Kensington Methodist Church was held last evening and excelled all previous concerts. Rev. S. Salton, of Charing Cross, ex-pastor, was chairman for the evening. After an excellent programme rendered by the school presents were given to all the scholars.

—Mr. Andrew A. Cooke passed away in St. George yesterday at the age of 54 years. Deceased was a former Londoner, and will be remembered by many friends in this city. The funeral will be held from the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. G. B. Patten, at 2:30 o'clock on Sunday to the Baptist Cemetery, St. George.

—The funeral of the late Elizabeth Casple took place this afternoon from the undertaking parlors of Smith, Clarke & Son. The service, which was conducted by the Salvation Army, was very well attended. Major Creighton conducted it, and Mesdames Andrews, Jarvis, Mason, Ford, Norfolk, Ward were palbearers. Two sisters survive.

—The musical services in the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow will be appropriate to the Christmas season. In the morning, the programme will include a ladies' chorus and a solo by Miss Green, "He Shall Feed His Flock" (from the Messiah). In the evening, the musical part of the service will consist of Gade's beautiful work, "Christmas Eve," for an eight-part choir.

—Mr. Bert Weir, organist of the Colborne Street Methodist Church, announces the following programme of music for Christmas morning: Anthem, "Be Glad and Rejoice" (Hayward); solo, "Nazareth" (Gounod); quartet, "Hymn of Peace" (Parks); anthem, "Christians, Wake, Salute the Happy Morn" (Maunder); duet, "Forever with the Lord" (Gounod); quartet, "Hark! A Burst of Heavenly Music" (Nevin); anthem, "The Birthday of a King" (Neidlinger); solo, "Night of Nights" (Vandewater).

—Mr. Charles G. Moorhead, who is now before the electors as an aldermanic candidate, is well and favorably known to the great majority of citizens. He was born in London and has grown up with the city. He is a workingman of sound judgment who has the confidence of his fellow-workers, as well as of the business public, with whom he has a large acquaintance. On many occasions Mr. Moorhead has been asked to offer himself for alderman, but up till the present he has refused the honor. He is well known in all classes of honorable sport, and was an official of the famous old Tecumseh baseball team, which beat all before it over a quarter of a century ago. In every way he is well qualified to represent his fellow-citizens, and that he will be elected there appears no room to doubt.

GOT JUDGMENT FOR $130.

In the division court yesterday afternoon, before his Honor Judge Elliott, John E. Burgess, of Chatham, was sued by the Western Real Estate Exchange, for commissions alleged to have been collected by the defendant on the sale of property, while he was agent for the company. Judgment was given for the plaintiff for $130 70 and costs. Mr. J. M. McEvoy acted for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Brecken, Chatham, for the defendant.

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES.

Mrs. John Cameron begs to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the Victorian Order of Nurses' fund: C. E. German $5, T. A. Rowat $1, Purdom & Purdom $2, S. Stevely $1, Cairncross & Lawrence $1, A. M. Hamilton $2, A. Screaton $3, J. B. Smallman $5, Thos. Coffey $1, Mrs. Gunn $1, Mrs. John Green $1, R. D. McDonald $1, W. Saunders $5, W. H. Wortman $5, Mrs. Merchant $1, Mrs. E. Masuret $1, J. W. Little $5, George M. Reid $5, a friend 50 cents, Mrs. R. C. Eckert $1, Mrs. R. Watson $1, Wm. Ami $2.

FUNERAL OF ACCIDENT VICTIM.

The funeral of the late Frederick Northey was held from the family residence, 798 Lorne avenue, this afternoon. The large attendance and very beautiful floral offerings testified to the respect in which the deceased was held. Rev. W. H. Claris, of the Southern Congregational Church, conducted the services, which were most impressive. The funeral was not held until this afternoon because of the expected arrival of deceased's eldest son from Winnipeg.

THE DELAWARE NOMINATIONS.

The nominations for Delaware Township Council were held at Delaware Village yesterday. Ephraim Howlett and John Robertson were nominated for reeve, and Messrs. John Switzer, John Jones, Hugh Scott, John McEwen and Walter Hay for councilors.

"THE BOGUS SCHOOL INSPECTOR."

The boys of St. Mary's school will present an operatta called "The Bogus School Inspector," on Thursday evening, Dec. 28, in St. Mary's Hall. It is a very amusing farce, and as the boys have caught the true spirit of it, the presentation of the piece will be sure to be well received. The girls will give a fancy drill. All the children in fact will have a place on the programme. Santa Claus will make his appearance in all the glory of his matchless beard and other old-time appurtenances.

WILLIAMS—FERGUSON.

A quiet wedding was solemnized this morning by Rev. J. W. Graham at the First Methodist Church, when Miss Olive M. Ferguson, graduate nurse of Sarnia General Hospital, daughter of the late J. H. Ferguson, was married to George Leys Williams, son of Mr. W. Williams, of the Gas and Electric Company, Sarnia. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple left on the noon train for Detroit, and others points west. After their return they will reside in Sarnia.

STOCK MARKETS.

HOLIDAY ON 'CHANGE.

The Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges are closed today and will remain closed until Tuesday.

H. C. Becher, stock broker, next Free Press building, received the following by private wire from Bartlett, Frazier & Carrington today:

New York, Dec. 23.—Noon.—There was relatively heavy trading in the stock market today, and consistent strength was maintained throughout the entire session. Prices opened with comparative firmness, and where the advances were not large there was sufficient to reflect excellent buying. Steel, common, was notably firm, and one of the most active stocks. Union Pacificwas not traded in so heavily as of late after a spurt at the opening, it acted comparatively heavy during the remainder of the session. The bank statement was absolutely featureless. Reserves increased $198,000; loans increased $1,543,000, and cash increased $483,000. These figures show how little change there was in the statement of the banks. A few minutes before the close, a hurried selling movement developed, particularly in Union Pacific, which carried that stock off three-quarters of a point a few days ago. The buying was excellent, however. Final figures in nearly all stocks were showing god underlying strength and excellent buying power. Traders are reported to be bullish, but it must be remembered that next week will be a critical week in the money market.

We extend to our clients and our friends our best wishes for a very happy Christmas.

STOCK MARKETS.

NEW YORK

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock brocker, for The Advertiser.

New York, Dec. 23.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Amal. Copper	99	100½	98⅞	100½
American Sugar	152	152⅛	151½	152
American Locomotiv	68¾	69¼	68½	69
American Foundry	39⅜	...	...	...
American Refining	161¼	164⅞	161¼	164¼
Atchison, com.	88¼	88⅞	88¼	88⅛
Baltimore & Ohio	113	113	112½	112⅝
Brooklyn Transit	90½	90½	89⅝	89⅝
C. P. R.	174⅜	175⅛	173¾	174
Ches. & Ohio	54⅞	55	54⅞	55
Chicago G. Western	21	21	20⅞	20⅞
Col. Fuel & Iron	56¼	56½	55½	55⅝
Erie	47	47½	46⅞	46⅞
Illinois Central	175½	...	...	...
Kan. & Tex., com	37⅝	37⅝	37⅛	37¼
Louisville & Nash	151½	...	...	...
Metropolitan St. Ry.	128	128⅝	126⅞	127⅜
Met. Securities	82⅞	82⅞	79⅝	80¼
Mexican Central	25⅛	25⅛	24⅞	25⅛
Missouri Pacific	102½	102⅞	102¼	102⅞
N. Y. Central	151¼	151½	151¼	151¼
Norfolk & Western	84	84¼	83⅞	83⅞
Pacific Mail S. S.	48½	...	...	...
Pennsylvania	142⅞	143⅜	142¾	143⅜
People's Gas	100⅛	100¼	99⅝	100¼
Reading	137⅜	147¾	136⅞	137
Republic I. & S.	32⅞	...	...	...
Rock Island	23½	23⅜	23¼	23⅝
Southern Railway	35¼	35½	35⅛	35¼
Southern Pacific	66⅛	66⅜	66	66⅛
St. Paul	181	181¾	180⅝	180⅝
Tenn. Coal & Iron	136	136	135	135⅜
Union Pacific	149⅜	149⅜	148¼	148⅜
U. S. Rubber	53¼	...	...	...
U. S. Steel	38⅝	39¼	38⅝	39⅛
U. S. Steel,pfd	105	105½	105	105⅜
Wabash, com.	20½	..	..	..
Wabash, pfd	40⅞	..	..	..
Western Union Tel.	92⅛	..	..	..
Pressed Steel	54½	55⅜	54½	55⅜

CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker, for The Advertiser.

Chicago, Dec. 23.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
December	$ 82¼	82⅞	82¼	82⅞
May	87	87⅜	87	87¼
July	83	83⅞	83	83⅞
Corn—				
December	43¼	43⅜	43¼	43¼
May	43⅛	43¼	43	43
Oats—				
December	30½	...	...	...
May	31¾	31⅞	31¾	31¾
Pork—				
January	13 57	13 72	13 57	13 72
May	13 62	13 90	13 62	13 90
Lard—				
January	7 45	....	....	....
May	7 40	7 50	7 40	7 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,400 head; beeves, $3 25 to $6 50; cows, $1 35 to $4 25; heifers, $2 15 to $4 80; calves, $5 50 to $5 75; good to prime steers, $5 25 to $6 50; poor to medium, $3 25 to $5 20; stockers and feeders, $2 10 to $4 10.

Hogs—Receipts, 15,000 head; strong to 5c higher; mixed and butchers, $4 90 to $5 17½; good heavy, $5 05 to $5 20; rough heavy, $4 85 to $4 95; light, $4 85 to $5 12½; pigs, $4 60 to $5 10; bulk of sales at $5 to $5 10.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,500 head; steady; sheep, $3 40 to $5 80; yearlings, $5 70 to $6 50; lambs, $5 65 to $7 85

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 150; market steady; prime steers, $5 25 to $5 60; shipping steers, $4 60 to $5 15; butchers, $4 to $5; heifers, $3 15 to $4 75; cows, $2 50 to $4; bulls, $2 50 to $4 25; stockers and feeders, $3 25 to $4 25; stock heifers, $2 50 to $3. Veals—Receipts, 125; active, 25c lower, $5 25 to $9.

Hogs—Receipts, 4,300; active, 10c to 15c higher; heavy, mixed, Yorkers and pigs, $5 15 to $5 40; a few at $5 45; roughs, $4 50 to $4 75; stags, $3 to $3 75.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 5,200; active; sheep steady, lambs strong to 10c higher; yearlings, $6 50 to $6 65; wethers, $5 50 to $6; ewes, $5 25 to $5 50; sheep, mixed, $3 to $5 75; Canada lambs, $7 25 to $7 50; western lambs, $7 25 to $7 50.

George A. Henry's studio will be open Christmas from 10 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m.

CHOICE
Christmas Perfumes

There is no gift more generally given than Perfumes. Perfumes are always in order, if of good quality. We have all the best odors, in bulk and in fancy packages of all sizes. Some of the latter in especially desirable gift packages. We feel sure we can suit you in every respect on Perfumes —including the matter of price.

Strong's Drug Store
134 DUNDAS STREET.

A RIDICULOUS AFFAIR

President of Colombia Says There Is Nothing in Revolution Story.

New York, Dec. 23. — Luis E. Bonella, consul-general of Columbia, yesterday addressed the press as follows: "Sir,—Kindly give publicity to the following cablegram from Gen. Rafael Reyes, President of Colombia, in order that the true condition of the country may be known and confidence in the peace of Colombia assured. President Reyes is a man of indomitable will, and, moreover, the large majority of the people in Colombia desire peace at any cost."

The cablegram reads as fololws:

"Bogota, Dec. 21.—Colombian Consul, New York: Absurd conspiracy discovered. Those responsible for it in prison. Will be judged by court-martial. Country quiet. Peace secured. Exchange lowering from 5 to 3. (Signed), Reyes."

Enrquir Presz, editor of the Pan-American Review, also made public a statement on the subject, in which he says:

"I am in a position to affirm that which took place in the city of Bogota on the 20th inst., was simply a ridiculous conspiracy, discovered in time, and without any serious consequences. The conspiracy did not have the importance given to it by the correspondent of the state department. There is not the slightest probability of a revolution in Colombia."

To Exclude Canadians.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 23. — Complaint is made that three aliens, residents of Windsor, are employed on the plastering job of remodeling the city hall. It is said that the matter may be brought to the attention of the city council officially on Tuesday night.

John Erwin Dead.

Keokuk, Iowa, Dec. 22. — John N. Erwin, formerly minister to Portugal, ex-governor of Arizona, and of Idaho, mayor of Keokuk,and head of a wholesale mercantile company here, died at Hot Springs, Ark., today. He was 62 years old.

Bishop Hanlon, of Uganda, in describing some of his experiences in South Africa, said recently that though many of the medicine men had been converted they could not be induced to carry their confession so far as to divulge their undoubted valuable medicines for native disease. Some of the converted medicine women were not so reticent, but their revelations were generally worthless.

TO THE ELECTORS:

Your Vote and Influence Solicited for

SAMUEL Stevely ..FOR.. MAYOR

FOR 1906,

and the transaction of the city's business on a business basis by a business man.

LEARN GARMENT CUTTING IN THREE WEEKS.

Anyone with a taste for sewing can learn it easily in three weeks. Personal instruction. Hours arranged to suit the individual pupil.

MRS. FRANKS, 243½ DUNDAS ST.

Christmas Bargains For You.

Raisin Seeders, each 50c
Meat Choppers, each $1 25
Cobbler Outfits, each 65c
Children's Wheelbarrows, each 75c
Bread Boards, each 25c
Bread Knives, each 25c

Velocipedes, Red Wagons, Skates, Sleighs and Hockey Sticks.

COWAN'S HARDWARE
127 Dundas Street.

The use of a Barometer

The everyday convenience and usefulness of reliable barometers is becoming more and more recognized by Agriculturists and the general public.

A guaranteed Aneroid Barometer (made by Short & Mason, London, Eng.) will be sent prepaid by Diamond Hall for $6.50.

A complete treatise on "Weather Instruments for the Home" will be mailed to your address for 25c., or included free with any barometer.

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
134-138 YONGE ST.
TORONTO - ONT.

Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted.

To suit any condition of eye.
To relieve eyestrain completely.
To straighten cross eyes.
To save wasting vitality.
Five years established here. Hundreds of cases in the city for reference.

W. R. BISHOP, N.D.
212 DUNDAS ST. (UPSTAIRS).

Fancy Christmas Short Cake

In 10c, 15c and 25c pieces, good to look at and good to eat.
It wouldn't be Christmas without some.

George Peters
Confectioner.

A Warming Present!
Give a Ton or Half Ton of
Daly's Koal
You can't give a more warming present.
John M. Daly
PHONE 348. 19 YORK ST.

You Seldom Hear
a man express regret at having bought a good tailormade garment.
You will be doubly sure of having everything correct if you let us make your clothes. If you are not already one of our customers, give us a trial order.
H. M. PETERMAN
IMPORTING TAILOR,
393 RICHMOND.
Next City Hall.

A Pair of Glasses as a Christmas Gift.

Can you think of anything that would be more useful? The recipient can call at our examining parlors any time and have thorough examination, and the lenses can be changed to suit the eyes without extra charge.

We have a large assortment of gold and gold-filled frames. Prices as low as $2.

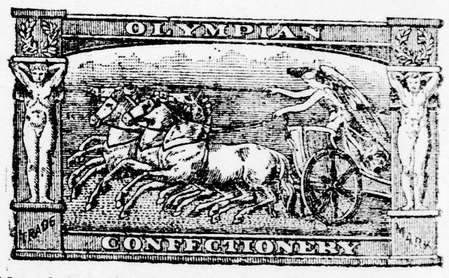
The Tait Optical Co.
EXCLUSIVE OPTICIANS.
237 DUNDAS STREET.

A Happy New Year To All.

J. A. BROWNLEE
385 and 387 Talbot Street
Successor to Wm. Wyatt

OLYMPIA CANDIES--CANDIES

Try Our Special Mixed Candies For the Holidays Only



Our 20c mixed now for **15c,** 2 lbs. for.....**25c**
Our 15c mixed now **10c** per lb., or 3 lbs. for.....**25c**
Our 40c boxes now for **25c,** 50c boxes now for **40c,**
60c boxes now for **50c,** 75c boxes now for **60c,**
and $1.00 boxes now for.....**75c**
Try our Chocolates and Bon-Bons. You will be sorry if you don't.
Don't forget we keep Ice Cream and all kinds of Hot Drinks.

The Bank of Toronto
IN BUSINESS FIFTY YEARS
RECORD
For business year ending 30th November, 1905.
Capital, - - $3,549,585
Increase for year, $459,585
Rest, - - - $3,859,585
Increase for year, $559,585
Deposits, - - $21,367,075
Increase for year, $4,322,472
Loans and Investments, $27,433,324
Increase for year, $6,098,802
Total Assets - - $32,806,741
Increase for year, $5,617,235
We Have a Separate Banking Room For Women.
JOHN PRINGLE, Manager

The Dominion Savings and Investment Society.

DIVIDEND NO. 67

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 4% per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this society has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the society, Masonic Temple, Richmond street, London, on and after the second day of January, 1906.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th of December, 1905, to Jan. 2, 1906, both days inclusive.

London, Dec. 14, 1905.

NATHANIEL MILLS,
Manager.

98k 15 16 23 30

FARMERS!

The price for live hogs for Thursday and Friday mornings, delivered at the packing house:

Singers, 160 to 210 lbs, per cwt.....$5 75
Fats and lights, per cwt.....$5 50

The Canadian Packing Co.

LONDON JUNCTION.

LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, Dec. 23.

Many of the citizens expected that today's market would be the largest of the year, but the dealers and other frequenters of the market were not disappointed when the attendance did not exceed that of Thursday. Perhaps if the weather had been more favorable the attendance would have been considerably larger. As the forenoon advanced, the attendance was increased by a large number who were brought in by the different railroads. The most of those who came by train brought in baskets of poultry, butter and eggs. Sales were brisk in every line, and prices were unaltered to any extent.

Vegetables and Roots—Potatoes sold mostly at 90c per bag. There were not many inquiries today. Sales will probably be brisker after the holidays. Celery sold well at 30c to 50c per doz. Cabbages were in fair demand at 30c to 60c per dozen. Onions were sold at 75c per bushel.

Apples—There was quite a large quantity offered. There was some nice stock offered which were purchased mostly for table use. Some extra choice sold as high as $1 and $1 25 per bushel. Ordinary stock sold at 60c to 90c per bag, of $2 to $2 50 per barrel. Sales were reported as a trifle slow.

Grain—Oats were in keen demand at $1 05 to $1 07 per cwt. The supply was very small. Wheat sold at 81c per bu.

A couple of loads of hay sold at $8 50 per ton. There should be an extra good demand for hay at Tuesday's market.

Butter and Eggs—The supply in this line was large. Sales were brisk for butter. There was no change in price. Crocks sold at 21c and 22c per pound; for pound rolls by the basket 22c and 23c were most frequently paid. Eggs seemed to be easier; fresh laid sold at 27c to 30c and packed at 23c to 24c per dozen.

Poultry—Of course this line was the feature of the market; there was not quite as much offered as on Thursday; most of the large buyers had laid in their stock, and this made sales a trifle slow today, as most of the buying was confined to private citizens, who only purchase one or two birds; turkeys sold at 13c to 15c per lb; most of the sales were made at 14c; ducks sold at 12c to 10½c per lb; geese, 10c per lb, wholesale; there were some fine geese offered, one lot averaged 16 lbs; chickens were easier, at 9c to 10c per lb; by the pair, 20c to 35.

Dressed Hogs—Not many offered, and more could have been sold; sales were made at $8 50 to $8 90 per cwt.

Live Hogs—There will be no shipment until Thursday; prices have not yet been settled; several carloads have been shipped here from Buffalo; after the New Year the shipment of hogs in bond from the United States will be prohibited, which, no doubt, will raise prices in this market.

Butchers' Meats—There was a very small supply offered, and not a great deal wanted as the butchers had laid in their supply for the Christmas trade.

Farmers' Poultry.

Highest prices paid for all kinds, alive and dressed. Write today for quotations.

FLAVELLES, LIMITED.
664 BATHURST STREET, LONDON.

GRAIN, PER CENTAL.

Oats	$1 05	@	$1 07
Wheat	1 35	@	1 35
Corn	95	@	1 10
Peas	1 00	@	1 10
Barley	1 00	@	1 05
Buckwheat	1 00	@	1 00

GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.

Oats	35	@	36
Wheat	75	@	75
Corn	51	@	56
Barley	38	@	40
Peas	60	@	66
Buckwheat	52	@	53

FRUITS.

Apples, per bag	70	@	1 20
Apples, per bbl	1 50	@	3 00
Pears, per bu	1 00	@	1 00

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Eggs, per doz., wholesale	24	@	25
Eggs, per doz., retail	28	@	30
Butter, rolls, wholesale	22	@	23
Butter, rolls, retail	23	@	25
Butter, crocks, wholesale	21	@	23
Butter, strained, per lb	8½	@	9
Honey, comb, per doz	1 50	@	1 75

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, per bag	85	@	90
Onions, per doz	25	@	40
Cabbage, per bag	25	@	35
Potatoes, per bu	75	@	80
Onions, per bu	20	@	25

The London & Western Trusts Company

Limited.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of

5% per annum

for the current half year, has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this company, and the same will be payable at its office on and after Tuesday, the second day of January, 1906. Transfer books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st inst, inclusive.

JOHN S. MOORE,
Manager.

Dec. 4, 1905. London, Ont.

C. N. SPENCER,

STOCK BROKER.

Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Provisions bought and sold for cash or on margins.
Phone 180. Office, Market Lane.

Parsnips, per bu	25	@	30
Celery, per doz	30	@	40

MEATS.

Dressed hogs, per cwt	8 50	@	8 90
Beef, per cwt	4 00	@	6 50
Veal, per cwt	7 00	@	8 00
Lamb, per cwt	10 00	@	11 00
Mutton, per cwt	6 00	@	8 00

LIVE STOCK.

Hogs, per cwt	6 00	@	6 00
Pigs, per pair	5 00	@	5 50
Sows, per cwt	3 25	@	3 50
Stags, per cwt	1 50	@	2 00
Export cattle, per cwt	3 90	@	4 20
Milch cows, each	40 00	@	50 00

POULTRY, ALIVE.

Chickens, per pair	45	@	60
Chickens, per lb	7½	@	8
Hens, per pair	50	@	60
Hens, per lb	6	@	5½
Ducks, per lb	7	@	7½
Turkeys, per lb	10	@	12

FARM PRODUCE.

Hay, per ton	7 50	@	8 50
Straw, per ton	5 00	@	5 50
Straw, per load	3 00	@	3 50

HIDES AND SKINS.

Wool, washed, per lb	25	@	26
Wool, unwashed, per lb	15	@	17
Hides, No. 1, per lb	10	@	10
Hides, No. 2, per lb	9	@	9
Hides, No. 3, per lb	8	@	8
Calfskins, No. 1, per lb	12	@	12
Calfskins, No. 2, per lb	10	@	10
Tallow, rendered, per lb	4	@	4
Tallow, rough, per lb	2¼	@	2½

POULTRY, DRESSED.

Chickens, per pair	55	@	90
Hens, per lb	6	@	7
Hens, per pair	60	@	75
Hens, per lb	8	@	8
Ducks, per pair	90	@	1 10
Ducks, per lb	9	@	10
Geese, each	75	@	1 10

T. A. Faulds

PROVISION MERCHANT

Good Fresh Eggs, 24c dozen; good Cooking Eggs, 20c dozen; choice, large roll, Butter, 24c pound; second quality, 22c pound.

'PHONE 151. 13 Market House

PRODUCE MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 23.—Grain markets are all dull, with hardly any changes.

Wheat—Dull and unchanged; No. 2 red and white, 78c to 79c, outside; goose and spring, 74c to 75c; Manitoba, 88c for No. 1 hard, 86c for No. 1 northern, and 83c for No. 2 northern, at lake ports.

Flour—Best export bid is $3 05 to $3 10, for 90 per cent Ontario patents, in buyers' bags, at outside points; domestic prices are easier, at $3 20 to $3 45; Manitoba, $4 50 to $4 80 for first patents, $4 30 to $4 40 for second patents, and $4 20 to $4 30 for bakers.

Millfeed—Ontario bran, $16 in bulk at the mills; shorts, $17 to $18; Manitoba bran, $16 50 to $17 50; shorts, $18 50 to $19 50, at Toronto and equal freight points.

Oats—34c to 35c outside.

Barley—No. 2, 47c to 48c; No. 3 extra, 45c to 46c, and No. 3 at 42c to 43c, at outside points.

Peas—75c to 79c, at outside points.

Buckwheat—Nominal, at 51c to 52c outside.

Corn—New Canadian quiet, at 42c to 44c, Chatham freights; American, No. 3 yellow, 51c, at Toronto, with 2c to 3c more at outside points, according to freights.

Rolled Oats—Barrels at $5 and bags at $4 75, on track here; 25c more for broken lots here and 40c more outside.

Butter—Firm and unchanged; creamery, 24c to 25c; do, solids, 23c to 24c; dairy pound rolls, good to choice, 21c to 22c; tubs, 21c to 22c; do, medium, 20c to 21c; do, inferior, 19c to 20c.

Cheese—Firm, at 13c for large and 13½c for twins.

Eggs—About steady, with a slump expected after the holidays; fresh, 22c to 23c; limed, 20c to 21c.

Hogs—Easy; alive, $5 90 to $6 15; farmers' lots, dressed, $8 to $8 50; car lots, dressed, $8.

SUGAR MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 22.—Sugar—Prices here are unchanged; extra granulated, $4 38; Acadia, $4 28; yellow, $3 98; bags, 5c less; Ontario, $4 28; bags, 15c less.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 22.—Sugar—Raw strong; fair refining, 3½c; centrifugal, 96° test, 3⅝c; molasses sugar, 2⅞c; refined steady. Molasses—Firm.

LONDON.

London, Dec. 22.—Raw sugar—Nominal; centrifugal, 9s 3d; Muscovado, 8s 3d; beet sugar, December, 8s 1½d.

N. S WILLIAMS, Broker

113 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Correspondent W. F. DEVER & CO. (established 1890). Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Cotton bought and sold for cash or on margin. Phone 1,113.

OIL MARKETS.

LONDON.

London, Dec. 22.—Petroleum, American refined, 6¾d; spirits, 8⅝d.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, Dec. 22.—Petroleum, 19 francs 50 centimes.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 22.—Oil opened and closed at $1 68.

DAIRY MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 22.—Butter—Firm; receipts, 4,504 packages; street prices, extra creamery, 25c to 25½c; official prices unchanged.

Cheese—Firm; receipts, 1,055 boxes; state full cream, large and small, colored and white, October, best, 13c to 13¼c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Butter—Firm; creameries, 17c to 24½c; dairies, 17c to 20c.

Cheese—Firm, 11½c to 13c.

FLAXSEED.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Flaxseed—Northwest, $1 08½; southwest, $1 03; May, $1 12.

GRAND TRUNK

Shares bought and sold. Private wire system of Bartlett, Frazier & Carrington, members New York Stock Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade, etc.

H. C. BECHER,
Bond and Stock broker. Free Press Bldg.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

OLD COUNTRY PRICES.

London, Dec. 22.—Cattle are quoted at 10c to 11½c per lb; refrigerator beef, 8⅝c; sheep, 10½c to 12c.

BEAN MARKET.

DETROIT.

Detroit, Dec. 22.—Beans—December, $1 57; January, $1 57 bid; March and May, $1 65 bid.

HAY MARKET.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 22.—Baled Hay—Easy in tone and quoted unchanged, at $8 per ton for No. 1 timothy, in car lots here, and $6 for No. 2.

Baled Straw—Quiet, at $6 per ton for car lots on track here.

The white flag which was hoisted on the Russian destroyer Biedvoi, when Admiral Rojestvensky surrendered to the Japanese has been sent to Tokio. It was a tablecloth in the wardroom, the size being about 9x5. It will be placed on exhibition in the military museum at Tokio.

The top of the wireless telegraph tower being erected on Mount Tamalpais, San Francisco Bay, will be 2,000 feet above sea level, and so will the pole on a tower to be erected near Honolulu. The messages will be sent 2,100 miles.

ANNUAL MEETING FOR TONIGHT, TRAVELERS PREPARE TO ELECT

Mr. A. S. Savage and family, Aylmer, are spending the holidays in Markham.

The committees having in charge the arrangements for the travelers'

MR. C. W. McGUIRE,
A Very Popular Traveler, Who, if He Decides to Remain in the City, Will Probably Be Elected President of the Travelers' Club.

ball to be held on Jan. 12, are working hard, and the affair promises to be a splendid success. Keep the date in mind.

Mr. Douglas McPherson leaves after the first of the year for British Columbia, in which province he will represent the McClary Company. His many friends in this section will miss him very much.

Corson Elliott, representative of the American Harrow Company, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and other eastern states, is spending Christmas with H. W. Lind, South London.

Mr. E. R. C. Struthers leaves Wednesday to resume his duties as representative of Wm. Ayers & Son, of Philadelphia. His headquarters will be Indianapolis, Ind.

The annual meeting of the Travelers' Club will be held this evening at 8:30 at their clubrooms. There is considerably rivalry for the several offices, and a strong executive will be chosen.

The travelers were telling some experiences of hotels. Here's one:

He had ordered his dinner, and with some exertion, had dug a spoonful from the contents of the side dish.

"Waiter," he said, "this tastes different, somehow, from the mashed potato I usually get here."

"It is different," said the waitress, inspecting it. "It's the chunk of putty, for a broken window pane, that the old man has been making a fuss about for the last ten minutes. He'll be glad to get it back. Thanks."

One night a bunch of fellows were smoking in the sitting-room of a hotel, when the seediest-looking tramp one could well imagine, came in, and glancing around, he skulked to the bar. Stepping up to the bartender, he said:

"You wouldn't take a man's last cent for a drink of whisky, would you?"

"Anybody who gets a drink here pays for it," said the bartender.

"You'd take a man's last cent?"

"You bet I would."

The other sighed: "Well, I've got to have the whisky," he said. He was served with the drink. "You meant it when you said you'd take a man's last cent?" he asked.

"Sure," said the bartender.

The other pitched a penny on to the bar. "Well, there it is," he said, and went out.

POULTRY WAS THE CHIEF OFFERING

Last Market Before Christmas Day Was Not Up to Expectations.

The market square was not nearly as well filled today as many would expect on the last market day before Christmas.

While the square was pretty well taken up with farmers' rigs there was still room for more. In fact, the market as a whole was not larger than that of Thursday.

Poultry was the principal offering, and on every hand citizens were to be seen carrying home fat turkeys, geese, ducks or chickens, with which to help make up Christmas dinners. The supply was in excess of the demand. The bulk of London housewives had made their purchases earlier in the week, and consequently today there was an easing off in prices. For turkeys, prices opened at 14½ to 15 cents a pound, but later, when it was seen that the demand was below expectations, 13 cents was accepted by many. There was not as much buying in quantities as on Thursday, when over 75 lots were picked up.

Geese sold at 10 cents a pound; chickens at 9 to 10 cents a pound, and ducks at 10 cents. Plenty was offered in these lines.

All incoming trains on the various railways brought large crowds of farmers, who came principally to do their Christmas purchasing.

CONCERT AT BRYANSTON

Successful Affair in the Methodist Church—Santa Claus Figured.

The Christmas tree and concert, held on Thursday night under the auspices of the Methodist Sunday School, was a decided success. Much praise is due to those who spent so much time and energy in training the scholars, of whom it must be said, they acted their parts in a very pleasing manner.

Although the night was very disagreeable, a large crowd turned out, and all available room in the church was taken up. The decorations were very pretty, consisting of evergreen, holly and bunting. Mr. Wm. Dann acted as chairman, and after his opening address, an excellent programme was presented, consisting of recitations, vocal and instrumental selections, dialogues and a very instructive address by Rev. Mr. Tyler.

The old favorite Hudson Orchestra was in attendance, and the applause and encores which followed each selection showed the appreciation of a Bryanston audience of good lively music. Miss Powell and Mrs. Hudson also furnished music.

Recitations were given by many of the Sunday school scholars. A very humorous dialogue entitled "Women's Rights" was given by several adults. Selections by the Boy Chorus, and a solo by Mr. Edward Butler, were much appreciated, as was also a flag drill, in which ten boys took part.

About 11 o'clock, when the "kiddies" were getting anxious, a jingle of bells was heard, and to the delight of all, Old Santa Claus arrived. There being no snow, the old fellow was obliged to make his trip in an airship. But that did not affect his good humor, and he was soon busy distributing presents to the happy youngsters.

The young people were not the only ones to receive gifts, a number of the adults being remembered.

After the tree was stripped, the audience joined in singing the National Anthem, and then dispersed.

Hill Conveys $3,000,000.

New York, Dec. 22.—A deed transferring the iron interests of James J. Hill and conveying to the United States Steel Company all the iron ore property on the Mesaba Range owned by the Hill syndicate, said to represent $[illegible],000, has been filed in St. Paul.

PLEASURE IN BUYING

A Novel Stock of Musical Supplies to Choose From.

Mr. J. J. Callaghan Seems to Have Found the Pulse of Christmas Shoppers.

Christmas stocks, as a rule, are a bewilderment to the average citizen. The worry of buying presents is increased rather than lessened by the confusion of goods offered by most Christmas counters, and Mr. Callaghan, manager of the Nordheimer Piano and Music Company, 188 Dundas street, did not forget these facts when selcting his assortment for the holiday trade. He has shown an insight into the public Christmas wants seldom displayed in London, and has gathered together a most useful and artistic stock of musical instruments.

In the beautiful concert hall he has on exhibition the largest and finest assortment of new pianos ever shown in Canada—some of the latest designs being particularly attractive.

All visitors will receive a warm welcome, and it would pay you to call, even if you do not intend purchasing.

NO ELECTION THERE

Westminster Township Chooses 1906 Council by Acclamation.

The electors of Westminster Township will not be called upon to vote for reeve and councilors on Monday, the 1st of January.

The nominations were held at Lambeth yesterday, when the entire council was elected by acclamation. Mr. T. Hardy Shore declined to seek reelection as reeve, and Mr. Angus Beattie, a member of this year's council, was elected in his place.

Mr. Beattie's place as councilor will be taken by Mr. James Murray, a former member of both the township and county councils. The other three members of the council — Messrs. John Crinklaw, Robert Brown and Dale, were re-elected.

To the Electors.

My name is before you as a candidate for Public School Trustee.

Having spent nine years in public school teaching (three in an ungraded, six in a graded school), I should have some knowledge of the requirements of our public schools.

For the past twenty years I have conducted in your midst what is known as The Forest City Business and Shorthand College. My record is before you.

I am not the nominee of any party—have no object in view other than the best interests of our public schools, and, if elected, shall to the best of my ability, serve you.

J. W. WESTERVELT.

Strathcona Sails.

Liverpool, Dec. 23. — The steamer Campania, which sails from here for New York today will take among her passengers Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Canadian high commissioner.

An Emmet Dead.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Dec. 23.—William M. Jenkins Emmet, the oldest member of the Emmet family in America, and a collaterial descendant of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, died yesterday at his home in New Rochelle Mr. Emmet was 80 years old and was born in New York city. His father was Judge Robert E. Emmet, the eldest son of Thomas Addie Emmet, who was the only brother of the Irish patriot and martyr. Mr. Emmet retired from business in 1880. At 76 years he was still quite an athlete, and he sailed racing yachts in the summer and ice boats in the winter up to last season.

MORE HONORS FOR ONTARIO BREEDERS

In Splendid Exhibit of Shorthorns at Chicago.

TAKE BLUE RIBBON FOR EWES

Attendance at the Big Show Breaks All Records—Final Results of Sheep Judging.

Chicago, Dec. 22. — American exhibitors carried off the honors yesterday in the sheep division of the International Live Stock Show, winning the largest number of championships and first and second prizes. Heretofore this honor has always been won by Canadians.

American exhibitors won 13 championships, 36 first and 35 second prizes. Canadian exhibitors won 7 championships, 34 first and 26 second prizes.

The judging of sheep ended when final awards were made in four of the breeding classes. George Truesdell, Deer Park, Md., presented the champion ram, and Hastings Bros., Ontario, the champion ewe in the Leicester class. Lewis Bros., Camp Point, Ill., won the blue ribbon for the champion ram in the breeding Cotswold class, F. W. Harding, Waukesha, Wis., had the champion Cotswold ewe. Harding also won four first prizes in the Cotswold breeding class.

J. T. Gibson, Denfield, Ont., won firsts in the Lincoln breeding classes and also presented the champion ram and ewe in that class.

In the breeding Hampshire classes, James West, Montpelier, Ind., had the best ram, and Telfer Bros., Paris, Ont., the champion ewe.

Taking advantage of the 1-cent-a-mile rate which went into effect on Tuesday, thousands of stockmen poured into Chicago, swelling the hitherto record-breaking attendance at the show to almost 80,000.

It was officially announced that the United States Government is determined to go ahead with its experimental work of seeking to produce a distinctly American type of general utility horse. Representatives of the Government are in Chicago to try to secure possession of the champion trotting-bred stallion, Burlingham, owned by James Hobart Moore. This animal was prepared for carriage purposes by M. H. Tichenor, who a year ago sold Uncle Sam the trotting-bred carriage horse, Carmon, for $10,000.

Major, one of the Belgian stallions from the stable of King Leopold of Belgium, imported this year by Dunham & Fletcher, of Wayne, Ill., was adjudged champion of the aged stallion class. Major is said to be the best Belgian stallion ever shown in America. McLaughlin's Sampson De Thoembais got second honors in this class. Third award was secured by Piston, owned by Briggs, a Wisconsin breeder.

Shorthorn Cows.

Dunwoody's great Minneapolis shorthorn cow won a signal victory in the aged matron ring. She was third at the Minnesota state fair last year. Prince I. to II., son of Pierce's $10,000 Prince Ito, was adjudged champion bull of the Angus ring. Martin's Heliotrope of Iowa won grand championship honors in the cow class, Minnesota won in the Galloway ring, Clark's imported bull, Worthy III., taking the blue ribbon.

Andrew Montgomery, chief of the Clydesdale horse industry in Scotland, declared the car lots and fat cattle exhibited at the exposition are superior to any Britain has ever produced.

Horses and cattle were examined by 350 students of the Chicago Veterinary College, in charge of Dr. Joseph Hughes. Dr. W. H. Dalrymple, veterinarian of the Louisiana College of Agriculture, was in charge of a delegation of students from that institution.

More Canadian Triumphs.

Each day's judging adds new triumphs to the Canadian banner.

Today the winner in the senior yearling class of Shorthorn bulls was John Dryden's Bertie Hero, the only entry of the Maple Shade Herd, himself of Scottish blood, first imported into Canada over a quarter of a century ago from the Cruickshank herd at Sittyton. The championships in Shorpshires were won by Canadians—as were those in Dorset, Leicester, Lincoln and Southdown sheep.

In the Clydesdale mare classes, judged today, Bud Tisdale, of Beaverton, took second ribbon with Donna Roma, champion at Toronto this year, who was bought at auction in Toronto as a 2-year-old last year for $700. Graham Bros., of Claremont, won third money with a Baron's Pride mare in the same class, and won third also in the 2-year-old mares against a field of ten magnificent animals.

Truman's Pioneer Stud Farm, of Bushnell, Illinois, and London, Ont., have won a large proportion of the Shire prizes, as usual, with a magnificent string of animals. This class has not yet got fully under way.

20 PER CENT OFF!

The ladies' opportunity at

LABELLE'S

Our entire stock of THIS SEASON'S

Novi-Modi Samples

In costumes, coats and separate skirts, go on sale at once at a reduction of 20 per cent. This means a

$40.00 Costume for.....$32.00
$35.00 Costume for.....$28.00
$24.00 Costume for.....$19.20
$25.00 Coat for..... ...$20.00
$20.00 Coat for... .....$16.00
$10.00 Skirt for..... ...$ 8.00

And so on throughout our range of prices.

O. LABELLE

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor.

220 DUNDAS STREET.

CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER.

These Brands are Most Healthful and Invigorating

KEPT BY ALL DEALERS--TRY THEM

Many Cuts in Small Lines. Come Early to Secure Bargains.

Woods' Fair

Big Bag of Mixed Nuts, Selling at 10c each.

CALENDARS

Our Splendid Stock of 1906 Calendars all Reduced.

Nearly One-Half Off

This line includes the most artistic line ever shown in hand work and water color effects, in floral and embossed effects. Hundreds to choose from. Come early while the assortment lasts.

Our candy is always fresh, and our regular 15c and 20c candies are selling this week at 10c a pound.

WOODS' FAIR

Visit our candy department. Always something new, and our candies are always fresh.

A FINANCIAL COUP.

Control of Canadian Rubber Company Wrested From the Allans.

Montreal, Dec. 22.—A syndicate of Montreal and Toronto capitalists, headed by Major G. W. Stephens, M.P.P., and D. Lorne McGibbon, have succeeded in a big financial coup and have secured the controlling interest in the Canadian Rubber Company, without even the directors of the company knowing anything about their action. The capital of the company is $1,500,000, and the control of the company has been in the Allan family, and Sir Montagu Allan has been president for some years past.

The new syndicate has been buying up the stock of the company wherever they could get it, starting on Oct. 11 last buying some stock at 75, and completing their work of getting control yesterday, by securing several blocks of stock at 140.

Representatives of the new syndicate waited on the board of directors today and notified them that they had secured the controlling interest in the company.

Major Stephens, in making the announcement of the coup, stated that plans would at once be made to greatly extend the business of the company by the addition of several plants. The company is the largest rubber company in Canada, and had been held by old estates for over fifty years.

RUN DOWN BY TRAIN

Well-Known Woodstock Hotelman Horribly Mutilated.

Woodstock, Dec. 22.—Henry Hurlick, proprietor of the C. P. R. hotel in this place, was struck by an eastbound train shortly before 10 o'clock tonight and instantly killed.

No one appears to have witnessed the accident, and nothing was known of it until two young men walking along the track came upon the horribly mutilated body of Hurlick. The entire train had passed over his body apparently.

It is supposed that he was walking from the temperance hotel, which he was running, to the town. Whether he was preoccupied or slipped and fell and was struck is not known. The accident occurred just past the end of the station platform.

The late Mr. Hurlick was about 59 years old, and is survived by his wife, two sons and one daughter. He was highly respected.

Chief Zeats immediately notified Dr. McLeay of the accident, and he, as coroner, ordered an inquest.

Weds Crippled Fiancee.

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—James T. McCorkle, an attorney, of Pueblo, Col., and Miss Lulu May Nesbit, of Oakdale, were married here. Miss Nesbit met with a railroad accident which necessitated the amputation of one of her feet. Miss Nesbit wired that she would release him from his engagement. His reply was to hurry to her bedside and plead that the ceremony be performed.

Fight Over Miser's Gold.

Buffalo, Dec. 22.—A fight is on in the surrogate court here relative to the appointment of an administrator of the estate of the late David McCormack, who has a brother and sister at Amherst Island, Ont., and scores of nephews and nieces elsewhere in Canada. McCormack was a well-known Buffalo lake captain, and amassed considerable property, but was a miser.

DELHI.

Delhi, Dec. 22. — Mrs. C. E. Caulton is improving slowly.

Frank Burkhart has returned from Detroit.

Mr. George A. Smith and wife spent Sunday in Simcoe.

Bert Quance, of Toronto, is spending the holidays home.

Mrs. Wm. Corlett, of Norwich, was here last week.

Mr. Wilson, of Conneaut, is visiting Delhi friends.

Mrs. Barnes and son Norman are visiting Mrs. Barnes' parents at Sarnia.

Karl Schmidt, of Toronto, was called home last week owing to the illness of his grandmother, Mrs. Conlin.

Mr. J. Hotson is the guest of his brother George.

Miss M. A. Smith has gone to Hamilton.

Miss K. Wilson, of Calgary, Alberta is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. Pick.

$50,000 Hotel Fire.

Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 23.—The Windsor Hotel and several smaller buildings at Clayton, on the St. Lawrence River, were totally destroyed by fire this morning, resulting in a loss of about $50,000. Miss Jennie Baker, a milliner, an occupant of the hotel, jumped from a third story window, and is believed to be fatally injured. One man was also badly hurt.

Montreal's Fatalities.

Montreal, Dec. 23.—The fatalities Montreal as the result of accidents the last twelve months reached the almost alarming total of 830, according to a report issued by the deputy coroner. Drownings head the list at 5?, and suicides show 18, the largest number on record. Some of the other principal causes of violent deaths were as follows: Killed by trains and electric cars, 51; burned to death, 26; killed by vehicles, 14; falls, 24.

O'Brien Makes Overtures.

Dublin, Dec. 22. — William O'Brien is making overtures to the Parliamentary party led by John Redmond for a working agreement and the adoption of a common line of action in the forthcoming general elections.

The overtures have been received in a friendly spirit, but so far there has been no interview between the leaders.

Mr. Redmond and John Dillon have issued an announcement that nothing has yet resulted from Mr. O'Brien's action.

Curzon Will Not Stand.

London, Dec. 22. — The bankers and merchants who a few days ago invited Lord Curzon, former viceroy of India, to stand as a parliamentary candidate for the city of London, were mostly Unionists. Some Liberals asked him to stand as a candidate on non-party grounds. He has gratefully declined the invitations other candidates of both the Unionist and Liberal parties having been already chosen.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

Dec. 21.—At Cape Race—La Lorraine, from Havre; Caronia, from Liverpool; New York, from Southampton.

At Liverpool—Baltic, from New York; Haverford, from New York.

At Antwerp—Kroonland, from New York.

At Havre—La Savoie, from New York.

At London—Philadelphia, from Boston.

At Naples—Cretic, from New York.

At St. Johns, Nfld.—Siberian, from Glasgow.

Dec. 22.—At New York—Columbia, from Glasgow; La Lorraine, from Havre.

At Glasgow—Montevidean, from Portland.

At Liverpool—Sylvania, from Boston.

At Copenhagen—Heligolav, from New York.

At Cadiz—Buenos Ayrean, from New York.

At Moville—Furnessia, from New York.

No, Alonzo, a bald head isn't necessarily an emblem of wisdom.

Poets are born because their ancestors escaped hanging.

The life insurance inquisition is not Spanish, but is producing results. We are reminded of the truism that the only thing you can fill any empty barrel full of to make it weigh less is holes. The inquisitor is following this plan successfully with the experts' testimony.

WE CANNOT SUPPLY BRAINS

Give us the proper material and we are bound by our methods to produce first-class office assistants, in either Shorthand or Bookkeeping. Hundreds can testify to this statement.
Catalogue for a postal.
College reopens Jan. 2.

F.C.B.C.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

We have some of the most suitable goods for Christmas it is possible to procure. Skates, Air Guns, Rifles, Boxing Gloves, Punching Bags, Indian Clubs, Dumbbells, Exercisers, Fencing Foils and Masks, Footballs, Rubber Stamp Printing Outfits, Razors, Pocket Knives, Scissors, etc.

We also have in plush and silk-lined leather cases Carvers, Razors, Manicure Sets, Safety Razors, Traveling Companions and Scissors. These goods are not like the ordinary case goods, but are guaranteed the finest quality of tool steel.

BROCK'S GUNSTORE
192 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

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

THE PRINCIPAL REASON FOR THE EXCELLENT QUALITY OF

Daisy Flour

is due to its being manufactured from the very best selected wheat. And the latest and most modern machinery is used in its manufacture.

This celebrated flour is known by every person who has used it to possess the very finest quality both in life and color, and to make the most excellent bread, rolls, and pastry of all kinds.

Manufactured By

J. HAWKINS
ARVA, ONT.
5n-tyw

Winter Term
Commences 2nd, January, 1906, at
The Western Ontario Shorthand and Business College,
74 and 76 Dundas Street.
Individual instruction in all branches. Every graduate placed in a situation.
W. C. COO, C. S. R., Principal.

London Institute of Physical Culture
619 Richmond Street.
R. C. BARKLIE, PRINCIPAL.
Branches: Physical examination, with prescription of exercises, body building, curative gymnastics, corrective work, fencing and boxing, shower baths. Office hours, 10 to 11 a.m., 7 to 8 p.m. wty

R. H. SMITH Contractor and Builder, 15 Brighton Street. Manufacturer of Cement Blocks and Sills. Phone 1,849. ywt

CHINESE
Try a meal at the New York Chinese Cafe, 356 Richmond street. Something new in London. The meals are first-class.
CAFE

D. A. STEWART
(Successor to John T. Stephenson.)
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.
Reasonable charges. Best equipments.
Open day and night. Residence on premises.
194 DUNDAS ST. 'PHONE 459.
GEO. E. LOGAN, Assistant Mgr.

SMITH, SON & CLARKE
Undertakers and Embalmers.
Lady assistant. Night calls personally attended. Rubber-tired funeral cars.
113 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 586.
629 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 678
Residence on premises.

ELLIOTT & OLMSTED,
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Lady assistant when desired.
Day 'phone 1,775; night 'phone 1,907.
238 Dundas. Residence, 368 King.

A prosperous looker isn't always a prosperous feller.

UNIFORMITY
The ever-uniform quality of HAMILTON'S PORTER means that undeviating principles are practiced at the brewery.
Hamilton's Porter
Is always the same and you should demand it every time.

THOMAS WILSON
MERCHANT TAILOR,
212 Dundas Street,
HIGGINS BLOCK,
TELEPHONE 596.

First-Class Set of Teeth, $5.00
Dr. Fred L. Wood,
181½ DUNDAS STREET.

DR. R. JARVIS, Dentist.
Specialty: Crown and Bridge Work.

Open Till Late Christmas Eve.
A Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for Everyone.
Thos. Gillean
402 RICHMOND STREET.

Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread
Keeps you LOOKING AND FEELING WELL. Wholesome, pure and appetizing. Made of finest selected wheat. None but the best. Order it today.
JOHNSTON BROS., 'PHONE 818.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TODAY

(From the London Advertiser, Dec. 23, 1870.)

Before we address our readers again the Eighteen Hundred and Seventieth Christmas will be numbered with his eighteen hundred and sixty-nine brothers who are now only ghosts of Christmases past. Its life, not yet begun, save in anticipation, will last only a few brief hours. But a Christmas Day though short is pleasant, a day of seasonable congratulations, of goodwill to men; a day of rest from busy labor, and of indulgence in social pastimes; a day of feasting, mirth and play; a day of the gathering of the clans, not for war but peace; a day for the interchange of good wishes, and the meeting of hands in fraternal grasp; a day when the fire burns brightest on the family altar, when the affections become more warm, and the heart more liberal; a day to be looked forward to with hope, to be enjoyed with pleasure, and then to pass away leaving fond memories behind—all this and more is Christmas Day. Even newspapers may forget their animosities for twenty-four hours; and so the "Advertiser," while it extends the "Compliments of the Season" with all sincerity and heartiness to its many friends, will in the exuberance of its good nature, tender kindly wishes even to those we feel called on to criticise every other day of the year.

The delegates from London who went to attend a special meeting called by the W. G. and B. R. Company, at Wingham, have returned today at 12 o'clock.

The speakers at the meeting from Hamilton were Messrs. W. McGiverin, and Adam Brown; two gentlemen from Brantford, and a number of others, whom they had enlisted in their cause. The only person allowed to speak in the interests of the London, Huron and Bruce Railway was Mr. Murray Anderson, whose remarks were listened to with deep interest and attention, and had a telling effect in favor of the London road.

St. George's Society acknowledge donations from the following for the poor: Messrs. Carling, sen., Phillips, Code, D. Haystead, R. Smith, J. Slater, J. Ranahan, P. C. Barnard, F. Westlake, English Packing Co., G. Moorhead, R. Walker and Son, R. Keenahan, G. Roach, Dr. Cattermole, S. Dutton, W. Balkwell, Pope, Snell, J. Fry, Santo, E. Smith, Whetter, R. Luxton, Welsh, J. Mitcheltree, J. Elson, jun., Trebilcock, S. Turvill, Linfoot, T. McCormick and Tanton Bros.

Miss Sarah Comfort, who has resigned her position as teacher in the Bond street school, was presented by her pupils on Wednesday before the school broke up for the holidays, with a handsome silver cake basket. Miss Corrigan, teacher of the boys' department in the intermediate school, has been presented with an elegant writing desk, by her pupils.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Leslie, who formerly held the position of teller in the Bank of British North America, has had his appointment as accountant confirmed. The vacancy was caused by the removal of Mr. J. P. Lawless to Toronto.

Miss C. Robertson's class in the Central School closed the Christmas term yesterday by an entertainment of singing and recitations, and the distribution of presents from a Christmas tree.

The cold has been intense for the past three days and the river is now frozen completely over in several places.

Among the Londoners who have returned to the city from the States to spend the Christmas holidays, we notice Mr. George Durand, from Albany, looking remarkably well.

The curling season was opened yesterday by a game on the ice above Hunt's dam. Arrangements have been made for a grand contest on Monday.

Our staff and compositors will have their time so occupied with the festivities of Monday, that no paper will be issued on that evening.

Sleighing and skating all over Canada. A foot of snow in North Huron. Toronto Harbor frozen. Ottawa and Montreal jingling with sleigh bells.

The Hamilton Spectator is quarreling with a London gent. about the Egyptian pyramids. There is a "live" issue for you, Conservative brethren!

The papers want to know why Mr. Carling's department gives free "emigrant passes" to female minstrels. Mr. Carling's constituents don't say much, but they think a good deal.

The Strathroy Dispatch advocates Mr. Jas. D. Devan's claims as reeve. Why not give someone else a chance?

Diamond and Pearl Brooches

The demand for Pearl and Diamond set Brooches has been greater this season than ever before. One line that is very generally admired is the style with an amethyst center surrounded by pearls. The stones are mounted in 14k. gold, making a durable brooch. The prices range from
$14 to $35
W. G. YOUNG,
DIAMOND HALL,
214 DUNDAS STREET.

We do not expect you to pay for the time we are reading papers, but as we are busy from 9 in the morning till six at night, our charges are only for the time actually spent on your work.
Western Dental Office,
S.W. Cor. Dundas & Richmond Sts.
Over C. P. R. Ticket Office.
Phone 15.

NO CHRISTMAS PRESENT
can give more lasting pleasure to the whole family than an
Edison Phonograph
It combines in one instrument an unlimited variety of music and fun. Its versatility is unequaled.
January records came to hand today. Call and hear them.
W. McPhillips
189 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

COAL
Veribest
Is Our Motto
Try Us
JOHN MANN & SONS
401 Clarence St.
425 York St. 470 Phone.

If in doubt about what to give the men, we can help you. We have large varieties of new and
Exclusive Novelties For Men
in all sorts of Men's High-Class Furnishings. Things they need are what they appreciate, and our goods are all needfuls.
Boughner.

Try our special dressing loaf for the Christmas Turkey—makes excellent dressing. Ask for it at your grocer's.
PARNELL-DEAN Steam Baking Co.

The Canadian Savings and Loan Co.

Half-Yearly Dividend No. 60.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Three Per Cent for the current half-year, being at the rate of Six Per Cent per annum upon the paid-up capital of this company, has been declared and that the same will be payable at the company's office on and after

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1906.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st December, both days inclusive.
M. H. ROWLAND, Manager.
London, Dec. 17, 1905.

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Mr. Wm. Burtis, of this city, is visiting his parents in Embro for a few days.

—Mr. E. R. Barclay, storekeeper and postmaster at Poplar Hill is quite ill with pleurisy.

—Miss Annie Frankpett and Miss Levina Buckingham are the guests of Mrs. Charles Holly, Staffa.

—The name of Thomas Leslie Tanton was inadvertently omitted from the Collegiate Institute results yesterday. He stood in Class III.

—Dr. J. A. Gibson, of Buffalo, with Mrs. Gibson and their little daughter Clara, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents, at 585 Talbot street.

—The Sherlock-Manning Organ Company yesterday presented a Christmas turkey to every married man in their employ and a handsome necktie to every single man.

—The employes of the Parisian Steam Laundry presented their foreman Mr. J. N. Chiera, with a handsome gold-headed cane, as a testimonial of their kindly feelings towards him.

—Mrs. Cheesbrough, of Saginaw, Michigan, has fallen heir to $10,000 through the death of Mr. Scarlett, of England. Mrs. Cheesbrough is a sister of Mrs. Henry Silk, 475 Talbot street.

—In the report of the Collegiate Institute exams, Miss Ina Blackburn, of the upper school, was credited with taking first-class honors in history, whereas it should have been first-class honors in moderns.

—Mrs. Kerrigan, of Hyman street, made the girls from the Protestant Orphans' Home most happy yesterday afternoon, when she entertained them to a tea and a Christmas tree. The children all received gifts and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

—A mass meeting of the ratepayers of London Township will be held at Pottersburg on Thursday evening, Dec. 28, when the different municipal questions will be thoroughly discussed by the candidates for the township council.

—Chester H. Mathewson, formerly of this city, a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and lately engaged in government survey work at North Bay, has been appointed by Hon. C. S. Hyman, to be assistant engineer in the public works department in this city.

—Mrs. Roblyn-McKillop will assist the choir of the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Christmas Day at 11 a.m., and will also sing, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from the Messiah. The choir of the church has prepared a good musical service for that day.

—The funeral of the late Mrs. Alice Brown took place from her late residence, Cathcart street, yesterday afternoon. The services at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. S. Salton, of Charing Cross. The floral tributes were beautiful, showing the great respect in which the deceased was held by her host of friends.

—The deputation of the L. and P. S. R. board has compromised with the Lake Erie Coal Company on the matter of the shed which is to be erected on the line of the Pere Marquette near Simcoe street. The shed will be limited in size, and it will be boarded so closely that there will be no cause to complain of the dust.

—The morning service at Dundas Center Church tomorrow will be especially for children and young people. An address appropriate to the Christmas season will be given by the pastor, Rev. E. B. Lanceley, and the choir will be augmented. In the evening Adam Giebel's sacred cantata, "The Nativity," will be given by the choir under the direction of Mr. J. Parnell Morris, organist.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dobbyn, of Florence, parents of Mr. Alfred Dobbyn, of South London, recently celebrated their golden wedding. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Dobbyn, the following were present: Dolson Dobbyn, of Wheatley; Mrs. T. Risk and husband, of Detroit; Mrs. J. Johnston and husband, of Alberta, and Miss Winnifred Dobbyn. The family reunion proved to be a most enjoyable affair.

—Chalmers Presbyterian Church choir (corner of Waterloo and Gray streets) will render the following Christmas service of praise on Sunday evening, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Stein, choirmaster of the church: Anthem, "Nazareth" (Gounod); solo, "Les Rameux" (Faure), Mr. Milton Francis; anthem, "Arise, Shine" (Elvy); quartet, "The First Nowell" (Stainer), Misses Rutherford and Reid, Messrs. Weeks and Cruickshank; anthem, "Christians, the Morn Breaks" (H. Row Shelly); soloists, Miss Rutherford and Mr. Cruickshank.

HOLIDAY AT THE POSTOFFICE.

The public lobby at London postoffice will be open to boxholders all day Christmas. The general delivery wicket and stamp vendor's office will be open from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m., and from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. All mails will be dispatched as usual. There will be but one delivery by carriers on Christmas Day, but it will this year be a pretty heavy one.

HUNT—BALLENTYNE.

A pretty wedding was solemnized by Rev. Robt. McIntyre, at the manse, Tempo, at 3:30 o'clock on Wednesday, when Miss Lily A., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ballantyne, became the bride of Mr. Thomas H. Hunt, of "Elginside," Westminster. The birde was becomingly attired in blue silk with applique and sequin trimmings. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was partaken of at the home of the bride's parents. Subsequently the happy couple left for Toronto amid showers of rice and good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were the recipients of many beautiful and useful presents. The bride's going-away dress was of brown chiffon broadcloth with hat to match.

NEW OFFICERS.

At the recent meeting of Star of West Lodge, No. 126, C. O. O. F., the following officers were elected for 1906:
N. G.—Bro. R. Henry.
V. G.—Bro. C. H. Parson.
P. N. G.—Bro J L. Martin.
Secretary—Bro. J. Henry.
I. M.—Bro. Wm. Dean.
Chaplain—Bro. Goward.
I. G—Bro. Parkhouse.
O. G.—Bro. W. Henry.
Warden—Bro. Burgess.
Auditors—Bros. R. H. Prebble and J. L. Martin.

CHAIR FOR THE FOREMAN.

Mr. Wm. Hooper, foreman for Mr. Wm. Ward, was waited upon by the employes of the firm yesterday and presented with a handsome chair. During the many years Mr. Hoper has acted as foreman he has been kind and considerate with the staff, and the presentation was made to show their appreciation of this fact. An address, accompanying the gift, was read by Mr. John Batten, the presentation being made by Mr. Ward.

NEW OFFICERS FOR HIVE.

The Ladies of the Maccabees, Forest City Hive, No. 320, held their meeting and elected the following officers for the coming year:
Past Lady Commander—Lady Raymond.
Lady Commander — Lady Douglas, (re-elected.)
Lady Record-Keeper—Lady Smythe, (re-elected.)
Lady Finance-Keeper — Lady Ellwood.
Lady Chaplain—Lady Watson.
Lady Sergeant—Lady Durban.
Lady Mistress-at-Arms — Lady Dumah.
Lady Sentinel—Lady Milligan.
Lady Picket—Lady Sadlier.
Lady Organist—Lady Burridge.
Lady Physicina—Lady Jamieson.

COURT DEFIANCE OFFICERS.

At the last regular meeting of Court Defiance, No. 7, Canadian Order of Foresters, the following officers were elected for 1906:
Past Chief Ranger—Bro. H. J. Holladay.
Chief Ranger—Bro. Jas. Reed.
Vice Chief Ranger — Bro. A. E. Turner.
Recording Secretary—Bro. William A Reid.
Financial Secretary—Bro. F. C. Toon.
Treasurer—Bro. Geo. Harper.
Chaplain—Bro. J. W. Thompson.
Senior Woodward—Bro. James H. Branton.
Junior Woodward—Bro. H. W. Fleming.:
Senior Beadle—Bro. Jas. Moore.
Junior Beadle—Bro. N. Pratt.
Court Physician—Bro. C. W. Belton, M. D.
Trustee—Bro. A. R. Galpin.
Auditor—Bro. Wm. A. Reid.

BENNETT'S AMATEUR CONTEST.

In the amateur contest at Bennett's Vaudeville Theater last night, Miss May Graham won first prize. She rendered a solo very acceptably, and was well entitled to first honors. Second prize was won by Eva Crayson, the dancer, and third prize was divided between two boys, Evans and Corelli, who put up a wrestling match. At the close "a little of everything" was put on by the "professionals," who became amateurish for a while and called themselves the Lambeth Debating Society. The audience was large, and the regular performance won continuous applause.

ELECTION AT PUTNAM.

At the last meeting of Pride of Middlesex, L. O. L., No. 1847, Putnam, the following officers were installed for the ensuing year:
W. M.—Bro. Richard Johnston.
D. M.—Bro. Charles Rath.
Chaplain—Bro. Max Noad.
Recording Secretary—Bro. William Rennie.
Financial Secretary—Bro. E. Fleming.
Treasurer—Bro. H. Rath.
D. of C.—Bro. Joseph Morris.
Lecturer—Bro. Roy Wallis.

A. O. U. W. ELECTION.

At the last regular meeting of London Lodge, No. 18, A. O. U. W., the officers were elected for 1906 as follows:
Master Workman—Bro. C. C. Cariss.
Foreman—Bro. J. Wilson.
Overseer—Bro. D. Gillespie.
Recorder—Bro. J. B. Stephens.
Financier—Bro. J. Nichol.
Receiver—Bro. G. E. Coombs.
Guide—Bro. J. Hutton.
Inside Watch—Bro. J. Smith.
Outside Watch—Bro. J. Lefler.
Auditor—Bro. Gillespie.
Representative—Bro. E. Moor.
Alternate—Bro. J. B. Stephens.
Medical Officers—Bros. H. A. Stevenson, J. S. Niven.
Trustees—Bros. J. C. Duffield and C. B. Hunt.

A SCHOOL CONCERT.

A very enjoyable concert was given under the auspices of the Midway Dramatic Club in the school of school section No. 3 and 10, London Township. The programme was eminently pleasing to those who are dramatically as well as musically inclined, and the several performers acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner. Mr. R. H. Hudson, baritone, of London, gave several instrumental and vocal solos, which were highly pleasing to the audience. Little Lizzie Kokl sang well and her recitation was very effective. Mr. and Miss Moir rendered several violin solos and were most heartily encored. F. Porte, elocutionist, of Lucan, was in his usual good form and his selections were most happy. Charles Goulding gave many whistling solos, and was encored each time. A number of dialogues were very efficiently given by the young people of the section. Rev. D. W. Collins, of Birr, gave a very appropriate address. John Fox, of Lucan, occupied the chair. Much credit is due to Miss Gertrude Fitzgerald, teacher of the school, who trained the pupils. The proceeds are to be devoted to a library for the school.

NOTICE.

The following photographic studios will be closed Christmas Day that the employes may enjoy the holiday and their Christmas dinner: Frank Cooper, Edy Bros., Cooper and Sanders.

THE T. E. MARA CO. LTD.
134 Dundas Street, Running through to Carling Street.
Opposite Market Lane, Late Screaton Premises.

OPEN EVERY EVENING TILL 10 O'CLOCK

Christmas Buying
Christmas Presents the Thought of Everybody

WHAT AND WHERE TO BUY --- TRY MARA'S

MEN'S NECKWEAR—Flowing Ends, Knots, Four-in-Hands, Puffs, Hook-on, at.....25c, 50c and **75c**
Men's Padded Mufflers, squares and chest protectors,.....25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and **$1.00**
Men's Silk Handkerchiefs, plain and initial .....25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and **$1.00**
Men's and Boys' Fancy Sweaters,.....50c, 65c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and **$2.00**

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS—HERE IS A SNAP!
All Pure Linen Men's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 3 different size borders, regular 15c and 18c, for, each.....**10c**
Tapestry Cushion Tops, large size, heavy quality, 20 different scenes, each **25c**
Cord and Tassels to match, each.....**20c**

FANCY LINEN—1,000 PIECES TO CHOOSE FROM
Tray Covers, Shams, Sideboard Scarfs, Runners, Five o'Clock Teas, Veil Cases, Table Drapes, at prices that cannot be equaled.
Christmas Fur Ruffs, Stoles, Caps, Caperines, Scarfs, Muffs, Gauntlets. Endless variety to choose from.
ALWAYS APPRECIATED — Chenille Covers, Tapestry Covers, Chenille Curtains, Tapestry Curtains, at extraordinary low value.
See our leader in Tapestry Curtains, all shades, green, red and every combination, extra heavy fringe, special, pair **$2.5**
New Table Napkins, from 50c up to, dozen .....**$3.**
See our leader—¾ size, double Damask, all pure linen, special dozen.....**$1.**
New Table Linen from 25c up to, yard.....**$1.00**

BLANKET SPECIALS—VERY NEEDFUL
Cotton Blankets, large size, pair **69c**
All-Wool Blankets, large size, pair.....**$2.45**

Watch this space Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Best Christmas Present Is a Bank Account.
Nothing more practical, valuable, useful. Best gift you could make any member of your family. Best gift for any of your little friends.
This plan will encourage the habit of thrift and economy by offering an inducement to deposit additional sums from time to time.
Our customers get the interest added to their accounts every three months.
Come in any time—we will be glad to see you.
$1.00 Opens an Account in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA
London Branch—Opposite City Hall.
F. E. KARN, Manager.

ARE YOU WASTING TIME?
The old proverb is:
"And while I at length debate and beate the bush,
There shall stepe in other men and catch the burdes."
Don't keep "putting off" your entrance into the
FOREST CITY BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE.
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Philadelphia, Dec. 22. — Mrs. Agnes D. Nagle, who is seeking to compel Theodore M. Nagle, of Erie, president of the Nagle iron works, to support her daughter, Theodora, today supplemented the court proceedings by knocking her ex-husband out with a punch on the jaw.

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