4 A. M. EDITION

London Advertiser

PRICE ONE CENT

40TH YEAR, NO. 384. LONDON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1902. WHOLE NO. 16776.

Births, Marriage,s Deaths.

DIED.

PETERS—On the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1902, at the residence of her son-in-law, Walter B. Brunell, 306 Brunswick avenue, Toronto, Mary Hannah, widow of the late Samuel Peters, formerly of London.

Funeral (private) on arrival of C. P. R. 11:30 a.m. train, Friday.

POTTER—On Dec. 23, 1902, Cecilia, beloved wife of William Potter, aged 72 years.

Funeral from the family residence, 852 Queen's avenue, on Thursday at 2:30 p.m.; service at 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances kindly accept this intimation.

Toronto and Bowmanville papers please copy.

BROWNLIE—In Detroit, on Dec. 22, 1902, Archibald Brownlie, eldest son of the late Andrew and Isabella Brownlie.

Funeral from St. Mary's, Thursday, Dec. 25.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

GRAND—TODAY at 2:15. TONIGHT at 8:15.

The Great Drury Lane Theater, London, Dramatic Sensation,

THE GREAT RUBY.

SPECIAL PRICES, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Saturday, Matinee and Evening.

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,

JOHN GRIFFITH, in **MACBETH.**

MATINEE, 15c, 25c, 35c. PRICES 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. EVENING,

SEAT SALE TODAY AT 9 A.M.

Monday Next, Dec. 29,

THE MELODRAMATIC SUCCESS,

SEARCHLIGHTS

OF A GREAT CITY.

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

SEAT SALE TOMORROW.

LONDON --- TODAY

Marks Bros.

Special Performance.

Evening—"THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER." Mat.—"A MOTHER'S VINDICATION." Prices, 10c, 15c and 25c. No raise in prices.

BEAUTIFUL JAMAICA—CLOUDLESS and sunny skies; temperature, 88° maximum, 66° minimum. Avoid the wintry weather by purchasing tickets from F. B. Clarke, next Advertiser. Excursions to England this route, and to Jamaica only. ywt

THREE SPECIAL BOATS OF THE Cunard Line—Sailings as follows: Saxonia, Saturday, Jan. 3; Ivernia, Saturday, Jan. 17; Saxonia, Saturday, Jan. 31, from New York to Liverpool. Reduced rates these dates. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Advertiser.

SEVENTH ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—Entertainment Dec. 31, at Auditorium. F. H. Coles, secretary. 74tf

WESTMINSTER RINK—26th REGIMENT Band this afternoon and night. Admission, 10c. b

DANCING—NEW CLASSES FOR BEGINNERS open as follows: Gentlemen, Monday evening, Jan. 5; ladies, Tuesday evening Jan. 6; children, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10. Dayton & McCormick.

JUBILEE RINK—CHRISTMAS DAY—Musical Society Band this afternoon and evening. b

ORIGINAL LONDON HARPERS—Music furnished for all occasions. Tony Cortese, 390 Richmond street. 'Phone 1:570.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING BY R. B. Millard, 345 Princess avenue. Season opens Oct. 1. Special attention given to waltz and two-step. Lessons any hour.

MEETINGS.

LADY MACCABEES WILL MEET this (Thursday) evening, at 8 o'clock sharp, Knights of Pythias Hall. b

LONDON SOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 19, C. O. C. F.—Regular meeting Friday, Dec. 26. Important business. Election of officers. Visitors welcome. Elson McKay, C. C.; A. M. Legg, recorder. b

NOMINATIONS OF R. C. SEPARATE School Trustees for the City of London will be held at St. Peter's School at noon on Dec. 31, 1902. T. J. Murphy, returning officer; M. O'Sullivan, secretary. 74c

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—KITCHEN WOMAN; GOOD wages. Apply 181 Dundas street. 75c

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT WANTED. Apply 455 St. James street. 73n

CHAMBERMAID WANTED. APPLY Hodgins House. 67tf

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT WANTED at once. Apply Mrs. Thompson, 287 Wolfe street. 65tf

MALE HELP WANTED.

DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND ADDRESS today on your business stationery for invaluable information free. Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. 33tf-wty

BLACKSMITH WANTED—MUST BE good horseshoer. Apply J. G. Kaiser, Box 7, Brucefield, Ont. 74c

A GOOD GENERAL BLACKSMITH wanted at once for country shop; steady job. Apply C. Dresser, Scottsville. 74tf

PRINTER—A GOOD TWO-THIRDER wanted immediately; excellent opportunity for all-round experience. Good wages. Box 530, London. 72n

DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society.

HIGHEST RATES

Paid on Deposits and Debentures.

OFFICES — Masonic Temple Building, corner King and Richmond Streets.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager

ROSS' 196 Dundas Street

A Very Merry Christmas To All.

J. & D. ROSS.

THE TEST THAT TELLS.

We are always busy.

Deeks & Munson,

Tailors and Drapers,

383 Richmond Street.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED WHO WISH TO handle good, reliable articles, and who do not care for cheap trash. Our men have permanent positions and regular customers. Cooper, 332-6 Clarence street, London.

DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL.

LEARN CUTTING, GRADING AND designing costumes. Lessons daily. Satisfaction guaranteed. We purpose starting lessons in dressmaking. Ladies desiring tuition call or write Cutting School, 233½ Dundas street, London.

HOUSES, ETC., TO LET.

TO LET—NO. 79 CLARENCE STREET; comfortable cottage. Rent, $7, including water rate. London Soap Company. 73tf

TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VAN—Furniture carefully handled. John Biggs, Cathcart and Bruce, South London, late of London Furniture Company. 'Phone 310.

COMFORTABLE SIX-ROOM COTTAGE to let, No. 1 Nelson street. Apply 500 King. 52tf

ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

ELOCUTION, READING, ORATORY, Shakespearean interpretation, physical culture. Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe, reader and entertainer, Hiscox building. wty

MISS WYNIFRED LOGAN, F.C.M., pupil Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University—Classes for recreative and remedial physical exercises and fencing, voice culture and vocal expression. For terms apply 292 Central avenue, London. 12tf-tyw

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

OFFICIAL ISSUER OF MARRIAGE licenses, C. D. Johnston, 198 Dundas street. Residence, 394 Dundas street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY John J. Jepson, druggist, 249 Wellington street. Residence, 241 Pall Mall. 'Phone 379.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED—OFFICE Adkins' Jewelry Store, East London. No witnesses required.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOMAS GILLEAN, jeweler, 402 Richmond street.

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

DENTAL CARDS.

WOLVERTON & BENTLEY, DENTISTS, 216 Dundas street, next Edy Bros., over Cairncross & Lawrence, druggists. Telephone 228.

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

DR. G. H. KENNEDY, DENTIST—Successor to the late Dr. Davis. Specialty, preservation of natural teeth. 178 Dundas street 'Phone 975.

Queen Insurance Co.

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

J. A. NELLES, Agent, 428 Richmond Street.

'Phone 343. ywt

MOTHER SECURED HER SON

Divorced Husband Wanted Custody of the Boy.

Lad Located at Assumption College, Windsor Father Shut Out.

Windsor, Dec. 24. — The sequel to the recent action of a Cleveland, Ohio, divorce suit was enacted in Windsor yesterday. By this decree Dr. C. A. Hall, a practicing physician of Cleveland, was given the custody of his eleven-year-old son, Elmer Hall, and as the child was at Assumption College, Sandwich, the fight for possession of the child between Dr. Hall and his divorced wife started at the college.

The scene of battle was afterwards shifted to the offices of Fleming, Wigle & Rodd, barristers, Windsor, and the final struggle occurred at the office of Chief Wills, from which the mother emerged defiant and victorious, as she had been allowed peaceable possession of the child until the high court at Toronto decides whether the father has the right to claim his son.

Application will be made for a writ of habeas corpus by J. L. Murphy, who is acting for Dr. Hall, and in the meantime the mother and child will remain at the International Hotel in Windsor.

After many months of a diligent search, Dr. C. A. Hall located his son in Assumption College, Sandwich, and attempted to remove him from the institution, claiming he was the authorized guardian of the boy. Rev. Father McBrady refused to allow the student to leave the college, as he was placed there by the mother, and disputed Dr. Hall's right to the child. During a heated discussion it was alleged Dr. Hall attempted to forcibly obtain possession of his son. The authorities were asked to intervene, and the case will be aired in the courts. Dr. Hall asserts that he will make a formal charge of abduction if not granted possession of his boy. Dr. Hall was divorced from his wife several years ago and was granted a decree giving him possession of his son, but he alleges the boy was spirited away and kept under cover until located here.

Christmas Business at Ottawa.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.—Christmas business at Ottawa was exceptionally brisk and all the merchants are reaping a harvest. The city presented a gala appearance tonight. The midnight masses in the eight Catholic Churches were attended by immense throngs including hundreds of Protestants, attracted by the superb musical programmes.

PRINCE MUST NOT BE STOCK BROKER

Prince Teck Was Offered $15,000 a Year—Plan Vetoed by the King.

London, Dec. 23.—A story is printed to the effect that the King has vetoed a proposal by Prince Francis of Teck, a brother of the Princess of Wales, to become a stock broker. The firm of Panmuro, Gordon & Co. offered the prince £3,000 a year to enter into a partnership. Other prominent firms have since offered much higher figures, there being a keen contest to secure his services.

The King, however, would not hear of a brother of the future queen assuming such a position, which would be in any case a delicate one, and which would become impossible in the event of the Prince of Wales becoming sovereign.

The English press is regaining its sobriety of judgment respecting Germany. Mr. Kipling's outbreak is generally condemned, and the German Emperor is beginning to have something like justice for his evident desire to maintain the friendliest possible relations with the United States.

CABLE PROJECT MAY BE DROPPED

Should the Wireless Telegraph Turn Out To Be a Perfect Success.

[Toronto Telegram cable.]

London, Dec. 24.—The London correspondent of the Yorkshire Post says that a leading representative of the Canadian Government is responsible for the statement that should the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic be a complete success, the Dominion authorities would abandon the project of a cable between Canada and Europe.

CANADIAN FAST LINE.

In interested circles here it is thought that should the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company enter the shipping business on its own account instead of making an arrangement with existing lines, a severe struggle may be expected. The original proposal to establish a Canadian fast line, has, it is believed, been abandoned.

DAMAGING STORIES ABOUT SAXONY'S FUGITIVE PRINCESS

Had Tried to Elope on Other Occasions.

REFORMS FOR BRITISH NAVY

Pease Estate To Be Sold at Auction—Entire Village Comes Under the Hammer.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Berlin, Dec. 24.—The Vossische Zeitung states that previous to the disappearance of the Crown Princess Louise with her children's tutor, Prof. Giron, she made several unsuccessful attempts to elope with other persons. These the Crown Prince forgave.

BRITISH NAVAL REFORM

[Special to The Advertiser.]

London, Dec. 24.—Lord Selborne, first lord of the admiralty, has issued a long memorandum detailing important reform in the British naval service which have been decided upon by the admiralty. The changes, which are sweeping, if not revolutionary, from a professional standpoint, become operative in July, 1903. Lord Shelborne opens the memorandum with an interesting essay on the changes that have overtaken naval service and naval conditions since the introduction of steam and electricity, with specific reference to the extraordinary progress in the past fifteen years, which have now brought the navy to a critical period in its development.

He says that to meet the changes in the material of the fleet a

CHANGE IN THE PERSONNEL

is required. In the old days it sufficed, he adds, if a naval officer were a seaman, now he must be a seaman, soldier, engineer and a man of science also.

Officers of the navy have never borne a greater responsibility than at present. Their task will be impossible, unless they keep abreast of the scientific, intellectual and practical progress of the age. There is danger lest insufficient importance be attached to study, and the best value of what is called practical character be placed higher than it deserves. With a view to involving the cost of naval officers it has been decided to revise the methods of education. Hitherto the conditions have been anomalous. The three classes of combatant officers—executives, engineers and marines—entered the service under different conditions, and underwent different training. The executive officer have not been taught the use of machinery; engineers have not been taught watch-keeping or navigation, and marines have been so educated as to be positively useless afloat. These

ANOMALIES WILL DISAPPEAR.

There will be one system of supply of cadets, one system of entry, and one system of training. For about eight years all cadets will take the same course, which is specified in the memorandum. At the end of the course, each cadet will become a sub-lieutenant, and will be entitled to choose which branch of the service he will specialize. Thereafter his educational career will be lengthened considerably. Later the present old distinction of the engineers will vanish, and they will rank as executive officers and wear the same uniforms as the latter. Officers of marines will be utilized for executive duties while at sea.

A VILLAGE TO BE SOLD.

London, Dec. 24. — In consequence of the failure of the banking firm of J. & J. W. Pease, of Darlington, whose liabilities are estimated at $2,500,000, six country estates will be sold at auction in February. The principal of these is Hutton Hall, an estate of Sir Joseph Pease, in Yorkshire, which comprises a handsome gothic mansion, and the whole village of Hutton. Another is Nauthorpe Hall, also in Yorkshire, belonging to Mr. Joseph Albert Pease. This estate contains an old Jacobean mansion. The six estates comprise an aggregate of about 3,000 acres of land.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

Rome, Dec. 24. — The Pope is resting in his apartments today. No bulletin has been issued.

London, Dec. 25. — A dispatch to the Standard from Rome says that several anarchists have arrived at Genoa. They were placed under police surveillance and will be sent back to America.

D'AURIGNAC'S MISTRESS RELEASED.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Buenos Ayres, Dec. 24. — Mme. Dalaza, the mistress of Romain D'Aurignac, brother of Mme. Humbert, the French swindler, who was arrested upon her arrival here yesterday, was liberated after her baggage had been searched by the police. Several letter were seized.

ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM ROOSEVELT

Details of Powers' Proposals Not Made Public.

AN EARLY DECISION DESIRABLE

Strictness of Venezuelan Blockade—Talk of a Protest—Fleet Does as It Likes.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The proposals of Great Britain and Germany that President Roosevelt arbitrate the Venezuelan dispute have reached Washington. They are in such form that the President can accept or reject the proposition outright. So far, the message having been received while the President was absent from the White House he has had no opportunity to consider them. For some season nothing can be gathered here as to the details of the proposals and although great interest is felt as to the extent of the limitations which the allies will ask to be placed on the arbitration, curiosity on that point must remain unsatisfied.

GERMANY'S PREFERENCE.

Berlin, Dec. 24.—Germany is anxious to receive President Roosevelt's acceptance of the formal invitation from Germany and Great Britain to act as arbitrator in the Venezuelan controversy. The German Government's preference is decidedly in favor of arbitration through President Roosevelt, rather than The Hague tribunal, because it believes the President will reach an early decision, whereas The Hague court would require many months. The officials here also insist that it is to the advantage of the United States to have the President decide the matter.

STRICTNESS OF BLOCKADE.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The navy department has received no word from Commander Diehl, of the Marietta, concerning his reported protest against the action of the blockading squadron at Caracas in refusing to allow the Red D liner Caracas to remain in the harbor yesterday long enough to discharge her cargo. No request for instructions has come from him. The officials of the department have entire confidence in Commander Diehl's ability to handle the situation, and unless they hear something from him in the shape of a protest against the action of the allies they will make no move. As a rule it is agreed that a blockading fleet can do pretty much as it likes. It is intimated as a possible reason for the position taken by the allies in declining to allow the Caracas to remain in the harbor at night, that in the dark it would be difficult to exercise surveillance of what was being taken out of her hold. For the same reason, the allies may have decided that she should not return to the harbor today, but should take on her passengers outside.

ITALY'S REPLY.

Italy's reply to the arbitration proposal of Venezuela, through Minister Bowen and the Government of the United States, among other things, says Italy would be pleased if the question were settled by the arbitration of President Roosevelt, and adds that if he does not accept, Italy will have no objection to submitting the solution to The Hague tribunal.

We Wish You All A Merry Christmas.

We desire to extend the compliments of the season to our friends and patrons, and wish them one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We also desire to thank them for their liberal patronage during 1902—and on the threshold of this our Seventeenth Business Year, we assure them that no effort on our part will be spared in the future to meet their every requirement Even More satisfactorily.

CAIRNCROSS & LAWRENCE.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO LONDON LAST NIGHT

Arrived in Good, Old-Fashioned Way, With a Snowy Mantle and Blowing Locks.

Christmas came to London last night in the good old-fashioned way. During the early part of the week, when the slush under foot made walking a martyrdom, and later when the frost came and turned the slush to a quality of ice which even a London iceman would be ashamed to sell, the oldest inhabitant shook his head mournfully in answer to all inquiries as to the possibilities for a good old white Christmas. There was no chance of snow, he said, for the wind was not in the right direction, and the moon was not in the right position, and the air was not at the proper temperature, and there were a dozen other reasons (all wrong) why there could be no snow for Christmas.

But the oldest inhabitant was wrong at all points. In the first place, he knew nothing of the conditions which existed in the upper regions. The fact was that the little elves who make the snow had gone on strike, because of some fancied grievance, and the result was snow famine. All efforts to induce them to return to work were in vain, and old Father Christmas, whose order for a billion tons of snow had been entered on the books early in the fall, was in despair. Repeated conference and offers of mediation were apparently a failure, but yesterday morning the elves were induced to sign an agreement submitting their case to arbitration, they to return to work meanwhile. The result of this arrangement was not long in becoming apparent in London, for about noon the first shipments began to arrive. As the elves cooled to their work (one cannot "warm" to such a task as snow-making), their fleecy wares were turned out at an ever-increasing rate, until it became apparent that the sprites were resolved, by diligence and careful attention to business, to more than make up for the time they had lost on strike. By the time evening was well advanced they had succeeded in providing mother earth with a neatly-fitting though rather light-weight Christmas mantle of white, and concluding that they had done enough work for one day, they desisted from their labors.

Meanwhile the thoughts of Londoners were intent on the final preparation for the holiday. There was that last present to be bought, that forgotten dainty to be procured, the coveted piece of apparel to be purchased. Then there were the store windows in all their Christmas glory, and the stores with their crowded aisles and busy clerks to be seen. Therefore three-quarters of the inhabitants of the city were found in the joyous and jostling throng on Dundas street and in the stores. It was a merry-hearted crowd, for was not Christmas very near, and did not each heart glow with the consciousness of having given pleasure to some friend or relative? The coming of the snow had made all feel that the Christmas spirit was in the air, and every heart beat in accord with it. As the evening passed, the shoppers and strollers went home one by one to fill stockings and otherwise prepare for the best day of all the year. Then, after all the streets were nearly cleared, Christmas crept in quietly at midnight and settled down patiently to wait till the world woke to the knowledge that another Yuletide was come.

TWO JUVENILE SKATERS DROWNED

Broke Through the Ice on a Pond Near Akron.

LADS KILLED AT A CROSSING

College Professor Accidentally Shot Dead With Parlor Rifle—Other Casualties.

Akron, O., Dec. 24.—Roy and James Smith, aged 9 and 11 years respectively, were drowned while skating on a pond near here today.

KILLED BY ENGINE.

Amsterdam, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Edward McDough, aged 30 years, employed on the New York Central, was struck and instantly killed by a light engine at Yosts today. He came to this country from Ireland about a year ago, and lived at Fonda.

CAUGHT AT A CROSSING.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 24. — Willis Steigman, aged 18, and William Schopper, aged 15, were killed at railroad crossing near East Aurora today, their carriage being struck by an engine Horse was killed and the carriage demolished.

KILLED WITH PARLOR RIFLE.

Springville, Ala., Dec. 24. — Prof. Jacob Forney, of the State University, was accidentally killed here today while shooting sparrows with a parlor rifle. He was a son of the late Major-General John H. Forney, of the Confederate army.

FATAL FIRE IN HOSPITAL.

Albuquerque, N. M., Dec. 24. — The Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe Hospital has been destroyed by fire, and one of the patients whose name was not learned is dead from exposure and fright. Dr. J. B. Cutter, the physician in charge, and his assistants, worked heroically in getting out the 200 patients. The property loss is $15,000. The fire is thought to have originated from a defective flue.

Taking Advantage of Taffe-Vale Precedent.

Toronto, Dec. 24. — An order was granted today at Osgoode Hall adding J. H. Kennedy, vice-president of the American Federation of Sheet Metal Workers; J. S. Annabel, local business agent, and J. Gow, defendants in an action by the Metallic Roofing Company vs Local Union, No. 30, of the Sheet Metal Workers. The action involves an application of the English decision in the Taffe Vale case to local conditions.

TRAGEDY AT HOT SPRINGS

Thirty Persons Injured by an Explosion of Gasoline.

One or Two Fatally Hurt—R. C. Chambers a Victim.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 24.—A gasoline explosion occurred this afternoon in the cellar of the well-known Turf Exchange, the pool room operated by Chambers & Walker, in which about 30 patrons were injured, many of them seriously, and in one or two cases fatally.

R. C. Chambers, one of the proprietors, suffered a fracture of both legs and both arms. Chambers was well-known in Canada, having been for some years, with his partner, lessee of the Windsor race track and holding this year the betting privileges at the Fort Erie track. Both men were familiar figures at the Toronto and Hamilton races, where they ran a book.

Four Situations

During the past week the following pupils of

THE WESTERN ONTARIO

Shorthand Academy

76 Dundas Street,

were placed in situations: Miss Morrison, with the Queen City Oil Company, and Miss Griffin, Miss McCord and Mr. McKeitrick with Darch & Hunter.

WINTER TERM

Commences Jan. 5, 1903.

We give our pupils the best possible training in Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, and place every graduate in a situation.

WM. C. COO, C.S.R., Principal.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WATSON & CO., HOUSE MOVERS—Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 194 Hamilton road. 'Phone 1,231.

WILLIAM HODGSON, PAINTER, paperhanger. Estimates free. 410 Horton street.

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

ONE WEEK ONLY—MEN'S $2 25 FINE fur felt hats for $1 50; $1 75 hats for $1 35. J. H. Cunningham, 662 Dundas street.

WE HAVE REDUCED OUR PRICES in pork. Come and get them when they're cheap, at 1 to 5 Market House. James A. Anderson. ywt

BOOKS, PAPERS, MAGAZINES, FROM any place on earth. Red Star News Company, Market Lane.

FOR SALE—THREE GOOD PRACTICE pianos, $35, $45 and $50, payable $2 per month, guaranteed. Organs for $10 and $20, payable $2 per month. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas, corner Clarence.

GREEN & CO. HAVE ON HAND GOOD supply of best quality soft coal for domestic purposes. Good dry wood in 12 and 16-inch blocks, or split. Green & Co., Maitland street and Grand Trunk Railway. 'Phone 1,391.

BIG HORSE FOR SALE—SPLENDID driver; a bargain. G. Marshall & Co., 258 Dundas street. 72tf

SKATES HOLLOW-GROUND AT 10c A pair. D. McKenzie & Co., 298 Richmond street.

GREEN'S LOTION — GUARANTEED cure (or money refunded) for all sores and ulcerated wounds on limbs and body, running sores of long standing, etc. Price, $1 per bottle. William Green, horse trainer, Queen's Hotel, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—LARGE IRON SAFE; CONTAINS private drawers and lots of room for large books. Apply Advertiser office. 35tf

STOVES, BASEBURNERS AND Ranges of all kinds for wood and coal; second-hand furniture; cheap; at F. Keene's, 141 King street.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND SOFT coal. Wm. Buchanan, 633 Colborne street.

ORDERS FOR HARD AND SOFT wood received. Order ahead. Leading East End wood yard. D. H. Gillies & Co. 'Phone 1,312.

REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS EXCHANGE

FOR SALE.

Corner Ridout and West avenue, modern brick $3,800
28 Euclid avenue, handsome residence 4,000
602 Queen's avenue, brick, modern... 2,500
234 St. George street, brick, modern.. 3,000
82 Byron avenue, brick, modern..... 2,800
300 Grosvenor street, brick, modern.. 2,100
483 Princess avenue, story frame.... 2,000
2,332 Lorne avenue, 1½-story frame, large lot 1,200
459-461 Simcoe street, 2-story frame, bargain 1,000

Above is partial list.

DULMAGE & MOORHOUSE.

'Phone 1,525. 6 Albion Block.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES, KNOWN AS the farm of the late James Ralph, on lot 10, con. 5, London Township; well watered; story and a half frame house, and good outbuildings. Apply Ralph Bros., Ballymote, or Edward Ralph, Delaware. 74n-ywt

NOTICE—LOTS ON THE OLIVER SURVEY will be advanced in price on the 15th of January, 1903. Get your choice now, as there are only a few left. Easy terms. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

FOR SALE—50-ACRE FARM, WITH stock and implements; within driving distance of London and Parkhill markets. Price, $2,500. Apply H. Fountain, Sylvan, West Williams, Ont. 72n

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAIR GOODS—NOTHING MORE APPROPRIATE for Christmas gift than a switch, pompadour, wig, or hair ornament. Miller's Hair Store, 223 Dundas street.

HOTEL CARDS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, MONTREAL—Centrally located and first-class in every respect. H. Hogan, proprietor.

OFFICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT—Excellent lunch counter, only one in city. W. J. Wright, proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL—OPPOSITE G. T. R. depot. Central location. First-class in every respect. Louis Risk, proprietor.

WANTED.

WANTED—CITY LOAN COMPANIES' stocks. John Wright, stock broker, London.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—BLACK BISHOP ROBE, ON Queen's avenue or Dundas street, Wednesday evening. Reward on returning to this office. 76u

EDUCATIONAL.

LONDON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY REOPENS on Monday, Jan. 5. Full and complete regular commercial and shorthand courses. Evening classes for those who cannot attend during the day. W. N. Yerex, B.C., principal. 76n-wty

HELP WANTED.

$15 PER 1,000—COPYING AT HOME; either sex; two stamps for particulars. Twain Novelty Company, Omaha building, Chicago. 72u-tw

ARCHITECTS.

MOORE & HENRY—ARCHITECTS, LAND SURVEYORS, CIVIL ENGINEERS.

John M. Moore. Frederick Henry.

HOW SANTA CLAUS FOUND HIMSELF

By GEORGE BROOKS.

As the train slowed up at Hillsvale the fat man in the smoking car hastily gathered about him a large number of mysterious looking bundles and cluttered forward to the front platform. When the train stopped at the little depot he swung off on the side opposite to where two lonesome, despondent looking hacks and a pair of half frozen hackmen were waiting for possible fares. The fat man with the strange packages hustled behind the protecting cover of a long row of freight cars standing on a switch track, and when he had reached his haven of refuge peeked carefully around to see if he was observed.

Apparently no one had noticed his arrival, for the four or five passengers who had alighted from the train packed themselves into the hacks, which immediately squeaked away over the snow in the direction of the one hotel in Hillsvale. A big man buttoned up in an immense ulster, who had been waiting the arrival of the train, eagerly scanned the face of everybody who alighted, but the one that he was expecting did not seem to be among them, and finally, with an exclamation of disgust, he went back to his own sleigh, said "home" to the driver, and went jingling away in the night. The fat man behind the row of freight cars waited until the music of the bells had died quite away and then he chuckled with delight.

"Fooled 'em," he said, pleasantly to himself. "Fooled 'em completely. He'll go back and say I'm not coming and there'll be much regret. Then when I do go bounding in through a window—well, I think my reception will be almost an ovation."

The fat man was Mr. Thomas Dorton, senior member of the firm of Dorton & Barton, commission brokers. He had come out to Hillsvale, as he had been coming for the last fourteen years, to act as Santa Claus at the Christmas party that was always held at his brother's house, where the clan Dorton annually congregated in force and where Uncle Tom Dorton was always the bright particular star.

The amiable Mr. Dorton had arrived at the conclusion that this year he must do something different. He was afraid that the clan Dorton were getting tired of his annual appearance as Santa Claus because of the sameness of his performances. This time he planned a surprise. He had decided to lead them to believe that he was not coming, and then suddenly to bounce in through a back window right into the center of the crowd.

"I bet I'll get a hand this time all right," he soliloquized. "Say, that'll be one of the most sensational entrances that ever happened outside of a theater."

It was Mr. Dorton's plan to don his Santa Claus rig in the shadow of the freight cars, and, after arraying himself properly, to cut across the fields and wood to where his brother's house stood overlooking the lake. So he hurriedly pulled on the fur trousers and boots that formed a part of his costume and then drew on the big woolly coat. He adjusted the long gray beard on his chin and then pulled on the goggles and the cap. Then he unpacked the packages of toys he had brought and strung the skates, dolls, and popguns over his shoulders, while the rest of the presents he packed on to the little sled that was intended for his sister Susie's boy Tom. Having completed his arrangements Santa Claus started on his hike across the snowcovered fields. It was quite dark, but he was certain that he knew the way without a guide.

He came out through a wood and was looking for the road which he thought was somewhere near, when he was aware that he was walking in water. The snow and ice on which he had been stepping had given way, and he was in water up to his waist. He floundered around and finally made his way out, only to run plump into a barbed wire fence and receive a number of earnest scratches before he was able to get out.

"Bless me," said Santa Claus, breathlessly, "I almost wish I had gone in that sleigh. I'm getting tired of this sort of thing."

He saw the light of a farmhouse not far off, and decided to call there and have the farmer hitch up a rig and tage him to his brother's. He righted the little sled and repacked the presents that had fallen off in his scrambling and started away again.

He knocked loudly on the farmhouse door, and in a moment it was thrown open by a woman, with two small children hanging on her skirts.

"Pardon me," began Santa Claus politely. "But will you please——"

He got no further, for the two children had set up a fearful screaming, and the woman was yelling something about "help" and "tramps" and clutching in the direction of a bubbling tea kettle on the stove. Mr. Dorton suddenly remembered the outlandish rig he had on and the long gray whiskers, and, turning, he rushed down the path to the front gate as fast as he could run, which was not so fast, for he was fat and tired and was pulling the sled behind. He heard dogs barking behind him, but he got through the gate in time and slammed it shut so that the dogs could not follow.

"Well, well," said Santa Claus, as he sat down in a snow bank to rest. "This is geting more and more pleasant every minute. First I walk into a pond, then a barbed wire fence; after that I frighten two small children into fits and a woman tries to scald me, and I escape just about three feet in front of two savage dogs about as big as cows. And here I am, no one knows where, and I am getting extremely hungry and decidedly cold."

Santa Claus decided that the best he could do at least would be to keep moving, and that finally he would find some kindly disposed native who would not shy at his strange appearance and who would show him the way to his brother's house. So he plodded on. He managed to fall into a ditch and was severely shaken up, and once he tumbled into a snow drift and got a good quantity of the coldest of the drift down the back of his neck before he could crawl out. At last he saw somebody coming toward him on horseback. As the horseman drew near to him the fat Santa Claus stepped boldly into the middle of the road, and, holding up his hand, yelled, "Hi, stop there!" in a commanding fashion. The man on the horse's back gave an exclamation of surprise and the horse snorted, and, wheeling around in fright, dashed madly away.

"Another chance gone," murmured Santa Claus in despair. "Well, the next time I try to surprise people I won't—that's all. Think of me at my age wandering around a benighted country on Christmas night and trying to break my neck and freeze to death, and scare people into fits, and doing other things too numerous to mention. I bet that up at the house they're having a big time now. The logs are blazing in the old fireplace and everybody is warm and happy, and away out here in the cold an old fool in a Santa Claus rig is freezing to death. Well, it serves me right."

With these pleasing reflections Santa Claus continued on his way down the road. He saw a light flashing from the window of a house, and with hope again in his bosom started toward it. Suddenly he was aware of a small girl standing in the middle of the road watching him. He fumbled in vain to tear off his white whiskers, but his hands were too cold and numbed. He wondered if the child would scream or merely faint. In either event her father would probably soon appear, and he would be compelled again to race past in advance of a bunch of barking dogs. But the little girl did not seem to be afraid of him. Instead, she walked up quite boldly and said: "How do you do? I am glad to see you."

Mr. Dorton was surprised. Was this one of the clan Dorton children out to meet him?

"Why, how do you do?" he said in answer. "And so you know me?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the child. "Of course I know you; everybody knows you. You are Santa Claus."

The mystery was too deep for the fat Mr. Dorton. "Yes," he said. "I am Santa Claus. Were you waiting to see me?"

"Yes," said the child. "I have been waiting a long time, but I knew you would come. Whenever I got cold I would go back into the house and get warm. Mother said she was afraid that Santa Claus wouldn't come to our house this year, but I knew if I met you here on the road and spoke to you that you wouldn't go past."

"Hum," said Santa Claus. "Well, no indeed. Fact is, I was on my way to your house when I saw you."

"I am so glad," said the little maid. She walked up to Mr. Dorton and took his hand. The moonlight was bright and it shone full in her face, and the false Santa Claus could see that she was pretty and also that she had been crying.

"Tut, tut," he said. "I'm afraid you weren't sure of old Santa Claus. Why, there are tears on your cheeks."

The little girl hung her head. "I was afraid, dear Santa Claus, that you would give away all your presents up at Mr. Dorton's house. There are so many children up there. Of course I wanted them to have presents, but I didn't want you to forget us. You were not going to give away all your presents to the children at Mr. Dorton's, were you?"

"Um," said Santa Claus, somewhat guiltily. "Well, no; that is not exactly. You see I had to save out everything that you wanted. But come now, take me into the house where your brothers and sisters are and let me give them their presents, for you know this is a busy night for me and I must hurry."

The little girl took Santa Claus' hand confidingly, and together they walked down the road toward the house. Mr. Dorton's strange and peculiar adventures were taking a new turn, and he was willing, and in fact anxious, to see what would happen next. The little girl led the way up the path up to the front door of the house, and, throwing it open, walked gravely in, with Santa Claus behind her. There was a chorus of delight from three or four children sitting on the floor in front of a fireplace, and a pale faced little woman working at an ironing table gave a cry of alarm as she looked around.

"Merry Christmas to all," shouted Santa Claus. Then he gave a most elaborate wink with the eye that was nearest to the mother. She seemed to understand that the Santa Claus, even if he were not the real article, had only the kindliest intentions, so she bustled around and fixed a chair in front of the fire and begged him to be seated.

The girl who had captured Santa Claus, and her small brothers and sisters, were standing gravely before him with their hands clasped, and were looking with big, staring joyous eyes at the presents which Mr. Dorton still retained in spite of his mishaps.

"Children," said their mother, with a look at Santa Claus, who looked somewhat as though he had been run through a planning mill, "I am sure that Santa Claus is cold and hungry. You know it is a long ways from the north pole, so you must not bother him with questions until he has something to eat."

Santa Claus murmured his thanks and admitted that he was a bit hungry. In a few minutes a table was spread with a white cloth and on it was placed a simple supper, but hot and smelling extremely good. In spite of his gray whiskers Santa Claus ate a hearty meal, but meantime he talked to the happy children around his knees of his strange travels and how much he had done and seen that evening.

"We were much afraid that you were not coming," said the girl who had escorted him into the house. "We all wanted so many things this year—skates, and toys and dolls, and everything—but mother said that Santa Claus could not come, and that is why I waited for you in the road. I knew you would come."

Santa Claus looked at the mother, who sat watching him and wondering who he was and how he had happened to stray into her house.

"I would not forget you," he said to the children. "The Dorton children would tell you that. I have never disappointed them in fourteen years. I was on my way to their house when I met this little girl and came in here before going there." He cast a glance at the mother, as if to tell her that this statement was for her benefit. Apparently she understood, for she said: "Well, children, now you have seen Santa Claus. I'm sure he must be going, because all the children up at the Dorton house will be waiting for him, and they will be disappointed if he does not come. I will show you the way, Santa Claus, so that you will not miss it."

There was a chorus of disapproval from the children, but they all rose dutifully to help Santa Claus on his way. It must be said, though that they could not hide the disappointment they felt.

Mr. Dorton had been doing a lot of thinking in the last few minutes. He had brought out the presents he had for his nephews and nieces, but he knew that they would have any amount of presents without those he had intended to give. His nephews and nieces did not accept him seriously as a Santa Claus, while these children in this little house where Fate had guided him regarded him as the genuine Santa Claus fresh from the north pole. He made up his mind in an instant.

"Yes, I must go, children," he said. "But, of course, not before I leave you your presents. I had intended putting them in your stockings after you were asleep, but as my reindeer broke down I had to walk and could not keep my appointments in regular order. But now that I am here I will give you your presents right away." And immediately Santa Claus began handing out the dolls, skates, and every toy that he had with him, including the pack on the sled and the sled itself.

The mother tried to interpose, but somehow the tears seemed to choke her, and Santa Claus continued his distribution, while the children clung to his knees and insisted on kissing him, and shouted so with joy that the fat Mr. Dorton decided that he was happier than he had ever been before in his life. He slyly tucked a $10 bill under a book on the mantel where the mother would see it after he had gone away. Then kissing the children a last good-bye Santa Claus hurried from the house and down the road, walking as gayly as a boy.

"I wasn't lost after all," said the fat Mr. Dorton to himself. "As Dorton I was somewhat mixed up as to where I was going, but as Santa Claus I was headed for the right place all the time."

A RAILROAD MAN'S CHRISTMAS

By CY WARMAN.

One Christmas, at least, will live long in the memory of the men and women who hung up their stockings at La Veta Hotel in Gunnison in 18—. Ah, those were the best days of Colorado. Then folks were brave and true to the traditions of Red Hoss Mountain, when "money flowed like liquor," and coal strikes didn't mattier, for the people all had something to burn.

The Yankee proprietor of the dining stations on this mountain line had made them as famous almost as the Harvey houses on the Santa Fe were, which praise is pardonable, since the limited train with its cafe car has closed them all.

But the best of the bunch was La Veta, and the presiding genius was Nora O'Neal, the lady manager. Many an R. & W. exeursionist reading this story will recall her smile, her great gray eyes, her heaps of dark brown hair and the mountain trout that her tables held.

It will be remembered that at that time the main lines of the Rio Grande lay by the barks of the Gunnison, through the Black Canyon, over Cerro Summit and down the Uncompaghre and the Grande to Grand Junction, or the gate of the Utah desert.

John Cassidy was an express messenger whose run was over this route and whose heart and its secret were in the keeping of Nora O'Neal.

From day to day, from week to week, he had waited her answer, which was to come to him "by Christmas."

And now, as only two days remained, he dreaded it, as he had hoped and prayed for it since the aspen leaves began to gather their gold. He knew by the troubled look she wore when off her guard that Nora was thinking.

Most of the men who were gunning in Gunnison in the early 80's were fearless men, who, when a difference of opinion arose, faced each other and fought it out; but there had come to live at La Veta a thin, quiet, handsome fellow, who moved mysteriously in and out of the camp, slept a lot by day and showed a fondness for faro by night. When a name was needed he signed "Buckingham." His icy hand was soft and white and his clothes fitted him faultlessly. He was handsome, and when he paid his bill at the end of the fourth week he proposed to Nora O'Neal. He was so fairer, physically, than Cassidy, and so darker, morally, that Nora could not make up her mind at all, at all.

In the shadow time, between sunset and gaslight, on the afternoon of the last day but one before Christmas, Buck, as he came to be called, leaned over the office counter and put a folded bit of white paper in Nora's hand, saying, as he closed her fingers over it: "Put this powder in Cassidy cup." He knew Cassidy merely as the messenger, whose freight he coveted, and not as a contestant for Nora's heart and hand—a hand he prized, however, as he would a bob-tailed flush, but no more.

As for Cassidy, he would be glad, waking, to find himself alive, and if this plan miscarried, Buck should be able to side-step the gallows. Anyway, dope was preferable to death.

Nora opened her hand, and in utter amazement looked at the paper. Some one interrupted them. Buck turned away, and Nora shoved the powder down deep into her jacket pocket, feeling vaguely guilty.

No. 7, the Salt Lake Limited, was an hour late that night. The regular dinner (we called it supper then) was over when Shanley whistled in.

As the headlight of the Rockaway engine gleamed along the hotel windows Nora went back to see that everything was ready.

In the narrow passage between the kitchen and dining-room she met Buckingham. "What are you doing here," she demanded.

"Now, my beauty," said Buck, laying a cold hand on her arm, "don't be excited."

She turned her honest eyes to him and he almost visibly shrank from them, as she had shuddered at the strange, cold touch of his hand.

"Put that powder in Cassidy's cup," he said, and in the half light of the little hallway she saw his cruel smile.

"And kill Cassidy, the best friend I have on earth?"

"It will not kill him, but it may save his life. I shall be in his car tonight, Sabe? Do as I tell you. He will only fall asleep for a little while, otherwise—well, he may oversleep himself." She would have passed on, but he stayed her. "Where is it?" he demanded, with a meaning glance.

She touched her jacket pocket and he released his hold on her arm.

The shuffle and scuffle of the feet of hungry travelers who were piling into the dining-room had disturbed them. Nora passed on to the rear, Buck out to sit down and dine with the passengers, who always had a shade the best of the bill.

From his favorite seat, facing the audience, he watched the trainmen tumbling into the alcove off the west wing, in one corner of which a couple of Pullman porters in blue and gold sat at a small table, feeding with their forks, and behaving better than some of their white comrades of the rail behaved.

Cassidy came in a moment later, sat down and looked over to see if his rival was in his accustomed place. The big messenger looked steadily at the other man, who had never guessed the messenger's secret, and the other man looked down.

Already the supper, steaming hot, stood before him, while the table girl danced attendance for the tip she was always sure of at the finish. She studied his tastes and knew his wants, from rare roast down to the small, black coffee with which he invariably concluded his meal.

When Buck looked up again he saw Nora approach the table, smile at Cassidy and put a cup of coffee down by his plate.

The trainmen were soon through with their supper, being notoriously rapid feeders, which disastrous habit they acquire while on freight, when they are expected to eat dinner and do an hour's switching in twenty minutes.

Unusually early for him, Buck passed out. Nora purposely avoided him, but watched him from the unlighted little private office. She saw him light a cigar and stroll down the long platform. At the rear of the last Pullman he threw his cigar away and crossed quickly to the shadow of the train. She saw him pass along, for there were no vestibules then, and made no doubt he was climbing into Cassidy's car. As the messenger reached for his change, the cashier-manager caught his hand, drew it across the counter, leaned toward him, saying excitedly, "Be careful tonight, John; don't fall asleep or nod for a moment. Oh, be careful!" she repeated, with ever-increasing intensity, her hot hand trembling on his great wrist; "be careful, come back safe and you shall have your answer."

When Cassidy came back to earth he was surrounded by half a dozen good-natured passengers, men and women, who had come out of the dining-room during the ten or fifteen seconds he had spent in Paradise.

A swift glance at the faces about told him that they had seen, another at Nora that she was embarrassed, but in two ticks of the office clock he protected her, as he would his safe, for his work and time had trained him to be ready instantly for any emergency.

"Good night, sister," he called cheerfly as he hurried toward the door.

"Good-night, John," said Nora, glancing up from the till, radiant with the excitement of her "sweet distress."

"Oh, by Jove," said a man.

"Huh!" said a woman, and they looked like people who had just missed a boat.

With her face against the window, Nora watched the red lights on the rear of No. 7 swing out to the main line.

Closing her desk she climbed to her room on the third floor and knelt by the window. Away out on the shrouded vale she saw the dark train creeping, a sond stream of fire flowing from the short stack of the "shotgun," for Peasley was pounding her for all she was worth in an honest effort to make up the hour that Shanley had lost in the snowdrifts of Marshall Pass. Presently she heard the muffled roar of the train on a trestle, and a moment later saw the Salt Lake Limited swallowed up by the Black Canon, in whose sunless gorges many a driver died before the scenery settled after having been disturbed by the builders of the road.

Over ahead in his quiet car, Cassidy sat musing, smoking, and wondering why Nora should seem so anxious about him. Turning, he glanced about. Everything looked right, but the girl's anxiety bothered him.

Picking up a bundle of way bills he began checking up. The engine screamed for Sapinero, and a moment later he felt the list as they rounded Dead Man's Curve.

Unless they were flagged the next stop would be at Cimarron, at the other end of the canyon.

His work done, the messenger lighted his pipe, settled himself in his high-backed canvas camp chair, and put his feet up on his box for a good smoke. He tried to think of a number of things that had nothing whatever to do with Nora, but somehow she invariably elbowed into his thoughts.

He leaned over and opened his box—not the strong box—but the wooden trunklike box that holds the messenger's street coat when he's on duty, and his jumper when he's off. On the under side of the lifted lid he had fixed a large panel picture of Nora O'Neil.

Buckingham, peering over a piano box, behind which he had hidden at Gunnison, saw and recognized the photograph, for the messenger's light stood on the little safe near the picture. For half an hour he had been watching Cassidy, wondering why he did not fall asleep. He had seen Nora put the cup down with her own hand, to guard, as he thought, against the possibility of a mistake. What will a woman not dare and do for the man she loves? he signed softly. He recalled now that he had always exercised a powerful influence over women—that is, the few he had known—but he was surprised that this consistent Catholic girl should be so "dead easy."

"And now look at this 198 pounds of egotism sitting here smiling on the likeness of the lady who has just dropped bug dust in his coffee. It's positively funny."

Such were the half-whispered musings of the would-be robber.

He actually grew drowsy waiting for Cassidy to go to sleep. The car lurched on a sharp curve, dislodging some boxes. Buck felt a strange, tingling sensation in his fingers and toes. Presently he nodded.

Cassidy sat gazing on the pictured face that had hovered over him in all his dreams for months, and as he gazed, seemed to feel her living presence. He rose as if to greet her, but kept his eyes upon the picture.

Suddenly realizing that something was wrong in his end of the car, Buck stood up, gripping the top of the piano box. The scream of the engine startled him. The car crashed over the switch-frog at Curecanti and Curecanti's Needle stabbed the starry vault above. The car swayed strangely and the lights grew dim.

Suddenly the awful truth flashed through his bewildered brain.

"O—o—o—oh, the wench!" he hissed, pulling his guns.

Cassidy, absorbed in the photo, heard a door slam, and it came to him instantly that Nora had boarded the train at Gunnison, and that someone was showing her over to the head end. As he turned to meet her he saw Buck staggering toward him, holding a murderous gun in each hand. Instantly he reached for his revolver, but a double flash from the guns of the enemy blinded him and put out the bracket lamps. As the messenger sprang forward to find his foe the desperado lunged against him. Cassidy grabbed him, lifted him bodily and smashed him to the floor of the car, but with the amazing tenacity and wonderful agility of the trained gun-fighter, Buck managed to fire as he fell. The big bullet grazed the top of Cassidy's head and he fell unconscious across the half-dead desperado.

Buck felt about for his gun, which had fallen from his hand, but already the "bug dust" was getting in its work. Sighing heavily, he joined the messenger in a quiet sleep.

At Cimarron they broke the car open, revived the sleepers, restored the outlaw to the Ohio State Prison, from which he had escaped, and the messenger to Nora O'Neal.

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Twenty-five Chicago banks will pay taxes this year on property valued at $46,000,000. This is an increase of $10,000,000 during the year, owing to increase in capital, surplus and undivided profits.

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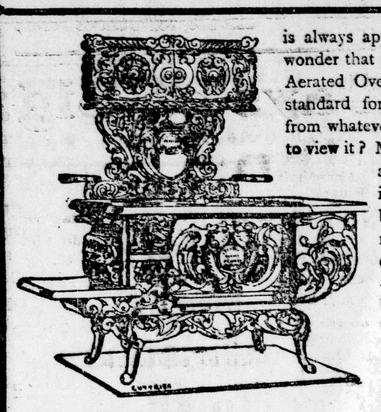
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The motor car terror is said to have struck Scotland severely on account of the number of rich tourists who visit that country. In one case a heavy racing automobile, running very rapidly at night, plunged into a flock of sheep being driven to market, and killed and mangled quite a number of them.

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A MINE BOY'S CHRISTMAS

By John Mitchell, President of United Mine Workers of America.

The first Christmas which I spent as a breaker boy I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday.

I had hung up my stocking the night before, hoping that some trifle might be put into it, and because I knew that other children hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve. Very early next morning I sprang from my bed and ran to the place where I had hung it.

At first I was very much disappointed. The little stocking looked as empty as when it was hung on the nail the night before. Pulling it down, I thrust my hand into it and found in the top of the toe—a silver dime.

Though I was over twelve years of age at the time, it was the first silver dime I had ever owned, and, as far as I can remember, it was the first I had ever seen. A species of local paper currency was used at that time in the sofe coal region of Illinois.

You may imagine that I was delighted to get the little piece of real money. Small as it was it was much more than my stepmother could afford to give me.

It seemed too valuable to spend, so I kept it carefully for a long time. I cannot now recollect for what purpose it was finally spent.

Although I had then begun my career as a mine worker, I had not been at the work long enough to receive any money. A few days before Christmas I had left school and gone to the mines, finding a job as a door boy. My work was to open and close the doors in the mine passages when the horses and coal cars passed through. Strictly speaking, I was never what is known as a "breaker boy." The work of the latter is in the breaker and not in the mine.

Christmas among the anthracite coal miners will not, I fear, be a very merry of joyous one this year. The miners are so heavily in debt to the grocers and other tradesmen that they will have very little money if any to spend for holiday gifts.

While the burden of the long strike bore heavily on both operators and miners, it should be remembered that the children of the operators will not look in vain for the coming of Santa Claus, as will our little boys and girls in the coal regions. No operator's child will find an empty stocking on Christmas morning, though many a breaker boy will.

The churches, of course, have festivals of various kinds on Christmas Day, which the breaker boys may attend if they choose. So far as I know, no entertainments are arranged for their especial benefit. Sometimes the mine superintendent will allow them to harness the colliery mules and have a drive on Christmas Day.

Some of the boys will buy cigarettes, for the breaker boys are not so noticeably different from other boys of the same age. Considering their hard lives, they are wonderfully cheerful little fellows.

They all look and act older than they really are. The hard work makes them stunted in growth and serious in disposition.

Picking out the sharp slate cuts their fingers until the blood comes. This happens more frequently in the winter time and causes them a great deal of pain.

There were 21,000 of these little breaker boys involved in the recent strike. According to the State law none of them should begin work under 12 years of age, but as a matter of fact a large number of them are working under the legal age.

"I'm 12 when I'm here in the breaker, but only 10 when I'm at home," said one little fellow when asked his age.

Their work consists of picking out the slate and other waste materials from the coal before it is loaded on the cars for shipment. The coal descends a number of sloping chutes and the boys sit astride of the chutes and pick out the refuse. The noise of the descending coal on the metal-covered chutes is deafening, and the dust is so thick that it is impossible to take a photograph of the breaker boys while they are at work.

For ten long hours of such work they receive from 64 to 77 cents, though their pay, averaged through the year, is only 52 cents a day.

All the hard coal that is used in New York city and elsewhere has passed through the tiny fingers of these little fellows.

Every one of them belongs to the union, and may attend the union meetings. They pay half dues and are allowed to decide as to the expenditure of a part of the money raised by them. In some cases they have their own meetings, with an adult union officer to supervise and instruct them.

Their loyalty to the union is very strong. During the strike, while some of the men remained at work, their own sons—little 12-year-old breaker boys—refused to follow their fathers' example.

After a boy has worked in a breaker for several years he becomes a door boy, working in the mine. Then he becomes a mine laborer, a miner's helper, and finally a full-fledged miner.

As a miner becomes old and stiff he is reduced to the position of miner's helper.

By degrees he sinks lower and lower along the same road by which he has climbed. He becomes a mine laborer—a door boy—and at last ends his career where he began it—sitting as a white-haired old man side by side with a 10-year-old breaker boy. Such is the circle of the average miner's life.

SAVED HER LIFE

Dame Louis Brevosts Tells a Tale of Suffering and How She Was Relieved.

St. Magloire, Que., Dec. 22.—Too feeble to work, tortured with the pains of Rheumatism, suffering from Bright's Disease and Heart Trouble, it was little wonder that Dame Louis Brevosts had almost decided to give up the struggle, but today she is a strong, hearty, happy woman, and she always says, "Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

"I tried all medicines in the world and grew worse and worse," says Dame Brevosts. "There were three months I stopped taking everything and made up my mind to let myself die. Then I was led to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The good the first box did me surprised me. I have taken twenty boxes and I am well again. I am in perfect health and I am very joyful. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

One of the delusions of a lunatic recently sent to an asylum at Ararat, Victoria, was that he was being pursued by a ghost which had come all the way from the Galtee Mountains, in Ireland, to haunt him.

Backache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thirst, scanty, cloudy, highly-colored urine, and all urinary troubles lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, etc. Doan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure.

Hartlebury Castle, England, the oldest episcopal residence in the world, is to be sold, being too costly for a bishop without private means to maintain. The place may be purchased for diocesan work.

WORMS DERANGE the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Japan's latest curiosity is a baby boy who, at the age of ten months, weighs nearly four stone and is over three feet in stature. His parents have taken him to Tokio to have him adopted by a wrestler.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.



Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, than to take the remedy into the stomach?

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

Cures While You Sleep

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Is a boon to asthmatics.

—FOR—

Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Colds, Grippe and Hay Fever

The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, together with a bottle of Cresolene, $1.50. Extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Write for descriptive booklet containing highest testimony as to its value.

VAPO-CRESOLENE IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Vapo-Cresolene Co.

180 Fulton Street, New York — 1651 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

Bronchitis

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

25c., 50c., $1.00. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy

Is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction.

Before.

It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, the Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants; Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Price $1 per package, or six for $5. One will please; six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for pamphlet—free to any address.



After.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine sold in London by C. McCallum & Co., and Anderson & Kelles, druggists.

WHISKARD'S Three Busy Stores

228, 230, 232 Dundas Street

More Days of Big Selling.

The Christmas rush is a thing of the past, but we do not relax our efforts at bargain giving. Despite the tremendous demands made upon them, the stocks of the "Three Busy Stores" still bristle with buying inducements too good to miss. We tell of many special snaps in this announcement. Scores of others just as good await you here.

Special Purchase Just In---1,000 Dozen of Ladies' and Gents' Handkerchiefs.

In silk, Swiss embroidery, hemstitched lawns, Children's Handkerchiefs, Fancy Handkerchiefs and a large assortment of all kinds. Come and see them. Beautiful Handkerchiefs, 6 for 25 cents.

Gents' large size Silk Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, initialed, good value at 50 cents; our price, 25 cents each.

FINE SWISS EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, 10c, 12½c and 15c. See them. They are worth more money.

FORTY DOZEN EMBROIDERED AND HEMSTITCHED FINE HANDKERCHIEF CENTERS; regular 15c, sale price 50c a dozen, or 5c each; as many or few as you like. Big bargain.

CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS—Any amount of them; plain, mottoed or silk scolloped and braided, worth 10c each; sale price, 6 for 25c.

White Cotton Handkerchiefs, nicely bordered, 25c a dozen.

ONE LINE OF LADIES' TAN LEATHER SHOPPING BAGS; WERE 75c, PRICE 19c EACH.

27 QUILTS, SLIGHTLY DAMAGED! WORTH $1 00, SALE PRICE, 69c EACH.

Big Bargain in Bed Tickings.

10c Tickings for 8c a yard.
12½c Tickings for 10c a yard.
17c Tickings for 12½c a yard.
25c Tickings for 20c a yard.

Dressed Dolls, Special 15c each.

Fine Factory Cotton.

Worth 7c, sale price 5c a yard.

Special line of Flannelette, just in; worth 10c, for 7c and 8c a yard.

25 PIECES OF FANCY AMERICAN WRAPPERETTE; regular 10c, sale price 8c a yard.

Four Special Lines.

Special line of Ladies' and Gents' Black Astrachan Gauntlets; regular $1 00, sale price 50c a pair.

New lines of Lace Curtains just in; special at 25c and 50c a pair.

Very fine Lace Curtains, just in; regular $1 25, sale price $1 00. Beautiful patterns.

35 DOZEN OF CHILDREN'S PURE WOOL UNDERVESTS, in all sizes, in white and natural, open front. These goods are worth 50c, sale price 35c and 25c. See them.

HOW CYNTHIA WON HER CHRISTMAS BET

I don't believe I ever saw Cynthia looking more tantalizing than she did that Christmas morning as we walked down the street together. The snow was crisp under foot and the merry jingle of sleigh bells was in the air. Cynthia had on her new box coat and the furs that her aunt Julia had given her, and while Cynthia would look exceedingly becoming in tattered rags, she was unusually fetching in the rig she wore that morning. Still we were quarreling as usual. And as usual the fault was all Cynthia's.

"Think of it, Cynthia," I said, reprovingly. "Christmas morning and peace and good will on every hand, and yet you are quarreling with me."

"Indeed, I'm not," said Cynthia. "You are quarreling with me."

"The fault is entirely yours. I have a perfect right to ask you who it was that was so silly to give that bracelet."

"And I have a perfect right to say that it's my own little affair, sir," she said.

"Not to me. I have a right to demand an answer."

"Well, I'll partly answer your question," said Cynthia.

"Now, that is a step in the right direction," I answered.

"In the first place, then," said Cynthia, "you didn't send it."

"I should say not. I have not taken rid of my senses. Such a silly looking bracelet as it is. It's gaudy and garrish and extremely vulgar looking. I hope I have better taste than to select such a thing as that for a Christmas present."

"I like it," said Cynthia, contentedly. "I suppose the person who gave it to me, though, will feel terrible when they find out that you are displeased with it."

"No," I interposed. "I don't think anything of the kind. But I do think that I have a right to know who sent it to you."

"Why?" asked Cynthia.

"Well," I went on, lamely, "well, because, in the first place, I am such an old friend."

"O, if that's the reason," said Cynthia, "I must go over and tell Major Travers first, because he's an older friend than you are. He's 68."

"Cynthia," I answered, savagely, "you're treating me unfairly."

"Why, goodness me," and Cynthia's mild blue eyes opened wide. "You're not older than Major Travers, are you?"

"You know perfectly well how old I am. But that isn't it. Your father told me to look after you while he was away."

"He didn't say to look after my bracelets, did he?"

"Cynthia," I said, sternly, "I refuse to let you go on this way. I demand that you tell me who sent you that bracelet."

"And if I don't tell you," asked Cynthia.

"I shall do something desperate." I looked around to see what desperate thing I could do. The outlook was discouraging.

"O," said Cynthia, aghast. "Don't be unreasonable. There are so many people on the street and lots of them know me."

I felt that at last I was securing an advantage. The enemy shows signs of retreat. I took another look around. We were standing in front of Molly Harnley's.

"Don't be silly," begged Cynthia. "What are you going to do desperate?" She followed my eyes. I was looking over the iron fence into Molly Harnley's front yard.

"O," gasped Cynthia. "You are not thinking of that, are you?"

"Just that, exactly," I answered, though I hadn't the slightest idea what she meant.

"Of climbing on to that big iron reindeer in Molly Harnley's yard and sitting there until you force me to tell you. O, I have followed your eyes. Please don't be so absurd.

For lack of something better to look at I had been looking at the iron deer that stood proudly defiant in the Harnley yard. I wished that I hadn't, but since I had begun bulldozing tactics I felt bound to go ahead. Besides, Cynthia was already in a panic and I felt that in a moment more she would surrender.

I laid my hands on the low iron fence. "The name, Cynthia," I said. "The name of the man who sent you the bracelet, or on the deer's back I go."

"Don't" she gasped. "Why, every one will see you."

"The name," I demanded, sternly.

"I can't tell you," she said. "But, please, let us go on; people are looking at us now."

For answer I vaulted over the fence, and, running across the yard, reached the deer.

"What is the name?" I called back to her.

She did not answer. I caught the branching horns of the reindeer and vaulted to its back.

"O, please please, don't sing," called Cynthia. "Come back this instant."

I hadn't intended to sing, but as soon as Cynthia spoke I immediately broke into a lusty song. The crowd that had now gathered on the sidewalk was pointing at me and I could see that I was regarded as a mild lunatic, and that two or three people were running for a policeman. But, anyhow, I thought Cynthia was as much, if not more, humiliated than I. But I looked for her in vain.

A window in the house opened and I heard Cynthia softly call out: "Please get off the deer and come into the house. My father sent me the bracelet."

I fairly fell off the iron reindeer and disappeared within the protecting walls of the Harnley mansion as fast as I could, and just in time to avoid being arrested by two policemen, who were running down the street toward me.

"O," said Molly Harnley, "how hateful of you to make me lose my bet of ten pounds of chocolates."

"What bet?" I demanded.

"Why," said Molly, "Cynthia bet me that she would bring you down here Christmas morning and make you ride the reindeer and sing while you were on its back."

I banged the door so hard as I went out that it's a wonder the Harnley house didn't tumble in. And in spite of the noise I heard Cynthia's disagreeable giggle.

ValuableAdvice to Moth ers.

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of an approaching attack of grippe, sore throat or sickness of any kind, first thing get out your bottle of Nerviline. Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals Polson's Nerviline, which is a necessity in every household. Large bottles cost only 25c.

FIRST CHRISTMAS IN KLONDIKE

By Helen Tyler Griswold.

A few hundred men and a dozen women scattered throughout the United States, remember with me the first celebration of Christmas in the Klondike. Many veteran gold prospectors and miners, who have spent "the best day in all the year" amid strange environments and under primitive conditions, have told me that the Christmas observance in Dawson, 1896, was the most memorable of all. As for the pioneer American women in the new gold fields under the aurora borealis, why, if any of us live to twice Methuselah's age we shall always have that memory clear and distinct.

The first gold in the Klondike was found in August, 1896. Three weeks later a stampede of 500 gold-crazy men from all of the desolate mining camps along the Yukon set in for Klondike Creek. A settlement was made amid the black mud at what is now Dawson City, where Klondike Creek empties into the Yukon. It was a wild, frantic rush of battered, tattered frontiersmen who had been cut off from the world for years, to gain possession of prior claims on the benches along the little water courses in the newly-found gold region. Every one was as poor as Job's proverbial turkey when he got to Dawson. While the men scrambled over hills and dales in quest of placer locations, the few women, who, with their husbands, had followed fortune's beckonings to the Klondike, set about making habitable places at Dawson.

By December there were over 700 men and 12 women in the new camp.

Out on the creeks there were about 300 more men, who lived in crazy cabins and the crudest sort of shacks, while they dug gold dust and nuggets of a value of $5 to even $500 a day. Dawson City sprang up like magic, with its log cabins, heaped about with earth, its pine plank saloons and storehouses. A ruder, more uncouth-looking community probably was never known. But the enormous wealth that was suddenly found roundabout made us all mirthful in spite of the dreadful life one had to endure. The cold weather settled down on Klondike at the close of November. We had ice a foot thick and temperatures below zero. The days were practically five hours long. We lit candles at 3 p.m., and it was pitch dark at 4. The awful winds of the Arctic set in early in December and blew steadily for four months. One day the temperature dropped to 30 below zero, and then until March it ranged between that and 64 degrees below zero.

The intense loneliness of our cabin life in Klondike on a long black winter night is indescribable. The roof and walls shook as if in palsy from the hurricane without. A flickering candle (costing $1 25) furnished the sole illumination. The temperature outside the cabin was so low that the thermometer would not register it. Snow lay banked all about, and there was not a thing to give evidence but that you were the sole remnant of the human race. The consciousness that you are in a tiny community of strangers, living, amid vast oceans of snow and ice, absolutely cut off from participation in the things that make modern living a joy, is overwhelming.

Notwithstanding there were shot sacks full of gold nuggets, and tomato cans, fish cans, beer bottles and pouches of walrus skin filled with gold dust in almost every miner's cabin in Dawson in those days, severest economy had to be exercised in our domestic supplies. We were somewhat like Robinson Crusoe with his keg of gold on a desolate island. The navigation companies were unprepared for the sudden rush of people to the Klondike. The Yukon was frozen from mouth to source, and 800 miles of snow and ice lay between us and the Pacific Ocean. The freshest newspaper in the camp was four months old, and there were not ten books in all Dawson. Three of these were Bibles and the rest cheap novels. All were worn threadbare by assiduous reading before the spring came.

The few Dawson women used to meet together and mend clothing for an hour or two (when the light was clear) at midday. Seated on boxes, bunks and barrels about a plank table, we really had a jolly time amid crude surroundings. On special occasions we had a spread, consisting of stewed dried apples, dried peach tarts, and cornmeal cake. Twice John B. Lewis, who made a fortune of $330,000 during the first year in the Klondike, invited all the Dawson women to his cabin for a feast. And what a glorious time it was! Deeply muffled in blankets and scarfs we arrived upon the scene. We sang old-time hymns, recited bits of prose and poetry from memory, and sat down on little benches to dine on roast bear meat, stewed prunes and canned quinces, served on tin plates, and in tin cups.

Christmas drew near. Half the men in Klondike kept no track of the dates as they passed monotonously by. Here and there, however, was a man who marked off each day on a calendar, and that kept our camp chronology straight. Everyone in Dawson, from the meanest pessimist to the most genial philanthropist, felt that some observances should be made of the day. Lots of men there had not given heed to the passing of the holiday season for years. The greater part of the Klondikers felt so cut off from all the doings and thought of the busy world that they paid no attention to months or dates. But nevertheless there was an inexpressible yearning in that hard, sullen climate for all of us to be like people in our old Canadian and American homes. The solitude of a camp, active though it was in gold finding, away up there under a boreal sky and long black winters, with everything in nature buried under a sea of glistening snow, brought out one's tenderest instincts.

Christmas observance was out of the question in any of the log cabins in Dawson, for none was larger than 20 by 30, and every one of them had a dirt floor and with accommodations so very poor that the very word is an exaggeration. For instance, there was Dan Miller, a Canadian, who had two claims on Bonanza Creek, which have since sold for $560,000, and which yielded him besides over $140,000; he lived in a log cabin that would be dear at $15 in any state. And there was Geo. Anderson, a Norwegian, who lived in similar primitiveness, and had so much gold in his place that he even utilized an old pair of rubber boots to hold his increasing hoard.

The only apartment in all Dawson that would then hold over 150 people was McCarthy's saloon—the Palace of Dawson, as he grandiloquently called it. The Palace was a barnlike structure hastily knocked together from rough pine boards, battened within and without. It had a board floor, and across one end extended a rough bar, behind which were barrels and bottles of all sorts of vile alcoholic liquors. There were pine tables and pine board seats for gambling, and tin fixtures for tallow candles hung from the roof rafters. The roof was covered by a foot of earth, and the walls of the building were also heaped up outside with earth to keep the warmth within and to keep out the bitter cold. Crude as it was, McCarthy's saloon did a business amounting to thousands of dollars a month. An ounce of gold paid for only a few drinks and a half-dozen cheap cigars.

Unless we had some sort of a Christmas celebration to break the melancholy monotony of our arctic winter, we would have gone well-nigh mad before the snow and ice disappeared the following May or June. The Swedish and Norwegian miners emphatically declared that the luck of the Klondike would disappear if Christmas were allowed to pass unobserved in Dawson. One of the young wives in camp went to see Dan McCarthy about using his saloon for our holiday festivity. The saloonkeeper was delighted with the idea, although he said it would deprive him of his richest harvest season in selling drinks to the miners.

"I'll put blankets in front of my bar so as to make things look better for you all, and I'll stop all gambling here on Christmas Day," said he. "You ladies can have full sway here for the day."

For two weeks all of the eleven women in Dawson planned by night and worked by day toward the Christmas preparations. In a temperature that ranged at about 50 below zero two little women went about soliciting contributions of gold dust (that was the sole medium of exchange) for the expenses of the celebration, and when they got some 70 ounces of gold (worth $1,250), they ceased. Other women went from cabin to cabin soliciting what seemed available for decorating the saloon for our celebration. And what a crazy assortment of things there came forth from miners' bags and trunks and knapsacks fit for decorative purposes. There were frayed chromos of the Queen, President Cleveland, the Pope, and cheap flash prints of ballet girls and prize fighters. One old fellow had a cotton American flag in his scant belongings. Another came forward with an illustrated journal, with pictures of Santa Claus and his reindeers, and he generously contributed his prize to the decoration committee. A young Boston man, who had a homely knack for drawing, got a lot of manila wrapping paper after foraging about Dawson, and laboriously drew appropriate Christmas scenes for adornment of McCarthy's walls on the festal occasion.

Can anyone ever tell the public interest in camp while we women decked the Dawson saloon the day before Christmas, or of the enthusiasm which animated many a Klondiker to trudge ten and twenty miles in from his cabin, through deep snow and blinding winds, to participate in the holiday festivities. When Christmas Eve came the saloon was crowded, and every inch of the planks brought in for seats was occupied and many men stood up. It was a memorable scene. There were men who for years had lived off in the barren wilds of British Columbia, and had not known a Christmas celebration of any sort since their youth. There were men who were absolutely illiterate, and men who had been reared in homes of refinement and Christian teaching.

Here and there were young Englishmen or college-bred men, who had drifted to Alaska and had lived like savages while they hunted for golden fortunes among the gulches and along the creeks. All wore great beards—some a foot or more long. Many had hair that hung on the shoulders. There were men who wore big clumsy garments of shaggy fur and caps of bear skin. There were some who came in rubber boots and walrus hide shoes with blankets roped about their waists, so as to brave the horrible weather. The assemblage resembled pictures in books of companies of arctic explorers. Many a man had tiny icicles hanging from his hairy face as he came stamping and blowing into the saloon. Without it was as black as ebony. A gale that shook the building like an earthquake blew straight down from the north pole, and even if we did wear the heaviest, thickest garments we could find and the big box stove in the building was constantly stuffed with pine slabs, we shivered with the cold.

The Christmas eve exercises began. A young Canadian read the gospel narrative of Christ's birth, according to Matthew. Another miner, who had once been a missionary at Sitka, Alaska, discoursed (from out the face opening in his fur cap) upon the meaning of Christ's coming, and many a man said it was the first time he had heard a talk of that kind since he was a boy in the old home in other parts of the world. Then a choir sang gospel hymns, and the first chorus ever in the Klondike raised its voice when the familiar tunes were sung. The enthusiasm was unbounded. Some men wept tears of joy at the realization that away up there in the farthermost corner of the earth they were hearing melodies they had not heard since they were at their mothers' knees. How the assemblage cheered. Great boots stamped the floor. Big fists pounded the pine benches and rough voices called, "Hit 'em again." "Keep her up" and "That's bully."

When midnight drew near McCarthy, who had arranged that the first Christmas in Dawson should be properly saluted, led several score of men, armed with shotguns, rifles and revolvers, out of doors. When the whistle at Ladue's sawmill screeched we knew that Christmas had dawned. In a trice began a fusillade of weapons. In a few minutes the miners came back into the saloon with their guns. For an hour more there was a season of handshakings and snatches of songs, until the candles began to sputter. While over 100 of the miners slept on McCarthy's floor that night, most of us people who lived in the neighborhood went back to our cabins, feeling our way as best we could in the darkness, and scarcely uttering a word because of the freezing blasts.

When the dreary daylight appeared next day at about 10 o'clock all Dawson was up. There was no time lost in morning toilets there, where every one slept in bunks and where few people dressed or undressed for weeks at a time in midwinter. At noon the Christmas feast, prepared with infinite pains and care for variety, was served at McCarthy's. If Dawson stands a thousand years that first Christmas feast will not be forgotten. Tables made by laying boards across barrels were set up at McCarthy's. The diners sat on boxes, kegs and benches. There were no table cloths to be had anywhere, and the sole table ornamentations were sprigs of green from the pine trees. But the cheeriness of the scene, primitive though it was, in that land of whitened desolation and melancholy, touched the flintiest heart among us. The women and their husbands acted as waiters. No meal prepared by the most famous chef was ever more eagerly devoured. The miners had brought their own cups and plates and iron knives, forks and spoons. Several men who had silver-plated table utensils were looked upon as aristocrats.

A blessing was asked by an old Scotch miner from Bonanza Creek, and then we brought in from McCarthy's kitchen pans of baked beans, followed by stewed codfish. The reader may smile at such articles of diet for a Christmas dinner, but it took a lot of gold dust to buy them, and no end of planning with our limited markets to arrange so varied a bill of fare. Next came an Alaskan preparation of cakes of baked salmon, then stewed prunes and tarts of dried apples sweetened with condensed milk. For drink we had coffee and tea, and then cigars, which would be dear at five cents each in the United States, but which cost 70 cents in Dawson, were passed. But the jollity of it all is past telling. There was no end of jesting and humorous comparisons of our spread on the banks of the frozen Yukon with Christmas dinners that we knew were sumptuously laid in American homes, away off in the land of children and the joys of the regulation Christmas-tide.

Whew! how the good things disappeared before the bewhiskered, shaggy, jovial diners. When the last bit of food had disappeared the men lighted their cigars and pipes. McCarthy made a speech, in which he said that the men had come prepared to contribute toward a public hospital in Dawson, because scurvy was killing some men and here and there was a fellow who had lost a foot or a hand by freezing. Mrs. Allen was named as received of the contributions, and she put a tin can on the table. The miners filed past her one by one, and each cast in his contribution of gold dust or nuggets. One man gave two pounds of gold (worth over $530). Every one contributed something. I don't believe an assemblage of like size was ever so generous, for in ten minutes the tin can contained over 50 pounds of gold, which was later cashed by the Alaska Commercial Company for $10,758. That was the beginning of the first public charity in the Klondike.

For several hours that Christmas day we gave way to all the fun and jollity we could muster. One man, an old sailor, had a battered violin with him, and while he squeaked out airs on his instrument there were accompanying songs. Everyone who could tell a story was pressed to speak, while those who knew songs were urged on by the clapping of hands and approving shouts. But, oh, how we did long for a child to make our Christmas the gladder!

Two Frenchmen sang the "Marseillaise." Several men who knew the words of our national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner," led the singing of that, and a chorus of 200 voices joined in humming the air. I doubt if any of us ever heard music that went deeper into our souls. The leaders were repeatedly called to sing the song over and over again. The second time we sang it through more fevently than at first. A half dozen times more we sang it until our voices drowned the howling of the wind outdoors. We forgot, for a time, how far we were from our home land, and in our enthusiasm all shook hands dozens of times. Some old fellows' eyes were wet with gladness. It was the first time the national hymn was ever sung on the Klondike.

In deference to our English and Canadian friends, on whose soil we were making our golden riches, we sang "God Save the Queen."

Then for several hours, until the candles melted to mere stubs, and the building was clouded with dense tobacco smoke, the miners recited bits of verse they had gathered in their life in various mining camps, and told of other Christmas days in other climes, where there were Christmas chimes, visions of Santa Claus, giving of gifts and romping, happy children.

A dozen men made speeches, a few of them genuinely humorous, appropriate to the occasion. It must have been away below 50 degrees below zero when one and all pulled our fur caps on and strapped heavy garments about us late that arctic night and went trudging home through the snow to our cabins along the creeks brimful of pleasant memories of our first Christmas in the arctic mining camps. —Washington Star.

There are no more important organs of the body than the bowels

If they are irregular, health must be imperfect.

Constipation is the common ailment of the age.

Nothing is worse for the bowels than the frequent use of cathartics. They do not cure Constipation—they aggravate it. A laxative does cure.

IRON-OX TABLETS

are a Gentle Laxative and a Tonic combined

The Ideal Remedy for Constipation

50 Tablets 25 Cents

Convalescence.

Convalescence is sometimes merely apparent, not real, and especially is this true after such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever and the grip. To make it real and rapid, there is no other tonic so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine cleanses and renews the blood, strengthens all the organs and functions, and restores health. Take Hood's.

In British India there have been during the past 30 or 40 years quite a number of Englishmen who, yielding to some monomania, have adopted the role of fakir and have ended their days as hermits, subjecting themselves to all those dreadful forms of asceticism and of penance practiced by the Indian dervishes.

Revolution in Newfoundland.

Since the introduction into Newfoundland of the new Inhaler Remedy, "Catarrhozone," the treatment of catarrhal diseases has been entirely revolutionized. The old-time snuff and internal medicine has been cast aside, and everyone is inhaling Catarrhozone. It clears the head and throat in two minutes, and is very agreeable and pleasant to use. Catarrhozone is a wonderful cure for coughs, colds, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, lung troubles and deafness. It relieves quickly and cures permanently. We advise our readers to try Catarrhozone. Price $1; trial size, 25c. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

Col. Daniel Stevens, of Bristol, R. I., has a collection of 3,000 buttons from armies and navies of many nations. He began his collecting in 1880 at Nashville, Tenn., and many of his buttons are valuable as souvenirs.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.
Children Cry for CASTORIA.

PE-RU-NA IN THE HOME BRINGS SAFETY AND COMFORT

A Letter From a Beautiful Albany Girl.



MISS SARAH McGAHAN.

MISS SARAH McGAHAN, 197 Third street, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"A few months ago I suffered with a severe attack of influenza which nothing seemed to relieve. My hearing became bad, my eyes became irritated and feverish. Nothing seemed right, and nothing I ate tasted good.

"I do not know what Peruna is made of, but I know it is a wonderful medicine to drive away sickness, and restore you to health. Within two weeks I was perfectly well, and now when any of my friends are sick I advise them to take Peruna."—Sara McGahan.

A Cold is the Starting Point of One-Half the Diseases of Mankind.

It is through colds that most of the illnesses come to the human family. Our climate is responsible for most diseases. The ill-effects of the climate first expresses itself through a cold. Immediately following the cold is a derangement of one or more of the organs. It may be in the head. It may be in the stomach. It may be in the pelvic organs, but somewhere in the body the cold is sure to settle.

If Peruna is used at this juncture all trouble may be averted, but unfortunately many people do not use Peruna.

Some of them use some other remedy and some of them use no remedy, and the cold is allowed to develop into influenza (la grippe), or chronic catarrh. At this stage even of the disease Peruna will cure, but, of course, it takes longer. Used in time Peruna never fails to break up a cold and thus avert a great deal of sickness.

The fact is Peruna should be in every household.

A Family of Nine Protected from Catarrhal Diseases by Pe-ru-na.

Mrs. Fred Bartz, 7901-3 Ivory avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"As long as we have had Peruna in the house we have not needed a doctor and there are nine of us in the family."

"Peruna has rendered us greater service than five doctors, and all the patent medicines I have used in the six years that I was sick. I was so bad that no one thought I would ever recover."—Mrs. Fred Bartz.

Peruna is becoming better and better established every day.

It is simply foolishness on the part of any household to allow themselves to be without Peruna.

Most of the Illnesses That Come to the Human Family are the Direct Result of Colds

Holiday Dinners and Catarrhal Indigestion.

Christmas and New Year's bring their joys long anticipated and heartily enjoyed. But the pleasure of holidays is not entirely unalloyed. The big dinners, the nuts and candies, the thousand and one delicacies and rich viands, that tempt the palate and seduce the appetite, are too well known to need mention.

All this leads to deranged stomachs. Catarrh of the stomach is the immediate result. Gastric catarrh, the doctors call it. One or two doses of Peruna at the time prevent a long siege with catarrh of the stomach (generally called dyspepsia). What the doctors call dyspepsia, and the people call indigestion, is in reality catarrh of the stomach.

Holiday over-eating is not entirely confined to the children either. The old folks sometimes do so, too. Whole families often suffer together. Catarrh of the stomach. That is the correct name for it.

Right here Peruna, the friend of the family, comes to the rescue. No family is exactly safe without Peruna. Nothing takes the place of Peruna. Insist upon having it and no other.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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

LEGAL CARDS.

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.

BUCHNER, CAMPBELL & GUNN, barristers, etc., 83 Dundas street, London. Telephone 99. Money to loan at lowest rates.

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

STUART & GUNN, BARRISTERS, ETC. Office, 112 Masonic Temple. Alex. Stuart, K.C.; George C. Gunn.

MAGEE, McKILLOP & MURPHY, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc. Office, corner Richmond and Dundas, London. James Magee, K.C.; J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

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

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

TOOTHE & FAULDS, BARRISTERS, etc., Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 169 Dundas street, near Richmond. Money at lowest rates.

HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLE, Barristers, etc., Over Bank of Commerce.

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

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

MONEY TO LOAN.

$100 00 AND UPWARDS TO LOAN ON real estate, at 4½ to 5½ per cent. Apply J. W. G. Winnett, barrister, 420 Talbot street. ywt

MONEY TO LOAN—$500,000 PRIVATE and trust funds, on first mortgage, at 5 per cent; also on notes and other security. Tennent & Coleridge, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc., 78 Dundas street. ywt

PRIVATE AND TRUST FUNDS TO loan at 4¾ and 5½ per cent on real estate security, in sums to suit. No commission charged. T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 98 Dundas street, London.

MONEY TO LOAN—LARGE OR SMALL amounts. Casey & Morwood, barristers, 37½ Dundas street.

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

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 269 Queen's avenue. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office hours, 12:30 to 6 p.m.

R. W. SHAW, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (England). Office, 287 King street. Telephone 839.

DR. BALFOUR, QUEEN'S AVENUE, opposite St. Andrew's Church. Diseases of women and children. 'Phone 22.

DR. ANGUS GRAHAM—OFFICE AND residence, 469 King street. 'Phone 609.

DR. BAYLY HAS REMOVED HIS office to 211 Queen's avenue.

DR. N. R. HENDERSON, 238 QUEEN'S avenue. Eye, ear, throat and nose only.

H. A. KINGSMILL, M.D., M.R.C.S. (England), has resumed practice. Office, 443 Park avenue. 'Phone 200.

DR. BECHER—OFFICE, 348 DUNDAS street. 'Phone 1,484; house, 148. Hours, 10:30 to 1, 2:30 to 3:30, 7:30 to 8:30.

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

HOMEOPATHY—DR. CHAS. E. JARVIS, physician, surgeon, etc., 759 Dundas street. Telephone 969.

HADLEY WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.C.S. (England). Specialist, surgical diseases only. 469 Park avenue. 'Phone 924.

J. E. CAMPBELL, M.D., 389 Dundas street. Hours, 12 to 4, 6 to 8. 'Phone 522.

DR. McLELLAN, GRADUATE NEW York Eye and Ear Hospital, 1889. Specialist only, eye, ear, nose and throat. 497 Talbot street.

DR. JAMES D. WILSON, CORNER Talbot and Fullerton. Special attention paid to diseases of children.

R. OVENS, M.D., 220 QUEEN'S AVENUE. Eye, ear, nose and throat.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

ALICE CALDER STOCK — SOLOIST First Methodist Church. Voice culture. 254 Queen's avenue. Concert engagements accepted.

CHARLES E. WHEELER, ORGANIST and choirmaster, St. Andrew's Church. Teaching resumed. Piano, pipe organ, harmony, singing. 649 Wellington street. 'Phone 1,527.

ALBERT D. JORDAN, ORGANIST, First Methodist Church—Teacher of piano and organ. Apply between 1 and 2, No. 245 Queen's avenue. Telephone 1,493.

ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH—PUPILS received for piano, harmony, sight singing, history. Residence, 731 Richmond, or homes of pupils.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TENNENT & BARNES, VETERINARY Surgeons—Telephones 278 and 683. Treatment of dogs a specialty. We breed and have for sale pure bred collies.

London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited.)
LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Thursday, Dec. 25.

The Passing of Santa Claus.

Under King Charles I., Christmas was a leading festival of the year, being celebrated with much singing and dancing. When the Puritan element came into power the natural reaction was shown upon all festive songs and emblems of Christmastide. Under directions from the austere clergy, street heralds, with hoarse bells, proclaiming, "No Christmas!" took the place of the carols of rejoicing and good cheer. It was surely something of this spirit that prompted a minister of the Gospel recently, in declaring his intention of preaching against the popular childhood conception of Santa Claus. He stigmatizes Santa Claus as a monstrous lie, blames parents for fostering the idea, and will attempt to uproot it bodily from the child mind and heart. As a matter of fact, if he will look about him, he is bound to be encouraged by the many signs of the decadence of the dear old superstition, for every year sees a smaller percentage of children who believe in the concrete Santa Claus. This is an age of child precocity, and it is a very small if enthusiastic section of the community that still pins its faith to the impossible old gentleman of the reindeer and whiskers, who goes bumping amongst the chimney-pots, hurling himself acrobatically into fireplace and grate. The little folk are being disenchanted fast enough, so why go out of our way to rob them of an illusion which brings them such innocent joy?

But if tomorrow the corporeal Santa were taken out of the question, we would still have the Christmas spirit of geniality, cheeriness and unselfishness. What we may have lost in fable or fairy story has been superseded by something infinitely finer. The charm of the season is no less present today than formerly. For weeks our homes have been filled with a host of fascinating mysteries. There have been comings and goings fraught with tremendous import and innocent deceptions by the score. If possessed of the proper Christmas spirit we have obligingly fallen in with all this until intellects naturally acute have been unable to discern that which is as patent as the nose on one's face. It is this gift-giving that constitutes the greatest charm of Christmas. There are those among us, blase and world-weary folk, who designate the custom as genteel blackmail. Much more pleasant is it to think of it as concentrated generosity and unselfishness.

It is a poor heart that at this season does not go out in a genial glow to its fellow-creatures and wish them well. But these fine feelings would tend to evaporate in mere smoke were they not condensed and directed through just such a channel as gift-giving offers. After all is said, it is everyday, simple kindliness that is the dominant characteristic of the season, and if our spiritual ears are rightly attuned we will ketch something of the music of the angels of Bethlehem, announcing peace and goodwill to men.

A Warning to Santa Claus.

[S. E. Kiser.]

When the tree is in the parlor and the lights are on the tree.
And the strings of colored popcorn are a-dancing merrily,
When the dripping of the tallow makes the drooping branches white,
And the children raise a chorus of unanimous delight,
Oh, Santa Claus, be careful as you gayly skip about,
For you whiskers'll catch fire
If
you
don't
watch
out!

Oh, it's good to hear the shouting of the happy girls and boys,
As you reach up in the branches and untie the swaying toys;
He is hardly half a Christian who would stop such joy as this,
And without the tree our Christmas would be robbed of half its bliss,
But, Santa Claus, be careful, as you frolic and they shout,
You'll be turned to pyrotechnics
If
you
don't
watch
out!

Is Hamilton Alone in This?

[Hamilton Times.]

A good many decent Tories have had enough of the gang that ran last year's council.

Woman's Work.

[Cincinnati Post.]

The world respects the business woman and recognizes her efficiency. It knows she can do most things as well as a man, and many things better. But the thinking part of it remembers the tired faces of the army that is going home from work; searches almost in vain for smiles, and hopes and prays that the day will come when the need for and the needs of the woman in business will be less keen, and the lot of the mothers of a coming generation will be less hard.

Deceased Is Forgiven.

[Imlay City, Mich., Times.]

An old acquaintance, John Fraser, died and was buried at Metamora, last week. During our residence at Metamora, Mr. Freer was one of our bitterest enemies, and the publisher scored him without stint. In the shadow of the tomb all is forgotten. Deceased had his faults. We all have them. However, the good traits of deceased greatly outnumbered his faults, and in the great beyond it is hoped that his will be an unbroken family. Rest in peace.

Wanted—A House of Refuge.

[Hamilton Herald.]

Six poor old women in the county jail—and their only crimes poverty and old age! What do you think of it?

Quite a Different Matter.

[Boston Transcript.]

Fuddy — I hear your horse threw you in the park yesterday?

Duddy — No such thing. He took advantage of the opportunity while I was up in the air to run from under me.

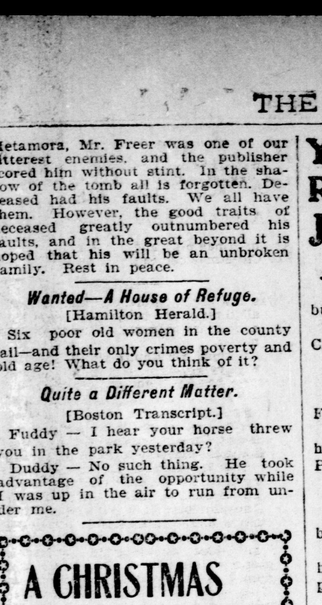
A CHRISTMAS GREETING

A Poem of the Yuletide

A SONG for old Christmas,
For jolly old Christmas.
The monarch of merriment, fun
and good cheer!
Let all the bells chiming
Ring out with a rhyming
For Christmas, good Christmas, King
Christmas is here!

Pile up the log fire
Still higher and higher;
He loves the bright blaze of a wide open
hearth.
No shadow of sadness
Must darken our gladness,
For Christmas, blithe Christmas, now
rules the broad earth.

The stars are all winking
As if they were drinking
Time out of ethereal champagne that he
brings.
The winds shout in chorus:
"Long may he reign o'er us!
Good Christmas, King Christmas, the
greatest of kings!"



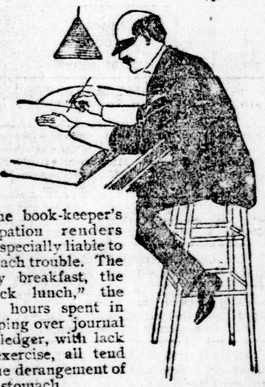
"HAIL TO KING CHRISTMAS!"

O'er snow piles, high drifted,
His throne is uplifted!
His mantle is pinfied by the North Polar
star,
And down the dim ages
Saints, sinners and sages
Cry, "Hail to King Christmas, who rules
near and far!"

His brows wreathed with holly,
Fat, rosy and jolly,
He sways the proud scepter no monarch
can boast
O'er realms that are boundless
And depths that are soundless,
For he, mighty Christmas, alone rules the
roast!

Then plump be the purses
Of all whom these verses
May reach, with their tidings of jolly
good cheer.
Their presents be many,
Their fun best of any,
For Christmas comes once—only once—in
a year.

—Aimee Carey in Philadelphia Ledger.



The book-keeper's occupation renders him specially liable to stomach trouble. The hasty breakfast, the "quick lunch," the long hours spent in stooping over journal and ledger, with lack of exercise, all tend to the derangement of the stomach.

When the stomach is in a healthy condition the feeling after a meal is one of satisfaction and comfort. Whenever there is discomfort after eating it is a sign of stomach derangement or disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition perfectly and permanently. The cures effected by this medicine are almost countless.

"I have taken one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for indigestion and liver complaint," writes Mr. C. M. Wilson, of Yadkin College, Davidson Co., N. C. "Have had no bad spells since I commenced taking your medicine—in fact have not felt like the same man. Before I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I could not eat anything without awful distress, but now I can eat anything I wish without having unpleasant feelings."

Don't be fooled into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just as good" medicine can show.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and regulate the liver. They produce permanent benefit and do not react on the system.

Yuletide Rhymes and Jingles

Johnnie Has a Head For Business.

"Johnnie, what do you want me to buy you for Christmas?"

"How much money have you got?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unpoetic.

"Christmas is in the air," said Mrs. Fosdick, looking out of the window.

"Oh, that's mostly soot you see," her husband explained.—Detroit Free Press.

His One Request.

Mamma—Now, what would you like best for a Christmas present?

Willie—Oh, I'd like to see the schoolhouse burn down! May I?—Philadelphia Press.

Undoubtedly.

"I wish you a happy and prosperous new year," said the soubrette.

"Thank you," replied the contortionist, "I am reasonably sure of making both ends meet."

Sudden and Surprising.

"What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"Wh—what do you mean?"

"Why, of course, I want you!"

Not Through Yet.

"What kind of a Christmas did you pass?" asked the friend.

"The same as usual," answered Mr. Bliggins sourly. "Twenty minutes of turkey and mince pie, and six weeks of pepsin."—Washington Star.

One Who Knew.

Mr. Oompah (Christmas eve)—Maria, I have forgotten where I put Ben's present.

Mrs. Oompah (calling out)—Benny, come and tell your father where he hid that drum he's going to give you.—Chicago Tribune.

A Matter of Principle.

"Is you all gwine to hang up any mistletoe dis Christmas?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"Deed I isn'," answered Mrs. Miami Brown. "I'ze got a little too much pride to advertise foh de ordinary courtesies dat a lady has a right to expect."

Couldn't Give Herself Away.

Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?

Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.

Christmas Causerie.

There is a Christmas tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to—bankruptcy.

A young man will "hang up" more than his stocking if he buys his best girl a present.

The tall man will be short after Christmas.

A man is thankful for small favors; but No. 12 slippers do not come under that head.

It will not be necessary to tell the neighbors that you gave your son a drum.—Truth.

That Bad Teddy Brown.

The wurstest boy I ever see
Is jes' that Teddy Brown;
He's jes' as bad as he can be,
For one day he came down
To visit me awhile an' play
An' said our pas an' mas
Jes' give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' ain't no Santy Claus.

I hain't go'n' play with Teddy Brown;
I'd like to well as not,
But he says Santy can't come down
A chimbly like we got,
An' he says how would his sleigh go
Last Christmas time, because
There wasn't then a speck of snow?
So th' ain't no Santy Claus.

He's jes' the wurstest boy I guess
That ever was, an' I
Hain't go'n' to play with him, but jes'
Go on an' pass him by.
So'd you ef you could hear him say
That jes' our pas an' mas
Will give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' ain't no Santy Claus.
—Margaret Vincent in Womankind.

Modern Santa Claus.



'Twas the night before Christmas;
In each little house
The children were waiting
As still as a mouse
To hear the puff puff
And the pish, chugg and squeal
Of good old St. Nicholas'
Automobile!
—New York Herald.

Holden, sent to Kingston penitentiary for complicity in the Napanee bank robbery in 1898, completed his term Wednesday and was released.

Weak Men Cured Free.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses,



Health, Strength and Vigor For Men.

varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Company, 74 Hull building, Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free recipe with full directions, so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs,—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test, and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs,—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs,—Yours was received, and I had no trouble in making use of the recipe as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The recipe is free for the asking, and they want every man to have it.

Very Likely.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"I see that some of the guests at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York were greatly exercised the other evening, when an old man at one of the tables closed his eyes and said grace before he started to eat."

"I suppose they decided that he must be crazy to think that prayer would help there where money is the only thing that goes."

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD.

How to Prepare and Cook a Goose, Old or Young.

A goose is the typical Christmas bird, although most families dine on turkey that day, and some like a pair of ducks and a fine roast of beef. The goose must be young, or what is called a green goose. Yellow and flexible feet are a sign of youth. A goose is dressed and trussed in the same manner as a turkey, but the skin should be thoroughly washed.

Sage and onions are the traditional seasonings, and a very good way to stuff a goose is to boil and mash some white potatoes and season highly with onion juice, sage, also salt and pepper. Dredge the outside lightly with salt and pepper and thickly with flour. Lay the goose on a rack in the baking pan and put a few tablespoonfuls of water in the pan; baste often. Twenty minutes to the pound is the average time to allow for the baking. Garnish with blood oranges cut in sections on parsley, celery tips or any other green garnish.

Make a sauce from the contents of the pan, thickening with flour, and after straining add the giblets, which have been cooked until tender in water and chopped coarsely.

An old goose cannot be cooked satisfactorily in this way. It will need to be parboiled and then braised.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BICKLE'S Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list of all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Engineers and artificers for the French navy are to be trained on board an old transport which has been turned into a naval schoolship at Bordeaux. She will accommodate 400 cadets, who will go through a four years' course.

A LADY WRITES: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

The Bushmen, or low-grade Hottentots, on the plains of South Africa have a language which has been declared by Prof. Garnier to be a close approximation to that of the higher apes. It consists of hissing, clicking and grunting sounds.

A MEDICINE FOR THE MINER'S PACK.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions, where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

Two children named Mills have died in a gypsy caravan at Battersea from eating mussels. At the inquest a doctor said that a perfectly good mussel would cause the death of a child. The coroner considered there should be regulations for the sale of such food.

ATHLETES, BICYCLISTS and others should always keep HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL on hand. Nothing like it for stiffness and soreness of the muscles, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. w

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

FIT! FORM! COMELINESS!



Every lady has her own idea of what is comfortable in corsets.

Many brains have been kept active in the past trying to produce a Corset that will be perfect; and the game goes on. There are still brains kept busy. One of the latest is the Duplex Diagonal Cont'l, known as the B. & I. The inventor has a great deal to say in its favor. Wind him up and he talks about its wonderful advantages. They are well made from

Good Materials,
Various Forms,
Short and Long Waists,
Slender and Stout.



The Price is $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2—Try them at Kingsmill's.

CHRISTMAS CHEER IS HERE!

AND HOW INTERESTING

The Great Bankrupt Stock of $67,460.00

of RUNIANS, CARSON & McKEE, Purchased at 55c on the Dollar!

Kingsmill is the distributor. It has enabled us to give you desirable goods in every department, so much under value.

What Will It Be? Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Waists, Millinery, Hats or Feathers, something in Bric-a-Brac, a Doll, a piece of Stamped Felt for Embroidering, a Charm, a Purse, a piece of China, any Curios?

"THE BEST."

What every lady says must be true. So many years Wertheimer's Gloves have stood the test. Every pair guaranteed. Every size. Every color. Every make.

"The Sovereign," price	$1 00
Walsdorf	1 00
Coronet	1 10
uede	1 00
Carlton	1 50
Majestic	1 65
Sublime	1 65

"NOT WERTHEIMER'S"

ODDMENTS.

89 pairs colored and black Kid Gloves, Runians, Carson & McKee price $1, Kingsmill's reduced price	69c
132 pairs black and colored, odd sizes, odd makes, Runians, Carson & McKee price 75c to $1 50; Kingsmill's reduced price	50c
65 pairs black, 5¾ and 6, Runians, Carson & McKee price 75c; Kingsmill's reduced price	50c
7 pairs only, Washable French Kid Gloves, price $1 75, reduced to	$1 00

...AT...

KINGSMILL'S

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cushions! Cushions! Feather and Down Cushions from 50c each. Goose Feather Pillows, Mattresses, Springs, Beds, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, from $4 each. Bedroom Suites, Sideboards, Spring Couches, Fancy Chairs, at Hunt & Sons, Mattress and Feather Pillow Manufacturers, 593 Richmond street north. Telephone 997.

The exports of pig iron from the United Kingdom in the eight months ending Aug. 21 were 612,930 tons, as compared with 583,930 tons in 1901, and with 1,045,256 tons in 1900.

If Tormented by Corns use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor; it acts in one night and never causes discomfort. For years "Putnam's" has been the standard corn cure of Great Britain and America; it is the best—try it.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C. U.S.A.

Curse OF DRINK

Cured by COLONIAL REMED

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee, without patient's knowledge.

Colonial Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using Colonial Remedy.

Indorsed by Members of W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Moore, press superintendent of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, California, writes: "I have tested Colonial Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse Colonial Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find an economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work.

Druggists or by mail, $1. Trial package free by writing to Mrs. M. A. Cowan (for years secretary of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union), 2,204 St. Catharine street, Montreal. Sold in London by W. T. Strong & Co.

SPECIALIST
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.
Albert Wesley Kahle, M.D.,
190 DELAWARE AVE.,
OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SUNDAYS: 2 to 4 p.m.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

For Christmas and New Year's Vacation.

Will issue return tickets to general public at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE, good going Dec. 24 and 25, good returning until Dec. 26, 1902; also Dec. 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, valid for return until Jan. 2, 1903. At FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD, going Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 25, also Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, good returning until Jan. 5, 1903. Teachers and students (on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate, signed by principal)—At FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD, from Dec. 6 to 31, 1902, inclusive, good returning until Jan. 19, 1903. Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, N. Y., and east.

W. FULTON, C. P. and T. A., London; A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

Holiday Rates Via
MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."

Tickets will be sold at SINGLE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP, going Dec. 24 and 25, returning Dec. 26; going Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, returning Jan. 2. FARE AND ONE-THIRD, going Dec. 22 to 25, going Dec. 29 to Jan. 1, returning until Jan. 5, 1903. STUDENTS AND TEACHERS—On presentation of certificates, special tickets may be purchased, Dec. 6 to 31, returning Jan. 20. Special rates to United States points.

Full particulars at the city ticket office, 396 Richmond street. 'Phone 205.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. JOHN PAUL, City Pass. Agent.

For the Winter Go to BERMUDA

Weekly from New York, 48 hours by elegant steamers of the Quebec Steamship Company. Frost unknown. Malaria impossible.

For Winter Tours Go to WEST INDIES

Thirty days' trip, fifteen days in the Tropics, affording a charming Tropical trip at a cost of about $4 per day. SPECIAL CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES, per SS. "Madiana," 7th February, 1903. For all particulars apply to ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec; A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 39 Broadway, New York or to E. DE LA HOOKE and W. FULTON, Ticket Agents, London, Ont.

WHITE STAR LINE.
United States and Royal Mail Steamers.
New York, Queenstown and Liverpool

CELTIC	DEC. 31, 5:30 A.M.
TEUTONIC	JAN. 7, NOON.
GERMANIC	JAN. 14, NOON.
CYMRIC	JAN. 21, NOON.
CELTIC	JAN. 28, NOON.
CELTIC	JAN. 28, 5 A.M.
TEUTONIC	FEB. 4, NOON.

Saloon rates from $60 up. Second saloon from $45 up, according to steamer and accommodation. Third class rates to Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Derry, $28 and $29 50.

Accommodations for all classes of passengers unexcelled.

E. DE LA HOOKE, CLOCK CORNER, Sole Agent for London.

Observing a young fox chasing cats in a densely populated part of Halifax, England, one of the local constables seized reynard and took him to the police station.

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Christmas and New Year Holidays, 1902-1903.

General Public—Return tickets will be issued at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE, going Dec. 24 and 25, and returning until Dec. 26; also going Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, returning until Jan. 2, 1903. SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD, going Dec. 22 or 25, inclusive, and Dec. 29, 30, 31 and Jan. 1, returning good until Jan. 5, 1903. School Vacations—To teachers and pupils of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard certificates, signed by principal, at SINGE FARE AND ONE-THIRD, good going until Dec. 31, 1902, valid returning until Jan. 19, 1903.

For tickets and all information apply to agents. E. DE LA HOOKE, C. P. and T. A., London; C. E. HORNING, depot ticket agent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

European Mail Service

Canada's Famous Train..... The "Maritime Express."

Leaving Montreal (Bonaventure Depot) 12 noon, Sunday, carrying the English Mail,

Lands Passengers, Baggage and Mail

Alongside the Royal Mail Steamships at Halifax the following monday.

The Grand Trunk's Express from the west makes connection at the Bonaventure Depot.

Write for Time Tables, Fares, etc., to
WM. ROBINSON,
General Traveling Agent, 10 King street west, Toronto, Ont.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL, via Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE: First cabin, $50 and upwards; second cabin, from $37 50; third class, $25 to $36. Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, London, Glasgow.

MONTREAL to GLASGOW direct—S.S. Mongolian, Dec. 27. First cabin, $45 and upwards; second cabin, $35; third class, $26.

London Agents: E. De La Hooke, W. Fulton, F. B. Clarke.

Alexander the Great used his sword against women rather than for them, and one of his favorite pastimes was beating his wives with the flat of his steel blade

THE COMPLEXION OF THE SENATE

Death of Senator Primrose, of Pictou, Gives Liberals a Majority of One.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.—The death of Senator Primrose puts the Liberals in a majority in the Senate, the division now standing 41 Liberals, 40 Conservatives.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier assumed power in 1896 there were only nine Liberals in a house of 81. Death brought about the changes.

It is understood that Parliament is not likely to meet until the last Thursday in February.

WILL RUSH LINE TO THE PACIFIC

Official Announcement Re Grand Trunk Project.

STATEMENT BY MR. F. W. MORSE

Work To Be Begun Simultaneously at Several Important Points—Waiting for Legislation.

Montreal, Dec. 23.—Frank W. Morse, third vice-president of the Grand Trunk, and William Wainwright, comptroller, reached Montreal tonight from their tour of the Northwest in the interests of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Mr. Morse made the following statement tonight:

"Our object was merely to confirm the announcement that the Grand Trunk would be extended to the Pacific. When we left the idea was to give out the official announcement in Montreal. When we reached Winnipeg, as it turned out, we met many who were doubtful about the sincerity of the announcement, and we were on the spot to assure them that the line would certainly be built. Operations will be commenced as soon as the necessary legislation is obtained, and we intend to begin simultaneously at North Bay, Prince Albert, Edmonton, the Pacific coast, and other convenient points, so that the construction may be rushed as rapidly as possible."

Regarding the treatment by the Government, Mr. Morse said they thought they should be treated as liberally as any other road. Mr. Morse said they received a fine welcome in the Northwest, and what particularly commended the project was that the Grand Trunk had better Eastern facilities than any other road.

Regarding the report that the Grand Trunk Pacific will absorb the Canadian Northern, Mr. Morse said that there were no negotiations whatever with the Canadian Northern. Regarding the opposition of Quebec and the trans-Canada Railway, Mr. Morse said the trans-Canada was in an early stage of development. The Grand Trunk was not opposed to them, and when they were ready to build, it might be convenient for them to make connection.

CHRISTMAS MONEY

Big Demand for New Coins and Bills at the Sub-Treasury.

The demand for Christmas money at the subtreasury this year has been even greater than last. On Monday last is was estimated by Deputy Assistant Treasurer Marlow that about $250,000 a day in new coin, both gold and silver, must be provided to meet the demand, which will keep up until Christmas Day.

This Christmas money comes direct from the Washington mint each year at this time. Thousands of residents of this city who never see the subtreasury at any other time pour down on the dingy old Wall street building just now and clamor for bright new gold and silver.

The big department stores also demand new money, both to please their customers and to facilitate exchange. One big store got $25,000 in new cents a few days ago, and others have taken nearly as many.

When the officers at the subtreasury are asked to tell why this demand comes each holiday season, and where the new money really goes, they scratch their heads slowly and answer something after this fashion:

"Probably most of it is obtained for gifts to friends. Last year, which was an exceedingly prosperous one for Wall street men, we had a big demand for new bills. The calls were for bills in denominations of $100, $500 and even $1,000.

"In almost every instance it was volubly explained that the bills were intended for presentation to others. There has already been a small demand of this character for this Christmas, but judging by the stock market it will be of smaller proportions.

"The call for gold pieces is much heavier, of course. The joy of discovering a bright new gold piece in the toe of a stocking on Christmas morning has passed into tradition. Besides, they come in denominations which place them within the reach of practically every one. This year we have not been able to get as many 1902 pieces as we wished, but we have insisted on receiving clean, new ones of last year's issues.

"In silver dollars, subsidiary silver and minor coins, that is nickels and cents, the demand is always great. In the minor coins alone we have thought it wise to provide about $150,000.

"The calls come from department stores, banks and other business concerns largely, but there is also a decided demand from individuals. We account for this in large part by pointing to the wide use of cent, nickel and dime savings banks, the toy ones in which children and even grown-ups put away the Christmas money. One man told us the other day that he put about $1 a week into one of the tin banks as shaving money alone.

"So you see this is really a busy season for Uncle Sam's money handlers. He has to pay out several millions of clean, new money in a few days."

Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

PUEBLO INDIAN CHRISTMAS

An Admixture of Christianity and Tribal Customs

THE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico celebrate Christmas in their primitive way, and, although they profess Christianity, they also observe their religious as well as their tribal customs, says the New York Evening Post. On Christmas eve the inhabitants of each village assemble at the estufa (place of worship) and elect officers for the ensuing year. Men and boys over sixteen years of age, if the latter have proved their worthiness in the chase, select the candidates by a viva voce vote. Women are not permitted in the estufa. The officers elected are a governor of the village, war chief, police official and a council of five members as a kind of cabinet for the governor. The governor, by the advice and consent of his cabinet, sets the time for the chase, when the entire village turns out; also designates the time to irrigate the little patches, the time to go to work and is ex officio administrator of justice. The war chief directs the pasturing of stock and prevents depredations upon private property. He is the chief of police, constable, judge and jury combined. Only serious cases of crime are referred to the governor and council.

After the election of officers a grand dance takes place. The braves are dressed in buckskin pantaloons, with a white cotton shirt. The headdress is of the skin of the deer or fox, the tail of the animal hanging down the back as an ornament. Some of the headdresses of the officials are prettily decorated with bright feathers and sometimes eagle plumes. Their faces are painted in yellow and white stripes, relieved by red spots on the cheeks. They wear moccasins of leather. The braves form in a double line and march around the village, preceded by the officers and the cacique, or spiritual head. Each brave carries in his left hand a gourd half filled with pebbles and nicked at the top. In his right hand is a convex stick, which he saws across the gourd and at the same time gives the gourd a shake or rattle. This excruciating noise is partly drowned by the general chant, in which all join. The song is a monotone, as if the singer were telling a story or reciting historical sketches, and suddenly it breaks out into a wild and loud blare, like the crash of the elements of discord in the grand opera of civilization.

The dance is a hippetty hop, and the movement is slow until one of these breaks is sounded, and then it is delirious, like a war dance. This exercise continues all night, or as long as the braves can stand up. There is a considerable quantity of mescal drunk at these celebrations, and many of the braves fall by the wayside. The pale faces from the surrounding settlements attend the fiesta, and some bring along their whisky and gaming implements. In the plaza, or central square, there are all kinds of games and booths for all kinds of drinks. The Pueblo Indian is not used to our whisky, and a very little soon induces him to gamble away his money, clothes and wife.

Isleta, a few miles from Albuquerque, N. M., is the largest of the twenty Pueblo villages in the territory, and the celebration here is always attended by a large crowd of whites. It lasts two or three days, during which there are horse racing, cocking mains and other sports. The gaming tables are run night and day. One of the games is chusa, similar to the American roulette, with a hidden spring which the dealer touches. Another sport is el gallo—the burying of a rooster in the sand, leaving his head above the surface. The best riders in the village are selected to compete. They form in a front line at a distance of 100 yards, and charge down upon the rooster. The rider, going at full run, leans from his saddle and grabs at the head of the rooster. If he catches the fowl, he is applauded as the victor. He then races for his home, with all the other horsemen after him, with the intention of depriving him of his trophy. If they take the fowl from him before he reaches home, he is shorn of his laurels, and in the scramble the unfortunate rooster is often torn to pieces. When a rider misses catching the rooster's head every one laughs, and if he falls from his horse he is greeted with shouts of derision and epithets of "squaw man."

There are services in the church each morning during the fiesta, with the usual game and sports in the afternoon and dancing at night. The services are Roman Catholic—all Pueblos being members of that church. They, however, observe some of their own rights in secret—the dance being part of their creed worship.

Christmas In Jerusalem.

Christmas is held in greatest reverence by the Christians of the east, and nowhere is its observance more solemn and imposing than in Bethlehem, the picturesque old town where Christ was born. On Christmas eve the devout of Jerusalem gather together and flock out of the city and march to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. There mass is celebrated, while armed Turkish soldiers stand on guard beside the altar and around the brilliant star, where Christ is supposed to have lain in the manger and which gleams up from the pavement, the most conspicuous object in the grotto. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lectures in advertising are being given twice a week in the commercial college at Prague.

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

"OLE Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Aun' Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Cæsar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc' Ike an' Aun' Sukie.

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' f'om Aun' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es nodice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em.'

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole Aun' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Aun' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n dey seben senses.

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah—
Apple sass an' sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Aun' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grum'lin' 'bout sumpin. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'y wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Aun' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin':

"Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Dat's so;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go!

"Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole



"LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME!"

Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git f'om dar.

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse he mek er long highferlutin' speech an' tell us dat long's we all b'haved ou'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem wus de w'ite boys—slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projick fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't, nudder, 'case yo' boys run an' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin. Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min', I be de ole headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll git up on de roof 'n' let de ole Sandy Claws down des es so'ly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er time, we git everyfing all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off f'om de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'l des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimbly. Any yudder time Aun' Sukie done be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an' er' smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She layin' down, an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes fo' de brekfus.

"Aun' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's er gittin' late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin' 'bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.'

"Den I sorter hum low:

"Paterroller, paterroller, let Ike pars,
Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas';
Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las';
Do, Mistah Paterroller, let Ike pars.

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah sideways an' listen an' den mumull out sump'n' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy rasc'ls yit. See 'f I don' tell ole marse.'

"Aun' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mutterin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stirrin' up dem coals.'

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter myse'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evuh seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, siree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an' yo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyfing fo' ter worry Aun' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter sno', an' den Aun' Sukie rise up an' look all erroun' des' as cunnin'lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep.

"Dey wus er little chunk er fiah w'at kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de h'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we gittin' ti'ed, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an' outer de aidge er de ruif, an' f'om dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimbly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter git ready fo' de cirkis. De chimbly wus about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimbly an' w'en I fotch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax' me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea.

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des s'e come in sight Aun' Sukie squalled ack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, ke, he's come!'

"Des den de clof tetched de little blaze er fiah, an' hit blazed way up, an hit stifled me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clitter clatter, rip an' ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters.

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Aun' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' Ike!' An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teaweeds. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' w'iles I scuffin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an' wus des er lambastin' me.

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don' hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'!' But de ole scamp gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' b'en singin' bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin you!'

"Bout dat time ole marse he come o'ds de quatahs, an' he cotch Jack an' Tom des as dey wus er gittin' ovah de fence.

"'W'ats de matteh, Sukie?'

"'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me.

"Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'cuse me er tryin ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme fi' hunderd.

"Ole marse lis'n, an' a'ter erwiles he 'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down f'om dat day twel dis. But Aun' Sukie—u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' fo' sump'n' ter fling at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin ter fo'git 'bout Aun' Sukie's Sandy Claws."—New York Evening Post.

There are 9,900s boy in the British navy, including 6,200 under training.

A ginseng trust has been formed in Japan.

A Christmas Idyll.

It was two days before Christmas.

The man bent wearily over his desk, shading his eyes with his left hand, and scratching idly on the blotting pad with the pen in his right.

He looked worried and careworn.

"Only two more days," he sighed, glancing at the calendar, "and then——"

He gazed out of the window dully at the slowly falling snow. Then he suddenly got up from his desk-chair and began to stride up and down the office, running his hands through his hair in a sort of frenzy.

"How shall I break it to the poor, faithful girl?" he muttered hollowly. "A better wife no man ever had, and now, after all of these years, all of the cheerful, happy Christmases—now——"

He gave a groan as he dropped into his chair again.

His mind flew back to the early years of his married life, and he tried to remember some circumstances connected with each Christmas that he and his wife had passed together.

"And now——" he murmured again. He picked up his pen and endeavored to concentrate his mind upon the pile of work heaped up before him, trying to force back the flood of memories that poured in upon his mind. But work he could not.

"If there were any way——"

The words beat upon his brain with all of the power and persistence of a steam hammer.

"If there were any way in the world——"

He donned his hat and great coat and strode out of the office. But trudging through the snow-covered streets in the biting air only aroused his faculities to a fuller appreciation of the hopelessness of the situation.

"It cannot be done—absolutely cannot," he muttered to himself as he went along. Contented-looking pedestrians, their arms filled with holiday gifts, eyed him curiously as they passed along, but he never looked up from the path of snow which he pursued, nor seemed to notice their wondering glances.

"I dare not tell her—it will break her heart!" the man exclaim d in a muffled tone. Then he observed that a huge policeman standing on a corner was watching him narrowly, and he hastened his steps.

"Perhaps," he said to himself half aloud, as he wended his way toward his office, "it would be better for me to write to the poor girl and thus prepare her for the blow. I could never stand before her and brutally tell her without in some way preparing her."

When he reached his office he sat down at his desk and tried to compose his mind in order to write the letter to his wife. For a full half hour he sat with his head buried on his breast, in deep thought. Then he roused himself, and, picking up the pen, began:

"My dearest wife," he began, "I am writing you this letter, and sending it to you by a messenger, because I have something to say to you that I simply cannot, dare not, say to you in spoken words. I could never stand that. You yourself know how I shrink from wounding you. You will do me the justice to admit that during all of these happy years of our married life I have never wantonly or cruelly——"

Something that was almost a sob shook the frame of the strong man as he laid the pen down.

"No," he murmured when he had partly recovered himself, "that would not do. Such preliminary words would fill her mind with awful apprehensions and the reality is bad enough, heaven knows. Maybe it would be better for me to see one of her brothers, and tell him all, and let him go to her and break the force of the blow. That is what I shall do."

Once more he donned his hat and great coat. He was still buttoning the great coat about him when the office boy pushed open the swinging office doors and announced:

"Mr. Giglamperino, sir!"

"Show him in!" the man was barely able to gasp, and then he tottered back into his chair, his face gradually assuming an expression of amazement, mingled with expectancy.

A stout, oily, smiling man entered the office. The man in the office chair was at the oily man's side in two bounds and grasped him by the shoulders.

"Well?" he shouted hoarsely into the ear of the individual who had been announced as Mr. Giglamperino.

"Well, sir, replied the oily man, with a slow smile, "I guess it's all right."

An expression of almost speechless, idiotic happiness appeared upon the countenance of the man, who, but a moment before, had been bending over his desk the picture of gloom.

"Do you mean," he contrived to ejaculate, "that you have got them?"

"I do," replied the oily man, pulling a long morocco leather case from his pocket.

"Heaven bless you, man!" excitedly exclaimed the now cheerful-looking man, excitedly wringing the oily man's hand. "You do not know—you can never know—what you have saved me from."

"Well, I'm glad of that, sir," respectfully replied the oily individual. "I'm sure I've worked hard to fill your order. And I had but little hope, I can assure you, until quite recently, that I should be able to fill it in time for this coming Christmas. But, without saying anything about it to you, I cabled orders, about two months ago, to my agent in Ceylon to put every unemployed diver on the island at work. He immediately got together a force of 248 unemployed divers, dividing them into a day and night force—and here, sir, is the result—they found the three matching pearls necessary to complete the chain, and here it is!"

The oily man touched a spring on the side of the morocco leather case and the lid flew up, revealing a magnificent rope of 375 perfectly matched pearls.

"My boy," frantically exclaimed the multimillionaire, jumping from his seat and once more wringing the paw of Mr. Giglamperino, "you're all right! My wife was counting on those pearls for a sure thing this Christmas, and I'm a-telling you that I wouldn't have dared to even show up at home on Christman Day without them. I think our arrangement, when I gave you this order, was that the rope should cost $375,000— a thousand for each pearl, eh? Well, there's nothing ungrateful about me, and when a man does me a favor in the way you have done I want to reward him for it. I'll just make it an even $500,000," and the multi-millionaire scribbled a check for that amount and handed it to the dealer in gems.

Then, in his elation, he wired to the president of his favorite university that he was going to make the institution a Christmas present of $1,000,000.

And so there was a merry Christmas, after all, in the multi-millionaire's little 237-room home

CHRISTMAS CLASSICS

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
—Clement C. Moore.

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.
—Tennyson.

This is the month and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.
For so the holy sages once did sing
That he our deadly forfeit should release
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.
—Milton.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!
—Longfellow.

No trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn
—Bryant.

What Babe new born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her lowly bed his happy mother lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings!
This is the Lord of all the earth; this is the King of kings.
—R. W. Gilder.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall;
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phœbe Cary.

His Delicate Proposal.

Gladys (on Christmas morning)—What a dear little clock! Who gave you that?

Marjorie—George, of course.

Gladys—Is it going?

Marjorie—Oh, no! George wishes me to understand that I may set my own time.—Smart Set.

Stupid George.

"Are you going to hang up any mistletoe?"

"No, I'm not. I put some up last year, and George asked if it wasn't asparagus."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE TRUTH ABOUT .....SANTA CLAUS

Of course there's a Santa Claus! Every one knows it—
That is, every one who has good sense and shows it.
There are those who doubt love and religion and morals—
Those people who always are seeking for quarrels
On questions of faith and are ever lamenting
The existence of things to which there's no dissenting.
They would have all the dear little children believing
There isn't a Santa, but their aim's deceiving.
He's jolly and big, and his nickname's Kris Kringle;
God pity the child who has not heard the jingle



Of his silver bells as he comes swift a-sleighing
When his annual visit of love he's a-paying!
He's round, and he's fat, and his whiskers are whitened
With centuried snows, but his good face is lightened
With the cheery warm nature that keeps you supernal
And will make dear old Santa Claus last time eternal.

So, children, don't think when you hang up each stocking
That there is no Santa Claus—that would be shocking—
Because while you're snugly and cozily sleeping
He'll come with his reindeer all madly a-leaping
And from his rich load in a trice will be taking
And leaving the gifts that will gladden your waking!
—Washington Star.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects. 16

CHRISTMAS IN JAMAICA.

A Tropical Celebration With Santa Claus Left Out.

The white people of Jamaica celebrate Christmas in spirit rather than in active observance. Of course Santa Claus is unknown here, for what would Kris Kringle do in his fur raiment and with his reindeers in a land where few indeed of the people know what snow is and fewer still ever saw it. Outdoor sport is out of the question, and even lawn tennis cannot be substituted for the skating and tobogganing of the north. The white people sit or swing in hammocks under the cool shade of the palm trees and look with curious interest over the holiday numbers of English and American magazines, with their strange pictures of snow scenes, and read the stories of Christmastide in the land of Kris Kringle and Jack Frost. After sundown there are social gatherings, at which the guests sit out on the verandas, eat ice cream, fan themselves and while away the evening with conversation and in that "sweet doing nothing" way that is such a feature of life in the tropics. Very many of the white people of Jamaica were born in the island and so know nothing of the Christmas customs of the north. But there are also quite a number of Americans and Britishers here, and these try various ways to get up a semblance of Christmas, but it is like the crew of a polar expedition celebrating Fourth of July while icebound in the Arctic circle, and their Christmas is mostly one of reminiscence. Still wintering in the tropics is not without its compensating advantages, and although Christmas here is apt to be a pretty lonesome time to Americans, they are very apt to find cause for congratulation after the festive season is over in the fact that they are safe from the cold, the snow, the slush and the blizzards of the north.

YULETIDE IN AUSTRIA.

Customs and Legends of the Non-German Population.

Yuletide as kept by the non-German population of Austria is very picturesque. On Christmas day the Poles in Galicia first attend mass and then sit down to family supper. The chief dish on the table contains consecrated eggs, which the father distributes. After eating, all eyes are closed and all heads bowed down to the table in the belief that Jacob's ladder is then descending from heaven to earth and down the ladder angels are coming to bless the worshipers and to carry away their earthly troubles to heaven. Among the Czechs the legend runs that he who most strictly fasts on Christmas eve will see the holy Christ in his dreams that night. In the evening the real celebration begins. All lights are then extinguished in the house; no fire, no light is visible. The children crowd together in fear and remain perfectly silent, as otherwise they know they will receive none of the presents brought by the Christ Child and laid at the entrance of the house. The older females amuse themselves by throwing heated lead into water and gathering from the forms it assumes some hint as to the appearance of their future husbands.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHRISTMAS MENUS

THE housewife will find no better suggestions for the Christmas spread than are contained in the following. The menus have a Christmas flavor and are cosmopolitan in their makeup. They are planned for ten or more people, but for a small family the fish course and some of the vegetables and sweets could be omitted:

MENU NO. 1.
Oyster Cocktails.
Julienne Soup.
Olives. Celery. Salted Almonds.
Broiled Smelts, Tartar Sauce.
Parisienne Potatoes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Truffles.
Oyster Brochettes.
Spinach. Macaroni Croquettes.
Lettuce Salad.
Plum Pudding Glace. Mince Tarts
Small Cakes. Bonbons. Nuts.
Coffee.

MENU NO. 2.
Oysters on the Half Shell.
Clear Tomato Soup.
Celery. Olives. Salted Pecans.
Boiled Rock, Egg Sauce.
Potato Cakes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Cranberry Jelly. Giblet Sauce.
Brussels Sprouts.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Grape Fruit Salad.
Crackers. Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Frozen Fruit Cup.
Bonbons. Cakes. Nuts.
Coffee.

MENU NO. 3.
Oysters on the Half Shell.
Consomme.
Radishes. Salted Filberts.
Halibut Cutlets on Toast, Lemon Sauce.
Roast Goose, Savory Stuffing.
Giblet Gravy. Jellied Apples.
Hashed Browned Potatoes.
Lemon Ginger Sherbet.
Celery Salad.
Crackers. Cheese.
Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce.
Fruits. Nuts. Bonbons.
Coffee.

All of these dinners are easily prepared. The soups are light and simple, but must be perfectly seasoned and perfectly free from grease. Nearly every one now prefers the Christmas turkey stuffed with truffles or chestnuts and has a favorite recipe for this delicacy, so it is unnecessary to say anything on this subject. If this noble bird is to appear on the table, put a double row of nut meats down his breast, to button up his brown coat in true military fashion, and let him rest on a bed of celery and parsley leaves. The Christmas goose, celebrated in song and story, is not very well known on this side of the water. The turkey tired palate will welcome the appearance of the goose, cooked by this recipe, on the board.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

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THE MARKETS.

PRODUCE MARKETS.
TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Wheat—Steady; No. 2 red and white, 68c to 68½c, middle freights; Manitoba, 81c for No. 1 hard and 79c for No. 1 northern, via Port Huron and Owen Sound, and 6c more grinding in transit; No. 1 hard is quoted at 85c and No. 1 northern at 83c all rail, via North Bay. Flour—Steady, at $3 70 for cars of 90 per cent patents in buyers' bags, east of middle freights; choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Millfeed—Steady, at $16 for shorts and $14 for bran in bulk, middle freights. Barley—Steady, at 45c for No. 3 extra and 42c for No. 3, middle freights. Buckwheat—Steady; No. 2 at 51c, middle freights. Rye—Steady, at 50c for No. 2, middle freights. Corn—Steady, at 46c for new Canada yellow west; American is steady, at 53c for new No. 3 yellow, 52c for new No. 2 mixed and 51c for old No. 3 yellow, in cars on the track at Toronto. Oats—Unchanged; No. 2 white, 36c high freights west and 30½c middle freights. Peas—Steady, at 75c for choice milling west; No. 2 for export are lower; some quoted at 72c bid, middle freights. Eggs—Receipts of strictly fresh are fairly liberal and in good demand and steady, at 18c to 19c; limed, 18c. Butter—Receipts of choice dairies are light; good demand for best lots; prices steady.

TILLSON'S OATS—
QUAKER OATS—
SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT.
Hamilton's 373 Talbot St. Near King.

ENGLISH MARKETS.
LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, Dec. 24.—Wheat—Spot, No. 1 northern spring, no stock; No. 2 red western winter firm, 5s 11½d; No. 1 California steady, 6s 8d. Futures easy; Dec., 6s 2½d; March, 6s 4¾d; May, 6s 5½d.

Corn—Spot, American mixed, new, quiet, 5s 1d; American mixed, old, steady, 5s 4d. Futures inactive; Jan., 4s 6¾d; March, 4s 7½d.

Peas—Canadian steady, 6s 7½d.

Flour—St. Louis fancy winter quiet, 8s 3d.

Hops (at London)—Pacific coast firm, £6 15s to £7.

Beef—Steady; extra India mess, 113s 9d.

Pork—Steady; prime mess western, 59s.

Hams—Short cut, 14 to 16 lbs, steady, 53s.

Bacon—Cumberland cut, 26 to 30 lbs, quiet, 47s 6d; short ribs, 16 to 24 lbs, dull, 48s; long clear middles, light, 28 to 34 lbs, quiet, 48s 6d; long clear middles, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs, quiet, 48s; short clear backs, 16 to 20 lbs, quiet, 48s; clear bellies, 14 to 16 lbs, dull, 58s; shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs, quiet, 42s.

Lard—Dull; prime western, in tierces, 55s 6d; American refined, in pails, 55s.

Butter—Nominal.

Cheese—Firm; American finest white and colored, 59s.

Tallow—Prime city dull, 27s 3d; Australian (in London) firm, 34s 3d.

Turpentine spirits—Firm, 40s.

Rosin—Common firm, 4s 7½d.

Petroleum—Refined firm, 6¾d.

Linseed oil—Firm, 26s.

Cottonseed oil (Hull refined)—Spot steady, 21s 7½d.

WOOL MARKET.
TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 23.—The demand is rather slow at the moment. Stock-taking has been occupying the attention of the jobbing trade. The outlook for business after the first of the year is good. Prices are generally steady. We quote: Sole, slaughter, medium heavy, per lb, 30c to 32c; Spanish, No. 1 heavy, per lb, 29c to 30c; No. 2, 27c to 29c; No. 3, 26c to 28c; calfskin, Canadian, 70c to 80c; calfskin, French, $1 15 to $1 50; French kip, 80c to 90c; Canadian kip, 60c to 70c; upper, light, medium, 40c to 45c; splits, 25c to 28c; buff, per foot, 13c to 16c; pebble, 14c to 16c; harness, union oak tanned, No. 1, 32c to 33c; No. 2, 29c to 31c; light, 29c to 30c; cod oil, per gallon, 40c to 45c; degras, per lb, 4c to 4½c; japonica, per lb, 6c to 7c; hemlock extract, 3¾c; lampblack, 20c to 25c; sumac, per ton, $70.

OIL MARKETS.
PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 24.—The oil market closed at $1 51.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 24.—Beeves—Receipts, 2,272; steers active, 10c to 20c higher; bulls and cows, some sales 10c to 15c off; steers, $4 40 to $5 10; oxen and stags, $4 40 to $4 75; bulls, $2 90 to $4 30; cows, $1 50 to $4 25. Cables steady. Exports today, 500 cattle and 3,946 quarters of beef. Calves—Receipts, 1,174; steady; veals, $5 to $9 50; little calves, $3 50 to $4 50; barnyard calves, $3 to $3 40; westerns, $3 55 to $3 65; city dressed veals steady, at 11c to 14c.

Sheep—Receipts, 5,453; sheep steady but slow for all but top grades; good lambs in fair demand and full steady; others very dull; sheep, $3 to $4; lambs, $4 50 to $6; culls, $3 50 to $4; no Canada lambs.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,270; firm; state hogs, $6 35 to $6 45; a few choice pigs, $6 50; mixed westerns nominal.

AMERICAN MARKETS
MARKET HOLIDAY.

New York, Dec. 24.—Holiday in the grain market.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 24.—Butter—Steady; receipts, 4,461 packages; creamery extras, per lb, 25c; do, firsts, 23c to 24½c; do, seconds, 23½c to 25c; do, lower grades, 21c to 23c; do, held, extras, 25½c to 26c; do, firsts, 23½c to 25c; do, seconds, 21c to 23c; state dairy tubs, fancy, 23c; do, firsts, 24c to 25c; do, seconds, 22c to 23c; do, lower grades, 20c to 21c; western imitation creamery, finest, 21½c to 22c; do, fair to prime, 18½c to 20c; do, lower grades, 17c to 18c; renovated, extras, 22c to 22½c; do, common to prime, 16½c to 21c; western factory, finest, 18c to 18½c; do, lower grades, 16½c to 17½c; do, current make, finest, 18c to 18½c; do, seconds, 17c to 17½c; do, lower grades, 16½c; packing stock, 16½c to 18c. Cheese—Firm; receipts, 4,224 boxes; state full cream, small fall-made fancy, 13¾c to 14c; do, late-made, colored, choice, 13c to 13¼c; do, white, choice, 13c; do, good to prime, 12¾c; do, common to fair, 11¾c to 12½c; do, large fall-made fancy, 13¾c to 14c; do, late-made colored, choice, 13c to 13¼c; do, white, choice, 13c; do, good to prime, 12¾c; do, common to fair, 11½c to 12½c; light skims, small choice, 11¾c to 12c; do, large choice, 11¼c to 12c; part skims, prime, 10¾c to 11c; do, fair to good, 9¼c to 10¼c; do, common, 6c to 7c. Eggs—Steady; receipts, 3,135 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, fancy selected white, 32c to 35c; do, average prime, 28c; western, loss off, 28c; do, fancy, at mark, 26c; do, average prime, 24c to 25c; do, poor to fair, 20c to 23c; Kentucky, 19c to 24c; Tennessee, 19c to 23c; dirties, 16c to 19c; refrigerators, spring packed, 20c to 21c; do, summer packed, 18½c to 19½c; limed, choice, 20c; fair to good, 15½c to 19½c.

Compulsory Arbitration Opposed.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—A deputation of railway employes waited on Sir William Mulock this morning to present their views on the compulsory arbitration bill, to which they are to a large extent opposed.

Increased Movement of Ore.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 24.—The movement of ore for the season just ended shows an increase of 6,889,290 tons, or 34 per cent. over 1901, when the movement by lake was 20,140,669 tons. The mines in the Lake Superior district this season sent forward 27,059,059 tons with the all-rail movement and the shipments from the Michipocoten mines added, the total will reach 27,700,000 tons, which is three times the amount moved in 1892, or ten years ago.

TWO PEOPLE WHO REPENTED
By CAROLINE DUER.

Mrs. Dennison stood between the velvet curtains and peered with misty eyes into the street. Behind her the room was all aglow with leaping firelight. The pattern of the crimson damask on the walls seemed to palpitate, the golden angles of the picture frames to expand and contract as the flames flickered.

Outside the snow had fallen and was still falling. The fronts of the houses were patched with it, it clung heavily to the outlines of the vines and weighed down the branches of the little trees. Sleigh bells jingled, loud voices admonished slipping horses, noiseless vehicles rolled past with packages and bunches of holly protruding from every window; little boys snowballed each other, men and women hurried along, talking gayly, but Mrs. Dennison saw none of these things. Her eyes were full of tears and her heart of outraged feelings this Christmas Eve.

"I've stood it for forty years," she said despairingly, "and I don't see how I can stand it any longer!"

She had spoken aloud, but she had believed she was making her complaint to an empty room, and she fairly jumped when an indignant young voice broke in from the doorway:

"Has papa been tormenting you again? It's a shame, mamma. What is it this time?"

Mrs. Dennison struggled an instant for composure, and then collapsed, weeping, into the nearest chair.

"It's the cat, my dear," she gasped. "Your father is chloroforming him in the back yard this minute and I can't bear it."

"Chloroforming the Colonel!" cried Mrs. Mayland in astonishment. "But why"

"He had a—bad habit—of lying—at the darkest turn of the stairs," replied Mrs. Dennison in jerks, "and he's so black that—that—you—don't see him—and—your father's always stumbling over him. It doesn't matter when he's going upstairs, but today—he—happened to be going down—I mean your father—and he stepped on the Colonel and—and——"

"Did he hurt himself"

"He says he wrenched his back trying to save himself."

"Then the poor Colonel got the worst of it"

"No, he wasn't hurt at all, but your father," sobbed Mrs. Dennison, "declared that he'd be a dead man if he didn't kill that cat, and though I promised I'd keep him off the stairs, shut him up in my room, anything, if he'd only spare his life, he's taken him away to murder him in the yard. He was like a maniac—he wouldn't listen. You couldn't reason with him."

"You never can when he's angry," said Mrs. Mayland.

"I never could, anyhow," said her mother, despondently. "I've not had my own way since I was married, and I'm 60 years old and tored of being hectored. I have to come downstairs early when I'd rather breakfast in my room. I have to eat all sorts of things I don't like. I can't see the morning papers till after he's finished with them. I'm not allowed to wear a shawl if I'm cold, nor open a window if I'm hot. I have to read the dullest old books to him of an afternoon, and in the evening, the very moment I open my novel and settle myself comfortably, he wants to play bezique. And he doesn't like me to put on spectacles, and then he scolds me if I make mistakes in the cards. I get so sleepy, and yet he's offended if I go to bed before 11. But I'm used to all that," sighed Mrs. Dennison, "and I suppose I could have gone on bearing it. I don't mind his rages as much as I did, but when it comes to killing the Colonel!" —her voice choked—"in spite of all I could say, I really can't stand it."

Mrs. Mayland stood in silence a moment, mechanically patting her shoulder. A very stern expression was on the handsome young face. In the days before her marriage she had been shielded as much as possible from her father's irritable despotism, but she had been quite aware of the difficulties involved in living with him. He was indeed as obstinate, unreasonable, dogmatic and irascible an old gentleman as ever was spoiled by a too amiable and yielding wife. Mrs. Mayland had hardly guessed the extent to which her mother was bullied, but now that she listened to this artless confession of daily wrongs the spirit of revolt rose hotly within her.

"Why do you stand it, mamma?" she asked. "Why don't you assert yourself? Insist upon having your own way."

Mrs. Dennison stopped crying and looked up in blank amazement.

"You don't know your father, my dear; there'd be no living in the house with him if I didn't give way," and such was the admirable quality of her old-fashioned meekness that there was even now in her voice a distinct note of pride as she acknowledged the violent supremacy of her tyrannical old mate.

Mrs. Mayland met this statement with the simple reply: "Then I would not live in the house with him," and awaited results.

"You wouldn't live in the house with him!" echoed Mrs. Dennison, the idea evidently presenting itself with stunning force.

"Not if he treated me like that," returned Mrs. Mayland. "Why should you? Why, should you sacrifice your inclination, your comfort, your health, your peace of mind, day after day, getting nothing but abuse in return? The time for such slavery is past, thank goodness. No modern woman would dream of submitting to it. If papa can't learn to treat you with decent consideration you must teach him your value by leaving him."

"Forever?" gasped Mrs. Dennison.

"For a time at least," replied Mrs. Mayland, firmly—"a time dependent upon his promises of amendment."

"I will," cried Mrs. Dennison, with sudden decision. "I should like to do something to show him how offended I am. But I never should have had the courage if it hadn't been for his killing my poor cat—never! I'd have forgiven him anything else. Where had I better go?" she added, looking helplessly at her daughter.

Mrs. Mayland's plans leaped, Minerva-like, fully equipped from her ready brain. Her mother must come home with her at once, to spend not only Christmas Day, but Christmas week to be indulged and petted and made much of. A letter must be written offering Mrs. Dennisen's company for the rest of the winter to another married daughter who lived in California, and who had frequently besought a visit from her. Mr. Dennison was to be advised of his wife's change of residence and warned of her intended departure for the west. Almost before she realized that she had consented, Mrs. Dennison found herself wrapped in her furs and driving away in the Mayland brougham.

She trembled a little when she thought of the letter she had left behind, but on the whole her mood was one of proud elation. A delicious feeling of furtive freedom enveloped her. An unaccustomed sense of power was hers. She had been oppressed and she had rebelled; struck (in her tenderest sensibilities), and she had retaliated. It was a magnificent coup d'etat.

She fully expected that an explosion of some sort would take place and an order for her immediate return follow her to her refuge. But the evening passed away in uninterrupted serenity. She dined peacefully with her daughter and son-in-law, and afterward sat before the drawing-room fire tying up the children's presents with gay ribbons, stuffing their little stockings with a heterogeneous collection of lumpy parcels and listening to the triumphant swell of the organ, which Mr. Mayland's private secretary was masterfully playing in the long hall. At ten o'clock she gathered a shawl about her shoulders, tucked a novel under her arm, and went to bed, exalted.

She slept late the next morning and indulged her new-found independence by breakfasting in her room, but owing to the fact that no furious message had yet pursued her, the day seemed to begin rather tamely. Her grandchildren came in, laden with presents and rosy with pleasure, to keep her company while she dressed for church. The chimes rang out gayly, the sun fell dazzlingly out of the blue sky on to the white snow, Christmas smiles bedecked every kindly countenance. If it were not peace upon the earth, at least there appeared to be a great deal of surface goodwill among the children of men.

"There were no—ahem—letters this morning, I suppose, my dear Violet," said Mrs. Dennison, as she got into the carriage with her daughter.

"None, mamma," returned Mrs. Mayland, tranquilly, straightening the hat of her eldest little girl (lately promoted to church-going), who sat upon her knee. "You surely did not want any that you would be likely to get?"

"No, of course not, of course not," replied Mrs. Dennison hastily. "Only I think it curious that your father has not—has not—broken out, you know, in some way."

"The shock of surprise has silenced him," said Mrs. Mayland. "You ought to have done something of this kind long ago."

And then, to divert her mother's attention, she began to talk about the great family dinner she was to give that evening, and the marvelous music which was to follow it."

Mrs. Mayland, unlike most of her set, did not care for country house-parties, and kept her Christmas in town, and a very extravagant, elaborate, rather ceremonious Christmas it was, full of rich gifts and perfectly planned entertainment. A feast for the servants in the middle of the day, a tree for the children in the evening, a dinner and musicale for the ramifications of the family in the evening.

Mrs. Dennison listened in silence, but her thoughts were far away. "The shock of surprise has silenced him." That's what Violet had said. But never had anything silenced Mr. Dennison before. Suppose he was ill? Anger might have given him an apoplexy. But the servants would certainly send for her if anything happened. Unless he forbade it—

She hardened her heart and tried to fix her attention on the responses. The service seemed very long, and beautiful as it all was she could not help being glad when the last anthem was sung and the last prayer said.

She made an effort to appear cheerful at luncheon, but as the afternoon waned without a word from her husband she became conscious of a curious sinking of the heart which almost amounted to terror. Her anger had evaporated; the excitement of revolt had passed away. She was homesick for her own surroundings. The figure of her despotic old master became only pathetic as she pictured him sitting in the gathering dusk without a soul to keep him company. She began to realize that she longed to be sent for and scolded, that she had never meant to be allowed to attain perfect freedom, that her own burden was dearer to her than anybody else's blessings.

At 7:30 o'clock, when she ought, by all laws of social propriety, to have been getting herself into her best black velvet evening gown at her daughter's house. Mrs. Dennison might have been seen slipping stealthily in at her own front door.

"How is—I mean—where is Mr. Dennison?" she inquired of an astonished footman who was crossing the hall. "Tell me quickly."

"In the dining-room, ma-am," answered the boy, staring.

Mrs. Dennison opened the door and inserted a trembling head and a timid pair of shoulders.

The room was brilliantly lighted. The table was set for two people. A bright fire burned in the grate, and in an arm-chair drawn up beside it sat Mr. Dennison, his head dropped forward, his whole attitude expressive of the deepest dejection. He looked suddenly very old. His wife took a half-step forward, and it then became apparent to her that he was stroking something which lay upon his knee, and that that something was a large black Angora cat.

"Oh," she gasped, and Mr. Dennison gave a violent start, "oh, Orlando, you didn't kill him!"

"No, confound him, I didn't," said Mr. Dennison, "but I will the next time. Here, take him."

"I'm sorry I went away like that, Orlando," said Mrs. Dennison. "Did you—have you—missed me at all?"

"I wouldn't have waited dinner five minutes longer for you," declared Mr. Dennison grimly.

"You'd have got on without me, then?"

"I'd have come to fetch you, madame," roared her husband. "I can't get on without you."

W. T. Strong & Co.

Best Wishes For
A Merry Christmas.

Heading Off Grant of $50,000.

Toronto, Dec. 24. — J. H. King, a ratepayer, today obtained an injunction returnable on Saturday, restraining the city from submitting to the ratepayers the Bala question of giving $50,000 to a sanitarium not yet in existence.

Smallpox on an Ocean Liner.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 24. — The steamer Assyria, from Hamburg and Boulogne with 534 passengers, arrived this morning and anchored in quarantine. She has a case of smallpox on board, and all the passengers must go into quarantine. The steamer will be detained.

RUSSIA SCORES AGAIN IN CHINA

In Spite of British Protests—She Will Have Her Own Customs Officials.

Pekin, Dec. 24.—The Chinese ministers admit that they are powerless to resist the demands of the Russians, who insist on having their own customs officials at Dalny. They will allow a Chinese minister outside the city to collect duties on Chinese northbound imports, but refuse to have Chinese customs officers on each side of the Siberian border, as provided in the secret railway agreement of 1896, which is the basis of their claim for independent customs offices at Dalny. Up to the present England is the only country that has opposed the Russian plan.

Missing Man Lost $5,000.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—Capt. Lewer, who mysteriously disappeared from the Turkish Baths Hotel on Thursday last, is believed to be in the vicinity of St. Remi, Que., and Chief Detective Carpenter has gone in search of him. When he left New York Lewer had over $5,000 in Bank of England notes with him, and on his arrival here he stated that his purse had been stolen. This is believed to have weighed upon his mind and to account for his disappearance.

Cured of Drink Habit Without His Knowledge

A Friend of His Wife's Writes That He Wonders What Caused Him to Stop Drinking and Smoking.

She Gave Him Tasteless Samaria Prescription and Says: "It's a Great Remedy and no Mistake."



"My friend wrote you concerning her husband's case and sent money for treatment, which was duly received. The man has been completely cured of the drink habit, and also from the use of tobacco, and while we are keeping the matter a secret from him he is wondering how the cure came about. And in the case of another friend of mine one month's treatment has made a complete cure. It is a great remedy and no mistake."—Mrs. J. H. M.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full part culars, testimonials, and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada.

Also for sale at Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street.

CITY CLERKSHIP SETTLED; MR. C. B. EDWARDS GETS IT

Conservative Executive Instructs Council to That Effect.

Appointment Will Be Confirmed on Friday Evening.

At a meeting of the executive of the Conservative Association Tuesday night it was decided that Mr. C. B. Edwards, B. A., should get the appointment of city clerk.

The city council will hold a special meeting on Friday night to carry out the orders of the association.

At the beginning of the year the mayor and Conservative aldermen gave their pledge to the Conservative Association that the executive of the latter organization should control all municipal appointments during the year, and that no move should be made by the council without the executive's consent.

Mr. Edwards is the specialist in history at the London Collegiate Institute. He is a graduate of Queen's University. He has been a resident of the city for eight years, and has taken an active interest in politics. He is at present treasurer of the Conservative Club, which has supported his candidature for the city clerkship.

The salary attached to the office (including fees) is about $2,000 per year. Mr. Edwards' salary at the Collegiate Institute is $1,200.

OIL FAMINE IS LATEST HOUSEHOLDERS' BOGIE

No Coal Oil in London One Day Last Week.

Demand Is Abreast of Supply and Oil Heater May Run Dry Any Time.

One result of the coal strike has been an extraordinary increase in the use of oil heaters as a means for securing a comfortable degree of warmth in the living rooms of residences, as well as in offices, stores, workrooms and every place where heat is needed, apart from cooking or manfacturing purposes. The makers of these stoves, as well as the retailers handling them have been deluged with orders, and the McClary Company report an unprecedented demand for these handy little heaters. It is estimated that between 600 and 700 of these stoves are in use in London this winter, as against 25 or 50 used last year, and more are being used very day. It is safe to say that before the winter is over at least 1,000 oil heaters will be in operation in this city.

Those householders who have been congratulating themselves on having solved the fuel problem to a certain extent by the use of these heaters must not feel too secure. The increase in the number of these stoves means, of course, a corresponding increase in the amount of coal oil consumer. With these 600 stoves burning an average of three or four gallons each per week, it means that one whole tank car of oil is consumed in this way alone. When it is considered that these heaters are being used even more extensively in Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal than in London, with the result that the demand for oil is now up to if not a little in excess of the available supply from the Sarnia refineries, it will easily be seen that the chances for an oil famine are good.

A famine in a modified form was what actually occurred in London last week. For one day the Queen City Oil Company had not a single barrel of oil in its yard, and for the whole week it was hard pressed to fill its customers' needs. The same condition is liable to arise at any time, owing to the increased demand for oil, due to the stimulating influence of cold weather on the trade. It therefore behooves householders and others to be as economical as circumstances permit in their use of coal oil. It is probable, however, that warnings to be economical will not be needed so long as the price hovers around its present high figure. The recent advance in the price is claimed by the producers to be due to the raising of the price of crude oil by the well owners.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Ald. Lamb is seriously considering his prospects as a mayoralty candidate in Toronto.

Truman P. Hillier, former constable of Odessa, died in the Kingston General Hospital of consumption, aged 67.

A portrait of the late Principal Donald A. McGregor was unveiled by Hon. John Dryden at the McMaster University at-home.

Mr. Joseph Brunet, Montreal, will appeal to the supreme court from the decision of the Montreal court unseating and disqualifying him.

Premier Ross has received a circular from the Bishop of Bloemfontein announcing the project of erecting a tower at the cathedral in memory of the troops who fell in the Free State during the South African war.

C. A. Johnson, Toronto, has issued a writ against the Crompton Corset Company for $5,000 in connection with the consolidation of several corset companies.

A Kingston telegram says a portion of the wreckage of the steamer Hall has come ashore at The Ducks. All hopes that may have existed regarding the safety of the vessel have now vanished.

C. J. Meredith has given judgment dissolving the injunction in Totten vs. Nickel Copper Company, in which it was sought to upset a mortgage for $65,000 to the Stirling Company, Chicago. The judge holds that the mortgage is valid.

If anyone knowing the present address of the relatives of the late Private Hunter, Second Regiment Canadian Mounted Rifles, will kindly communicate the same to the adjutant-general militia, headquarters, Ottawa, he will confer a favor.

Bail for Alleged Murderer.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.—Application was made this morning before Judge Rochon for bail for Michael Ryan, who is in the Hull jail awaiting his trial for the murder of Joseph Renaud. The plea made by Ryan's counsel was that he had a wife and ten children in destitute circumstances, and also that the alleged crime was committed under peculiar circumstances. The application was granted, bail being fixed at $8,000; $4,000 personal and two of $2,000 each.

Because it makes the digestion of good nourishing food easy

Angier's Petroleum Emulsion

is prescribed by physicians for all wasting diseases

Pleasant to take Sold by Druggists 50¢. and $1.00

"Though weak and exhausted, I was often unable to eat. After taking Angier's Emulsion for two weeks I was able to eat and enjoy three hearty meals a day, and the nervousness has entirely left me." E. N. Nesbitt, Toronto, Canada.

ANGIER CHEMICAL COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

RAZORS, SCISSORS and POCKET KNIVES

Largest and best stock in the city, all warranted.

Boker's and Taylor's Razors, from 50c to $2.00 each.
Boker's Nail and Manicure Scissors,
Boker's Pocket and Barber's Scissors,
Compton House Shears,
Razor Strops, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 each.

Remember that our Cutlery is all imported direct, thus savin to you a middleman's profit.

Cowan's Hardware, 127 Dundas St.

Nothing nicer for Christmas and New Year than . . . .

COWAN'S

Queen's Dessert Chocolate,
Chocolate Cream Bars,
Chocolate Ginger,
Chocolate Wafers, etc.

Cowan's Swiss Milk Chocolate

is the newest, the nicest and the daintiest of confections.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. 7 61-wzyx

WEATHER BULLETIN

Thursday, Dec. 25.
Sun rises..7:49 a.m. Moon rises...3:47 a.m.
Sun sets...4:46 p.m. Moon sets....2:12 p.m.

Thursday—Colder; Light Snow; Partly Fair.

Toronto, Dec. 24—8 p.m.

Tonight the storm is centered over Lake Huron, and from present indications will continue to move eastward, followed by a cold wave. The weather is moderately cold from the Ottawa Valley to the Maritime Provinces, and very cold in Manitoba and the Territories. Light snow is falling in Western Ontario.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: New Westminster, 24—42; Kamloops, 18—32; Calgary, 12 below—4 below; Qu'Appelle, 20 below—12 below; Winnipeg, 14 below—4; Port Arthur, 2 below—30; Parry Sound, 10—28; Toronto, 19—36; Ottawa, 6 below—8; Montreal, 4—4; Quebec, 6 below—8; Halifax, 22—28.

FORECASTS.

Lower Lakes and Georgian Bay: Strong winds and gales from west and north; weather becoming much colder; light local snowfalls, but partly fair.

LAURA BIGGAR IS ACQUITTED

Actress Cleared of the Charge of Conspiracy—Other Accused Parties Found Guilty.

Freehold, N. J., Dec. 24. — Laura Biggar was acquitted and Dr. Charles G. Hendricks and Samuel Stanton, formerly justice of the peace, were found guilty by the jury today in the case against the three defendants on the charge of having conspired to get possession of the entire estate of Henry M. Bennett, a capitalist, of Pittsburg.

The jury, which retired at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, remained out all night, and today asked the court if the jury might convict two of the defendants and acquit one. The court said such a verdict would be legal, and later in the day the verdict, as stated, was returned.

Mis Biggar laid claim, as wife to the entire estate of Bennett, who died recently leaving a large fortune, and as the heir of a child of Bennett, which she said was born to her after his death and soon died. Dr. Hendricks was her physician, and the proprietor of a sanitarium in which the child was said to have been born. Stanton said he had united Miss Biggar and Bennett in marriage, and a marriage certificate, signed by him, played an important part in the case.

The claim of Miss Biggar was contested by persons who laid claims to being the rightful heirs of Bennett, and they made the charge of conspiracy. Under the will Miss Biggar was bequeathed a large part of the estate.

To Try Ballot-Box Stuffers.

St. Thomas, Ont., Dec. 24. — Chancellor Boyd, at the request of Crown Attorney Donahue, has appointed Judge Bell, senior judge of the County of Kent, to try the alleged ballot-box stuffers—Branton, Foster and Walsh—the alleged offenses being committed on Dec. 4 during the vote on the liquor act. The summonses were served upon the defendants today. The inquiry will begin here on Monday next.

Lake Temiskaming Frozen Over.

Toronto, Dec. 24. — Thomas Southworth, commisioner of colonization, says navigation has closed on Lake Temiskaming, the lake being frozen over. It will be about three weeks before any letters can be sent into or out of the district, as the ice will not be solid enough to bear the stages for that period. Mr. Southworth has been advised that the merchants have secured all their winter supplies and that there will be no danger of a scarcity of provisions.

Froze to Death on the Way Home.

Belleville, Ont., Dec. 24. — The body of Timothy Hannifin, a farmer, of Tyendinaga Township, was found in a ditch near Shannonville Station yesterday, frozen fast in the ice. Hannifin had been in this city on Monday and had indulged freely in spirituous liquors. He went to Shannonville, a distance of three miles, by train, where he got off and started to walk to his home. That was the last seen of him alive. Some bottles containing over half a gallon of whisky were found alongside the body.

TEACHERS WANTED.

Dec. 23.—At New York—Kroonland, from Antwerp; Trave, from Naples.
At Philadelphia—Siberian, from Glasgow.
At Hamburg—Deutschland, from New York.
At Queenstown—Oceanic, from New York; Noordland, from Philadelphia.
At Bremen—Main, from Baltimore.
At Genoa—New England, from Boston.
At Marseilles—Gallia, from New York.
At Copenhagen—L. P. Holmblad, from Boston; Oscar II., from New York.
Dec. 24.—At Philadelphia—Siberian, from Glasgow.
At Bristol—Lake Megantic, from St. John, N. B.

TALES OF LONDON TOWN

—Mr. Bert Coles is spending Christmas with his relatives in East London.

—Dr. Clifford Mara, of Calgary, Alberta, is holidaying at his mother's home in this city.

TALBOT ST. BAPTIST CHURCH FOR SALE.

A decision has been reached to sell the Talbot Street Baptist Church. The congregation intend erecting a new edifice some place east of the present location and nearer the center of the city.

FUNERAL OF MRS. SAMUEL PETERS.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Hannah Peters, widow of the late Samuel Peters, who died on Wednesday last at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Walter B. Brunell, 306 Burnside avenue, Toronto, will be held on Friday. The remains will arrive in London at 11.30 a.m. by the C. P. R. and will be taken from there to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Rev. George J. Bishop will officiate and the funeral will be private.

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 Tundred 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.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Chancellor Boyd has appointed Judge Deacon, of Pembroke, to investigate the charges of irregularities in Ottawa in connection with the referendum on liquor act.

WOULD HAVE TO STOP HER WORK AND SIT DOWN.



HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE TO DO THIS FROM DAY TO DAY?

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a blessing to women in this condition. They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Weakness, Listlessness, and all troubles peculiar to the female sex.

Mrs. James Taylor, Salisbury, N.B., in recommending them says: About eight months ago I was very badly run down, was troubled greatly with palpitation of the heart and would get so dizzy I would have to leave my work and sit down. I seemed to be getting worse all the time, until a friend advised me to try MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I can truthfully say that they do all you claim for them, and I can recommend them to all run-down women.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25; all dealers, or The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Ambassador Cigar

In pretty Christmas boxes of ten or twenty-five cigars, will make a nice present for your gentleman friend. For sale at the leading cigar stores.

Daly Cigar Co
MAKERS.

It's Too Bad

that your Plumbing is not working right. Telephone us at once, and have us put it in first-class order.

F. C. HUNT
Plumber,
521 Richmond St. North. Phone 1213.

It Is Not Easy to Dye Well

We dye Carpets in a way that makes them appear new, and gives the home the comfortable appearance.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Dyers and Cleaners,
400 Richmond street, near corner of Dundas, London, Ont.

STRIVING FOR A NAME

"Do not allow a momentary prejudice to warp your better judgment, Bessie," he uncle returned, kindly. "An ocean steamer is entirely different from a Mississippi River steamboat. That explosion was doubtless caused by the engines being overtaxed in a senseless race. There will be nothing of the kind to fear in going abroad, and, truly, my child, we must do something for you at once, or your health will be shattered beyond repair."

"I do not want to go to Europe," Queen Bess replied, with another shiver.

"That is a strange statement, for I know that it has been one of the strongest desires of your heart for a long time. What has changed your views?"

Queen Bess flushed crimson, and both gentlemen knew very well that her ch' reason was because she did not wish to leave her lover.

"I do not wish to leave home, Uncle John," she pleaded; "we have just got settled here again. If you insist that I need change, I will do anything you say for exercise. I will go out every day, ride in the carriage or on horseback, and walk miles, only do not send me away from New York."

"...ing or walking in these crowded streets will do you no good," Dr. Ashton responded, decidedly; "you must have entire change of scene, you must get away for a time from all familiar associations. If," he continued, speaking with impressive solemnity, "you remain here three months longer, and persist in your present course, there will be no help for you. Be reasonable, Bess, and come away for three or six months, and I promise you that you will come back an entirely different person."

If she could but have known in what way he was planning to make her a different person!

"Well," he continued, rising, "I have had my say, you can think it over, and whatever your decision may be, I feel hat I shall have done my duty."

He turned abruptly and left the room e he ceased speaking.

He was keen enough to understand that he had said enough; he had broken the ice, and now he felt assured that Kenneth would do the rest.

And he did. Her nervousness and lack of self-control, her pale cheeks and hollow eyes, all convinced him that Dr. Ashton was right, and it was absolutely necessary for her to have the change he proposed. Therefore he argued the matter quietly, but forcibly, until she at last yielded to what she believed to be his better judgment.

"If you think I ought to go, I suppose I must," she said, with a regretful sigh; "but somehow, Kenneth, I feel very unhappy about going."

He folded his arms closer about her; the feeling of desolation at his own heart, when he thought of the separation, almost unmanned him.

"Try to look upon the bright side, dear, and think of coming back well and strong," he said, encouragingly.

"There does not seem to be any bright side to it," she answered, with a sigh; "and, Kenneth, I am sure you will think it very strange, but I feel as if I would prefer to have almost anyone beside Uncle John to go with me."

Kenneth looked greatly surprised at this.

"Why, my darling," he said, "I supposed you considered Dr. Ashton your best friend—next to me, of course—and I should suppose that you would choose him in preference to anyone else as your companion."

"I know. It does seem natural that I should, for he is my only relative, as well as my physician, and apparently he is very fond of me; but I have a feeling of late—I cannot account for it, either—of distrust, a singular sense of insecurity and shrinking when I am with him that I never experienced when mamma was here."

"Do not allow any such fancy to take possession of you and make you unhappy," Kenneth said. "It is singular," he continued, "that only a little while ago I was filled with this same distrust, and feared that your uncle was going to make trouble for us; but now I feel inclined to believe that I wronged him. He appears to be deeply interested in your welfare, and seems to be reconciled to our engagement, and so evidently anxious for your happiness that I am ashamed of my former opinions. At all events, in this matter I second his plans for you most heartily. Go to Europe, my Beth; take a long or a short trip as you feel disposed, and come back to me well and strong, with the old roses blooming on your cheeks, and I shall feel well repaid for the loneliness I shall experience during your absence."

"You will be lonely, Kenneth," Queen Bess said, looking up at him with wistful tenderness.

"Do not think of that, my darling; you will soon be back again," he returned, smiling; but his lips trembled as he realized how much he should miss her.

"What if I should never come back?" she cried, throwing herself upon his breast, with a passionate sob. "What if I should never see you again?"

He clasped her to him almost convulsively, a terrible fear taking possession of him, and for a moment he could not respond to her.

At last he willed himself to say:

"My Beth, this very morbidness on your part convinces me that it is absolutely necessary for you to go. You will come back—you will see me again, and I shall write to you by every steamer. Put on a cheerful face, darling; make up your mind that you will do your utmost to recover both health and spirits, and then you will be able to return all the sooner."

"I will," she responded, sitting up and speaking resolutely. "I feel that I have been very weak and childish about it; but I will try to control myself, and make the best of what seems to me a very hard necessity. If you could only go with me, Kenneth, I should look forward most joyfully to the trip."

He touched her forehead fondly with his lips.

"If it were only a year later we would go together, my Beth," he said, softly. "You should go as my wife; but now, just as I have become a member of the firm, I cannot possibly leave my business."

Queen Bess was true to her promise; she did "make the best of a hard necessity," and offered no further opposition to her uncle's plans; but allowed preparations to go on for their journey, and in less than a fortnight, instead of the stipulated month, John Ashton was on the broad Atlantic with his heiress, congratulating himself upon the success of his plot and the possession of twenty-five thousand dollars.

In the same vessel Egbert Reynolds had also registered as a passenger, but Bess did not know of this for some days.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Egbert Reynolds was attacked with seasickness before the vessel was half an hour from her pier, and for three days he was unable to make his appearance on deck.

Queen Bess did not suspect his presence, for her uncle had been careful to keep the passenger list from her, thinking it w... be time enough for her to learn ... to be their traveling companion ... she should recover from his disagreeable attack, and was able to present himself before her.

She was seated on deck one morning reading an interesting book, for Kenneth had taken care to provide her with everything to make the trip enjoyable, when someone touched her lightly upon the shoulder.

Looking up, she found young Reynolds standing, pale but smiling, beside her.

"Mr. Reynolds!" she exclaimed, starting up in surprise, and flushing vividly, "how came you here?"

"I suppose in the same way that you came to be here," he replied, pleasantly. "I walked quietly on board the vessel last Wednesday morning for the purpose of taking a little run through England, and was most agreeably surprised, on looking over the passenger list, to find Dr. Ashton's and your name upon it."

"The passenger list! I have not seen it," Queen Bess said, absently. She was anything but pleased with the prospect of having this rejected suitor for a traveling companion.

"Allow me to give you mine," the young man gallantly said, as he drew it from his pocket and passed it to her. "I have, unfortunately been confined to my stateroom with seasickness until this morning, and not been able to pay my respects to you. Have you suffered any inconvenience from the motion of the steamer, Miss Marchmont?"

"Not the slightest; but Uncle John was taken very ill yesterday, when the waves began to roll high."

"Ah!" said the young man, his face lighting, for he thought he should have a fine opportunity to make himself agreeable to her if her uncle was out of the way.

This explained, too, why Dr. Ashton had not been near him during the last two days, a neglect which he had been inclined to resent.

"How have you managed without your escort?" he asked.

"Very well, thank you," Queen Bess replied, quietly; "the stewardess has been very kind, only I have been rather lonely among so many strangers."

She regretted having admitted that the moment she said it, when she saw his eager look.

[To be Continued.]

MURDEROUS ROBBERS

Blow Up a House With Dynamite—Proprietor Instantly Killed.

Mannington, W. Va., Dec. 24. — The residence of Robert Floyd, two miles north of here, was blown up with dynamite by robbers last night. Mr. Floyd was killed instantly, and Mrs. Floyd and the servant girl were seriously injured. The house was completely demolished. One thousand dollars which it is said Floyd had in the house is missing.

Soline, Ala., Dec. 24.—A. M. Bass, foreman of the coal chutes of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was killed, and J. F. Jones, agent of the road here, was wounded last night while sitting at the supper table of a hotel, the assassins firing through the windows. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

"BOBBY" AID IN A BURGLARY

Stood Guard While Pals Looted a Chicago Jewelry Store.

Chicago, Dec. 24. — Policeman Patrick Mahoney was found guilty, and Daniel Curran, co-defendant, not guilty, of burglary by a jury which returned its verdict of a locally sensational case in Judge McEwen's court today.

The burglary of Hagemann's jewelry store, with which the defendants were charged, netted the robbers $10,000, of which $7,000 was recovered by the police.

James Clark and an accomplice were convicted and served terms in the penitentiary.

Upon his release Clark told a s... to the states attorney which resu... in the arrest of Curran, a saloonkeeper, and Mahoney, a policeman, well known and respected among his fellows.

Clark testified that Mahoney in full uniform stood guard while the jewelry store was being looted.

Stranded Coal Barge Released.

Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 24. — The barge Isaac Stevenson, of Ogdensburg, laden with coal, which went ashore at Stoney Point, near Henderson, Dec. 16, was released last night and has started for Brockville, Ont. Much wreckage from the missing Hall, which, with her crew of nine, has been given up for lost, is still coming ashore, and the shore is being patrolled in the hope of recovering the bodies.

Daisy Carlton Acquitted.

Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 24. — The jury in the case of Daisy Carlton, charged with the murder of Mrs. Joseph Leslie, has rendered a verdict of not guilty. Her plea was self-defense. Mrs. Leslie, who was said to be jealous of Miss Carlton, attempted to horsewhip the latter, waylaying her on the street. Miss Carlton, who had been warned, carried a revolver and shot her assailant when attacked.

Vanderbilt's Condition.

New York, Dec. 24. — In a bulletin issued at the Vanderbilt residence at 9:30 o'clock the attending physicians state that Mr. Vanderbilt's temperature is a little lower and his general condition is also slightly improved.

Warm Welcome to Exile.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 24.—Peter Vergin, the Russian exiled Doukhobor, received a royal welcome to Yorkton yesterday from his countrymen.



Heals and Soothes the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc., quicker than any remedy known. If you have that irritating Cough that keeps you awake at night, a dose of the Syrup will stop it at once.

USED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

I have used DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP for every cold I have had for the past eight years, with wonderful success. I never see a friend with a cough or cold but that I recommend it.—H. M. Ellsworth, Jacksonville, N.B.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE MONTREAL HOCKEY CLUB DOES NOTHING RE STANLEY CUP

Trustees Insist Upon a Definite Answer Before Dec. 27.

Charge of Stealing Against Kid McCoy Has Been Dropped—General.

HOCKEY.

MONTREAL MAKES NO MOVE.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—The Montreal Hockey Club, at last night's meeting, decided to do nothing with regard to the Stanley cup, and the decision of its trustees that the match should be played before the end of the league series. It, therefore, looks as if the Montreal club would play out its schedule and forfeit the cup, as the trustees insist upon an acceptance before the series is finished, and have set Dec. 27 for a definite answer.

ST. JOHN'S A. C. PRACTICE.

The St. John's Athletic Club hockey team held a practice last night in the Princess rink. The play was fast throughout, and the work of the evening promises exceedingly well for the outlook of the club. Among those who turned out with the team were Messrs. Thomas and William Woolley, Fred Adams, Charlie Johns, Basil Sterling, Arthur Mortimer and F. J. McEachren. The practice was held under the direction of Harry Peel. The team will meet again on Friday evening, at the same time and place.

THE FIRST GAME.

Winnipeg, Dec. 24.—The first game in the new Hockey League was won last night by the Intermediate Rowing Club team, which has just organized. The game was well attended.

FIRST O. H. A. SCHEDULE.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Group No. 5 of the Ontario Hockey Association was the first to convene and make the schedule for the playing season. Mr. W. H. S. Cane, of Newmarket, was the convener, and the meeting was held at the Walker House last night. The schedule is:

Jan. 5—St. George's at Wellesley.
Jan. 9—Wellesleys at Newmarket.
Jan. 15—Newmarket at St. George's.
Jan. 19—Wellesleys at St. George's.
Jan. 23—St. George's at Newmarket.
Jan. 29—Newmarket at Wellesleys.

Winners play off with Owen Sound, who drew a bye.

Teh referees are: St. George's, H. F. Birmingham, J. R. Hynes; Newmarket, Hugh Rose, T. F. Doyle; Wellesleys, W. H. Dixon, W. A. Hewitt.

UNPROTESTED NOTES.

Woodstock, London, the Toronto Marlboros and other clubs are to the front with objections to their grouping, but Brantford is quite satisfied, and the Expositor says: "It must be admitted that the executive committee has done its work very well, taking everything into consideration. There will no doubt be some tall kicking from some of the clubs, but it is hard to see where the arrangement could have been improved upon, taking into account the interests of all the clubs concerned."—Toronto Globe.

London has roasted the O. H. A. systematically for the last few seasons, but find it is the only association to give them protection when they need it, and incidentally protect other teams against whom London may play. Win your district, boys, and when you have landed the championship tell the officials to charge $10 to put up against something stronger next season.—Galt Reporter.

Waterloo will play in Berlin today, and the return game will come off in Waterloo on New Year's Day. These are exhibitions, and the W. O. H. A. season will not start till Jan. 5.

Parris will play an exhibition game in Port Hope today.

The Wiarton bankers have organized their hockey club with the following officers: Honorary president, G. W. Ames; president, J. J. Acres, Bank of Commerce; vice-president, C. E. Watson, Union Bank; secretary-treasurer, C. B. Crawford.

The Frontenacs may go to Pittsburg, but it will be with a team of about Quinte League strength. Good players are not likely to disqualify themselves by violating the O. H. A. regulations.

THE RING.

McCOY CASE DROPPED.

New York, Dec. 27.—Norman Selby, the pugilist known as "Kid McCoy," has been exonerated from the charge of stealing a $1,000 bill from David Lamar. In withdrawing the charge today, Lamar explained to the police that he had been the victim of a practical joke with whom he was drinking in Selby's saloon.

WILL NOT MEET JEFFRIES.

Butte, Mon., Dec. 24.—Jack Munroe states that he will not meet Champion James J. Jeffries at present. "My condition is wholly unfit at the present time to fight successfully anyone, let alone Jeffries or Fitzsimmons," he said. "I purpose to devote myself to diligent training, and in a short while anyone who wants to can challenge me."

CLAIMED A FOUL.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 24.—The championship bantam contest between Harry Forbes, of Chicago, and Frank Neil, of San Francisco, before the Reliance Club last night ended in an unsatisfactory manner in the seventh round. Neil claimed that he had been hit below the belt and danced against the ropes for a second and then fell to the floor. He was carried to his corner, and while in the ring was examined by the physicians. They stated that they could see no evidence of a foul, but would give a positive decision in an hour. Referee Smith reserved his decision pending the report of the club's physicians. The public was divided as to whether or not a foul blow was struck. Neil made a brave battle for seven rounds, and took much punishment. Forbes proved to be a general in the ring, and constantly jolted his opponent. It was only in the rushes and fierce fighting that Neil made a showing. At the finish Neil claimed to be in great pain, but outside of the alleged injury he showed little punishment. At the end of an hour the physicians decided that ...tical joke perpetrated by some friends Neil had not been injured by a foul blow. Referee Smith then declared Forbes the winner of the contest.

PROBABLY APPEAR IN CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, who are now touring the country giving exhibition bouts, will probably appear in Chicago. Charles T. Essig received a letter yesterday from Clark Ball, who is managing the tour, asking him to make arrangements for the appearance of the boxers in Chicago. Essig has not yet secured a hall for the show, but expects to do so. It is probable a number of preliminary fights will be aranged to precede the exhibition by Fitzsimmons and Jeffries if a large enough arena can be secured.

TO BRING HIM TO CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—Jack Monroe, the fighter who gave Jim Jeffries some trouble at Butte, Mont., Saturday night, is known in Chicago. Jack Beauscholte met him in the west while training for a fight, and says the Montana miner is something of a fighter. Several enterprising promoters have already conceived the idea of bringing Monroe to Chicago. No offer has yet been made, but the managers of the Apollo Athletic Club think it would be a good stroke to get Monroe if they could find a suitable opponent for the man who made a boxing reputation by staying four rounds with the champion.

TERRY NEARLY DROWNED.

Detroit, Dec. 24.—Terry McGovern, the ex-champion, had a narrow escape from drowning while iceboating at Detroit a day or two ago. The boat he was on was traveling at 40 miles an hour when it struck a stretch of open water and went over, throwing the party into the icy drink. In some way Terry was stunned by the boom of the boat and when the others emerged from the water there was considerable difficulty in getting the little fighter to the edge of the thick ice. The party, composed of Terry, Joe Humphreys, Tommy Ramell and Mr. Bateman, were all drenched from tip to toe. They were over two miles from the hotel, and there was nothing to do but to fish out the iceboat and make a run for shelter. When the party arrived at Lakeside their clothes were frozen stiff and all were thoroughly chilled. It is not thought that McGovern will suffer any ill effects as a result of the dipping.

THE TURF.

TRAINER KILLED.

New York, Dec. 24.—Horsemen interested in harness-racing were shocked to learn that the unidentified man accidentally killed by a horse while crossing Broadway at Spring street on Monday evening was E. C. Walker, a trainer, driver, starting judge and writer, who was known to followers of trotting all over the country. Mrs. Walker recognized the description of the dead man published in the newspapers and went at once to the morgue, where her fears were confirmed.

BOOKMAKER FRY IS DEAD.

London, Dec. 24. — R. H. Fry, the well-known bookmaker, is dead.

MAHER'S GREAT RECORD.

New York, Dec. 24.—Though Danny Maher only occupies third place in the list of English winning jockeys for 1902, still his percentage is by far the best. Prior to the concluding month of the season, however, Maher was in second place, and going so strongly that it looked any odds on his retaining that position to the end, but he practically abandoned riding at the close of the Newmarket Houghton meeting, which put him back into third place and enable W. Halsey to take second honors to W. Lane in the total of winning mounts. Still, it is pleasing to be able to present statistics showing that Danny Maher's percentage is in advance of all other jockeys. In order to epitomize the entire situation, each rider's total of mounts and victories is given, showing their percentage:

Jockey.	Mounts.	Wins.	P.C.
D. Maher	451	106	.2350
W. Lane	807	170	.2106
T. Dixon	352	74	.2102
G. Trigg	278	47	.1974
W. Halsey	665	115	.1729
M. Cannon	396	68	.1717
J. H. Martin	529	89	.1512
J. Dalton	202	30	.1485
H. Randall	317	47	.1482
K. Cannon	372	51	.1370
T. L. Miller	251	45	.1332
F. Hardy	573	74	.1290
B. Dillon	182	23	.1263
H. Aylin	324	38	.1172
J. McCauil	230	26	.1130
W. Bray	347	39	.1123
W. Griggs	405	45	.1111
G. McCall	549	58	.1056
J. E. Watts	523	49	.0936
J. Childs	398	36	.0922

Rock Shand, the English colt that Danny Maher won with so frequently last season, is favorite for the Derby at 4 to 1. He was recently well backed at that figure. Rock Shand, with his rival, Flotsam, coupled, was quoted at 2 to 1.

CURLING.

BIG PLANS AT THE SOO.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 24. — Preparations for the tenth annual bonspiel of the Northwestern Curling Association, which will be held in this city during the week commencing Jan. 12, are now practically complete, and forecast the greatest event of its kind ever held in the Northwest. With the completion of the mammoth rink and the additional facilities offered by the rink in the Canadian Soo it will be possible if necessary to put into commission 18 rinks with 14 men in action simultaneously. Over 400 curlers will certainly be present and the list of prizes is a long one.

The new rink, which has just been completed, is the largest of its kind in the world. Its dimensions are 280 by 152 feet, and there are available 42,560 square feet of ice. When devoted to curling ten sheets of ice can be utilized. The main portion of the rink houses a huge hockey rink, 160 feet long and 80 feet wide. Around this field lies the skating course, which will accommodate hundreds of skaters. In a separate section devoted exclusively to curling are four fine sheets of ice.

Above the skating course, and looking down into the hockey field, with a seating capacity of 2,500, which may be increased if desired. At the side of the hockey field is located a spacious lunch room, with a kitchen fully equipped. In the same section are located the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-rooms, the check-room and the ticket office. In the rear the boiler-room is situated, where plenty of hot water may easily be secured to "pebble" the ice.

The bonspiel has been thrown open to the world, whether they are members of the association or not, and already acceptances have been received from New York, various eastern Canadian cities, Chicago, Milwaukee, Winnipeg and other cities farther west. A big delegation will come from St. Paul and Minneapolis, as the railroads have been giving a return trip ticket to the bonspiel of $10. The local hotelkeepers have also reduced their rates to curlers, and everything possible has been done to make this meeting the greatest of its kind that the world has ever seen.

The American Soo will doubtless enter eight or ten teams, and the Canadian Soo will be represented by at least six teams.

FOOTBALL.

OBJECT TO GLASS.

New Haven, Dec. 24. — Edgar T. Glass, Yale's giant left guard, bids fair to be the captain of Old Eli's eleven next season. This is the opinion of all here interested in football.

Glass is the choice of the Yale undergraduates. The result, however, does not lie wholly with the New Haven contingent. Harvard is being consulted as she protested that Glass was ineligible for the position. In the event of Glass being disqualified, Metcalf will undoubtedly be chosen captain.

In order that the embarrassment of electing Glass captain and then having him disqualified might be avoided, Yale began corresponding with Harvard on the subject. The end is not yet, but cannot be far distant. The Yale football committee is conducting the exchange of missives under the direction of Walter Camp.

At the meetings of the students in their restaurants and in the assembly halls, talk runs high on the subject. The undergraduates are particularly desirous of having Glass as the 1903 captain and there will be a bitter fight against Harvard's contention that the giant player has been engaged four years in playing football and that he is therefore ineligible for further participation in intercollegiate contests.

Undergraduates say that Yale could elect Glass captain in the face of Harvard's opposition, and play him next year with no opposition from the other colleges, but that the best course has been deemed that already taken.

The matter will now be smoothed out once for all, and whatever the decision may be, Yale expects to have a clear field next year, free from petty bickerings and undesirable insinuations as to the ineligibility of any man on her team.

BASEBALL.

FREEDMAN STILL IN THE GAME!

New York, Dec. 24.—Andrew Freedman has declared himself into baseball again. Under the instructions of the real owner of the New York club, John T. Brush issued the statement declaring that Delehanty must play in New York. If the American League insists on Delehanty returning to Washington there will be no peace, as Freedman would shut up the park grounds before yielding. All the indications point to a pretty fight when the peace committees meet.

By Way of Comment.

Gold Heels, the sensational winner of the Suburban and Brighton handicaps, and also the Brighton cup, will be entered again for the fall spring handicaps next season. Gold Heels was recently "fired," and the veterinary who is in charge of the great horse says that he is coming around nicely and will probably be able to show all of his old form when he gets back to the races. But turfmen who are conversant with the injury sustained by Gold Heels do not believe that the son of The Bard will ever race again. When Gold Heels returned to the paddock after winning the Brighton cup, he was not bleeding from a cut on the leg, as reported, but one of his ankles had simply collapsed. The trouble was so noticeable and so carefully inspected by horsemen who were on the spot that the impression was immediately formed that Gold Heels was done for. That was why, when he was put up at auction by Gen. F. C. McLewee and "Diamond Jim" Brady, nobody seemed to want the horse that had been a public idol only a few months before.

George Bothner, the New York middleweight wrestler, must be an exceptionally good man of his weight, for the middleweights whom Tom Jenkins cannot throw four times within an hour are few and far between. Bothner has won scores of contests from men in the lightweigh and welterweight division, and he has come victorious in numerous handicap events with men of the heav... division. Piening, the "Butcher Boy," could do nothing with Bothner, and on Monday night big Tom Jenkins, the champion of champions, failed to win four falls in the hour. A two-out-of-three fall contest between Ed Atherton and Bothner would be well worth going a distance to see. Atherton is regarded as the best middleweight ever seen in these parts, and New Yorkers have a similar opinion of Bothner. A match between them is in order.

It was noticeable at the recent sale that the youngsters which were entered in the Futurities brought bigger prices than those which were not. That fact is no new thing to breeders, either, but some of them never appear to see the advantage of it. Village Farm, one of the greatest breeding establishments in the world, has never made a practice of entering foals in the Futurities, and, consequently, youngsters from other establishments, possibly not so well bred, have sold for higher prices simply because of their being so entered. It is now reported, however, that the Hamlins intend to enter their foals liberally in the big Futurities next year.

Ed Hanlon sensibly remarks: An error should not be charged against a player except for a dropped throw, a wild throw or a muffed fly. I don't believe in charging the player with an error for missing a ground ball in the infield or outfield. No ball field is perfect, and frequently when a player is properly set for the ball the sphere takes an ugly bound and goes to one side or strikes the player on the chest. The player is in nowise responsible for missing a chance of this kind; still he is charged with an error. In my opinion it would be a good idea to reconstruct the rules so that errors would not be charged against the player except for a wild throw, dropped throw or a muffed fly. The present system of scoring has a tendency to develop so-called record players. If a man knows he is going to be charged with an error if he misses a hard chance, he is not going to put forth his best effort to get in front of the ball, for if he doesn't get his hands on the sphere he cannot be charged with a misplay. On the other hand, if he knew that he would not damage his record even though he missed the chance, he would undoubtedly make every possible effort to get in front of the ball hit into his territory."

Mr. A. E. Perren has bought of E. B. Van Deusen, of Brooklyn, his good trotter True Chimes (2:12¼), by Chimes. On the opening day of the Empire City track, Sept. 4, 1899, Mr. Perren drove True Chimes, then a 5-year-old, a half-mile in 1:03¾, hooked to a track wagon, although the horse was soft and had received no special preparation. He was immediately purchased after the trial by Mr. F. T. Holder, of Yonkers, for $6,000, who afterward sold him to Mr. Van Deusen.

We wish you all a Merry Xmas

Grafton & Co.

J. McNichol, Mgr.

AN ACTRESS' CHRISTMAS EVE

By CLARA MORRIS.

Christmas was in the very air, for an early, snowy winter always seems to intensify Christmas enthusiasm.

The city was gayly picturesque in snow and greenery, and he was indeed a glum and surly shopman who failed to have a bough at his door or a few wares.

As is usual, Mr. and Mrs. Lo-the-Poor-Actor would have extra work to do on the great church and home festival, and the spectacular play required much extra rehearsing, much spangling and embroidering, and going over of marches and dances at night after the play was over—all of which was done cheerfully and willingly, and if some of us ballet girls, quite worn out, sat down for "just a moment" on the rolled-up stage carpet and fell asleep there, we were prodded up with jest and laughter and went blinking sheepishly to our places—our "first positions, please!"

Every one of us was talking, reading, thinking Christmas. So many people were entertaining that we were puzzled to know whom they found to entertain—and Hattie and Mary and Semantha and Clara, who together danced and marched and chorussed and stood about in the crowd, exchanged wishful, affectionate glances and then mentally parceled out her week's five dollars again.

Semantha—poor little beast of burden, true heathen and victim of a malign, vituperative mother—a woman monster—had been born into the world under a rain of oaths; she had been brought up on them and by them; swearing was as natural to her as breathing.

Yet the blond Mary, with the shell-pink cheeks, vasciliating, wavering unsteady, who smilingly answered to the name of "Weathercock"—Hattie, the warm-hearted but curt, almost brusque-mannered one—and Clara, the walking interrogation point, the personified "Why?"—were all indebted to poor Semantha for finding of the way that led to the banquet.

"Uf you don't turn up de nose, deres de Dutch-treat way. It's youst like de same as Americans' picnic. Every lady's prings vat she like, und den altogedder put. Veil den can't we bring" (she smiled a brilliant appreciation of the situation) "not youst vat we like, but youst vat we can get, eh, and put all togedder?" Then flushing all over at her presumption in saying "we," she corrected herself hastily, "I mean for you."

"Why, Semantha," I cried, "you are a jewel of cleverness! Girls, say, can't we have a little spread that way on Christmas Eve, after the performance—just us four?"

"Oh!" cried Semantha, "den dat's me, too!" and folding her arms about herself she danced and capered with delight, crying: "I never was in no party in my life before!"

Word came next morning that Hattie's mother would cook the supper for us, and that she would provide coffee and milk, and bread and butter, and pickles—and we could do the rest. Instantly secrecy began to be shown; no one wanted anyone else to guess what she was going to bring. Snow fell, the cold grew sharper after it, and I crackled at every movement from the newspapers I wore across my shoulders and chest to turn the cold that cut through my thin little cloak so easily. Half frozen, yet perfectly happy, I made my purchases, and was childish enough to take two small cans of oysters instead of one large one, it sounded so opulent—cans! My star offering was to be—oh, if I might only reach the price, only find a small bunch, ever so small, if it were nice and white—think of the triumph of sitting down to celery—oysters and celery! Heavens, what a Christmas!

Christmas Eve is the worst night of the whole year for theaters, therefore we had a very short play, then a final and long rehearsal of marches and dances and scenes. Each girl had arrived with parcels, which she secreted to the best of her ability.

At last we were free and on our way to Hattie's house. It was bitter cold and we each had brought an old pair of stockings to draw on over our shoes and so keep the snow out and some semblance of warmth in, and as our hoops tilted, betraying now and then a glimpse of shapeless foot and leg, bursts of laughter followed.

Then we stood at the low-browed little door. It opened. Tall and thin, Mrs. Mother, as Semantha had named her, bade us enter, and even she had done honor to the occasion, for the breastpin bore heavily upon her chest and she wore a black silk apron. We entered and four great "Oh!" broke from our cold-blued lips. We were in a small, well-lighted, well-warmed, well-cleaned kitchen. A clock ticktacked rapidly and fussily, after the manner of cheap clocks the world over. A big gray cat dozen on a mat behind the stove and—and the table that had a scanty green wreath in the center and within it a glass dish of plum preserves, that threw exquisite dashes of color about. Five figs and the handful of nuts were in a china saucer; five gingerbread horses, saddled and bridled with white sugar, spelled Semantha unerringly. A big soup tureen loomed up massively, but—where, with sinking heart, I asked myself—where was my star offering—the celery?

But the plates were being passed—dear heavens! What has become of the savor of food since then? We ate first to appease keen hunger, then for the delight of our astonished palates; and presently Mrs. Mother arose a moment to return bearing the celery, and such a joyous shout welcomed it that I felt I was indeed the benefactress of my chums.

Suddenly a long, forlorn "Moo-oo" sounded from without. Any one who has ever lived on a farm would recognize at once that note of protest of distress. Again a louder "moo-oo." Mrs. Mother and daughter Hattie looked at each other. "It's that Dutchman at the corner of the alley, has gone off and got drunk, I suppose," sternly explained the former, "and he's left that poor cow out in the yard."

"Und why shall she holler uf nobody don't hurt her?" asked Semantha.

"She hollers to get in out of the cold and in her stall and her straw bed," replied Hattie.

We sang; we even coaxed Mrs. Mother to quaver a few stanzas. Then stories followed, of course Bible stories, old Christmas legends. Mrs. Mother was a Manx woman, and she was full of mystic, ancient tales. The blazing eyes of the little Dutch girl at times seemed ready to jump out of her head with excitement.

Then Mrs. Mother told the lovely story of the humble birth of the dear Saviour of men, with the gentle tired eyes of the oxen and the ass looking on at the divine mystery, and how in memory of that precious night, all the world over, the cattle at midnight of Christmas Eve reverently kneel as if in prayer.

Swiftly Semantha exclaimed, "I don't believe it."

"Well, I never!" gasped the narrator.

"How dare you?" exclaimed Hattie.

"To speak to an old woman like that," said Mary.

"How old is she den?" asked the incorrigible. "Was she mad mit me? Why, I don't mean nodings, only dat was not true. The cows couldn't know to go to der knees."

"Don't mind," I whispered to our hostess. "She is treated so cruelly—she was never taught anything." And just then Semantha reached her work-spoiled hand out, saying: "Uf you please, don't be mad mit me, but uf you will tell why He com' down out of dey sky anyhow, und uf He was Got alretty, why was He com' poor instead of rich."

A startled silence replaced our humble jollity. What a question—we were taken unawares. This girl, flushed and excited, awaited information. I looked entreatingly at the lifeworn woman who headed the table. With a touch of acerbity she insisted, "He was the very Son of the all powerful God, and He came to save the whole sinning human family."

"Well, den," quickly broke in Semantha, "why didn't he do it up dere den, or be rich down here? Poor peoples can't save dere ownselves youst, so why shall He come out of heaven at all? Und why shall de beasts on der knees go, youst for seein' a baby borned?"

I felt the vexed backward shove of Mrs. Mother's chair and under the table cover I caught her hard fingers: "Please!" I breathed, "Oh, please! the only Bible she ever saw was the one her mother ridiculed and burned." Then the dread of having our bright playhour end in black sulks pricked me forward with a desperate rush. "Semantha," I said, catching at her hands across the table, "Semantha—don't you see! the greatness, the glory of the Almighty God made the poor, suffering, sinning people afraid to approach Him and tell what they had done, and how sorry and sick-hearted they were. They thought they were too little, too common"——

"Ja! I can see dat!" she whispered rapidly.

But Mary was moved by a wandering spirit, that mistook her for another, to cry in a loud voice: "Get your guitar, Hattie, and let's try that last chorus again," and the joy of its swing put us all right again.

Then we were expelled by our hostess, who reminded us of tomorrow's double work. We came tumbling out into the bitterly cold glory of a magnificent night, Hattie and her mother accompanying us to the sagging and rope-tied gate.

As we were passing—three abreast—a high board fence near the corner there came a sort of sliding fall against it, and a sound that was a sign, a groan, a snort all combined. Three shrieks broke from three frightened girls. We bounded to the gutter, clutching at one another and shivering. Mary looked like fainting. "Don't!" I whispered, "Oh, don't!"

Then Semantha straightened up: "Stay you here, fraulein; I'll see what makes dat noise." "Let me go with you," I quavered. "You stay youst as I tell you; uf anyone com' murder dere I holler and you yell de police here. Now I climb dat fence—see?"

She had no gloves, so she wrapped her fingers in the corners of her shawl, drew back and made a little running jump and caught at the top of the fence. Hung there a moment, scraping her toes wildly up and down in search of some purchase—found it, lifted herself up and peeped over into the inclosure. A strong expulsion of breath reached us at the same moment. Oh, what could it be? And then a cry broke from Semantha's lips—she looked back at us. Under the flood of moonlight her face was marble white, her eyes blazed, her throat worked convulsively. The coral beads sprang through the air and lay a pink adder on the walk. One more glance she gave over there, then hurled herself to the ground, caught each of us by a hand and in a thrilling, triumphant voice, cried:

"It's true! It's true! Down to your knees und make de prays! make 'em quick! quick! youst like de cow's making dem over dere!"

Rushed by the wild power of her command two trembling voices quavered forth on the one side, "Our Father who art in heaven," and on the other, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, save me!" and Semantha bowed her head and exultantly caught at one word and then another. Then, still holding our hands, she raised us and tiptoed softly away, breathing low, "Und I saw it by my own eyes!"

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, and billousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Notification of the conclusion of an arbitration between Spain and Uruguay was gazetted Wednesday.

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J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

Forest City Business College.

Perfection IN GARMENT MAKING.

Our daily accomplishments in fine tailoring work show a degree of perfection that stands unequaled.

Every garment we make shows the handiwork of skill—the inspiration of the true artist.

We are prepared to gratify your every wish in fabrics—in style—in workmanship.

O. Labelle, 372 Richmond St.

...SKATES...



We want you to know that we have the best value in Skates in the city.

NICKEL-PLATED HOCKEY SKATES FOR 60c.

We carry in stock Starr Manufacturing Company's, Boker's and Muller's. Full lines and low prices.

BROCK'S GUN STORE

192 Dundas St., London, Ont.

Incorporated 1899.

W. CAVEN BARRON, Pianist, Principal.

Best teachers in the city at the Conservatory.

The rehearsals bring every pupil under Mr. Barron's direction, and reports of pupils' progress are sent home to parents.

Gas Heaters

You will find that you can save money by using GAS for both heating and cooking during the winter months. Hundreds are doing it this winter, and find it cheaper than any other fuel at present prices. See our line of Heaters and Ranges.

City Gas Co

49tf-zw

W. S. LOCKHART, House Decorator, Painting, Paperhanging. Residence, Beaconsfield avenue.

H. C. McBRIDE, Architect and Surveyor, 213 Dundas St.

Marshall Bros. & Co.

67 DUNDAS STREET.

Choice Teas and Coffee. Call and get a package of Bonnyrigg Ceylon Tea, 25c and 40c per pound; black or mixed.

FAIRBAIRN, THE TAILOR, Richmond Street, Opposite City Hall

ELECTRIC WIRING

of every description is our specialty. We employ none but experts for this work. Get our estimates of cost.

The Electrical Construction Co., London, Limited.

32 to 40 Dundas Street.

John T. Stephenson

Importer of the latest New York styles of Black and Colored Caskets and Robes of all kinds. Only Funeral Car with rubber tires in Western Ontario.

Phone 459.

104 Dundas St., London.

R. K. COWAN

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., County Bldgs., next Court House, London there."

For Fitted Bags, Dressing Cases, Suit Cases, Purses, Chatelaine Bags and Wrist Bags, call at Tackaberry & Co., 364 Richmond street.

Referendum Returns.

Parry Sound, Ont., Dec. 23. — The official declaration of the vote for the referendum for the District of Parry Sound was made here today as follows: Affirmative, 2,027; negative, 710; majority for, 1,317.

$1.00—Your Bicycle Cleaned and Stored.

$2.00—Enameled, Cleaned and Stored.

Your Bicycle should not be put away for the winter without being taken apart, thoroughly cleaned, and vaseline put in the bearings.

Otherwise the bearings and parts will be badly rusted and the running parts of the Wheel be injured.

All Bicycles left with us are thoroughly cleaned, the bearings vaselined, and stored in a warm, dry room until required next season.

'Phone or drop us a card, and Wheel will be called for.

GURD'S, 185 Dundas St.

You haven't figured out the true economy of buying clothes til you have ordered clothes of

SOUTHCOTT, 361 Richmond St

Holiday Goods

Can you select anything nicer for a Christmas gift than a genuine Ebony Mirror, Brush or Manicure Set? We carry a full line.

J. E. Keays & Co.

(London Pharmacy)

268 Dundas St., near Wellington.

Our Way of Tailoring

Is invariably the most correct interpretation of your ideas.

THOS. WILSON, Merchant Tailor, 213 Dundas Street. Phone 596.

$10.50--$10.50



$10.50--$10.50

Ten Dollars and Fifty Cents Till Dec. 31 Only.

This 14k Gold-Filled Ladies' Watch — Waltham or Elgin movement—guaranteed to wear for 25 years—sent to any address prepaid. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

Thos. Gillean

Jeweler and Optician,

402 Richmond St., LONDON, ONT.

Official issuer of marriage licenses.

DR. JARVIS, Dentist,

OFFICE Corner Dundas and Clarence. Phone 1480.

Visits Mount Brydges Every Friday.

W. J. SMITH & SONS

Undertakers and Embalmers, 113 Dundas St. Phone 586. Open day and night. Residence on premises.

IT IS UP TO YOU

We have spared no pains or expense to equip our plant with the best and latest improved machinery; buy the best materials on the market; employ none but the most competent help; and can guarantee that we are fully prepared to give you the most exquisite laundry work. Will you let us have a trial order?

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

Telephone 559.

If you want a bread for health, eat

Johnston Bros

XXX BREAD.

It's the purest product of the choicest ingredients—a bread that's used in thousands of homes throughout London. Try Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread, 5c a loaf. 'Phone 813.

A Real Pleasure

Good Porter gives the greatest pleasure of anything you drink, because it gives good health. At Christmas time order a dozen from your dealer.

Hamilton's Brewery

Jos. Hamilton, Proprietor.

THE CANADIAN SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY.

Dividend No. 54.

A Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent Per Annum has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company for the current half-year, and is payable on and after the 2nd of January, 1903.

The Transfer Books are closed from the 15th to the 31st inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

M. H. ROWLAND,
London, Dec. 8, 1902. Manager.

Boys' Watches Reduced to $1

Here is a gift that every parent can afford to give. Boys' Stem-Wind Watches, only $1 50; good, reliable timepieces. A line of Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, set with pearls and garnets, reduced to $1. We are prepared to give you money on every gift you have to buy. Open every night.

WARD, The Jeweler, 374 Richmond Street.

We Thank Our Customers

For their liberal patronage in the past, and hope by giving you the best goods at the lowest prices consistent with quality to still merit a continuance of your confidence.

Wishing You A Merry Christmas.

T. A. ROWAT & CO.

234 Dundas Street.

Bread

For Turkey Dressing. We make a special loaf for this purpose.

Stop our wagon or Phone 929.

The Parnell-Dean Steam Baking Co., Limited.

75 and 77 Bruce St., City.

XMAS FURS

Beltz's Fur Sale

TOTAL LOCAL CLEARINGS.

The total clearings at the London clearing house for the week ending Dec. 23 were $732,748.

BIGGEST DOG IS DEAD

He Was "Nero" of Rutland, Vt., and Weighed 284 Pounds.

Glens Falls, N. Y., Dec. 24. — Nero, the property of Judge Wayne Bailey, of Rutland, Vt., and said to have been the largest dog in the world of which there is any record, is dead of general debility at the age of 10 years.

It was a mastiff, half-English and half-German, and because of its immense size was widely known.

The dog weighed 284 pounds and at the shoulder was 36 inches high. Its measurement around the body just back of the forelegs was 55 inches, and around the neck 35 inches. The forelegs just below the body measured 16½ inches in circumference, and from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail just half an inch sort of six feet. The dog was purchased by Judge Bailey when it was 6 months old.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"THE GREAT RUBY" TODAY.

"The Great Ruby," the success of both London and New York, will be given at the Grand this afternoon and evening. The scenic and costume effects are marvelous and the production throughout is as complete as upon the occasion of its premiere at Daly's Theater, New York. Thirty persons are in the interpreting company. Special holiday prices will prevail, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.



GRIFFITH IN "MACBETH."

The clever tragedian, Mr. John Griffith, is to appear at the Grand on Saturday afternoon and evening in "Macbeth." His elocution is admirable, his gestures natural and his stage presence superb, and he possesses a magnificent voice.

AT THE LONDON TODAY.

Despite the fact that Christmas eve is dreaded by the actor folk as one of the worst nights of the year from a box office standpoint, the Marks Bros.' production of "Hazel Kirke" was greeted by an even larger house than that of Tuesday night. The beautiful old drama was given an effective presentation by this capable aggregation of players. This afternoon "His Mother's Vindication" will be given, and tonight "The Duke's Daughter" will be the bill. Crowded houses promise to be the rule at both performances.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Radway's Ready Relief cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need anyone suffer with

ACHES and PAINS

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not an hour after reading this advertisement need anyone suffer with pain.

Radway's Ready Relief is a sure cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest and Limbs.

IT WAS THE FIRST and Is the Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief. 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS. Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c a Box. Sold by Druggists or Sent by Mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 7 St. Helen street, Montreal, for Book of Advice.

20th CENTURY

Christmas Greeting To All.

BARTLETT & ELLIS,

109 Masonic Temple. First Floor.

Up-to-Date Clothing

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Mrs. (Dr.) Henry, of Richmond, Va., is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. B. Leslie, Hyman street.

—Harry McElheran, of Toronto, is visiting at the home of his father, Mr. R. McElheran, South London.

—Mr. J. O. Weldon, of South London, presented a useful gift to each of the belt line street railway conductors.

—Miss Ruby Smith, of Lockport, N. Y., is spending the holidays at her sister's residence, 311 Hyman street, city.

—Messrs. E. W. Dawson and Thos. Johnston, of Toronto, are spending the Christmas holidays at the homes of their parents in this city.

—The pastor of the Christian Church, Rev. S. B. Culp, wishes to thank his Bible class and a friend of the school for the beautiful study gown which he received from them as a Christmas gift.

—A very enjoyable evening was spent in the Christian Church Tuesday night at the Sunday school Christmas tree entertainment. The exercise, "Christmas Greeting," was well rendered by the school, and Santa Claus appeared at the close of the concert and pleased the little ones very much by the distribution of presents.

COURT FOREST QUEEN OFFICERS.

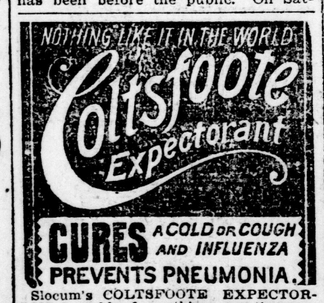
Court Forest Queen, No. 6363, A. O. F., of this city, has chosen the following officers for the ensuing year: P. C. R., Bro. William Brimblecombe; C. R., Bro. R. C. Purdy; S. C., Bro. Lucas; treasurer, Bro. F. W. J. Ball; financial secretary, Bro. R. H. Brocke; senior woodward, Bro. George Gregor; junior woodward, Bro. J. J. Wallace; senior beadle, Bro. R. Hill; junior beadle, Bro. J. Premo; trustees, Bros. A. O. Jeffery, George Mortimore, L. T. Stephenson; auditors, Bros. H. A. Kingsmill, M.D., William Harrison, Charles McCormick; correspondent, Bro. William Harrison.

MRS. ROBERTSON'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Robertson, mother of Mrs. (Rev.) J. S. Fisher, of Lambeth, took place yesterday afternoon from Mr. Fisher's residence to the Methodist Church, and thence to the Lambeth Cemetery. The services were conducted by Rev. A. K. Birks, of Colborne Street Church, London, assisted by Rev. Wm. Quance, of Siloam. The pall-bearers were Messrs. John Kelly, D. Mann, J. Harrison, D. Lown, Thomas Bailey and J. Mill. A particularly sad feature of Mrs. Robertson's death is the fact that her daughter, Mrs. Fisher, is so seriously ill that grave fears are entertained for her on account of the shock of her mother's demise.

FORTUNATE LONDON OIL COMPANY.

The stock of the London Elgin Oil Company has made some record-breaking jumps for the short time it has been before the public. On Saturday last this stock was advertised at 20 cents on the dollar. Reports from the territory caused the directors to immediately withdraw this offer, and on Tuesday a small block was offered at 40 cents on the dollar. A committee of directors, having visited the property of the London Elgin Oil Company, and confirmed the report of a bonanza in well No. 2, as the biggest producer ever known in the territory, the stock is again withdrawn at 40 cents, and is said to be valued at par.



Slocum's COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT is a bland, soothing, curative preparation, that stops all tickling, hacking and irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes. For sale by all druggists. Price 25c. Always ask for Slocum's COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT, and you will get it.

The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 179 King street W., Toronto.

A FIREMAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By Chief Edward F. Croker, of the New York Fire Department.

The time was 1:30 on Christmas morning, 1898.

I was returning in my wagon with Fireman John Hughes, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 10, from a fire at No. 139 Washington street.

The stores were closed then, and the thousands of Christmas shoppers who earlier in the evening had thronged the streets had disappeared. But the pushcart men were still doing a lively business with the night workers and at many corners Christmas trees could still be bought.

The tenement houses were all lit up and we could see the fathers and mothers of the poor preparing surprises for their little ones. It was happy work they were at, sorting the toys and filling the stockings with candy and games and dolls. And neither of us talked much, for we were both wishing that we were at home ourselves filling the stockings of our own little ones.

But fires must be fought and firemen must be always on guard, and particularly on Christmas morning, for there are a great many fires then.

So to the two of us it was an old story—this returning from a fire on Christmas morning. And it didn't surprise us to see the worshipers coming home from midnight mass at old St. Peter's on Barclay street, for that was an old story, too.

So, feeling the spirit of Christmas morning—that feeling which no other holy day calls forth—I let Jack, my horse, take his own time back to the engine-house.

I am glad now that I let Jack walk back. If we had galloped to No. 10 this story would be sadder than it is. For when we got to the corner of Fulton and Greenwich streets I saw flames curling up from the second story window of a tenement house on the corner.

Now, I have been on hand at hundreds of fires before they were under much headway, but none of these fires in their early stages made the impression on me that this one did. For the window from which the flames issued was next to a fire escape, and at one corner of the escape, lit up by the fire, was a Christmas tree. It was completely decorated, and the parents had evidently placed it there to hide it from the children.

So that picture is still in my mind—a green tree, illuminated in the darkness against a wall of red brick.

Hughes had leaped from the wagon and turned in an alarm from Box 42. I tied Jack to the nearest post, and a moment later Hughes and I were in front of the building, No. 176 Greenwich street.

It was a five-story brick tenement. At each story there was a one-window balcony fire escape. But we could see that the fire escapes were on the line of the stairway, and that the adjoining rooms were cut off from the escapes by partitions. And with incredible rapidity the fire ran up the stairway, and at the hall windows of each story the flames appeared.

It was amazing to us that there were no faces at the windows, that no tenants were rushing from the place, that cries of alarm and terror did not echo from the halls.

"What's the matter with them?" said Hughes.

"Matter?" I said. "Look!"

In an instant blanched faces had appeared at every window. Did you ever see a hundred faces of men, women, boys, girls, white from danger of death, appealing to you to save them? That is a sight that makes heroes of firemen.

At a four-story window a mother stood with a baby in her arms. She was so transfixed with terror that she seemed calm, and the baby had a red Santa Claus in her hands. Somehow I could not keep my eyes off that.

"Don't jump!" I shouted. "Here's the engines!"

"Don't jump! You're safe! Here's the ladders!" echoed Hughes.

But we knew that for five minutes no engine could arrive, and we knew that before five minutes some of those faces would disappear.

Suddenly five people appeared on the second-story fire escape. I helped Hughes up the water leaders to the first balcony. He lowered the iron drop-ladders, and the five people came down. They were Mr. and Mrs. Diedrich Murkin and their three children.

"There's a woman and three children in the fifth floor window to the right who can't get to the escape," shouted someone in the small crowd that had collected.

"I'll climb to the fifth," said Hughes. That moment the companies arrived.

"Go on," said I.

He climbed up the escape to the fourth floor balcony.

As he got there flames burst from the fifth story windows. Outside on the narrow sill two boys, aged about 18 and 10 years, managed in some way to stand. With one foot on the top of the fire escape balcony and the other on the fourth floor window sill Hughes reached for the oldest boy and got him to the balcony. Then Assistant Foreman Kenlon, of Engine Company 29, reached the fourth balcony and Fireman Hughes passed the youngest boy to him.

And all this time the flames were eating the woodwork of that fifth story window and the mothers of the two boys was appearing and disappearing with a little 4-year-old fellow whose arms were clasped around her neck.

But Hughes walked along the coping, loosened the boy's hold and passed him down to Kenlon. Then he helped the mother, Mrs. Helen Hickson, to the fourth balcony.

By this time the ladders were raised. "Come down!" shouted the men to Hughes and Kenlon. "You'll be cut off."

But Hughes and Kenlon were listening to the mother. "Get Richie," she said. "He's in there. I couldn't lift him. He's sick."

I got to the balcony just then with a line of hose. By that time everyone had been saved. Even the little red Santa Claus was brought down unharmed.

I heard the mother's words.

"We must get him, boys," I said.

But all the energy of that fire seemed centered at that window. Four times the smoke and flame drove us down the ladder. But we knew that there was yet some hope. We sent three streams against the walls and ceilings, for we did not want to hurt the boy, and finally we got in the room.

It has always seemed strange to me, but I remember every little detail of that one moment, while other moments of much greater danger to myself and scores of others have been altogether forgotten.

As I write this I can hear Kenlon saying, "Chief, he may be all right—step easy now, he may be at the window." And at the same time he placed his hand on my shoulder to restrain me.

And Hughes, who was struggling with the nozzle of the long line of hose, whispered—actually whispered—as the smoke swirled around us: "Take your time, chief, take your time; I think I see him moving around. He's all right."

And just then came the mother's voice again, "My God, save little Richie; save Richie!"

And I can hear Kenlon and Hughes answering back, "We'll save him."

Somehow all of us were in dread of something in that little room that Christmas morning. For, you see, the three of us had little sons of our own.

We peered through the darkness that our lanterns relieved just a little. We didn't step, we just moved across the floor carefully, and finally we came to a little white bed.

The little fellow was lying on it with face upward.

We did not say anything as the light from our lanterns told us the story that we feared.

The fire had not touched him.

We were glad of that.

But the smoke had suffocated him.

A little red drum, a rubber ball, a picture book, were on the pillows beside him, and clasped in his chubby hand was a green bugle with a gold cord and a red tassle. It was the toy evidently that his childish fancy had prized the most of all, but the tired little eyes that wanted to see Santa Claus would never look at it again.

Somehow it was a long time before any of us spoke, and I guess we were all glad that the room was somewhat dark.

Then we gathered up all the toys and we carried the little fellow down the ladder.

And the next day I did not forget the bravery of Hughes and Kenlon. I was chief of the First Battalion then, and in my report to the chief of the department I recommended that their names be placed on the roll of merit, and that soon afterward led to their advancement. I have met Hughes and Kenlon many times and they always speak of the Christmas fire where we found the little fellow dead with his toys on the pillow beside him.

OIL! OIL! OIL!

President—Geo. G. Steele.
Vice-Presidents, Fred J. Darch, Oliver Ellwood.
Secretary—Henry B. Ashplant.
Treasurer—Geo. M. Fox.
Manager—G. R. Pennington.

London Elgin Oil Company, Limited

CAPITAL STOCK, - - $250,000

In 10,000 Shares at $25 Each—No Preferred Stock.

Head Office—London, Ont.

This company owns the leases on 200 acres (room for 300 wells) of the most desirable lands on the oil-producing rock, in that well-established and dividend-paying oil territory, near Dutton, in Elgin County, Western Ontario. Only a rail fence divides the holding of the London Elgin Oil Company, Limited, from the developed property of the prosperous Elginfield Oil and Gas Company, with thirty-eight producing wells and an output of 900 to 1,000 barrels per month. The stock of that company is now held at $2 (double its par value).

The London Elgin Oil Company, Limited, Has Tested Its Property, and Proved It to Be on the Oil Rock, Having Already Struck Oil in Wells No. 1 and 2.

A committee of directors visited this territory on Tuesday last, and our manager's report of a

Bonanza in Well No. 2 Is Confirmed.

Our driller says it will yield a bigger output in 12 months steady pumping than the noted Raleigh gusher.

In meantime our bargain offer at 40c is withdrawn. WATCH THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

76tf

House Coats

AT COST.

Must Be All Cleared Out This Week.

GRAHAM BROS.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 218

SKIN DISEASES

Eczema, Tetter, Itch, all eruptions on the face, head, hands or body, quickly and permanently cured by

Swayne's Ointment

Harmless; healing. Half a century of cures proves its worth. At druggists, 50 Cents. A free trial by addressing Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, who will gladly mail a SAMPLE BOX FREE.

IT LEAVES THE SKIN CLEAR, WHITE AND HEALTHY.

Favor Free Schools.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—At a meeting of the Letellier Club (Liberal) last evening a resolution was passed favoring free schools and compulsory education in the Province of Quebec.