PAGES

MISSING

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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The Genesis of Christmas.

By Jane A. Stewart.

IT IS always an interesting task to trace back a stream to its sources. The festival of Christmas had its rise in the dim shadows of the groves of the Druids, who knew not Christ. It sprang forth, a pure lotos lily, from the mire of the great heathen Saturnalia, or winter carnivals. For many years the festival of the nativity was a movable one. celebrated in April and May. About 220, A.D., the Eastern Church kept the 6th of January in commemoration of both the birth and the baptism of Christ. But the Western Church it seems, chose rather to observe the week of the winter solstice.

In common with many other church red-letter days, the cause that influenced the fixing of the Christmas festival at this period was the fact that most of the heathen nations of Europe regarded the winter solstice as the time when nature took on renewed life and vigor. At this part of the year, too, the sun is nearest the earth; and then occurred those hoary rites common among our rude ancestors, which had their origin in a species of sun worship. Strange to say, before the end of the fourth century the Eastern and the Western Christians had exchanged dates, the Eastern Church adopting December 25th.

It was Pope Gregory the Great who said: The heathen festivals must gradually be changed into Christian ones, and the Christian festivals must imitate those of the time before Christ." In this remark he revealed the genesis of the Christmas festival of today. The Saturnalia, the Juvenalia, and the Brumalia of Italy were transmuted into and sanctified by the establishment of the Christian cycle of Christmas observance. And if, in Latin countries, the heathen winter holidays have been turned into a celebration of the nativity, there is little doubt that the old Jul festival of the Teutonic races was the foundation for the German observance. The Jul festival, like the Saturnalia, was the greatest feast of the ancient Germans. It began on December 24th and ended on January 6th. It was the time dedicated to the greatest god of the heathens—Wodan. This was the old Germans' "god of heaven," who blessed the fields and gave victory; who was worshipped as the giver of good things.

It is generally understood that the true date of Christ's birth cannot be ascertained from the New Testament, nor from any other source. But all controversy as to the date was happily terminated in the fourth century by the decision of Pope Julius, who had an investigation made by St. Cyril, and became fully satisfied that, as nearly as could be ascertained, December 25th was the correct date. Before the end of the fourth century the dictum was universally accepted, and since that time nobody has ever seriously thought of seeking to change the date.

The observance of the festival of the Nativity was from the beginning called Christmas (Christ-mass), because a special mass was celebrated on that day. The pure glow of the spiritual festival dissipated the dark clouds of licentious and wicked ceremonies that marked the notorious Roman Saturnalia; but the Christian observance, while exterminating the evils of the heathen festival which it displaced, permitted many of the pleasing and innocent features to remain. Among these are customs which survive in the twentieth century—the decorating with evergreens, holly and laurel; the burning of the Yule log, and the singing of Christmas carols, which are the evolution of the ancient hymns of praise to Saturn and Bacchus and other heathen gods.

It was not until the sixth century that the whole of Christendom united in keeping Christmas on the same day. The reasons for this delay in instituting the feast are summed up by an authority who explains that, in the first place, no corresponding festival was presented by the Old Testament, as in the case of Easter and Pentecost; second, the day and month of the birth of Christ are nowhere stated in gospel history, and cannot certainly be determined; third, that the church lingered at first about the death and resurrection of Christ, the completed fact of redemption, and made this the centre of the weekly worship and the church year; and fourth, that the earlier feast of Epiphany afforded a substitute for the festival of the Nativity.

In seeking for light on the genesis of Christmas, one is led to dwell irresistibly on the initial Christmas, which gave to the world the Saviour of men. The story of that first memorable Christmas is probably the most beautiful of any recounted among men. Aside from its tremendous religious significance, as a beginning of a new era in the spiritual life of men, it is unequaled in its impression upon the poetic, imaginative, and romantic instincts. Imagation, it is safe to say, has never invented scenes so lovely and appealing as those of the holy night at Bethlehem. The shepherds keeping watch over the temple flocks by night; the angels breaking from the sky to herald the tidings of great joy; the sudden descent of a multitude of the heavenly host hymning the "Gloria in Excelsis"; the manger, the Mother and the Babe—in these things, with the star and the visit of the kings with their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, are revealed a transcendent panorama and an inexhaustible fount of inspiration, to charm and attract the hearts and minds of men in all ages.

For Such as Are in Sorrow

A Christmas Prayer

By George Hodges, D.D.

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, behold how we sit solitary in the midst of gladness. While our neighbors keep the feast with merry hearts, Thou seest how our souls are filled with grief. Bless us also, O our Father, with a Christmas blessing.

We remember, Lord, the shepherds, how they watched their flocks in the chill night under the black sky. Thou didst open Heaven's gate; Thou didst send a multitude of angels, shining and singing round about them, with messages of peace. Lighten now, O Father, our most bitter darkness; speak to our souls.

We remember, Lord, the strangers, how they came on their long journey, friendless and bewildered, out of the way, knowing not whither they went. Thou didst shine upon them with the star of wonder, setting them in the right path, giving them great joy, and bringing them into the presence of the King. We, too, O Father, have lost our way. Guide us, we pray Thee; show us Thy star of hope.

We remember, Lord, the stable at Bethlehem, how the holy mother came there very weary, in distress and pain, finding a forlorn lodging. Thou didst glorify the place. Thou didst change sorrow into joy, and darkness into light eternal. Visit, O Father, our poverty of soul, our weariness and weakness; O visit us with Thy salvation.

Thou Thyself didst come, O Lord, as on this day, to live our life; help us now to live it, when it is very hard. Thou hast borne our sicknesses and carried our sorrows; we are heavy laden, and Thou hast promised rest. Lift us up, bless us with courage, strengthen our faith. We are in tribulation, Lord, in a world which we cannot understand. But Thou dost understand; Thou hast overcome even death itself. Teach us, O Lord, the lesson of Thy consolation; grant us Thy peace; help us to enter into the Christmas joy.

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Observing Christmas in Foreign Lands.

To Germany we owe the Christmas Tree and the maintenance of the best of the old-fashioned customs.

By JANE STEWART.

THE crowded streets and brilliant marts of Christmastide, the glowing Christmas tree, the interchange of gifts and greetings, and the services in the churches are the chief features of the Christmas observance in Canada. While there are many to whom the perennial gift-giving is a burden, there are others to whom this is a source of great inspiration and delight because they get an opportunity to contribute to the joy of others.

Home Festival of Canadians.

Christmas has lived down its saturnalian and heathen origin. Today the holiday is par excellence the home festival of the Canadian people, and its observance is always an infinite source of joy to those who have home centers in which to radiate; while it casts the genial glow of its pervasive happiness and warmth upon the loneliness of those who are set apart among the flotsam and jetsam of humanity and of those who are the peculiar product of scattered and shattered homes.

Throughout Great Britain Christmas is the great week of the year. It is the one week when scattered families are reunited, when tender memories and old associations are revived, when friend greets friend with cheery expansiveness, in striking contrast with the characteristic reserve of the English nature. Business is practically suspended in London for the five days succeeding Christmas eve. There is nothing left of the obsolete orgies which so offended the Puritan element in the times of Cromwell. It would be an unimaginable English monarch who would forbid any observation of the 25th of December. The example is set by the royal family of the ideal way in which to spend the happy, merry Christmastide, which the English people cherish. It is the custom of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra to pass the holiday quietly at Sandringham, and there to give personal supervision to the distribution of gifts.

Their majesties observe the best English traditions by attending service on Christmas morning at Sandringham church, which is prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens. The choir sings Gounod's "Bethlehem," and familiar hymns, such as "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and "O, Come All Ye Faithful." The religious service is followed by a quiet family reunion, a prototype of the gatherings in humbler homes throughout the United Kingdom. It is said that nothing creates a better impression in Great Britain than that the sovereign and royal family should observe national customs in the national way.

Customs from the Fatherland.

The Christmas customs of the English-speaking people are drawn chiefly from the fatherland, where the joys of the holiday season are ushered in on Christmas eve. To Germany we owe the Christmas tree and the maintenance of the best of the old customs. Throughout the Fatherland, the decoration of the house begins as early as the morning of December 24. One room from which all save "die Mutter" are rigidly excluded contains the Christmas tree. Greens are hung from window to door and garlands are placed upon the walls. On Christmas eve, promptly at 6 o'clock, at the ringing of the bell, the doors of the "Christmas room" fly open and the tree is revealed to the impatient, admiring family in all the glory of its candies, tinsel, sweetmeats and gifts. They find not only the adorned Christmas tree, but each one of them a special table set for him.

Before Christmas everybody in the house has his secrets. Now these secrets are being revealed, and the children hasten to their different tables, curious to see whether their hopes and wishes have been realized. But these tables are not limited to the children in the German homes. Not only the immediate family, but the whole household, meets under the Christmas tree. For each of the servants Christmas boxes are provided on a big table. Sometimes the servants prefer receiving money, but even then some Christmas token is added in order that the table may be full. After the distribution of the gifts there follows a distinctly German custom. Every one, both large and small, indulges in a hearty embrace and an affectionate kiss. No one is exempt. Young and old, friend and relative, rich or poor, take part in the ceremony. Even the Emperor does not forego this feature of the observance. Merrymaking, supper and dancing follow.

Petition to Kris Kringle.

In some parts of Germany, Scandinavia and Holland the custom for all the children to offer a petition at the chimney corner on Christmas eve to Kris Kringle, asking him to fill their stockings for Christmas morning, and many hopes and fears are confided to him. "Kris Kringle" is a corruption of "Christ-Kindlein," who is supposed to descend the chimney with gifts for all good children and has in Germany superseded St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, the patron saint of children. The way of observing Christmas in Holland is of peculiar interest. In all the towns and villages at midnight on Christmas eve the men, in varied costumes, meet in the principal squares, chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis." A large star, in which there are several lighted candles shining as one, is mounted on a pole. This star is symbolical of the star that guided the wise Men of the East. The scene is deeply impressive. As the long procession chanting the "Gloria" marches slowly along the star casts its radiance in the dark, winding streets.

Christmas in Italy centers around the Church. Nearly all the Roman Catholic churches have a reproduction of the stable of Bethlehem, with all the prominent figures of the nativity. Before the Presepio, as this representation is called, the mothers gather and urge their little ones to recite their hymns of praise to the Madonna and the Child. Roman children receive no gifts on Christmas day. The children of the evangelical churches have lovely Christmas trees, their green, aromatic branches laden with yellow oranges, silvered balls and strings of gilt paper, bright with lighted candles of red, white and green, the colors of Italy, and with mimic snow. The Sunday schools generally have Christmas trees also laden with gifts.

Christmas in Italian Homes.

On Christmas even in many Italian homes a family festival is held where the old and young to the third and fourth generations meet at a supper of fish, eels, nuts, cakes and fruit, or vegetables. No meat is included in the magro, which is, however, a satisfying repast. It is followed the next day by the sumptuous dinner, graced necessarily by a fat capon, and ended by pau giallo, a sort of coarse nut and fruit cake. It is the perennial holiday custom of the Italian tradesmen, as well as the German and Russian, to send to their patrons complimentary gifts at Christmas time. These tokens are recognized in Italy by the mancie, or small sum of money which is given in return.

In France as in Italy, Christmas has not the same status in popular regard as in other lands. Yet Paris, it is stated, uses 50,000 Christmas trees each year, the result of German suggestion. In 1870 the famous old cathedral of Notre Dame was made the scene of the German Christmas celebrations, which have left a permanent impression. In the convents of France Christmas eve is a very beautiful festival. The sweet custom of making gifts for the poor is carried out. The children all receive Christmas boxes, and usually the first gift taken from these is placed in the basket for the poor. If Christmas week is a great week in Great Britain, Canada, the United States and Germany, it is greater still in Russia. The celebration of Christmas in the czar's dominions is an extensive and unique ceremony. The Christmas holidays comprise two entire weeks. Beginning with December 24, there is one long line of successive holidays till January 8. Work is stopped in factories and school is closed. Everybody takes a vacation, and this condition of things is attributed to the fact that the Russian peasant is not possessed with the fever of money-getting and has not yet reached that stage of civilization where money is everything.

Day Observed in Russia.

The business streets of Russian cities bear the aspect of a brilliant fair in gay decorations and are thronged with crowds of different races—Tartars, Armenians, Circassians and many more, in their various native costumes. The Christmas tree laden with gifts is the prevailing feature in the homes of all classes. Large sums are expended in presents. A quiet family reunion marks the first day. This is followed by a day of congratulations, when both front and back door bells are kept constantly ringing by friends both rich and poor. Carriages and cabs fly through the streets bearing callers to extend the national form of holiday greeting, "Sprasdnikom," "With the holidays," which is the Russian way of saying "Merry Christmas." Tips are expected by all classes of servants and dealers and visits from the clergy involve an invariable donation.

Christmas Calls Becoming Obsolete.

The Russian society man is bound during the holidays to kiss the hand of the woman he greets. But the custom of Christmas calls, like the former New Year calling of Canada, is becoming obsolete. It is now looked on as tiresome and expensive. The third Christmas day is marked by the court reception, during which Nicholas II receives the highest councillors of state—the senators, the representatives of the synod, the army, navy and other chief subjects. Among the Russian common people the Christmas time has customs of local and peculiar significance. That is a type of the early English custom when peasants gather in groups, singing carols in front of the noblemen's houses and eagerly accept the gifts of coin thrown to them from the windows. This is called in Russia the Kolenda. It always precedes a quaint representation by the peasants of all ages. They dress themselves in the style of different animals. This is done to commemorate Christ's having been born in a stable.

In most countries Christmas is observed in a measure religiously. To the natives of the Philippines Christmas is largely a religious ceremony, as in Italy and France. All over the islands Christmas bells ring out for hours. A grand mass is celebrated in the early morning. The churches are profusely decorated with palms and fragrant blossoms. Great wreaths and chains of cut flowers are carried by the children, who sing songs and parade through the streets. A Filipino band leads the procession. In Mexico, too, Christmas is a fiesta much like others on the calendar. Its distinguishing feature is the Christmas eve market of small booths lining the thoroughfares, where everything marketable is offered for sale—candies a foot in diameter, and others scarcely larger than matches; pottery, baskets, rebozos, serapes, huge tissue paper ornaments, candies, fruit, nuts, sausages, mirrors, knives and cigarettes.

In Cuba, where the sun shines fiercely at Christmas time, there is no holiday crowd on the streets. Pig takes the place of turkey. The Christmas dinner is a supper and part of a religious feast at midnight on Christmas eve. Wherever English, Canadians, Americans or Germans dwell, the world around, the Christmas customs of the home land have been introduced. Wherever there is a British or American man-of-war there is a British or American Christmas. This is equally true of merchant and passenger ships of all nations.

Cosmopolitan Character of Occasion.

The cosmopolitan character of the Christmas holiday is best illustrated in some foreign port where half a dozen ships of different countries are anchored side by side. On Christmas day the crew of the Russian ship, for example, will intone the stately chant of the solemn Russian hymn. At its conclusion there is silence. Then the sailors on a Dutch vessel will chant the inspiring national air of the Netherlands. The next ship, perhaps a British man-of-war, and its crew, lift their voices in "God Save the King." The glorious message which has rejoiced the hearts of men of all ages: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." From the foreyard flies the universal friendly salutation, "A Merry Christmas."

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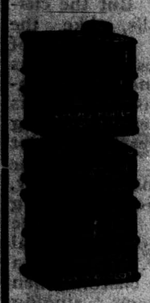

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Christmas on the Sea of Marmora

By Demetra Kenneth Brown.

I WONDER whether Christmas to a child of the West can mean as much as it did to us Greek children of the East, living on the island of Prinkipo in Turkey, or at least as it did to me. Even as I recall it now there comes a thrill to my heart and a lump in my throat.

We used to fast for several weeks before Christmas, though if any one had asked me I should have said that we had not eaten meat for months. The house had been cleaned from top to bottom, till the windows shone like diamonds, and the unpainted wooden floors were white from much scrubbing, and even the ikons had been taken from their ikonostases and washed with vinegar and water.

At last, when it seemed as if time would never move on, Christmas was actually at hand. Even my little Turkish slave, Kamile—although she had not been fasting—caught the infection, and joyfully announced to me that the prophet was going to be born. (Christ is second only to Mahomet with the Mussulmans.)

The wonderful Christmas eve began the festivities. It was generally cold weather. "Gyro trigyro ta christoughena"—"round about Christmas"—as the saying is, the winter begins; but cold and desolate as was the weather, and brown and bare the landscape, all was illumined by the marvel of Christ's birth about to take place, for to our youthful imaginations this was no mere anniversary, but an actual occurrence every year.

From the public ovens had come all the cakes and tarts that looked so good but were not to be tasted until tomorrow, because they were made with butter, which, like meat, eggs, and fish, was prohibited to us during the time of fasting. As soon as dusk came the houses everywhere were lighted up, while the excitement became so intense that we walked about on tiptoe, and hardly dared to speak.

Presently, from afar, we began to hear weird music, and my heart nearly suffocated me with its beating.

"They are coming!" I shouted, "oh! please, they are coming!"

For an hour I had been ready for them, and now I rushed down to the big hall where they would appear. There I sat on a high chair, surrounded with packages of eatables, and in my lap I held a box, which, as I remember it, contained inexhaustible thousands of small coins. The music came ever nearer, till it stopped at the door, and a boyish voice asked, "Na ta poume?" ("Shall we say it?")

The door to the big hall swung open, and five or six little boys came in. They were the Christmas troubadours, fantastically dressed, and carrying odd, home-made musical instruments: the *drabouka,* which is an earthenware drum, beaten at both ends; a kind of reed fife, moved in front of the mouth like a harmonica; and a rude zither. The biggest of the troubadours carried a lantern, and a bag on the end of a stick.

"Good-evening," they said.

Too excited to speak, I waved my hands at them. Then they began to sing the legend of Christ, while I joined in, at first timidly, then, exalted, with all my might. When they were through, they came to me, and some kissed my hand as I put into their bags one of the packages of eatables, and gave each of them a penny from my fathomless box of coin.

As soon as they had gone I began to strain my ears for the sound of others. Presently I again heard music on the air, and then a second band appeared, to go through the same performance, with the same words to the same little monotonous tune. This kept up for several hours, and by bed-time I was in a religious fervor that nothing less than martyrdom would have assuaged.

It was a long time before I could get to sleep, yet before daybreak I was awake again, for the streets were filled with the clangor of iron on iron, as men ran along beating one iron bar with another to awaken everybody to go to church. The church bells also were ringing with a certain cadence used only for great festivities. I sprang out of bed and was dressed by lamplight, putting on my very best clothes, a new gown made for the occasion, with new shoes, new stockings, and a new hat; for besides being Christmas day it was also one of the four communion days of the Eastern Church.

A man servant carried me on his shoulder to church, bearing a lantern in one hand, the streets boasting no municipal lighting. Behind the family the servants all followed in silence, the click-click of their wooden galoshes being the only sound. We were all too excited and overwhelmed with joy to speak.

The church was beautifully decorated with laurel leaves, and illumined by the light of a thousand candles in their chandeliers of prismatic glass. We entered crossing ourselves, and bought a few slender candles, which we lighted before the ikon of St. Nicholas, our patron saint; for each family has its patron saint, and you grow up in the atmosphere of special love and reverence for that one. Thus every one who came into the church lighted his candle.

The service was long, but the Gregorian chanting, the priests dressed in their festival garments, woven of gold and silver thread, with their long curls floating over their shoulders, and all the rest of the rich ceremonial, so took hold of our senses that we stood during the entire service with no feeling of fatigue.

On such a festal day as this the priests entered the church from one door of the altar, carrying on their heads the vessels of the communion; and, preceded by torch-bearers and incense-bearers, who walk backward, they made the round of the church, amid low singing. After the torch- and incense-bearers had passed, I, together with several other delicate children, was laid at full length on the marble floor, in order that the priests might step over us and that their garments might brush us. After this procession the word went around that Christ was born; and friend embraced each other, while enemies shook hands and forgave each other in the name of the Divine Child.

The long service ended with the communion, and then we trooped out of the church. By this time it was nearly daybreak, and we could almost see our way without the lanterns. At each of the five doors of the church the bakers were waiting with their delicious hot wares, called *simitia,* like big bracelets, crisp and full of caraway seeds. I bought as many of them as I could string on my arm, and I had to give two of them to each of the servants. As they took them from me, they kissed me and said, "May the Child just born help you to grow up into a good woman."

At home a nice chicken broth awaited me, and I partook of it with the gusto which my long abstinence from the taste of meat had given me. Then I hopped back into bed for rest and sleep, in order to be fresh for the next service at ten o'clock.

When I woke up I had lost some of my excitement, but this state of mind did not last long after getting to church, where we were told most eloquently of Christ's life and His teachings. I was so moved that I resolved never again to do a single naughty thing, and made up my mind to become an apostle, when I grew up, and to go about teaching Christianity.

There was no exchange of presents

at Christmas. This was reserved for New Year's Day, which we called St. Basil's Day, and the gifts St. Basiliques.

The young troubadours were again abroad on New Year's eve; but you must not think that they were any less eargerly awaited than when they first came. Their tune this time was livelier. They sang of St. Basil's life for about five minutes, and then verses—home-made, like their instruments—about the children and young ladies of the household. Many were made about me, but the one I liked best was one that said;

"When your mother was about to give you birth,
She knelt before the ikons and prayed:
'May God give her beauty,
Give her black eyes,
Give her golden hair,
And give her arched eyebrows.'"

Beyond the black eyes I have nothing to show that my mother's prayer was granted. But I looked on the song as most befitting me, and took much satisfaction in it.

Another song, only second in favor, declared,

"Your figure is like a cypress-tree;
Your complexion is like a June rose;
Your eyes the color of heaven,
And your heart a pure jasmine."

I was always as little as a minute, and the cypress-tree reference to my height never failed to please me.

The singers were again rewarded with a package of food in their bag and pennies in their hands, and went away after singing this last verse:

"Here, where we have sung,
May not even a stone be broken,
And may the master of the house live
for a thousand years."

On New Year's Day, as I have said, presents were exchanged, and the gentlemen called on the ladies. A large table was set in the drawing-room, laden with salad, eggs, cold chicken and other meats, cakes, and wine; and every visitor to the house, whether rich or poor, had to eat in order that he might have broken bread with the family and be friends for the ensuing year. Each family, moreover, made it a point of honor to supply the poor of the neighborhood with coal, rice, and meat.

The last time I witnessed Christmas in the East I was seventeen years old; yet the excitement of it gripped me as completely as it used to when a child.

The Borrowed Stockings.

Minnie Reid French.

Grandfather sat in his big arm-chair
With Bible opened at some loved place.
Grandmother bent o'er a stitch she dropped,
To hide the tears stealing down her face.
It was Christmas Eve, but the old home nest
Was empty and quiet, the birdies flown;
And only the old folks, withered, gray,
Were left to dream by the hearth, alone.

Their neighbor sat by her windowed hearth,
And sadly gazed at the little row
Of stockings hung with such perfect faith
By the eager children an hour ago.
While they gaily talked of the Christmastide,
She strove to speak, but her lips were dumb—
How could she tell them the bitter truth,
That, this year, Santa Claus would not come?

❀ ❀ ❀

A gentle tap at her cottage door!
Rising, she wiped the tears from her eyes;
With trembling fingers she raised the latch,
Then started forward in glad surprise.
For, standing outside in the falling snow
Were two who were gray, and bent, and old,
With baskets heaped full of Christmas cheer,
And bundles more than their arms could hold.

❀ ❀ ❀

"We've come to borrow some stockings to fill,"
Grandfather said in a quavering tone.
"We long for the sight of them, mother and I,
Since all our dear little ones are gone.
Santa Claus hasn't come to our house for years,
Because no children expect him there;
But we thought we might tempt him back again
If you only had some stockings to spare."

❀ ❀ ❀

Such a merry Christmas dawned next day
After all the sorrow, and grief, and tears!
In His wisdom and love, God planned it all,
As He plans our days, our months, and years.
Assurance He gave to the needy ones
That His tender mercy should never cease;
And upon the empty and lonely hearts,
He bestowed the gift of His perfect peace.

Once there were faces, young and fair,
Filling the house with springtime bloom;
Once there were voices gay and sweet,
Merrily ringing from room to room.
And beside the old fireplace, wide and deep,
The stockings hung in those days of yore;
Now the old folks sigh for the wandering feet,
And the feet that will wander never more.

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THE EVOLUTION of NICHOLAS

By Netta M. Breakenridge

HIS FULL name was Nicholas D'anfrio, and he was a veritable black-eyed, black browed son of Italy. A glance at the swarthy little face would interest any child-lover in him, and I was very enthusiastic about my work and my children. When I went into Y-Street kindergarten they told me nothing at all about Nicholas. It was one of the jokes on a new teacher to let her discover him. And it never took very long.

The first morning as we sat all together on the big circle I looked around at the little faces and wondered about the natures behind. Could I make them love me? I would love them; I could not help it. And I meant to win their hearts if I could. Nicholas, with some others, was a left-over from the previous term, so I said to him, "Can you remember any song that you knew how to sing before school closed?" He raised his black eyes to my face and glared, simply glared at me. A little wonderingly I repeated my question in as simple English as the language affords, but with no better result.

"He no speka to you," said John Vileno, grinning like the little monkey that he was.

"He will when we get better acquainted," I said, turning to some others of the children for the suggestion of a song. When we went to the tables I placed in front of Nicholas, as well as the rest, a box of the pretty, bright-colored beads, but to my astonishment he gave the box a vicious shove, which scattered its rainbow-hued contents. When we marched out to the circle for games, I thought, "Now he will be interested surely." We clapped, and skipped, and tossed the ball, and Nicholas stood with the children, but that was all that could be said of him. Not a muscle of the little sullen face relaxed. Not an attempt did he make to enter into any of the games. And his attitude continued throughout the morning and for many another.

At first I tried in every way to break through the barrier, though I could not understand what it was, but vainly. September passed—we had been in school nearly a month. I had not heard the voice of Nicholas, or Nick, the "Old Nick," as "the girls," my associate teachers, called him. He was having no material to work or play with, as he had repulsed every attempt to include him in its distribution. Finally, almost despairing, I casually set a little box of blocks before him one morning, passing quickly to the next child. In an instant the box spun across the table and down on the floor with a clack that startled us all. And Nicholas slid down in his chair until his head rested on the back, and there he stayed. immovable, while the others built trolleys, or boats, or bridges, each pair of little hands following the sweet will of their diminutive owner. At length I determined to ignore him completely, and I proceeded to do so, apparently never seeing the dark, little, scowling face, though I was keenly conscous all the time of its presence. The child utterly baffled me. At a gentle touch of the hand, such as another child would respond to instantly, he had flung himself away from me with a savage little snarl. So I ceased to call his name with the rest, or to notice his presence in any way.

At this juncture came the first fire drill. The little ones had been carefully instructed. Three quick strokes of the gong we would make believe was the signal for "Miss Corning's game." Miss Corning was the principal, and this game was popularly supposed to be her chief form of amusement. One morning it came. We stood on the game circle; nothing could be better. The children flew to the places assigned to them and started off, all but Nicholas. He sat himself down in the middle of the floor, wearing on his face the pleasantest expression I had yet seen there. What should I do? I knew it was only a drill, but suppose, some day, there should be a fire? Plainly I could not leave him there. I ran over to him and picking him up, my hands under his two arms, I half dragged, half carried him down the long stairs, his stout little boots bumping thunderously on every step.

I was greeted with roars of laughter from "the girls" when I made my appearance in the yard. I set my little charge down, only to have him tear away from me, and rush madly into the building and up the stairs. When we returned to our various class-rooms, there sat Nick in the middle of the kindergarten floor, the identical spot from which I had rescued him. What should I do with the child? He was sullen, troublesome, and absolutely irresponsive to every sort of approach. The Thanksgiving season drew near and the children delighted in the songs, stories, and games which came with the happy time—all except Nick.

After a few days' holiday, that last week in November, we came together again to take up the Christmas work. The dainty little things we were making were a delight to me as well as to the children. We were an army of little Santa Clauses and this was our workshop. Great things were planned—surprises for fathers and mothers, for Miss Corning, and for the other teachers—and what a whispering and laughing and scurrying there was if any of these prospective recipients of our bounty should come into the room. Eyes grew bright, cheeks rosy, as we sang merrily,

"Old Santa Claus puts on his cap
And buckles it under his chin;
He laughs and sings as he fills his sack
And straps it over his sturdy back,
He'll get all he can within—
For girls and boys
Such pretty toys.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la!
La-la-la!
With dolls and drums and sugar plums
Tra-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la!
For all little girls and boys."

And then how the shrill little voices would soften as we sang, tenderly,

"Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie."

Very quiet they would grow, very thoughtful the childish little faces become, as they thought of the fair Child whose story they were learning so to love.

One morning, ten days or so, it was, before Christmas, I had told again the story of the Child and then we sang,

"Ring, oh, bells of Christmas ring;
Sing, oh, happy children sing;
Far away beneath the starlight
Was the birthplace of a King.
In a stable, in a manger,
Lay this princely little Stranger;
'Twas the blessed Christ Child.
'Twas the blessed Christ Child.
Oh, bells of Christmas, ring."

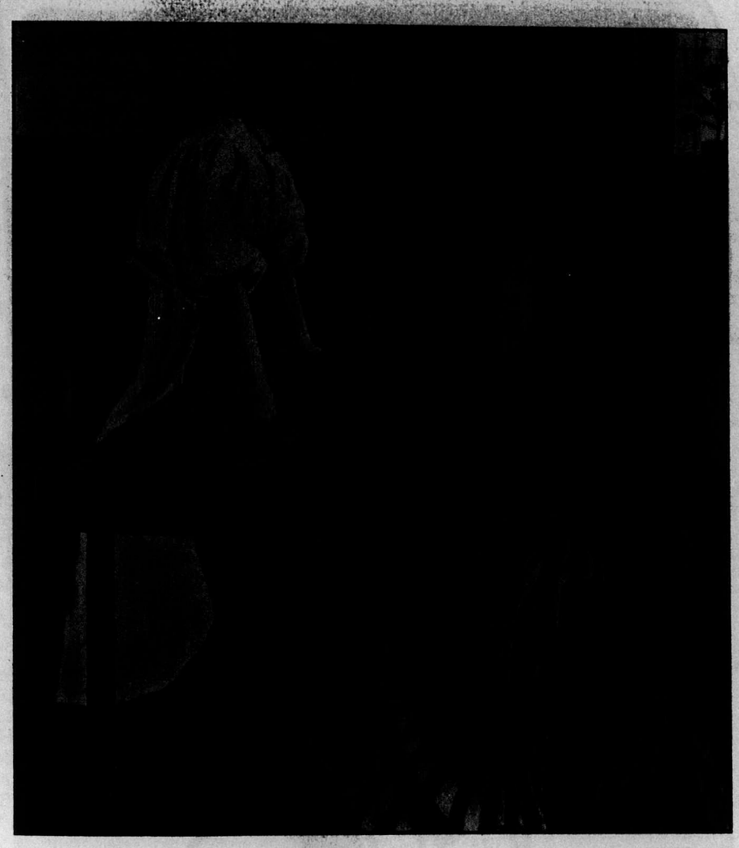
I looked around the quiet circle, and lo! did my eyes deceive me? or was there really, really a tender little smile upon the face of Nicholas D'anfrio? Yes, yes; and a far-away, soft little look in those black, black eyes. I looked away quickly, lest he should see me watching him, and the tears rose to my own eyes. Here was a sign, and I had waited, oh, so long!

At games, I glanced furtively toward Nicholas. The sullen little lips had re-

laxed and were murmuring softly. The dark little hands responded with a clap, clap, to the call of the piano. At this moment Miss Corning came into the room. Usually, after a smile and a pleasant word to the children, she would pass on through. To-day, glancing around the circle, she saw the transformation in my Nicholas and looked at me in amazement. With a motion to take no notice of him, I went on with the song, but she had seen and appreciated with me the beginning of new and better things. It was with difficulty that I could take my eyes from the face of this strange, new child. I gave his little companions their work, pretty gold and silver weaving-mats. Uncertain what to do, I hesitated beside his chair. But he solved the problem for me. "Giva me one," he said. It was the first time I had heard his voice. Selecting one, I stooped over him, showing him how to weave in the shining strips. He watched me for a moment, and then, taking it from my hands, said, "Now me do." To my surprise, he proceeded to "do" as quickly and neatly as any of the children who had tried for days, and on some lofty hill-top and, raising my arms to heaven, cry out "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And this was only the beginning. Day by day Nicholas D'anfrio grew sweeter and more sunny. The little voice, harsh from long disuse, grew soft and mellow, and he sang like a bird. His dark eyes shone with a light that seemed not of earth; he came to be "sunshine" to Miss Corning and to us all, and I thought in my overflowing heart that no sweeter, stronger tribute had ever been paid to the charm and wonder of the story of that Child of long ago.

There were many times of struggle. I have seen his face grow dark and ugly, and the fist raised fiercely for a blow, but if the sorrow in my heart was reflected in my eyes as I looked at him, I do not wonder that the arm fell to his side, and the black eyes dropped and the little face flushed hotly. It has been a long, brave struggle, and the victory of that stalwart child nature which exorcised the demon and banished him has won him much respect and infinite love.



"But he solved the problem for me. 'Giva me one,' he said."

before the short half-hour was over, from his lips came the triumphant little phrase, "Me fineesh!" the little Italian's English cry of victory.

I could have folded him in my arms and kissed the dark eyes, now shining, but I knew that I must not. At the close of the morning, as we stood on the circle to sing a little farewell and shake each other's hands for good-bye, Nicholas was there with the rest. His hard little fist was placed for a moment in my hand, and my cup of joy was full.

Late that afternoon, as I took my way home, somewhat wearily, through the clear, glowing winter twilight, to the little room high up in the big house, my heart was filled with a great and glad thanksgiving. I wanted to stand

The term is over; we must separate. He to go to what he always calls not home, but "my house"—and I to a house which is as well a home—my home. It is the last day, and my heart is heavy with misgiving for the child. Ah, I see him come, running to me, across the snow. Now he is on the stair, and now beside me, here.

"I stay with you till the las' bell ring," he says.

And it has rung, dear little child; but as I look into your little face and see the clear, dark eyes and the steady little mouth, I feel that you are on the way, and that I need not be afraid. And so I go, leaving you to the care of One who watches even the birds of the air, and remembering that you are of "more value than many sparrows."

December.

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!
Hear the joy-bells ring!
One and thirty little men
To make them chime and sing.
Holly-berries gleam and glow;
Beneath their glossy leaves,
Icicles hang glittering down
And sparkle from the eaves;
Happy voices shout good will
To dear ones near and far;
And over all the earth shines fair
The light of Bethlehem's star.

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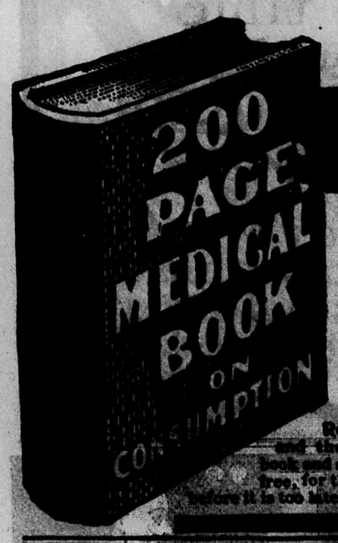

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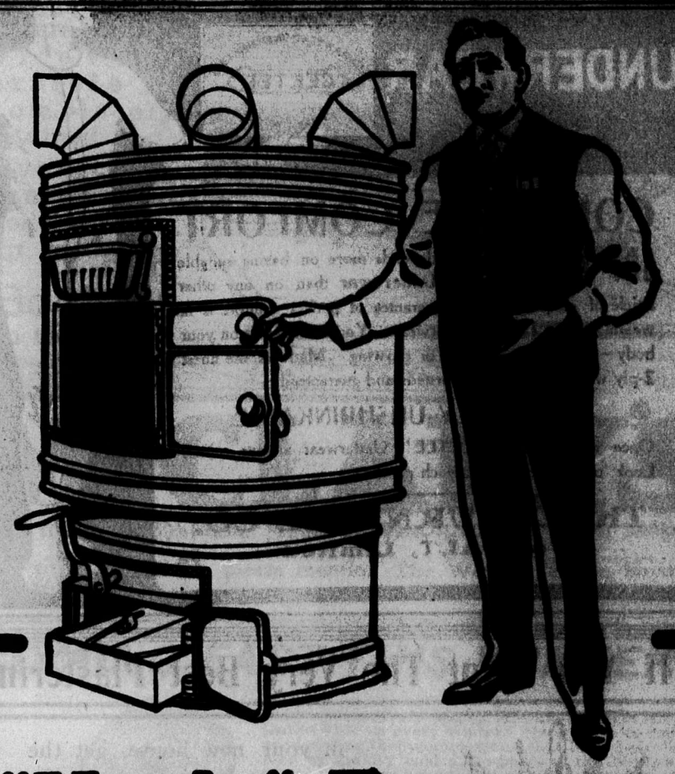

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His Last Christmas Gift.

By John Fox, Jr.,

THE sergeant got the wounded man to his feet and threw one arm around his waist. Then he all but carried him, stumbling along, with both hands clasped across his eyes, down the ravine that looked at night like some pit of hell. For along their path a thousand coke-ovens spat forth red tongues that licked northward with the wind, shot red arrows into the choking black smoke that surged up the mountain-side, and lighted with fire the bellies of the clouds rolling overhead.

"Whar you takin' me?"

"Hospital." The mountaineer stopped suddenly.

"Why, I can't see them ovens!"

"You come on Jim." Next morning Jim lay on a cot with a sheet drawn to his chin and a grayish-yellow bandage

Stumbling along, with both hands clasped over his eyes

covering forehead and eyes down to the tip of his nose. When the surgeon lifted that bandage the nurse turned her face aside, and what was under it, or rather what was not under it, shall not be told. Only out in the operating room the smooth-faced young assistant was curiously counting over some round leaden pellets, and he gave one low whistle when he pushed into a pile a full fourscore.

"He said he was a-lookin' through a keyhole," the sergeant reported, "an' some-body let him have it with both barrels—but that don't go. Jim wouldn't be looking through no keyhole—he'd bust the door down."

Nor could the sergeant learn more. He had found the man stumbling down Possum Hollow, and up that hollow the men and women of the mining camp did not give one another away.

"It might have been any one of a dozen fellers I know," the sergeant said, for Jim was a feudsman and had his enemies by the score.

The man on the cot said nothing. Once, to be sure, when he was crossing the border of Etherland, and once only he muttered: "Yes, she was a cat, no doubt about that. Yes sir, the old girl was a cat." But when he was conscious, that much even he would never say again. He simply lay grim, quiet, uncomplaining, and not even the surgeon, whose step he got quickly to know, could get him to tell who had done the deed.

On the fourth day he showed some cheer.

"Look here, Doc," he said, "when you goin' to take this rag off o' my eyes? I hain't seen a wink since I come in here."

"Oh, pretty soon," said the surgeon, and the nurse turned away again with drops in her eyes that would never be for his eyes to shed again.

On the sixth day his pulse was fast and his blood was high—and that night the nurse knew precisely what meant the look in the surgeon's face when he motioned her to leave the room. Then he bent to lift the bandage once more.

"Why don't you take 'em all off, Doc? I'd like to see the old girl again. Won't she come to see me?"

"Yes, she'll come, but she can't now—she's sick abed." The man grinned.

"Yes, I know them spells."

"Jim," said the surgeon suddenly, "I'm going to be very busy to-morrow, and if you've got any message to send to anybody or anything to say to me, you'd better say it before I go." He spoke carelessly, but with a little too much care.

The sheet moved over the hands clasped acrross Jim's breast. "Why, Doc, you don't mean to say—" He stopped and drew in one deep breath slowly.

"Oh, no, but you can't always tell, and I mnght not get back till late, and I thought you might have something to tell me about—" He paused help-

lessly, and the man on the cot began moving his lips. The surgeon bent low.

"Why, Doc," he said very slowly, you—don't — really—mean—to—say—that the old—" his voice dropped to a whisper, "has finished me this time?"

"Who finished you, Jim—who'd you say finished you?"

A curious smile flitted over the coarse lips and passed. Then the lips tightened and the thought behind the bandage made its way to the surgeon's quick brain, and there was a long silence.

At last :

"D'you ever hear tell, Doc, of a woman bein' hung?"

"Yes, Jim."

And then :

"Doc, am I goin' shore?" This question the surgeon answered with another, bending low.

"Jim, what message shall I give your wife?" The curious smile came back.

"Doc, this is Christmas, ain't it?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Doc, you're shore, air ye, that nobody knows who done it "

"Nobody but you, Jim."

The man had been among men the terror of the hills for years, but on the last words that passed his gray lips his soul must have swung upward toward the soul of the Man who lived and died for the peace of those hills.

"Doc, he said thickly, "you jus' tell the old girl Jim says, "Happy Christmas!"

The surgeon started back at the grim cheer of that message, but he took it like a priest and carried it back through the little hell that flared down the ravine on Jim through the window. And like a priest he told it to but one living soul.

"Doc," he said, "I was goin' to git the old girl a Christmas gift. Tell her I'm—a-givin'.—her—one—now, Doc," he repeated thickly ; "tell the old girl Jim says—'Happy Christmas!'"

Gifts for Christmas.

By JEANNETTE WEIR.

From One to the Other.

Pair of Fur-lined Gloves
Pair of Felt Slippers
An Article of Dress.
A Reading Lamp
A Reading Glass
An Eyeglass Hook
Couch
Umbrella
Gold Pencil
An Ottoman
An Easy-Chair
A Bedside Table

Between Husband and Wife.

Plain Gold Sleeve Links with Initial
An Individual Set for her place at the table
A Set of Books, or one favorite volume, with special binding
Bureau Fittings in Ivory
Dress-Suit Shirt Studs
Suit Case
Fur Pieces
Ring
Picture
Watch-Fob
Cane
Couch
Watch-Chain
House Coat
Locket Engraved, with picture inside
Shaving-Stand with appointments
Gold Pocket Pencil
Antique Candlesticks
Cap and Sweater
Dressing-Table
Opera-Glasses
Golf Sticks

For Father and Mother.

A New Chair for his place at the table
Silver Pocketknife with his Initials
Brush and Comb Case for traveling bag
Shaving-Stand and Shaving Materials
Home-Made Negligee Shirts
A Small Rocker for sewing time
Eyeglass Hook and Chain
Bamboo Jardiniere Stool and a Plant
Pocket Stamp-Case
Rain Coat
Silk Skirt
Shopping Bag
Fur Piece
Rain Coat

For a Son, Brother or Friend.

Evening Dress Protector
Musical Instruments
A Charm for his Watch-Chain
Set of Clothes Hangers
Fancy Blanket for Couch
Antique Pieces for his room
Book Trough
Punching-Bag
Monogram ring
Golf Gloves
Desk Fittings.
Hat-Box

For a Daughter, Sister or Friend.

Circular Wicker Table for her room
Subscription to a Good Magazine
New Curtains for her room
Hosiery—hand-embroidered
Dotted Swiss Bureau Set
Materials for a New Waist
A Shirtwaist Box
Shirtwaist Studs
Some New Music
Several New Veils
A Watch
Turkish Slippers

For the Only Girl in the World.

A Bookcase (if she is fond of books)
A Neck Chain and Locket
A Famous Book with special binding
A Framed Picture of Favorite Author
An Antique Plate or Chair
A White Kid Belt
An Indian Bead Belt
Small Wicker Traveler's Case
Brooch or Stickpin
Traveler's Clock
A Leather Grip
Opera-Glasses
A Desk
Shell Pin

For Children From Six to Fifteen Years of Age.

For Boys.

Blackboard
Punching-Bag
Sand Pile
Desk
Pewter Soldiers
Assorted Pencils
Indoor Games
A New Dog
Buckboard
Toy Typewriter
Nose-Guard
Overalls
Gymnasium Suit
Desk
Waterproof Satchel
Books of Adventure
A Dictionary
A Child's Coin Set
A Savings Bank
Racquets
Some Tennis Balls
A Tennis Set
Indian Suit
Sweater

For Girls.

White Enamel Bureau
White Enamel Chiffonier
Hand Sewing-Machine
Manicure Scissors (or a full Manicure Set)
Some Tennis Balls
Tea-Party Dishes in a Basket with Doilies
Mandolin or Guitar
A Child's Coin Set
Juliet Slippers
Hair Ribbons
Rubber Boots
A Rain Coat
A Fox Terrier
A Dictionary
A Savings Bank
Music Cabinet
A Secretary
Racquets
Bracelets
Ring
Muff
Tennis Set

From this list also might be selected something inexpensive for a little playmate's gift.

For the Baby.

(Whose personal wants are nearly always so well provided for.)

A Savings Bank with a Good Luck Piece in it
A Little House Sweater
Start a Library with a good Nursery Book
A Share in a Building Association
An Antique Spoon or Cup
A High Chair
Little Belongings where they are needed

For the Men and Women Helpers of Our Households.

A Holiday Treat—some tickets for a concert or good entertainment
A New Note or a Gold Piece
A Smoker's Jacket
A New Dress Pattern
A Music Box
Pretty Pins
Umbrellas
Books
Gloves

For Those Who Serve Us Outside.

The Postman
Money
Muffler
Warm Hosiery

The Milkman
Jacket
Money
Warm Gloves

The Handy Man
A Blue Cap
Leather Belt

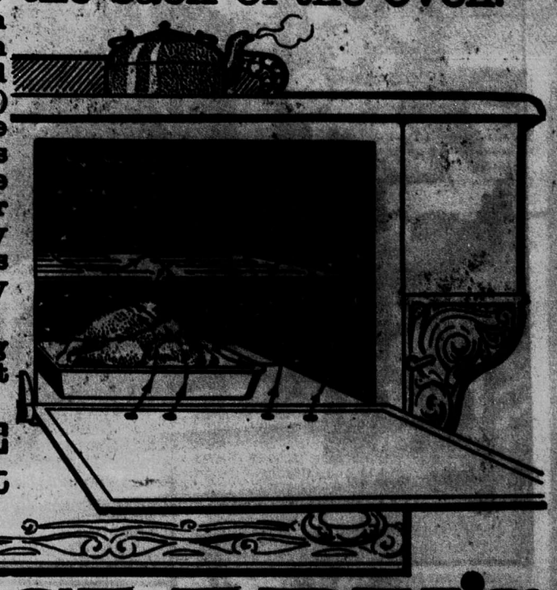
The Policeman
Pulse-Warmers
A Jacket

The Washerwoman
A Turkey
A New Market-Basket
A Flannelette Shirtwaist

Kootenay Steel Range

Fresh air is introduced into the Kootenay oven through a series of vents at the bottom of the oven door, and the cooking fumes carried out through another series of vents at the back of the oven. (Arrows in illustration show method of ventilation.) The air in the oven is always kept pure. The natural flavor of every article is completely retained. Everything tastes most delicious.

FREE Booklet on request.



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LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON

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COMING EAST THIS WINTER?

We have a motive in asking. A large number of Western Ladies visit us every winter. Many come to consult us regarding their complexions, that have been badly used by the dry cold atmosphere of the West, while others visit us to have that disfiguring blemish

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

permanently destroyed by our reliable method of Electrolysis. We guarantee permanency in each case. There is no home treatment for Superfluous Hair. Don't return home without seeing us if you have any complexional trouble.

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

is popular with ladies whose skins are delicate or who are developing lines and wrinkles. It aids nature by really cleansing and nourishing the skin. A pure cream-white ungruent of velvety consistency, it is exquisitely fine and delightfully refreshing.

Large Pot—$1.50 post paid.

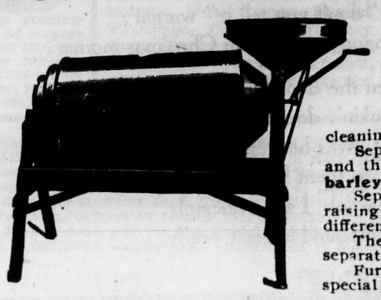
OUR FREE BOOKLET "W" describes our work, suggests an abundance of toilet luxuries and contains many hints. It advises what to do to get rid of Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Mothpatches, Gray Hair, Dandruff, Goitre, Eczema and all other defects or blemishes of the Face, Hair, Scalp, Hands, Feet and Figure.

If you want advice on any skin trouble write us. We've had sixteen years' experience in this work.

HISCOTT (Late GRAHAM) DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Estab. 1892 **Hiscott Bldg., 61 College St., TORONTO**

Beeman's New "JUMBO" Grain Cleaner



Guaranteed Capacity on Wheat 100 Bushels Per Hour.

Sold on trial. If not the most rapid and perfect grain cleaner, can be returned.

Just the machine for cleaning **grain for market** on account of its large capacity and perfect separation, and an absolute necessity in cleaning **grain for seed.**

Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley and the only machine that will successfully separate **barley from wheat.**

Separates frosted, shrunken or sprouted wheat raising the quality from one to three grades making a difference in price of from 10 to 30 cents per bushel.

The Jumbo **cleans all kinds of grain** and seeds and separates perfectly all foul seed.

Furnished with bagger if desired. Write to-day for special offer. Agents wanted.

BEEMAN & CO. 127-129-131 Higgins Ave. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Will Carleton's Christmas Poem

TELLING THE STORY OF "THE GIFT HE GOT FROM MOSE"

By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads," etc.

RECOLLECT the old man Starling, half a mile from Bennett's Corners,
Just a milkman's trip or two east of Amminadab Warner's?
Didn't he have a grip aroun' coins of low denomination?—
Money when it reached his pocket, knowed it had a long vacation.
(Thus said Ahab Adams, banker, full of thrift and fire and feeling,
To his brother, Reverend Adams, while in reminiscence dealing.)

How he used to shrink his livin'! sold the best an' e't the leanest:
Cattle went an' cattle came—but of all he stood the meanest.
Sold his childr'n colts for pennies, long before they even named 'em:
But when they would grow up hosses, then the old man always claimed 'em.
Made 'em borrow half their books, an' their other school-utensils—
Even sent 'em to the quarries for to dig off splinter-pencils!

Never spent a single cent for to make his home more pleasant;
Never crowned a Chris'mas mornin' with a blessed Chris'mas present;
Oft his childr'n fell to cryin' 'cause they had to go without 'em—
Till the sewin'-circle clubs used to sit an' talk about 'em!
So we thought, one prosp'rous year, when the crops took on expansion,
There should be one Chris'mas tree in the old man Starling's mansion.

So we started out to fix it: an' we canvassed 'mongst the neighbors,
Takin' up a town-collection, on the sly, 'twixt other labors;
Workin' on some people's pity, an' on some's imagination,
An' on some's amused desire for to see the celebration;
An' we gathered quite a fund, with a "don't you tell it" warnin',
'Nough to make the Starling childr'n happy one whole Chris'mas mornin'.

Mercy! how them childr'n acted, when the door was opened, fin'lly,
An' revealed to them the presents—lookin', doubtless, most divinely!
Whole thing didn't cost ten dollars: but 'twas heaven-like bewild'rin',
An' worth more'n a hundred thousan', to them hungry-hearted childr'n!
Every close-earned cent I planted in that job, I state sincerely,
Never yet has failed to draw reg'lar compound interest yearly.

How we wrapped the Chris'mas spirit 'round them thirteen ragged darlings!
(Childr'n was the only things that wasn't scarce' at ol' man Starling's)
How the small gals hugged their dolls! till it raised the vital question
If the stirred-up sawdust in 'em wouldn't produce an indigestion!
How the small boys whipped their drums! till the whole estate seemed wearing
Echoes something like a boiler in the process of repairing!

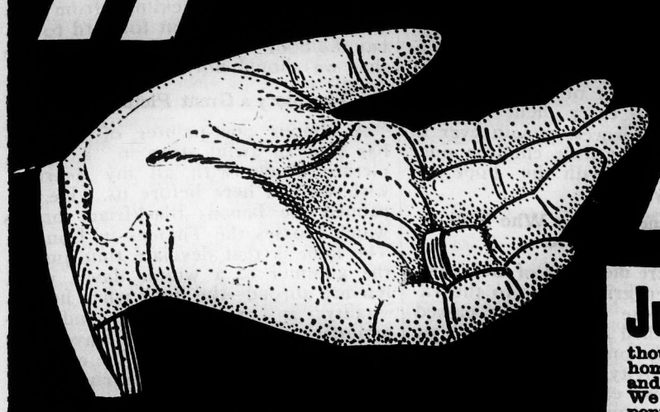
How the mother of the house watched the new administration—
Hardly knowin' which to feel—pleasure or humiliation!
How the big boys yelled with joy, 'round among their presents hopping,
When they come home from the woods, where their dad had kept them chopping!
How we wondered if a storm in the old man's head was brewin',
An' if wrathful shame would rise, when he see what we was doin'!

Not a shame!—he stood an' grinned, sayin', "Ain't this new an' funny!
Thank you, neighbors: these here trinkets ought to fetch a sight of money.
But you've made a small mistake—or a big omission, rather:
I don't find no present here for the fam'ly's sufferin' father!"
Then Mose Griggs, a half-growed giant, with consid'ble fun behind it,
Says, "You turn around a minute, an' I'll see if I can find it."

So old Starling turned around, something for himself expectin',
An' received a gift that long mingled with his recollection.
He was in the sittin'-room, when the gift was to him handed,
He was in the dinin'-room, when upon his back he landed.
"If you use these presents here in the way your talk discloses,
I'll give you another trip—to'rds the sittin'-room," says Moses.

Mad enough he was, to fight! but our laughter interceded,
An' convinced the man at last, that he'd got the gift he needed.
An' next year, at Chris'mas-time, he took some expense an' bother,
An' the childr'n all got presents from their stingy rich ol' father.
Meanwhile he embraced religion, which same caused it, some supposes:
But I al'ays set great store on the gift he got from Moses.

HOLD OUT YOUR HAND



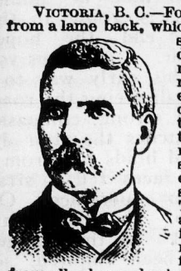
Just Let Us Know

that you NEED it and we will send it to you. It is yours to try, for the asking, but you must hold out your hand. SO WE WILL KNOW YOU WANT IT. You must give us the signal and we will do the rest. We have it on hand, thousands and thousands of packages, all ready to go out and bring HAPPINESS to thousands of homes, but we cannot know that YOU need it, we cannot know that you want it, unless you write and GIVE US THE WORD, unless you hold out your hand to show that you are ready to receive it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it FREE at your door, and you need not put up one single penny, but you must hold out your hand and ask for it, so we will know you want it.

A Boon to Humanity.

Cures Like This Make V.-O. The Favorite Household Remedy.

VICTORIA, B. C.—For some years I suffered from a lame back, which some mornings was so bad I could hardly dress myself. I used a number of different medicines without benefit, and at last became discouraged as I seemed to get worse. I noticed the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and the remedy seemed to be so different from others that I sent for a $1.00 package. Today I feel more like a man of 24 than 48, as it has done wonders for me. I have gained in flesh and am now free from all aches and pains. V.-O. cured me of my trouble and I will always praise it. It is a boon to humanity. B. GOODFIELD, 50 David St.



Suffered For Forty Years

Was Permanently Cured Three Years Ago—No Return of The Trouble.

MORGAN CITY, LA.—My conscience tells me that I must fulfill my duty towards humanity and Vitæ-Ore by telling publicly the great good it has done for me. It has certainly proven a God-send to me. I suffered for about forty years with Stomach and Heart troubles. I have had first one physician and then another but they all failed to cure me. One day I saw the advertisement of Vitæ-Ore in a magazine and I sent for a package on thirty days' trial. In less than three days after beginning its use I improved wonderfully. It has been three years now since I was sick. I have taken three packages and must say that I feel as well as I ever did in my life, although I am sixty-seven years of age. I recommend Vitæ-Ore to all my friends. MRS. F. CHESSON.

Paralysis and Nervousness

Has Now Good Use of His Limbs and Is Free From Pain.

SYRACUSE, IND.—It is with great pleasure that I write concerning my use of Vitæ-Ore. One year ago I became afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia and Paralysis as well as Kidney Trouble. I began using Vitæ-Ore three months ago. I was then suffering intense pain, had no appetite, was very nervous and could just drag my feet across the floor by supporting my weight on the back of a chair. I was also very despondent. Within ten days' time after using Vitæ-Ore, I could eat, sleep well and was free of pain and despondency. Today I have good use of my limbs, can work and life seems worth living again. Words fail me to express my thanks for what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. JAMES L. MELOY.

If You Need It

and do not send for it, you miss a chance to get well, a chance that you have been looking for, a chance you want, a chance to be happy through perfect health. There are no strings tied to our offer. There are no "ifs" and no "buts". There are no questions to answer, no blanks to fill out, no appliances to buy, NOTHING TO SIGN, no references or past history to give. Getting it is as simple as A, B, C. Just a short letter saying you need it, want it and will use it, and it is sent to you, all charges prepaid.

It Must Be Good,

it must DO GOOD, or it could not be sent out in this way. It should be no stranger to you. You have seen it advertised over and over again in this paper, have heard it endorsed by your neighbors, have heard it highly spoken of by your friends, have heard that we send it out on trial, EXACTLY AS WE PROMISE. You must know that IT IS GOOD, that it is sent out freely as advertised, that it does what is claimed for it. Your friends who have had trial packages must tell you all this.

Why Don't You Send

for it today? With this knowledge before you, with this offer in front of you, with the positive evidence on this page imprinted on your brain, how can you ignore, hesitate, delay or refuse? What is your excuse? You are to be the judge and need not pay a penny unless you are benefited. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK. Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitæ-Ore is and HOLD OUT YOUR HAND.

This Is Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If you are sick we want to send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

Beware of Imitations.

There is only one genuine Vitæ-Ore, the original which counterfeiters imitate. It contains the signature of THEO. NOEL to prove its genuineness. We have only one office in Canada, which is located in Toronto, Ont. We have no office in Winnipeg and the compound advertised by the imitators operating as "The Vitæ-Ore Co." at Winnipeg is a counterfeit. Be sure to get the genuine Vitæ-Ore by addressing the sole proprietors as below.

What Vitae-Ore Is

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters drunk fresh at the springs.

DOCTOR SMITH CURED.

Severe Case of Bright's Disease Entirely Relieved By It.

MINNEAPOLIS, KAS.—I have used Vitæ-Ore personally for some time. I was troubled with Bright's Disease, my feet being so swollen at times that I could not wear my shoes, complicated with Gastralgia (pains in the lower part of the abdomen). All of this has left me, I using nothing but Vitæ-Ore. I will say further that I used this

remedy in my practice with a degree of success that I have never attained with any other remedy, and shall continue to use it as long as I can procure it. G. W. SMITH, M. D.

Thousands of People

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

Cured of Muscular Rheumatism.

Suffered For Forty-Five Years—Now Feels Like a New Woman.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—My Muscular Rheumatism was of forty-five years' standing; I had Heart and Nerve trouble twenty years and Constipation and Anæmia for about fifteen years. My flesh was constantly sore to the touch. I have been treated by four different doctors, but got nothing more than temporary relief and have used more than a dozen patent medicines. I had not been able to lie on my left side for fifteen years and saw but very few days without pain. I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and sent for a package. When it came I was in bed sick, but in three weeks after beginning I was much improved. I was able to be up, doing most of my work. I have taken in all four packages and am happy to say I feel like a new woman. I can lie on my left side and sleep all night without pain, in fact, all pain is a thing of the past. Vitæ-Ore did more for me than all the other medicines and doctors and at a cost of only a few dollars. It has made me a well woman in my 60th year.

MRS. GEO. H. CHASE.

SAVED THIS BOY'S LIFE.

So Writes Rev. Gregory, who Calls It a God-send to the Afflicted.

ONEIDA, TENN.—My little boy, seven years old, was afflicted with Liver Complaint for more than two years. Two local physicians treated him, as did also a well-known traveling specialist, who has quite a reputation for treating such diseases, having successfully cured a number in this section. But, strange to say, my boy's case baffled them all, and he continued to grow worse instead of better. I had begun to despair, not thinking he could ever be cured, and feared for his life, when I noticed the Vitæ-Ore advertisement. I sent for a package and after giving it to the boy for ten days I could notice a little change for the better in his condition. By the time the entire package was used he could eat heartily, go to school and run about and play with the other boys, which he had not done for six months previous. I consider Vitæ-Ore a God-send to the afflicted, believing it saved my boy's life, and should like to have the world know what it accomplished for my child, for the benefit of all suffering humanity. REV. A. M. GREGORY.

Health is so Important

To your happiness, success and enjoyment of life and its duties that if you are in any way sick or ailing you should not delay a day nor an hour but should begin proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become settled in any of the vital organs, to spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments. If you don't feel right, if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day, when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done. The cures Vitæ-Ore has made prove the good work it does in checking disease and repairing its ravages, a work that every sick person should turn to for help. Do not continue suffering. Send for a $1.00 package on trial today.

THEO. NOEL CO., LIMITED. H. M. DEPT. **YONGE STREET** **TORONTO, CAN.**

Youthful Old Age

is the result of a healthful middle life. If there is a tendency towards Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Nervousness —CURE IT NOW with

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. I wore many different kinds of trusses. Some were torturous, some positively dangerous, and none would hold the rupture. The doctors said me I could not cure it without a surgical operation. But I finally threw away all trusses and cured myself by a simple method which I discovered. Anyone can use it, and I will send the cure free by mail, postpaid, to anyone who writes for it. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 17 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

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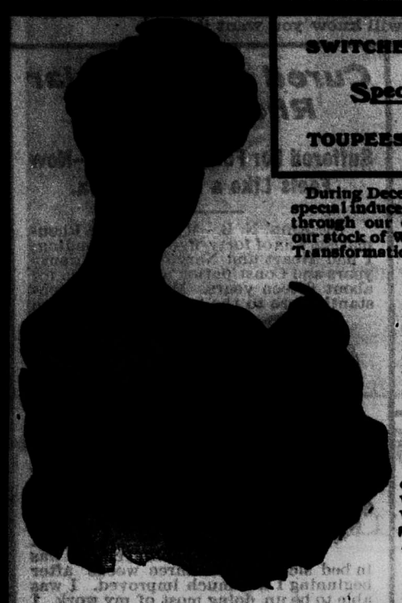

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Christmas Forgiveness.

By Mrs. James Farley Cox.

With the first thought of Christmas comes the anticipation of the joyous gathering of the family to keep the feast. And as we lovingly linger over the dear names of those who, however separated by the dividing paths of their individual destinies, yet turn with yearning love toward home, a hunger and thirst of the heart arise which it is hard to appease. Father and mother crave for the sight of the dear faces, which, though every hour changes with life's experiences, remain ever to them those of the little children once so eagerly bright with the hope of Christmas joy.

Fathers and Mothers Who Will Not Forgive.

And there are moments of inexpressible pain, when grief points to the vacant chairs whose owners have passed and have reached the shore where we believe life is one long festival of sorrowless activity. We cannot at times like these easily lift our spirits to their clear atmosphere, and are tempted to stretch out our selfish arms to draw them once again within our reach. I see here before me now faces of men stern with repressed feeling, and of women down whose cheeks tears fall, some with meek patience, some with sobs of comfortless resistance.

Courage, dear people, courage and faith! Lift up your hearts and share a joy which you cannot give them even in your closest embrace. What, after all, is the touch of your fond hands and the gladness of the Christmas feast at home compared with the continual presence of Him whose very name gives all the light to Christmas here—who can compare with the knowledge they could only receive at the hands of Death? They have not lost us! With eager expectation they wait our coming and every Christmastide brings us nearer to them. These are our blessed ones and they are not far off—the unseen world which they inhabit envelops ours—they are near. Of all the vacant places around our board by long odds those which Death has emptied are those which give us least cause for grief.

A far sadder thing exists among us. To my deep sorrow I know of homes into which the children born under the roof are forbidden to enter: there are fathers and mothers who, should they hear the familiar voices of their children—their children, they to whom they gave life—calling outside the door, would rise and bar it against them. This is the extremity of hardness far exceeding the official inflexibility of an executioner, and truly a strange position for a frail and erring man or woman to hold toward the creature who is flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone.

A sort of pause succeeds this thought in our bewildered minds: there is an element of incredibility in it. The voice of a child crying, "Let me come home," and the father who begat the child and the mother who brought such a child into this world answering: "I am done with you; you have sinned away your rights; you no longer have a home."

To Err is Human, to Forgive Divine.

And, strangely enough, this is the action of what are known as "good Christian people"! It is frequently a father, who kneels twice a day and unwittingly draws a just judgment down upon him as he prays, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," who hears and denies the appeal. "Father, forgive me and let me come home," falls on a deaf ear and on an unmoved heart. What if "He who so loved the world that He sent" into its misery and darkness "His only Son" to call all the great family of man to keep the perpetual Christmas feast of His forgiveness around the manger-bed in Bethlehem should take this man at his cruel word and treat him according to his prayer! Is there no danger that a gate he hopes to enter by-and-by—the gate of the eternal home—shall according to this measure be shut against him forever?

A son or daughter who stains and degrades a good name, honorable among men, is capable of wounding more deeply, of hurting more sorely, than either friend or foe. But forgiveness is another matter. Though we felt the life-blood trickling from the deep wound as we went forward to unbar the door it could not seem possible that we should not forgive.

The Story a Great Picture Tells.

A famous poet-painter of England has told an awful story in a great picture which, with all my heart, I wish we had here before us. He has painted the famous Blackfriars bridge which crosses the Thames in London. The hour is that desolate time just at the glimmer of a winter dawn, when few are abroad—the hour when human vitality is at its ebb and the majority of the dying leave this world. The faint light in the east has not power to illuminate the river, dark with the foulness of the city it traverses. But it is easy to discern the two figures who are the only human beings in sight. A young, frail woman creeps toward the edge of the bridge, peering hopelessly down into the cold treachery of the gliding water. You know at a glance that in homeless wretchedness she is going to throw herself down and end the hopeless struggle of her life. A vigorous young man is making his early way to the great city, only half seeing the road he travels. With a strong, compassionate grasp he snatches the poor dying creature back and holds her from her purpose. Their faces tell a strange chapter in human experience. Once, not so long ago, she had been his pretty sweetheart in the village in which they had been children; some foul temptation had carried her away suddenly and he had searched for her in vain. Coming to market from the fields she had so often crossed he had discovered her at last. The horror mingled with pity in his face, the pleading misery of hers are drawn with awful reality.

"Found," the painter called his wordless story. God keep any father and mother here with us from so finding some young forsaken child to whom they have refused forgiveness and an open door. God grant that now, while we prepare the Christmas feast, some broken heart yearning for the peace and protection of her father's house is not looking into the waters which will cover her and her unforgiven error out of men's sight forever!

How Best to Keep the Christmas Feast.

What time so fitting, so compelling to our forgiveness as His festival of love? An unforgiving heart cannot keep a true Christmas! It is a mere pretense without the Christ-child, and He by His nature and mission, by His deep, searching words, has made it impossible for Him to enter where relentless hardness bars out a penitent child.

If, having lost her honor, a poor girl carries the burden of her unborn child until it, poor unwelcome little one, is laid in her arms—she has already shown that her heart is not dead, her soul still undestroyed. Should she with penitent entreaties come back to you carrying her burden of mingled love and shame, will you refuse her entrance? Where shall she go to hide her bowed head if it is not to those who gave her life? Shall she add murder to the pitiful stain that has blackened her life? She brings a little innocent creature to you to be saved, to be kept clean—a lamb to be offered to God.

The "new-born King" when He came to His day of teaching said: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." Are you ready to send this little one out into a cruel, evil world, to be an outcast among outcasts, and bear the responsibility? This innocent little child of an erring mother is your off-

spring also; remember this, father and mother who cannot forgive. Of those children whom Jesus took into His arms and blessed, do you suppose He stopped to ask if they were born of righteous mothers? Oh, let the little clinging arms clasp about your neck and bless yourself and your home by rescuing mother and child together.

Only the Merciful Shall Receive Mercy.

I do not say that you can do this easily or with joy—it is only by the mighty grace of God that such things are done—but with these returning wanderers will surely enter the Christmas blessing and the benediction of Christmas peace. Your banished child may seem to be hidden out in the trackless wilderness of the world; the grief she has brought, the spot on your fair fame, may seem to be forgotten, because she is not seen at your door, but this is a false idea. Her presence under your roof will not deepen the shadow, and your forgiveness will make such a brightness in your soul that you will feel the deep significance of every promise made to the merciful.

The grief has come to stay; silence and absence do not lighten it. Even the world will think less of the sin which drove your child forth than to the beauty of that forgivness that brings her home. Alas, sins such as these of which we speak to-day leave a mark that cannot be effaced. We walk humbly all the days of our lives after its misery has entered our doors; where is has so defaced our dear ones there sorrow dwells, but sorrow which blossoms into loving forgiveness, is ready indeed for Christmas joy. That is what brought Christ to earth—that is why we keep the feast!

One of the Saddest Sights I Have Ever Seen.

Passing late at night through a wide square in a great city, not long since, I looked with sad eyes at the forlorn men sitting upon the benches. There were few old men. They held no converse—they were silent, sullen, comfortless. Where a man smoked a pipe it gave one a sense of relief: that man had something left he could enjoy, even if it were but a whiff of tobacco. The mass seemed dull, unclean and beyond the power to think.

What sent them there to sleep this uneasy, unrefreshing sleep? Where had they been born, these young men with their unshaven chins drooping down upon their breasts, trying to forget that they were alive? I felt like going from one to the other, touching them upon their drooping, despondent shoulders, calling them back to consciousness, and asking: "Have you no home Have you no father, or mother?"

I thought of old people sitting together in lonely silence, mourning for lost boys—I felt as if I must make some loud cry which would reach forth to the pleasant country places where these besotted, half-fed, half-clothed creatures had once been happy children. I longed to reach the ears of people who had sent forth "unmanageable" lads to drift about and slowly go under in the terrible vortex. When at last we have to give account of our stewardship what shall those answer who have relinquished all care for the souls and bodies God trusted to their keeping?

What must be the thoughts of a dying man or woman who has sent an erring child away from home in irreconcilable offense? How many of these dissolute men might have stood upright and begun life anew had father and mother reached forth a forgiving hand?

Remember the All-Loving Father.

This is a meeting of fathers and mothers, and all my heart is stirred with warm desire to move at least one here present to call home a missing child to sit once more at the Christmas board, rescued from banishment for the sake of Him who came to us a little child; but I pray you let the sense of what the great festival means reach out and touch every parted friend or kinsman where anger and pride keep alive an unforgiving spirit.

Let hand clasp hand again, and heart trust heart—blot out the remembrance of injuries real or supposed. The first Christmas began a new era—gave birth to a new humanity. Let us remember the great, all-loving Father who for us has made a new creation, and set before us the holy mother-maid with Jesus in her meek arms as evidence of His forgiveness of us, His erring children.

As I left the drowsy misery of the half-sleeping men strewn like wreckage about the great park I caught sight of a little boy of perhaps ten years old, who had climbed to a high window-ledge in front of a theatre. His little feet and legs were bare, his trousers were ragged, his little red and white shirt dirty and torn: he was asleep with his head on a bundle of newspapers. Had some homeless mother gone to her death and left him? Was there in some quiet country place a grandfather who might have loved and sheltered him? Would he grow up to live by theft and crime, or end his young life soon by exposure? Poor little evidence of what an unforgiven sin can produce! I longed to take him home with me.

Our hour for council is over: what have we accomplished? The dawn of Christmas is near; will it be a true feast of forgiveness for any of us? There is sure to be joy and a welcome in Heaven for "one sinner that repenteth." Shall one of our homes reflect this joy on earth on the birthday of Jesus? God grant it that it may!

The Ladder

Each day that comes to us with dawn of rose—
Each common day, filled up with common toil—
A ladder is let down by One who knows
Our passionate desire to rise above
The littleness of life, the grime, the greed,
To find the higher way, the vision clear;
A ladder swinging from the Hills of God
Straight down to this old workshop, yclept the world—
That you and I may set our feet and climb
By rungs of lowly task and broken prayer,
And self-forgetfulness and true desires,
A little nearer Heaven 'twixt dawn and dusk.

—Jean Blewett.

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H A. DREYER

Delhie, Minn., Nov. 9, 1906.

A YOUNG GIRL CAN RUN IT!

The First Christmas Tree.

By JAMES M. VOSS.

It is difficult to trace the origin of the Christmas tree and almost every mythologist has a little different manner in explaining why the evergreen was chosen for this great festival day.

A Scandinavian legend tells of the "service tree," which sprung from the blood-soaked earth where two lovers were killed by violence, and that mysterious lights, which the wind could not extinguish, were seen at Christmas in the tops of the forest trees.

In old Egypt there was a common custom of decorating the houses at the time of the winter solstice with branches of the date palm. The date palm was the emblem of immortality and also of the star-lit firmament. This tree puts forth a shoot every month and a branch of it containing twelve shoots was a symbol of the year completed.

It has also been suggested that this may be a revival of the pine trees of the Roman Saturnalia, a December feast, during which pines were decorates with images of Bacchus.

The most plausible explanation, however, is that its earlier significance arose from the pagan worship of trees, and that later, Christian ideals gave a loftier meaning to its use. When the apostles preached the gospel in pagan lands, instead of interdicting the idolatrous feasts they permitted such festivals as were not intrinsically sinful, but sought to change their idolatrous nature by giving a Christian interpretation to the various rites and ceremonies.

Thus, when Pope Gregory I sent St. Augustine to convert Saxon England in 596, he directed him to make the change of religion, so far as ceremonials were concerned, as gradual as possible, that the people might not be startled. The Saxons called the feast of the midwinter solstice Yule, and on that occasion the Druids went in solemn procession to cut the mistletoe from the sacred oak tree. This ceremony, an old chronicle tells us, took place "on the sixth day of the moon nearest the new year." The evergreen, which they call all-heal, was afterwards sold at a high price to their credulous followers. The people signified their joy at the cutting of the magic mistletoe by feasting on roasted oxen and by dancing. In the December following St. Augustine's arrival he permitted his converts to join in the feasting, but forbade them mingling with pagans in the dance, and judging from his success in planting the faith, it was probably but a short time ere he had weaned them from their barbaric orgies to a saner celebration of the great Christian festival occuring in the same month.

An old German legend makes St. Winifred the inventor of the idea. In the midst of a crowd of converts he is said to have been hewing down a great oak which had formerly been the object of Druidic veneration. As he chopped a whirlwind passed over the forest and tore the tree from its foundation. Behind it stood a young fir, unharmed, pointing its spire toward the stars. The priest dropping his axe, turned to the people and said:

"This young tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upwards to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-Child; gather about it, not it the wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness.

Some writers on ancient customs tell us that among the early pagan superstitions of the Germans was the belief that the world was a great tree whose top flourished in Paradise and furnished food to a goat upon whose milk fallen heroes restored themselves. This tale was well-known in Germany long after the introduction of Christianity, and much of its symbolic character was transferred to the celebration of the birth of Christ "the resurrection and the life." The evergreen is a fitting emblem of eternal spring; the burning lights suggest Him who is the light of the world; and the gifts remind us of the priceless gift of God to humanity—the Saviour.

The Christmas tree, in its present style of usage, can be traced back only as far as the sixteenth century. During the middle ages it appeared at Strassburg. For 200 years the fashion maintained itself along the Rhine. Suddenly, at the beginning of this century, it spread all over Germany, and fifty years later had conquered Christendom. In 1830 the tree was introduced into Munich by Queen Caroline. At the same time the custom was spread through Bohemia and Hungary.

In 1840 the Duchess Helena of Orleans brought it to the Tuileories Tweny year later German residents of Paris could ouly with great difficulty procure a Christmas tree. To-day Paris uses almost 100,000, only about one-fourth being bought by Swiss, Germans and Alsations. The French plant the tree with its roots in a tub so that it can be preserved until New Year, when it is shorn of its decorations.

The marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince augmented the Christmas tree's popularity in England. German immigrants brought the tree to America and it was soon adopted by all classes.

Nearing the City.

The quiet hills stretched far behind,
The swift train cut the broad green plain,
Like some mad stream of impulse blind
That rushes headlong toward the main.
The peace of apple trees in bloom
No longer wooed the soul to dream,
While songs of hillside brooks made room
For harsher sounds of brass and steam.
The keen, electric thrill of life
Rose vibrant through the sunless air,
Already traffic's noisy strife
Foreboded the unrest of care.
Not ev'n the memory of the thrush,
Outpouring lyrics o'er the fold,
Could drown the cries or still the rush
Of those who gave their souls for gold.
Yet in this net of complex ways,
Where time is all too brief for dreams,
With heart still stirred perchance by days
Passed long ago near willowed streams,
The child named Thought—who hither came
From guardian hill, from cradling mead,
Who learned through God or lure of fame
To master life—became a Deed.

—Margaret Ridgely Schott.

A Christmas Heart to Heart Talk With Girls.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim.

If you will take down an old volume of Dickens and read again the inimitable tale called "A Christmas Carol," you will learn all about Tiny Tim. You may have forgotten the story in which he appears. There are so many books in the libraries now, and so many authors with whom we must have a friendly acquaintance, that some of us are in danger of overlooking the friendliest good comrade in literature, and the sweetest message in modern romance may pass us by unheeded and unheard. One of the pleasant things to do in the weeks that lead us on to Christmas is to read Dickens over again, in his Christmas stories. It is always a part of my Christmas treat to do this and I wish it might be part of yours. "God bless us every one!" That crystallizes the whole spirit of Christmas.

I am sure the best talk I can give you this month and the one you will find most suggestive will be on the line of helpfulness in little every-day ways. I will tell you of some things girls have done and some that girls may do to bring Christmas cheer to themselves and others.

The Right Sort of a Christmas Party.

There is an old mansion on Second Avenue in New York, still wide and ample, with lofty ceilings and broad stairs, though several families live in it, where in the old days it was occupied by only one. It has become an apartment house and Christmas trees are lighted on every one of its floors and three or four Christmas parties are going on, in the different homes, at the same time. A young girl who lived in this house observed one cold winter, not so very long ago, that she had neighbors, a square or two away, who were very poor and very forlorn. As she walked along one crisp December morning she picked out the little children, boys and girls, who seemed to her most destitute. Asking their names she went to their homes and talked with their mothers, inviting finally twenty small guests, ten boys and ten girls, to come to her house on Christmas morning. On Christmas Eve a bundle of generous size was left by a messenger at each of the tenement doors, basement, garret, or whatever it happened to be, addressed to the guest of the morrow. It contained a new frock, new shoes, a warm jacket and hat for each little girl, and a new suit and reefer for each little boy, with a stout pair of shoes to complete his outfit. Radiant in their brand-new toggery, the children appeared the next day on the very stroke of ten, and then they had a party.

Young ladies played games with them, and made music for them; they had nice things to eat, and every child was presented with a doll or a pair of skates, the final touch being a package containing a present for each to carry to the mother at home.

It was a rich girl who did this lovely thing out of her large allowance. Not many girls could afford so much, but a group of friends, or a Sunday-school class, or the members of a grammar school or High School senior grade, might adopt the idea.

Christmas from College to Alley.

One of the gayest evenings I ever spent was in a New England college for women, just before Christmas. The faculty parlor and the parlors of all the houses on the campus were overflowing with finery, ribbons, laces, embroideries, muslins; and dolls, big and little, sat stiffly up to be measured, or looked proud and pleased when their dresses were finished. You know how much personality a doll has, and how superior most dolls appear, calm as queens, or as the Sphinx, no matter how much fuss goes on around them. These learned college people, from the president to the most frivolous freshman, were dressing dolls for a College Settlement in a great city. One feature that appealed to me as very practical was the addition of a small box in which were needles, thread, a thimble, and material for a doll's trousseau from flannel petticoat to picture hat, so that the little mothers might make new clothing for their dollies, and incidentally get some knowledge of sewing for themselves.

I saw with my own eyes the rapture those Christmas dolls brought to a good many little hearts and homes. The ecstatic faces, the mother-love shining in the bright eyes, the hugs and kisses lavished on their treasures would have repaid over and over the efforts of the young women who took time from hard work over books to get ready the Christmas box for the Settlement.

One doll had not gone to a child in years. High up in a dark, ill-smelling, crowded East-Side rear tenement, in a small room, seldom visited by the sun, there was a crippled girl of twenty. The fall that had injured her limbs had hurt her head. She will never be more than eight years old, even if she should have eighty birthdays. A friend who made some visits just before Christmas said to her, "Jenny, what do you want more than anything else in the world?" "If," said Jenny, "I could only have a doll, like the other children, but they say I'm too big!" Jenny had her Christmas doll.

What the Parsonage Children Did.

In a tiny parsonage in the suburbs of a town there is a bonny brood of children. They crowd the home, as birds the nest. It is a home where there is very little money, and it is not easy to make the money go round. But the children always have a Christmas tree. They go to school on a trolley car, and one kind conductor has taken special pains to help the smaller ones on and off the platform, once carrying Midget in his arms through a snowdrift to the sidewalk. So Midget thought of this scheme to make him happy at Christmas. She and the others gave up their own Christmas presents and spent the money on a pair of warm gloves and a jersey for the conductor. Papa found out where he lived and the children kept the secret. Their friend wore their presents to their delight, and he never suspected where they came from. To be perfect, there should be some mystery about Christmas gifts. Tney are simply ruined if the givers sound a trumpet before them.

Christmas in the Old Ladies' Home.

Homes that begin with a capital H try to be homelike, but they sometimes fail. In a peculiarly well-ordered "Home for Aged and Indigent Women" the beds were soft, the rooms were airy, and the wholesome cleanliness fairly shouted at one. Nothing could have been more comfortable, except that some of the old ladies missed certain little comforts they had always had before they came there. An old English woman, for instance, was lost without her cup of five o'clock tea, but when she went to the kitchen for it, though it was not forbidden, she was made aware that the cook did not like to have her fussing about. The Board of Managers had trouble enough to keep fifty old ladies from quarreling, and they could not order anything beyond three meals a day. Two or three girls, whose mothers were managers, sent as a Christmas treat to the old ladies something that each had at some time expressed a wish for. To one, knitting wools and needles; to another a packet of tickets for rides on the electric cars; to another a subscription to a favorite magazine; to still another a good supply of writing-paper, envelopes and pens, and to my English friend a pound of good tea, a little tea-kettle with an alcohol lamp, a teapot, cup and saucer. There was real festivity in that shelter of lonely old age on that Christmas Day.

A Dinner and a Word of Comfort.

Most desolate home under the stars and sun is the home from which the husband and father, paying the just penalty for a crime, has been carried away to prison. Often the loyal wife and mother hides from the little ones the sad truth, though their cry, "I wonder where father is," breaks her heart anew. A group of girls, or of sisters, may ascertain where there is a household thus shadowed by bitter sorrow, and delicately send a Christmas box there.

Nothing will usually come amiss, for when the man goes to prison the home loses its breadwinner.

Season Tickets for Concerts or Lectures.

In an inland town each winter brings the announcement of most fascinating lecture courses, or delightful concerts. Certain families always have tickets to these as a matter of course. Certain other families cannot afford even a single ticket now and then. Among the luxuries of giving at Christmastide and among the gifts in which several girls can unite, always keeping it a secret remember, few things surpass this, the sending of a season ticket by mail to a friend who will hail it as manna from the sky. Think of the sadness of wasting such precious bits of pasteboard, yet I have known a season ticket for the Philharmonic to lie unused an entire winter while its possessor was enjoying herself in Florida.

The Christmas Chance.

Only once a year do we have the Christmas chance to play the role of good angel to the lonely, the discouraged and the world-worn. To the neighbor and the brother we may then lend a hand. We may be children again, in the blessed kingdom of the Child, and make all children happy. So we all repeat reverently the prayer of Tiny Tim: "God Bless Us Every One!"

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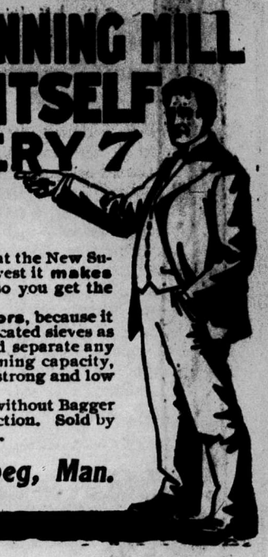

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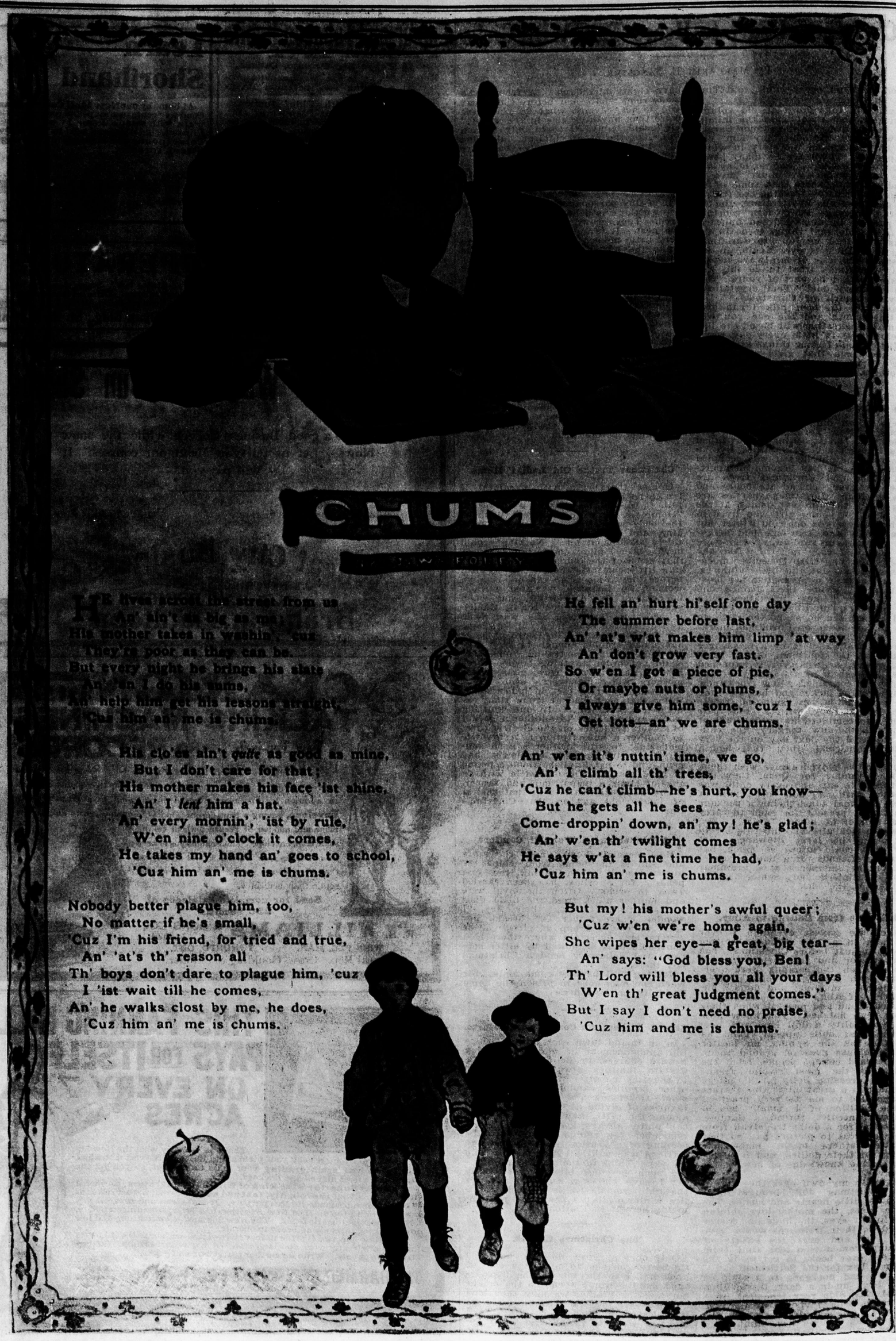


He lives across the street from us
An' ain't as big as me;
His mother takes in washin', 'cuz
They're poor as they can be.
But every night he brings his slate
An' I do his sums,
An' help him get his lessons straight,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

His clo'es ain't *quite* as good as mine,
But I don't care for that;
His mother makes his face 'ist shine,
An' I *lent* him a hat.
An' every mornin', 'ist by rule,
W'en nine o'clock it comes,
He takes my hand an' goes to school,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

Nobody better plague him, too,
No matter if he's small,
'Cuz I'm his friend, for tried and true,
An' 'at's th' reason all
Th' boys don't dare to plague him, 'cuz
I 'ist wait till he comes,
An' he walks clost by me, he does,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

He fell an' hurt hi'self one day
The summer before last,
An' 'at's w'at makes him limp 'at way
An' don't grow very fast.
So w'en I got a piece of pie,
Or maybe nuts or plums,
I always give him some, 'cuz I
Get lots—an' we are chums.

An' w'en it's nuttin' time, we go,
An' I climb all th' trees,
'Cuz he can't climb—he's hurt, you know—
But he gets all he sees
Come droppin' down, an' my! he's glad;
An' w'en th' twilight comes
He says w'at a fine time he had,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

But my! his mother's awful queer;
'Cuz w'en we're home again,
She wipes her eye—a great, big tear—
An' says: "God bless you, Ben!
Th' Lord will bless you all your days
W'en th' great Judgment comes."
But I say I don't need no praise,
'Cuz him and me is chums.

The Holly-berry Wedding

By Mrs. Findley Braden

IN ALL New York State there wasn't a handsomer girl of twenty, at the time, than Colonel Forbes' second daughter, Justine. And that is easily proved, too, by the old daguerreotype which has been hidden away in the secret drawer of my office desk for forty years and over. Why, didn't Justine's great dark eyes sparkle like the stars of midwinter? And who else had such silken, black curls combined with rose-pink cheeks, perfect teeth, cherry-red lips, and creamy throat and arms? A girl of a thousand, talented, merry-hearted, and a life-prize, surely, for any one of her many admirers, was sweet Justy Forbes. And at last Captain Kent Hermiston was the more than lucky winner. They made a splendid couple, and both were general favorites. Kent was a thoroughly good fellow, and he was as brave as the proverbial lion, for he had already won the Kearny Cross by a nervy battle deed.

Justine was gay and happy during the winter weeks of their short engagement and, like a snowbird, she flitted here and there, on a constant round of pleasure, that was still half marred by the captain's continued absence. And this brings me straight as a rule to what was long called the Holly-berry Wedding, because of the many branches of holly used in decorating the broad hall and long parlors of the old Forbes homestead. It was Justine's idea, and brothers, cousins, and friends helped her to carry it out by scouring the woods for holly with yellow berries. "No red berries, please," she said, with an imploring glance. "To me they seem like drops of blood, and you know that Kent has been wounded twice."

Yes, we all knew that; and I also knew that Erd Cleland's chances for winning Justine's warm, white hand would have been much greater if pity for a wounded soldier had not come at the right moment to weigh down the scales in Kent Hermiston's favor. For Erd had loved her from childhood, while the captain had never set eyes upon her beautiful face until the previous summer, when he had accompanied Colonel Forbes home on a brief furlough. But it had been love at sight on both sides, and so Erd didn't complain, as he might have done, if she was being married against her wish to one who was not worthy.

The wedding was set for Christmas Eve, and the invitations flew right and left, till everybody in the county who was anybody was all on the tip-toe of pleasant expectation. Even the children were interested, for Justine loved each one of them, and they, in turn, loved Justine. One little girl explained it by saying that she always saw kisses in Justy Forbes' eyes, and got them, too, without asking.

The family joy also extended to the servants. Justine's old nurse, black Aunt Diademy, who had long been chief cook, laughed and cried together over her preparation of the wedding dainties. And Ben Blackadder, the Colonel's coachman, who was a great banjoist, and something of a poet, composed a really good song, beginning:

It's comin' soon,
Befo' full moon,
Deah missy's weddin'-day.
So git yo' banjos all in tune,
An' plinkty-plink away.
Plinkty-plink,
Plinkty-plink,
Plinkty-plink away.

When Christmas eve finally came, the roomy old house at Marshden was filled to overflowing with merry wedding-guests. Outside, there was a constant jingle of sleigh-bells, while within, all was light, warmth, and yellow holly-berries everywhere. And the effect was really wonderful. The wedding ceremony was to be at eight, and the captain had telegraphed from New York that he would arrive at seven. Justine had obligingly promised the children a first private view of the bride, and so they trooped up to her room in happy pairs, with many "ohs!" and "ahs!" when they reached the open door, where pretty Myrtace Forbes, an older sister, was fastening the long wedding-veil. For Justine was radiant in ivory satin and real lace, and Kent's gift, a beautiful pearl necklace, was clasped about her round white throat. There were yellow holly-berries in her black braids and among the soft folds of lace on her bosom.

"You can look, but you must not touch," said matter-of-fact Myrtace to the eager children.

"But we want to kiss her!" pleaded one.

"And I shall kiss them all!" decided Justine.

So, quite regardless of wedding finery, ten happy minutes followed that actually ended with a romp, in which the six bridesmaids joined.

"Sister Justy," said little Linnie Forbes, at last, "what makes Captain Hermiston so late?"

Justine smiled. "He is to come at seven, dear."

"But it was seven by the hall clock when we came up the stair, and I've been listening to hear the door-bell ever since."

Justine sighed. "He has been detained somewhere, of course. And the journey has been long and tiring, for Kent is still but a convalescent."

"But he promised to eat philopena with me before the wedding, and now he may not come at all."

"Nonsense, child!" cried Myrtace, in dismay. "Captain Hermiston may be a few minutes late, but he always keeps his word, and never disappoints."

"Yes," added Justine; "Kent is a man of his word."

But the minutes flew by—ten, twenty, and even thirty of them. Colonel Forbes was impatiently pacing the long hall with Dr. Austin, the rector of St. Mark's. "Hermiston is late, for once," he said, simply. "But supper shall be served, and the ceremony can come after, so no time will be lost."

When the clock struck eight, Doris Crossmore, the prettiest of the bridesmaids, and Justine's closest friend, hastened to her side, in sympathy.

"Has Kent come? Is there any word, Doris?" she asked.

"No, Justy. But he will surely be here at last, so do not worry."

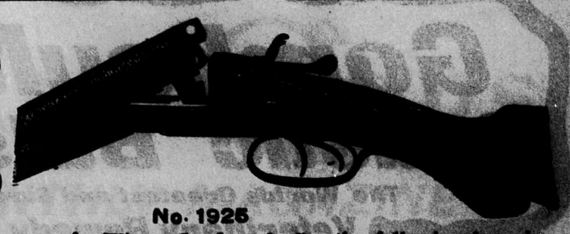
She had laid her wedding-veil aside, and was standing at the window, with bright, tearless eyes fixed on the snow-covered lawn. "Yes, Doris, Kent is bound to come sooner or later; I haven't a fear on that score. And I am going down to supper, too, because I want everyone to be glad and happy, and do full justice to Aunt Diademy's splendid cooking. Call mother and the girls. They have waited too long already."

So she had her way, and smilingly headed the wedding party that went in gay procession to the dining-room. Kent's vacant chair at the head of the long table spoke volumes, but his name was not mentioned, save when the Colonel announced that Captain Hermiston had been unavoidably detained.

Dancing followed supper, at Justine's request, and nine o'clock came with startling rapidity, for there was still no sign of the missing bridegroom. Anxiety was plainly written on the countenance of every guest.

Justine had stolen away to the library, and there Erd Cleland found her, white-faced and speechless. "Courage!" he whispered. "I shall bring Captain Hermiston back to you if I have to go clear to New York to find him. But I'll ride over to the station first. There is a late train, you know, and he may come on that."

SNAPS IN GUNS



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TO OTHERS—NOT YET POLICYHOLDERS—the same Seasonable expressions are tendered. The end of the year is a time for retrospection—a time for reviewing past successes—and past failures. What has 1907 meant to you?

Has the year been one of achievement? Then this Christmas message has a thought for you. Remember, there is no better way to safe-guard prosperity—to ensure its continuance—than by means of suitable Life Insurance.

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She caught Erd's strong hand, appealingly "You have been kind and good, from my babyhood up. Tell me that you, too, still believe in Kent Hermiston. Surely he does not intend to—desert me!" the last two words coming with an effort.

"No, no!" Erd answered, quickly. "Something may have happened, but the Captain is as true as steel, and I would stake my life upon it. I made sure of that long ago, or I would never have let him win you from me, as he did, Justine."

She came a step closer at his words. "Yes, Erd; you have always loved me, and I have always known and pitied you for it. Perhaps—if Kent and I had never met—I might have learned to love you, just for your goodness to me. But after that I soon knew I could never love anyone but—him. And when he placed this ring upon my finger I was so happy!"

"And you shall be happier still Justine," he said, gently putting aside her cold, detaining hand. "Good-night, and good-bye! I may not soon return, for Hermiston will probably get here ahead of me."

Then Erd Cleland stepped out into the night, and finding his horse still saddled in the stable, he was soon on his back and away. But he went slowly at first, for his thoughts were yet with Justine. If the captain was playing false he would soon know it, and there would soon be a speedy reckoning.

Justine's pale, drawn face followed him as he hurried on. He could still see her sad, appealing eyes, and white, quivering lips. And how he pitied her for what she must yet be suffering—her intense heartache, dread uncertainty, and awful humiliation.

But what if something had really happened, as he had suggested, in ready sympathy. He had liked Hermiston from the first, although they had always been rivals. His voice and smile, and even the glance of his eye, was kindness personified, while his gentle, protecting way with all women, old or young, augured well for Justine's future happiness, as bride and wife. And the captain loved Justine, even as she loved him, so he surely had some excellent reason for thus slighting and neglecting her, at what should have been the proudest and happiest moment of her fair young life.

Hark! What was that? Could it be a groan? Anxiety had brought strange fears, and perhaps his ears deceived him. But no, there it was again, and in the ravine on his right. Gray Elf heard it, too, for he stopped short and actually refused to go on. "What is it old fellow?" asked Erd, patting his head.

A loud whinny was Gray Elf's reply. So he quickly dismounted and carefully made his way down through the drifted snow by catching at a sapling here and there. "Hello!" he shouted, and another groan was the response from a ledge just below, which he reached with a single leap. Then his foot touched—what? A human body, outlined in the moonlight.

"It's the captain!" he said, aloud, as the moonlight showed a coat of army blue. "And I'm mighty glad Justy and I kept our faith in him. Wake up, Kent! You are freezing to death here."

And Captain Hermiston slowly opened his eyes. "Is that you, Cleland? You must have been searching, or you'd never have found me"

"What's the matter?"

"Leg broken, I think."

"How did it happen?"

"Horse bolted and threw me down on this ledge. It was hours ago, though, and—what will Justine think?"

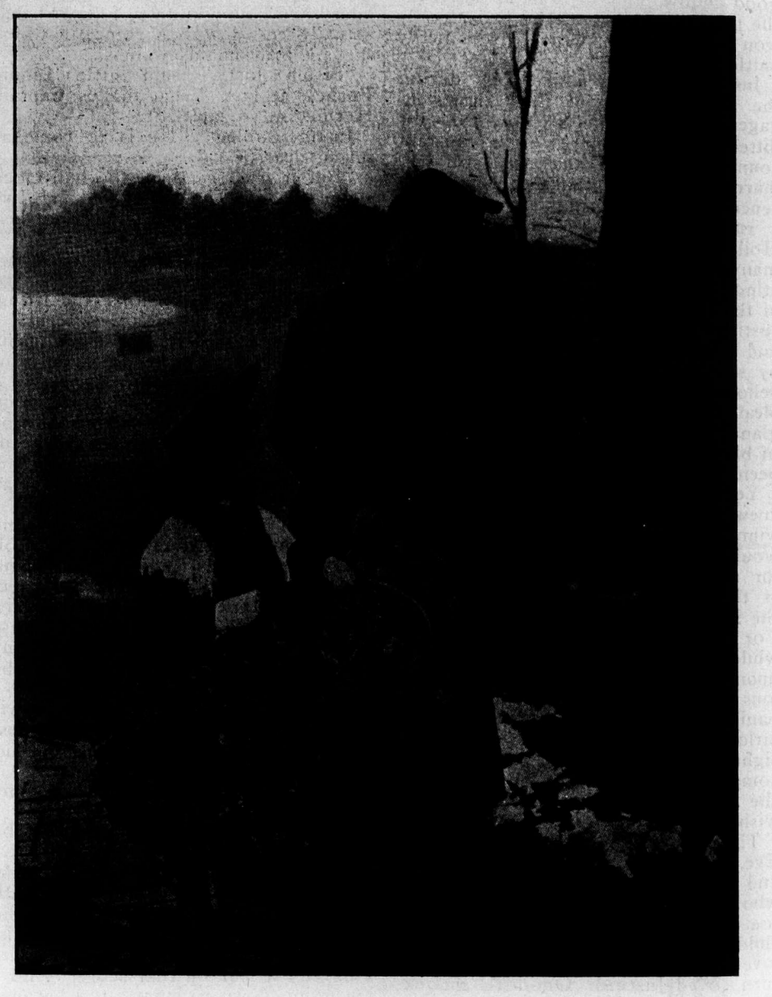
"Can you stand?"

"No; I've tried that fifty times. But give me your arm and we'll get back to the road somehow."

The ascent was slow and toilsome, yet it was accomplished at last, and Gray Elf carried them both to the colonel's in a jiffy. Hermiston had fainted, and Ben Blackadder bore him into the hall. But restoratives were applied with quick success, and the guests made way for Justine, who knelt at his side with tender touches and loving words. "I knew you would come, Kent! Erd and I never doubted that."

"And he has saved my life Justine. Thank him now, for I cannot."

She arose with charming grace, and before Erd Cleland could prevent her,



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had suddenly kissed his hand. "God will bless you for it!" she murmured.

"That's right," said Kent. "But I brought the accident on myself through hurrying here to surprise Justine. Is Dr. Austin still here?

"Yes," said the rector.

"And could you marry us now?"

"With pleasure."

"Then go right ahead—with Justine's consent, of course."

"I give it gladly," she added. And with those who loved her best grouped beneath the holly-branches, Justine Forbes became Justine Hermiston.

"It's the bestest wedding in all the world," said Linnie, "because it makes everybody smile again."

And outside, the Christmas waits were already singing, sweet and clear, "Salute the happy morn."

How do I happen to know all that I have written at this late day? Well, I am Erd Cleland. And a branch of holly with yellow berries that I picked up this morning brought it all back to me.

A Christmas Surprise.

The spruces rise in ermined state,
  Plume-deep in sparkling ridge and drift;
The rosebush at the cottage gate
  Its ropes of pearl can scarcely lift.
Within, the cedar-flames are rich
  As pools of golden-hearted wine,
  And in the cozy ingle-niche
  Where shafts of tawny topaz shine,

A couple sit, as white of hair
  As wind-made hillocks of the snow,
He, in his stout old oaken chair,
  She, rocking gently to and fro.
But while about them friends and guests
  Sing happily the hours away,
Deep in each aged bosom rests
  A shadow-memory, cold and gray.

The fair old lady's eye is clear—
  She will not cloud the Christmas joy;
Yet, down the dales of yester-year
  Her heart is calling for her boy.
And he—the old man—stern of brow,
  Steel-armored in unyielding pride—
Would he recall the wand'rer, now
  With pardon—at the Christmastide?

The stranger-guest, deep-eyed and slight—
  One tea-rose in her dusk-brown hair—
Glides through the changing drifts of light
  To stand beside her hostess' chair.
Upon her cheek warm waves of red
  Like breeze-tossed roseleaves come and go;
And suddenly she bends her head,
  And whispers, "Mother"—faint and low.

She touches, with a soft caress,
  The locks of snowy, silken white,
And says, with yearning tenderness:
  "Your boy is coming home to-night."
Then, kneeling at the old man's side,
  Her smiles like April sunbeams break:
"Your only son—behold his bride;
  Will you accept her for his sake?"

A step rings on the crystal air
  And pauses at the cottage door—
The Lord has heard a mother's prayer—
  Her boy is in her arms once more!
His father waits to grasp his hand,
  The new-found daughter smiling near,
And Christmas chimes break o'er the land—
  "Good will and love—good will—good cheer!"

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

On Christmas Day.

My love and I fell out, one day,
But what about 'twere hard to say.
Swift words of anger came to break
The happy spell of love, and make
Our hearts grow bitter, each to each,
Beneath hot words of unwise speech.
The rose I brought to her at morn
Had withered, leaving but a thorn.

We parted, and in separate ways
Our footsteps led us. Dreary days
Of sorrow followed, and we grieved
As those do of a hope bereaved.
We sorrowed, but we gave no sign.
Her pride was stubborn. So was mine.
Though hearts were aching, all the while
We hid our grief beneath a smile.

The year drew round to Christmas time—
That day of days, when good thoughts climb
The golden pathways to the heart,
And swing its bolted doors apart,
And cry, "Oh, let love's sunshine fill
And warm the place so dark and chill!"
Till hope takes heart again, and sings
In gladness that the Christmas brings.

The bells rang out on Christmas Day,
And "Peace—Good Will," they seemed to say
To every living thing that heard
The messages from God, that stirred
Their hearts to speech. And as they rang
Like a refrain this one thought sang
Its special message unto me,
"How is it, friend with thine and thee?"

"How is it? Hate or love? To-day
Let us entreat thee, put away
The bitter thoughts that dwell with thee—
Let love come in, thy guest to be!
Love is not dead, in spite of all.
Hate holds thy happiness in thrall.
Oh, turn it out, this Christmas Day—
Let love, we pray thee, have its way!"

I listened, and thank God I let
Love works its spell. With eyes all wet
With tears of penitence I came,
And scarce I spoke my sweetheart's name
Ere she cried out—"Forgive me, dear,
Mine was the blame!" Ah, Heaven seemed near
That moment, as we kissed away
A whole year's grief on Christmas Day!

—Eben E. Rexford.

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The Miser's Christmas.

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! Annie; look, look! If I could have that lovely big doll, I believe I never, never should ask for anything again! And see, Ned, there is just the most beautiful set of draughting tools that you have been wishing for; oh! if someone would only give us a pocketful of money just for once!" and the fair little speaker stopped for lack of breath to go on, and heaved a sigh more expressive than words.

Two of four were standing before a gorgeous shop window, in which everything to tempt the eye and please the taste was displayed, and which it was a pleasure to behold even if one could not become the happy possessor of any of the beauties there displayed,

The quartette was composed of two young misses of perhaps fifteen or sixteen years of age, with two children—one a fair-haired, blue-eyed sprite, who had exclaimed as above; the other a more grave and thoughtful boy, whose longing eyes were fastened wistfully upon the elegant set of draughting tools referred to.

Annie, a womanly miss for her years, echoed the sigh of her little sister as she replied, fondly and regretfully:

"Lillie, dear, if I had a pocketful of money, you may be sure that both your own and Ned's wish should be gratified."

"It's only a week to Christmas, Annie; what are you going to do in the way of gifts?" asked her friend, Nellie Hutchins, in a low tone.

"Oh, Nellie, there is so little that I can do, compared with what I wish I could do, that I am almost discouraged," was the regretful response, accompanied by another sigh.

"If you could do what you wished, just for one year, what would that be?" queried her friend, with a curious glance into the earnest, troubled face.

The dark brown eyes lighted at the question, and a flush deepened the tint upon the rounded cheek.

"I will tell you," she said eagerly, "if such a thing could be, I would make everybody in this city happy for that one day; if I could know that for the twenty-four hours of Christmas Day, not a soul of all the multitude was unhappy—was suffering, or hungry, or cold, I think, as Lillie says, I should never wish for anything again as long as I should live. And just think, Nellie, how easily that might be done, if all those who have abundance would give liberally of their hoarded stores."

"Why, Annie! of course I did not mean any wish of such magnitude as that!" returned her friend, in surprise. "I meant what would you like most to do for your friends at home?"

Again, the young girl sighed, while her eyes lingered with loving regret upon the two children who were oblivious to all save the attractions in the shop window.

"It is of no use for me to wish, since it is impossible for me to perform. Papa has lost his situation, you know, since he has been sick, and we have no money to spend. All I can do this year will be to try and make Ned and Lillie happy with my little home-made gifts, and help papa and mamma to pass the day as pleasantly as possible. But," she added, after a moment, her face brightening, "I have no right to make myself unhappy over what I cannot help; I ought rather to be thankful, for papa is so much better, and—we all love each other. 'Love is better than gold,' papa says, and he always smiles queerly at mamma when he says it."

"Of course you love each other," said Nellie; "I never saw a happier family."

"But I was thinking," Annie explained, "that there are so many who are so lonely and miserable—who have no one either to love or care for them. That is the saddest of all trouble, I think."

A long-drawn breath, that was almost a groan, greeted the ears of the two friends at this moment, and turning quickly, they saw the bent, poverty-stricken figure of an old man hobbling away.

"There goes one of the objects of your charitable wishes, Annie. Do you suppose he heard what we were saying?" Nellie asked.

"Perhaps he did, poor man. He surely looks as if there was not a soul on earth to care for or love him.'

It is evening. The streets are brilliantly lighted; the air is keen, but pure and bracing; the stars are twinkling merrily overhead, content to shine in

"His eyes lighted with a greedy look and his lips curled into a wintry, avaricious smile as he unfastened the knot and caught the gleam of gold within."

their sphere, even though unheeded in the radiant thoroughfares below by the gay crowd who pass and repass, intent on the pleasure of providing for the coming Christmas-tide.

In a wretched attic, in one of the lower haunts of the city, there sits a shivering, cowering form.

He is miserably clad, and the frosty air, piercing through the holes and crevices of his mean abode, causes him to shiver, and his teeth to chatter audibly. His features are pinched, and have a hungry look; his hair is long and uncombed, his beard tangled and unshorn. His hands are bony like the claws of some huge bird of prey, and are clasped about his knees, upon which his sharp chin is resting, while his sunken though keen and piercing eyes are fixed absently upon the few expiring embers in the fire-place before which he is sitting.

The room is devoid of furniture, save a bed of straw and a meager blanket in one corner, a stool and rickety table in another.

The occupant of this comfortless apartment is the apparently poverty-stricken old man whose deep-drawn sigh had interrupted the conversation of the two young girls as they stood before the gayly-decorated shop-window.

"No one to care for or love me—no one to care for or love me," he kept mumbling to himself, as he sat rocking back and forth upon the floor before the dying fire.

"Love is better than gold," the child said; "is it? is it?" he muttered in a startled way, while his piercing eyes went roving about the room with a suspicious look, as if he feared some one from without might be observing him.

This wretched object had happened to be strolling along the street just as that little company had stopped before the window.

He had caught the bright-eyed Lillie's exclamation and eager wish for a "pocketful of money." He had marked the wistful tone, the long-drawn sigh; he had noted the grave, thoughtful, but longing look of the intelligent lad, as the much-wished-for draughting tools were pointed out, and he had heard, and been startled, by the generous wishes for the poor, and suffering, and needy, as expressed by the gentle Annie.

Her earnest face haunted him; her wish that she could "make everyone in that great city happy, if but for twenty-four hours," rang in his ears; her sigh of regret "papa had lost his situation during his sickness, and there was no money to buy even a few little gifts for the children," troubled him.

"But we love each other, and love is better than gold;" those words had made him groan aloud.

"Love! love! love!" he cried, in harsh, cracked tones, but the words ended in almost a sob.

"What is love? What is happiness?" he said, clasping his bony hands over his moody brow, and shivering with excited feeling.

"I do not know; I have forgotten," he moaned, helplessly, and answering his own question.

A dismal silence hung over the wretched place for the space of half an hour, then the shivering old man arose from his crouching position. The fire had gone entirely out, the room was fearfully cold and dreary, his hands were stiff, his feet were numb.

He struck a match and lighted the remnant of a candle, and its dim, flickering light made the dismal apartment seem more cheerless than before.

"No one to love me—no one to care for me," he moaned, shuddering again, as he looked about him and seemed to realize his desolate condition.

"Love is better than gold, is it? But, ah! gold is—beautiful!"

Muttering thus he groped his way toward the corner where his miserable bed lay, and set his light upon the floor. He then got down upon his knees, threw back the coarse blanket, the heap of straw, and cautiously removed a portion of a loose board from the floor.

Beneath, so far as the eye could see by the uncertain light, there appeared to be nothing but a promiscuous collection of filthy rags.

Lifting out a portion of these, the man drew forth a bag, which seemed heavy even in his eager clutch, and its contents gave out a slight jingling sound.

It was securely tied at the top with a strong string; his fingers trembled with eagerness, his eyes lighted with a greedy look, and his lips curled into a wintry, avaricious smile as he unfastened the knot and caught the gleam of gold within.

"It is gold! all solid gold! and it is beautiful!" he whispered, gloatingly, as he hugged it to him, dipping his bony fingers into the shining mass, thus making the music he loved best to hear of all the musical sounds on earth.

He toyed with it as a child would play with marbles; he fondled it as he would fondle and caress some beloved pet, and then tying the mouth of the bag once more, he replaced it in its bed of rags. He drew forth another and yet another, which he handled and inspected in the same way. Then from some remote corner he brought to light a package of bills, and bonds, and papers, each of which he carefully examined by the light of the flickering candle, and then returned to their hiding-place, covering them all with rags, and noiselessly replacing the section of board.

His nightly task thus completed, he blew out the flaring candle, and crept, shivering and hungry, into his miserable bed.

"Father, you know that I love Frederick Atherton; you know he's a good, true man, and yet you would destroy the happiness of your only child!"

A young girl of twenty stood pleading there before her father, a harsh, moody-looking man of forty. She was, as she said, his only child, and almost the only bright or beautiful thing his home contained, although he could count his worldly possessions by the thousands. His wife had died a decade of years before, and for ten summers and winters this lovely girl had cheered his life with her love.

Two years before she had pledged herself to a friend of her childhood, a good, true man, as she had said, and whom she loved fondly, devotedly; but who had only his great heart, and two strong, willing hands to give her in return.

The worldly-wise, grasping father had turned coldly from his manly plea.

"Go win a fortune for yourself and her—go fill your pockets with gold, and then I will give her to you," Anthony Minot had grimly replied.

"Sir, love is better than gold; it will take me years perhaps to win a fortune—the best of our lives will have passed ere that, and our love become blighted and withered with the greed of gain," the young lover returned sadly.

But the hard man shook his head.

"No poor man can marry Gertrude Minot," he said, relentlessly, and the faithful lover went away disheartened and miserable.

But the brave, true spirit of the girl broke forth after he had gone, in the words recorded above.

"Happiness!" her father returned, scornfully, "what makes happiness?"

"A true and faithful love," said Gertrude Minot, proudly.

"Love! Talk as much as you choose of the silly sentiment, but love will soon grow cold and die when fed on husks. Let Fred Atherton win a suitable home for you, and then he may take you where he will," was the heartless retort.

"I shall not wait for him to do that," Gertrude replied, firmly, and lifting her serious eyes resolutely to her father's face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, angrily.

"I mean that I shall take Fred as he is now; and whether the future be one

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of prosperity or adversity, I shall share it with him," the brave girl returned, unfalteringly.

'Foolish child! what will you eat? what will you drink? and how will you be clothed? was the angry query.

"I do not fear for the future; we are both young and strong. Fred can command a fair salary now, with the prospect of promotion bye-and-bye, and together we will win a competence, and an honorable position in life."

"Not a penny from my coffers shall you ever have if you brave my displeasure thus." Anthony Minot cried nearly beside himself with anger and disappointment.

"I would rather my life should be beautiful with the love and care of a good man, than to have heaped up for me all the treasures of India. Father, I shall marry Fred on Christmas Day," was the dauntless reply of the beautiful maiden.

Anthony Minot swore that it should not be so, but the fond girl was firm, for she knew she was right and he was wrong; and when the fair Christmas morning broke, draped in its spotless robes as if to honor the deed, Gertrude Minot went forth from her father's house a banished child, to take upon herself the vows which were to make her the cherished bride of Frederick Atherton.

CHAPTER II.

Sixteen years have passed since Anthony Minot discarded from his home the only gleam of sunshine it contained.

Within an humble home, in a quiet street of the great city, there dwells a happy family of five—father, mother, and children three—a son and two beautiful daughters.

The father has lain for weeks stricken with a consuming fever, while the patient, sweet-faced woman whom he calls wife, with a love as measureless as the heavens, has watched and tended him back to life. The countenance of each shines with contentment and affection which show, despite their humble surroundings, that their lives have been full of beauty and peace.

"Fred, what can we do for the children at Christmas?" asks Gertrude Atherton of her husband, who, now convalescent, reclines upon a couch by the bright fire in the open grate.

The crimson curtains are closely drawn over the windows; the table in the centre of the room is laden with books and a new magazine, upon which the shaded light shines temptingly, and the whole apartment has a look of coziness and home-like comfort that is exceedingly attractive.

A door on the opposite side of the room leads into the kitchen, through which Annie, the eldest daughter, passed a few moments ago, leaving it slightly ajar; a fact which though seeming so simple in itself, was yet productive of great results, as the future will show.

"I fear we cannot do much, dear; there is only money enough left to defray the current expenses of the coming month," Mr. Atherton said, in reply to his wife's question, a shade of sorrow falling over his pale face.

"It was extremely unkind in Hague & Fales not to reserve your position, when you have served them so faithfully for so many years," returned his wife, a flush of indignant feeling staining her cheek.

"'Everyone for himself' is their motto, and we cannot help the matter now. I had hoped to be able before this to seek another position, but my strength comes so slowly. I have been a sad burden to you dear, during the last two months," and he heaved a regretful sigh.

The fond wife bent over and touched his white forehead lovingly with her lips, which trembled with tender feeling.

"Dear Fred, do not say that; if you *must* call yourself a 'burden,' say that it is one of blessedness, for had you been taken away from me, the world would never have looked bright to me again," and the sweet, fond tones quivered in remembrance of the dread she had experienced during those last weeks.

"It will be just sixteen years on Christmas Day since you and I began the world together, Gertrude," Mr. Atherton said, reaching out and clasping one of her hands. "I had hoped," he added, with a sigh, "to have won the fortune your father demanded before this, but fate seems to have ordained it otherwise, and we are still as poor as we were upon that day."

"Poor, Fred!" cried his wife, lightly, and with a little musical laugh; "why, dear, there is not a richer woman in all this great city to-night than I, and I would not exchange our peaceful home, our bright children and your dear love, for untold gold."

"Contentment crowns you queen," said Mr. Atherton, smiling fondly into her bright face.

"Think of the beautiful years we have spent together, Fred. There have been some trials, 'tis true, but most of the time we have been happy; our hearts, notwithstanding our maturer years, are still green and fresh with a love and confidence that can never grow old; our interests and tastes have been the same; we have cultivated our minds, striving to grow wiser as we grow older, and have reared our children in principles of truth and honor—don't regret that we have not accumulated sordid gold, for it might have warped both heart and intellect, making us grasping and avaricious."

"And you have no regret, then, that you cast in your lot with a poor man?"

"Not one. I remember your telling father—poor father! I wonder where he has been all these years—when he was so opposed to our marriage, that 'love was better than gold,' and, Fred, dear, have we not proved it so?"

"Indeed we have, my precious wife, and if God will grant us health, I trust there is much more of comfort and happiness in store for us," Frederick Atherton said, deeply moved by his wife's devotion.

"Where are the children?" he asked, a moment after.

"Ned and Lillie have gone to bed, and Annie went to the chapel with Nellie Hutchins, to rehearse the Christmas carol," replied Mrs. Atherton.

"Dear Annie, what a thoughtful child she is! I wish we could give her the piano she has so long coveted," the father said, wistfully, with a sigh.

"And Ned the set of draughting tools he wants; while Lillie thinks that only the very largest doll in Madam Pritchard's establishment would make her perfectly happy," Mrs Atherton returned, with a smile, yet her husband's sigh was softly echoed in spite of her assumed cheerfulness.

The noise of a door abruptly closing startled them at this moment, and Mrs. Atherton rising, passed out into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of it.

There was no one there, and she returned to her chair by her husband's couch.

"It must be that Annie left the outside door ajar when she went out, and the wind has drawn it to," she observed, as she took up the new magazine to read to her companion.

But outside a strange figure was hurrying from the door into the darkness, as if he had been some burglar detected and pursued!

Christmas morning was clear and frosty, but bright and beautiful, and every face in the humble home of the Athertons glowed with happiness and affection.

The "Merry Christmas!" rang as sweetly and cheerfully through those small but home-like rooms, as through the loftiest apartments in the city, while their simple gifts, distributed at the breakfast table, and each one a token of tender love, gave more real pleasure than many of the costly trifles heaped upon the petted darlings of wealth and luxury.

Mr. Atherton seemed so much stronger and better this morning that he delighted his wife and children by saying that he thought he should be able to attend the services of the day at the church only a square distant; and at the appointed hour the bright group were in their places, their hearts beating gratefully and reverently, if not for an abundance of this world's

goods, at least for the love that was all their own.

The church was decorated in the most beautiful manner, and the services were impressive, while the Christmas carol, sung by twenty-four youths and maidens, made the grand old arches ring with sweetest melody, and thrilled every heart with its rich notes of gratitude and praise.

In the very last pew, under the gallery, there sat a stranger. He was a small, shriveled, wiry-looking man, but very nicely dressed in finest broadcloth, with seal-skin collar and gloves. His hair was somewhat thin and gray, but closely cut and carefully arranged, and his full beard had evidently been trimmed by a practiced hand.

He paid no heed to the services, but his keen and piercing eyes were fastened intently and hungrily upon the Atherton pew, where with reverent hearts and peaceful faces sat the father, mother, and two lovely children. Annie was with the choir, and ever and anon her clear, sweet tones could be detected by the loving ones below.

The services were over at last, and the crowd poured forth, seeking their happy homes, where comfort and joy awaited them.

As Mr. Atherton stepped upon the pavement, his lovely wife upon his arm, some one touched his elbow.

Turning, he saw a man in livery, who, touching his hat respectfully said:

"There is a carriage waiting for you, sir."

"There must be some mistake," returned Mr. Atherton, courteously; I have ordered no carriage."

"This is Mr. Atherton, is it not?" asked the coachman.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Then it is all right. I have received orders to convey yourself, wife and three children to your home," said the man.

Although somewhat surprised at this reply, Mr. Atherton thought it might be the kind attention of some wealthy member of the church, who had seen him there, and, knowing his feeble condition, had considerately commissioned his coachman to take him home.

His face lighted with gratitude and pleasure; a brighter smile curved the lips of his wife at this delicate attention, while Ned and Lillie almost danced for joy, in spite of the sacred ground they were upon.

"How happy I am!" said Annie, a rich flush on her cheek, as they were borne along in the smoothly rolling carriage; and, indeed, each face bespoke the same feeling, and each heart echoed the simple words.

"Where are we going, papa?" Ned asked, as the carriage turned a corner in the opposite direction from their own home, and the mettled steeds assumed a brisker pace.

"Perhaps whoever has been so kind as to loan us the carriage, has told the coachman to take us the 'longest way round,' knowing that we do not get such a treat often," he answered, smiling, and enjoying the delight of his children.

After a drive of twenty minutes they turned into a quiet pleasant street, and the carriage stopped before a plain but substantial-looking house.

The driver sprang from his seat, let down the steps, opened the door, and then stood waiting for them to alight.

"You have mistaken the locality—this is not where we reside," said Mr. Atherton, flushing slightly, but without moving from his seat.

"There is no mistake, you are expected here, returned the coachman, as if he had received previous orders, and thoroughly understood the role he was to play.

At this moment the door of the dwelling before which they had stopped opened, as if some one within had been awaiting their coming, and was eager to welcome them.

Entirely at a loss to understand the meaning of this strange adventure, Mr. Atherton reluctantly alighted, and, followed by his wife and children, ascended the broad granite steps.

A sevant met them at the door, and with every appearance of having expected them, conducted them through the wide, handsomely carpeted hall, to a pleasant and attractive drawing-room, and courteously invited them to be seated.

The children exclaimed under their breath as they entered, for in one corner there stood a tall Christmas tree, decorated in the most beautiful manner, and laden with mysterious-looking packages, in all sorts of shapes and sizes.

"Mamma! do look! what a beautiful piano!" exclaimed Annie, pointing to a handsome Steinway, which stood temptingly open at one end of the room.

Not a person had as yet come to greet them, and Mr. and Mrs. Atherton felt, to say the least, extremely queer.

"What does this mean, Fred?" Mrs. Atherton asked, with a face that was perfectly blank from astonishment.

"I am sure I am as much in the dark as you can possibly be, dear. Let us wait patiently—perhaps Santa Claus himself may appear next," he returned, smiling, but with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

And sure enough it appeared as if he was right, for a gentleman entered the room a moment later, and approached slowly toward where the husband and wife were sitting.

He seemed to have just come in from the street, for he still wore his overcoat, and his rich seal-skin collar was drawn closely up around his face.

Mrs. Atherton caught her breath quickly as she saw him, and leaned eagerly forward, as if seeking to obtain a better view of his features.

The old man stopped before the perplexed couple, removed his seal-skin collar and turned his face to the light.

Gertrude Atherton arose to her feet and stretched out her hands with a low, joyful cry.

"Father!" her trembling lips articulated, and she fell into his arms, sobbing like a child.

It was indeed Anthony Minot, the stranger, who, sitting in the rear of the church during the Christmas services, had kept his eyes fixed so intently upon the Atherton family.

After his only child had braved his displeasure and gone out into the world as the wife of Frederick Atherton, the lonely and heart-sore father had sold his homestead and possessions, and disappeared from his native place. This had been a great trial to his daughter, who still loved him fondly, and she had heard nothing from him during all the sixteen years of her married life.

He had always been a stern, hard man, his whole soul intent upon getting gain, adding to his possessions, and building up for himself the reputation of being rich and prosperous.

The only green spot in his heart had been his love for his bright and winsome daughter, and when she defied his arbitrary commands, he had become hardened and embittered.

He would not forgive her, and yet he could not lose sight of her, and, disposing of everything, he had secretly followed the happy husband and wife to the city where they had located. Here in his loneliness and isolation he became moody and misanthropical; his love of gain developed inordinately, and he fell to hoarding his rapidly accumulating wealth.

He established himself in miserable lodgings, living in the most niggardly manner and scarcely clothing himself decently. He put his money out at usury, at least a portion of it, and hid every dollar thus gained as fast as it came into his possession.

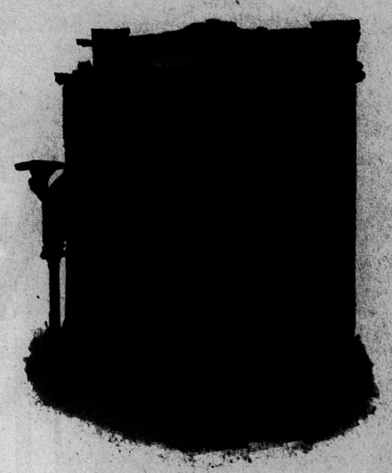
Every year this mania grew upon him, sinking him lower and lower in the social scale, until he became the miserable miser we have already described, living in that wretched attic, where nightly he drew forth his hidden treasures and gloated over them—his bags of gold and silver, his bundles of bills and bonds.

Anthony Minot was indeed a miser of the most miserly sort. For several years he lived this life, when on a certain day, as he was prowling about the streets, he chanced to overhear the conversation of those two innocent maidens before the

Stock-Taking Sale

OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND Organs

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY



Now comes the event of far reaching interest to everyone who wants to purchase a reputable organ.

December 31st we take "stock", and we are going to reduce the large number of instruments that accumulate at this season of the year. This special sale consists of a number of second-hand and slightly used organs taken in exchange on Pianos, as well as brand new Sample Bell Organs, shipped direct to us from their factories at Guelph. The bargains described below are in perfect condition, inside and out, and every purchaser gets the guarantee of this house, and where a new organ is purchased the Bell Company's guarantee is also given.

THE PRICES ARE EXTRAORDINARY

Remember these bargains are only given annually — so act quickly. Here is a list:—

USED ORGANS

Bell Organ	—5 octaves, High Top, Walnut finish, seven stops, knee swell, left factory less than six months ago, regular price $80.00 now	$58.00
Doherty Organ	—6 octaves, Piano case, contains six sets of reeds, 13 stops and knee swells, Mahogany finish, in good condition	$65.00
Bell TRAVELLING ORGAN	Folding Organ, made specially for camp meetings, Missionaries or cottage	$34.00
Doherty Organ	—Piano case, 6 octaves, 11 stops, Walnut case, good as new	$80.00
Bell Organ	—5 octaves, style 71, contains 3 sets of reeds, very slightly used	$61.00
Bell Organ	—Style 380, 6 octaves, 11 stops, walnut finish case, cannot be told from new, regular $140—now	$89.00
Bell Organ	—Style 310, solid Oak case, 6 octaves, 4 sets of reeds, left factory a little over a year ago, original price $150.00 now	$84.00
Goderich Organ	—6 octaves, 11 stops, 4 sets of reeds, Walnut case, mouse proof pedals, compound bellows &c.	$78.00
Bell Organ	—Style 340, Walnut case, 6 octaves, grand organ and knee swell, contains 4 sets of reeds, taken in exchange on piano after being in use 6 months only	$93.00

NEW ORGANS—For Manitoba only.

From now until the Christmas Holidays we are allowing a special discount of 25% off the regular selling prices of new Bell Organs, both Church and Parlor styles as follows:—

6 octave, Piano case, regularly sold at	$140.00	now $103.50
" " " " " "	150.00	" 112.50
5 " organs high or low tops, " "	75.00	" 56.25
" " " " " " " "	80.00	" 60.00

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One third cash, balance next fall. Special discount for cash. Boxed and delivered free on board cars at Winnipeg.

Money refunded if Organ is not as represented. We are the largest Piano and Organ firm in Winnipeg.

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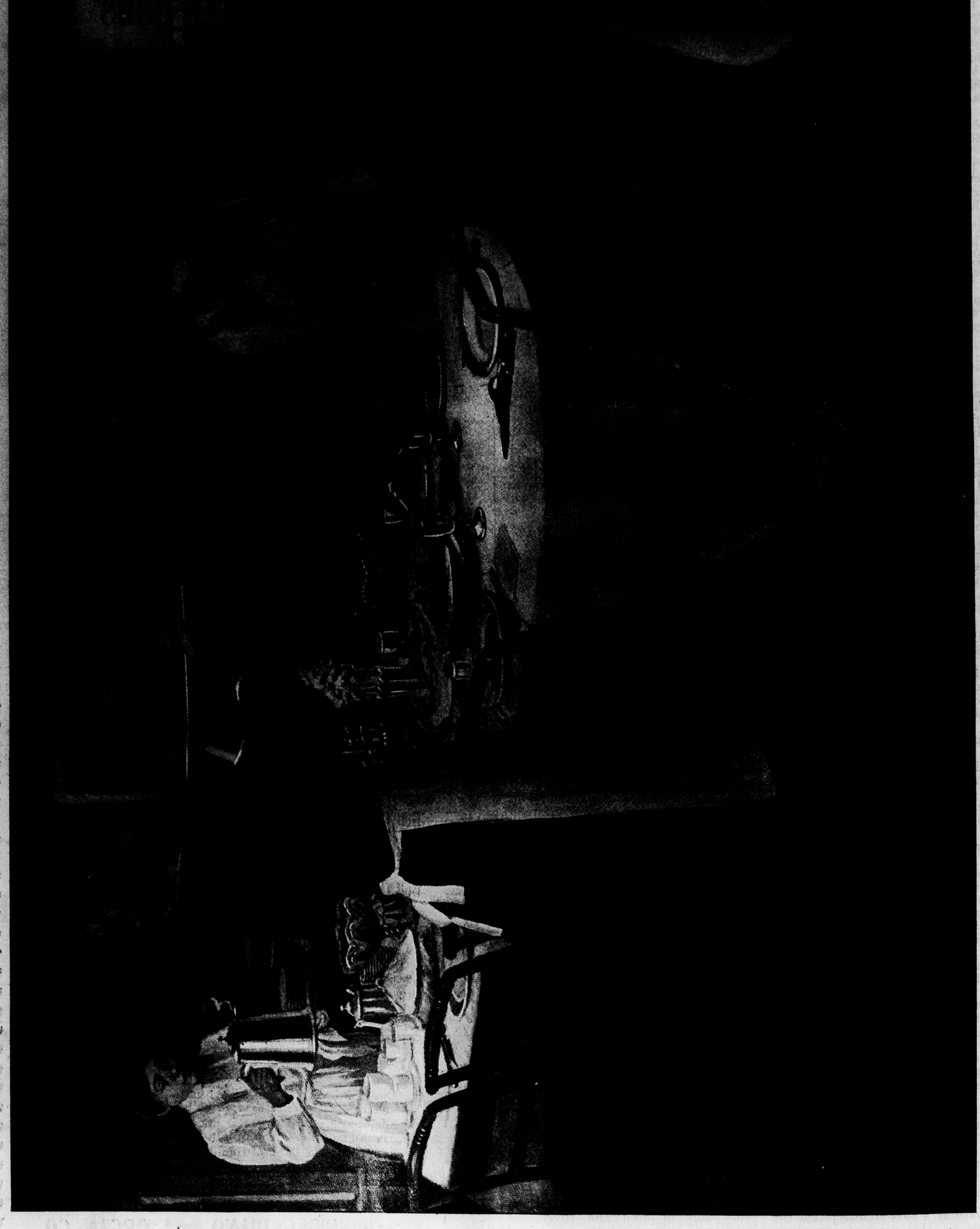

Christmas at the Farm House—Dinner Ready

gorgeously decorated shop window.

The gentle Annie's beautiful spirit and sympathy for the poor and suffering, her wish for a pocket full of gold, simply to relieve the necessities of others, moved him as nothing had done since the death of his wife.

He knew the girl, for he had kept watch upon his daughter's family during all these years. He knew she was happy, although possessed of little of this world's goods. He knew she was living a complete and useful life, beautifying her husband's pathway, and training her children to honorable manhood and womanhood. She was proving every day that "love was better than gold," while he was hoarding up his riches, leading a lonely, loveless existence, and living in abject poverty, with untold wealth in his possession.

But that thoughtful, earnest wish of his granddaughter, who was so like her mother in form and feature —those gentle words, "If I could only know that for the twenty-four hours of Christmas Day not a soul of all the multitude was suffering, was unhappy, hungry or cold, I think I should never wish for anything again as long as I should live!"— those words had pierced the crust of misanthropy and avarice which had bound him for so long and set him to examining his heart and his life.

That wish had included him; for was he not unhappy, cold and hungry, and miserable? The child, although perhaps unconscious of his existence, was wishing that he might be happy, was sorrowing because he was lonely, with no one to care for him or love him; she was longing, too, for some of the gold he was hoarding, that she might carry out her generous impulses. Then she had spoken so sorrowfully, yet resignedly, of her father's sickness and loss of position, and of her little home-made gifts, and her efforts to make the day pass pleasantly to the dear ones at home.

She had alluded with such infinite content to their tender affection for each other, that a sense of his own desolateness had overpowered him, and melted him almost to tears. He had caught her last words, in reply to Nellie's allusion to him as being one of the objects of her charity. "Yes, poor man! he surely looks as if there was not a soul on earth to care for or love him."

In a moment all his wretchedness, his meanness and wickedness in hoarding his glittering treasure rose before him, condemning and humiliating him, as he had never been humiliated before. He had been living in misery and poverty, both of body and soul, warping his nature, benumbing his intellect, and offending the God who would one day require at his hands the talent lying unemployed and buried in a napkin.

He groped his way back to his miserable attic, where he drew forth and looked upon his treasure once more.

The sight of it for the time seemed to eradicate all his better impulses, and to arouse again all his miserly instincts; he resisted the whisperings of conscience, hid his gold again, and once more crawled into his miserable bed to sleep.

But all the next day he was disturbed and restless. He wandered up one street and down another, growing more lonely and wretched with every waning hour.

Evening came again, and seized by an irresistible longing to see his daughter once more, to hear her speak, and call him by the old familiar name, he resolved he would go to her, reveal himself, and ask her to receive him again to her favor.

He could not quite make up his mind to part with his gold, to be free and generous, as yet.

"I will do something for them. I will make them more comfortable in a small way, and they will keep me from being quite so lonely and desolate," he had whispered to himself.

Clad in his rags, unshaven and unshorn, he sought the humble abode of the Athertons.

He grew fearful and trembling as he approached. The light, as it shone through the windows, seemed to have no welcome for him, and he began to be afraid that he would be as harshly driven forth into the cold and cheerless streets as he had once driven his fair daughter.

Reaching the door, something impelled him to turn the handle and softly enter. He found himself in the neat and cozy kitchen. There was no light there, but the door leading into the pleasant sitting-room was ajar, and he could see and hear all that transpired within.

Softly, stealthily he crossed the floor, until he reached a position where he could see the inmates, and he became a silent listener to the fond words that passed between Frederick Atherton and his gentle wife.

He was bowed with shame, he was stricken with keenest remorse as he listened.

Their patience in trial, their confidence in and affection for each other, their sorrow for what they could not help, together with their hopefulness for the future, melted his hard heart. He heard their tender wishes for their children's happiness, and the regretful sigh that they could not gratify them; he saw the smile of his Gertrude as she declared that there was not a richer woman in all the great city than she, with her loving husband and dear children; he heard her speak so tenderly and regretfully of him, and bowing his head, he muffled his face in the skirts of his ragged coat, to stifle a groan that had well-nigh burst from his overcharged heart.

"I will not meet her; I will not seek her love and forgiveness in such a garb, nor until I can make some adequate return," was his sudden and inward resolve, as, with a swift and cat-like tread, he stole once more into the darkness and vanished from the place.

The abruptly-closing door, as he departed, had been the sound that had startled Mrs. Atherton, who, all unconscious of the invisible guest she had had, thought no more of it, and returned to her husband's side.

The four days that remained before Christmas were busy ones to the homeless, desolate man, who for sixteen long years had known nothing either of love or care.

No one would have recognized in the nicely-dressed individual — his grizzled, tangled locks trimmed and carefully combed, his beard neatly shorn—the miserable miser of that wretched attic.

He bought a good, substantial house, in a quiet, pleasant street. With the aid of competent men he furnished it with everything which could contribute to comfort and beauty—soft carpets, bright and warm, lovely pictures, ornaments and books. He bought a fine piano for the brown-eyed Annie; the most complete set of draughting tools that could be found in the city, and the identical doll that had been the pet Lillie's delight in Madam Pritchard's elegant show window.

Everything that could be done in the little time that remained before the great, glad festival of the year was done, and when at length the carriage, which he had provided to bring the family from the church to their new home, arrived, the old man, his heart overflowing with love, and tenderness, and gratitude, had to go away from the window where he had been watching for them, and sob out by himself the burden of his joy.

His happy Gertrude spoke no word of reproach for the past, no word of blame for his harshness to her, and it was the happiest moment of his life when, with a tender, loving smile, she beckoned her children forward, and bade them greet their grandfather.

It seemed as if their kisses were the sweetest caresses his lips had ever known, and their bright faces and sparkling eyes the loveliest picture he had ever looked upon.

Space will not permit a description of the sumptuous dinner awaiting them, nor of the house over which he conducted them when the meal was ended.

"This is to be your home in the future, you young blessings," Anthony Minot said to the happy children, when they had returned to the parlor again,

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DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH THE PERFECT OPERATION OF THE

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NO WATER to freeze! It's oil cooled.

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Write us for catalogues and if your local dealer cannot supply the records you want write us direct,—we can. We also carry Columbia and Edison Records and Machines.

And we publish an "Anthem Guide" as an Assistance to Choirmasters in Selecting Anthems. Write for it. These are special. Other lines—everything known in music can be supplied by us.

TURNER'S MUSIC HOUSE

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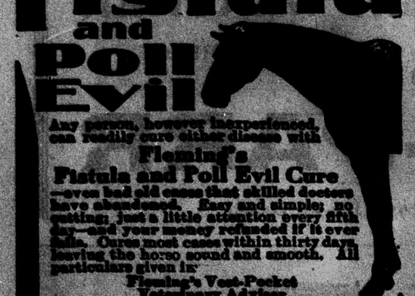
Fistula and Poll Evil



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restores gray hair to its youthful natural color and beauty. Cures Dandruff and makes the hair grow strong and healthy.

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Central Business College

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Principals: F. A. WOOD. Wm. HAWKINS.

LEAD THEM ALL IN QUALITY

Now is the time to select your fencing for next season. Drop us a card and we will cheerfully send you a sample of our fence, with full particulars. We make both a "Field Erected" and "Machine Woven" fence, using only the best galvanized wire obtainable.

The Great West Wire Fence Co., Limited.

WINNIPEG MANITOBA

while his once wrinkled, moody face seemed completely transformed.

"How do you like it, Miss Annie?" he asked, taking her by the arm and leading her toward the piano, "and do you think this instrument will suit you?"

"Is it for *me*, grandpapa?" she asked, with a long-drawn breath of delight.

"Yes, for you," and he pointed to a card lying on the music-rack, upon which was inscribed, "Miss Annie Florence Atherton. A merry Christmas from Anthony Minot."

"It seems like a dream—if it is, I hope I shall never awake," she said, lifting her tearful eyes to his face.

He stooped and kissed her with lips that trembled, and then, turning quickly away, said briskly:

"See here, Master Ned, what do you think of the contents of this box?" and he took a handsome box from the table under the tree, and put it in the lad's hands.

His bright face flushed all over, but without waiting for his thanks, the old man continued, taking Lillie by the hand and leading her forward:

"And, pet blue-eyes, how would you enjoy turning nursery-maid for a season?"

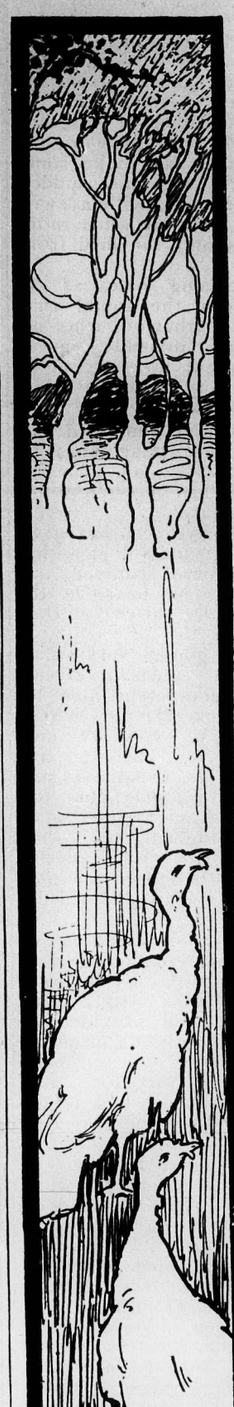
"Oh! the very dear, *dear* child that I wanted," Lillie cried, rapturously, as she hugged the doll to her heart.

Anthony Minot took two large envelopes from the tree next, and passing over to where the grateful husband and wife sat, gave one to each.

Mrs. Atherton's contained a deed of the house and furniture; her husband's a government appointment, with a salary, which put his heart at ease regarding all pecuniary matters for the next few years; but Anthony Minot never lisped a word to betray the amount that it had cost to procure that document.

I will not dwell upon the joy of that happy Christmas night. The tree was laden with other gifts and goodies, too numerous to mention, and a merrier group it would have been hard to find in all the city, while the children voted their newly-found grandfather the jolliest Santa Claus in existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton's faces fairly shone with the gratitude and thankfulness of which their hearts were full, while not the least happy of the party was Anthony Minot himself, who at last was forced to own that "love was better than gold," and that his treasured hoard was blessed, only so far as it could contribute to the comfort and happiness of those whom he loved; and he went to his rest that night to dream of angel voices warbling the Christmas carol, and of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."



Santa Claus.

On Christmas-eve, when the moon shone bright,
Nelly and Kate saw a wonderful sight
Where the fire had faded away:
A funny old man, with a pipe as funny,
A flowing white beard, and a face so sunny
That it gave the pale moonlight a golden glow,
And seemed to warm the glittering snow.
The funny old man was laden with toys,
And he tossed them down without any noise,
Till in beautiful heaps they lay.

Not a whit frightened were Nelly and Kate,
For they thought it a dream (it was so very late),
And they slept again, unaware.
The first crimson ray, when it came to tell
That Christmas had risen, and all was well,
Saw Nelly and Kitty among the rest,
Happy, and loving, and merry and blest,
Taking their treasures from stockings and floor,
And thanking the giver a hundred times o'er—
But the ashes were gray and bare.

Old Songs and Christmas Jingles.

A man might then behold, at Christmas in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold, and meat for great and small.
The neighbors, too, were friendly bidden, and all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not driven, when this old cap was new.

* * *

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight,
Bless this house from wicked wight;
From the nightmare and the goblin,
That is hight good fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weazels, rats and ferrets;
From curfew time to the next prime.

* * *

Now Christmas has come let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear let us make such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather.

* *

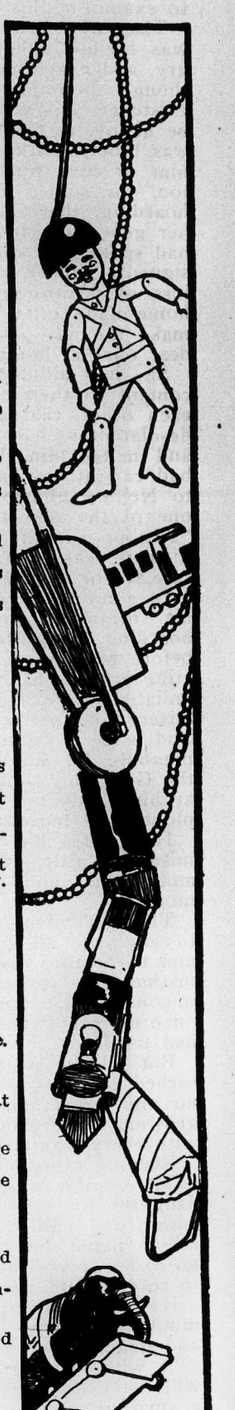
Just in this nick the cook knocked thrice
And all the waiters in a trice his summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up like our trained band,
Presented and away.

* * *

Soon the mist will hide the mountains,
Soon the frost will fleck the shed,
An' then we'll hang the mistletoe
An' show the holly red!

* * *

There's naught amiss in the Christmas kiss
That's stolen beneath the holly.



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The House of McLean is known throughout the West for their honorable and upright dealings with every customer. It has always been their aim and pride to handle the best goods in the market. You may therefore depend on getting a square deal.

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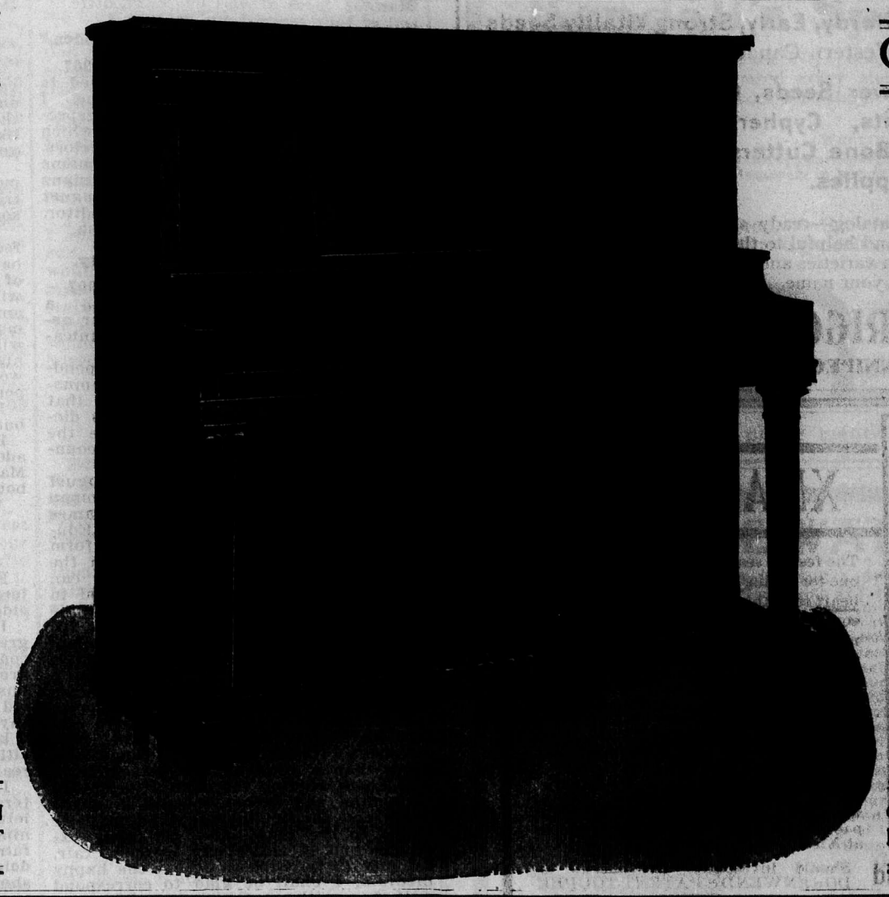

Concerning Prices

It requires no argument to convince people that a good article costs more than a poor one, and as the Heintzman & Co. is the best Piano on the market to-day, they cannot compete with many others in the mere question of Price. Whoever purchases a poor Piano because it seems cheap does so with a mortifying mistrust in his bargain.

Catalogue and Easy Payment Plan Free On Application

J. J. H. McLEAN & CO. LTD. (528 Main St.) Winnipeg

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Correspondence

In publishing a longer grist of letters than usual in this, our Christmas Number, we do so merely to satisfy in a measure the hundreds of writers, all of whom are anxious to see their letters in print at an early date.

Exchanging letters, getting acquainted one with the other, seems to us a popular pastime with members of both sexes in this country. We will continue to give a portion of our space each month to our subscribers who may desire to carry on a correspondence with writers in these columns.

When sending us a letter to remail to any address please affix a postage stamp on the blank envelope enclosed. All writers are requested to give us their full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Do not ask us to send you the name of any writer.

A Few Observations on "Woman."

Regina, Nov. 15th, 1907.

Editor.—I am an interested reader of your magazine and find the correspondence pages quite bright and entertaining. Some of the writers possess a fair amount of foresight and others are far too anxious to obtain a husband or wife.

It appears to me that a number of young women have only one ambition and that is for each to get married just as soon as she can find a young man who is fairly decent, one whom she thinks she may be able to respect and perhaps love, in time.

A great fault with young married women, after they have been married a short time they become untidy and careless with their household work. A man enjoys seeing his wife look tidy after her work is done, but some women argue that woman's work is never done, but they forget man works hard when he is at it.

It is a woman's duty to try and appear cheerful and tidy, and to make her home as attractive as possible, but some women will look on the black side of everything, so greeting her husband with a melancholy appearance, she will find he will soon seek comforts and pleasure elsewhere, which is not to be wondered at.

Now, I hope the fair sex will not judge me too harshly and say I am throwing all the stones at them, for often the fault lies with the husband.

Another thing which has struck me very forcibly, as it has done a good many more of your readers, I fancy the majority of the young ladies have not the slightest idea of what a homestead is like and the life you have to put in, but as this, if I remember right, has been explained several times, further comment is not necessary.

One point which is essential to the completion of a happy home is a woman who is a fairly good plain cook and it is not necessary to be a professional as some seem to fancy.

I have more than often observed most young ladies and several gents do not forget to impress upon you they are considered good looking, but this is a great mistake with our fair sex, as that does not always attract men unless you possess the other qualifications that go to make a good wife. A girl of a nice disposition and perhaps of plain appearance often wins a man over where beauty has failed and then it is quite a common thing to hear friends say: what can he see in her, but when you have become acquainted and you have accepted the invitation to spend an evening at their little home, then you discover that he was marrying, not her beauty but her abilities and her pleasant disposition.

I may say I should like one who is musical as I do a little in that line myself and I am also a lover of good literature and sport of all kinds, especially outdoor. Photography is another of my favorite hobbies, but since I have been in this country I have done none of it.

I may state, or otherwise this epistle would not be complete, that I am not a homesteader, but may be in the near future. I am a mechanic and command good wages, 30 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches, 160 pounds, dark hair and complexion. Would like to correspond with "Hetty," Wawanesa, Man., and "Light o' the Morning," Ont., of August issue, as I like her letter very much for her open opinion and for being proud of her English descent.

I am a Protestant and an Englishman, but not green.

I should feel favored with the address of the above young ladies and I hope I have not taken up too much space of your valuable paper. Being now so interested in your paper I intend becoming a subscriber.

I should be pleased to hear from any young ladies who choose to send their address, my address being with the Editor. Wishing the W. H. M. every success.

"Red Ensign."

Trying for a Wife.

Editor.—Seeing so many young men and maidens writing to your columns, I thought I would try for a wife, too.

I am 5 feet, 3 inches in height and about 130 pounds in weight. I am young myself and would like a young woman, about 20 preferable. I own a quarter section and think it is enough for two. I am no better than they make 'em. I have blue eyes, brown hair and am fairly good looking.

"Lonely One."

"A Light Weight on the Rampage.

Flee Island, Man., Aug. 31, 1907.

Editor.—Please put the following letter in your magazine, which reaches almost every Western home.

I am a young Englishman of 20 summers, employed on a farm and in the bush in winter. I am about 5 feet 6 inches, weight 124 pounds, grey eyes, dark brown hair, and intend homesteading next summer. I would like to correspond with some good girl who is a farmer's daughter.

"Squirrel."

Pick-Axe Bill Will Write.

Hardwick Island, B. C.,
Aug. 29, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your magazine and am greatly interested in the correspondence columns.

I am a Western bachelor of 32, of temperate habits, and own some good property. I would like to hear from some good girl of suitable age matrimonially inclined. Anyone who cares to write can find out more about me.

I live on the coast of British Columbia; it is a very healthy country and has a very mild climate. Wages are good. There is plenty of fine scenery and the inside route from Vancouver north between Vancouver Island and the mainland is a fine place to cruise. There are islands and bays on all sides and it is a most pleasant place to cruise in a launch. The islands are covered with a heavy growth of fir and cedar, hemlock, etc. Deer are very plentiful and there are several varieties of fish that are easily caught with hook and line. It is an ideal country to camp in in the summer time and a good country to get work in at the best wages. Common laborers get $3.00 to $4.00 per day. Either girls or men who want work can find no better place to come to than Western B. C. The climate is mild in the winter, very little or no snow in the valleys, and it very seldom gets below the freezing point in the winter. The summers are cool and plenty of bright weather. On the coast there is always a cool breeze in the summer. If I can give any of the readers of the Western Home Monthly any information about B. C. I will be glad to do so. I will answer all letters.

"Pick-Axe Bill."

A Statement of Fact.

Some months ago we received a letter from "Alice Montrose" for publication. Her letter not appearing in the next issue of this magazine, the writer concluded that the letter had gone astray and that we did not receive it. She then wrote us a second letter, intending that we should only publish the one letter of hers, but through some oversight both letters were printed. In justice to the young lady, "Alice Montrose," we make this statement of fact so that our readers may not think her frivolous.—(Editor).

Two Girls of One Mind.

Moore Park, Man., Aug. 15, 1907.

Editor.—Will you make room in your valuable paper for two of the prettiest girls in Moore Park? We live on a farm and have everything up-to-date. We are 5 feet, 8 inches in height, very slender, and as graceful as a swan. One of us is fair and the other dark. We are splendid housekeepers now, but will improve with age, as we are not old by any means. We can sing, play piano, dance, skate, ride horseback and can do almost anything under the sun that any refined lady can do.

Our ideal man must be tall and handsome, very affectionate and with plenty of money. No farmers or counter jumpers need apply for us, as nothing less than a banker, lawyer, conductor or an engineer can get us.

We would like an auto as a mode of conveyance, but if our ideals prefer a nice rubber-tired buggy and a spanking team of drivers, that will suit us just as well.

We might add in closing that we are of a very kind and loving disposition and will make any of the above said gentlemen happy who takes us for a partner in life. If any of the gentlemen mentioned care to write, our names will be with the Editor and we will be pleased to answer letters from the same, but will not, under any circumstances, answer letters from the other kind mentioned.

"Two Squashes."

Lottie Wants a Man.

Edrans, Man., Aug. 17, 1907.

Editor.—I am a young lady, 22 years old, and would like to get married. I have bright eyes and golden hair and I

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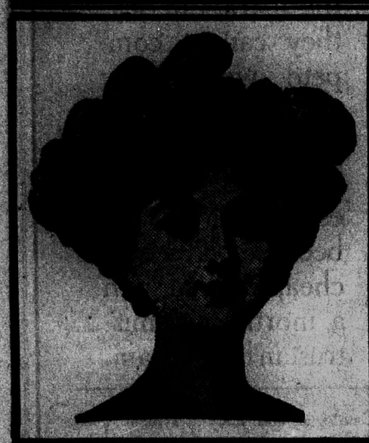

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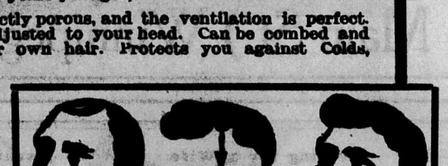

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DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, St. Mary's, Ont. 3

can cook a good meal. I have some freckles but they are all on my neck. I can recite and play lovely on the jew's harp. I am working in a cheese factory but that will close down this fall, so I want to get married soon. I should like to hear from "Plow Boy," "Fancy Frank," or a "Temperance Man." "Lottie."

Irish Inquires for "Handsome Maiden."

Millet, Alta., Aug. 13, 1907.

Editor.—I am very much pleased to be a subscriber to your magazine. I think it is the best I ever read, especially your correspondence page, which is quite interesting to us bachelors. Will you please forward me the name and address of the girl who signs "Handsome Maiden," in your August number. She said it is with the editor. "Irish."

Wants Her Fat, Fair and Forty.

Calgary, Alta., Aug. 27, 1907.

Editor.—Being a subscriber, and a good old one, I venture to ask your assistance to help put me in communication with a good woman.

I find the letters in the correspondence columns interesting, some amusing, especially letters from those that figure as educated, refined damsels dictating their terms if they become the wife of a poor rancher in a new country.

"Peggy McCarthy's" letter in August is a true sample of this new woman specimen. Some of those dainty dames deserve the garret cat and parrot. Education, accomplishments, grace of form and feature are all thistledown in the shake, compared to the girl that can render you some assistance out and in for a few years until you get a little bit into shape.

We read that the Creator gave Adam a helpmate. How much help could a wife give a young chap starting on a farm who objected to do a chore boy's work occasionally? A man coming home from town late, the cows to collect and milk, himself and the pigs ravenous, it will require something more than a tune on the piano and a tale about feeding the dear little chicks to soothe the breast. Dolls in glass cases and the doukhobors hitching their wives to the plow are the two extremes and if any husky maiden fair, fat and forty cares to accept the happy medium, I shall be glad to correspond with her with a view to matrimony.

"Robie Ranteltree, Calgary."

Farmer's Daughter Likes Canadian Jack.

Gilpen, Alta., Aug. 22, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading the letters in the correspondence columns for some time and certainly find them very interesting. I am a young girl of 17 years of age, 5 feet 1½ inches in height, weigh 165 pounds. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I don't mind milking two or three cows. I am a real good cook and I live on a farm. I like Canadian Jack's letter of June 19th, of Baldur, Man. If he would please write first I will write him.

"Farmer's Daughter."

Throws Out Her Lines.

Alberta, Aug. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time. I think that a woman was not made to be a slave, and that if she keeps the house in good order that is enough without working out of doors and if a man thinks enough of his wife he will not let her do so. I also think that some of the young ladies are hard on the young bachelors.

I am a town girl but have lived on a ranch and know enough about farmers. Some of them are doctors, lawyers and sons of merchants, etc.

I am jolly, a good horseback rider, can row a boat. I am an elocutionist, can sing and play the piano. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, am 4 feet 11 inches in height, weigh 100 pounds. I am 18 years of age and respectable. I think that "Canadian Jack's" letter is just about right, so, Mr. Editor, if he agrees with my letter I would like to correspond with him or any other nice young men from 19 to 23 years of age.

Hoping this letter will find a place in your valuable paper.

"Product of the West."

Mira Has Dimples.

Alberta, Aug. 16, 1907.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M., especially the correspondence column. I like "Boston Boy's" letter and agree that some of the girls are hard on the bachelors, even though they do not ask for our sympathy.

For myself I always wonder how they manage a house and cooking. I don't believe in women having to work out of doors, but speaking personally, I am sure I should never be happy without chickens to look after and do not mind milking a cow or two, but do not care for any more to do out doors.

I am 19 years old, have brown hair, blue eyes and lots of dimples. Am very jolly, fond of outdoor sports and a good cook and housekeeper. I have lived in the country most of my life but have been in town enough to get the town ways. I like country life the best. I have always had a lively time and do not think it is for money that most of the girls leave old friends, but for the one who can give them the best time, and I hope they use discretion in character. I should like to correspond with a respectable young man, should this ever be published, as I hope it will. "Mira."

Out for Business.

Milestone, Sask., Aug. 30, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for the past few months and I take great pleasure in reading the correspondence columns and would like to be in the circle along with other young people.

I do not want a woman for her money or good looks, but for her own true worth; of course, good looks help some.

I am a bachelor, 23 years of age, 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weigh 155 pounds, have dark hair and blue eyes. As some of the bachelors prefer a woman who is willing to help in out door work, but I am not bred that way. I think if a woman takes care of the inside work, she will be on the go from morning till night; besides it is not fit work for a woman to be around the barn and hog pens.

I do not use liquor or chew tobacco, but I smoke a little at times.

Kindly forward me the names and addresses of those signing "Handsome Maiden" and "Canadian Rose No. 2," both found in your August number.

"A Canadian Lad."

Twenty-Five and Sensible.

Cordova, Man., Aug. 30, 1907.

Editor.—I have read with interest the letters in the W. H. M. and have decided to join the rest.

I think that your paper is doing a great work for the bachelors of this country. There are several bachelors around here who would make lovely husbands for a good woman.

I don't agree with those girls who say the boys all drink or use tobacco. I know several young men who do not either drink or use tobacco, and have real good homes.

I have been reading some of the letters in the last paper and see several letters from girls about sixteen and nineteen. I should just like to say, fair sisters, be careful what you are doing. I do not believe that girls should get married until they are twenty-one years old.

I live in a good part of the country and can keep house as well as any one, I have been told. I am counted fairly good looking, but have lots of faults. I don't think there are many without faults. I am not over twenty-five and have a good home.

I would not marry any man I did not know well, but would not mind answering a few correspondents if any one thinks it worth while writing to me. "Melba No. 2."

Has a Farm, Etc.

Brandon, Aug. 28, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your magazine and find some of the correspondence very interesting as well as helpful.

I would like to correspond with some nice young ladies between eighteen and twenty-one years, who would write first and exchange pictorial post cards.

Now I will tell you something about myself. I am 6 feet tall and have blue eyes and brown hair, have a farm and nice little home. I will now close, hoping this will find its way into the magazine. Anyone wanting to know more must write to

"A Soldier Boy."

Something Real Choice.

Winnipeg, Oct. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I am one of the numerous readers of your excellent magazine. Lately I have taken great interest in the columns devoted to correspondence.

Now, I am a city girl, engaged in business, but I hope that fact won't make the bachelor farmers curl their lips. I have reason to think that I am just as well domesticated as any country-bred girl.

I cannot say that I have any special accomplishments although I sing and can play the piano a little. My age is 19, I am tall, with a good figure, brown hair, hazel eyes and a clear complexion.

If any bachelor wishes to write to me he can do so, although I won't say I am matrimonially inclined (just yet). I only say that he must be tall and dark and must be a total abstainer.

"June."

A Literary Farmer.

High River, Alta., Oct. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of the W. H. M. and think it an excellent magazine and being one of the lonesomes am interested in the correspondence column.

I am no spring chicken, being well along in the thirties. I began the realization of life with high ideas. I threw myself into educational work, intending to go to the top of the ladder but could not stand the hard study. But have had the pleasure of seeing others who have followed my counsel perched high on the round of honor and fame, which shows I was, at least, on the right road.

I turned my attention to teaching, which I found to be neither very remunerative nor healthy. I had the pleasure of being the model young man of the neighborhood and was always chosen leader of all religious and literary work, which was very nice as far as it went. There was not the building up of a home in it. My attention was then attracted to the wonderful opportunities of Western Canada, which I find was not exaggerated in the least, with its wonderful soil and its invigorating climate and free land. All a man has to do is to apply a little brain and brawn and his realization of a home is in easy reach as far as materialism is concerned.

I am a disciple of such literary men as Emerson, Philips and Spencer. Of course, I miss my old literary associates, but we can't have things always as we want them.

My intentions now are to build up one of the happiest and best homes in Canada, for my idea of home life is very high although my ways and habits are very plain and common. Should this meet the eyes of any of the fairer sex of similar ideas who are not averse to the duties of a farm life, I would be pleased to hear from them.

"Susceptible."

Will Soon Have the Goods.

Alberta, Oct. 18, 1907.

Editor.—Having read with interest your correspondence columns in your valuable paper, I thought I would write too. I wrote some time ago but it never appeared in print, so I thought you did not get it and decided to write again.

I like reading the letters as I think it is a good way to get people acquainted.

As nearly everyone else tell their description so I will tell mine. I am of dark complexion, fairly good looking, stand 5 feet 9 inches and weigh about 145 pounds. I have a homestead all fenced and 17 acres in crop and a yoke of oxen. I am breaking every day and the sooner I get my place broke up the sooner I will be pleased and the more it will be worth to me. I would like to correspond with any young girl not over 19 years of age as I am only 21 myself. One who is inclined to music would suit me as I am very fond of music myself and can play the violin and mouth-organ. Would like a wife in about a year or so but not until I have ample means to support one and a decent house for her to live in. Would get her an organ or piano if she desired one or any other musical instrument she could play. I am 1½ miles from post office and 6½ miles from the railroad. Have no bad habits, neither smoke or drink. Am fond of dancing and would like a wife who has no objection to it. If any girl cares to correspond with me I will answer all letters.

"Happy Jack."

A Missourian and Must be Shown.

Didsbury, Alta., Oct. 3, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a subscriber to your valued magazine for some time, I finally concluded to write a line to the correspondence club. I enjoy some of the letters very much. Sometimes I think one can see the character of the writer in the letter.

I am afraid some of the girls, in the East especially, don't understand the conditions in the West or they would not be so pronounced in their views. I don't agree with "Woman's Friend" in all she said. I would like to hear from her. I am a "Missourian" and "must be showed." Have been in Canada 18 months and like it fine. Am 21 years of age, have been called handsome, but my face would make a clock throw up its hands. Would enjoy letters from anyone and will answer at once. Please forward enclosed letter to "Black Eyed Beauty," and oblige. "Bill Nye."

Would Like Jolly Companion.

Sturgeonville, Oct. 28, 1907.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your paper and am much interested in the columns given to correspondence. I think it is an item of credit to your valuable paper and should do much good in finding life partners for "we lone bachelors."

In reading the July number today I was much attracted by the letter of "Blonde No. 1," and I would like very much to correspond with her. I notice it is the custom for all young men to describe themselves, although I can't do this very aptly. I will try it and you must pardon if it is not satsfactory.

I am about 6 feet high, dark, and am considered by most people as good-looking. I have a valuable homestead and could provide a wife with a good home. I should want a jolly companion as I am very fond of company and a good time. "Jolly Pete."

English and a Bachelor.

Lloydminster, Sask., Oct. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I have long been a subscriber to your valuable monthly and have watched your correspondence columns with considerable interest and have at last plucked up courage to write. I would very much like to meet some of the lady writers but I guess that is impossible, but anyway, it is one consolation to be able to write to them. I am enclosing a letter for "Daploni," Spy Hill, Sask. Please address it to her. I would very much like to hear from "Rosabella," Spy Hill, Sask., too; maybe she would write first.

I am English and have been in this country four years and am a farmer two miles from town.

I have not had to batch yet, but think I am old enough to strike out for myself. I am just turned 22 years and would like some girls younger than myself to write to me. I am a life abstainer and don't use tobacco in any form. If I could meet the right one I would soon "hop the twig." Now, girls, hurry up, please, and write to me.

"A Home Lover."

Brick Dust Tries Once.

Strathcona, Alta., Oct. 12, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a reader of the W. H. M. since I came to this country and taking great interest in the correspondence, I hope you will give a small space to this letter.

I am a young man, 22 years of age, about 5 feet 6½ inches in height. I think I am fairly good looking but nothing to be proud of and I am afraid not an ideal man. I want to try and find out why all the young ladies want the farming bachelors and not give us a thought in the towns.

I am a bricklayer and have not seen any lady writers who wish to correspond with the town bachelor and I can assure you we think we are quite as good as the farmers.

I am here to try and build a home in the West and would like to correspond with some young lady who would not object to writing to bricky.

I am not on the lookout for a wife and when I am I do not want someone who can milk cows, feed pigs and in fact do the work of a hired man like some of your farming bachelors who write in the W. H. M., but I just want someone to try and make things comfortable and happy. I may as well state that I am an English lad and would like to hear from any young lady who would like to correspond with

"Brick Dust."

Likes Ladies with Golden Hair.

Kermit, N. D., Oct. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of the W. H. M. for some time and like your paper first rate. I think it is very nice of you to let us old bachelors and ladies have our say in your paper, only we should not run each other down.

I think we ought not to do that because it is not right. Let us try to improve and not look too much on the dark side.

Well, Mr. Editor, I hope your paper will be read by every man and woman in the Northwest in the future because it is the best paper I know of. Like the letter that "Carrot Top" wrote in the July number because I like ladies with golden hair. Would like to hear more from her.

"Blue Grass.

Lady Must Have References.

International Falls, Oct. 6, 1907.

Editor.—As I read your valuable paper every month, I am getting more and more interested in it. I understand that it is read by very many sensible ladies all over the country. I thought probably I might send you a few lines that probably would suit some Christian lady.

I am a widower, some over 40 years of age, height 5 feet 9, weight 190. Am a Norwegian by birth. Have some property. Am a Lutheran and a Christian, don't drink, chew smoke, swear or use slang. Am a farmer and carpenter. Prefer farm life best of all.

Wish to find and get acquainted with a Norwegian or Swedish Christian lady between 25 and 40 years of age, girl or widow.

Must be willing to live on a farm, must be educated and refined, and must be a lover of home, kind hearted and true, and must be able to furnish good references. I want a good and true wife, not a slave.

"Echo 131."

Sailor Boy Goes A-Fishing.

Weyburn, Sask., Oct. 22, 1907.

Editor.—I cannot help taking the liberty of writing you in regard to your excellent magazine, and especially your correspondence columns, which I enjoy

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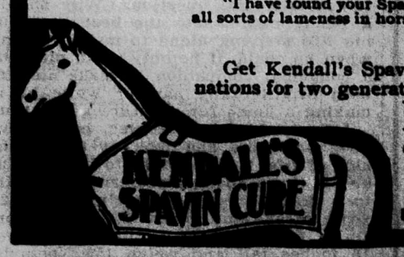

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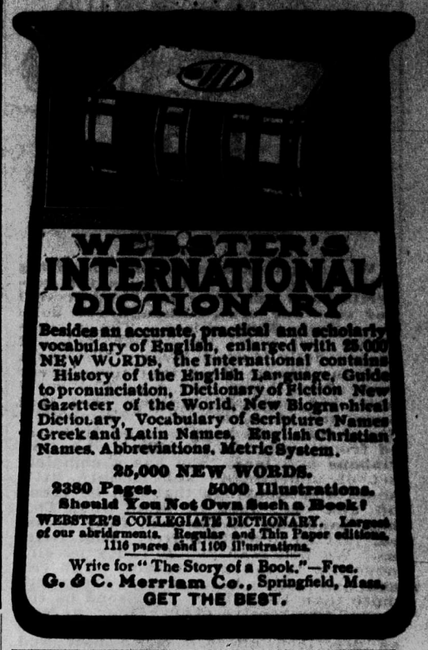

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very much and am sure you are filling a long felt want in this Western country by giving some of us lonely bachelors a chance to get acquainted with the young ladies desirous of leaving their state of single blessedness. I am sure there will be a good matrimonial harvest reaped in the future from the seeds you have sown through your valuable paper.

I am much taken up with a letter in your July number from the lady calling herself "Trixie," from Manitoba, which is, in my opinion, a very sensible letter, and I wish you would forward the enclosed letter to her as she certainly holds my views on the matrimonial question. Why should a young man waste the best years of his life striving alone to make a living when he could, if he only tried, pick out a congenial companion to make his life both brighter and happier while he is making a home for a future generation.

I do not claim to be rich, but I have good prospects and look at the bright side of life, for we ought to be cheerful at all times, always preferring a smile to a frown. I am not ugly. I am 26 years of age and look and feel younger; am of fair complexion, blue eyes, 5 feet 10 inches tall and weigh 150 pounds. Am very fond of music and like the refinement of the fair sex. I would be kind and gentle to anyone. Have a mild disposition. Would like to correspond with "Nancy," from Lanark, Ont., also "Brunette," from Brandon.

Hoping to hear from some of your lady readers and hoping I have not imposed on your time and space.

"Sailor Boy."

Lonely Bachelor Writes.

Calgary, Oct. 19, 1907.

Editor.—Being a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I thought I would like to take advantage of your correspondence columns.

I am a bachelor, 21 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, good position. Would like to correspond with some nice young ladies, with a view to matrimony, between the ages of 18 to 24 years. Hoping to hear from some of them soon and thanking you for granting me this space in your paper.

"Lonely Bachelor."

On the Sunny Side of Twenty.

Meaford, Ont., Oct. 11, 1907.

Editor.—Through the many various ways of becoming acquainted with one another we find that correspondence is a very pleasant one.

I am a subscriber of the W. H. M. and like to read it very much. If there is a little room in some corner for this, my thoughts, I would like to see it appear some time.

Please forward the enclosed letter to "Canadian Rose." I think her letter is very suitable for me and especially the last sentence.

I am a young man of 5 feet and 10 inches, weigh about 158 pounds and have fine health. I am strictly temperance and am a member of the society of friends. I am on the sunny side of 20 by over 2 years. I would be pleased to exchange photos with any pretty young lady between 15 and 17.

"Arm Strong."

Address Lady Writers Through W.H.M.

Harding, Oct. 15, 1907.

Editor.—Please give me names and addresses of Black Eyed Beauty, of Penhold, Alta., of May number; Brunette, of Brandon, of May, and also Blue Eyed Biddy, Winnipeg. I would like to correspond with these ladies.

"Greenback."

Would Correspond and Exchange Photos.

Sask., Oct. 16, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable paper, the W. H. M., and thought I would write you.

I am a young bachelor and do not drink liquor or chew tobacco; age 19 years, brown hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 150 pounds. Would correspond and exchange photos with "Blonde" or "Canadian Rose" in July number if they would please write first.

"Jolly Boy."

Flossie's Idea of a Nice Man.

Manitoba, Oct. 26, 1907.

Editor.—For some time I have read the letters in the correspondence columns of your most valuable magazine. The correspondence plan is a good way for young people to become acquainted. But before thinking of matrimony, I am sure people should know more about each other than that they can write nice letters.

I admire "Temperance Man's" letter. If more thought as he does, there would be less misery in the world. I do not think that the girl who says she does not object to a young man taking a glass of liquor can know what she is talking about. A girl cannot afford to risk her happiness by marrying a man who trifles with it.

My idea of a really nice man is: One who is truthful, honorable and kind. In appearance he must be tall and well built, but not necessarily handsome.

Wishing the paper every success, I will sign "Flossie."

We've All Got Our Faults.

Didsbury, Alta., Oct. 25, 1907.

Editor.—I have for some time been an interested reader of the correspondence page in the Western Home Monthly and would like to have a word to say also.

I think the place where "Woman's Friend" lives must be very different from here. Here there are more girls who are no good than there are men. Most of the men around here are nice, sober and hard working farmers.

I was well pleased with "Square Deal's" letter. I think if he comes up to the mark as well as his ideal he would be a first rate gentleman, as his ideal will surely be (if he finds her) a first rate lady.

I do not like the members of my own sex who are always after the bachelors for their faults. We all have faults and if we would pay more attention to our own and leave others alone we might get along better.

"One of the Clan."

Tenby, Man., Oct. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your valuable paper since New Year and like it very much. I especially enjoy reading the correspondence columns.

I live near a very small village consisting of one store, post office, a school and several houses. I am 17 years old, am 5 feet 2 inches high, weigh 120 pounds, have fair hair and blue eyes. I have always lived on a farm and like the country. I like cattle and chickens very much.

I think that "Woman's Friend" was a little bit wrong, but I think that she is getting roasted a little too much and if I were a bachelor I would leave her alone. I would like to correspond with some nice young man between 20 and 25 years old. "Wood Violet."

Are You a Good, Steady Farmer?

Lloydminster, Alta., Oct. 13, 1907.

Editor.—I have for some time been a reader of your valuable paper and have been very much interested in the correspondence columns. After reading the letters in the July number, I have decided to join in the ranks.

I am 23 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. I have a dark complexion, brown eyes and dark hair. I have a good education, having taken a course in the medical college. At present I am living on a farm, as I find that no life is so enjoyable as that of the country, therefore, I should like to get in touch with some good steady farmer, who neither drinks nor smokes. I am a good cook, can milk and make myself generally useful about the farm.

I would be pleased to hear from "Emil No. 1," whose letter appeared in the July number, and any others who care to write. "Alberta."

Isn't He Funny?

Oak River, Man., Oct. 21, 1907.

Editor.—Girls, here is Dare Devil Jack looking for a wife. I am sound in wind and limb—well, no, I am a little off there, I have a broken toe. One night at a dance a delicate young girl of 250 pounds stepped on it. She said, Oh, excuse me. I said, Certainly it did not matter. God forgive me for that lie.

My friends call me handsome, but they also say, you go too fast. Well, girls, I will tell you how I acquired that habit. I was all struck on a very pretty girl once and the old man ordered me off the place; I went next week, I came back again. She told me he was away and would not be home until late. Well, girls, I bid her good night (It was getting quite late), when the old man came in and hoisted me out; he followed swiftly and I did not only trot down the road, I galloped, and if I could only have held the pace, Long-Boat would never be champion again.

I am taking this method of getting a pretty wife, for really, I think it safer, for I have a good memory and shall never forget the night I was hoisted.

Will answer all letters. Am a bachelor farmer and worth $14,000.

"Dare Devil Jack."

Nora Fancies Casey.

Birch View Farm, Oct. 19, 1907.

Editor.—I have been interested in the letters in your correspondence columns and would like to join the circle.

I am a young girl, 22 years old, with brown eyes and dark brown hair, full of life, like a good time but have no use for dancing. I can find lots of amusement apart from dancing and enjoy myself, too.

I am not pretty, neither am I very homely. I have lived in the city but prefer the country. Am not afraid of work; can neither milk cows nor play the piano, but can keep a house clean and cook a meal.

I would like to correspond with a young man who has lots of ambition, not afraid to do any kind of work. Don't care how much he is worth financially. There are lots of bachelors around here but they are too old for me and not anxious to marry. Perhaps "Casey" in July number would have some sympathy for me as his is a similar case. I am a Protestant.

"Nora."

Wild Charlie Not Particular.

Tuxford, Oct. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I am a very interested reader of your magazine and I am proud of some of the letters in the correspondence columns and the good work that's going on between the young girls and the Western bachelors.

I am a farmer myself but not a bachelor. I have a farm of 480 acres six miles from Tuxford, Sask. My sister has kept house for me for the past two years and I am sorry to say she has got married and I am in need of a housekeeper.

I am an Ontario boy of 23 years of age and stand 5 feet 10 inches high and weight 165 pounds. I have a dark complexion and heavy black head of hair. My father is well known and a well-to-do farmer 18 miles west of Toronto. I do not indulge in liquor or use tobacco in any form. I do not pretend to be very religious but attend services as regular as possible. I am jolly and full of fun and believe in having a good time. I would be pleased to correspond with some young lady between 20 and 25 years of age. Anyone may get my full name from the editor. I would be pleased to exchange photos or call at young ladies' homes or where they reside.

Please put me in correspondence with some young lady as soon as possible. Twin Sisters, of Ebor, Man., who had a letter in W. H. M. will do. Please print this in your wonderful paper as it might cheer the heart of some poor girl that's tramping the streets of some city or town and has no home and doesn't know where her next meal is coming from. "Wild Charlie."

Mr. Dooley Wants a Woman.

Fort Francis, New Ont., Oct. 20, 1907.

Editor.—I have read with great interest the correspondence column of your valuable paper and feel I should like to join your circle. When I read the many excellent qualifications of most of you male correspondents I feel it is hardly worth while placing myself before your fair readers. I have not got blue eyes and curly hair, neither have I 640 acres, 50 head of stock and a few thousand dollars in the bank. I am not an abstainer, but I smoke to beat the band and always will smoke. I do not chew, but I indulge very frequently in "that wicked habit of dancing" and hope my future partner will do the same. I am 24 years of age, weight 165 pounds, 5 feet, 8 inches high; brown hair and grey eyes. I have a timber claim in the Rainy River district which I am now working. I am of a very lovable disposition and believe I could love any girl under the sun on a week's notice. I am a Protestant.

I should like to correspond with a girl of about my own age, of cheerful disposition; one who does not mind roughing it for a few years. She would not have to play the piano or milk the cows; in fact, what I want is just a womanly woman who is willing to share the bitters and sweets of this life with a good man. Hoping to hear from some of your readers.

"Mr. Dooley."

You Have Our Consent.

Greenbush, Sask., Oct. 20, 1907.

Editor.—In the July issue of your esteemed journal there appeared a letter written by a lady who styled herself "Blue Eyed Biddy." In accordance with the invitation held out by her I wrote; but it appears that her address is not now as she stated to you and so my letter has been returned.

In the cause of good fellowship could you publish this in the hope that it may catch the eye of the lady in question. If this should meet with her pleasurable notice may I be given the opportunity of opening a correspondence between her and a lonely bachelor. "Yorkshire Bright."

Wants Wife to Help His Mother.

Central Butte, Oct. 18, 1907.

Editor.—As I am not a subscriber for your paper, but have been a reader for the past few months and find it all right, would like to have you send it to me for a year, and would like to have you print this piece in your paper if it is not too long and you have room.

I am looking for a wife but it is hard to find one out here as there are hardly any girls.

I am a young man, 25 years old, with dark hair and light eyes, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weigh 150 pounds, have a good temper, a hard worker. I live on a farm of my own, a homestead. I have lots of machinery, horses and cattle; have 100 acres to put to wheat next year.

I have my mother with me at present. She is keeping house for me, but she is not with me all the time, so when she is gone it makes more work for me as I keep a hired man through the summer. My mother is very good to get along with if she is used right, and she is a good cook and will show a good girl how to cook if she doesn't know how and is willing to learn and not too lazy. The reason I want to get a wife is because the work is too hard for her to do alone and it would be lots easier on her to have help.

Now, I would like a girl between 21 and 24, between 5 feet 3 or 5 inches in height, well built, good looking, weighing somewhere around 140 pounds, with good character and nice parents.

If she should have a brother 10 or 12 years old, that is a good boy and will do chores around the house and barn and go to school, I will do well by him if she will bring him along. Of course, I want to see both before I marry. I will exchange photos first. No girl that isn't nice need write.

Now, about myself. I am not pretty nor very bad looking. I do not use liquor at all; I smoke, but don't chew, never smoke in the house; don't dance because I can't learn, and don't know anything about playing cards, and you will always find me honest. This is a lot to say, but it is all the truth and if you ever have any dealings with me you will find me right.

Now, I have described the kind of a girl I want and if I can't find one to answer my description I will go without. I will never ask a woman to milk unless I am away from home nor feed pigs, calves or any other animal, as I think a woman has all she can do if she keeps the house tidy, and she must be a neat housekeeper.

I have a large camera and lots of supplies which I make plenty of money with, taking views through the country. I would also teach the girl how to take pictures and give her the machine. I also have a nice horse and buggy which I will let her drive at all times when there is no work to be done and she has time. Now, I am giving a nice girl a chance to win a home if she wants it, and would like to hear from some one that means to do right. Send photo in your letter and you will receive one by return mail.

"Wild Bill No. 1."

A Chance for "Pedagogue."

Manitoba, Oct. 19, 1907.

Editor.—Here is another one to join your "happy band," if there is room for another.

I have read the Wetern Home Monthly for some time and, of course, I enjoy reading it very much. Nobody could do otherwise. I especially enjoy reading the correspondence.

If any of the gentlemen wish to exchange views with me I should be very glad to hear from them. I was especially pleased with "Pedagogue's" letter which appeared several months ago. I happen to be a "school mam" and I liked the way he defended the ladies of the profession. I should be pleased if "Pedagogue" would write to me. I should also like to hear from "Energetic Farmer," "The Masher," or any other gentleman. "Mischief."

A Farmer's Daughter.

Moosomin, Oct. 11, 1907.

Editor.—I have always read your paper with great interest, and would like to join your circle. I am a farmer's daughter and am very fond of animals. I have a pony and two colts, a cow and a calf of my own.

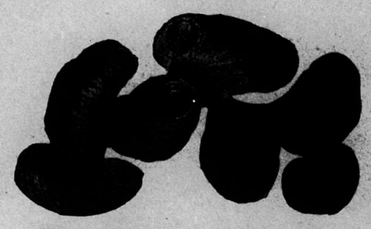
I should like to get "Canadian Jack's" address, he is just the right sort for a girl; he would give his wife a good time, driving and visiting. He did not say anything about dancing, I like a little of that. I am not very fond of the town.

I am a fair musician, 5 feet 7½ inches high, between 21 and 22 years of age, brown eyes and brown hair, am not bad looking.

"Bonny Lass."

Hair of Quality

In buying anything that takes the place of nature, such as hair, the quality and workmanship should be the two first things to be considered, and are essential if you wish to have satisfaction. That is why the Bouey hair goods are giving such eminent satisfaction all over Western Canada.



CORONATION PUFFS

The very latest and most beautiful creation in hair made, in a set of eight, to arrange in any way you wish, made as all Bouey goods are, of beautiful soft, silky hair and natural curl, only $6.00

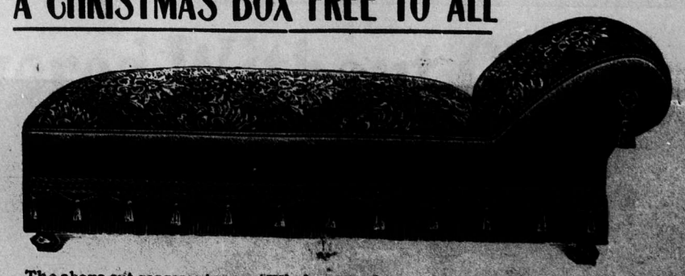
MEN who are bald. write for our booklet —it's free.

BOUEYS'

Manitoba Hair Goods

301 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

A CHRISTMAS BOX FREE TO ALL



The above cut represents our "Windsor" Bed Couch, one of the best combinations of the day. It's a couch, a bed and a wardrobe all in one. The couch has a full spring comfortable seat, when opened there is a full spring bed with upholstered mattress, measuring 70 in. long and 48 in. wide, under which there is a nicely lined box same size as couch and 6 in. deep. Regular price $16.50. **Our Special Xmas Price $14.00.**

With every order received from this Advertisement we will enclose **The VICTOR Combination Fence Tool.** This tool is drop forged of high grade steel, it has two wire cutters, two hammers, one splicer, two staple pullers, one plier, and one screw driver. Length 11 in., weight 2 lbs. Usually retail for $2.25; for your Xmas Box Free. Write for catalogue, which also contains Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Sewing Machines, Harness, etc., etc.

DEPT. M.O.,

THE WINNIPEG COUCH CO., Winnipeg, Man.

FUR RUFF FREE!

Ladies and Girls,

We will help you secure this Lovely Fur Ruff, made from selected full furred skins, of Rich Black Coney Fur, over 50 inches in length, ornamented with long fur tails, and fancy neck chain. Most warm and comfortable, and made in the very latest style. We want good trustworthy agents to introduce Good Hope Veretable Pills into every home. We require no money in advance, just send your name and address at once and we will send you Eight Boxes of our Famous Remedies. Sell them at 25c per box, and when we receive the $2.00 in payment for the pills we will promptly send you your Fur Ruff. Our Good Hope Pills are a Grand Remedy for all weak and impure conditions of the Blood, a splendid Tonic and Life Builder. They are easy to sell and are in great demand. Don't miss this opportunity to secure this Elegant Fur Ruff. Write to-day.

GOOD HOPE REMEDY Co. Dept. B MONTREAL, CAN.

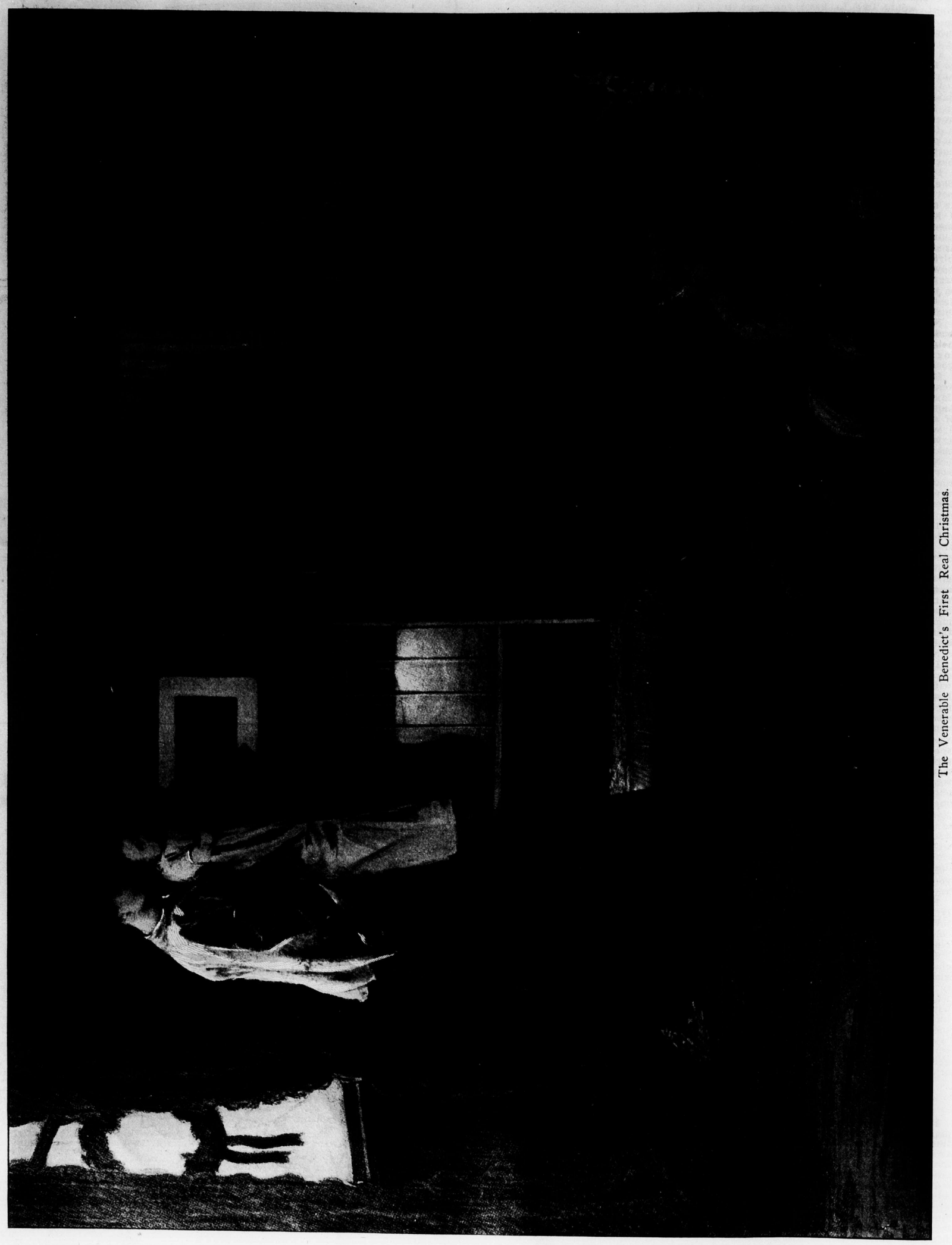
A

Edmonton. Alta.
November 1st. 1907.

Dear Bill.

Are you going East this winter on the Excursions? I have decided to leave here on December 1st. by the "Alberta Express" of the Canadian Northern. They offer me a round trip ticket to Montreal for $58.35. I used this road last year and was well satisfied so am going again. If you are thinking of making the trip, arrange your plans so that you can leave Winnipeg on the "Winnipeg Limited" December 3rd. to St. Paul. This is one of the best trains I ever travelled on. I understand the rate from Winnipeg is only $40.00 and tickets will be sold Dec 1st. to 31st allowing us to stopover anywhere in Eastern Canada, along the direct line. You might write Mr E. W. Cooper, the Assistant General Passenger Agent at Winnipeg, he is a decent sort of chap and full of information. Answer by return.

Your loving brother
John.



The Venerable Benedict's First Real Christmas.

The Month's Bright Sayings

Inspector McIntyre: Teaching is an art with a science behind it.

J. Paderewski: Musicians are supposed to be the most cantankerous people in the world.

The Bishop of London: Some of us say, "We are miserable sinners" with as little emotion as we say we are Liberals or Conservatives.

Premier Roblin: The tillers of the soil are the best assets of any country.

Rev. Dr. Chapman: A bad preacher will empty a church more easily than a good preacher will fill one.

Elbert Hubbard: It is easy to climb a barb-wire fence, if you are not in a hurry.

Mme. Schuman-Heinck: Fashions change much less quickly than they did ten or fifteen years ago. We date ourselves chiefly by our sleeves.

President Roosevelt: Bad laws administered by good men are far better than good laws administered by bad men.

Andrew Carnegie: Education never ends. The more one knows the greater one realizes how much more there is to know.

Hon. W. R. Motherwell: What the West needs are robust, prosperous, highly-developed rural districts where the earnest, actual ownership and present interest is everywhere apparent. It needs these even more than it needs big cities.

Rev. Dr. Dawson: God is not away off there! He is here, and every day is Judgment Day!

Sir John Gorst: I suppose there is nobody in our country or anywhere else who will contend that strikes are a wise way of settling trade disputes.

Rudyard Kipling: If I had not the great faith I have in our breed and grit, and in our race, I would tremble for your responsibilities.

Dr. Weir Mitchell: There has been quite an undeserved boom in surgery. It seems as if everything must be cut up, or cut off, or cut into.

Hon. George Graham: The less a man understands what he is voting for the madder he gets with anybody voting the other way.

Rev. Dr. Patrick: When a man has two sets of morals, one for business and politics, and the other for private and social life, we may be sure that it will not be long before he has but one, and it will be the worst of the two.

John Philip Sousa: Girls with weak lungs and throats will find it money well invested to take lessons on some wind instrument.

Lord Hugh Cecil: The sport of a public meeting lies in the fact that you never know from which quarter in the audience an arrow may come.

Thomas A. Edison: The inner architecture of the bones of the human skeleton affords to the engineer the solution of some of his most difficult problems.

Ernest Thompson-Seton: Canada has profited by some of the mistakes of the United States, which blindly allowed its big game to be exterminated. Canada has still the only wild herd of buffalo.

Sir W. C. Van Horne: As to the financial situation, we are in a storm. Nobody knows just how it began and nobody knows just when it will pass over. The only thing to do is to lie low and wait.

Hamlin Garland: Modern sport and the benefit it confers upon humanity owe far more to Britain and Britons than to any other land or race.

Dr. Osler: Lord Lister takes rank as, by virtue of his own lifework, one of the few greatest benefactors of humanity. Antiseptic methods save more lives every year than Napoleon took in all his wars.

Goods Delivered Without Charge

IN order to put Mail Order customers on precisely the same footing as City Shoppers, and give them every advantage of Toronto styles and prices, we will pay all the cost of sending goods from the Store to their nearest Railway Station in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, and as far West as Winnipeg, on all orders of $25 or over. There are one or two necessary exceptions in the case of extra heavy goods, of which our Catalogue gives full particulars.

Whatever advantage there is to enormously big stocks, exclusive styles, and close prices, is at the service of every family, with freight or express charges fully prepaid. The further fact that we handle only reliable goods gives every assurance of satisfaction, and Toronto's reputation for style adds to the attractiveness of our special delivery offer.

These items, illustrated and described below, are samples of value to be found in our Fall and Winter Catalogue.

Christmas Catalogue ready for Mailing. Send for one.

Two Charming Styles in Shirtwaist Suits.

SD971—$6.95

SD971. Shirt Waist Suit, in fine imported French Cheviot, colors black and brown, waist front with 3 deep pleats each side, fancy tucked vest and collar in cream or self-colored taffeta silk, trimmed with soutache braid, back with 4 deep pleats, sleeve and cuff trimmed with soutache, skirt 9 gore, side pleated, yoke effect, trimmed with soutache, sizes 32 to 42 bust, skirt length 38 to 42, waist bands 22 to 29. Price.. **$6.95**

SD812. Shirt Waist Suit, in excellent quality, fancy Sicilian, colors navy, brown, black and green, waist with pleated back and front, collar and cuffs tucked, skirt 11 gore, side pleated, narrow stitched belt of self, 32 to 42 bust, skirt length 38 to 42, waist bands 22 to 29. Price..... **$4.85**

SD812—$4.85

Style, Quality, Economy.

This Smart Tweed Coat $5.00

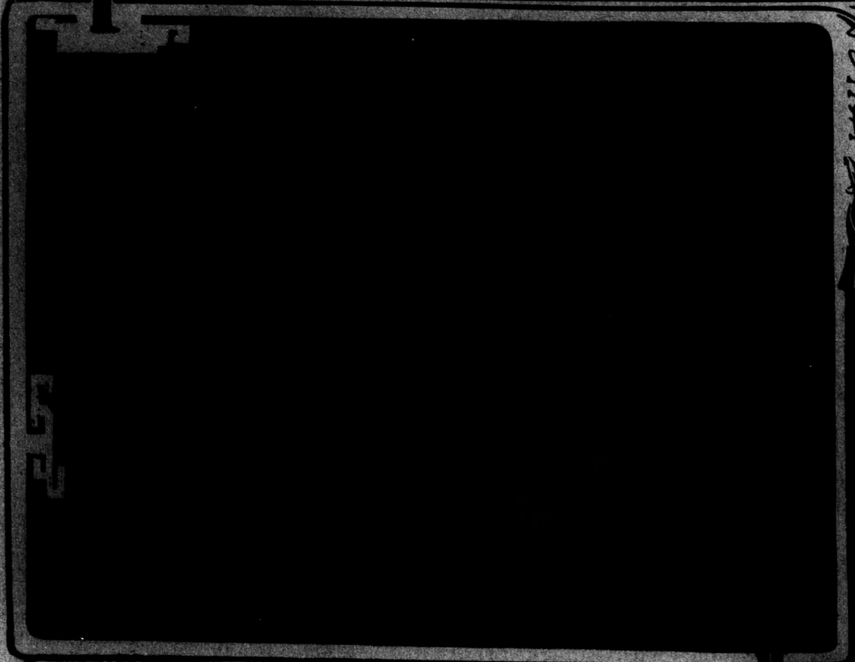
G2491. One of the most interesting and attractive Coat values we have ever offered; made of imported tweed, in grey and green tones, with stripe and overcheck; 45 inches long, collarless effect, shoulder extensions, velvet buttons, patch pockets, shoulders lined with self, splendidly tailored, draped to hang with precision from the broad well formed shoulders, cut generously full and loose. The illustration shows the style. One of the best all-purpose Coats you could buy. Made in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure.... **$5.00**

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.

The Venerable Benedict's First Real Christmas.

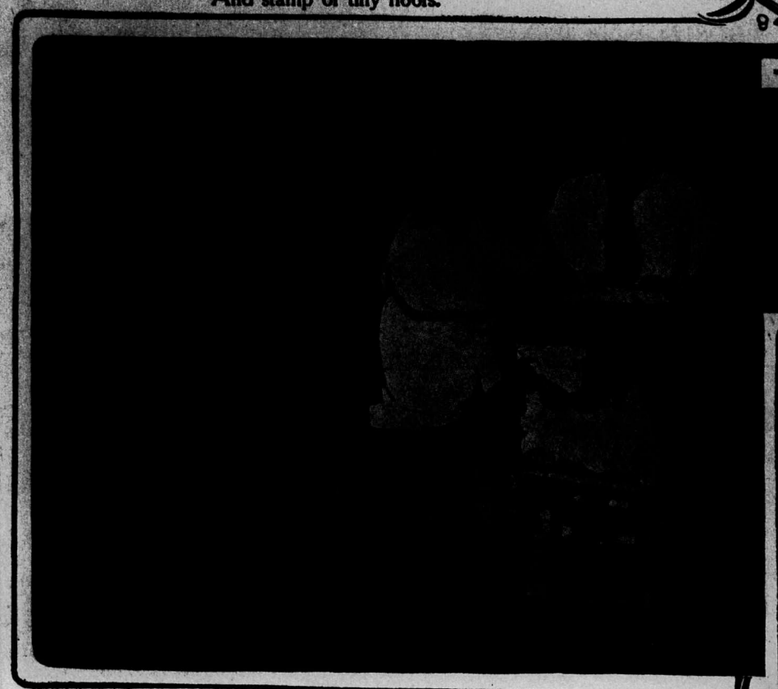
THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS



"I WONDER WHERE SANTA IS?"

I.

I KNOW an ancient farm-house where
The children still believe
In good old Santa Claus, and watch
The flue on Christmas eve;
And every ear is strained to hear
Upon the snowy roofs
The ting-a-ling of silver bells
And stamp of tiny hoofs.



"I'S UP AND I'S DOWN ON CHRISTMAS DAY."

II.

THE mother shares the merry games
That please her girls and boys,
The winter day is all too short
To play with half their toys;
But when the light begins to wane
They seek the sofa wide,
And climb aboard, and off they go
Upon a Christmas ride.

III.

BUT sleepy eyes are sure to close
Before his saintship comes,
And leaves the little stockings stuffed
With Teddy-bears and drums.
But, oh! what joy on Christmas morn
To wake and hunt them through,
And strew the tumbled coverlet
With treasures bright and new.

"LET'S HUNT IN OUR STOCKINGS."

IV.

OH! magic power of faith that makes
A sofa seem a sleigh,
And listens for a saint to come
The chimney's sooty way.
Of all the gifts of gold or gems
That Christmas morning brings,
The best is still a little child's
Belief in childish things.

MINNA IRVING

"OFF FOR A CHRISTMAS RIDE."

Politeness: Hall Mark of Good Breeding.

By HELEN OLDFIELD.

Old fashioned people who bewail the degeneracy of the present day and generation find nothing in which it has so sadly deteriorated as the stately courtesy formerly observed toward women by all men who claimed to be gentlemen. Sir Charles Grandison and Lord Chesterfield have left no heirs to their punctilious politeness, and to those who regret them the world answers, if it answers at all, that life is too short and too strenuous for such fine manners. The man who is hurrying to catch a car or a ferry boat has no time to doff his hat and make stately bows; a hasty nod is all that he can spare to his dearest friend, under penalty of being too late.

Perhaps the world is right, and society may have caught the infection of the mad hurry which, it is claimed, is one of our American characteristics. Yet against this theory stands the fact that American men, rush as they may, are by far more courteous to women, as such, than the men of other nations. One may seek in vain upon the boulevards and in the buses of Paris for the French politenessness of which one reads so much, and an American woman, for several months resident in London, declares that only once in all that time was she the recipient of ordinary politeness from a stranger, when an ex-army officer stood aside to let her precede him into a "lift" at The Army and Navy Stores.

Undoubtedly it is true that he who has one set of manners for company and another for every day never can be thoroughbred; the mask of behaviour will slip aside sometimes, and the true man beneath will be revealed. The iron hand of business will forget to don the velvet glove worn for society, and the roughness will be felt by those whom one wishes to please. But does this account for all of it? Are not the women themselves responsible for whatever lack of courtesy they may meet from men? In the first place the foundation is laid and the earliest seeds are sown in the nursery where women hold absolute sway. The boy who is allowed to be rude to his sister and disrespectful to his mother cannot reasonably be expected in after years to be polite and courteous to other women. It may seem hard that the boy should yield always, yet if the rights of the weak as such are not respected we must perforce go back to the motto of Rob Roy: "Let him take who hath the power; it is for him to keep who can."

No one who takes note of the free and easy manners of the girls of the period—misses still in short dresses, or in their first long frocks, hail-fellow-well-met with all the boys of their acquaintance—can wonder that the lads so treated treat them in turn the same way; that it never occurs to them that gentleness and courtesy should be the first attributes of every man in his dealings with women. There never was, nor will be, any better definition of the word "gentleman" than the old one, which, if well worn, has also worn well:

"As gentle as a woman and as manly as a man."

"The shrieking Sisterhood," clamouring for equality between the sexes, have a large share of responsibility. Leaving, aside, altogether, the question of "women's rights," as also that whether the rare individual, a perfectly healthy woman, is or is not the physical equal of man; as the case stands he possesses the advantage, and "with a fair field and no favour" the woman must go to the wall. Human nature is undeniably selfish; consideration for others is a virtue which is acquired, not born, and although most men who deserve the name are ready to succour and defend that which appeals to them for protection, there are few or none who care to be always giving up when they receive no thanks for so doing. Therefore, when a man finds that his sacrifice of self is accepted as a right, not as a favor, he is apt to hesitate before making it the next time. If a woman fails to thank the man who surrenders his seat in a street car to her, he is more than likely to make her ungraciousness an excuse for keeping his place thereafter, and the rudeness of the one woman may thus recoil upon another to whom the rest would be a charity. Yet a man may be tired, in spite of his boasted masculine strength, and it is not always easy to tell what women are able to stand and who are not.

It may be laid down as a rule that the woman who thoroughly respects herself will command respect from others, whatever her situation or occupation in life. Such self-respect, which by the way is no bit aggressive, invests its possessor with a quiet dignity which is like unto the invisible and invulnerable garment of the old fairy tales; an armor which opposed no perceptible barrier, yet which was, everywhere and under all circumstances, an efficient protection to its wearer. The girl of the period is prone to undervalue this shield of quiet womanly dignity, to be loud and pushing if not actually fast. Much of this tendency is due to the natural exuberance of youth, and much to careless training from thoughtless mothers. Then, too, the woman who has her own way to make in the world is too apt to think that she must "Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold," ignoring the fact that always upon some doors is written: "Be not too bold." A girl may pass through such an ordeal safely, and profit instead of losing irremediably by her mistakes. Moreover the tomboy may outgrow her exuberance and settle down into a sober, staid matron who shall do her duties to the full as well as her neighbor who has been demure and quiet through her entire girlhood. Then, too, the women who are forced out into the world of men in order to earn a living often lose the aid and comfort which the men might give them, by the aggressive, half defiant manner in which they claim to be able to stand alone, yet lean heavily, all the time demanding the rights of a man while assuming all the privileges of a woman.

When Anna Dickenson first lectured in Philadelphia upon woman suffrage she one afternoon entered a crowded street car. Her lectures had been well advertised and her picture on posters was familiar to every one. Miss Dickinson stood before a meek looking man who was seated, and "fixed him with her eye." Presently he inquired: "You are Miss Anna Dickinson, ain't you?"

"Yes," frigidly.

"And you believe in equal rights for men and women?"

"I do!" emphatically.

"Then stand up like a man and take 'em!"

It is passing strange that so many women fail to perceive that in point of fact it PAYS to be womanly. The women whom the world honors, who have obtained not only notoriety, but distinction, have always remembered their womanhood. Unfortunately brass in some circles passes readily in lieu of better coin, and so women, with small ability and much strength of purpose, who must earn their own living or starve, follow the example of the woman in Scripture who, we are told, succeeded with an unjust judge "because of her importunity," and strive to their utmost to push themselves into success where else they know such to their cost, and it is they who bring discredit upon women in journalism, and cause editors to dread the sight of a rusty black gown, or an M.S. over an unfamiliar feminine name.

To hark back to the beginning: The remedy for all these evils lies within the reach of the women themselves, and it is in the nursery that the reform must begin. From their earliest years children should be watched and taught politeness to each other as well as to their elders. "Thank you," and "If you please," should be early words and late, taught to the babies with the prayer at the mother's knee, and used not only for show but among themselves as household words. The stately manners of our ancestors—when a child, although grown to man's estate, dared not sit down in the presence of a parent without that parent's gracious permission to do so; when a lady in company was illbred did she touch the back of her chair—are gone, neither are they to be regretted; but politeness is not stiffness, and courtesy is by no means to be confounded with rigid ceremony.

An inspector on his regular rounds rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

"Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her."

"Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?"

"What? Will I please do what?"

"Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I don't want to shut the door in your face."

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial boxes 5 cents. Sold by all druggists.

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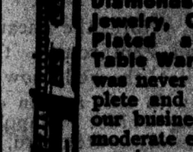

its potent action stimulates and maintains the circulation of the blood thereby removing congestion and assisting nature to repair the defects and restore the eyesight to normal condition. Hundreds of people owe the restoration of their eyesight to "Actina." Among them are the following:

Prof. T. S. Sligh, Mansfield, La.
Rev. J. M. Foster, Burton, Wash.
Rev. W. C. Goodwin, Moline, Kas.
Gen. Alex. Hamilton, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Rev. C. Brunear, Bridgeport, Conn.
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Many persons wearing spectacles might better be without them. Strengthen the eye by improving the circulation and it will not require an artificial lens. If you are interested and desire to know what the "Actina" is and what it is accomplishing, write today for our FREE TRIAL OFFER and OUR BOOK—TREATISE ON DISEASE. The book contains most valuable information. A postal card will bring it to you. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 5408 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

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As it is now approaching near the time when many of our friends and customers are thinking of
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We wish to remind them that our stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Plated and Silver Table Ware, etc. was never more complete and as we run our business at a very moderate expense we are in a position to give our customers the benefit.
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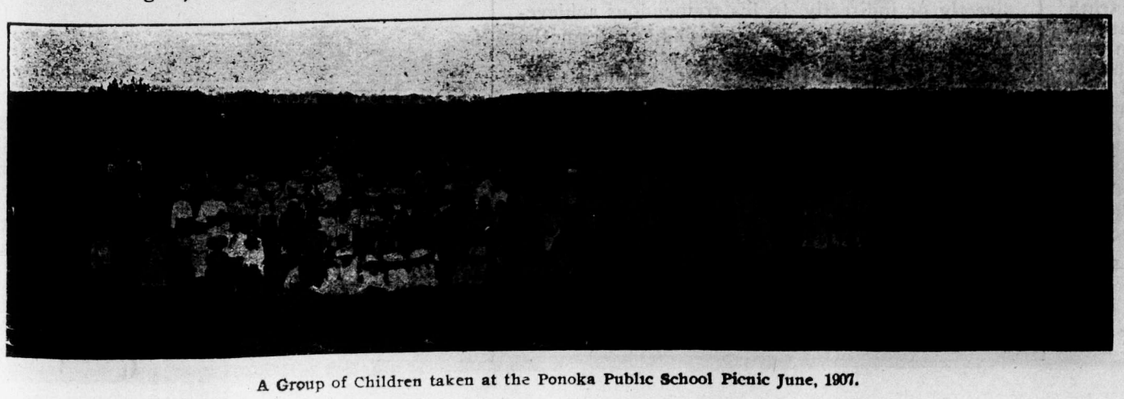

A Group of Children taken at the Ponoka Public School Picnic June, 1907.

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

A STORMY CAREER. Some men seem born to a stormy career. Cromwell was born in a storm and died amid one of the greatest storms that ever swept over England. Charles Stewart Parnell died in an hour when a great storm passed over Ireland. Napoleon, too, made his exit from the world in an hour when the angry waves of the sea beat high and tempestuous on the rocky island of his captivity. Knight, in his history of England, says: "At St. Helena, on the 5th day of May, 1821, died Napoleon Bonaparte. A hurricane swept over the island as he was dying, shaking houses to their foundation and tearing up the largest trees. To Napoleon the war of the elements seemed as if "the noise of battle hurtled in the air," and he died uttering the words "Tete d' Armee."

NAPOLEON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. Napoleon had a private secretary whose name was Bourrienne. Have you read his story of the life of Napoleon? Perhaps he is not always to be relied upon, but what he says is always expressed in an interesting way. Bourrienne remarks: "At that time, when he saw glory and power augmenting, he said to me in one of our walks at Malmaison, in a moment of hilarity, and clapping me on the shoulder, 'Well, Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!'—'Why, General?'—'Are you not my secretary?'—'Tell me the name of Alexander's' said I. Bonaparte then turned to me and laughingly said, 'Hem! that is not bad.'" Napoleon had always a lingering thought in his mind that the memory of his earthly achievements would not last beyond ten centuries. He remarked, "at the end of ten centuries a page or paragraph in an enclyclopaedia will be sufficient to tell the story of my life." It may be so.

DUTY VS. GLORY. Napoleon's favorite word was "Duty." Napoleon "tore the heart out of glory." Wellington enthroned the word "Duty." Samuel Smiles, the well-known English writer, calls attention to this fact in one of his books in the following words: "Napoleon's aim was 'Glory;' Wellington's watchword, like Nelson's, was 'Duty.' The former word, it is said, does not once occur in his dispatches; the latter often, but never accompanied by any high sounding professions. The greatest difficulties could neither embarrass nor intimidate Wellington; his energy invariably rising in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted. The patience, the firmness, the resolution, with which he bore himself through the maddening vexations and gigantic difficulties of the peninsular campaigns, is perhaps, one of the sublimest things to be found in history. In Spain, Wellington not only exhibited the genius of the general, but the comprehensive wisdom of the statesman."

GREATNESS AND HAPPINESS. Thomas Carlyle once asked, "Where can sleep be bought?" The tired author would purchase sleep for his weary body and racked brain. Of what value is fame, and glory, and honor, and power, and position, and authority if they cannot purchase peace, rest and happiness? The truth is, the man who gains a throne must guard it. Ah! There's the rub. "Napoleon, while yet emperor of France, sat down dejected, his hands over his face. A lad came in with a tray of food and said: 'Eat, it will do you good.' The emperor looked up and said: 'You are from the country?' The lad replied, 'Yes.' 'Your father has a cottage and a few acres of ground?' 'Yes.' 'There is happiness,' said the dejected emperor."

NAPOLEON'S "STAR." Napoleon had some strange notions concerning himself. He evidently regarded himself as "a man of destiny." He actually believed the star of good fortune hung, suspended, immediately over his own head. He makes constant reference to his "star," as the following incident will illustrate: "Napoleon, looking out through a window, as one of his Marshals was advising him against the Russian campaign, asked his counsellor to look at the sky and see Napoleon's star there. 'I see no star,' said the Marshall. 'I do,' said Napoleon, and impatiently shut the window." Napoleon's star of destiny did him good service until he began to depend upon it. Napoleon was lucky until he began to depend on his luck. An ounce of pluck is better than a ton of luck.

THE HEAVIEST ARTILLERY. Napoleon was the author of the famous saying: "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery." Such a statement is an incarnation of practical infidelity. Dr. Talmage calls attention to the fact that Napoleon's career was the best contradiction of the proverb coined by the great warrior. The great preacher says, "At Waterloo, the one hundred and sixty guns of the English overcame the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. God is on the side of the right, and one man in the right will eventually be found stronger than six hundred men in the wrong."

NAPOLEON AT TWENTY-FOUR. Fame came to Napoleon at an early age. Youthful in appearance and youthful in years he found himself in command of men much his superior in years and experience. How to retain his appointments and how to secure the respect of generals ten and twenty years older than himself became a question of vital importance. He says, "My extreme youth when I took command of the Army of Italy made it necessary for me to evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of mortals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly superior in age."

THE COAT OF MAIL. Genius is directness. The man of genius always goes to the main point at once. They tell the story of Napoleon that once he ordered a mechanic to make a coat of mail. When the artisan had completed it, he delivered it to the emperor. Napoleon thereupon said to the mechanic, "Put it on!" And then Napoleon, taking a pistol fired shot after shot at the man, thus testing the quality and character of his work. The coat of mail stood the test and the honest mechanic was generously rewarded. But what an illustration of the directness of genius! The man of genius knows the main point and finds it at once.

A FAVORITE CHARACTER. Napoleon seems to be a favorite of every student of history. You can scarcely find a historian who has not made some reference, directly or indirectly, to his tremendous achievements. Here is a suggestive clipping from the writings of Dr. John Lord, author of "The Beacon Lights of History:" "Napoleon always made use of the same quotations, which he must have drawn from a few books, especially abridgments. His heroes were Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne. He laid great stress on aristocratic birth and the antiquity of his own family. He had no other regard for men than a foreman in a manufactory feels for his work-people. In private, without being amiable, he was good-natured. His sisters got from him all they wanted. Simple and easy in private life, he showed himself to little advantage in the great world. Nothing could be more awkward than he in a drawing-room."

NAPOLEON'S AUDACITY. Napoleon was the incarnation of audacity. He had one great characteristic which belongs to military leadership, namely, daring. This was apparent even in civil affairs. You could always depend on Napoleon to do the unusual thing. In Abbotts' history of Napoleon we read the following: "The Senate had chosen and proclaimed him emperor. The pope was brought from Italy to consecrate the ceremony of coronation. The pope anointed the emperor, blessed the sword and sceptre, and as he approached to take up the crown, Napoleon firmly and with dignity took it in his own hand and placed it himself upon his head. This characteristic act produced an indescribable effect upon the assembly."

"CANNONADE THE ICE." Napoleon was quick to recognize an opportunity. Wellington said it was not safe to make a mistake in the presence of Napoleon. He was sure to recognize every false step and to avail himself of every wrong move on the part of the enemy. An American writer in emphasizing this characteristic remarks: "A characteristic incident, which reveals by a flash the source of the terror that Napoleon's name inspired in Europe, occurred at the close of this battle. Broken battalions of the enemy were escaping across the ice covering a small lake. The French were firing at them, yet letting them get away. The Emperor, who meant that this victory sould be so crushing as not to call for a second, galloped to the front, his eyes ablaze. 'You are losing time, firing at men! he exclaimed, 'cannonade the ice!' They broke the ice with cannon balls, and, according to some accounts, twenty thousand Russians and Austrians were engulfed!"

SMALL OF STATURE. Napoleon was small, stout and stocky. He had the brain of a king, but the body of a mechanic. On horseback he looked commanding, but no position in the parlor or drawing-room would lend him grandeur. All men are equal in the things which they look. If you have wealth, I have health. What you have I lack. What you lack, I have. Thus the need of one man fits the surplus strength of another. Dr. Lord says concerning Napoleon: "He would have made great sacrifices to have added three inches to his height. He walked on tiptoe. His costumes were studied to form a contrast with the circle which surrounded him, by extreme simplicity or extreme elegance. Talma taught him attitudes."

FAREWELL, FRANCE, FAREWELL! Napoleon was doubtless cruel and without a deep human affection. That he was a mortal without a conscience goes without saying. In him the moral qualities seem to be absolutely lacking. And yet he seems to have a strange fascination for us. We cannot refuse to study the story of his startling career. Perhaps the sad ending of his life is the thing which holds our attention. Behold him! A captive on his way to St. Helena. Jacob Abbott says: "Beholding the receding vision of his native land he uncovered his head, bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, 'Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell!'"

CONCENTRATION Learn to concentrate. You cannot do everything. You cannot be everywhere. There are only seven evenings in the week—society ought not to have them all. There are only twenty-four hours in the day—destiny depends on how you use them. There are only sixty seconds in a minute—each minute is jewelled with a possibility. Stick to your text. Do not wander. Do not scatter. Let the stream be deep and the current swift. Atalanta stooping to pick up the golden apples lost the race. Life is a race in which the golden apples of fashion, pleasure and amusement often entice the unwary.

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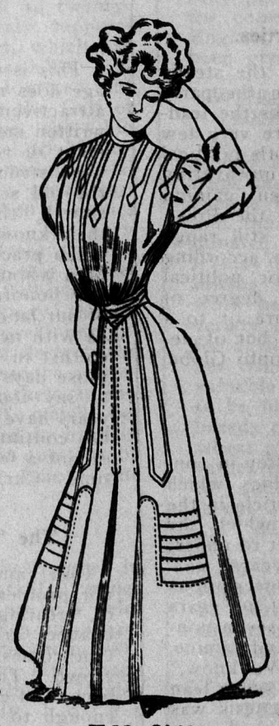

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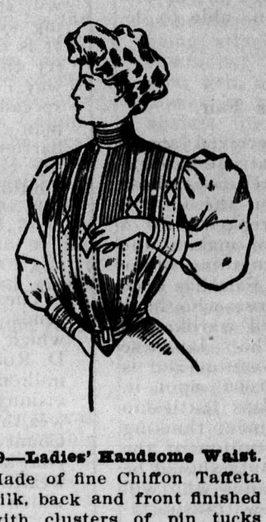
H 18—Infants' Knitted Wool Jackets. In all white or white with cuffs and front edged in pink or light blue. Special mail order price.. **49c**

One thing only will happen if you don't send in your order for this combination offer: You'll be the loser.

H 21—Ladies' Genuine Dongola Kid Boots. Blucher cut style, finished with patent leather tip, Cuban heel and sewn extension sole. Regular price, $2.00. Special, pair **$1.45**

H 21A—Ladies' High Grade Rubbers to fit over above boot. Special, pair **55c**

Combination price $1.90



H 19—Ladies' Handsome Waist. Made of fine Chiffon Taffeta Silk, back and front finished with clusters of pin tucks and wide hemstitched tucks, long sleeves and open front. Comes in black only, and in sizes 32 to 42. Special.. **$3.69**

H 24—Ladies' Fancy Knitted Golf Waist. Made with high neck and fastens in front by means of loops and buttons. Colors: red, navy, white and black. Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Very special price. **$1.89**

H 17—Ladies' Handsome Marmot Tie. Neatly lined with good quality satin and finished with chain fastener. Regular price, $12.00. Spceial price **$9.50**

H 17A—Ladies' Beautiful Marmot Muff. To match above tie; Empire shape and satin lined. Considered very good value at $8.50 Special price... **$7.50**

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H 26—White Crochet Quilt. Size 70 x 90 inches, ready hemmed; also colored honeycombed quilts, with fringed ends. Choice of pink, pale blue, or red and white. Good large double size; $1.25 quality. Special price, each ... **98c**

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What the World is Saying

Newspapers and Political Parties.

One of the signs of the times is the steady and deliberate breaking away from the party thraldom which more and more marks the leading newspapers of Canada. There are very few old-line "party organs" left. In both political parties the movement away from unwavering and unreasoning partyism has been gaining force alike among the people and in the Press. Newspapers, like individual citizens, still range themselves as Liberal or Conservative, according to their antecedents or preferences or political sympathies; but the line or the degree of support they give either to a measure or to a politician is not a matter of course, but of deliberate and responsible choice.—Toronto Globe.

The Seven Lean Years.

The recent discoveries of Brugsch Bey in connection with the Egyptian hieroglyphics which he deciphered are the subject of an article in the Oesterreichische Wochenschift, in which the writer says that it is no longer difficult to understand the origin of the "seven lean years" narrative in the book of Genesis. The inscriptions as translated by Brugsch show that 1,700 years before the Christian era the Nile for seven consecutive years did not overflow, and famine, pestilence and misery followed. "We know," says the writer, "that the date of the seven lean years of fruitlessness mentioned in Genesis was 1700 B. C., and thus what has been looked upon as a fancy has through these hieroglyphics become a matter of history. The failure of the Nile to overflow, the withering of the vegetation, the lands devoid of crops, famine and the consequent scourges are all depicted in the pictures which the student has been able to decipher."—New York Tribune.

Japan Preparing a World's Fair.

The Government has officially received Japan's invitation to participate in the great national exposition at Tokio in 1912, an enterprise whose like has never before been seen in the Orient, and for which Japan has been preparing for a year or more with the intention of making the exposition rival in attractiveness anything of the sort previously held. The Tokio Fair has been in itself a sufficient answer to those who have imagined that Japan contemplated warlike adventures in the near future. The Japanese Government is to finance the exposition, and is already resolved to spend $10,000,000 upon it. That money would build a first-class battleship of the largest size, and no Government thinking of war would spend it on an exposition of the arts of peace. A trip to Japan in 1912 should be anticipated with pleasure by thousands who will be able to take advantage of the low transportation rates of that year. The period of the great show will embrace the seasons of the cherry blossom, and the chrysanthemum. — London Times.

Woman Suffrage and Liquor Restriction.

Woman suffrage in Finland has been followed by prohibition. This is what we have always been told would follow woman suffrage in this country. Now, if the Finnish law goes into force, we shall see how woman suffrage will affect its enforcement. Will the ballot in the hands of the women enable them to compel their officials to do their full duty? In such parts of this continent as have tried various sorts of prohibitory measures, feminine opinion has been strongly on their side; but, without the ballot, it has not been able to compel enforcement. Still it constituted as strong a force of public opinion as it could if each lady had two ballots; and public opinion is a mighty factor in law enforcement. The experiment in Finland will be watched with a great deal of interest; for it seems to be a sweeping measure and to have been carried by the woman vote.—Toronto.

Political Vituperation.

This is not a new vice under the sun, but its age does not give it any measure of decency or attractiveness. In reading recently a splendidly-written monograph on the growth and establishment of responsible government in Canada, we were struck with the fact that the politicians of the old school knew how to belittle and besmirch their opponents, and that, evidently, their knowledge of how to do it had come with much practice and a genuine liking for the talk. Men whom the verdict of history has given high and honorable place among the true statesmen of our land were, fifty or sixty years ago, branded with nearly every doubtful and unsavory epithet in the calendar. The mud-slingers of those days now cut a somewhat ungracious, not to say foolish, figure in the light of what the years have brought forth. And yet mud-slinging has continued to be the chief art and occupation of not a few politicians right up to the present time.—Christian Guardian.

The "Treating" Evil and Prohibition.

Chief among the practices that make the liquor problem a vital one in this country is that of "treating." If six men meet in a barroom, the chances are that four at least will get drunk. One comes in to buy a drink, and he treats the crowd. That puts it up to the others to treat back, and even though some of them have sense enough to "take a cigar this time" occasionally all of them get more than they wish, and go home more or less befuddled and considerably out of pocket. Men who grudge their wives a spare dollar for their own wearing apparel, who complain if the table costs too much at home, will spend enough in an hour, under this treating system, to keep their families several days. It is due to the abuses of drinking in this country that prohibition is gaining such rapid headway. It is swiftly covering the South, and is spreading in the North. Where it will stop no man can tell. The cities will present a strong barrier against it for a time, but in states where the country vote predominates state-wide prohibition is by no means an unlikely ultimate result.—Duluth Herald.

Count Tolstoi and Mr. Rockefeller.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Mail sends a curious account of a correspondence which passed some time ago between Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Count Tolstoi. The American millionaire is stated to have asked the Russian visionary what was the best way to employ wealth for the greatest good of humanity. Count Tolstoi replied: "To the questions which you address to me to know in what measure wealth is compatible with the Christian doctrine which you profess I make this answer: Apart altogether from the teaching of the Gospel, plain common-sense tells us that wealth in itself is incompatible with an absolutely good life." Tolstoi goes on to say that "the money I keep in my pocket, in my strong-box, or in a bank constitutes, without the least possible doubt, a sort of weapon against the man who has none—the poor man." What strikes us most in Count Tolstoi's letter is the tendency to attach undue importance to money and its possession. His dread and hatred of money is as perverse as the miser's love of it. One makes it a devil and the other a god. No doubt the rich man is exposed to many special temptations, but then so is the poor man. Yet both may, and do, resist them. —London Spectator.

Sweden's New Liquor Law.

The main feature of the new law is to eliminate private profit from the drink traffic. In every town a monopoly of the sale of spirits is to be granted to an association of citizens known as the Bolag. Working on about the same lines as the British Public House Trust, the Bolag, after paying a small dividend upon the capital invested in the business, turns the remainder of the profits over for public purposes. While the Public House Trust endeavors to promote temperance by giving its managers a share of the profits derived from the sale of non-intoxicants, Bolag, being a trust and possessing a monopoly of the sale of intoxicants, is content to allow people to drink what they like, though it is expected that temperance will be promoted because the dealer will have no inducement to force sales. Under the new law there is a change in the method of dividing the profits. Formerly the municipal authorities received seven-tenths of the profits, one-tenth went to the local agricultural society and two-tenths to the general Government. It is alleged, however, that the cupidity of the local authorities and the taxpayers has in many cases supplied the stimulus to excessive consumption. Accordingly, under the new law the share of the municipality is reduced from 70 to 20 per cent., diminishing from 19 in 1908 to 1 in 1920, half of the decrease being thus made gradual, in order not to unduly embarrass the municipalities by so seriously reducing this source of income. The theory of the change is that it will do away with the disposition of some municipalities to increase consumption.—Montreal Gazette.

When We Fly.

Small individual machines—air bicycles, as it were—offer a tempting and practical field for invention; and here you have an element of portentous importance. Behold man, winged and engined, buzzing off like a huge cockchafer, to soar and circle, dip and rise as he will! Where, then, is security for private property? And where the bonds that shall confine him who long has laughed at locksmiths? Must our windows and skylights be barred as those of dungeons? whose fruit trees will be safe when fluttering flocks of little winged boys—by no means cherubs—may surround them at night and pluck delightedly from the outer branches? The gentlemanly burglar, carrying a light kit for noiseless glass removal, may pick and choose among many windows, and be off before capture at a moment's fright. Only the shotgun can reach him. "Stop—or I'll shoot! Hold up your wings! Come down, you!" This might arrest his fleeing—we cannot say "steps," it must be "flaps"—his fleeing "flaps"—yet a little bomb thrown at our home would make him master even so. When it is no burglar but a Romeo—what then? In sober sadness, there is before us here, first a great danger and then a greater good. The increased possibility of evil is so patent that in the end there is but one way to meet it. There will, no doubt, be at first strong repressive measures. We shall try our best to police the air; we shall stretch and revamp our laws to reach these new offenders; but the field is far too wide to cover so. The real result, the big result, will be a lifting of the standards of humanity. Winged, we must be well behaved.—Harper's Weekly.

Would you study the character of a man who achieved a wonderful success? Look at Napoleon! At twenty-four years of age, poor and unknown; at twenty-six, a famous general; at twenty-seven, a general of generals; at thirty-three, supreme in France; at thirty-nine years of age, supreme on the continent of Europe, having conquered all European powers except England and Russia. He may have lacked conscience, but one thing he did not lack—ability. At twenty-nine he exclaimed, "Glory itself is stupid. I have exhausted everything." He made himself an emperor and his brothers and sisters, kings and queens. He placed almost every member of his immediate family on a throne. He said one day to his brother Lucian, as he threw open on the centre table a splendid map of Europe, "Choose any kingdom you please and I will pledge my word of honor, as a brother, that I will maintain you in it." Great as a warrior. Great as a statesman. Great as a ruler. One of the few men in history worthy of the name and title of "genius." He passed through over six hundred conflicts and fought eighty-five pitched battles. More than a million men died in his battles. His oft expressed motto was: "War is a splendid game." A captive on the Island of St. Helena he spreads a map of Europe over his knee and dreams of what new and strange combinations of military force he might have effected had he not been chained to a rock. His scheme of warfare was four-fold: (1) Divide the enemy. (2) Centre on the weak point. (3) Use the artillery wherever and whenever possible. (4) Swift and sudden movements. He said concerning his enemies: "They do not know the value of time." Wellington said that Napoleon's sudden appearance on the field of battle at the moment of crisis was equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men. One general who feared him said to those under his command: "Attack Napoleon where he is not"—that is, attack the soldiers not under the immediate influence of the personality of Napoleon.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

Men and women who carry the burden of cares and responsibilities that life brings to us all must inevitably feel more or less heavily the weight of the advancing years. In this country, where a leisure has not yet developed and the conditions do not encourage idleness, we are all workers; and even those of us who are busiest and cheeriest of dispositions find ourselves, as the years go on, given over to the serious moods consequent upon our responsibilities. It is the child that is joyous and unconscious of cares to come. As the poet tells us, Heaven lies about us in our infancy. As time advances and we leave the light of infancy farther and farther behind us, "the years bring the philosophic mind," and, without being pessimistic or down-hearted, we reach manhood and womanhood with a sense of loss, the loss of our blithe and happy childhood.

THE GREATEST FESTIVAL.

"At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

This is the course of nature; and it is not for intelligent workers in this workaday world to regret it. We cannot always be "at play i' the sun," and must leave to the little ones the pursuit of the paths where no pain or sorrow should enter. It is the blessed privilege of returning to those paths that makes Christmas time the most sacred and most precious of all our annual round of days. To share heartily and happily with the boys and girls their Christmas celebration, to become as children again and enter into the whole-souled spirit of the holiday—this is to make the most of the day set apart to be commemorated as the birthday of Our Saviour.

And as the inner meaning of the great annual festival of peace and good will is the renewing of the hope that Christ may be born again in each and all, it is fitting that a week from Christmas should bring us to the great stock-taking that compels us all to look back over the road we have traveled during the year. The cynic derides the good resolutions made at the annual audit of the soul. With all his assumed acuteness, the cynic is wrong. If it be a pity that a good impulse should die, how much greater a pity if the faculty for good impulse were altogether outworn. That person would be in a sad condition, a veritable prey to despair, who dare not even venture to say once more, "I'll try."

THE YEAR'S AUDIT.

One of the most notable events of the past month has been the publication of the Letters of Queen Victoria, under the direction of her son, the King. These volumes form the richest contribution to political history that has been made in this generation. It is interesting to note that the young Queen was unfavorably impressed by Lord Durham and Sir Charles Bagot, who advocated self-government for Canada, and shared strongly the opposite view, which was held by Lord Metcalfe. The Duke of Wellington, to whose opinion she naturally paid deference, was violently opposed to Canadian self-government. When Sir Charles Bagot, as Governor-General, consented to the formation of the first Lafontaine-Baldwin Government, the Duke denounced it as "a tame surrender to a party still affected by treason," and almost created a ministerial crisis in England. In 1846 the Prince Consort wrote that "Canada is a source of weakness to the Empire and will probably remain so for a long time." Happily, Queen Victoria lived long enough to see the results of the policy of allowing Canada to govern itself. Under that policy Canada, instead of being a source of weakness to the Empire, became a source of pride, of strength, and of hope. She ascended the throne in 1837, with Canada in the throes of a rebellion; she died after having experienced wonderful evidences of the loyalty of the Canadian people. And the cause of the change was self-government.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

In the United States, as in the Dominion, the future is unquestionably with the West. In both countries, eventually, the West must have its way. The Western and Middle Western States and others, amounting in all to twenty-two, are actively supporting the project, which has President Roosevelt's approval, of a fourteen-foot navigable channel from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico, with a nine-foot channel up the Ohio to Pittsburg and a six-foot channel to Minneapolis and Sioux City. The transcontinental railways, which want all traffic to move east and west, will fight the project when it comes before Congress at its next session. The agricultural interests of the Eastern States are also opposed to it. In course of time this project will, despite all opposition, undoubtedly become a realized fact. But such a waterway, though it will have far-reaching results of great importance to the United States, will not destroy the supremacy of our existing St. Lawrence waterway as a route to the European markets, to say nothing of the Hudson Bay outlet, which, because Western Canada is determined to have it, is a project which will also without question be realized—possibly, and probably, before the Chicago-to-the-Gulf project is.

A WATERWAY PROJECT.

The recent decision of the highest court in British Columbia that divorces granted under the divorce law of that Province are not valid is based on the theory that when the Coast Province became part of the Dominion in 1871 its divorce law ceased to be valid. If this technically holds good, our Dominion Parliament will, of course, have to set matters right without delay by validating the divorces that have been granted. In Canada we have a divorce system that is without parallel. Though divorce is by the charter of the Dominion—that is, the British North America Act passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1876—reserved as a matter of Federal jurisdiction, two provinces, one at each end of the Dominion, have divorce courts, which are survivals from the pre-Confederation period. A Nova Scotian, or a British Columbian, applying for a divorce, goes to the local tribunal. The resident in any other part of the Dominion can only be divorced by a special Act of Parliament, an expensive business; as a preliminary, the case must be investigated and reported upon by the Divorce Committee of the Senate, sitting at Ottawa. This state of affairs destroys constitutional uniformity and varies the causes for which divorce is granted. This should not be; the law should be the same from end to end of the Dominion.

OUR VARIEGATED DIVORCE SYSTEM.

In one of the Winnipeg papers recently it was stated that a stonemason "of unquestionable veracity," name not given, who formerly lived in Winnipeg and worked on the University building, used to declare that in Scotland he once saw a block of stone split open and a live toad hop out of it. This toad-in-a-stone legend, like the mummy wheat legend, is a hardy perennial. It will continue to bloom as long as credulity and the love of the wonderful continue to be human characteristics. The latest re-vamper of the mummy wheat fable, a gifted hoax-preparer for one of the Sunday papers across the line, overshot the mark through being unaware that the word "corn" is used in Great Britain to mean grain of any sort, such being its meaning in the Bible. He had evidently been reading Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book on Egypt, in which this legend was brought before the attention of the learned world years ago: and he took "corn" to mean Indian corn, which, like tobacco, was not introduced into the Old World until after Columbus had discovered the new. He fabricated a most marvellous story, based upon his error. In a small Pennslyvania town a retired clergyman received from a friend who had recently returned from a visit to Egypt "a sealed package of corn found in Egyptian ruins known to have been covered a thousand years before the birth of Christ." He planted the corn in his garden, and truly astounding was the crop! Corn-stalks fourteen feet high, with ears nearly two feet long, the grains blood red in color, came up. Further, singular worms developed on the stalks, having the appearance of "diminutive horned devils." These, if removed to other "corn" of the ordinary sort, either died, or "managed to get back in some way to the Egyptian stalks, where alone they can secure sustenance." And this, with many embellishments, was printed as a special dispatch from the scene of the marvellous occurrence, with headlines almost rivalling the miraculous stalks so veraciously described.

TOAD IN A STONE AND MUMMY WHEAT.

The truth is that wheat grains, however carefully preserved, lose their germinative power in the course of a few years. One authoritative English book says "a term of four years has been given by some experimenters, but this is admittedly hypothetical." Prof. Buller, of the University of Manitoba, has succeeded in having wheat ten years old secured from the samples preserved at the Grain Exchange in Winnipeg germinate—that is, about half the grains of the ten-year-old sample germinated, but not vigorously. In this connection it may be noted that Professor Buller is following with keen interest the wheat-breeding work being carried on in England at the University of Cambridge. Science has done much for agriculture, but it may be doubted if any of her triumphs will be more wonderful or more valuable than those which may almost be said to be now in view in the developments of new breeds of wheat. The scientific pedigree of the wheat plant, by the way, shows it to have some rather disreputable near relatives—certain weeds of doubtful reputation—for all that the family is not only a very noble one, but a very ancient one indeed.

WHEAT-BREEDING EXPERIMENTS.

No proof of the extraordinary advance of temperance reform in the United States could be more striking than the alarm which is being shown by the leading organs of the liquor trade, such as the Wine and Spirit Gazette, of New York, the Champion of Fair Play, of Chicago, and Beverages, of New York. The first-named warns "the trade" that "the license system is in peril, and the business interests dependent upon its perpetuity are threatened with disaster." The second, which is the official organ of the liquor trade of the Western States, admonishes its patrons that "their business is being attacked from all sides, and sounds this summons: "You will need all your resources, all your grit, all your strength, and all your united power, to preserve your rights and privileges against the flood tide of unreasonable and unreasoning prejudices." Save the mark! And Beverages emits an agonized call for united work to "head off the wave of prohibition now spreading over this Republic!" These sounds of affright come echoing even across the boundary into this country; and truly 'tis music in the ear to hear them. In Delaware, in Illinois, in Alabama, and in other States where the question was voted upon in the November elections, prohibition won sweeping victories. The causes responsible for the onward march of this great reform are operative over the whole continent, and will in time make themselves fully felt; and life will then be brighter for the wives and children of thousands of husbands and fathers. Civilization will not be a success until the saloon, with its attendant debauchery, waste, ruin of lives, and suffering, wretchedness and wrong untold, has become but an evil memory of an outgrown past.

THE SPREAD OF TEMPERANCE.

"Sour grapes!" said the fox, when he could not reach the clusters on the vine. In the same spirit Mr. Thomas Bent has declared at Melbourne that it was better to live in Australia on seven shillings than in the Canadian climate on eleven." The Melbourne people are sore because settlers flock to this country, and do not flock to Australia; hence these unpleasant antipodean remarks about our bracing climate. There is nothing new in such remarks. "Some acres of snow" was the arch-sneerer Voltaire's description of Canada. Sir Francis Bond Head, who immediately upon being appointed Governor of Canada in 1836 proceeded to provoke the rebellion of 1837, said that "a country with Canada's climate could never amount to anything." As for Mr. Thomas Bent, of Melbourne, even in his far-flung flout at our climate he has to admit that the home-maker in this country prospers as he cannot hope to prosper in Australia.

A FAR-FLUNG FLOUT AT OUR CLIMATE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

DON'T delay making your selection of Yuletide gifts till a few days before Christmas. By doing so you miss the advantage of first selection and you are also liable to be disappointed in the delivery of your goods. We do everything in our power to fill orders with the utmost despatch, and, as a rule, they are shipped out the same day on which they are received.

The delays occur with the transportation companies or in the mails and they cannot be avoided on account of the enormous rush. The way to avoid the rush is to order early.

Our Christmas catalogue has been issued. It contains a very large list of goods suitable for Christmas and is valuable as a book of reference. If you have not received a copy let us know and we shall send you one absolutely free.

And if you do not find what you want in the Christmas catalogue turn to the regular one, it contains a very large assortment of goods, many of hem suitable for presents. It was distributed some time ago and may have been misplaced; if so let us know; and if you have never received a copy let us know also so that we may send you one by return mail.

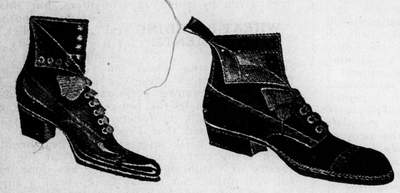
You will notice that the prices in our Christmas catalogue are, more than ever, a revelation in economy. The reason is that we buy for cash and the purchasing power of cash is greater than it has been for some time on account of the stringency in the money market. Then, again, we sell for cash so that we have no bad debts. This means that none of the people who deal with us are compelled to pay big prices to level the losses sustained through bad debts.

Low prices are but one of the advantages of dealing with us, others are the large assortment on offer, our prompt service, and the satisfaction of knowing that anything that is not satisfactory can be returned to us and that we will refund the purchase money.

The "Eatonia" Boot at $3.00.

This is our special in Men's and Women's Footwear and it is exceptionally good value. Although other boots have advanced from 50c. to 75c. a pair, the "Eatonia" remains the same, $3.00 per pair alike for men's and women's.

The boots are made specially for us by a leading manufacturer and we can guarantee them. The material and the workmanship are of the best and the boot will be found most comfortable. It is also of stylish appearance.



20W604. This reliable boot is made of choice Dongola kid, Blucher cut, with dull mat. calf top. Genuine Goodyear sewn soles with military heels. A great favorite. Sizes 2½ to 7. Be sure to give size wanted. Per pair **$3.00**

20W413. A serviceable boot and as comfortable as it is serviceable, made of choice box calfskin, in neat and stylish shapes. Blucher cut and extension Goodyear sewn soles. Sizes 6 to 11. Be sure to give size wanted. Per pair **$3.00**

Gift Suggestions for Men.

The useful in Christmas presents is much in evidence in these suggestions for men. Every item is useful for every day and every item is unusually good value. The neckwear is made in our own factories from silks imported by us direct from its manufacturers. As a result we are offering neckties fully a third cheaper than we could, did we buy them in the ordinary way. As a matter of fact our selling price is the cost of production with our small profit added. The colorings are the newest and the style is absolutely correct.

The underwear and sweaters are also priced below what is ordinarily charged for this excellent quality of goods. They are all made of pure wool and of good heavy weight. They will wear well and will be found most comfortable for winter wear.

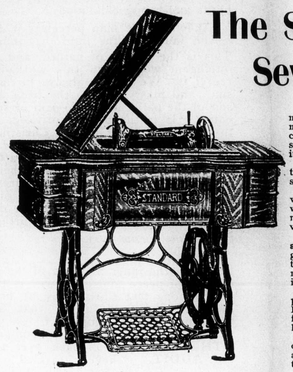
14W41. **Men's Rich Silk Four-in-Hand Neckwear.** French seamed, narrow and medium width, made from choice imported silks in light, medium and dark coloring. The best value ever offered in neckwear ..... 35c. or 3 for **$1.00**

14W42. **Men's Wool Sweaters.** Full weight weight, close ribbed, double collar, cuffs and skirt. Colors, cardinal, navy and black. Sizes, 32 to 46 inches chest measure. ..... **89c.**

14W43. **Men's Heavy Scotch Wool Underwear.** Winter weight, double breasted, sateen facings and pearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 46. ..... **89c.**

14W44. **Heavy Elastic Ribbed Underwear.** Unshrinkable, double breasted, sateen facings and pearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 44. ..... **65c**

The Standard Rotary Sewing Machine



This is undoubtedly the highest grade Sewing Machine made. It will do anything that any other domestic sewing machine can do and it does many things that it and it alone, can accomplish. For instance it makes both lock and chain stitch, either one at a moment's notice, and in this respect it is the only practical two-in-one machine.

The shuttle has a rotary motion that never stops while the machine is in operation, while the old-time shuttle starts and stops twice to each stitch.

The machine will work backwards and forwards and will stitch through thick or thin fabrics, or both at once, without missing a single stitch or breaking the thread. It runs faster, does more work, lasts longer than any vibrating machine ever built.

The feed motions are all positive: no springs are used and hence the machine will feed over all thicknesses of goods and seams without chewing the cloth, no matter what the length of the stitch. It is the most rapid sewer since it makes two motions of the treadle to three of other machines in sewing the same length seam.

Above all it requires the minimum amount of power to propel one in operation has scarcely any vibration at all. In this respect it is so far superior to the ordinary machine from the standpoint of health that it is recommended by leading physicians.

It is equipped with a complete set of attachments that do perfect work, work that is mechanically correct. They are self-adjusting and fastened to the presser bar instead of to the foot.

The stand wheel and treadle run in ball bearings which are the easiest, smoothest bearings known to mechanics and which wear a lifetime.

These are but a few of the many points of superiority in the Standard Rotary Sewing Machine. If you are interested in the most perfect sewing machine write for particulars.

Prices range from ..... **$45.00** upwards.

Books as Xmas Gifts.

They are always acceptable because it is almost impossible to have too many of them. Here are a few suggestions:

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

The finest set of Dickens' published. Bound in full limp, red or green lamuskin, printed on Oxford India paper from new plates. Published jointly by Chapman & Hall and Oxford University Press, London. Most artistic, most authentic edition. Complete in 17 vols. Our price ..... **$15.00** set.

ANNUALS FOR 1907.

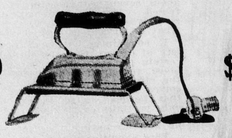
Boys' Own Annual	$1.75
Girls' "	1.75
Chatterbox, 1906, board cover	.50
" " cloth "	.75
" 1907, board "	.75
" " cloth "	1.00
Wonder Book Annual	.75
Rosebud Annual	.75
Chums' Annual, for Boys	2.00

BOOKS BY ETHEL TURNER.

Charming Stories for Girls	Story of a Baby
Seven Little Australians	White Roof Hill
Family at Misrule	Little Mother Meg
Little Larrikin	Mother's Little Girl
Miss Bobbie	In the Mist of the
Camp at Wandinong	Betty & Co. Mountains
Three Little Maids	The Stolen Voyage

Bound in finest cloth and illustrated, each.. **60c.**

Electric Flat Iron

$5.00  $5.00

Nothing could be more acceptable to the busy housewife than an Electric Iron. In summer it can be used in comfort and at all times it is ready for use. Our "Superior Electric Flat Iron is simple yet safe; it weighs six pounds and is so shaped and balanced as to enable the user to do the work of ironing with the greatest possible ease.

Every Iron is furnished complete with detachable plug, six foot conductor cord, Edison lamp socket attachment plug, coil spring to support cord, and special insulating stand. It is adapted to voltages ranging from 100 to 120.

If it does not give perfect satisfaction return it to us at our expense and we will refund, not only the purchase money, but any charges that may have been paid on it.

22W-130. Our "Superior" Electric Flat Iron, each **$5.00**

Suitable Presents for Husband or Son.

If it is a present for the male member of the family that is wanted, an "Eatonian" Serge Suit or House Jacket would be greatly appreciated. The suits are made in our own factories from serge made specially for us by a leading English manufacturer. They are equal in appearance, fit and finish to custom-made clothing costing double as much or more. The smoking jacket is exceptionally good value at $5.00.

Every line of house jackets and dressing gowns we sell is imported by ourselves direct from the manufacturers, by buying in this way we save all middlemen's profits. That accounts for our price. If you want something better than the one illustrated and described here write to us and let us know what you are prepared to pay and the style you desire. We carry a large variety both of styles and prices. If the one sent does not suit return it to us at our expense and we will refund the purchase money together with all charges that may have been paid on it.

13W50. **Men's "Eatonia" Serge Suits.** Made of a fine all wool worsted serge, in blue and black, guaranteed fast sun-proof dye. Cut in smart single and double-breasted styles, with close fitting collar and broad well shaped shoulders. The coats are of medium length with good quality Italian cloth linings. Eaton price **$12.50**

13W51. **Men's House Coats** of fine quality Camels' hair cloth in a variety of colorings; cuffs and pockets bound with fancy braid, also plaid facings, frog fasteners and edges of good quality silk cord. Sizes 34 to 44 inches breast measure. Eaton price **$5.00**

Good Value in Low Priced Furs.

Furs are always appreciated in the West because they are essential to comfortable dress. For this reason furs always make acceptable gifts. In buying furs, however, it is always advisable to deal with a thoroughly reliable company for in nothing can deception be practiced more than in furs. So confident are we of the quality of the furs we sell that if they are not satisfactory they can be returned to us at our expense and we will not only refund the purchase money but also all charges that may have been paid on them. This means that in buying from us it no matter where you live you are in exactly the same position as the citizens of Winnipeg. It costs you nothing to see the goods. Our Fall and Winter Catalogue shows a magnificent range of furs at marvellously low prices. The two articles described and illustrated here are splendid examples of Eaton values. The Caperine, the Stole, or the Muffs referred to might be sold for more money and would still be good value.

16w-96. **Caperine** Made of Astrachan Lamb "Black" in a very pleasing design. Only solid whole skins are used and we guarantee every Caperine to give excellent wear. High, warm Storm Collar, Cape very wide on shoulders. Lined with Black Mercerette and trimmed with 4 Black Tails.

Extra special value **$5.00**

Large Flat Muff to match **$4.50**

16w-97. **Mink** Marmot Stole Mode, 45 inches long, Lined throughout with Brown Satin, Trimmed with Silk Cord ornaments, chain fastener and four Mink Dyed Squirrel Tails. This is just the scarf for women or misses who do not like furs too large. It is certainly the best value we have ever offered in the popular Mink Marmot. Price..... **$5.00**

Large Flat Muff to match..... **$5.00**

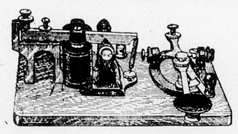
Reliable Watch for $6.50

It is specially designed and built for those requiring a strong watch that will resist rough usage, for those engaged in heavy work. It is fitted in a strong 3 ounce solid nickle case and its movement has 15 ruby jewels Compensating balance, Swiss Breguet hairspring and is finished throughout on heavy nickel plates. The dial is of enamelled gloss.

This movement we guarantee to give the best of satisfaction. It will keep good time and will be found thoroughly reliable in all respects. If not return it to us and get your money back.

14 W 100—Men's Size 18 Fifteen Jewelled Watch. Strong nickle case..... **$6.50**

Telegraphers' Complete Outfit.



An ideal gift for Christmas. It is highly entertaining and as useful as it is entertaining.

The Eureka learners' instrument is a first-class full sized Telegraph set, and just as useful for learning as the instruments regularly in use.

All the working parts—the key lever, the sound lever—are made of finely finished composition metal, such as is used in all high priced instruments.

The Eureka learner's instrument can be operated by a Mesco dry cell. A book of instructions accompanies each instrument.

6W1—Telegraph Instrument, 5 Ohms, book of instructions and one dry cell, price **$2.75**

6W2—Telegraph Instruments, 20 Ohms, with book of instructions and one dry cell, price **$3.00**

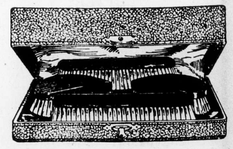
6W3—Mesco dry cell, each ..... 25c.

Toilet Cases of Superior Quality.

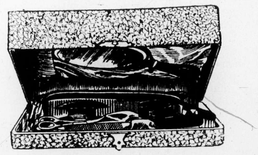
Toilet Cases and Toilet Articles are always popular as Christmas Presents and the reason is that they are always useful. The assortment of ebony goods in our showing this season is very extensive and the quality is superior. We are also carrying a goodly range of pretty leather-covered cases fitted with high grade mirrors, brushes and combs. For either ladies or gentlemen no more acceptable gift could be conceived.

The toilet cases we sell have a distinct advantage over those usually offered. We buy the boxes and fill them with combs, brushes and other articles of superior quality. In the ordinary way the boxes are bought furnished and the articles they contain are next to worthless.

The ebony articles contained in our toilet cases are of the same splendid quality as those sold regularly our counters. They are of good appearance but are made for use as well as ornament.

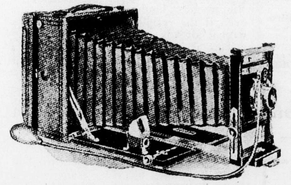


6W50. Fine Leather Covered Box, either dark green or ox blood color, lined with satin, and having ebony brush, solid back, ebony back ring handle mirror, fine rubber dressing comb for lady, and a manicure set comprised of following items: Steel nail scissors, ebony nail powder box, ebony nail polisher, ebony handled cuticle knife, nail file and corn knife, complete for **$10.00, 11.00, 12.75, 13.65.**



6W51. Leather covered and lined as 6W-50 but containing pair of military brushes, also cloth and hat brush and comb at ..... **$6.90, 7.65 8.15, 8.65, 9.40, 10,40, 11.40.**

A CAMERA AS A GIFT.



The Kodak Cameras are as good as any made, at moderate prices, and any one of them, whether low grade or high, will give perfect satisfaction, for its workmanship on all is of the highest order. They possess all the commendable features known to modern camera construction, and many features that are distinctly their own.

The bellows are made of a stronger and more serviceable material than is usually employed. The swing back is so constructed that the lines of buildings can be made perfectly in plumb. The shutters are fully guaranteed by the makers. The patterns used have been selected after an extensive test of many makes. The auxiliary wide angle bed is an exclusive Kodak feature, as are also the diagonal rack and pinion, the double acting kick spring, and the adjustable grips.

All Kodak ground glass frames are detachable, so that the interior of the camera is accessible. The back doors protecting the ground glass are metal and do not warp, swell, or warp.

The Kodak No. IV, is complete in every adjustment essential to the requirements of the amateur from beginner to expert. It is a medium long focus camera, with a bellows extension which permits using the rear combination of the lens alone. In the 6½ x 8½ size the extension bed is of wood, brass bound. Our prices are:

6W-4 4x5 ... **$25.** 6W-5 5x7 ... **$33.** 6W-6 6½ x 8½ ... **$45.**

These prices include carrying case and one Kodak plate holder.

For a full list of the cameras we sell see our general catalogue.

The "Eaton Beauty" Dollar Doll

This is the best known doll in Canada. We have been selling it for years and each year we have been endeavoring to get a prettier doll and one that would more than ever gladden the heart of the children.

Our doll this season is if anything prettier than any of its predecessors. As the cut shows it is a perfect beauty, with pretty lifelike eyes which close in sleep when placed in a lying position, luxurious ringlets of hair that fall gracefully over the shoulders and a complexion almost as natural as nature itself.

The body of the doll, which is almost perfect in shape, is finished in a natural flesh color. It stands nineteen inches in its stockings.

The limbs are jointed at shoulder, elbow and wrist, and the legs at hip and knee.

It is robed in a cotton nightgown which is made with insertion at neck and bottom of sleeves. It also wears openwork half hose and leather bootees.

23 W I Eaton Beauty Doll each **$1.00**

Still larger size and with hair eyelashes and hair parted on side in slip style and held back with two rows of baby ribbon, each ..... **2.00, 3.00, 4.00, and 5.00**

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

WINNIPEG - - CANADA.

Local Treatment for Women's Disorders.

The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh, new, living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about seven years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had seven years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nerve centers. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

To obtain relief, it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result, and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why **ORANGE LILY** is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:—

Dr. Coonley,—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until three years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I underwent an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him three or four months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for **ORANGE LILY**, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until seven tumors had been expelled, three large ones and four small ones. I know if it had not been for **ORANGE LILY** I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—Mrs. George Lewis, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient feels so grateful for being cured that she is willing to make the matter known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive scientific remedy for disorders of the female functions. As explained above, these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. **ORANGE LILY** has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves.

I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that **ORANGE LILY** will cure her, that I hereby make the following

FREE TRIAL OFFER.

I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give you noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your own home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of **ORANGE LILY**, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by THE T. EATON CO., Ltd., Drug Dept.

The Marvellous Omega

—Answers correctly all questions on business, luck, wishes, wealth or marriage. Most mysterious occult revelations, putting to shame the predictions of clairvoyants and soothsayers. Should be in every household as a daily guide and adviser. If you are interested in the mysteries of the occult, the Omega means much to you. If you are not, you will find it a constant source of entertainment year in, year out. Sent by mail securely wrapped, post paid, on receipt of one dollar.

The OMEGA COMPANY
BOX 578 VANCOUVER, B.C.

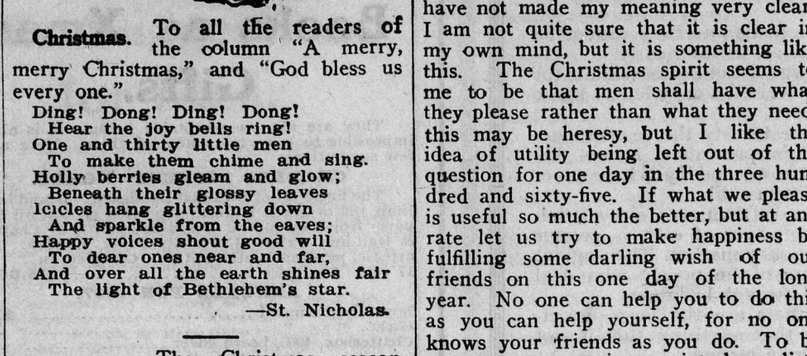
Christmas Presents

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

Novelties. Books.
Music. Toys.

Send 10c. for sample of one of our Xmas lines and full particulars of other special offers. Agents Wanted.

THE CANADIAN SUPPLY CO.
214 Nena St. Winnipeg



Christmas. To all the readers of the column "A merry, merry Christmas," and "God bless us every one."

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!
Hear the joy bells ring!
One and thirty little men
To make them chime and sing.
Holly berries gleam and glow;
Beneath their glossy leaves
Icicles hang glittering down
And sparkle from the eaves;
Happy voices shout good will
To dear ones near and far,
And over all the earth shines fair
The light of Bethlehem's star.

—St. Nicholas.

Christmas Gifts. The Christmas season, or the gift-season as it might also be called, is nearly here and the question uppermost in many of our minds is doubtless what shall we give? The stores are only beginning to decorate their windows and to display their holiday goods, but even without a single peep behind the scenes we can think of many things the handy girl can make.

For the housewife there is a pair of stenciled window curtains done on cheese cloth or checked muslin, pretty table accessories, dainty embroidered blouses, some young girl who is beginning to put away things for a certain special occasion will appreciate anything in the way of fine table linen, or even bed linen. Her initials worked in the corner will add greatly to the value of it in her eyes.

It is not too late even yet to start a lily or hyacinth for some friend who appreciates flowers. Suppose you choose a chinese lily. It grows very rapidly and can be forced more than most bulbs. I had one last year which was very backward until I put it on the top of the kitchen range. From that time on it could almost be seen growing.

Cut flowers make a lovely if perishable gift and I can suggest nothing more suitable for a young man to give a young lady. She is sure to like them for there is no one I think who is not fond of flowers.

Books are a good present if the person for whom a book is selected is fond of reading and your tastes agree, even then you run the risk of choosing something they have already read. Magazines are a safer choice. If you like the same reading matter and know what periodicals your friend takes such a gift is sure to give great pleasure.....

The musical person will be delighted with a well bound volume containing the works of his or her favorite composer, or the story of the composer's life in good binding will be acceptable even if the recipient should be familiar with it already.

This is true of any one I think; if they admire a great man or woman they will be glad to make their knowledge of them more intimate. It is the same with subjects and places, so that if your friends are fond of reading and you know them well enough you are almost sure to be able to please them with a book.

A gift that is not only beautiful but useful is a good picture. Sometimes I think that person was inspired who said, "The beautiful is often more useful than the useful." In our busy strenuous life we are apt to overlook the value of beauty in our homes and never stop to measure the effect of gay colored advertisements and calendars on the taste of the children growing up. It is reasonable to suppose that the children will take their home as the standard and judge the world by it.

I offer these few suggestions only as hints to be used in a general way, for after all no one can decide the gift question but yourself. I believe in giving to only a few people and giving well, to those who have touched your life very intimately and no others. And I like the idea of giving to please and for no other purpose. Perhaps I have not made my meaning very clear. I am not quite sure that it is clear in my own mind, but it is something like this. The Christmas spirit seems to me to be that men shall have what they please rather than what they need. this may be heresy, but I like the idea of utility being left out of the question for one day in the three hundred and sixty-five. If what we please is useful so much the better, but at any rate let us try to make happiness by fulfilling some darling wish of our friends on this one day of the long year. No one can help you to do this as you can help yourself, for no one knows your friends as you do. To be sure some magazines print long lists of suggestions all classified like this, gifts for old men, for mothers, for brothers; and these would be very helpful and instructive if people always fitted into the class to which according to age they belong. A little story I read some years ago will illustrate my point. A mother and her little boy were doing some Christmas shopping and the mother asked the little lad what they would get for grandfather. He promptly pointed to a splendid toy engine on the shelf and said, "O, mother, let us get him that." She laughed at first, but being a wise woman she saw farther than most people. They bought the engine and would you believe that it kept grandfather and all the little grandchildren amused not only on Christmas day but for many days to come. You see what I mean, do you not? What would please one person would be in another's way. The thing that one wife would lie awake to think about another would hide on the closet shelf. A little pug-nosed dog might delight some girl while only a sense of gratitude would keep her chum from having it shot. The appropriate gift is the thing your friend wants and wants badly. It may be a granite coffee-pot or an embroidered opera cloak. I knew a dear old lady who had wanted a double boiler for years and was delighted when she found one among her presents one Christmas morning. A young girl who was very fond of handsome embroidered blouses, but never did the work was more than pleased when a chum sent her one for a Christmas present, and she never put it on without thinking gratefully of that friend. I know a girl who went into raptures over a red glass berrybowl in a silver plated stand and another who took great enjoyment out of a tiny nut plate of cut glass. If the presents had been reversed the berrybowl would have been sent to the attic and the nut plate used as a butter dish and put in the oven when the butter was hard.

How are we to know what to give? There is only one way: Spend all your spare time in thinking of your friends, one at a time. Think of their habits, their dress, of the qualities that drew you to them, of the good times you have had together, and of the peculiar conditions that surround them and as surely as I sit writing in the twilight if you think long and unselfishly enough the very spirit of Christmas will teach you what to give.

Speaking of Christmas reminds me of another shopping experience of mine, not at Christmas though, but early in the fall. Shall I tell you about it?

It was a bright morning but turned dark and drizzly before luncheon and as I had thin shoes and no rubbers I could soon hear that comfortable little squelch of water between my toes that set me longing for home sweet home.

About this time an old friend of my mother's turned up. That expression "turned up" is not slang in this connection but actual fact. I never knew that woman to come when one expected her. If she was invited for dinner one

POOR COPY

night she invariably turned up the next when the bill of fare consisted of canned salmon and jam. But to return to my subject. She happened along just before luncheon and we went out together. Afterwards she had some shopping to do and I volunteered to go with her.

Our first stop was at a large departmental store where we hunted out the leather goods counter and looked at some postal card albums. My friend asked the price of each one and looked it up carefully on the inside and wondered whether she could afford any she liked or liked any she could afford and finally whether the person for whom she was buying it would like one at all. As a last resort she asked my advice. I pointed out one I did not like and that settled the question. She bought it without another word and we passed on to the millinery department where a pale faced girl with a pretty French accent came to wait on us.

The question up for our consideration here was how to buy one of her daughters as pretty a hat as she had bought for the other in Toronto, before the season opened, and not pay any more for it. We looked at hats gray, white, blue, red, brown; at hats big and small, fancy and tailored, and came to the conclusion that Winnipeg is a terribly dear city. Finally I drew the pins from my own hat and allowed her to try them on me hoping it would assist her to a decision, but after I had played the judy for half an hour and been turned to the light and away from the light and had excited the suspicion of all the clerks, she told me in disgust that there was absolutely no use in me trying them on as the same hats wouldn't suit us anyway. So after that we looked at them without a judy, discussed their wearing qualities, original cost of materials, and probable profit of the retail dealer and having figured out the latter to be something like eighty-nine and a half cents on the dollar we determined to show him at least two people were not going to be duped by him.

In the coat department a still greater shock awaited us. It was childrens' coats we wanted to see, something warm and pretty and cheap. I think we had just finished the second rack when it occurred to us that it would be cheaper to make one at home and straightway we started to look for the velveteen counter. It was downstairs and in order to reach it we had to pass through the millinery department where we saw a new table of hats, one we had not seen before and stopped to price them. A little farther on some ribbons attracted our attention and my friend nearly made a purchase here. She had in fact ordered a yard when it was discovered to be cracked and she couldn't take it.

No, I'm not joking, the ribbon was one of those hard velvet ribbons sometimes used for trimming and it really was cracked.

Right in front of us when we came out of the elevator was a table full of ribbons reduced to ten cents and we stopped to buy a yard to replace the cracked piece upstairs we didn't buy.

We got along famously at the velveteen counter until the time came to decide whether the coat should be green, or blue like her last one, which upon my voting for the blue, resulted in a decision for the only alternative. Before the clerk sent it to be parcelled up she made him cut off a sample which she handed me to take to the lining counter and get matched and save time. She was in a terrible hurry you understand. Well I went and the clerk got down what looked to me like an extra good piece of sateen that matched it perfectly. As I seemed pleased with it, she politely inquired, "How much?" I tried to explain to her that I hadn't come to buy it. I just wanted to get it matched. With a half concealed smile she turned away to speak to another clerk while I leaned over the counter and waited. The minutes passed and I became conscious that all the clerks in my vicinity were grinning with grins that broadened every moment, until it suddenly struck me that the whole establishment had been treated to laughing gas and I had gone through the mental process of reporting them to the manager and having them dismissed by departments before my friend appeared around the corner. With the most amiable of smiles she sauntered up to the counter, picked up a corner of the sateen, sniffed, picked up another corner, sniffed again and said in a tone of unutterable disgust, "Is that the best they have. I can do better than that at home." I hope she did.

That finished our shopping in that store but as you will remember the hat question was still undecided, which necessitated a trip to another some blocks away. When we reached the street we found it was still raining and though my friend had an umbrella it would never go up except on very fine days. So she carried it under her arm, while we plodded cheerfully through the mud. Once inside, again, however, we were all right and entered into the hat question with renewed zeal. This time the prices were even more extortionate and the hats even less satisfactory than before so we decided to leave the matter unsettled until she had gone home and thought the matter over. Having reached this conclusion I supposed we were ready to go home and rang the bell for the elevator but before it reached us my friend saw some caps at the far end of the store and went off hurriedly, promising to be back in a minute. I excused myself to the elevator boy and followed her to find her fitting red caps on a venerable gray headed clerk, who submitted meekly to being turned around and around for inspection.

New Boarding House.

After the word of warning in the last number of the Monthly many of my readers will be interested to know that the Young Women's Christian Association of this city have opened a new boarding house for girls at 373 William Avenue, just opposite the public library.

The building is not a new one but what a lot of energetic women can do with an old one is surprising. The home was still only in the early stages of preparation when the writer had the pleasure of visiting it and even in that time much had been done with the help of soap and water, so that if spotless floors and shining windows are any guarantee of comfort it is surely to be found there. Most of the rooms have been freshly papered. All the bedrooms on the ground floor are single and have the cutest little single beds with all-wool mattresses and home-made comforters. There will be a carpet on the floor and curtains on the windows, and these with a dresser and stand will complete the furnishings. Most of the rooms on the second floor are also single and they have the additional advantage of having each a small clothes' closet.

For all these single rooms the charge, with board will be four-fifty per week. Besides this there are what they call dormitories: three large rooms with three single beds each. One of these will make a lovely summer bedroom for some lucky girls. It has two large windows reaching nearly to the floor and overlooking the avenue and a door opening on to a balcony. It has only one drawback—there is no clothes' closet; but the ladies have mad a brave attempt to overcome this difficulty by making two corners do duty instead, where a judicious arrangement of shelves make an excellent substitute.

The rate for these dormitories is fifty cents a week less. Altogether it is expected the new home will accommodate thirty-five girls and they should be able to have a very good time since the only requirement is ladylike conduct.

The parlor is a fairly large room with a big front window and an open grate. There is an open grate in the dining room, also a sewing machine has been provided for the use of the girls, which will be a great boon to the one who makes her own clothes.

Perhaps even more important from the standpoint of economy is the laundry in the basement which the boarders are at liberty to use. Girls who have lived in the country all their

XMAS FURS

Yes, it's early, but you want time to consider this vital question. We want you to take this matter up with us by writing for our beautifully illustrated Catalogue which we will be glad to mail you with our Price List.

The fur you are thinking of is in our extensive stock, our own make and guaranteed.

All orders receive prompt attention.

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WINNIPEG'S RELIABLE FURRIER
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Palmer's Hair Goods

WE import the finest cut hair in the world and make it up in our own workrooms under the eyes of the most skilful European experts.

Our products in **Natural Hair Switches, Pompadours, Transformations, Toupees** and **Wigs** are equal to those of the famous makers on the Continent.

If you want the best to be procured in America, write to us.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.

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WANTED
30,000 Dark MINK
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at highest market prices.
Also all other kinds of Raw Furs.
I pay all express charges on fur shipments.
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I charge no commission.
Ship to the largest dealer in Canada. Sale one million dollars per annum.

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ROOFS That Stay Roofed

The strongest wind that ever blew can't rip away a roof covered with self-locking

"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES

Rain can't get through it in 25 years (guaranteed in writing for that long—good for a century, really)—fire can't bother such a roof—proof against all the elements—the cheapest GOOD roof there is.

Write us and we'll show you why it costs least to roof right. Just address

a26

The PEDLAR People (Est'd 1861).

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The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet

Used in the following Western Public Schools—

"Neepawa"
"Killarney"
"Melita"
"Wolseley"
"McGregor"

and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposit.

PRICES

$26.50

to

$35.00

Write us for booklet and information.

Ashdown's Retail Dept. Winnipeg, Man.

FREE

Send your name and address and we will send you 30 handsome pieces of jewelry worth 25c to sell at 10c each. When sold return our $3.00 and we will send you this Fully Guaranteed Stem-wind Watch, silver nickel case, fancy edge, open face heavy cry-tal. A splendid timekeeper, Ladies size, for selling 40 pieces. Write to-day. Wholesale Price Co., Dept. 12W Toronto.

10 Cents

Pays for this big bundle of goods; sure to please you. 2 Stamped Linen Doilies, 1 Solid Pl. Ring 1 pkge. Embroidery Silk, 1 lot handsome Silk Pieces, 50 bright new Silks, 3 Studs and pai. Cuff Buttons. All the above 61 Articles nly 10 cents post paid. 3 lots 25c., 12 lots for 80c. Address: SEVILLE LACE CO., West Orange, New Jersey.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE TO LEARN BOOK-KEEPING when I will make a first-class BOOK-KEEPER OF YOU AT YOUR OWN HOME in Six Weeks for $8 or Refund Money? Fair enough? Distance and experience immaterial. I find Positions, too, Everywhere. Free. Placed pupil Aug. 12 at $120 Weekly. Perhaps I can place YOU, too! Have 9,009 testimonials. Save this and write. J. H. GOODWIN, Expert Accountant, Room 607, 1215 Broadway, New York.

lives can scarcely realize what an advantage this is since they have never sent their clothes to the laundry to have them come home torn and rotted and sometimes not even clean. Altogether the new venture bids fair to be a success and its progress will be watched with interest.

Warming The Home.

As I write I can hear the peculiar rattle of coal being shovelled into a cellar and it suggests a subject I have had on my mind very much of late, namely the proper heating of our homes and schools. This is a subject on which I can speak feelingly, my feet at this very moment being numb with cold.

It seems to me there is no one thing for which people spend money as grudgingly as for fuel. I know it is very dear and very scarce, and some people have not the money, and some cannot get it. It is not of these I complain, but of those who have money to spend for everything else. I am not exaggerating when I say that I have slept in bedrooms so cold that the weight of the quilts on the bed would have kept me awake even if the cold had not. I have shuffled into my clothes with numb fingers and aching feet, praying like Hamlet, "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt and thaw." I might just say here that it very rarely did so before eleven o'clock.

A fire in the kitchen stove there was, of course, and one in the sitting room when company came, that is if the company was grown up. Small visitors were made very much at home, allowed to spend the evening in the kitchen and retire in the cold.

It is well that the inhabitants of these homes are not generally troubled with a hankering for solitude. Of course if they did happen to harbor a weakness of that kind a half hour in their bedroom with their breath floating fog-like about the room would be a fairly sure cure. They would probably be thankful to return to the kitchen in spite of the noisy children, clattering dishes and odor of steaming stable clothes. The school children, too, having no other place to go gather around the kitchen table and accomplish much listening, considerable squabbling and a little learning.

Speaking of school children brings me to the second part of my text, the proper heating of our schools. Granting that people have a right to run their homes as they please and pay for patent medicines and doctors rather than for fuel if they see fit, they have no right to run their schools on the same principle. The school is a public institution and the government should see to it that the buildings set apart for this purpose are at least habitable. The conditions obtaining in some of our public schools would shock many of our readers, at least I hope they would be shocked. I would not like to think it is cold blooded cruelty that makes parents send their children to a large room in which the fire in the box stove is allowed to go out at half past four to be rekindled at half past eight the next morning. This room has six or eight large windows through which the snow filters on to the window sills. The door, too, very probably abruptly ends an inch from the floor, leaving a ventilator where it is not wanted.

Coming in cold from a long drive it would be cruelty to ask the children to take their seats and rest their already cold feet on the frozen floor. But it is school time, so the half frozen teacher at the blackboard directs the classes as best she can.

All rural schools are not as bad as this. No, some of them have storm windows, frequently put on in February and taken off in June, but they are storm windows nevertheless, and some of them have a caretaker and are kept really warm, but they are the exception, I believe, and not the rule. "Then why do not the teachers complain?" some anxious mother asks. I have known them to do so and the answer has been something like this. "Dear me, that school ought to be warm. I'm sure Thomas has spent enough money on it." and that is allowed to settle the question.

If these conditions existed only in new settlements it would not be so bad, but that it should be true of a district of well-to-do farmers with big farms and money in the bank is deplorable. Mothers who read this page, how can your mother-love let you send your daughters, at the most critical period of their lives, to sit half frozen for at least a third of every day? Perhaps your children have never complained. Let me tell you why. The average child is not given to fault finding and never having known a warm school takes it for granted that all schools must be cold and says nothing about it. There is another reason; children are very loyal. The sons and daughters of the trustees feel that to complain of the school is to complain of father. I have known the daughter of a secretary-treasurer to sit in her seat blue with cold rather than to move to the stove and acknowledge that she found the room too cold. She had inflammatory rheumatism for four months that year.

Do not wait for your children to complain. Go with them some cold morning and make sure what the school house is like and remember that if education is the greatest element in the making of a great nation your school must be first with you now and always.

Santa Claus' Workshop.

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If ten or more acres are purchased, from us the amount paid for ticket will be accepted as part of the first payment. Tickets to be purchased December 2, 3, 4, 17, 18 and 19, 1907, or Jan. 4, 5, 6, 22, 23, 24, 1908, when the C.P.R. will sell round trip tickets at single fare plus $2.00.

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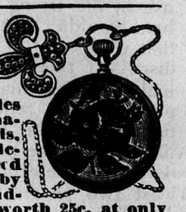

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What to Wear and When to Wear It.

By E. C. H.

Holiday Clothes.

Holiday clothes are a serious matter, even to those who get only one new suit or hat, perhaps especially to them, since the fewer our clothes the more time we must spend in choosing them.

At this season of the year when we are almost sure to have our winter hat and coat and furs the choice of a suit is rather more difficult than earlier in the season, as it must be selected with reference to all these things. Having selected the color that harmonizes best with the rest of one's clothing the next question is the style. Fortunately the most striking feature of the winter fashions is one that is becoming to nearly every one, the square effect of the blouse emphasized by the kimona lines of the sleeves. Strange as it may seem to some the very broadness of the new gowns is particularly becoming to short stout people, the wide shoulder effect seeming to detract from the size of the hips. There are modifications of this tendency to suit all figures and materials and the woman who is wise will choose one of them for her Christmas suit, as it seems likely that this fancy will continue to hold the popular fancy for some time to come.

As I said before the most striking feature of the new blouse is the sleeve and of these the kimona and draped bell sleeve are the newest. The former is used for shirtwaists and all kinds of dresses and blouses and is very pretty and easily made. It lends itself particularly to combination of all kinds. The bell shaped sleeve is more suitable for dressy gowns.

Skirts are worn both plain and kilted, though the latest skirts have not so many plaits as formerly. A certain flatness on the hips is noticeable and more fullness in the back and front. Coats are three quarter length or very short and almost tight fitting though I should say this is the question of all others on which one should use their own judgment. There are some people who cannot wear a tight fitting coat and to these people I would say by all means wear a loose coat and be out of the fashion if necessary in order to look well. Indeed I believe that is the secret of good dressing—to know what to wear.

A man writing on the subject of women's clothes complained of the sameness of them. "Why will women dress so much alike?" Why do we? Take furs for instance. For a few seasons every woman you meet will be wearing mink, whether dark or fair, pale or rosy it makes no difference. If mink is the thing we wear it regardless of becomingness.

This year the fad is for white fox and it is really pathetic to see the complexions that it is made to go with. Isabel fox is much worn also and some of the sets are exceedingly beautiful. The winter coats are mostly fur lined or rat skin. The latter fur though becoming is rather common and will probably not stay in fashion much longer. Good furs, of course, always look well, and as very few women can afford to change their furs every year or even every two years the question in buying them is not so much their popularity as their becomingness.

The suggestions given above will apply to all clothes but the materials must be decided by the community in which you live. In the larger towns and even in some of the smaller ones very beautiful party dresses are worn and in a few rural districts white muslins and silks but as a rule only light waists and tailored skirts are seen at these gatherings. Where dancing is the chief amusement and the dances are in private houses wash blouses are more serviceable than silks and quite as pretty.

There are so many dainty wash materials to be had now at a reasonable figure that one need never be without a light blouse suitable for almost any occasion. When a change is made from a heavy blouse to an unlined one it is well to have a knitted golf waist or norfolk jacket to wear under the coat. If it is worn only when the change is made the danger of taking cold is greatly lessened. Another convenience of a similar nature is the long woollen gloves to be worn with short sleeved waists. They are to be had in black or white and fit closely to the arm. If your merchant does not happen to have them small stockings could be made to take their place. With the feet cut out they make very good sleevelets or both of these being unavailable they might be made out of cloth though they are not so practical as the woollen ones. Something of the kind every one who wears short sleeves should have whether they live in the country or in town.

For the little girl's dress, the one she is to wear to the church or school concert, if it must be light let it be delaine or some other soft material rather than of lawn. Some select lustre but it is open to the serious objection of shrinking a great deal in washing. Delaine on the other hand, shrinks very little, washes quite as well and hangs more gracefully. It comes in so many pretty colors and patterns that if every little girl in the school had a dress of it there need not be two alike. It not only wears well but looks well until it falls to pieces. The original cost will probably be nearly double that of muslin, the pieces ranging from thirty five cents for polka dots to sixty for the shimmery stuff with satin stripes, but when one considers the saving in washing this does not seem so much. As it never crushes under a coat a dress of it can be worn for a week without looking soiled. Washed twice through soft warm water with pure soap, rinsed, hung up in the house to dry, pressed out quickly and in an hour it is ready to wear.

In making girls' dresses, bear in mind that the same principles apply to chidren's clothes as to those of grown-ups and as a rule it is more trouble to make them conforming to the fashion of today than to that of two years ago and gives much more pleasure to the young people. So when you are making the winter coat you will not find the straps over the shoulders much extra trouble and they will make all the difference in the general effect. It is just such little things that make the difference between stylish clothes and common ones. Even the little tots are having wide shoulders and kimona sleeves and when one comes to think of it the fashions this year must have been made especially for the woman with a large family and little means. Was there ever a time when it was so easy to make over and not looked patched? One can have checked cloth and plain cloth and silk all in one dress and yet look very stylish. While the fad lasts let us use up all our little scraps. What about that skirt that never could be made to hang properly, why not make a blouse of it with kimona sleeves showing under sleeves made of the remains of that old silk underskirt or dress. Perhaps it is some old lace you have had lying around in your way for years, why not use it for sleeves, falling loose or caught down over some pale silk it would look lovely. That is if it is really good lace. Cheap cotton lace. even when new does not look really pretty. It is with lace, like feathers, unless you can afford the best do not have any. Braid at five cents a yard looks better than lace at twenty-five. Ribbons for trimming may be had very reasonably too. Nothing cheapens a costume like a poor plume or common lace—much better to have cheap braid and dainty ribbons.

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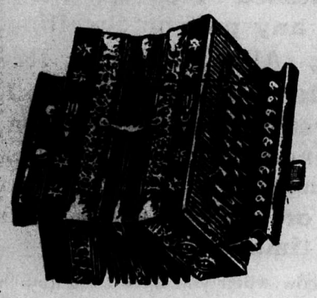

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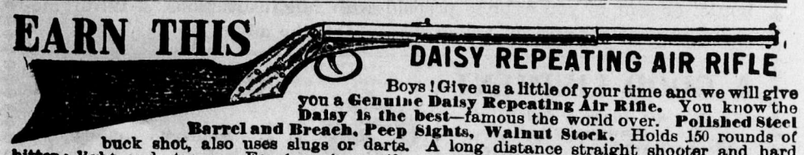

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IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Violin Outfit for $7.50.

The attention of our readers is directed to the business announcement of Warner's Limited, Brandon, Man., appearing on another page. Warner's handle almost everything in music and musical instruments. They are making a special offer of a violin outfit complete for $7.50, which is sure to attract the attention of shrewd buyers. When writing Warner's please mention the Western Home Monthly.

Learn to Mount Birds.

Men and women and boys who desire to adopt a profession could do no better than to learn the great art of stuffing and mounting birds, animals, game heads and all other trophies. The call for the skilful taxidermist is almost unlimited.

It requires almost no capital at all to hang out a sign as a professional taxidermist when the profession is once learned, and every taxidermist who is skilled in his work gets more to do than he can take care of.

And like the skilled doctor, the taxidermist may charge what he chooses. Many of the best known taxidermists think nothing of charging $200.00 or more for a single order. Often they charge this amount merely for mounting a small bird, game head or animal.

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Taxidermy is now taught successfully by mail by N. W. School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Neb. This school guarantees success to its students or no tuition is charged. Write to this school today and get free a beautiful illustrated book entitled: "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals." Mention the name of this paper.

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They want their pay, but not until you can say "Here is the dollar. You deserve it," not until they have earned it, not until you are willing to send it to them, not until you want to send it to them, not until you are satisfied to pay it, not until they have proven to you what they claim, not until Vitae-Ore has done for you what you want it to do for you. Until then, you pay them nothing. After that you will be willing to pay. Glad to pay, as hundreds of the readers of this paper, yea, thousands, have been willing and glad to pay. You are to be the judge! They leave it to you entirely for you to decide. If you can say that they, and Vitae-Ore, have earned your money, the Theo. Noel Company, of Toronto, Ont., wants your money, but not otherwise. That is how this big Toronto medicine firm, who have advertised the genuine Vitae-Ore regularly in this paper for years, are offering their Vitae-Ore in their big advertisement in this issue, the secret of their success. That is how they have grown and grown, year after year, by acting fairly and squarely, that is how they have made hundreds of firm, true and lasting friends among the readers of this paper. Your neighbors have tried it, know it to be true; why shouldn't you? How can you refuse to give this most remarkable of remedies a trial on the terms of such a liberal offer! If you need medicinal treatment of any kind, if you are sick and ailing, if any one of your family is ailing, poorly, worn out, sickly, it is actually a sin and a shame if you do not send for Vitae-Ore upon the terms of their thirty-day trial offer. Read the offer! Read it again! Send for the medicine! Do it to-day! Each day lost makes your case older, obstinate, harder, hurts you more, pains you more. They take all the risk, you have nothing to lose. You are to be the judge! Beware of imitations, many of which are being offered by unscrupulous imitators, and be sure that you get the genuine and only reliable Vitae-Ore by sending to the Theo. Noel Company, Ltd., Dept. H. M., Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Read their big page advertisement on page 11.

Bovril His First Meal.

A recent issue of the Aberdeen Evening Gazette contains a reference to the feat of endurance the fasting man, M. Victor Beaute, was at that time attempting and apparently with some good prospect of success. The notice reads: "Although he has been enclosed in his glass prison at Humber's Waxworks, George Street, for 34 days, M. Victor Beaute is still alive and hearty, although he has subsisted the whole of this time on either soda water or plain water to the extent of one pint daily and a couple of cigarettes a day. Throughout the ordeal M. Beaute has been always cheerful and ever ready to discuss any subject, besides transacting his own correspondence and keeping himself well in touch with the various topics of the world. Naturally he has had some curious experiences since he has been cooped up in Aberdeen. Audiences, which have averaged some 2,800 daily, have different moods according to their varied temperaments. A fairly large proportion of the visitors to the museum have not hesitated to say that the whole thing is a "fake" and some of their arguments for this opinion are, to say the least, amusing. As a matter of fact, the mere wasting of a strong healthy man to the extent of over two stones in four weeks ought to convince the most skeptical among the audience that there is something in it. If this were not required, a glance at the photographs would tell the same tale. The most dangerous part of the whole performance takes place on Monday night, at the Northern Hall, when M. Beaute will break his fast in the presence of any who care to attend. He has received over two cwts. of various styles of patent foods and is rather amused at the rush of the various merchants for the sake of advertisement. His first meal, however, will take the form of a cup of Bovril and a biscuit. Mr. James Mearns, having acceeded to Mr. Beaute's request to be present to administer the stimulant."

Ideal Christmas Gifts.

Mesdames Seaman & Petersen, the New York Hair Store, Y. M. C. A. Blk., Winnipeg, are to be congratulated on the large and varied display of fancy combs which they have obtained for the holiday season. A fancy comb is an article which is sure to be appreciated as a Christmas gift as it combines the elements of both beauty and utility and in addition to this lasts for years. We can conscientiously recommend our readers to this firm as their mail-order department is complete and every order is given immediate attention.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Soap Men in Liquidation.

Drysalters Limited, against whom recently judgment was rendered for infringing the trade marks of Baby's Own Soap, have also gone into liquidation.

In Montreal The Dominion de Forest Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., is reported to have gone into liquidation, Messrs. Savage & Fisk being appointed to wind up the company.

Special Gun Offer.

On page 17 of this number, The Hingston Smith Arms Co. are offering four of their regular lines of guns at greatly reduced prices. A representative of the firm informs us that nothing but their urgent need of space for winter goods now arriving would warrant the reductions made. This house has been established in Winnipeg for 30 years. Our readers may rest assured that any offer they make is thoroughly reliable and their goods exactly as represented.

A Cheap and Efficient Power.

The question of cheap, economical and efficient power for sawing, threshing, road making, plowing, grinding, etc., has been satisfactorily solved by the makers of the Hart-Parr oil cooled gasoline engine. The severe winter weather of our northern climate has no bad effects on the Hart-Parr. No water to freeze as it's oil cooled; this in itself should commend it favorably to intending buyers. It's different than steam, being less expensive to operate, more convenient, more handy and longer lived. The Hart-Parr is an engine that may be used the whole year round—built for all purposes, it is the popular power in the market. Stationary engines any size from two horsepower up; portables from 11 horsepower up. tractions from 17 horsepower up can be secured at short notice from the sole agents for Western Canada, J. & E. Brown, Portage la Prairie, Man. Write for illustrated catalogue and mention the Western Home Monthly.

Practical Farm Buildings.

This is the time of the year when the farmer should give a little extra thought to his stock and make sure that they're properly and warmly housed. It's an investment to do so. The nights are sharp and a bad draught may mean the loss of a good many dollars' worth of live stock. When it costs so little to put a barn or building in good shape, it's a mistake to neglect looking out for this. A few rolls of Paroid Roofing will make snug, warm shelter out of almost any

kind of a building. Not only is it used for the roofs, but the sides as well. Some good ideas and suggestions along these lines are found in a little book entitled "Practical Farm Buildings" which gives valuable advice to anyone planning to build or repair. The publishers, F. W. Bird & Son, of East Walpole, Mass., will be pleased to send a copy to any reader of the Western Home Monthly interested in these subjects, upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps to pay postage. When writing them please mention this magazine.

Enormous Fortunes in Coal.

Few small investors have a true conception of the great profits that may be made from a small investment in stock in a coal property. To illustrate what we have in mind, we will reproduce here a portion of the official report upon the International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, Coleman, Alberta. This Company paid dividend No. 3, August 1st, 1907, amounting to $42,000.

The International Coal and Coke Company, Ltd., has a capital of $3,000,000, shares having a par value of $1.00 per share. The total amount of shares outstanding are 2,800,000, there being 200,000 shares in the treasury.

Dividends are being paid quarterly at the rate of six per cent. per annum, the last one paid being August 1st, making a total of about $98,000,000 paid to shareholders this year.

The latest report from the secretary of the company to the shareholders shows a surplus on hand of $393,469.84.

The engineer of the company gives an estimate of the coal developed and now on hand ready to be broken down from the rooms, as being 1,600,283 tons.

The International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, shares are now selling on exchanges at 90 to 92 cents per share. Three years ago they could have been bought at 10 cents per share.

To-day the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company's stock can be bought at 15 cents a share which, if all prodictions come true, will equal the International Coal and Coke Company as a money maker. The par value of the shares is one dollar.

Should the B. C. Amalgamated prove as remunerative to investors as the International Coal and Coke Co. did, every dollar invested in ths property now will be worth six dollars to the investor in three years' time. Shrewd investors in financial centres have been making heavy purchases in British Columbia Amalgamated stock lately, and it is only a question of a very short while before the price of the stock will be advanced.

Those who are fortunate enough to secure even a few hundred shares at 15 cents a share, and then lay it aside and forget all about it for a short time, will suddenly realize in the near future what a sensible and profitable investment they have made.

Dairying That Pays.

A few farmers make a handsome income from their dairy; many achieve a moderate success; some do not begin to make as much money out of their cows as they should.

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In order to ensure promp receipt, those who write the Vermont Farm Machine Co. might mention this paper.

Testimonials.

Mr. Tuttle,—I come to tell you that by the care of Jos. Hussin I gave two of my horses your condition powders and the powder for worms. I can assure you that since I have been keeping horses I have never met its equal as I found that they passed worms 12 inches long and today my horses are in good health. I had a colt that had a bad strain. I followed your treatment and I had not used a bottle of the Elixir before it was in good health again and today I recommend it to all my friends as the discovery I made from Jos. Hussin who sells such good medicines for horses. You can publish my testimonial to everybody. Jos. Levigne, St. Remi d'Amherst Co., Labelle P. O.

Mr. Tuttle.—I want to tell you that I was suffering with Rheumatism in the arm and could no longer use my arm. I spoke to Mr. Hussin to see if he could give me a remedy to cure my arm. He sold me two bottles of Family Elixir and I am completely cured. You can publish my testimonial. Madame Abelle Bernard, St. Emile, Suffolk Co., Labelle, Que.

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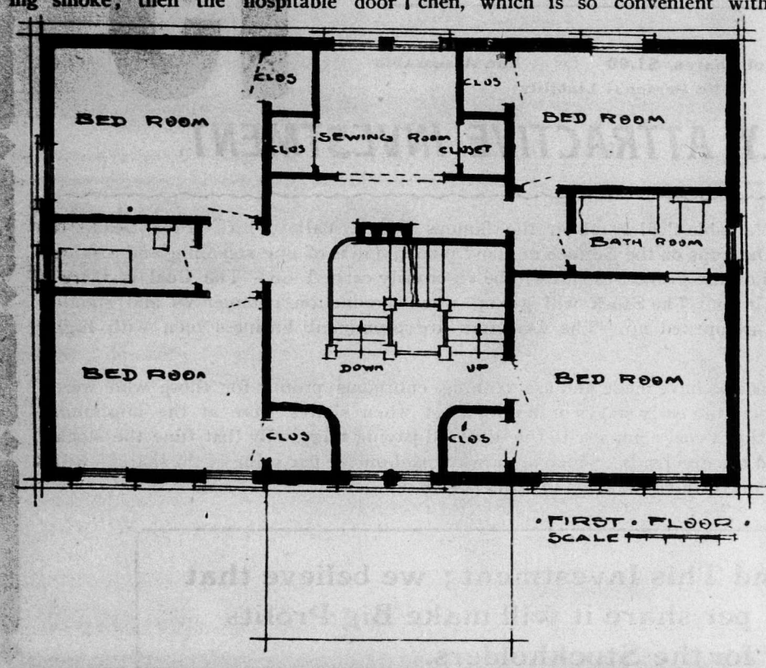
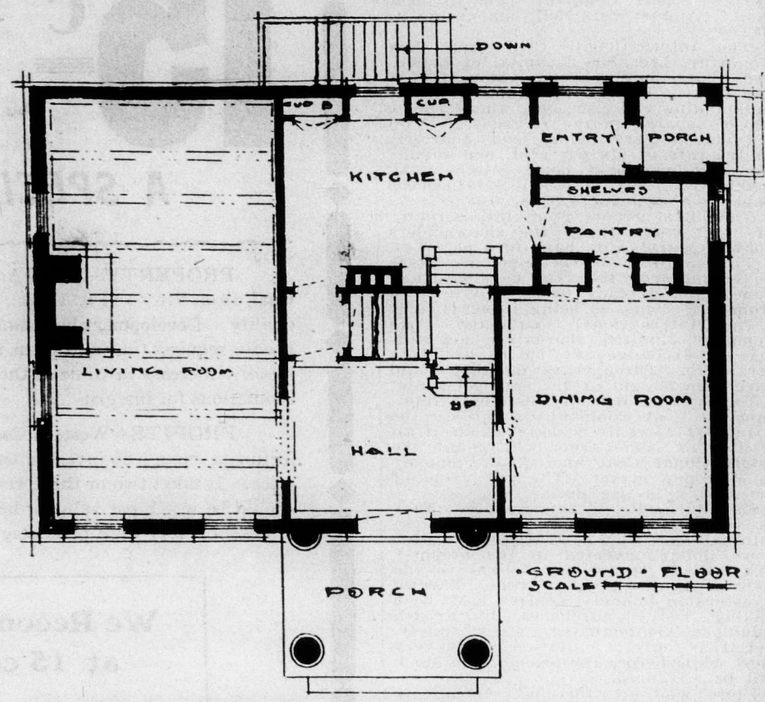
ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

Christmas is close at hand, the season of glad tidings and hospitality. The old year is preparing to bid us farewell, and in this season of gaiety, which brings so many hearts together, our thoughts go back to the old home—the old fireside, the sound of the wind in the creaking branches—all the old recollections crowd upon us of the happy, happy Christmas times when we were young. We see the snow-heaped roof in the gray twilight, the red chimneys with their curling smoke; then the hospitable door opens and reveals the decorations, holly and evergreens. We again enter the large, panelled, beamed living-room, with its immense brick fireplace, in which is a huge fire of blazing coals, with the sparks flying over the brick hearth without danger, for it is of ample dimensions. We draw near to the heat. The deep red glow penetrates throughout the room, and the winter without is only a joyous remembrance as we revel in the cheer within. The good wife is in the kitchen, which is so convenient with its dressers and cupboards and pantrys. Soon we are warmed and go upstairs to dress for the dinner, and as we ascend the wide panelled staircase we cannot but admire once more the convenience and compactness of the planning. The hall, a reflection of the living-room, is panelled in deep red burlap, with the native finished wood forming the compartments. We observe the dainty decorations and furnishings of the bedrooms, and as we go down to the dining-room we realize that this is a farmer's home. The low ceilings give such a cosy effect, and we cannot help once more taking a peep into the living-room as we go to the dining-room. The wind is moaning in the chimney, and the shadows are playing amongst the beams on the ceiling. Dinner is served—Christmas Eve dinner—and the table is surrounded by old and young. The steaming meal is put on the table by the wife, while the head of the house serves. It is a merry meal. Everyone then adjourns to the living-room, and there around its fireside renew the old memories of nights gone by. We awake to a frosty Christmas morning, that we felt in spite of the hot air furnace and all modern conveniences. Breakfast is over, and then Ho! for church. As we wend our way down the snowy path, we look back and see the home nestling amongst the trees, with the snow piled on its window-sills and heaped about it, and then to the gay pealing of the church bells we slowly leave it behind.





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IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

Country visitors to Winnipeg during December will always find an enjoyable evening's entertainment awaiting them at the Winnipeg Theatre.

Both Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie have instituted a series of Sunday concerts, and it is pleasing to state that the public patronage which they richly deserve has been very readily accorded them.

The Indian Head Century Tennis Club concert was held in the basement of the Methodist Church on Wednesday, Nov. 6. The following was the programme: Chairman's address, W. J. Brotherton; piano duet, Misses Margaret Stewart and Cora Trimble; solo, W. Simmonds; instrumental solo, Miss Nesbitt; solo, Mrs. Wharton; recitation, Miss Pearl Fowler; instrumental solo, Miss Worth; recitation, H. A. Moore; solo, Mrs. McCarter; God Save the King!

St. Mary's Guild held a very successful concert at Portage la Prairie on November 22nd, when the following programme was rendered: Solo, "Lullaby," "Ermirse," Miss Emile Kirke; duet, "Only Tired," Misses Wade; recitation, Mr. McGuire; solo, "Bartlett's Dream," Miss Emile Kirke, encore "Asthore"; solo, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," B. R. Brooker; duet, "Nightingale's Love Song," Misses Wade; solo, "Down the Vale," W. Baker; God Save the King!

An enjoyable concert arranged by the schoolmaster, Mr. J. M. Marshall, was given at Brancepeth on Thanksgiving Day. Selections of music were excellently rendered on the guitar by Prof. Brooks, of Tiger Hill, while Mr. Marshall himself was as strong as usual with the comic element. Others who assisted were the chairman, Geo. Taylor, Ida and Vera Taylor, Geo. and Victoria Lyons, Pearl Taylor, Miss T. and Agnes Korsmore. Rev. C. Cunningham told some funny stories. Refreshments were served and the proceedings continued till a late hour.

The I. O. G. T. Lodge held a concert at the Orange Hall, Portage la Prairie, on Friday November 8th. The programme from start to finish was excellent, the unstinted applause accorded to the different pieces testifying to their respective merits. The two glee selections were indeed splendid. The solo by Miss Leo Livingstone was a treat to all, it being especially well rendered. Other solos by different young ladies were very well rendered, all receiving their round of applause. Miss Grace Cobbe's dramatic recitation received a hearty ovation, and H. Davidson was seen to advantage with two violin solos.

A highly successful concert was held at Camrose, Alta., on Thanksgiving Day. The following was the programme:—Part I.: Selection, Band; cornet solo, Mr. Helgerson; solo, Miss Smart; piano solo, Prof. Melonson; reading, Mr. Darling; violin solo, Mr. Defferon; solo, J. E. Carroll; reading, Miss Stong; solo, Miss Smart; selection, Band. Part II.: Piano solo, Prof. Melonson; solo, Miss Smart; selection, Band; reading, Mr. Darling; cornet solo, Mr. Helgerson; violin solo, Mr. Defferon; selection, Band; solo, Miss Smart; piano solo, Prof. Melonson; selection, Band.

The hospital concert on October 31st, at Virden, was a conspicuous success, a large crowd being present. The program was quite lengthy and to specialize would be but to repeat expressions of delightful satisfaction with those parts of the programme contributed by the local talent and the beautiful solos by Mr. Thompson, of Winnipeg, and Miss Hood, of Oak Lake; but we cannot help referring to the Japanese song and chorus by a number of young ladies in costume, with appropriate stage setting. It was really one of the most meritorious items on the programme.

A moderately filled house was present to witness the Sanford Dodge Company's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" at Pratt's Theatre, Portage la Prairie, on November 12th. The great Shakespearian play was forcefully acted and drew forth many flattering comments. As Portia, Miss Louise Marshall scored a distinct success, and stamped herself as a clever and versatile actress. The mercy speech was a particularly good piece of work. The difficult role of Shylock was in the hands of Sanford Dodge, who portrayed the crafty, avaricious Jew in a manner which elicited general praise. Cecil Bowser was very amusing as Launcelot Gobbo and McLain T. Gates effectively took the part of Gratiano. All of the other parts were satisfactorily accounted for.

At the Winnipeg Theatre during November, the clever Stock Company put on a series of plays which were greeted nightly by crowded houses. Sherlock Holmes, The Girl I Left Behind Me, and Her Own Way held the boards for the first three weeks, and then the farcical element was represented by the offering of the late Augustin Daly's success "A Night Off." As the months go by, the two stars, Miss Rebecca Warren and Mr. Geo. Alison, add fresh laurels to their histrionic fame, while the rest of the company have won nothing but golden opinions from press and public alike. In these days of vulgar musical comedy it is indeed pleasant to find a company which is content to offer its patrons the legitimate drama.

A successful concert was held at the Opera House, Virden, Man., on November 12th, in aid of the local Fire Brigade. The double quartettes by Messrs. Hill Wilson, Yewdall, Hobday, Sales, Creelman, Gilchrist and Bremner were rendered in excellent style, the voices harmonizing nicely, and music-lovers will certainly be pleased to hear them again. Mrs. P. H. Lobb sang her numbers in her usual good style. W. Clarke was seen to advantage in his character songs, which were a source of great pleasure to the large audience. Mrs. Menzies, who is among the new contributors to Virden concert programmes, gave a couple of piano solos, which showed that she is a player of more than ordinary ability. M. P. Wilson is rapidly assuming a front rank among the vocalists of the town, and he added in no small measure to his reputation by his rendering of several numbers at this concert.

We would call the attention of our musical raders to the fact that an Exhibition, entitling its holder to free musical tuition for not less than two years, at the Royal Academy of Music or the Royal College of Music, London, England, will in future be offered by the Associated Board annually to candidates in the Dominion. This Exhibition will be awarded on the recommendation of the Board's Examiner to the candidate showing the greatest musical promise, if of sufficient ability. The Associated Board has also decided to offer annually gold and silver medals to candidates in the Dominion—a gold medal to the candidate obtaining the highest honors marks in each grade of the local centre examinations, and a silver medal to the next honors candidate in each grade, provided that such honors candidates obtain at least 185 marks. No candidate will be allowed to take more than one gold medal in the same subject. Further particulars can be obtained from M. Waring Davis, Secretary, McGill University Conservatorium of Music, 323 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal; or from James Muir, Secretary The Associated Board, 15 Bedford Square, London, W.C., England.

Karl Klein gave the first of his two recitals at the Y.M.C.A. auditorium, Winnipeg, on Monday, November 18th. The attendance was good, but there was by no means a full house, and if music-lovers of this city had only known what capabilities this young violinist possesses there is no doubt that the hall would have been packed. His opening number, a concerto in E major by Bach, was exquisitely played and foreshadowed the wonderful abilities that he displayed in his following pieces. Mrs. Clara M. Walker was the vocalist of the evening, and displayed a beautiful dramatic soprano voice. Her rendering of "Die Horsley," by Lisst, was very artistically given. Karl Klein next gave "Havannaise" by Saint Saens. His next item, three brief selections, were again magnificently given, and elicited an enthusiastic encore. He graciously responded with Dvorak's "Humoresque" in delightful fashion. Mrs. Walker gave three beautiful little songs in a very artistic way, and was accorded a well deserved encore. The next item, "Paraphrase (Parsifal) Wagner Wilkelmj," again gave Mr. Klein ample opportunities of displaying his wonderful abilities. The last item on the only too short programme was a fitting climax to a thoroughly artistic concert, the concerto in D major by Paganini, with Cadenza by Wilhemj. In this, Karl Klein displayed wonderful technique and execution, and with the perfect sympathy and feeling that marked his playing throughout fairly brought down the house.

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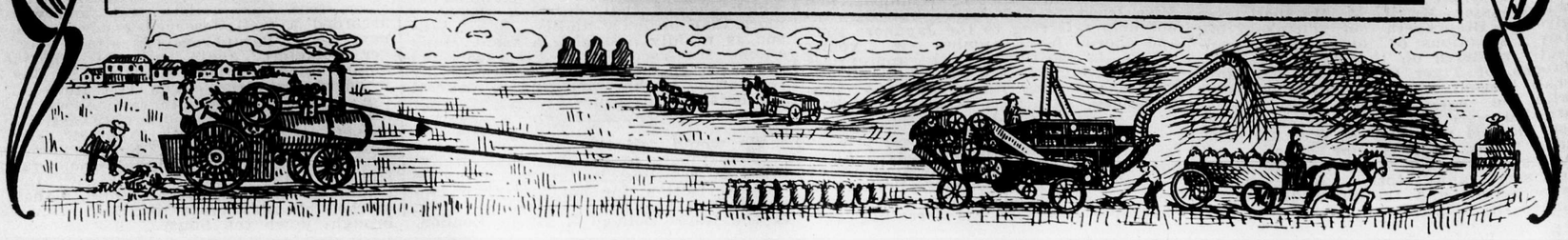

WHEAT MARKETS.

The improvement in financial conditions due to the action of the Dominion Government in furnishing funds to the banks doing a large grain business, although but slightly felt, is restoring additional confidence among traders. There is a gradual loosening up of money which is bound to be more noticeable as the season advances. The sudden and sensational drop in wheat prices a couple of weeks ago no doubt was attributable in a large measure to the money stringency. The infusion of additional currency into the regular avenues of business channels was a commendable act of the Government and is sure to bring a return of better prices. The advance may not be alarmingly rapid, yet a gradual improvement may be confidently looked for and will come surely. The Western farmers should bestir themselves and endeavor to market their low grade wheat before navigation closes.

There appears to be a good demand for low grade wheat in Ontario where the farmers there will use it for feeding stock.

Both commission men and farmers are experiencing difficulties that breed dissatisfaction over the marketing of this low grade stuff. Wheat which leaves the shipping point apparently quite dry, arrives in Winnipeg in a tough condition, showing a good deal of moisture and is graded accordingly. The farmer very often is not satisfied because the grade is much below the quality of the wheat shipped. Oftentimes the farmer will ask for a regrade at Port Arthur, and the grain not improving the longer it remains in the car, a still lower grade is made.

If the farmers are alive to their own interests they will market all low grade wheat now.

If not marketed now it will spoil on their hands before spring and as a result the farmers will be the losers.

Wheat Shipments Less.

Ottawa, Nov. 25th.—Warehouse Commissioner Castle, of Winnipeg, reports to the trade and commerce department that during September and October shipments of grain from Port Arthur and Fort William were less than the previous year.

This year the wheat shipments were 8,882,755 bushels or 2,282,255 less than 1906. Oats 808,711 bushels, or 274,368 less, and barley 263,642 bushels, or 80,777 increase.

Prices of May Wheat for Four Years.

The following table shows the price of May wheat for delivery four successive years, viz: 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908. It is interesting to note how the price varies from year to year.

Oct.	1905.	1906.	1907.	1908
22	1.02	Sunday	78¾	1.12
23	Sunday	80¼	76	1.11⅛
24	1.01	80¾	76⅛	1.11¼
25	1.01⅛	80¾	75¾	1.12
26	1.00	82¼	75¾	1.12¾
27	1.01⅛	83⅛	76	Sunday
28	1.01	81⅛	Sunday	1.14
29	1.01	Sunday	76⅛	1.13
30	Sunday	82	76	1.13⅛
31	.99¾	82⅛	77	T'giving
Nov.				
1	1.00¾	81⅛	76¼	1.13⅛
2	1.01	80¾	77¼	1.12
3	1.00⅛	81	76¾	Sunday
4	.99⅛	80¼	Sunday	1.10
5	.99	Sunday	76¾	1.08
6	Sunday	80	76⅛	1.04
7	.99¼	79⅛	76¾	1.05
8	.99¼	81	75¾	1.06
9	.99¾	81	76¼	1.07
10	1.01	79⅛	76⅛	Sunday
11	1.01	79⅛	Sunday	1.10⅛
12	1.00⅛	Sunday	75¾	1.11⅛
13	Sunday	79⅛	76⅛	1.09⅛
14	1.00⅛	80⅛	76⅛	1.11
15	.99¾	77¾	77¼	1.11⅛
16	.99⅛	80¼	77⅛	1.10
17	T'giving	80⅛	77	Sunday
18	.99¼	80	Sunday	1.13⅛
19	.99¼	Sunday	77¾	1.12⅛
20	Sunday	79¾	78	1.13⅛

Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

Commencing Oct. 22, ending Nov. 20, 1907.

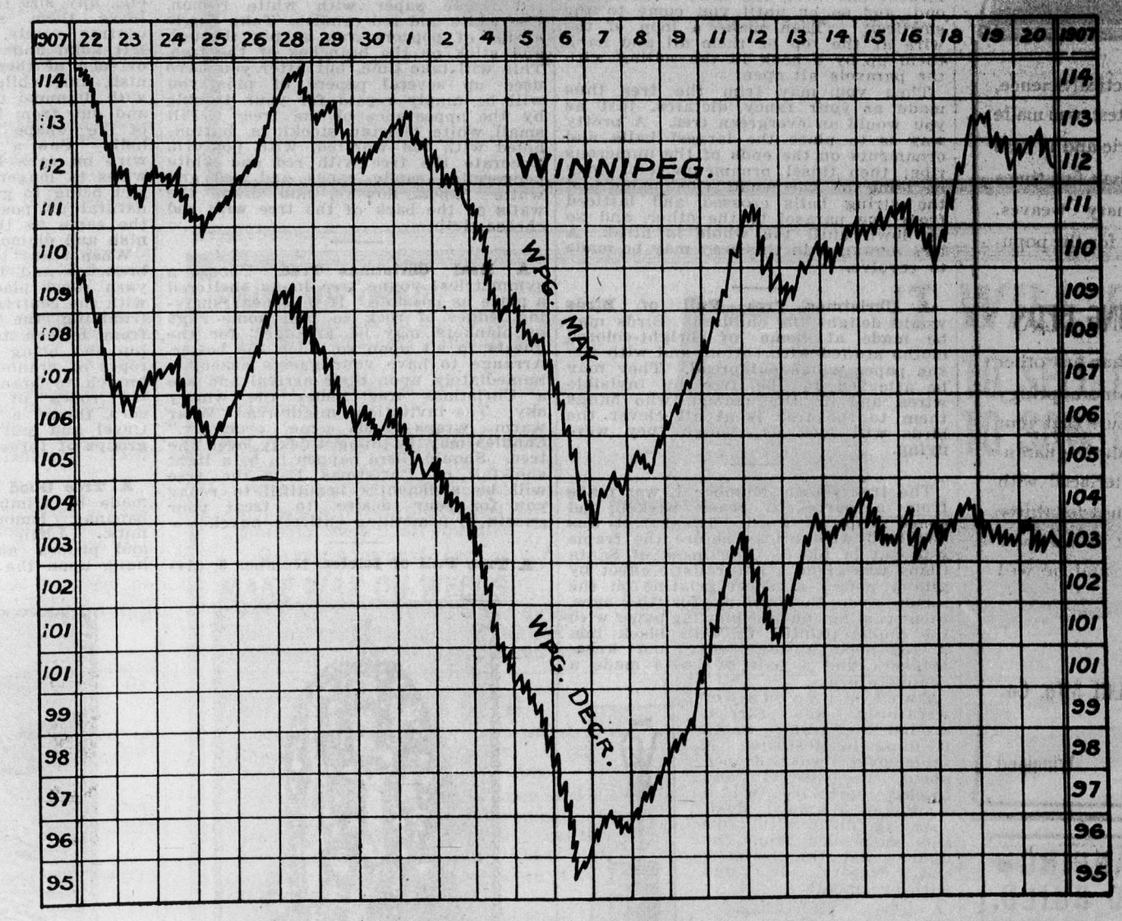

Chart showing fluctuations of Winnipeg wheat, supplied by

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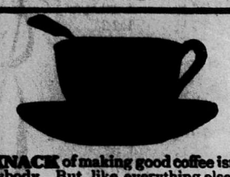

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H. STANLEY MITTON, ARCHITECT, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Many Kinds of Christmas Trees.

FOR a national Christmas tree select a full, evenly branched evergreen. On the summit place a gilded, sparkling star. Below the star, radiating from the topmost branch, tie a circle of small Canadian flags, touched with glue and sprinkled with diamond dust. Cut from gold paper a long strip or enough strips pasted together to encircle the tree. Groups of narrow streamers attached to the top of the tree and drawn down lightly over it may be cut out of red, white and blue tissue paper or tarletan, or, if expense be not closely counted, of ribbons, or, again, of the shining glass balls always to be found among Christmas tree ornaments.

Instead of the stereotyped varieties of decorations there should be substituted only such as are symbolical of life—human, animal, vegetable—in the wide domains under the control of our Government.

Pretty Chinese lanterns with lighted candles in them would attractively illuminate the tree, and Chinese dolls, with other Oriental trifles, would represent the dwellers of that city within a city in Vancouver, B. C. Small Indian dolls and Chinese bows and arrows are easy to find.

Oranges, bananas, apples, tomatoes—the real ones, or the pretty, cheap, pincushion fruits seen in all the large shops—may also be hung upon the tree.

The presents should be wrapped in red, white and blue papers, the candles also to be red, white and blue, and for the attractive glittering effect many small diamond-dusted flags could wave from the branches. The very energetic, bent in carrying out complete effects, might have little girls dressed in various costumes to distribute the gifts.

The base of the tree should be draped with red, white and blue bunting.

A Pretty Christmas Tree may be made from five ordinary Japanese paper sunshades. Each one should be of a smaller size than the preceding one. Run through each parasol from the ferrule end down through the bamboo handle a piece of stout wire long enough to hold all the sunshades. Put them all on in accordance with their size, the largest one first, the next largest second, and so on until you come to the smallest. Then make a loop of the wire at the top of them all and hang them up by a hook in the ceiling with the parasols all open.

Then you may trim the tree thus made as your fancy dictates, just as you would an evergreen tree. A pretty way is to place the largest balls and ornaments on the ends of the numerous ribs; then tinsel ornaments, etc., may be hung on the small ribs inside and the string balls crossed and latticed from one parasol to the other, and so on down until the whole is filled. A tree arranged in this way may be made to revolve.

A Christmas Tree Full of Birds would delight the children. Birds may be made at home of bright-colored cloths stuffed with cotton, and with tissue paper wings outspread. They may be attached to the tree by invisible wires, and if the person who hangs them to the tree is at all clever the birds will look as though they were flying.

The tree shown, Number 1, was made from a barrel, a peach basket and some strips of wood. The barrel was weighted with bricks before the frame was put in place. The mask of Santa Claus was given a naturalistic effect by gluing pieces of sheet gelatine on the inside over the opening for the eyes, then pasting on blue blotting paper with the pupils painted in with black ink. A red hood, a boy's coat and knee-trousers, and a pair of boots made a complete dress.

Twelve yards of wreathing was carried around the frame where it hung in festoons. A table-cover was draped about the barrel and thickly sprinkled with flour and diamond dust. A bag filled with toys was suspended from the figure, and the festoons and drapery decorated with ornaments.

When from Lack of Space a tree is out of the question, a fish-net or an old hammock may be hung over the wall near a cozy corner, and greens woven in and out through the meshes. If presents and ornaments are fastened in place and a light placed near by, a veritable Christmas corner will be in evidence.

A Christmas Tree Full of Blossoms may be made by cutting from tissue paper small circles and scalloping the edges slightly. Pinch with the fingers the centre of each, bringing the edges together with a fluted appearance, thus forming a petal. String four o these petals through the apex of each, then tie the ends of the string securely, and you will have a blossom.

If a chain of these blossoms is desired it is better to use a long piece of cotton twine, and as soon as one blossom is made leave a space of an inch or so; then knot the string and make another blossom in the same manner. It is very pretty to alternate the colors pink and white. These little blossoms may be used as pendants on a Christmas tree with a pretty effect, or they may be tied in clusters of three to a bunch, having quite the effect of nature when used in this manner.

These paper flowers are very simply made by cutting circles of tissue paper about three inches in diameter and making four slits equal distances apart. For a rose no other cutting is necessary. Simply curl with a dull knife the edges of the four divisions made and keep adding the little paper circles until the proper proportions are reached.

A Red and White Christmas Tree may be made by tying all the packages in white tissue paper with red ribbon, or red tissue paper with white ribbon. Use white and red candles. Take single grains of popcorn, run a pin through and stick on the branches of the tree. This will take time, but after you have used up several papers of pins you will be amply repaid for your trouble by the appearance of the tree. Fill small white tarletan stockings, buttonholed with red worsted, with popcorn. Decorate the tree with red and white peppermint candy canes and red and white paper flowers, and drape the walls at the back of the tree with red cheese-cloth.

A Real Christmas Tree. Choose a symmetrical young tree in as sheltered a place as possible. If it is near shelving ledges of rock so that some rugs or blankets may be arranged for the guests to sit upon so much the better. Arrange to have your guests assemble immediately upon their arrival and see a Christmas tree under the wintry sky. The invitations might read "Wear warm wraps and come promptly." Candles may be hung thickly over the tree. Should there happen to be a light snowfall on Christmas Day the tree will be sufficiently beautiful to repay you for your desire to treat your guests to something entirely novel.

A Tree Full of Icicles, Number 3, giving the effect of a thaw, is new. This effect may be carried out by many short strings of glittering beads, gold, silver, opaque, and of popcorn draped.

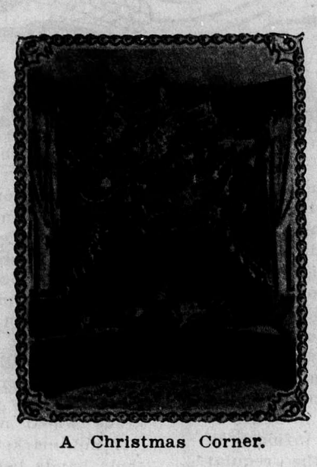
To have a sliver-white tree, cover the branches of an eight-foot spruce tree with cotton batting, simulating drifts of snow. To the ends and here and there on the branches suspend glass icicles, which may be purchased at any shop where German toys are sold. Hang frosted silver balls upon the tree. When it is all finished, scatter over it four papers of silver shower.

A Tree Covered with Frost may be made in the following manner: Remove from the tree some of the smaller branches and the tips of the larger ones, particularly those near the top. Wrap these loosely with white yarn, and crystallize them in a solution of alum. Make ropes of yarn by twisting loosely several single strands; make a loose knot every nine inches, and crystallize these also. The ropes are most convenient when made in two-yard lengths.

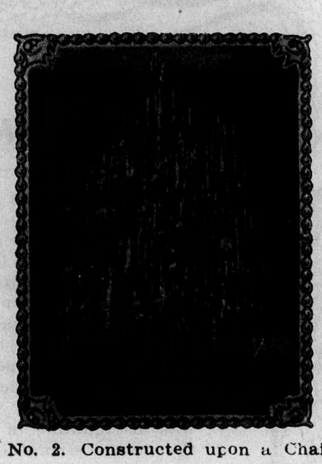
Cut from white cardboard a number of hearts, stars, shields, diamonds, etc., any size to suit the tree. Do not leave them solid, but cut out the centres evenly. The centres may be left solid and used also. Cover one side of each of these with transparent varnish, and while moist sprinkle thickly with diamond dust. Take white cotton and cut from it leaves of many sizes of the shape of English ivy, or of holly. Sew a tiny piece of very fine wire on each leaf; then twist these wires to longer, thicker pieces, the object being to get the vines to looks as natural as possible. Treat the leaves the same as the stars, etc., with varnish and diamond dust.

When ready to trim the tree wire the branches and tips into place. On the yarn ropes place a few of the leaves with the centres cut out, and instead of trimming the tree round and round from branch to branch, begin at the top and bring the yarn ropes and the ropes of cranberries and popcorn from branch to branch downward. In making ropes of cranberries use tinsel cord, thread a darning-needle with the tinsel and put the cranberries on in groups of three to five.

A Tree Good Enough to Eat may be made by trimming it with oranges, bananas, lemons, grapes, apples and nuts. Little figures made of raisins and prunes and wired may also be hung upon the branches. Do not hang



A Christmas Corner.



No. 2. Constructed upon a Chair.

No. 1. Made from a Barrel.

No. 3. Christmas Tree full of Icicles

any presents on the tree, but fill a small tub with sawdust, and in it place the gifts wrapped in mystifying bundles securely tied.

On Christmas morning give each member of the household a fishing-rod and let each one in turn take a chance at the bundles with it. The parcel may be opened, unwrapped and given to the one whose name is inside.

To Duplicate the Christmas Tree, Number 2, place a wooden box on a large chair with arm rests. Cut a hole in the top of the box large enough for a small stick to pass through. Two irons placed in the bottom of the box will hold it in place. Place a board for tree support, as shown in the sketch, as far back on the arms of the chair as possible. Stick small branches of a Christmas tree in the holes. Cover the rest of the board with white cotton sheeting and lay some sheeting beside the branches to give the effect of snow. Place a mask of Santa Claus at the top of the board, surrounding it with greens and holly. Greens may be hung from the ceiling to the picture moulding and extend out into the room, forming an entire room decoration, showing Santa Claus in the centre.

Tie to the stick in the box a large doll dressed as a fairy with a wand in one hand, and a present tied in white paper with red ribbon and a name-card in the other. The other presents, tied in the same way with ribbons and name-cards attached, may be grouped upon the floor around the base or laid upon the arms of the chair.

Christmas tree ornaments that delight the children may be made from oranges. Select smooth yellow ones and twist fine wires around them so tightly that they will cut into the skin. Leave an end at the top of each orange to fasten it to the tree. Make Chinese faces on the oranges and paste on each one a round cap cut from stiff paper, and your Chinamen will be complete.

Conundrums.

How many ships make one drinking vessel? Eight anchored (a tankard).

When is a ship not properly steered? When she is foundering (found erring).

Why should we not keep the days between Ash Wednesday and Easter? Because they are Lent.

Why does a woman become sad who marries a man named Josiah? Because she is linked to a Si (sigh).

Name the ancestors of Colt's revolvers. Horse pistols.

What is that, if you take away its eye, only leaves its nose? The word no (i)se.

Why does a baby boy always get a hearty welcome in a family? Because it never comes a-miss.

Why is a coal miner like a canary? Because he is brought up in a cage and has to peck for a living.

Why are cities like ladies? They have outskirts.

Why is it impossible to catch a thief who has stolen a complete set of harness? Because there is not a trace left.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school-teacher? One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

Why should a man in crossing Sahara Desert carry with him a watch? Because it has a spring in it.

What is the difference between an artist and a cook? One draws a fowl and the other cooks it.

Why are playing cards like great corporations? Because they have knaves in them.

When are soldiers and carpenters alike? When drilling.

Why is an icehouse like a kid doll. Because both are stuffed with sawdust.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.

Red Cross Gin

does not burn the stomach, because it is pure.

It is the only Gin which is aged for years in bonded warehouses under Government supervision.

RAISE THE GRADE

Take the oats all out of your wheat. The New Chatham Fanning Mill will do it.

Every bushel of wheat that goes through

A CHATHAM FANNING MILL

goes up in price 5c. to 10c. a bushel.

Clean up 500 to 1000 bushels in a day and you will earn the biggest day's pay you ever made in all your life.

Get ready for next year.

MAKE WAR ON WEEDS

"The rain falls on the just and unjust," the wind and the frost and the hail are beyond your control, but you can route the weeds root and branch.

DON'T SOW DIRTY SEED

In dry weather the weeds out-strip and choke the growing grain. At harvest the weeds delay the ripening.

An admirer of the West once said—"This is a fine country, but you cannot see it for the wheat." See to it that no critic may arrive and say—"This is a fine country but you cannot see it for the weeds."

1000 Fanning Mills would clean up 20 million bushels in 30 days and will increase the value of this crop at least one million dollars. You will get clean seed and a piece of this good money if you buy a Chatham Mill.

Sold on easy terms.

Write for particulars of this famous Mill.

IT WILL PAY YOU
TO SELL CLEAN GRAIN
TO SOW CLEAN GRAIN

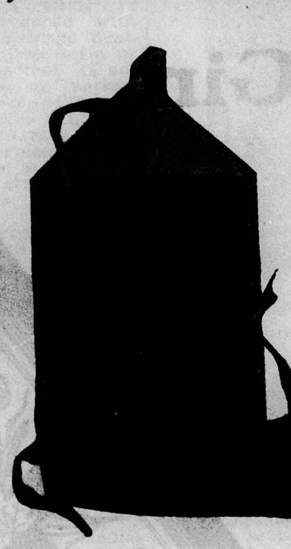
THE MANSON CAMPBELL CO. Ltd.
CHATHAM, ONT.

Or CALGARY Or MOOSE JAW Or BRANDON

Inexpensive Christmas Remembrances

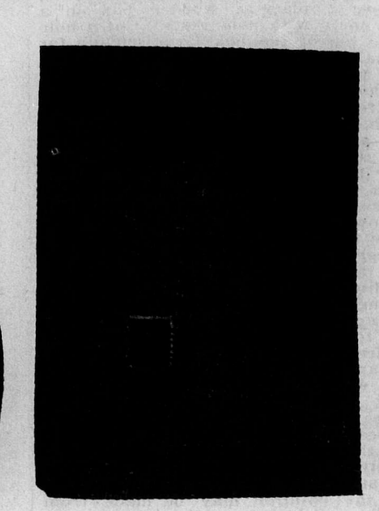
This postal-card case is of heavy tan linen, stitched neatly around the edges and hand-painted in a brown cloud effect, the words being done in brown silk.

For this match-scratcher a genuine tan slipper sole with French heel is used, and the tie is a wide tan shoe-string.



An attractive powder-case, having a chamois lining and a tiny powder bag at the end.

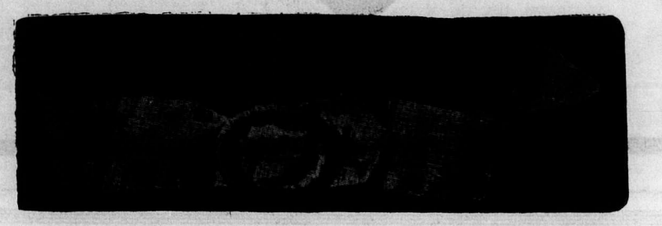
A novel sewing-pad. The cardboard back represents the sole of a slipper



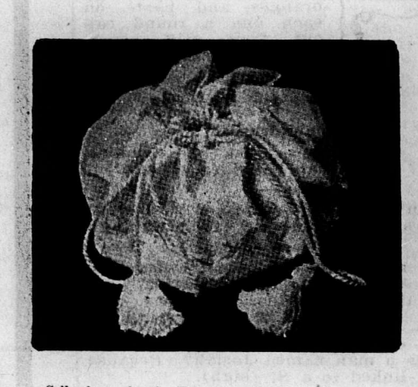
A most artistic little case, having pockets inside for envelopes and pad of paper.

Collar-bag, open, made of a flat, circular piece of heavy white linen, bound with white tape and Battenberg rings to draw it up by.

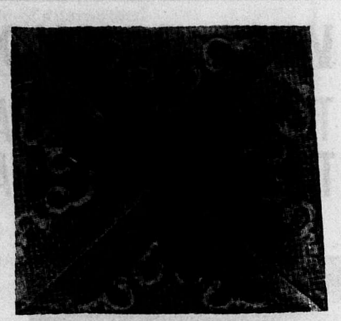
Blue ribbon, that is hand-painted in tiny roses and shirred on elastic, will make very dainty garters.



Hand-painted belt, white silk with blurred Forget-me-not effects. The silk-covered buckle is also painted.

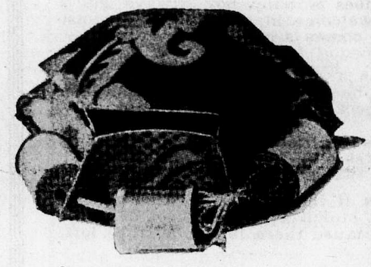


Collar-bag, closed. This is most useful in traveling, and it launders well.

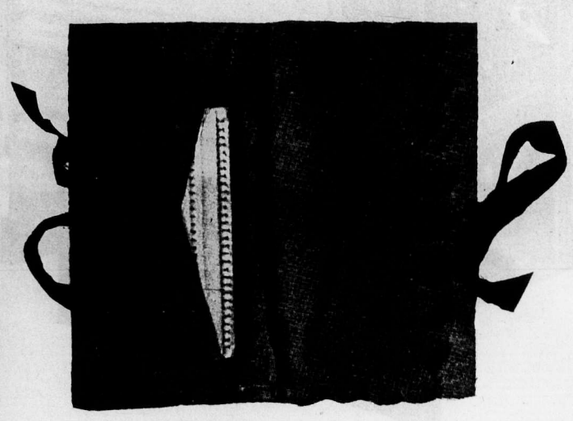


Handkerchief-case of brown linen embroidered in silks and jewels.

This corset-pad is covered with white China silk and has a little jewel-bag of chamois in one end.



Our grandmother's sewing-box made of heavy brocade



A pin-case of tan linen embroidered in brown and trimmed with jewels.

The pin-case, closed, showing motto

This yellow brocade bag is perfectly square and is box-plaited into shape. The corners are tacked up to make the rounding sides, and whalebones are run in the top casing.

Hail, "One and All!"

I sing the song of the Cornish hills,
Hoary, and old, and grey;
With bouldered breasts and health-clad crests
Where bracing breezes play.
A wild, weird song of the distant past,
Fraught with historic lore,
That long as the hills themselves shall last
Will cling around each rugged tor.

I sing the song of the Cornish vales,
Those arbors of cool retreat.
Where fern-fringed stream reflects the gleam
Of summer sunshine sweet.
A mystic, murmuring melody,
In Nature's happiest strain—
The feathered songster's solo free,
The streamlet's soft refrain.

I sing the song of those mighty cliffs
That girt the Cornish shore;
Against whose sides Atlantic tides
Perpetually roar.
A song of joy when sunshine warm
Lights up a summer's day—
A mournful dirge when winter's storm
Wraps them in blinding spray.

I sing the song of the Cornish sea,
Blue as Italian skies.
Health's breezes roam o'er its snowy foam
Where calm contentment lies.
A song ever brave, and glad, and free,
Sung by the restless waves—
Through day and night eternally
Echoed by ocean caves.

I sing the song of the Cornish heart,
Sturdy, and stout, and bold;
Fearless and free as the dashing sea,
Brave—as the hills are old!
Knit in the bond of friendship true,
Ready at the earliest call,
The heaviest task to dare and do
For the glory of "One and All!"

Another Pair of Sleeves.

Time was, not very long ago
When Mabel's walking-skirt
Trailed half a yard behind to show
How well she swept the dirt.
But "short and sweet" are in again;
No more the grievance rankles,
For Mabel has curtailed her train
And shows her dainty ankles.

But Mabel has a thrifty mind
To supplement her charms.
The frills that once she wore behind
She fastens on her arms.
Her sleeves are made in open bags
Like trousers in the navy;
No more she sweeps the streets, but drags
Her sleeve across the gravy.

The Shearing.

The day they cut the baby's hair
The house was all a-fidget;
Such fuss they made, you would have said,
He was a king—the midget!

Some wanted this, some wanted that;
Some thought that it was dreadful
To lay a hand upon one strand
Of all that precious headful.

While others said, to leave the curls
Would be the height of folly,
Unless they put him with the girls
And called him Sue or Molly.

The barber's shears went snip-a-snip
The golden fluff was flying;
Grandmother had a trembling lip,
And aunt was almost crying.

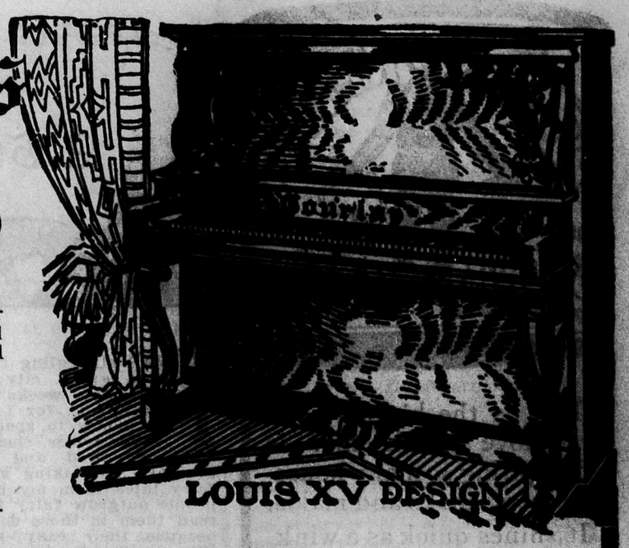
The men folks said, "Why, hello, Boss,
You're looking five years older!"
But mother laid the shaven head
Close, close against her shoulder.

Ah, well; the nest must lose its birds,
The cradle yield its treasure;
Time will not stay a single day
For any pleader's pleasure.

And when that hour's work was weighed,
The scales were even, maybe;
For father gained a little man
When mother lost her baby!

What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,
When earth has dwindled to a glimmering spot!
When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll immerse
My long-cramped spirit in the universe,
Through uncomputed silences of space
I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.
The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,
As Moses monarch'd the dividing sea.
This body is my house—it is not I:
Triumphant in this faith I live, and die.

Gourlay Pianos



WHAT GIFT AFFORDS SUCH NEVER ENDING PLEASURE ?

It is not too early to be thinking now about your Christmas presents; and there is no gift that will yield the giver and the recipient such continued and pure pleasure as a

Gourlay Piano

In our judgment the Gourlay Piano in Louis XV. design is one

The Donor will be Proud to Give

And the Recipient Proud to Own

It is a delight in a hundred ways. Beautiful in appearance. It also enables the players to render an artistic interpretation of music and in tones that have the utmost sonority and melodiousness. Like every Gourlay Piano, the Louis XV. design is staunch and almost impervious to climatic changes.

First see and hear the Gourlay Piano in Louis XV. design. When desired, we arrange

Terms to Suit Your Convenience.

We ship anywhere in Canada on approval. You may order by mail just as satisfactorily as if you bought in person. Write today for descriptive literature and prices.

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9. 1 piece new popular music, full size.
10. Certificate entitling purchaser to free lessons.

Everything needed to make a competent violinist, all for

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Special Snaps in High Grade Guitars

Regular $8.00 for $6.00	Regular $9.00 for $7.00
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" $14.00 " $11.00	" $15 00 " $11.75
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Prices all prepaid to your address.

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National Song Folio, reg. 75c. for 45c. Sight Reading Piano Tutor, reg. $1.25 for 75c. Book of Christmas Carols for choirs, 15c. each, $1.75 per doz. Student and Minstrel Choruses :– "Said Pasha," famous comic opera, 90c. 5 new hits in sheet music, songs or instrumental, $1.00. All post paid.

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This is the big, new can of stove polish that is delighting so many housekeepers, cooks and maids.

It shines quick as a wink, And the shine stays, bright and black. Won't burn off, no matter how hot the fire gets.

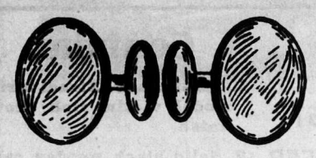
It is always ready for use.

Just as good for Grates, Stove-pipes and Iron-work, as it is for Stoves.

Not only the best stove polish, but the most of it for the money. Insist on having

"Black Knight"

At your dealers 8



14k Cuff Links

$5.50

OUR $5.50 pair of solid 14k gold Cuff Links will make a good practical Christmas gift to a man.

THEY are substantially made, and reinforced in the places where the ordinary link gives out.

Our illustrated Catalogue showing a large assortment of Cuff Links will be mailed upon request.

RYRIE BROS.,
Limited
134-138 Yonge St.
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BOYS! EARN THESE SKATES FREE

These handsome Nickel Plated Hockey Skates are designed for strength and speed, the blades are made of specially tempered cold rolled steel that will retain their sharpness for a whole season. We are giving these skates away *FREE* to boys who will devote an hour or two after school selling 24 packages of "Empire" Bluing at 10c. each. All you have to do is to send us your name and address plainly written, and we will send you the Bluing prepaid together with full instructions how to sell it to your friends and neighbours. When you have sold the Bluing send us the money and we will immediately forward the skates prepaid. Write to-day to

EMPIRE HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. B, Suite 522 Board of Trade Bldg., Montreal Que.

By Alice Preston

I WAS struggling to get a foot-hold in a great city; Christmas was only three weeks away and I was dreading it, for I had neither time nor money to spend.

I remember coming back to my room tired and discouraged one evening, and taking an old volume of fairy tales from my bookshelf. Most people outgrow fairy tales, but I often read them in those days and still do—because their easy magic rests me. When one's own life seems difficult and without magic there is a certain comfort, I think, in reading about rags being turned to ball gowns, and pumpkins to coaches, with no trouble to anybody. At last I turned to the old story of the magic purse, the purse which in the miser's hand contained only a few poor coins, but in the hands of him who would spend from it was always full—the more one spent from it the more there was to spend.

My Uncle Ezra used to tell me that all good and lasting fairy stories were founded on some truth which could be applied practically in our own lives. I instinctively looked for some hidden meaning in this one. It came to me at last almost suddenly. "I suppose," thought I, "that with love and patience and a great many more things, its just like the magic purse—the more one gives the more one has from which to give. Perhaps our very natures themselves are magic purses.

* * *

The idea pleased me, and I thought over it a good deal. Then at last I determined that in those three weeks before Christmas, since I had no money to spend, I would try spending, instead, as much love and sympathy and interest as I could find in my nature. I would act out in my own life, if possible, the story of the magic purse. Perhaps in this way my Christmas need not be altogether bare and meagre, after all.

I remember that the next morning my laundress came, apologizing for delay. Her little lame son was not so well.

Here was an opportunity to put my resolves into practice. It came to me rebukingly that I had seen this woman every week for months and did not even know she had a little lame son. Now I gave her all the frank interest and sympathy I could. She seemed glad to tell me more, until at last I had the whole sorry story of her many misfortunes.

"Oh," said I, as she was leaving, "if only I were wealthy, so that I could be of some use to you and of real help."

"But you have helped, Miss," she said, almost brightly. "It's when folks don't care whether you live or die, it's that, on top of being poor, that makes it seem right hard sometimes."

"Well," I said, "I care, at any rate. I've been through trouble, too, so I understand and love you and others who have been through it. You must always remember that, won't you?"

Then I gave her two of my fairy books for the little lame boy to read.

"Do you know," she said, her eyes filling, as she looked at the old-fashioned colored illustrations, "he ain't never saw books like them, let alone get his hands on 'em. They'll make that little bed of his seem a different place, see if they don't."

* * *

I remember that after she went I stood wondering, to think that so little spending on my part could have brought so much happiness to her and to me as well. Even though my nature had long lain closed, like a miser's purse, it should not be again. I would spend something out of it every day of those three weeks which led to Christmas—yes, as much as I could. I was resolved on that.

It would take too long to tell all the detail of those three weeks. There were so many people in my life, as there are in the lives of all of us, affording constant opportunity for love and thoughtfulness and sympathy, and interest and cheer and encouragement; and I tried to let none of these opportunities pass be by. The days grew worth while and full. Sometimes I felt I had spent a good deal out of my nature, but always I wanted to spend more; and I did, constantly.

Though the whole season had grown richer and dearer through the frank spending of my nature and its impulses, yet when the week before Christmas came I own I longed for a more material kind of giving. I longed to make some actual gifts. Christmas without the giving of gifts would seem no Christmas at all. Yet I still had neither time nor money. My Christmas must depend on other things.

At last I hit upon a plan. Why not lend some of my books as Christmas gifts? Yes. Christmas morning should find my bookshelves empty and my book-favorites off a-visiting. I knew a young girl in a tenement downtown who loved books. I selected four of my dearest ones. I wrote that I was not sending them as a gift, because it would seem to me unfaithful to give away such old friends, and some of them had been given me by those I love, but that she must keep them just as long as she chose; that the gift lay in the splendid thoughts that were in them and that I wanted to share them with her. To this I added some loving Christmas sentiment and left the books to her.

* * *

It was good fun determining which books should go to the different ones. My Leigh Hunt and Lamb's bright and human Essays I sent to a little old lady whose days were full of stupid bookkeeping. My Coleridge and Tennyson and Wordsworth went to a young fellow I had met a week before, who had told me how he loved the poets and meant some day to have copies of them. My volumes of Emerson I divided between a little cobbler I know, whose wife reads to him in the evenings while he mends shoes, and an art student whom I knew to be in need of cheer and encouragement. Some of my novels I sent to a teacher I knew who was ill; and my Keats and Shelley to a young girl who, more than any one else, would be sure to love them. Hamilton Wright Mabie's "Under the Trees" I sent to a young dry-goods clerk who, when I was buying something of him one day, told me he loved the country but had not been able to get to it for more than three years. In each case I sent with the books some warm message of interest or love and Christmas greeting.

Yet when I found suitable places for my book-friends to spend their Christmas there were still many people, intimately my friends, whom I had not remembered. What gifts could I give them?

* * *

I began looking through my rather meagre possessions. Almost every one has some little trifles which one can give, at this season, without really robbing one's self. "Things which have been one's very own make all the dearer, better gifts," thought I. I remembered that Petrarch bequeathed his "winter garments" to his friend Boccaccio "to study in"; and that somewhere in his essays Leigh Hunt reminds us that Franklin made no apologies for leaving his "fine crabtree walking-stick" to Washington.

From among my belongings I selected two book-markers I had long used, a paper-cutter, a pretty handkerchief, a paper-weight, several little turnover collars, a slender little flower-vase, and a plaster relief cast of a Botticelli Madonna, which, though it had cost me originally only twenty-five cents, had for three years, from its simple beauty, given me a priceless amount of pleasure. With some word about their having been my own I gave these very humble little gifts where I thought they would afford most pleasure.

* * *

I gave most of my Christmas remembrances where there was likely to be no return. After all, it is well to give up giving when it becomes a mere matter of exchange. I determined to have my Christmas spoiled by no such commonplace mistake. In several cases I even sent my gifts anonymously, with only some warm Christmas greeting.

To a few people who I knew cared for such things I sent some of the poems I most love—verses from Wordsworth or Shelley—just some of the big, universal-thoughted ones that apply to the lives of all of us, poems which had often helped or cheered or inspired me, and which bring new pleasure each time they are recalled There were some of Ruskin's splendid big, encouraging sentences, too. I merely copied them and slipped them in with several of my Christmas letters. It seemed to me that such splendid, big thoughts could not but make the day gladder—and so they did, I am sure.

One other thing I did. I made a list of friends and acquaintances to whom to write Christmas letters. It was a long list; but I began early and I wrote the letters in odd moments in the evenings, so that they cost me only these odd bits of time. I let these letters be as full of spontaneous Christmas love and good wishes as I was now full of them. I kept back nothing; spent freely. I tried to remember all who had ever meant much to me or helped me either consciously or unconsciously, whether I was in the habit of corresponding with them or not. I wrote to two of my old school-teachers, for instance, and tried to tell them just a little of how much I felt I owed to their long-ago patience and influence in my life. I wrote to the first editor who had ever encouraged me in my literary work and told him how much that encouragement had meant to me, and thanked him newly for it and wished him a happy Christmas. I wrote to the wife of the old minister at home just to tell her that in all the turmoil of city life I did not forget her and her dear, old-fashioned councils. I wrote to a faithful old servant at home who since my childhood had been unfailingly good to me, and I let her know the real truth of how often and lovingly I longed for her and her simple, old, comforting ways. I wrote to a young fellow in my home town to whom some honors had lately come, telling him how genuine a pleasure I took in his success.

* * * *

These were only a few of the letters I wrote, but you see how full and rich my Christmas was growing to be. Still no money to spend and very little time to give, but I had gotten the magic purse open now and was spending from it freely. I was giving of myself. How good it was, too! As I spent, and my nature seemed to grow richer and fuller all the time, I grew correspondingly happier, of course. Christmas had never meant so much to me. Others might spend themselves poor in money if they chose—I was spending myself rich.

The only money I spent besides that for postage was a dollar and a half for nuts and candy and tarletan, and twenty-five cents for a copy of "Aurora Leigh," which I sent anonymously to a patient little seamstress I know. From the tarletan I made little bags and filled them with candy and nuts. I made fifteen of these. On Christmas morning the little lame boy must have one, and the laundress, and the little cobbler and his wife, the funny cross little tailor around the corner, and two or three little newsboys who sold me papers, and the corner policeman and the postman who brought me my letters; so they were soon all disposed of. They were the merest trifles, to be sure, but that fact did not deter me. Everybody likes to be remembered, no matter how humbly; and these little things would help to make the day "Christmasy."

* * *

Christmas Eve I asked the little teacher who had the room next mine if she would go downtown to the shops with me.

"No," she said, "I don't think I care to. I've nothing to spend."

"Oh, I haven't either," said I. "But don't you think it would be nice to go anyway? I will be so gay and bright."

And indeed it was! I loved especially the toy departments in the big shops. There were so many dolls and drums and Christmas-tree trimmings and Santa Clauses that it made one's heart young. The streets were gay, too, with pushcarts and street markets, and a fine showing of ducks and turkeys and oranges and strung popcorn.

We stopped here and there to have a word with the vendors. As I moved away I always found myself saying, "A merry Christmas to you!" and the vendors always nodded and smiled and gave a hearty response. Once a little red-cheeked Irish woman said: "God bless you, dearie; the same to you!"

* * * *

Christmas morning I wakened with the thought that notwithstanding I had spent less Christmas money than ever before, yet I had remembered many people. If I had counted them up the list must have been a very long one indeed. I was present in the lives of more people that Christmas morning than ever I had been. Just a little love and sympathy and eagerness to begin with, and my Christmas had grown to be such a happy one.

Though I was alone in the great city the day was not lonely. Christmas morning the little lame boy and I spent together. In the afternoon I went to help with a poor children's Christmas and to play games with them. Then I told them the old fairy story of the magic purse. How they loved it, too! and how little they guessed a that it had meant to me.

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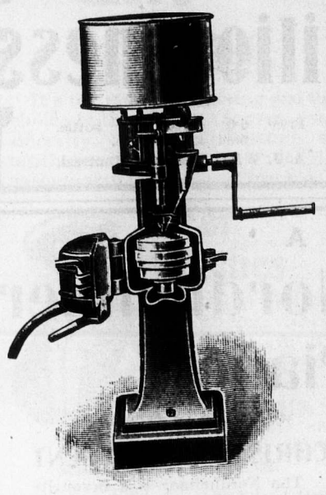

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Food Habits of Some Great People.

By John A. Morris.

John the Baptist ate locusts and wild honey.

Peter the Great consumed baked goose stuffed with apples, and considered it a fine dish.

Frederick the Great made a satisfactory meal on salt beef or pork and cabbage.

Henry VIII. could always eat himself into a condition of sleepiness on a haunch of venison.

Alexander the Great, when on a campaign, ate the rations of a common soldier.

Pius IX., during most of his pontificate, ate only an egg and a bit of bread for breakfast.

Macaulay said that no man need ask for better food than plain roast beef and baked potatoes.

Rare Ben Jonson asked no better treat than a pork pie and an abundance of Canary wine.

Locke considered that the proper breakfast for a studious man was a bit of fish and a piece of bread.

Michael Angelo, during the most part of his life, lived plainly on the food of an Italian peasant.

Walter Scott liked venison better than any other meat, and potatoes better than any other vegetables.

Kaulbach enjoyed sauerkraut and pork beyond all other kinds of food. He once said that "cabbage and German go well together."

Fielding thought that tarts made with currant jelly was "heaven's own food."

Leonardo da Vinci was passionately fond of oranges; and with this fruit and bread he would at any time make

John, the Evangelist, was so abstemious that a handful of barley was all the food he needed for a day.

The Duke of Marlborough was a regular beef-eater and emphatically declared on one occasion that "No soldier can fight unless he is properly fed on beef and beer."

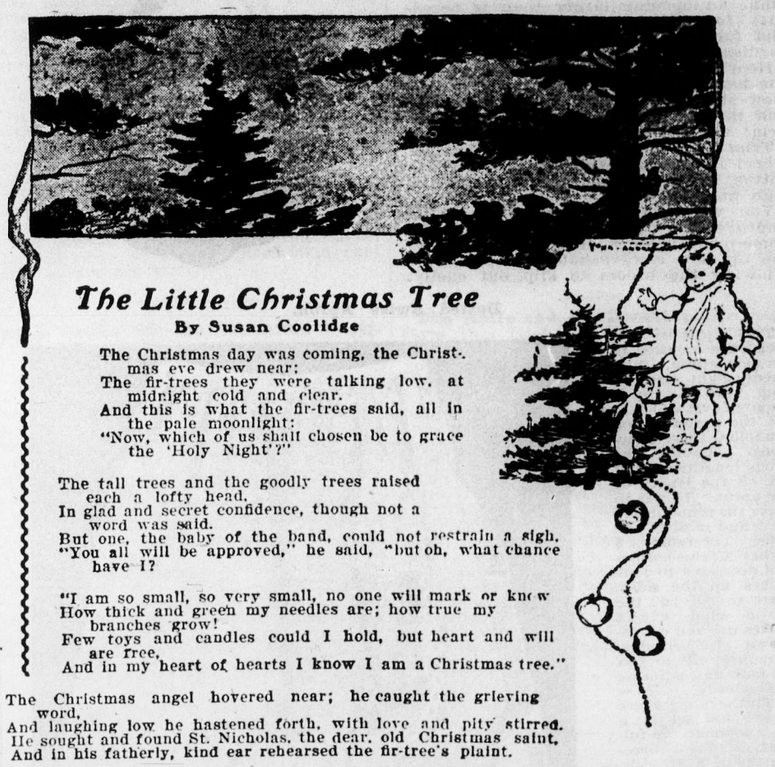
Mohammed was so abstemious that a handful of dates and a mouthful of water was all he required after a day of hard riding.

Francis Bacon was plain in his habits of eating. While providing elaborate and splendid banquets for his guests, he himself ate only one or two simple dishes.

Raphael considered that a meat diet was not good for a painter; and therefore lived principally on dried fruits, such as figs and raisins, eating them with bread.

Napoleon Bonaparte was not at all choice in his eating habits. He would seat himself at the table, begin on the things that were nearest, and in ten or fifteen minutes he had made his dinner.

Vitellius, the Roman Emperor, was the glutton of his age. He would eat all he could possibly hold, then take an emetic and repeat the performance all over again.



The Little Christmas Tree

By Susan Coolidge

The Christmas day was coming, the Christmas eve drew near;
The fir-trees they were talking low, at midnight cold and clear.
And this is what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the 'Holy Night'?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head.
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word was said.
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh.
"You all will be approved," he said, "but oh, what chance have I?

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are; how true my branches grow!
Few toys and candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And laughing low he hastened forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear, old Christmas saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir-tree's plaint.

Saints are all-powerful, we know, so it befel that day,
That, axe on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, among his brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all;
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast;
He was a real Christmas tree; he had his wish at last.

One large and shiny apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold,
Six tapers and a tiny doll, were all that it could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy and shone with all its might.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir in the silent night a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown his needles were, he had no heart to grieve,
"I have not lived in vain," he said, "Thank God for Christmas Eve!"

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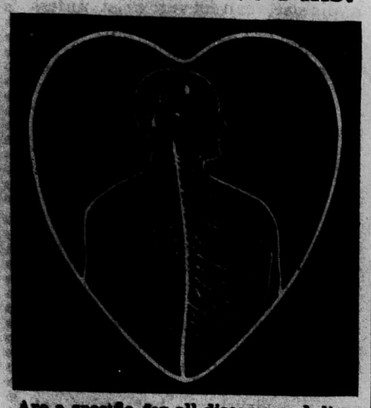

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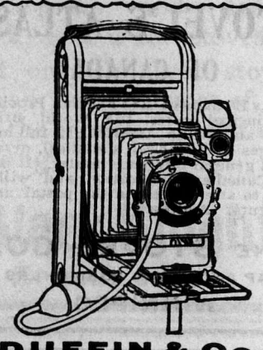

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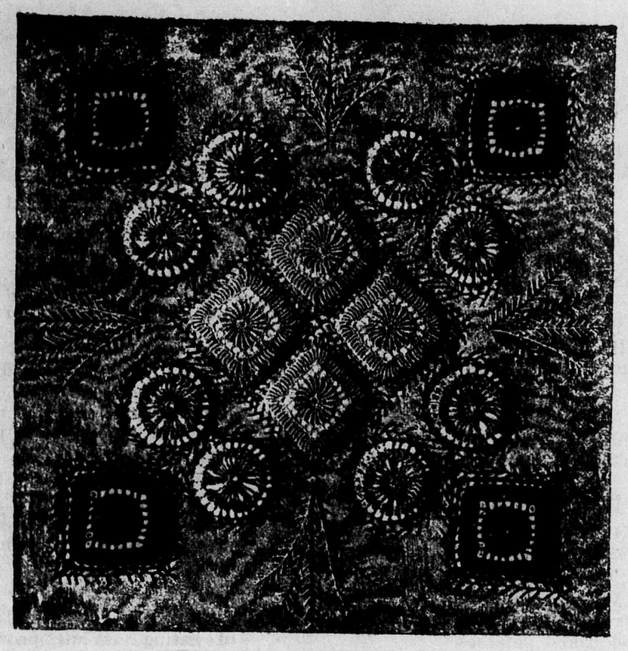

This unique cushion in oriental colors can be made without any pattern. All that is necessary is a plain piece of denim or gingham, and spools of red, blue, yellow, black and green silk-finish cotton. Of the yellow it takes nearly two spools. The design consists of squares and circles crocheted in the Relief Crochet stiches. These are basted on their places, and bef re quite around, surgeon's cotton is stuffed around, so as to raise each pattern about three-quarters of an inch high. Be careful to stuff evenly, and all around the edges. The center is four squares of blue, and the corner squares are the same pattern, but made in red. The circles are yellow. Make creases diagonally across your plain square; the color of this is delft blue. Place your blue squares in the corner of these creases just far enough apart to put a feather stitching between. Do this stitching in black around every pattern, after they are basted down and stuffed.

With the green make a few sprays of feather stitching between the red squares; with a lead pencil you can make the lines for a guide.

Detail of a Square.—Chain 6 and join in a ring. Chain 6 and work 20 roll stitches O.20 into the ring, join on top of 6 chain.

2nd Round.—Chain 5, a double in 2nd roll (2 chain, a double in next roll), repeat until 5 holes, counting the first. Now 5 chain and a double in same roll for corner. Repeat from 2 chain until all around. The last is 5 chain joined on the third of the first 5 chain.

3rd Round.—Chain 5, 2 roll stitches O.15 in each hole and 8 in each corner hole. Join on top of 5 chain.

4th Round.—Chain 5 and a double between 2nd and 3rd rolls. Now 2 chain and a double between every two rolls, and 5 chain on the corners. Join on the third off the first 5 chain, fasten off.

Detail of a Circle.—Chain 8 and join in a ring. Chain 8 and 28 Rose treble stitches O.25, with treble part worked off four times, in the ring. Join on top of 8 chain. Now chain 8 and a treble in first stitch, then 3 chain, and treble in every stitch. Join on fifth of 8 chain.

Whisk Broom Holder.

This holder is made in three shades of yellow. Deep yellow velvet is covered over two circles of cardboard three inches in diameter, on one side only. A shade lighter of surah silk, twenty-seven inches long and five wide, is gathered around these two circles. Make an opening larger than is necessary for the broom, turn inside out and face the circles with two covered cardboards circles to hide the gathers.

Hem the opening and slip hat wire in the hem; draw it up to fit the broom. Now shirr a yard of lighter yellow ribbon through the center and sew on the hem; use the same color for the hanger.

Trim one side with a fancy crochet wheel in the same shade of silk-finish cotton as the ribbon. Any pretty design may be used.

You will find that this holder is an improvement over many forms of the home-made holders, in that the wire in the top hem always holds it open, thus allowing the broom to slip out easily.

Dotted Swiss Apron.

Two yards of the Swiss are required to cut this apron. It is twenty-eight inches long. No pattern is required over which to cut the apron if you can follow these directions. Double the goods lengthwise and cut off the length of the apron. This is to make the round inside piece and most of the ruffle. The ruffle is 8 inches at the bottom and decreases to four inches on the sides. Start to cut on the folded edge, eight inches up, and cut toward the selvedge, rounding off so you cut four inches inside the selvedge. Now divide the ruffle where folded and set in a piece to make the fulness; use about three-fourths of a breadth. Round off the corner to suit the inside. Cut and sew on pockets first, then baste ruffle on. Now make the crochet rings which will join the two edges. The rings are sewed on both sides with the sewing machine with a short stitch; this makes good, strong work. What is seen through holes cut away.

Make the trimming as follows: Wind silk-finish cotton ten times over forefinger (slip off, fasten loops, and fill half full of doubles. Wind again close up to last stitch and repeat), until enough half rings are made to reach around. Go back and fill the remainder of the rings, joining each ring.

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When your head feels like to split, and a film comes over your eyes that blots out the things you look at, take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Your headache is due to biliousness with very likely constipation, and this great medicine cures both because it restores stomach, liver and bowels to proper activity.

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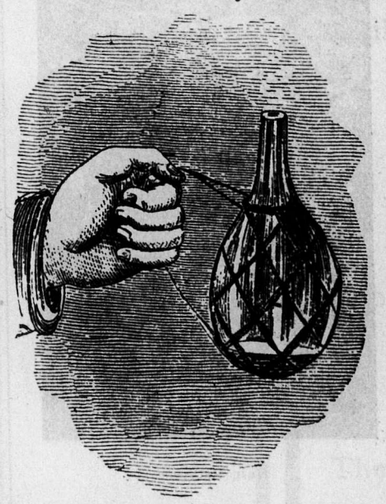
Christmas Pastimes.

Holiday Experiments.

The Mimic Vesuvius.—This experiment is a demonstration of the heat and light which are evolved during chemical combination. The substance phosphorus has a great affinity for oxygen gas, and wherever it can get it from, it will, especially when aided by the application of heat. To perform this experiment, put half a drachm of solid phosphorus into a Florence-oil flask, holding the flask slantingly, that the phosphorus may not take fire and break the glass; pour upon it a gill and a half of water, and place the whole over a tea-kettle lamp, or any common lamp, filled with spirits of wine; light the wick, which should be about half an inch from the flask; and as soon as the water is boiling hot, streams of fire, resembling sky-rockets, will burst at intervals from the water; some particles will also adhere to the sides of the glass, immediately display brilliant rays, and thus continue until the water begins to simmer, when a beautiful imitation of the aurora borealis will commence, and gradually ascend until



this collects into a pointed cone at the mouth of the flask; when this has continued for half a minute, blow out the flame of the lamp, and the apex of fire that has formed at the mouth of the flask will rush down, forming beautiful illumined clouds of fire, rolling over each other for some time, and when these disappear, a splendid hemisphere of stars will present itself. After waiting a minute or two, light the lamp again, and nearly the same phenomena will be displayed as at the beginning. Let a repetition of lighting and blowing out the lamp be made for three or four times, so that the number of stars may be increased; and after the third or fourth act of blowing out the lamp, the internal surface of the flask will be dry. Many of the stars will shoot with great splendor from side to side, whilst others will appear and burst at the mouth of the flask. What liquid remains in the flask will serve for the same experiment three or four times, without adding any water. Care should be taken, after the operation is over, to put the flask in a cool and secure place.

Some Games for the Christmas Party.

Ignis Fatuus.—A merry chase can be led by one with a sense of humor, combined with a proper respect for the fitness of things. Provide the leader with an electric pocket lamp, turn out all the lights in the part of the house used, let the leader show his will-o'-the-wisp—and all are off!

The leader may institute any humorous performance (within reason) which comes to his mind, or which the time and place suggest. He may dance in "comic opera" fashion through the hall; he may sit "side saddle" on the balustrade and slide down; he may kiss the cat; he may fill his mouth full of water and run around the outside of the house; or do any other absurd thing which occurs to him. The others are bound to follow.

Ambrosia.—Have a committee of two. This committee retires to a specified room. Here it must be all dark, except one corner, where, from behind a screen, come the rays of a rose colored lamp. On a table behind the same screen rests a bust of Venus, and one of Apollo. On a table at the other end of the room, and therefore in the gloom, is a bowl of punch, or some other beverage, made with a view to pleasing the tastes of those present. The company is left outside, preferably in a dark hall, where an air of quiet and mystery will be more likely to brood. When all is ready, the committee calls one guest in. He is solemnly told that he is to taste of Ambrosia, the drink of the gods, after which he will find himself imbued with wonderful powers. Upon the strength of this he is given a drink of the punch. He is then led over to look at the bust. (If the player is a man, he is shown Venus only; Apollo being out of sight. The ladies, on the contrary, are shown only the bust of Apollo.) He is provided with a paper and pencil, and told to go to some other part of the house, compose a verse of from three to six lines. The subject of the verse must be the likeness of one of the ladies present to Venus, the Goddess of Beauty. The ladies must write verses, composing one of the men to Apollo. When every guest has tasted of the Ambrosia, become inspired, and composed his verse, the papers are signed, collected and read. To the one who has written the best verse award a very small scrap book. On the first page have pasted a picture of Venus, and on the second, one of Apollo. The other pages are blank, but the winner is given all the signed verses composed by the defeated poets. These he may paste in his scrap book and so carry home a most unique souvenir.

Cader Idris.—This game, which means "Chair of Fate," is played as follows: Supposing there are twenty guests. Provide a chair for each, and three extra ones, all arranged in the form of a circle. One at a time the guests are sent out of the room. When a guest goes out the players decide which of the vacant chairs is the fatal one. Having agreed upon it, the guest who has gone out is called in. If he sits in the Cader Idris he must deliver a recitation, sing a song, or in some way contribute to the entertainment of the company. If he misses the fatal chair he goes free, and another player is sent out. The players then change seats and another Cader Idris is selected.

Whither Goest Thou?—Take a pack of plain white cards and write at the foot of each the name of a city, in rather small letters. Above this, in generous-sized letters, write one thing for which the city is noted. Then have at hand a box of poker chips or similar counters. Give each player as many counters as he has cards. Player number one reads his description, and whoever first calls the name of the city gets the chip. If no one can guess the city, then the one who asked the question keeps the chip. A tiny handbag filled with chocolates would make a suitable prize to offer to the player who, at the end of the game, holds the most chips. The questions should run like these:

I am going to the cleanest city in the world. What is it? (Answer, Paris).

I am going to the dirtiest city in the world. What is it? (Answer, Constantinople).

I am going to the highest city in the world. What is it? (Leadville, Col.).

I am going to a city exactly on the equator. What is it? (Quito).

I am going to the most northern port in the world. What is it? (Hammerfest).

I am going to the largest city in the world. What is it? (London).

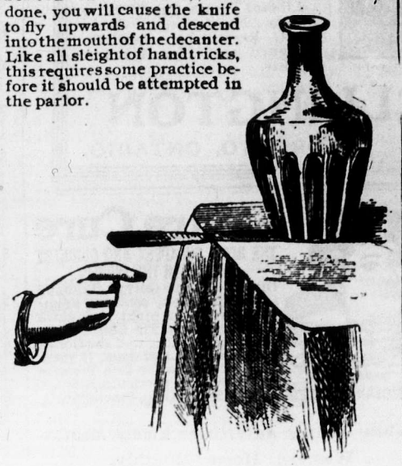
I am going to the city sacred to Mohammed. What is it? (Mecca).

I am going to the most picturesque city in the world. What is it? (Nurnberg).

I am going to where Columbus was born. Where is it? (Genoa).

I am going to the oldest city in the world. What is it? (Damascus).

The Knife and the Decanter.—To perform this trick take a decanter about half full of water, and place it before you on a square table, about three inches from the edge of the same, then procure a dessert knife and insert the blade between the table and the decanter, just sufficient to allow it to remain in a horizontal position, as represented in the cut. You can now inform the company that you intend to introduce the knife into the decanter by one blow of the hand, and at the same time strike the handle of the knife a sharp blow with your index finger (as represented in the cut), and if skillfully done, you will cause the knife to fly upwards and descend into the mouth of the decanter. Like all sleight of hand tricks, this requires some practice before it should be attempted in the parlor.



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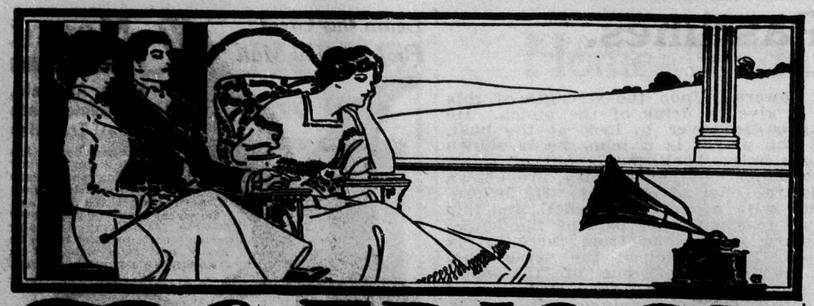

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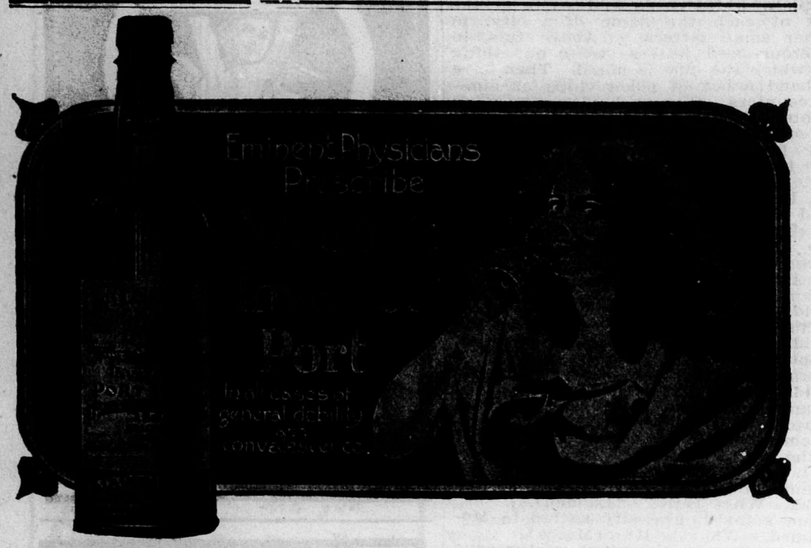

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Work for Busy Fingers.

Hair Receiver.

Make a chain of three stitches. Turn and s. c. through the first two stitches made. Ch. 1 and turn. Increase one stitch at this edge, s. c. across the crochet work and increase one at the other side. Keep repeating across, increasing one at either side, until there is a triangular piece measuring five inches on each of the three sides. S. c., ch. 3 repeated around the edge, the

Hair Receiver.

d. c. being made in every other stitch, for the opening for a narrow ribbon to be woven back and forth to connect the two triangular pieces which are necessary for the construction of the hair receiver. Shells of six stitches each complete the edges. These make pretty little gifts when made of silk or silk finished cotton, the shaded colors making especially effective ones.

Knitted Star Doily.

When No. 50 linen thread and No. 16 needles are used, a fair size mat is produced.

Use four steel needles, cast 3 on each of 2 and 2 on 3d—8 stitches in all.

[K. means knit plain; n. means to narrow or knit 2 together; s. and b. is slip and bind, slip 1, 1 plain, pass slip over; p., purl or seam; o. thread over once; s. means slip without knitting.]

With 4th needle knit 1st and 2d rounds plain.

All even rows are plain to the 38th.

3.—*O., k. 1, repeat from * all round.
5.—O., k. 2, repeat.
7.—O., k. 3, repeat. Continue to increase 1 stitch every row to the 19th.
19.—O., k. 9, repeat.
21.—O., k. 1, o., s. and b., o., k. 7, repeat.
23.—O., k. 1, o., n., o., s. and b., k. 6, repeat.
25.—O., k. 1, o., n., o., n.; o., s. and b, k. 5, repeat.
27.—O., k. 1, (o., n.) 3 times, o., s. and b., k. 4, repeat.
29.—O., k. 1, (o. n.) 4 times, o., s. and b., k. 3, repeat.
31.—O., k. 1, (o., n.) 5 times, o., s. and b.; k. 1, repeat.
33.—O., k. 1, (o., n.) 6 times, o., s. and b., k. 1, repeat.
35.—O., k. 1, (o., n.) 7 times, o., s. and b., repeat.
37.—K. 3, (o., n.) 6 times, k. 3, turn, knit back and on first 18 stitches.

I put in a 5th needle here, make 1 point.

38.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 12, k. 3, turn.
39.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 6 times, k. 2, turn.
40.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 11, k. 3, turn.
41.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 5 times, k. 3, turn.
42.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 10, k. 3, turn.
43.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 5 times, k. 2, turn.
44.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 9, k. 3, turn.
45.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 4 times, k. 3, turn.
46.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 8, k. 3, turn.
47.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 4 times, k. 2, turn.
48.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 7, k. 3, turn.
49.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 3 times, k. 3, turn.
50.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 6, k. 3, turn.
51.—K. 1, n., k. 1, (o., n.) 3 times, k. 2.
52.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 5, k. 3, turn.
53.—K. 1, n., k. 1, o., n., o., n., k. 3.
54.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 4, k. 3.
55.—K. 1, n., k. 1, o., n., o., n., k. 2.
56.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 3, k. 3.
57.—K. 1, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 3.
58.—S. 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 3.
59.—K. 1, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 2.
60.—S. 1, k. 2. p. 1, k. 3.
61.—K. 1, n., o., k. 2.
62.—S. 1, k. 5.
63.—K. 1, n., k. 3.
64.—S. 1, k. 4.
65.—K. 1, n., k. 2.
66.—S. 1, k. 3.
67.—K. 1, n., k. 1.
68.—K. 1, n., bind off. This finishes 1 point; finish the other 7 in the same way.

Hood for School Girl.

Scarlet Germantown makes a very pretty hood. Work with No. 12 steel knitting needles. Cast on 30 stitches and knit 1 row plain, 2d row purled, 3d row plain.

Repeat these three rows until there are 8 ribs on the right side of the work. On the last row narrow 1 stitch each at the beginning and end of the needle. Break off yarn, but do not bind off the stitches.

Pick up and knit 33 stitches along the right side of the crown, beginning at the lower end, knit the stitches across top of crown, and pick up and knit 33 stitches along other side of crown.

2d Row—Purled.

3d row—Plain.

Increase 1 stitch at each end of the third row and every third row thereafter until 12 stitches have been added to each side, then knit without increasing until there are 9 ribs on the right side.

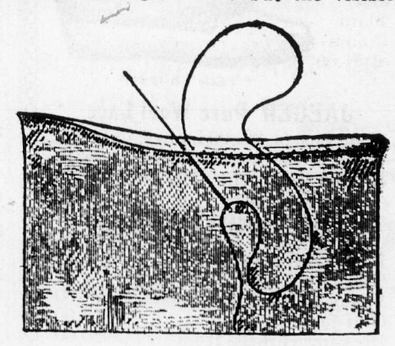
Join the colored wool for the border and knit 1 row plain. This will be knit on the right side of the hood, which is the wrong side of the border.

2d Border.—Wool over needle, narrow, and repeat to end of row. Repeat 2d row 16 times, then bind off.

Pick up and knit 25 stitches along the lower edge of the left side of the hood; beginning at the third rib from the front on the right side, pick up 1 stitch in every fourth stitch along lower edge of the crown, then pick up 25 stitches on other side of front. Knit 17 rows in the front border stitch and bind off. Finish edge of border with small crochet scallop, and catch the borders back on the hood, letting the front overlap the ends of the lower border. Sew a pretty full ruche in front and finish ear places with bows of ribbon. Ties of ribbon.

The Hem.

The three little letters that go to the making of our topic seem absurdly few when compared to the large place the hem occupied in the annals of our childhood. It was an unequal struggle—that of our small fingers with this formidable branch of the sewing art. If the seam had been long the hem was baffling and combatively determined to reveal all the shortcomings of our youth on the right side of grandmother's pocket-handkerchief. It was wept into before its time—this pocket-handkerchief of grandmother's and the punctures and needle marks on our little pink fingers were but the visible



French hem.

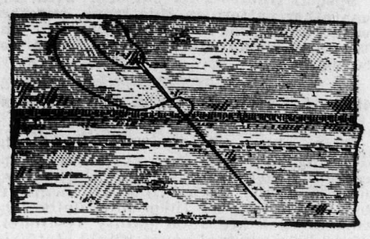
evidence of the needlemarks on our poor little spirits. But we learned to hem, and, oh, the pride of it!

Nowadays little girls do not begin with handkerchiefs. The gift handkerchief is no more the simple thing it used to be, and must now be made by hands that are skilled in "hemstitching" and the dainty overhanding of fine lace on its edge.

A hem may be purely a useful device—like the humble turning in and simple sewing down of the raw edges of the dish towel, the wash cloth, the dusting cloth, etc. Or it may be the dainty "hemstitched" hem on sheer under-garments and fine handkerchiefs, the blind hem on woolen garments, the French hem on table damask, the rolled hem for ruffles, or the slipstitch hem for silk or woolen materials. There are also the facer and extension hems which are so frequently resorted to by mothers of growing girls, as, by their means, garments may be neatly lengthened.

The simple hem is made by folding the material twice at the edge, and, if it is not stiff enough to retain the fold

that has been pressed between the thumb and fingers, basting it down. Then, holding the basted hem between the thumb and finger of the left hand, pass the needle through the material, taking up only two or three threads, and with the same thrust, pass it through the fold of the hem, taking enough threads for firmness, but, being careful not to take the stitch too deep for neatness. The fineness of the material and its purposed uses must determine the length and exquisiteness of the stitches. The blind hem is only a slight variation of the ordinary hem. It need not show at all on twilled materials, because in making it only one or two threads of the material are taken up by the needle, which passes more deeply into the fold, the thread being held loosely in order to avoid the slightest puckering of the cloth, which would betray the stitches. The slip-stitch hem is another variation. It is



A felled seam.

useful for silks and wools where the invisible hem is desirable. For the slip-stitch hem the needle catches only a thread or two of the material and a thread or two of the under part of the fold, and the thread is kept parallel with the thread of the material instead of having somewhat the effect of overhanding, as in the ordinary hem.

The French hem is excellent for table damask. Following are the directions for it: Fold a hem on two adjoining sides of the damask, from one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch wide, according to the quality of the linen. Before beginning to hem, open out the hem, and fold the corner toward you, creasing it one eighth of an inch outside the point where the creases for the hems meet. Cut off the corners on the crease, then fold the hem at the right of the bias edge. Then, holding the wrong side toward you, fold the hem back and crease the material so as to make it even with the hem. Overhand the folded edges together, being careful not to take the stitches too deep into the cloth, thus avoiding long stitches on the right side. Now, turn the hem on the second side and fold under the bias edge on the corner and hem it down. Continue in the same way on the remaining sides.

The rolled hem which is purely a hem of utility, may be briefly mentioned here. It is made by rolling the edge of the material between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, hemming as rolled, using the plain hemming stitch.

The "hemstitched" hem is made by drawing six threads as far from the edge of the material as you wish the inner fold of the hem to come. Baste the hem even with the drawn threads; then, pointing the needle towards you, take up four or five of the cross threads. Draw the needle through and take one stitch as in ordinary hemming. Repeat this until the hem is completed, being careful at each stitch not only to take up the little group of threads with the needle, but to pass the thread around them again before it passes into the fold. Double hemstitching is made by treating the opposite side of the drawn space in exactly the same way.

The faced hem is made by sewing a piece of material the width you wish the hem to appear on the edge of the garment to be faced. The facing is then turned in neatly at the seam and basted there. It is then folded in one-eighth of an inch at its upper edge and basted down and hemmed. The extension hem will lengthen a garment twice as much as the faced hem. The entire hem is an extension, the hemming stitch coming exactly on the line of the seam.

There is still another hem—and a very useful one it is to young mothers—the flannel hem. By its means the edges of baby's flannel garments may be protected and still be soft and yielding. The flannel should be turned up only once and the raw edge catstitched down. If ornament is desired, the line of the hem may be feather-stitched on the right side of the material.

The mitred corner is a factor in some hems, but it will be fully treated in a future paper, together with certain other special devices in sewing.

Description of Stitches in Knitting.

Knit (k.) is to knit plain.

Over (o.): Put thread over needle to make an extra loop or stitch.

Narrow (n.): Knit two stitches together.

Purl (p.) or seam (s.): Knit with the thread in front of the needle; this is the reverse of plain knitting.

Purl-narrow (pn.): Purl two stitches together.

Fagot (f.): Over twice, purl two together.

Slip, narrow and bind (sl. n. and b.): Skip one stitch, narrow, then draw the slipped stitch over the narrow one, letting it fall between the needles.

Slip and bind (sl. and b.): Slip a stitch, knit one, draw slipped stitch over knitted one. To bind or cast off, repeat.

Stars (**) and parentheses ( ) indicate repetition, thus: * over, narrow, repeat from * twice, is the same as saying, over, narrow; while (over, narrow) three times, is the same.

Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch.): A series of stitches (sts.) or loops, each drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl st.): Drop the stitch on the hook, take up th eone it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double crochet (d. c.): Having a stitch on the needle (as will be understood in the following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch, and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over draw through remaining two.

Double treble crochet (d. t. c.): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; take up thread, draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the extra long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s. t.): Like treble, except that after thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

Patience—I thought Polly used to have such a good complexion?

Patice—So she did, before she became engaged to that man with a beard!

How Baby's Own Soap Prevents Chaps

Every time you wash with Baby's Own your skin is benefited.

While Baby's Own as a Soap is a perfect skin cleanser it also acts like a superfine toilet cream.

Its cream-like lather is permeated with minute globules of the finest vegetable oils.

These oils are eagerly absorbed by the skin, rendering it soft and smooth, and giving a feeling of freshness and comfort.

Therefore, to prevent chafing and cracking of the skin use Baby's Own Soap daily for your own toilet and in your nursery.

The fact that substitutes of Baby's Own Soap are made as cheaply as possible in order to give the dealer a bigger profit should be sufficient reason to insist on having Baby's Own Soap.

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs.

MONTREAL.

Song.

Long ago, long ago.
When the wind was in the barley,
And the birds sang, late and early,
All the songs that lovers know,
How we lingered in the lane,
Kissed and parted, kissed again,
Parted laggard foot and slow!
What a pretty world we knew,
Dressed in moonlight dreams and dew,
Long ago, my first sweetheart,
Long ago!

Long ago, long ago,
When the wind was on the river,
Where the lights and shadows shiver,
And the streets were all aglow.
In the gaudy, gas-lit street
We two parted, sweet, my sweet,
And the crowds went to and fro,
And your veil was wet with tears
For the inevitable years,
Long ago, my last sweetheart,
Long ago!

The Moral Standard of Business

The moral standard of business is determined by the attitude of the public toward the methods used in the conduct of business. Moral standards fluctuate as demands by the public for a square deal in business increase or diminish.

By insisting on getting what you ask for, you can not possibly work any hardship on any one; on the other hand, by allowing a dealer or his clerk to substitute an inferior, *just as good* article for the one you asked for you depreciate your judgment and ability in the eyes of the dealer and encourage him to substitute inferior products of less cost to him.

In other words, unwittingly, no doubt, you put a profit in the hands of the dealer who substitutes inferior goods and unfairly sells you something you have not asked for, you have lost the value between the inferior, *just as good* product which you were induced to accept, and have unconsciously lowered the moral standard of business by becoming a victim of an unfair and perricious practice.

You can raise the moral standard of business by demanding what you ask for and avoiding substitutes, and secure for yourself in honest value the profits which inferior, less cost, *just as good* products offer the dealer who is unscrupulous.

Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

4249—A Modish Coat Suit.

The young girl of to-day is a very fastidious person indeed in regard to her clothes, and the fond mother is, as a rule, only too glad to meet her views in the matter of becoming apparel. The stylish suit sketched will appeal to the tastes of both mother and daughter, being at once unobtrusive and up-to-date. The coat is of the short cutaway variety, semi-fitting and finished in tailored fashion with stitched seams. The skirt is cut in five

gores, the fulness being disposed of in tuck-pleats that are stitched to position over the hips while flaring modishly at the hem. Blue serge was used for modelling the skirt, though panama cloth, cheviot, broadcloth or any of the novelty suitings would be appropriate. For the 16-year size 4 yards of 54-inch goods will be needed.

4249—Sizes, 14, 15, 16, 17 years.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6959—A Piquant Shirtwaist.

The mannish shirtwaist is one of the favored modes this season, and a charming example is here pictured. It has the centre front closing that is a feature of the new type of shirtwaist, while the fullness of the front portions is disposed in groups of small tucks

separated by wide single tucks. The back is seamless and quite plain, and the well-fitting sleeve is of the approved masculine shirt sleeve order. Any style of collar and belt may be worn with the waist, which is here made of a navy-blue taffeta, though it is suitable for development in foulard, cashmere or French flannel, or in linen if a tub fabric is preferred. For the medium size 3⅝ yards of 27-inch goods will be necessary.

6959—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.
Th price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6977—The Newest Thing in Work Aprons.

Picturesqueness is rather an unusual quality in a garment designed for purely utilitarian purposes, but it is the distinguishing feature of the work apron illustrated, the shaping of which is as effective as it is novel. The apron is ingeniously cut in one piece, the front being in princess style, while the back is gathered into a belt. The square cut body portion with extensions, forming epaulettes, gives a very smart appearance to the apron, which

will prove an acceptable addition to the feminine wardrobe. Striped percale was used for making, 4⅛ yards 36 inches wide being needed for the medium size. Gingham, lawn or cross-bar muslin are also suitable materials.

6977—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4254—The Little Girl's School Dress.

For the small girl who is just beginning her school career, the little frock here pictured will be found most desirable. It is made in jumper effect, with a simulated guimpe which may be composed, if preferred, of the same material as the dress instead of a contrasting one, as shown. The frock is very simply made, both blouse and skirt being gathered to the prettily shaped belt. Scotch plaid is here suggested for modelling it, with red surah for the simulated guimpe, but this development is capable of numerous variations, as plain or as elaborate as one may choose to make them. The medium size calls for 1⅛ yards of 27-inch material for the yoke and sleeves, and 2⅛ yards of the same width for the overblouse and skirt.

4254—5 sizes, 3 to 7 years.
Tne price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4283—A Dress, Coat and Cap for Miss Dollie.

There is a fascination about the dressing of dolls that even grown-ups cannot resist when holiday time draws near and the little girls all begin to beg Santa to send them new dolls. The tiny dresses are such dainty reminders of the long ago that one would fain be

a child again just for the pleasure of playing with dolls. The outer garments of Miss Dollie's wardrobe are sketched here, and consist of a little French dress with low round neck and deep bertha, a cloak having double collars, and a shirred bonnet. The patterns are simple enough for the least experienced sewer to develop.

4283—Sizes, 12, 18, 24 and 30 inch dolls.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with The Western Home Monthly for one year for 50 cents.

6979—A Graceful Negligee Gown.

A negligee gown or tea-gown is admittedly a necessity of life to the modern woman, especially the American woman, whose hours of activity are usually so strenuous that freedom and comfort are absolutely essential in her daily hour or so of leisure. The gown illustrated is a charming combination of the wrapper and the house dress, displaying the luxurious ease of of the one mingled with the up-to-date elegance of the other. It is shaped to the figure by means of graduated tucks at th ewaist line, a most becoming arrangement for the slender type of woman. The three-quarter sleeves are similiarly tucked, and a novel feature is the tucked Colonial collar which finishes the V-shaped neck. The gown is here made of fine French challis, but foulard, crepe de Japon, nun's veiling or any supple fabric, would develop prettily by this model. 9⅜ yards 27 inches wide are needed for the medium size.

6979—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

975-6976—. Charming Development in Broadcloth.

The new materials afford a wide range of selection to the woman of taste, and the latest costumes have been designed with a view to their artistic development. The costume sketched is modelled in one of the fashionable broadcloths, with garnitures of embro dery and soutache braid, though it would make up equally well in any soft wool fabric. The waist (6975) owes its chief distinction to the wide square bertha, which extends over the shoulders in a peculiarly smart effect and at its scalloped upper edge is adjusted over a removable chemisette. The skirt (6976) is a 9-gored model, showing a box-pleat effect at the front, back and sides and having the side-gores lengthened by side-pleated sections. The result is a becoming slenderness at the hips combined with a stylish flare at the hem. To develop this costume in the medium size will demand 2⅛ yards of 44-inch goods for the waist and 5⅛ yards of the same width for the skirt.

Two patterns: 6975—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6976—7 sizes 20 to 32 inches waist measure.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon the receipt of 15c.

Special Offer.—These patterns, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4277—A Practical Little Sack Apron.

"Pink and blue for everyday,
And snowy white for Sunday,
An Apron keeps the whole dress clean
From Saturday till Monday."

With this and similar bits of wisdom are the small folks regaled to demonstrate the utility of that necessary but sometimes unwelcome garment, the apron. Often the little lady resents having a pretty frock entirely eclipsed by the all-embracing folds of a prosaic apron, but when she realizes that it means more freedom in play and saves changing a frock, reason will usually prevail. Here is a practical little apron made in sack style, which will prove pretty enough to wear over any dress, and which may be made of lawn, cambric, percale or dotted Swiss, with or without a garniture of lace or embroidered edging. For the medium size 2¾ yards of 27-inch material are needed.

4277—Sizes, 3, 5, 7, 9 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

A traveling-companion worth having, made of white linen embroidered in Forget-me-nots.

A most useful case to carry turnover collars in. Two boards are padded and covered with pale blue silk. The ribbons match the silk and are fastened across the inside so as to hold the collars.

The Christmas Star.

Seven points has the Christmas star.
One is the love that shines afar
From God to man; and one is the love
That leaps from the world to the Lord above;
And one is good-will on the happy earth;
And one is purity, one is peace,
And two are the joys that never cease,
God's joy,
Man's joy,
Aflame in the star of the wonderful birth.

The light of God's love is a golden light,
And man's love to man is crimson bright.
Man's love to God is an azure ray,
Alas, when it flickers and dies away!
And the seven rays through the worshiping night,
Like the flash of jewels exult and play,
God's joy,
Man's joy,
Yet they shine as one and the star is white.

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A Theatre in Your Own Home

That is what you will have if you get a

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ONE of these instruments will bring to each family exactly the music that it wants, when it wants it; the veritable voices of the world's greatest singers, the actual performance of the finest bands and soloists, and all in the comfort and privacy of home. Caruso, Melba, Sembrich and others will sing selections from Grand Opera; Jose, Harlan or Macdonaugh will sing sentimental songs or sacred selections; Sousa's or Pryor's bands will play anything from ragtime to Wagnerian Opera; the funny stories and comic songs of the minstrel men will afford you no end of amusement. What better theatre could you have in your own home than a Berliner or Victor Gram-o-phone?

The Records are hard, flat, indestructible discs; prices from

40 cents up.

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WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

ONLY A Common Cold

BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CONSUMPTION IS THE RESULT.

Get rid of it at once by taking

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep, and often effecting a permanent cure.

We do not claim that it will cure Consumption in the advanced stages, but if taken in time it will prevent it reaching that stage, and will give the greatest relief to the poor sufferer from this terrible malady.

Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark.

Mr. Wm. O. Jenkins, Spring Lake, Alta., writes: "I had a very bad cold settled on my lungs. I bought two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it only required one to cure me. I have never met with any other medicine as good."

Price 25 cts., at all dealers.

When writing, mention The Western Home Monthly.

WILD and IMPROVED LANDS
In the Famous
HANLEY PLAINS
Saskatchewan

For pamphlet giving complete information write **T. O. HAMRE**
P. O Box 45 HANLEY, SASK.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—PROVERB PUZZLE.

In the following verse, supply the blanks with words to complete the sense, and then transpose the letters of such words into an appropriate proverb:

When Santa Claus, laughing at Christmas cold,
Leaps gayly out from his —— of gold,
No clattering —— disturb the house,
But down the —— as still as a ——
He glides to lighten his burdened back,
By tossing treasures from out his pack;
Then up and off, with no —— behind
But the "Merry Christmas" you all shall find.

No. 2.—FAMOUS MEN.

Each of the following sentences contains the name of a man celebrated in history:

1. There! You've spilt ale on Ida's best dress.
2. It's bad to have a chill, especially in winter.
3. Can't you take a nap, O Leonora?
4. I rode to the Colonel's on horseback.
5. My ancestors built this wall a century ago, as you ascertain if you care to do so.

No. 7.—INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. In the center of the —— cross was a large ——.
2. She went to the ——, but was not —— to remain there long.

No. 8.—FLOWER PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences the name of a flower is indicated:

1. A light welcome to mariners; a shepherd's pride.
2. An animal; an article of dress.
3. Divisions of time; a window.
4. A person always single; the same person's trials.
5. A heathen god; an expression of suffering.
6. Something little folks like; a thick growth.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the January number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in November Number.

No. 1. Thanksgiving Dinner Puzzle.—Soup: Pea, Turtle, Oyster. Fish: Salmon, Trout, Blue, White, Cod. Game: Partridge, Duck, Goose, Pigeon. Meats: Mutton, Ham, Turkey. Vegetables: Potato, Beans, Rice, Peas. Puddings: Plum, Berry. Pies: Apple Lemon, Gooseberry, Cranberry. Fruits: Orange, Peach, Cherry. Nuts: Almond, Walnut, Chestnut.

No. 2 Illustrated Rebus.—One swallow does not make a Summer.

No. 3. Hidden Word Square.—

CADET
ARENA
DEBAR
ENACT
TARTS

No. 4. Nut Puzzle.—Walnut, beechnut, butternut, cocoanut, chestnut, peanut, pecan.

No. 5. Hidden Volcanoes.—1. Hecla. 2. Nzalco. 3. Cartago. 4. Etna. 5. Agua.

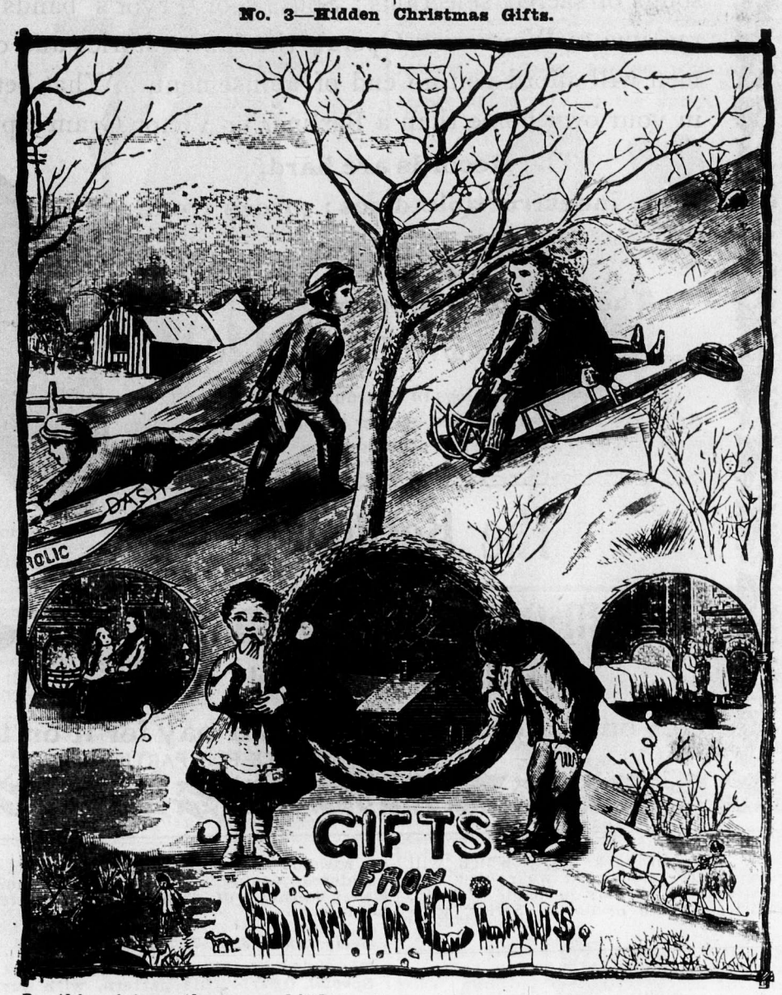
No. 6. Blended Squares.——

FED	PRE
ALE	RUG
RIGG	ING
RUN	
PHANTOM	
HOD	ERA
AGE	RAN

No. 7. Blank Word Syncopations.—1. Stagging—tag, sing. 2. Sporting—port, sing. 3. Roulette—let, route.

No. 8. Old Maxim Puzzle.—"Light cares speak; great ones are dumb."

No. 3—Hidden Christmas Gifts.



In this picture there are hidden fifteen articles suitable as Christmas gifts for boys and girls. Can you find them?

No. 4.—STEPS.

The following Steps consist of words of two syllables each, the second syllable of one word forming the first syllable of the next:

1. Rancor.
2. A variety of feldspar.
3. A common bird.
4. Part of a spur.
5. Part of the arm.
6. An arbor.
7. A mission.

No. 5.—HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE.

In the following quotation find the name for a metrical composition.

"Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy."
—Scott.

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

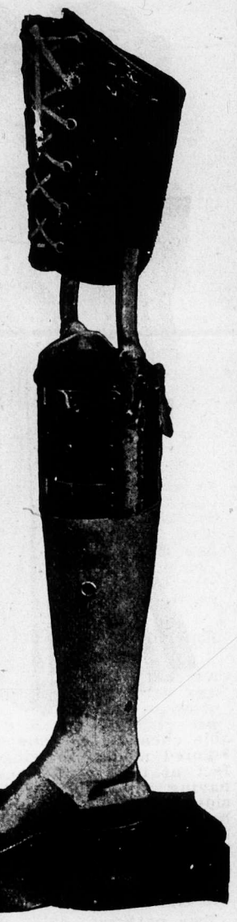
Advice to those in high stations.

Comfort In Working Boots

A man cannot work when his shoes pinch—when a seam rubs against his toes until it makes a corn—when a wrinkle chafes his foot constantly. With the end in view of getting away from these defects so common in many working boots we have produced the Amherst. This boot is Blucher made, of soft grain leather, on the roomy, comfortable last shown above, with even seams. Entirely made of solid leather, it guarantees durability, stability and long service—at $3.00 a more economical working boot cannot be made. We deliver them to you prepaid for **$3.00** Send to-day.

Geo. H. Anderson & Co.,
Port Arthur, : Ontario

Artificial Limbs



To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
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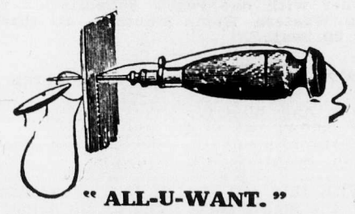
MEND YOUR OWN BOOTS, HARNESS, Etc.,



" ALL-U-WANT. "

Inquire of hardware merchants in your own town. Selling price 50c. each. Waxed Thread 10c. spool. Extra Needles 5c. each.

"AWL-U-WANT" 79 Front St., E. Toronto, Wholesale Agents.

LADIES Can make $2. a day at home. Send for particulars. **The Central Co., Box 308, London, Ont.**

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THE NEWHOUSE TRAP

is absolutely reliable. Never fails to hold the game. Positive in action, easy to set, will not get out of order.

Made in all sizes to catch anything from a rat to a bear.

Send for Catalogue

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Niagara Falls, Ontario

TELEGRAPHY

has long been the best starting point for a successful railway career. Nearly every Railway Manager and Superintendent began "at the Key."

IT PAYS VERY WELL

now at the start. T. Richardson, a young man of the ordinary type, spent from January to July—6 months—in training and writes that his September salary was $65.50. Not bad for 3rd month. He is with C. P. R. at Sturgeon Falls.

THE DEMAND IS KEEN

Our graduates have no trouble at all in securing employment. The railways write, "We can take all the good material you can turn out. Send them to us."

"GUIDED BY THE KEY"

is the title of a book which explains how you may become an operator. You may have it with sample lesson containing Morse Alphabet, by sending ten cents in stamps to the

CENTRAL TELEGRAPH SCHOOL

1 GERRARD ST., E.
TORONTO, CANADA

W. H. SHAW, President. T. J. JOHNSTON, Principal.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open?

As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?

Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

$12 Woman's Fall Suits $6.50

Tailored to order. Also Suits up to $18. Send today for cloth samples and new styles. Express prepaid to Winnipeg. Southcott Suit Co., London, Canada.

Among the Flowers.

Jack Frost.

They say there are no fairies, no
brownies, elves or gnomes,
Nor any merry sprites who stalk at
midnight through our homes;
But I am sure they must be wrong, for
some one came last night,
And nipped the flowers that all day
long were looking fresh and bright.

It was not Lil, the spotted cow—she
would have roamed around,
And cropped the growing plants and
left her hoof-prints on the ground;
Yet there they stood, the marigolds,
the pinks, and hollyhocks,
All black and blighted looking, and
dropping on their stalks.

The purple morning-glory vines, that
clambered on the wall,
And peeped into my room at morn, I
loved them best of all;
Now pale and limp they hang upon the
cords o'er which they crept—
Some wicked spirit must have come and
killed them while they slept.

He crept into our kitchen, too, and lest
some prying eye
Should chance to be a-watching, his
stealthy work to spy,
He frosted all the window-panes as
nicely as could be,
And did not leave a single place where
prying eyes could see.

He peeped, I'm sure, in every room and
corner in the house,
And glided down the cellar stairs as
sly as any mouse.
He tasted all the apples there, which
we had stored away,
To be chopped up in mincemeat for the
pies on Christmas Day.

But though he did a lot of harm, he
wrought some good as well:
He burst the chestnut's prickly burr,
and freed its glossy shell.
The walnuts and the butternuts he
scattered on the ground,
And covered with a fuzzy bloom the
pumpkins large and round.

But mamma says 'twas not a ghost
who made this sudden call;
She says it was a visitor who comes to
us each fall,
And drops a snow-white mantle on the
meadows he has crossed,
And when I asked his name she said
'twas our old friend, Jack Frost.

—Helen Whitney Clark.

A Good Winter Bloomer.

If you want a plant that will bloom profusely and constantly throughout the entire season, you can get nothing that will afford more pleasure than Primula Forbesii, better known as Baby Primrose.

Nothing of late introduction is more charming. I do not know when I have enjoyed a flower more. The plant does not depend on size of bloom nor brilliancy of color, for its attractiveness. It is a modest thing, and it wins its way to your regard by its simplicity and its quiet, unassuming beauty, just as the wild Violets and the Hepaticas, and the Trilliums do in the spring.

The Baby Primrose is easily grown from seed, which should be sowed along about mid-summer to produce plants for winter flowering. Those who want to try the plan this season can purchase seedlings from the florists. I know of no plant that is more likely to succeed under amateur culture. Give it a light, porous soil, containing considerable fibrous matter and keep it always moist, and you will have flowers all the time. The individual blossom is quite small, but there will be so many in each cluster that the effect is quite as fine as from many plants having larger flowers. The color is a soft pink suffused with lilac, with a greenish-yellow eye. A plant as a Christmas gift to a friend will afford far greater pleasure than a more expensive gift, because one does not tire of its beauty. Every day in the season it will develop fresh charms.

Frosted Plants.

It sometimes happens that, in spite of all our precautions, our plants get nipped by frost. The first impulse is, to put them in a warmer place to thaw out. But don't do this. Instead, put them in a cool room—one whose temperature is but a few degrees above the frost mark—and shower them with cold water. Do this as soon as you discover that they are frozen. Leave them in the dark and cold all day. Very likely some of the tenderest portions of them will have to be removed, but I have often seen quite delicate plants come out of the ordeal apparently uninjured after this treatment. It is quite important that they should not be allowed to thaw before the showering. Put them in the cool room immediately. If this is not done until the frost leaves them, and they wilt, you cannot save them. The thing to aim at is, to extract the frost so gradually that the cells in the plants are changed from a low to a high temperature.

Home-Made Insecticides.

Every woman who grows flowers in the window will have to fight against insect enemies. The aphis, or green fly, will attack the Roses and Pelargoniums, and many other plants. Mealy-bug will establish itself on the Oleanders, and Genistas, and Hoyas, and from these spread to others. Red spider will do deadly work on all plants in the dry air of the living room. If we let these pests alone, we will very soon be without plants, as they speedily drain the life-blood from even the strongest specimens.

Fortunately, there are remedies at hand for these enemies of plant life. The aphis can be exterminated by the use of an infusion of Ivory soap. Shave half a cake and pour a little water over it, then set it on the stove to melt. When liquid, add it to a pailful of water. Shower infested plants with it, or, what is better, dip them in it. This plan is the most satisfactory one because no insect can escape from such a bath, while showering often fails to get the application to some parts of the plant. This soap is entirely harmless. It is pleasant to use, is always at hand, or is readily obtainable, and costs so little that anyone can afford to use it liberally and frequently. I prefer it as an all-round insecticide, to any of the high-priced preparations on the market.

For the mealy-bug, nothing is better than an emulsion of kerosene. Take two parts kerosene and one part slightly sour milk. Agitate rapidly, until union takes place, resulting in a white jelly-like substance. If small quantities are made, the oil and milk can be made to combine by churning them together with an egg-beater. If a large quantity is needed, use the brass syringe with which you spray your plants. Insert its nozzle in the liquids, draw them into the cylinder, and then expell them rapidly. Keep on doing this until they unite. Force and rapidity will soon bring about a combination between the oil and milk, and the "jelly" thus obtained will readily emulsify with water. Use one part of this jelly to fourteen parts water. Shower the plants all over with it, being careful to see that the insecticide gets to the lower side of the foliage and into the axil of each leaf, as the mealy-bug likes to hide away in obscure places where he hopes to escape observation.

For the red spider—smallest of all pests that trouble house plants, and most destructive—there is no remedy like moisture. Make and keep the air moist, and he will not tarry with you long. But let the air lose all its moisture, and remain without it for even a few days, and your plants will begin to look sickly. Their leaves will turn yellow, and fall. Close examination is necessary, or the spider will escape discovery, so tiny is he. You will find him on the underside of the leaf, generally, a mere speck of red, or brown, like a grain of Cayenne pepper. It seems incredible that a creature so minute can injure a plant, but he will do it, every time. Dip the plants in tubs of water heated to 120 degrees. This may seem too hot to be safe, for tender plants, but it will not injure them. After having used this bath two or three times a day or two apart, shower your plants daily, all over. Keep up the shower bath treatment, and keep basins of water on the stove or register, to evaporate and supply the air with moisture. The more moisture the air of the living-room contains the better the plants in the windows will grow.

A Holiday Jingle.

Cedars standin' in de cold,
Trim dat Christmas tree.
Maple drops a bunch of gold,
Trim dat Christmas tree.
Stars a-shinin' in de night
Make de snowflakes glisten bright,
Gwine to hab it lookin' right,
Trim dat Christmas tree.

Rabbit's track runs roun' about
Trim dat Christmas tree.
'Simmons fallin'—hyuh me shout,
Trim dat Christmas tree.
Is my eyes a-gittin' dim?
What's dat hangin' f'um de limb?
'Possum! An' I's proud o' him!
Trim dat Christmas tree.

A Merry Heart Goes All the Day.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise, and for the speedy treatment of colds it is a splendid medicine.

No Other Food Product has a Like Record

Baker's Cocoa

127 Years of Constantly Increasing Sales

48 Highest Awards in Europe and America

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Registered U. S. Pat. Office

It is a perfect food, as wholesome as it is delicious; highly nourishing, easily-digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health, prolong life.

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Established 1780

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BRANCH HOUSE:

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For The NORTH WEST

you need Stanfield's BLACK LABEL Underwear.

It is the heavy weight—woven especially for severe winter weather.

With this warm, snug-fitting Underwear next your skin, you won't mind how low the thermometer goes.

Look for the Black Label.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear 140

Revolution in Shorthand

Sloan-Duployan; simple, rapid, legible, taught in twelve lessons. Text-books, $1.50. Tuition, full course, $5.00, booklet gratis. J. Hough, Y.M.C.A., Victoria, B.C.

DEAFNESS CONQUERED!

Generous Offer of a Free Book to All Deaf People Who Wish to Hear

Deaf people everywhere will rejoice with all their hearts over the reliable new cure for Deafness that is restoring hearing in so many cases once thought hopeless. In order that everyone may learn of this cure—by all odds the best yet known for Deafness—the finder of this successful new method has written a very interesting and helpful book which he will send absolutely free of charge to any person who suffers from Deafness. It shows in the plainest manner the causes of Deafness and Head Noises, and points out the way to regain clear and distinct hearing. Careful drawings of the ear and its complicated passages, made by the best artists, illustrate the book.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, author of this desirable work, has for twenty-one years been making a thorough investigation of Deafness and Head Noises, and his successful new cure for Deafness is the reward of all his patient study. Now he wishes every one who suffers from Deafness in any degree to learn how science can conquer this cruel affliction.

Don't neglect your Deafness any longer! Send for this book to-day, and learn how hearing is being restored, quickly and permanently. Many who once believed their Deafness incurable have already gained perfect hearing by following the advice given in its pages. Write your name and address on the dotted lines, cut out the free book coupon and mail it to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.**

Free Book Coupon *Deafness Specialist Sproule, please send me your new free book on the cure of Deafness and Head Noises*

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For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

JUDGE COMPANY,

225 Fourth Ave. New York City

The Home Doctor.

Suggestions.

Dry feet and comfortable clothing are good chest protectors.

Apply turpentine to boils and felons to relieve soreness and reduce swelling.

Dry powdered boric acid sprinkled on a burn or raw sore will protect it and stimulate it into rapid healing.

Toothache can be relieved by bathing the gum and cavity in boiling vinegar as hot as can be borne.

Boiled milk is one of the best foods in cases of fatigue, nervousness or for bowel troubles. No other food need to be taken. It will often check diarrhoea caused by cold.

An excellent remedy for sprains is to boil wormwood in vinegar and apply it hot to the injured part, with a sufficient wrapping of cloths to keep the sprain moist, renewing the lotion occasionally.

Hot milk, heated to as high a temperature as it can be drunk, is a most refreshing stimulant in cases of cold or over-fatigue. Its action is very quick and grateful. It gives real strength, as well as acting as a fillip.

Lemon juice mixed with honey in a large cup of hot water makes a good gargle for a sore throat or a hacking cough; without the honey it is invaluable for biliousness or bilious headache.

A glycerine and carbolic acid lotion, in the proportion of one dram of acid to one ounce of glycerine in one pint of water, is a poweful antisentic, used as a gargle for sore throat or applied to a cut, scratch or abrasion.

A mixture of baking soda and table salt makes an excellent dentifrice. It is used in the proportion of one part of soda to two of salt. This will be found to whiten and preserve the teeth, harden the gums and sweeten the breath.

A simple and effectual antidote for almost all poisons, found in nearly every home, is sweet oil. It serves to work off the poison from the system and to heal the irritated mucous membrane of stomach and bowels. It must be taken in large doses.

For cleansing and bleaching the skin, shave a bar of castile soap and melt it, mix it with a little water and crushed oatmeal to make a paste, add perfume if desired. Apply this paste to face, hands and arms at night. Put on long, loose gloves to retain the paste.

If you shut your finger in a door or bruise it in any way, put it in water as hot as you can bear; in a few minutes change it for hotter, and keep it in water at least fifteen minutes. If the foot is bruised, take off the shoe and stocking and immerse it in hot water from fifteen to thirty minutes, adding hot water often.

Mustard is the nearest approach to a universal cure-all. Few pains will not give way before a mustard plaster, and a wide range of internal inflammations from colds and other causes may be stopped by its timely application. It is the first and best resort in threatened pneumonia, congestion of the lungs, or determined colds on the chest.

Health Notes.

It is claimed that much of the nervousness from which women suffer is caused by the incorrect position they maintain when sewing, reading or writing. Sitting with one shoulder higher than the other, slouching down in the chair, bowing the back out and compressing the chest when sewing, "sitting on the backbone," and resting the head on the hands while bending over a book laid on the table, are all bad habits that depress and deform the internal organs and bring on "nerve" troubles.

One of the distressing complaints women suffer from is "house-nerves" and this can only be cured by getting out into the open air, and mingling with others, getting the mind off their work, and especially off of their own aches and pains, most of which are introduced by close confinement and the utter sameness of routine work.

In order to have good health, one must have good sleep, and good sleep presupposes good beds. Ventilation, not only of the room, but of the mattresses, is essential, and for this purpose the mattress should be raised from each end and given a shaking and an inward push from the sides, turned over, and from end to end, every day. If it could be beaten between windows with switches, or a rattan furniture beater, every two or three days, to dislodge the dust, so much the better.

Do not put an old person and a young person to sleep in the same bed, or even in the same room unless there is good ventilation. Every one should have a bed to him or herself, for hygienic reasons. Especially is this true in hot weather, or where one or both is the victim of restless nerves. A healthy person should not be put to sleep with a sickly one, unless the healthy one has vitality to spare, as the weaker one will draw from the stronger.

Put the bedding out to sun as often as possible; if not the mattress, then the sheets and coverings, if only for a few hours in the morning. At least shake the sheets out of the window every morning to remove dust and the waste from the body which is cast off during the night.

Tonsilitis is an acute inflammation of the tonsils, often due to sudden changes in the weather. One attack makes the throat sensitive and predisposes the patient to another attack.

In this disease it is literally true, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

To become immune it is necessary to use salt water freely. Bathe throat and chest with strong salt water every morning, and use a gargle frequently. If the treatment is carried out faithfully the tissues of the throat and neck become toughened so that they are less sensitive to drafts and changes of atmosphere.

Have on hand a quart jar of a saturated solution of coarse salt, eight ounces to the quart. Pour a little into a bowl and bathe neck and chest, rubbing vigorously with a rough wash rag, before washing each morning. This need not take more than three or four minutes and should not be omitted through the fall and winter. Attention to these details will be absolutely certain to stop the tendency to sore throat if ordinary health precautions are taken.

Schools and School Children.

The gathering together of large numbers of children in our public and district schools brings up the ever fresh and still unsolved problem of the best methods to prevent the spread of disease among them, and to give them such sanitary and hygienic surroundings as will develop a healthful, physical as well as mental growth.

School directors are often too busy or not sufficiently posted to enforce the good laws which have been made for the welfare of school children, and upon parents is often laid the necessity of seeing to it that the rules relating to vaccination, ventilation, the heating of rooms, the proper placing of desks and seats and all other hygienic necessities are carried out.

Women's clubs and the various Granges throughout the country will find a very live subject which will prove most profitable in looking into the conditions which make for or against health in the schools nearest to them.

It is not necessary to be a school director to be welcomed by teachers, who always appreciate tactful interest in their efforts to accomplish the best possible for the children.

Ventilation should be secured by opening windows from the top, when no permanent means for the constant exchange of air has been provided for in the school building.

The desks should be so arranged as to get the best light they should be the proper height, and the benches placed in such relation to them that the children will not contract the deformity of rounded shoulders and narrowed chests.

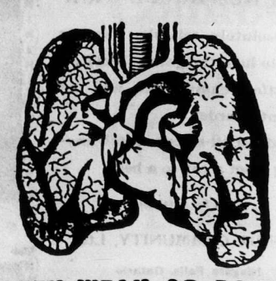
Children are sometimes called dull and stupid, when in reality the difficulty is physical and not mental, and will often be found to be caused by defective sight or hearing. Those who are slow to grasp ideas should have both eyes and ears tested, and the throat examined for glandular enlargements which might cause deafness. If there is an unwillingness to walk to school, before condemning it as pure laziness, examine the child carefully for beginning spinal or hip joint disease, and be sure that clothing and shoes fit well.

These are all matters to be attended to in the home; it is also within the mother's province to see that appetizing lunches are prepared for those who have a capricious appetite and that the children are fortified by a hearty breakfast for the duties of the day.

There are other subjects of vital interest in the school life of children coming within the scope of this department which we will be glad to have discussed by teachers or those interested in the subject. These columns will also be open to any who desire to add suggestions on the topics which are only touched upon in this article.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

YOUR LUNGS



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually coughing and hawking?
Do you have night sweats?
Do your lungs ever bleed?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND

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You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

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absolutely, that Lung-Germine the German Treatment has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption, (Tuberculosis) Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Troubles

Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

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Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over four years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Here Is Evidence From One Case

Under date of Mar. 11, 1907, William Schmidt, 1304 Coleman St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It is now nearly four years since my cure of Consumption was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well and strong today as the day I was cured. I am healthy and able to work every day."

We will gladly send you further proof of many other remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

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I cure rupture without operation, pain danger or loss of time. When I say cure I do not mean hold, but a cure that stays cured and does away with trusses for all time.

To convince you and your ruptured friends that my Discovery actually cures I want you to test it without one cent expense to yourself. Remember, I am not trying to sell you a truss, but I offer you an absolute, perfect and permanent cure that means freedom from pain and suffering, a largely increased physical and mental vigor, a fuller enjoyment of life's blessings and years of comfort and satisfaction added to the length of your life.

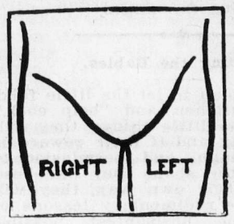
Don't send any money, simply fill out the coupon below, indicate on the diagram the location of the rupture, and mail it to me. Don't neglect this important matter a single day or continue to be tortured any longer by cheap, ready-made trusses.

My remarkable offer is the fairest ever made and should be taken advantage of immediately by all rupture sufferers.

Free Treatment Coupon

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture, answer the questions and mail this to

Dr. W. S. RICE, 857 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.



Age .....

Time Ruptured? .....

Does Rupture pain? .....

Do you wear a truss? .....

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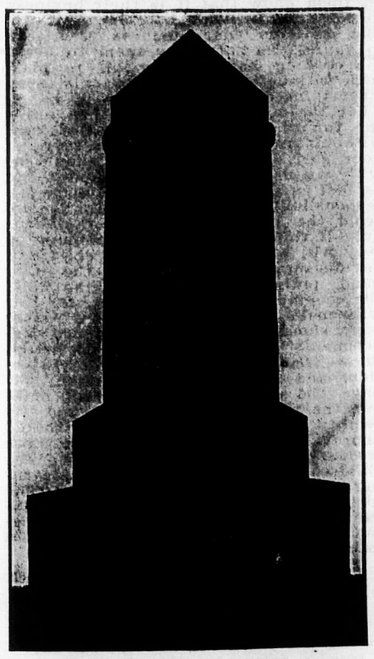

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Boys and Girls.

The Kingdom of Snow.

There's a wonderful place called the Kingdom of Snow, on the furthermost side of the moon,
A place it would take you a twelvemonth to go, if you started your journey right soon;
Where are queer little men, not much larger than boys, who just chatter and jabber with glee
As they bend o'er their benches and make all the toys that old Santa Claus hangs on the tree.
The walls are of snow and the ceilings of ice and the millions of icicles drip—
You press a small button, and, lo in a trice every one has a flame at its tip!
Till the glitter of light will bedazzle your eyes, and Oh! Oh! it would thrill you to see
These queer little men, hardly more than your size, making presents for you and for me.

You never, no never, in all of your days, heard such clatter and chatter and noise
Of these queer little men bearing bundles and trays filled with wonderful, wonderful toys!

The rap of their hammers is tuneful and clear—here's a little man making a box,
And a round, pudgy fellow with bow legs stands near making colored wild animal blocks.
The buzz of their saws makes a musical din, and the sawdust flies thick in the air;
They're making big Arks to put animals in, and are covering dolls' heads with hair!

And, Oh! such a storeroom for toys that are done, where they pile up the sleds and the drums
By thousands and thousands, but never a one will be left after Santa Claus comes!
See! Here are the jumping-jacks piled up so high! There are millions of them, more or less,
And marbles in bins just like wheat or like rye, by the thousands of bushels, I guess.

Here are soldiers of tin in an army so great it would take you all Winter to count,
And candy and nuts—well, I wouldn't dare state what I think is the smallest amount.
There are dolls corded up just like wood in great piles, that have come from the workshop to dry,
And a big row of sleds that must run back for miles and is easily fifty feet high.

But still they are working, those queer little men, and they chatter and jabber and laugh,
For they know they may work up to Christmas and then may not have enough—not by half.
The hobby horse barn is a half a mile wide, and your eyes would just pop out to see
How they're saddled and bridled and ready to ride, and the colors they've made them to be:
The dapple and sorrel and chestnut and cream, till your eyes must grow tired with the sight;
You feel as you look that you'll just have to scream in the ecstatic depths of delight.

And down in the foundry they hammer and pound, from the very first peep of the sun,
For they've engines and cars by the scores, I'll be bound, and rush orders to get them all done.
But the queer little men never worry or fret, and they laugh all the time, for they know
How glad they will make all the children who get these fine toys from the Kingdom of Snow.

'Tis the merriest place, is the Kingdom of Snow, and when all of their labors are done,
(For the day before Christmas they must be, you know,) they all revel in laughter and fun
To think of the gladness they've spread o'er the earth, and at night they steal down through the air
And peep in the windows and see how there's mirth and delight in the world everywhere.

So they chatter and laugh, and their happiness comes from the knowledge that all of their toys—
The soldiers and horses, the sleds and the drums, will bring gladness to girls and to boys.
And thus, as your work is unselfish, you learn, as these queer little toymakers do,
That the gladness you spread o'er the world will return and its rays will make sunshine for you.

—J. W. Foley.

Suggestions for Christmas Entertainments for Children.

A delightful Christmas party can be given with the ever dear Christmas tree as the central figure. The two suggestions given here may be combined or used separately. In one, the refreshments that are to be served form part of the trimming of the tree.

Twelve-inch squares of bright-colored net are filled with candy, nuts and raisins, and tied in a ball to hang on the tree with the oranges, pop corn balls and souvenirs. In issuing the invitations, each guest is asked to bring a little gift for the tree, specifying that the price is not to exceed three cents.

A children's party ought to be a prompt and early one. As the children arrive, each one hands the little gift to the hostess, receiving a numbered card. After all the guests have arrived and viewed with delight the great tree with its burden of goodies, tinkling bells announce the approach of dear old Santa Claus. Down the staircase he troops, with his big sack on his back bursting with presents for the children. The attendant fairy, who comes with him, calls out the number on the package and the one who holds that card claims the package. They must not be opened until all are distributed.

After this fun is over, cards with little pencils attached are distributed. The geography class is called, and so many minutes are allowed to answer the questions, naming the capitals of the states.

1. Favorite pastime of the cycle. Wheeling.
2. The most gallant man of his day. Raleigh.
3. The gem of the ocean. Columbia.
4. A musician's instrument and a color. Baton Rouge.
5. A boy's name and place of defence. Frankfort.
6. A girl's name. Augusta.
7. An important organ of the body and a river crossing. Hartford.
8. An operation in surgery. Lansing.
9. The greatest discoverer. Columbus.
10. Not a big stone. Little Rock.
11. To whom we trust. Providence.
12. How we should live with our brethren. Concord.
13. A season and a place for growing grain. Springfield.
14. The fable bird that rises from its ashes. Phoenix.

Dressing a Tree. In selecting a tree, get one with broad branches, so that they can bear their burden of good things. Fasten the tree securely in position, after putting a sheet on the floor to hold the box, and then the sheet can be tucked in folds all around the base of the tree. A roll of snowflake cotton is pulled to pieces and put over the sheet, when thus arranged. Diamond dust should be sprinkled on the tree from the top, so that the flakes that do not adhere to the tree will fall on the cotton, making a very beautiful effect. I would only use the tinsel and gilt ornaments that are to be bought for a penny each. Some of the dainty small presents may be wrapped in a cotton ball tied tightly with a thread. The cotton is pulled through the thread, forming a great fluffy snowball which should be rolled in diamond dust before it is hung on the tree.

Sale of Pictures.—The presents should be wrapped like packages from a store and each one should be properly addressed. After these packages are distributed and put safely in the wagons, attention is called to the little gilt frames hanging on the tree, each one fastened to a package. Give each member of the family fifty grains of corn or beans to buy these pictures, that are to be sold at auction. Each one is sold by its title, which is marked on it. There might be about twenty frames of all sizes and shapes, which are made out of cardboard and covered with gilt paper. The frames for Nos. 3 and 16 are double frames. These will be good titles for pictures:

1. A Head on Copper—a cent.
2. The Village Friar—toy skillet.
3. Sweethearts—two candy hearts.
4. The Trapper—a mouse trap.
5. The Seasons—salt and pepper.
6. Relics of the War in Turkey—turkey bones.
7. Horse Fair—hay and oats.
8. The Tutor—tin horn.
9. Light of Other Days—a candle.
10. The End of Ambition—letter "N."
11. The Companion of the Bath—cake of soap.
12. Bust of a Great Commentator—baked potato broken open.
13. Portrait of King Edward—English stamp.
14. Maid of Orleans—molasses candy.
15. Sweet Sixteen—sixteen sticks of candy.
16. A Pair of Kids—kid curlers.
17. Gems from the Emerald Isle—potatoes.
18. Ready for a Serenade—cats.
19. Something to Adore—key.

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A WATCH and CHAIN
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For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight." Beautiful glossy paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.

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QUEEN OF FACE CREAMS

Stay out of doors as long as you wish, yet your complexion will not be injured in the least if you use "Ilenola" before and after exposure. "Ilenola" heals and allays all irritations such as **Chapped Hands, Face, Lips and Cracked Skin.** Prevents and removes the cause of Wrinkles, Freckles and

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This is a genuine, imported, woolly brown, Teddy Bear. His head, his arms and legs are jointed on to the body so that they can be turned in any direction, and you should see him shake his head and hear him grunt when you hit him in the stomach. "Teddy" is all the rage in the cities. The children carry him to school and even the grown up ladies carry him with them when they go out for a walk or ride, or to the theatre. The more costly "Teddys" sell as high as $25.00 each. We have picked out the one for you on account of his good size, his jointed head, arms and legs, his cute grunt and his fine cinnamon color.

Every Girl and Boy wants a Teddy Bear and you can get one very easy. Just send us your name and address and we will send you by mail 15 packages of our fast selling delicious perfumes, in six odors (rose, pink, violet, heliotrope, lilac and lily of the valley) to sell at 10c. per package. You can sell the perfume very quickly, as each person who buys a package of perfume is entitled to receive a beautiful colored picture, 16 x 20 inches, which are reproductions from some of the greatest paintings and are suitable for framing. As soon as you have sold the perfume and sent us the money ($1.50), we will promptly send you the Teddy Bear just as represented. Write to-day. Address

The Rose Perfume Co.
Dept. 11 TORONTO, ONT.

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Write for Calendar. Principal.

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M61 Pearl handle butter knife	1.25	M66 3 piece carving set in case, buckhorn handles with fine steel blades	4.00
M62 Fine quadruple plate butter knife	.75	M67 Teaspoons, finest quadruple plate, small or large size, ½ doz.	2.00
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Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened Tissues, Infiltrated Parts, and any Puff or Swelling. Cures Lameness, Allays Pain without laying the horse up. Does not blister, stain or remove the hair. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Pamphlet 1-C free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00 bottle. Cures Synovitis, Weeping Sinew, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele. Allays pain. Book free. Genuine mfd. only by

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are saved suffering—and mothers given rest—when one uses

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Quickly relieves—regulates the bowels — prevents convulsions. Used 50 years. Absolutely safe.

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Sole Proprietors, Montreal. 41

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Woman and the Home.

The Children's Music.

We asked where the magic came from
That made her so wondrous fair,
As she stood with the sunlight touching
The gloss of her golden hair,
And her blue eyes lifted heavenward,
As though she could see God there.
"Hush!" said the child, "can't you hear it—
The music that's everywhere?"

God help us, we can not hear it!
Our hearts were heavy with pain.
We heard men toiling and wrangling,
We heard the whole world complain;
And the sound of a mocking laughter—
We heard it again and again;
But we lost all faith in the music—
We had listened so long in vain!

"Can't you hear it?" the young child whispered;
And sadly we answered, "No."
We might have fancied we heard it
In the days of the long ago;
But the music is all a delusion—
Our reason has told us so,
And the child will forget that she heard it
When she harks to the sound of woe.

Then out spoke from among us
Who had nothing left to fear;
Who had given his life for others,
And had reaped but the cruel sneer;
And his face was lit with glory,
His voice rose calm and clear,
And he said, "I can hear the music
Which the little children hear!"

—Good Words.

For the Home Seamstress.

In buying trimmings and findings, it is better to buy a little of the best, rather than much of the cheapest. Rust-proof hooks and eyes cost little, if any, more than the common iron ones which ruin tub dresses.

In making a dress skirt, care must be taken to so place the fulness that the plaits or gathers shall fall in a straight line from belt to bottom. Care must be taken that the lines do not swing toward the front.

A sleeve that is improperly placed in the arm-hole is a most uncomfortable and awkward thing. The outside line of the sleeve should be placed at the point of the shoulder, and the inside seam should be just below the bust-line, in order not to hamper the movements of the arm. The lines must properly depend from the shoulder, or the set of the sleeve will be spoiled.

A gathered or box-plaited circular skirt is one of the most difficult to make and hang correctly, and should not be undertaken by the inexperienced seamstress without good advice. The goods, being cut circular or bias will sag at the sides, making the skirt about the ankles hang very unevenly, giving a slovenly appearance to the skirt. If one must have a circular pattern, it is a good idea to hang it up by the belt for several days, after sewing up the seams, especially if the material is of loose-weave, before turning up the hem.

Many women have one hip higher than the other, and if care is not taken in the measuring, the skirt does not hang well. In such case, first pin the seamed-up skirt around the hips about six inches below the waist-line, drawing the side up over the highest hip until it hangs smoothly all around; then trim off even with the waist-line, and take in all the seams until the skirt fits smooth and even over the hips and waist-line. Raise the two outer folds of the inverted plait in the back a quarter of an inch above the waist-line, make the folds hang well toward the back-seam, and finish by making the bottom of the skirt even. It is almost impossible for a person to "fit herself."

Earning Money in the Home.

The papers and magazines which cater to the wants of women are full of so-called solutions of the problem of how women, confined to the home, can earn pin-money—or is it bread money? Prizes are offered for the most practical papers on the subject, and of these papers there is no end; but still the cry goes up from the disheartened women, "How can I earn a little money in the home?" The "solutions" are many; but the satisfactory answers are few. In a very large degree, woman must solve the problem for herself. It is almost impossible for an outsider to plan for another of whose skill, ability, education, or "stickatitiveness" she knows nothing. Even with the work in sight, the would-be worker is not always prepared to take it up; in many cases, it is from lack of experience or training which unfits her to do the kind of work she can get, but often it is an unwillingness to take what is offered her. Too often it is not what she wants, and she will have none of it.

It is rarely that a woman wage-workcr can get the work she likes, or for which she considers herself fitted, and she must begin by taking what she can get and working up to something better. There are many things that can be profitably done in the home in the few leisure hours the home-woman can command, but in many cases there must be preliminary training before she can successfully do it, and as a rule, women are impatient of training. If there were some way by which the work and the worker could be brought together, the supply of either would equal the demand of the other; but as yet this seems impossible to be done.

One of the reasons why so many women fail to make their work remunerative is that in most cases the work is but a side line, and is so regarded by the woman herself. She can bring to it but a divided interest, unless she has so trained herself that she can shut out the one set of duties when she takes up another, and there are few women whose lives are spent in the home that can do this. It requires strong determination, patience, persistence and a control of self equal to any talent she may possess, to succeed in thus training herself to a dual life. It is a pity that women in the home should have to think of working for wages.

Teaching the Babies.

It is a good plan to let the little folks go into the kitchen and "help cook." There are many little things they will delight in doing and if their reward is a piece of dough, and permission to make it into the shape they like best, baking it in their own way, they will be learning the rudimentary lessons of cookery in the pleasantest possible way. Preparing vegetables, with the promise of being allowed to cook their own, is not always a hindrance to the mother-worker, although it may take a little time and attention on her part to get the little cooks started in the right way. Do not be too free with your advice, or too steady in your overseeing. Let them use their own reasoning powers, and feel the responsibility of looking after their own affairs. If they begin a task, let them carry it through. If they put food materials on to cook in their own little vessels, let them know that it is their business to see that it don't boil dry or burn, just as it is your business to attend to yours. Do not allow them to begin the cooking and then go off to play, with intsructions to you to call them, when it needs attention.

Let the children now and then enjoy the fun of getting up the entire meal without any supervision whatever on your part. The first lessons should be with simple foods, easy to handle, but as fast as seems advisable, increase the responsibility. But, above all, do not scold the little one, or find fault unduly if things are not as appetizing as they will be later on, for the child will get discouraged. Do not, on the other hand, praise unduly, or tell the child the cooking is fine, if it is not, for this will make him or her careless (the boys should be included in these "experiments") about trying to do better. Show your appreciation of the intention, and after the meal, when you have the child alone with you, point out the cause of the failure, and its remedy. If well done, do not withhold approval. Begin very early with these lessons, and you can thus keep the children with you, employed, and learning the lessons of usefulness. The girl who is taught to cook from her infancy will not find the work so distasteful as she will if the lessons are later.

The Tenant.

This body is my house—it is not I;
Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,
I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
Till all the carpentry of time is past,
When from my high place, viewing this lone star,
What shall I care where these poor timbers are?
What though the crumbling walls turn dust and loam—
I shall have left them for a larger home.

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there is no relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

CHRISTMAS DISHES.

Orange Salad.—Use sour oranges or strain over sweet oranges a little lemon juice. Cut in slices, take out the seeds, arrange in rows and turn over them a French dressing. This is a delicious salad to serve with game.

English Plum Pudding.—One pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, one pound of flour, half a pound of citron, one nutmeg, one tablespoonful of allspice, six eggs, one pound of brown sugar, one wine glassful of brandy; boil six hours.

Christmas Sherbet.—One dozen blood oranges, one quart water, one pint sugar; peel the oranges, cut them in halves across the sections, remove the seeds and press out the juice, add the sugar and water, and when the sugar is dissolved strain it into the can and freeze.

Boned Chicken.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible until meat will fall from bones; remove all skin, chop together light and dark parts, season with pepper and salt. Boil down liquid in which chicken was boiled, then pour it on the meat, place in tin, wrap tightly in cloth, press with heavy weight for several hours. Serve cold, cut in thin slices.

Roast Goose or Duck.—Singe and wash the skin well and flatten the breast bone by striking it with a rolling pin. Stuff partly full with mashed potatoes highly seasoned with sage, onion, salt and pepper, with a little butter. Put in a deep pan and baste often. Allow eighteen minutes to the pound for cooking a young goose, half an hour for an older one. Serve with apple sauce.

Mince Pie.—Boil four pounds of lean meat, chop very fine and add twice the quantity of apples, also chopped, and half a pound of raw suet chopped very fine, then add three pounds of raisins, seeded and chopped, two pounds of currants, one heaping tablespoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, the same of cloves and half the quantity of mace. Sweeten to taste with brown sugar and add three pints of cider and one pint of brandy.

Aspic Jelly.—Boil two quarts of clear consomme with one sprig of tarragon and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, until it is reduced to one quart. Take from the fire and add two tablespoonfuls of wine or sherry, then add two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine, dissolved in one-half cupful of warm water. Strain and use as a mold for meats or salads, or pour into a shallow pan. When cold, cut into cubes and use as a garnish.

Salted Chestnuts.—Cut off the shells with a sharp penknife; then blanch by pouring boiling water over them; let them stand a few moments, then rub off the inner skin; dry in the sun or a cool oven; when quite dry, pour over them melted butter or olive oil, allowing a teaspoonful to each cupful; let them stand in this for a half-hour; then sprinkle with salt, toss well, so as to distribute it evenly; place them in a biscuit tin and set in the oven from ten to fifteen minutes, until a golden brown; stir frequently while they are crisping.

Queen of Custards.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of six to a froth. Add eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat again, then add one quart of milk and stir all together. Put into a double boiler and cook slowly until the custard clings to the spoon, stirring all the time. Add a few drops of vanilla and pour into a long-stemmed glass. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth. Boil half a cupful of white sugar with six tablespoonfuls of water until it forms a thread, then pour over the beaten whites and beat until it is stiff enough to spread, then heap high on top of the custards.

Light Fruit Cake.—One-half cupful of butter, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful milk, two cupfuls flour, one and one half teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of four eggs, one-half cupful seeded raisins, one-half cupful sliced citron, one-third cupful chopped blanched almonds, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Dredge fruit with flour, cream, butter and sugar, add beaten whites and beat hard; add flour and milk, and beat again; stir in the prepared fruit. Line a loaf pan with paper and bake cake one and one-half hours in moderate oven.

English Mistletoe Cake.—This cake is both ornamental and toothsome, for it shows the genuine Christmas colors. For the layers allow three ounces each of butter and sugar, three eggs, one-half-pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one wineglassful of orange flower water. Separate the eggs and beat the whites to a stiff froth, the yolks to a cream. Beat the sugar and butter together, add the yolks of the eggs, the flour sifted with the baking powder, the orange flower water, and, lastly, the whites of the eggs. Bake in three layers. For the filling whip one-half pint of cream until stiff, sweeten slightly and divide into two portions. Color one with spinach green, and add grated cocoanut to the other. Spread the green cream over the first layer of the cake, cover with the second, spread over the white cream and place the third layer on top. Ice thickly with plain boiled icing and decorate while fresh with bits of candied citron cut to represent mistletoe leaves, using silver comfits for the berries.

CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY.

English Everton Taffy.—Melt one pound of butter and add to it one pound of sugar, and boil until it will harden in cold water. Pour into buttered pans and mark off in squares.

Maple Sugar Candy.—Take two pounds of maple sugar broken into small bits and put it in a saucepan with a quart of rich milk—part cream is better. Let this boil until a little of it will harden in cold water. Pour into pans and mark in squares.

Candied Popcorn.—Boil one cupful of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of water for five minutes. Then add to the syrup three quarts of nicely popped corn. Stir quickly until all is evenly mixed, then remove from fire and continue stirring until each grain is separated and crystallized with candy.

Peanut Brittle.—Boil together a cupful each of brown sugar and molasses with two tablepoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of vinegar. When a bit of the mixture will crack brittle dropped in cold water, add a cupful of blanched peanuts, remove from the fire, add a scant teaspoonful of baking soda, beat hard and pour the whole into a buttered dish.

Salmagundi.—Take one pound of sugar and half a cupful of cold water and boil together until it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Do not stir after the sugar melts. Butter a shallow tin and cover the bottom closely with almonds, hickory, pecan and hazel nuts, then strips of cocoanut, stoned dates and bits of figs. When the candy is done add to it a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour it over the nuts and fruits. Mark in strips or squares when cool.

Marshmallows.—Six tablespoonfuls of water; two teacupfuls of white sugar. Stir until it begins to boil, then boil until it will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in six tablespoonfuls of water about twenty minutes and pour into the syrup until thick. Season to taste. Pour the candy into a suitable dish well powdered with three X sugar, spread out and dust well with sugar, set away to cool—in cold weather three hours will be long enough—in warm weather it should stand all night.

Chocolate Caramels.—Break into small pieces half a pound of Baker's chocolate; put it in a saucepan with a small cupful of cold water. Boil until a little of it hardens in cold water, then stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Turn into buttered pans and cut into squares. Should you like a soft caramel, stir the mixture hard for several minutes after you take it from the fire; but should you prefer the sticky kind, add four tablespoonfuls of molasses to your sugar when you put it on to cook and do not stir it after it leaves the stove.

Novel Glace Nuts.—Take a sheet of white writing paper and make it in the shape of a baking tin about an inch deep; pin the four corners securely so it will hold water. Fill this about a third full with white sugar and cover with water, letting it boil slowly over a moderate fire. Take off the scum which rises, and when nearly done sprinkle over it the chopped meats of different nuts. When you have tried a little in cold water and find it is done, stand the paper in a shallow dish of cold water for a few minutes, and when the candy is hard, unpin the corners, peel off the paper, and you have the candy in one piece.

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About the Farm.

Talking in Their Sleep.

"You think I'm dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow;
The buds of next May
I fold away,
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade,
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,
But I pity the flower, without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.
I have not died,
But I close and hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours,
You will see me again,
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

Live Stock Notes.

You can breed a scrub from pure-breds, but you can not produce an animal the equal of a good pure-bred from scrubs.

A mixture of charcoal or wood ashes with a small quantity of salt and sulphur is highly recommended for keeping pigs in order.

John Campbell, the noted Canadian sheep breeder, says Swede turnips are the best for growing lambs in winter. Ewes and lambs should be fed sparingly.

The Yorkshire and the Tamworth, or a cross-bred hog of any of those breeds, will make a profitable bacon hog; but it is not wise to breed from cross-breds.

How true it is that the bull is one-half the herd. Secure the services of a sire of high breeding and you can soon have a herd of cows that carry 50 per cent. of the best dairy blood.

One gallon crude petroleum, half gallon kerosene oil, half gallon fish oil, one cupful crude carbolic acid, mixed all together and applied in a spray over the cattle two or three times a week, makes a good cure for the horn fly.

The man who now has a good flock of sheep, be they pure-breds or grades, has a gold mine on his farm; and with proper care the crops of lambs this and coming years, will yield the easiest made and most profit of any operation on the general farm. If you have not a flock don't sleep till you get one, is the advice of a successful Canadian sheep keeper.

The old-time four or five hundred pound hog is a back number. The smooth, early maturing hog has taken his place. He is about one-third as heavy, but is making the money. The "baby" hog is most in demand.

It is a mistake to breed a sow too young. It dwarfs her growth and prevents the fullest development of her maternal capacity.

Do not frighten the flock, for sheep have sensitive and nervous natures which demand quiet.

To give the pigs a thorough scrubbing may appear to be labor thrown away, but if two lots of hogs are treated alike in every respect, except that one lot receives a thorough scrubbing with soapsuds once in a while, there will be a marked difference in favor of the hogs that are washed when the time for slaughter arrives. A clean bed of straw, with a dry house, so as to afford them comfort at night, will also promote thrift and growth. The hog is naturally a cleanly animal and enjoys a bath. If considered a filthy animal that devours filthy food, it is because of the treatment given. Hogs will select clean and wholesome food if given the opportunity to do so.

Weight is the main object of the farmer in fattening stock for market, and this weight is easiest obtained by feeding grain in order to produce fat. Farmers have long been taught by experience that fat is a desirable quality and that it adds to the attractiveness of a carcass on the stall. It has been demonstrated at the experiment stations, however, that the weight can be secured at less cost, with a greater proportion of lean interspersed with the fat by feeding a nitrogenous ration, which means that, in addition to a liberal supply of grain, an animal should receive a variety of food that is not so rich in oil, starch and sugar as is corn. This fact is worthy of consideration.

The greatest reason for using pasture is not alone in the cheapness of the food which they furnish, but because of the condition in which it leaves the swine feeding upon it. Swine feeding upon a pasture probably require more food than do those in yards, because more energy is required in grazing than in lying around in a yard. But they get more out of the food given them while in pastures than otherwise because of the nature and likely combinations of the food and the greater activity of the digestive organs brought about by exercise. The green food increases the digestive capacity of young pigs and puts them in better condition for later feeding.

A very wonderful physical endowment is the distinctive odor of each and every member of the animal world. A dog will trail its master or mistress through countless multitudes of men and women. The setter will cross the trail of rabbits, squirrels, deer, foxes, grouse, wild turkeys, etc., without pause of its pursuit of the quail. The bloodhound will track a murderer hundreds of miles without losing the scent, though an army may have crossed the trail.

Poultry Pickings.

Hens kept in flocks of thirty or forty, with about two males, produce the best results.

The floor of your poultry house should be higher than the surrounding ground.

The axe is a good remedy for many of the egg-eating hens. It kills the hen, but it also kills the habit.

If you are making a business of raising poultry, keep the males by themselves except during the breeding season.

A feed of rice, either cooked or raw, makes a good change for poultry, both old and young.

"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?" "No, sah! We don't kill 'em dat way. We cuts off d'er heads."

Eggs kept sufficiently cold will not spoil. There are records of eggs being hatched after remaining in cold storage for several months.

The old theory, and as good as any, is that pointed eggs hatch roosters, and rounded ones produce hens. Every one can try so inexpensive and harmless a theory for himself.

Purchasers should be cautioned against buying an incubator of large size for experimental or farm work. The so-called 100-egg size is large enough for the beginner. One tray and one egg chamber are enough.

IN THE DAIRY.

Milk Rules.

The cows must be kept clean.

Manure must not be permitted to collect upon the tail, sides, udder and belly of any milch cow.

Cow stables must be well lighted and ventilated.

Floors must be tight and well drained.

Manure must be removed from the stalls and gutters before the morning milking and also before the afternoon milking, where the cows remain in the stable all day.

Walls and ceilings must be kept clean.

The ceilings must be so constructed that dust and dirt therefrom shall not readily fall to the floor or into the milk..

Stables must be whitewashed at least once a year.

The water used in the barn and for washing milk utensils must be free from contamination.

A milk-house must be provided, which is separated from the stable and dwelling house.

It must be kept clean and must not be used for any purpose except the handling of milk.

No person having any communicable disease, or one caring for persons having such disease, must be allowed to handle the milk or milk utensils.

The hands of the milkers must be carefully washed immediately before milking.

All milk utensils, including pails, cans, strainers and dippers, must be kept thoroughly clean and must be washed and scalded after each using.

Milk from diseased cows must not be shipped.

The milk must not in any way be adulterated.

The straining of milk must be done in the milk house only.

All milk must be cooled to a temperature not above 55 degrees within two hours after being drawn, and kept thereafter below that, and must be cooled to 50 degrees or less if not delivered at the creamery twice daily.

A GOOD CATCH

A beautiful calendar in colors free for 100 Royal Crown Soap wrappers or 25 cents and 25 Royal Crown Soap wrappers, or if you have not the wrappers, 50 cents in cash. Address: Royal Crown Limited, Winnipeg.

The use of any preservative or coloring matter is an adulteration, and its use by a producer or shipper will be a sufficient cause for the exclusion of his product from, for instance, the City of New York.

In addition to the above rules they make a few suggestions that are applicable to most any dairy. Among these are the following:

The barn yard should be well drained and dry and manure should not be allowed to collect in the yard or against any of the buildings.

It is desirable that the place where the cows are kept be used for no other purpose.

Storing root crops or other foods in the cow barn at any part of the year is liable to leave odors or dust which will readily get into the milk.

The ceiling of the cow barn should be tight to prevent dust and chaff from falling through.

Whitewashing the stable twice a year is very desirable.

The floors should be swept at least an hour before milking time in order that the dust may have a chance to settle.

The clipping of long hairs from the udder and the right side of the cow is of assistance in preventing the collection of filth which may drop into the milk.

The use of horse manure for bedding is positively condemned.

Clean overalls and jumpers should be used by the milkers and for no other purpose.

The practice of moistening the hands with the milk is to be condemned.

The first few streams from each teat should be rejected as this contains more bacteria than the rest of the milk.

Milk strainers should be kept extremely clean and scalded twice before using, and if cloth strainers are used several of them should be provided in order that they may be frequently changed.

About Silos.

At this time of the year, and especially during a season like the present when all kinds of feed are extremely high, the owner of a silo feels like congratulating himself, and his neighbor who has been provided with less foresight will vow not to pass another year without one. Not only does the silage give a succulent and nourishing food the year round, but it enables the farmer to secure a maximum amount of profit. We know of no part of the dairy farm equipment which yields more profit upon the original cost than the silo and it is rapidly coming to be considered an indispensable part of the equipment of every dairy farm. A contemporary writer sums up the advantages to be gained from feeding silage in the following manner.

First, silage enables a cow to produce milk economically.

Second, the silo increases the given number of stock which can be kept upon the average farm from a certain number of acres of land.

Third, it improves the physical condition of all kinds of stock, this being especially true during the winter months.

Fourth, it prevents waste.

Fifth, silage is much more easily handled than dry fodder, besides being more palatable.

Sixth, there are no aggravating lumps of straw in the manure where silage is fed.

Seventh, the silo will make palatable food that would otherwise be rejected.

Eighth, it enables the farmers to preserve a certain amount of green forage regardless of unfavorable weather conditions at the time when the forage is put up.

Ice for Next Summer.

If farmers realized the comfort and luxury there is in having a plentiful supply of ice during the hot weather that will surely come, and must come if they are to have any harvest next year, they would surely plan to have it. Now is the time not merely to think about this supply, but to actually get it. The first thing to do is to determine to have ice. The next thing is to plan to build an ice house; the next, to build it, and make it large enough; and the next, to fill it in such a way that it will keep, with enough ice for yourselves, for the sick folks among your neighbors, and have some left over.

It is not necessary to picture out to the young people the bountiful dishes of ice cream which will surely appear if there is plenty of ice in the ice house, and the gatherings of young folks if there is promise of it; nor of the additional amount of fresh meats there will be when it can be kept for two or three days; nor the splendid ice-cold sweet milk that "goeth down sweetly," like the wine Solomon talked about, "making the lips of them that are asleep to speak;" nor of the butter that is able to stand alone instead of spreading all over the plate. It may involve you in a little more expense, possibly a little more trouble, but it will make farm life much more desirable and much more comfortable.

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In a big establishment I visited recently, where several hundred men are employed, I saw a big sign with just these words; "Get busy; Do it now."

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The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt is a sure cure for all signs of Breakdown in Men and Women. The Vitality of the body is Electricity—the force in the Nerve Cells. My Electric Belt will give you back this power and enable you to fight on in the Battle of Life!

The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt cures Neurasthenia, Hypochondria, Nervous Prostration or Nervous Weakness, Headaches, Sleeplessness, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of the Kidneys, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Poor Circulation, Urinal Trouble, Weakness of the Organs, Night Losses, all evidence of Premature Decay.

If you are skeptical all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt and

PAY ME WHEN YOU ARE CURED.

I can give you the PROOF in abundance. Here I give you a few samples of the kind of letters that I receive every day by the score:

Dear Sir,—I purchased one of your Belts some seven months ago. I was troubled then with weak heart, and I find that the belt has greatly benefited me. I can heartly recommend your Belt to any one who may be troubled in this way, and believe they are even better than you say yourself. Yours very truly.—**W. A. Henderson, Gladys, Alta.**

Dear Sir,—I have given your Belt a fair trial and I think it is a grand Belt for Rheumatism and Lame Back, and I would recommend it to any one suffering from Rheumatism. It is worth its weight in gold. I beg to remain—**W. D. Harrison, (Rancher) Moose Jaw, Sask.**

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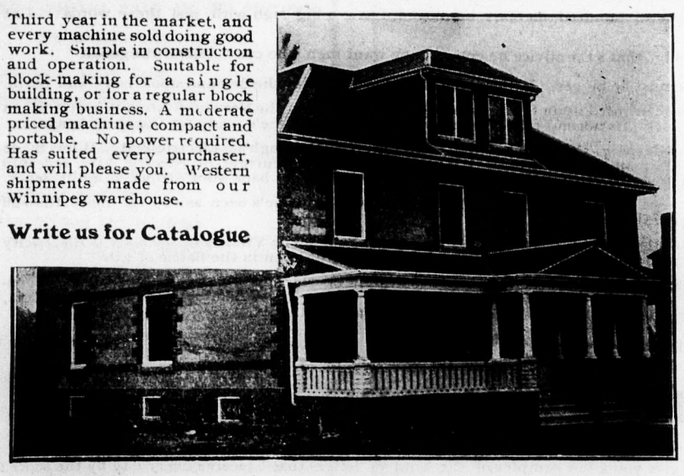

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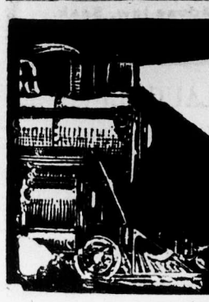

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THE DOMINION RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

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In Lighter Vein.

THE NECESSITIES OF HIS CALLING

Mrs. Simple—"You don't look as though you needed food very badly."
Tubby Tubkins—"But I do, ma'am. You see, I have to git fat or I'm no good at me trade. I hire out at Christmas festivals fur de Santa Claus."

Willie's Christmas Gifts.

Christmas-time had rolled round again, and in recognition of the fact, Willie's father presented to him a bright new silver twenty-five cent piece, with which to buy gifts for the family.

Willie chortled with glee at his prize, and as he was but convalescent from measles, and so kept in the house, he set about devising some home-made gifts which should express his warm feeling for all concerned, without seriously disintegrating the quarter. He was a frugal child, despite the fact that he was the only son of a millionaire.

He decided to keep his little tokens as a complete surprise, so that his moments of operation were in those intervals when grandmother took her nap, or mother went to her bridge club, or sister was out Christmas shopping.

Willie was a thoughtful lad and he remembered vividly a recent accident to his father's cigar case. "I will make papa a new cigar case," he carolled, as he climbed the attic stairs on a foraging expedition. There he found a sister's riding boots, with satin smooth tops of shining leather. Sister had but lately acquired these boots and she was very fond of them.

Willie, thinking only of his father's Christmas happiness, seized a pair of convenient scissors and cut two pieces from the boot tops. These he joined neatly with library paste, stitching them across the top with red silk thread from mother's basket. Cost—nothing to Willie.

Sister had said a day or two before that she would like a picture for her room, one large enough to fill a certain corner niche. Willie luckily recalled a book of engravings in his father's collection of editions de luxe. It was a large volume of first proofs, and heavy to lift. But Willie, by patient industry, brought it at last to the library table, and with his trusty scissors, cut therefrom the portrait of a French queen. He then returned the book to the shelf, for order was one of Willie's cardinal virtues. An attractive frame was secured for this picture in the attic. It originally contained a portrait of some deceased relative, but with tools from his handy chest, Willie removed this and placed instead the engraving.

"The gift is small," sang Willie, "but love is all."

Grandmother had lately lost her darning-ball, but Willie soon replaced tnis as a Christmas offering. A mahogany davenport in the drawing-room was finished in richly polished knobs of the same wood. Willie deftly sawed one of these off, placing a pillow jauntily over the site of the missing ornament. With a piece of sandpaper he rubbed the sawed portion of the wood, and lo! a darning-ball as if by magic!

Grandfather's pulse-warmers being worn out, Willie planned to surprise him with a new pair. These he cut from the lowest portion of mother's equestrian tights, which she had carelessly left with other purchases on the hall table. Wrapped in a bit of tissue paper and tied with a sprig of holly, they made a most acceptable gift.

A dainty and unique calendar was fashioned for mother's room. Willie covered the lid of a small biscuit-box with a square of grandfather's flowered satin dressing-gown. The industrious boy pasted the cloth smoothly on the back and hid the raw edges on the under side with a piece of father's silk neckerchief. A tiny calendar, from grandmother's writing desk, was gummed to the right side, and a piece of the belt cord of the gown, secured through gimlet holes bored at the top, hung the pretty trifle.

Thus we see, how a simple child, dependent entirely upon his own resources, may make Christmas happiness for a whole family and keep his quarter beside.

A PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Jimmy—"Whadger git in yer sock Chris'mas?"
Tommy—"Nawthin."
Jimmy—"That's funny. Wonder why?"
Tommy—"Maybe it's 'cause I didn't have no sock."

Nor was His Neck Rubber.

The plaintiff's lawyer in the breach of promise case thought he would make life a burden to the unfortunate man who was the unwilling defendant.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, after a number of embarrassing questions, "that after you had been absent for an entire month you did not kiss the plaintiff, to whom you were engaged to be married, when you first saw her on your return?"

"I do," responded the defendant firmly.

"Will you make that statement to the jury?"

"Certainly, if necessary."

"Do you think that they would believe you?"

"One of them would, I know."

"Ah, indeed! And why should he, pray?"

"Because he was present when I first saw her. He was at the gate when I rode up, and she stuck her head out of the second-story window, and I said to her, 'How d'ye do?' and called out I'd be back to supper in half an hour. I'm no giraffe."

Defined.

Freshman (meeting a professor.—Are those micrococci in that basket?

Professor—No.

"Sporogillimi?"

"No."

"Saceromisae cerivisae?"

"No."

"Generatorsphorgetirimillionollinicciancorganisms?"

"No."

"What are they, please?"

"Grapes."

Long-Distance Philanthropy.

Tomdix. Closefist tells me he invites his poor relations to visit him each year.

Hojax. Yes; they all live at a distance and are too poor to come.

A WARNING.

Parson Snowball Jackson—"It is mah painful duty to say dat a fine red rooster is missin' from Colonel High ball's coop dis mawnin'. If any member of dis congregation knows huccome dis rooster missin' let him bewar' o' de wrath to come. Br'er Rastus Jones, Ah will 'company you home to yo' Christmas dinner."

Christmas Adam.

Mamma. "You have addressed your letter 'Mr. Santa Claus Adam.' Why did you put Adam there, dear? That isn't Santa Claus' name."

Bobbie. "Well, who is the Christmas Adam, then?"

"What Christmas Adam? I never heard of one."

"There's a Christmas Eve, and there ought to be a Christmas Adam, I should think."

Cleared Up.

Muddleton. "Say, old man, as you're an old married man, I'd like your opinion about something."

Middleton. "That's the most striking difference between you and my wife. But what's the matter?"

Muddleton. ""Why, say, confidentially, don't you think a pair of blankets is a kind of a peculiar Chirstmas present for a girl to send the man she's engaged to?"

Middleton. "Ha, ha, ha! Maybe she meant it as a delicate assurance she wasn't going to leave him out in the cold."

Muddleton. "Confound you! if I'd known you were going to hee-haw about it I'd never have said a word to you about it."

Middleton. "Oh by Jove! you don't mean you're the man?"

Muddleton. "Well, yes, I am."

Middleton. "And Miss Daintry sent 'em?"

Muddleton. "Yes. Singular present, don't you think?"

Middleton. "Plural, I should say. I think you said there was a pair."

Muddleton. "Oh, if you're going to behave like a fool all the time—"

Middleton. "Don't get excited, old chap. Of course, there's some mistake. Fact is, I remember now—"

Muddleton. "No, there's no mistake at all. That's what I thought, of course, till I read the note she inclosed in the bundle. That makes it sure she meant them for me all right."

Middleton. "Nonsense. The bundles have been delivered at the wrong addresses. As I was going to say, I remember now that my wife went with her to pick out some bankets she was going to send to an old nurse of hers."

Muddleton. "But I tell you there's her note. She couldn't possibly mean it for anyone else. She—she mentions something that makes that positive."

Middleton. "Why not? What was it"

Muddleton. ""Well, if you will never tell, she— she wrote, 'With many, many wishes for a very merry Christmas from the little girl you have so often held on your knee.' There, you don't suppose she's been roosting around promiscuously, do you?"

Middleton. "Oh, oh, oh! That's the best ever. Can't you see it applies to her old nurse as well as to you? You chump!"

Muddleton. "Her nurse, did you say? I it—that is— Oh, if you ever tell —!"

It Ought to be Done.

The editor of the magazine looks up from the pile of submitted manuscripts.

"That man Scribblesum surely is a persistent chap," he remarked to his assistant.

"Yes?" interrogatively comments the assistant.

"Yes. Here's that Christmas poem of his that has been sent in and rejected regularly for the past six years."

"Which one?"

"It's entitled 'The Hole in the Stocking.'"

"Oh, darn that thing!"

A bashful young man was invited to dine. He was very much agitated. He sat opposite a mirror and discovered that he had forgotten to comb his hair. Then he dropped his fork on the floor and as he stooped to pick it up he upset his coffee. Matters went from bad to worse, until finally the young man quit eating and put his hands under the table. The loose end of the table cloth was lying in his lap. When he touched it he turned pale. He thought it was his shirt, and that he had forgotten to put the garment in his trousers. That accounted for his further embarrassment. He hurriedly stuffed the supposed shirt inside his trousers. Afterward when the family arose from the table there was a crash. The dishes lay in a broken mass on the floor. The young man pulled three feet of table cloth out of his pants and flew to the woods.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

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SKIN DISFIGURED FOR LIFE.

Make Your Skin Clear, Smooth and Free From Impurities As Soon As Possible, Because If You Allow Eruptions To Continue Your Face May Become Diseased and Disfigured For Life.

Send For Free Sample Package To-day.

The continued eruptions of the impurities of the blood through the skin of the face and other parts of the body in the form of pimples, blackheads, boils, fleshworms, eczema, blotches, blemishes, scabby crusts, scrofula, salt rheum, simple and chronic acne, poisoned skin, red skin or rash or spots, ulcers, carbuncles, etc., if allowed to continue indefinitely, will eventually destroy the skin so as to permanently disfigure your face and body. The glands in the skin, containing fluids and fatty secretions necessary for the nourishment of the skin, are often destroyed by continued eruptions, thus causing fissures, cracks and scars, and leaving the skin in a dried and shrunken condition.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have made a sure and rapid cure for all skin diseases possible. They do not contain any poison, mercury, drug, opiate or cheap alcohol so common in most skin and blood treatments. Calcium Wafers contain in concentrated form the most effective working power of any purifier ever discovered—Calcium Sulphide. They also contain golden seal, quassia, eucalyptus, belladona, and the vegetable alteratives and laxatives, all of which are essential to make rich, red, healthy blood.

Calcium Wafers are in dry, compressed form—little tablets—easy to carry around and they cannot lose their medicinal power by evaporation as so many liquid medicines do. They are coated with chocolate, are easy and pleasant to take, will cure any form of skin or blood disease and will leave your skin in a perfectly smooth and healthy condition.

Why should you go around any longer with a disgusting looking face and have strangers stare at you and your friends avoid you, when you might just as well have a nice, smooth, attractive face. Stuart's Calcium Wafers have in many cases cured boils and pimples in five days.

Ask your druggist for Stuart's Calcium Wafers to-day. They cost only 50 cents a box.

Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send you a sample package of Calcium Wafers free. Address the postal to F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

YOU EXERCISE YOUR OWN MIND WHEN YOU ASK FOR AN ADVERTISED ARTICLE

Therefore, insist on getting what you ask for when making a purchase. The dealer who substitutes relies on his ability to make you change your mind. He will give you what you ask for if you refuse a substitute. Substitute articles pay him a larger profit. That's why he tries to change your mind. When your mind is made up, keep it so by insisting on getting what you want.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

A Weather Philosopher.

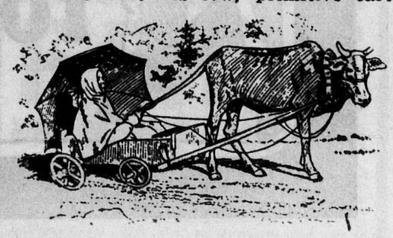
The flowers are sorter wiltin', like they missed the fresh'nin' dew;
But—thar's wisdom in all weathers, an' jes any kind 'll do!
Though the winter blights the blossoms, in a dream a feller sees
The lilies leanin' over with the weight o' honey-bees!

We sorter miss the mockin'-birds that made the woodlan's ring;
But—ain't the wind a-whistlin?—don't the winter fires sing?
Don't the mistletoe look temptin', when it's Love a feller seeks?
Ain't the holly berries redder than yer sweetheart's rosy cheeks?

Oh, thar's life an' love amazin' in this worl' fer one an' all;
Warm yer souls up in the sunshine—ketch the blossoms as they fall!
From the gray, frost-sprinkled meadows feel yer way to skies o' blue!
Thar's wisdom in all weathers, an' jist any kind 'll do!

A Calcutta Beggar.

One of the most picturesque characters in Calcutta is the typical city beggar when he is pursuing his daily vocation. He narrowly escapes being a "beggar on horseback," and doubtless would be one in reality were it not for the fact that his low, primitive cart



drawn by a steer is much more comfortable than the back of a horse. Since 1773, when Calcutta became the seat of British government for the whole of India, the city has been favored with an almost unbroken record of progress and prosperity in which the beggars of the place have shared.

Eight Millions for Toys.

The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gladden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at $8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of 5 to 12-year old children. The children of no other country on the globe have anything like so lavish an average amount of money expended for toys for them, not even the children of Germany—Germany, the home of toy-making and toy-giving. Verily, indeed, the lot of the American child has been cast in the richest sort of clover when it comes to toy getting and not a few other things in the bargain.

The Christmas Pie.

To the Yule-log, with the legends that cluster about it; the Christmas tree, and the Twelfth Night cake, which have for centuries lent their merriment to the Christmas festival, may be added the "strictly up-to-date" Christmas pie. This dainty dessert is inexpensive, and may be served in the parlor or in the dining-room. A suitable time is the afternoon of Christmas Day, when friends are gathered together in a social way, or immediately after the usual Christmas dinner. Line a large dishpan with soft shaded brown paper. Within this "crust" put any number of small gifts that may cost from 3 to 25 cents each. Automatic toys such as mice, flies, toads or turtles may be used for the filling of the pie. Something that is entirely appropriate, peculiarly significant, or very absurd, should be chosen for each guest. For instance, a pair of miniature dancing shoes for the minister; a butcher knife for the young surgeon; a toy sword for the soldier boy, etc. Each article is tied with a dainty bit of ribbon to which is attached a card bearing the name of the one for whom it is intended. When the pan has been filled with the little gifts the cover, or "top crust," is then cut round and tied down securely over all, and the rim decorated with holly leaves and berries.

The one who serves should be quick-witted and jovial, so as to make as much of the office of serving as possible. Before serving cut the pie through the paper crust in the usual way with a knife, or perhaps better, with a pair of scissors. Lay the sections back from the centre and take out the articles one by one, from the opening made. The decorations of the pie are thus preserved throughout the ceremony of serving.

Etiquette of the Indian Tepee.

"If you should ever go into an Indian tepee," said a westerner, "remember they have rules of etiquette that are more rigidly adhered to than in our parlors.

"Do not think they are not sensitive for they are more so than the Japs. If you make fun of his layout the whole family will remember the insult for a lifetime. The seat of honor is just opposite the door, across the fire pit. Wait until you are invited before you take that seat. If you go bolting into an Indian's tepee and rush over and take this vacant seat he may not take you by the nape of the neck and throw you out, but he would like to if he thought it could be done without cutting off his rations.

"In leaving the tepee never pass between any one and the fire. An old chivalric warrior will crawl around the side of the tent and kick a hole in the wall on the north side in a blizzard before he would violate this rule of etiquette and pass between his guests and the smoking embers.

The Economy of the Bee.

At one time the bees were male and female in equal numbers. The irresponsible male buzzed about, simply getting his own living, marrying and dying. The responsible female not only got her own living, but that of her children.

Somehow, by and by, they came to see the advantage of communal effort, and, just as women say to one another now, "If you'll wash the dishes I'll wipe 'em," one feminine bee said to the other, "I'll be the mother if you'll get the living." It was a bargain, and the accommodating females took drones in to board.

The queen of a beehive does not rule; she lays eggs. She does not mind the babies. She does not even do her own digesting, let alone getting the food. The attendants that surround her feed her with bee milk, secreted by glands in their heads. She has to be fed continually, for at certain periods she has the power of producing from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs a day, twice her own weight—four times, indeed, for more than half her weight is eggs. In her lifetime a prolific queen will lay 1,500,000 eggs. No man has ever been able to figure the loss which comes by not being able to have bees enough to gather the nectar of flowers in his immediate vicinity.

The Cheer of Letters.

We should not allow our everyday cares to so completely occupy us as to lead us to forget or neglect to write frequent letters to those who are away from home. Those who are "in a far country" are immeasurably cheered and strengthened by letters from home friends and cherish them with love and longing. Send them a message from your heart today.

"The Other Fellow."

Most men think that the "other fellow" has a better job than they themselves have. Very likely, when two men meet, the thought is often mutual, as men generally exaggerate one another's prosperity, and while a man may have a difficult time to make both ends meet, other people may be carried away by his outward appearance when they ought to be congratulating themselves that they are not in his position. There is a wholesome lesson in this. Don't judge too much by appearances and "style." Don't envy other people. "Hold up your own end." You stand in your own shoes, and more than likely if you got into the other man's, you would find them anything but well fitting and comfortable.

Satisfactory Conference.

Hearing voices inside the room, the wife of the eminent financier paused at the door of his office and heard this conversation:

"Yes, we have several hundred thousand dollars over and above any possible amount we shall need this year for taking up matured endowment policies or paying death claims, which we should like to invest in good securities."

"You have full power to invest this fund?"

"Absolutely."

"H'm! I'm glad to meet you, indeed. It happens most opportunely that our firm is about to organize a syndicate for the exploitation of certain suburban properties. The security is gilt edged, and the profits are sure to be large. We can use a considerable amount of money in financing this enterprise."

"Do you consider it, personally, a desirable investment?"

"I consider it away up in G. It's the best thing now on the market."

"Well, I'll see you again tomorrow, and we will arrange for the deal."

Here the conversation ceased.

The wife of the eminent financier waited a moment longer, then knocked lightly on the door, and went in.

"Why, Jasper," she said, surprised at finding him alone, "I thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"Quite likely, my dear," he answered, with a large and genial smile. "I was talking to myself."

Unequal to It.

"I have here," said the man with the square jaw, "the positive proof, backed up by expert analysis, ample details, and a score of affidavits, that the Bonanza Gas company, which furnishes this town with alleged gas and charges us a dollar and a half a thousand feet for it, makes a clear profit of over a dollar on every thousand, and mixes 40 per cent. of air with the gas, at that. I want this published in the interests of a plundered people and for the purpose of showing up a heartless, conscienceless, greedy corporation."

"Why—h'm—I am sorry to say," responded the editor of the Sokauld Independent, "that we shall not have room for it. It would require at least a column, and—aw—we haven't the column."

"I see," said the caller, rising and putting the documents back in his pocket. "I see. You haven't the spinal column. Good day, sir."

A Weakness Only.

Sin is the only evidence of weakness—weakness of character. If we would turn men from the error of their ways we must supplement our efforts to shield them from temptation by helping them to gain strength to resist it.

Her Prophetic Soul.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was showing the manuscript of her immortal story to one of her most intimate friends.

"Don't publish it," pleaded the friend. "It will rouse a slumbering volcano. Its effect will be to plunge the country into the most terrible war in history!"

"I think not," she answered. "The war is bound to come, anyhow. Nothing I can do will either hasten it or hinder it. But think,"—here her voice faltered—"of the never ending 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupes it will inflict upon the coming generations!"

Yet she suffered her scruples to be overcome by other and less disinterested advisers—and behold the result!

A Peak of Snowy Beauty.

While there are among the Rocky Mountains scores of peaks whose cloud-capped summits rise to a height of from ten to fourteen thousand feet, many of these are disappointing in appearance from the fact that they rise from tablelands in themselves of great altitude, and are surrounded by numerous lesser peaks, which have a tendency to dwarf their loftier neighbor. Not so, however, with Mt. Shasta, one of the giants of the California coast. Shasta is a mountain of peculiarly imposing appearance, because its great bulk rises in one vast mass from a broad, treeless plain, and there is nothing to rob the monarch of the majesty that is rightfully his.

From Sisson's, the nearest settlement, Mt. Shasta shows a sugar-loaf cone of purest white, as though chiseled from Carrara marble, and this snowy purity is intensified by the vast expanse of somber forest that forms the foreground of the picture. Two thousand feet below the rounded summit of the cone lies the crater, with its rougher, more irregular outline, for Mt. Shasta is a volcano, whose fires seemingly are quenched forever, save that a steam vent on the cone gives evidence of hidden life and activity.

Magnificent forests of oaks, pines and redwoods cover the slopes of the mountain, but from timber line to the summit of the cone, four thousand feet higher, stretches a dreary region of rough lava flows and ash fields, where prostrate fir trees bridge many a chasm between the jagged, angular blocks of lava. In this region there is little of the animal life to be found on most Alpine summits, and little vegetation save grasses and lichens and a few stunted trees.

In keeping with the wild and desolate appearance of this part of the mountain lying above timber line is the interior of the crater, where Nature's Titanic forces have evidently carried on a fierce struggle. Sharp, jagged pinnacles of rock form the edge of the crater, and down the inner slopes extend unbroken fields of snow, a thousand feet in extent, to where two frozen lakes lie like sheets of glass at the bottom.

Both fire and ice have contended for the mastery of Mt. Shasta, and there may still be seen short glaciers which have been splintered into innumerable crevices by the roughness of the rocky bed over which they make their slow way down the mountain side.

Though in themselves the cone and crater of Mt. Shasta offer to the eye a prospect of dreariness and desolation, instead of one of beauty, they afford a vantage ground from which it is possible to take in a panorama of wonderful loveliness, in which are included

sparkling lakes, forests of vast extent and rich coloring, and snowy peaks, lifting their white summits against the blue of the sky until in the dim distance they blend almost imperceptibly with the low-lying clouds. And Shasta itself, as the day fades, and the evening glow comes on, presents a beautiful picture to those who are at a sufficient distance to appreciate the rich purple tint that veils the dark forests of the lower slopes, and the rosy flush that tinges the purity of the great cone. The distance hides or softens the savage features of the mountain, and in the light of evening it glows like a huge jewel, till at last night's veil is drawn across it, and only a dim outline looms through the darkness.

The Talk of the Day.

Rossetti, the poet-painter, was once visited by an Indian prince, who said to him:

"I wish to give you a commission to paint a portrait of my father."

"Is your father in London?" asked Rossetti.

"No. my father is dead," replied the oriental.

"Have you some photographs of him, or any portrait?"

"We have no portraits of him of any kind."

"How can I paint a portrait of him, then?" asked the artist. "It is impossible! I could not think of attempting anything so absurd."

"Why is it absurd?" demanded the prince gravely. "You paint pictures of Julius Caesar and Hannibal and John the Baptist, and yet you have never seen any of them. Why can you not paint my father?"

The Gentle Cynic.

Supply is generally governed by the demand, except in the matter of making mistakes.

The fellow who makes hay while the sun shines doesn't have to borrow an umbrella when it rains.

The worst thing about becoming famous over night is that we are sure to wake up in the morning.

Society forgives a man if he breaks the Ten Commandments, but never if he breaks a dinner engagement.

The mere wearing of high heels makes some people feel that they are head and shoulders above their neighbors.

A woman can fairly blaze with diamonds without setting the world on fire.

It is natural that we should learn to crawl when we are babies, but some men never get over it.

Some men are despondent because they can't get out of debt, and others because they can't get in.

Mark Twain, the Philosopher.

No humorist has ever won permanent fame by virtue of his humor alone. The jokes of Aristophanes were excruciatingly funny in their day, but if our appreciation of this old Attic comedy depended on its power to keep us laughing now, the shelves whereon it reposes would be even dustier than they are. Mark Twain holds his place because he has thought deeply and seriously about mankind and its needs. The thought has been colored, of course, by his own situation and experiences. Once, when he was young, writes Samuel E. Moffet in the American Review of Reviews, and the prizes of life were fresh and sweet and the road from success to success stretched invitingly ahead, and the Great Divide seemed a long way off, his feelings were optimistic. He looked on the bright side of everything. If everything were not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, things were at least doing very well, and this was a pretty good world. Later, when bereavements came, and disappointments, and the rough edges of life intruded where their touch seemed a profanation, and fame seemed to have less enchantment in the possessing than had glowed about it in the winning, and the snow fell upon the hair of friends, and life offered little more to look forward to, his thoughts became more somber. But the character of his philosophy has never changed. From the first to the last he has fought the good fight. Whether he has fought in the buoyant certainty of victory or in the resigned expectation of defeat, he has always been on the same side.

He has always tried to lighten the world's ills, to abolish injustice, and to help the victims of oppression, whether the oppressor be an American boss, a Russian Czar or a Belgian rubber-trading king. Nobody ever needs to ask where he stands. It is enough to know that a wrong has been committed to know that he is against it. The sufferer may be an American negro, an Indian, a Chinaman, a Filipino, or a Congo savage—he will find a defender in Mark Twain. And with all that there is charity for the oppressor, too, unless he has sinned against the light. The sympathy with the slave in "Huckleberry Finn" was no more perfect than the sympathy with the slave-holder who suffered from the same system. That is why the world is learning to call Mark Twain something more than "humorist."

Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Half of the suffering and torture of piles has never been told. But no matter. Whether your particular case of piles is almost too excruciating for any mortal to bear, or if you are fearfully tantalized by unreachable itching, or whether you have only a moderate case of piles, there is positive relief, and quick too, in Pyramid Pile Cure.

You need not take for granted all we ourselves say about our Pile Remedy. We want it to speak for itself. We want you to send for a free package, to-day, of the marvelous Pyramid Pile Cure. We want to prove these statements to you personally, so that you will feel the result yourself.

Follow a few simple directions. Get well to stay well.

You don't have to stop working one single day.

No tortures from operations.

No heavy doctors' bills.

Here, for instance, is a sample of the kind of letters we get every day and we don't have to ask for them:

"Friend, I write to tell what good your Pyramid Pile cure has done for me. I used your sample, and it did me so much good I went and got two boxes, and I used one and I am another man altogether. I have no pain, no piles, and I 50 years and could find no relief till now thanks to your timely cure. Use my thanks to your timely cure. Use my name if it will do you any good. Isaac Smith, Wharton, New York."

For Free Sample send to the Pyramid Drug Co., 96 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., or you can buy Pyramid Pile Cure in any drug store for 50 cents a box.

Mr. Grocer---

It is a waste of hard earned money to buy paper bags, even at ridiculous discounts, if they are not serviceable

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Tell me who you are, and I will make you the squarest incubator-and-brooder proposition you ever heard in your life.

I will ship you a Peerless Incubator, and a Peerless Brooder (or either — but you need both), and give you a ten years' GUARANTEE in writing that they will work right.

My Peerless Incubator, and its running-mate the Peerless Brooder, will give you the right start in the poultry business. Nothing else will.

Nothing else will, because no other incubator or brooder is heated right, ventilated right and sold right. No other incubator, no other brooder, is GUARANTEED as I guarantee the Peerless.

I take all the guess-work, all the worry, out of poultry-raising with the Peerless outfit.

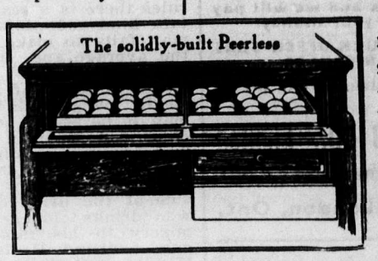
I will give you two years' time to pay for the outfit if you want me to.

I will tell you exactly what to do to make the Peerless earn you solid cash profits. Just do as I say, and I will stand by and help you make a go of poultry-raising.

If you want me to, I'll undertake to get you topnotch prices for all the poultry you want to sell. I won't sell it for you, but I'll find you a direct buyer for it, at any time of year—a buyer who can't get enough poultry or eggs, and who pays high prices and pays spot cash down.

I will see you through—that's it. I'll outfit you at my own risk; I'll guarantee you satisfaction with what you buy from me; I will find you a good market for your product.

You supply just plain gumption—that, with this outfit and my co-operation with you, will add you to the long list of people who are making more money out of poultry than they can make at anything else—and making it easier.



Now, never mind if this sounds too good to be true. You can't risk anything by hearing the whole story. That I will tell you if you will just send for my FREE book—"When Poultry Pays." It is well worth your reading.

Wouldn't to-day—now—be a good time to send for that book?

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We believed that the "DAISY" churn was the best on the market but now we have facts which prove that the Canadian people think so too. That's what having these 100,000 customers who are pleased with the "DAISY" churn means.

But before we tell you about our GREAT OFFER we want to make you understand precisely what the "DAISY" churn is and what the "DAISY" churn can do.

We don't deny that there are other good churns in the world, all we claim is that the "DAISY" churn is the strongest, handiest, most serviceable and the best butter maker on the market.

Note just two or three points of superiority.

Begin at the bottom. The front legs are on wheels making it easy to move the churn whether empty or filled. Suppose that the floor is uneven, all that you have to do is to loosen the screw on the upright back board at the bottom and insert enough paper to make the feet rest evenly on the floor. And then it is the easiest churn to set up, because it is put together with only two machine made bolts. No other churn has this handy feature.

Did you ever sit down to your butter making and do something else while churning? You can do this with a "DAISY" churn.

The "DAISY" churn is fitted with a foot pedal and a bow lever, so that it can be operated by the foot or by the hand independently or together and either standing or sitting.

The bow lever being attached to both sides of the barrel makes it revolve evenly.

And then there are the Cream Breakers. This devise makes the butter come quicker and the "DAISY" cream breakers can be put in or taken out in a jiffy — a feature not found in any other churn.

Last of all; — Even if you are now a good butter maker, the "DAISY" churn will make you a better butter maker.

Remember that this claim is backed by nearly 100,000 housekeepers who use the "DAISY" churn and declare it to be absolutely the strongest, surest, quickest, best and in view of the improvements, the cheapest churn on the market.

OUR GREAT OFFER

We will ship the "DAISY" churn to your address and PAY THE FREIGHT on receipt of price. Keep the churn on 30 DAYS' TRIAL. If it is not in every particular all that we claim it to be and the most satisfactory churn you have ever used, ship it back to us and we will pay the freight and return your money.

THIS IS THE BEST CHURN OFFER THAT HAS EVER BEEN MADE IN CANADA.

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Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are that it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

Christmas Bells.

Across the twilight fields of time they ring
Those Christmas bells of all the vanished years,
How tender is their echo in our ears
Of all the joy that home and friends can bring;
Of dear delusions that to childhood cling;
Of buoyant hopes, unvexed by anxious fears.
Of laughter mingled with no trace of tears—
How clear they ring! How faint their echoing!

And still they ring, with peal like that of yore,
The same, yet not the same; for more and more
Too bitter-sweet their undertones resound,
Commingling with the thoughts e'er circling round—
As doves their homes—those 'yond earth's changing climes
On whose rapt ears fall heaven's blest Christmas chimes.

—Adene Williams.

Make Social Drinking Unpopular.

If social drinking in the society world could be made unfashionable the cause of temperance would be greatly advanced. If social drinking among men could be made unpopular total abstinence would receive a mighty impulse.

It is as a social custom that strong drink begins its deadly work. The young man does not take his first drink because he likes it. He takes it because he thinks it will make him seem manly and up-to-date to do so. He does not purchase a bottle of whiskey and go off by himself to drink it. He may do that later on; but at first he drinks for the social pleasure he expects to derive from it.

Temperance workers find their main fields of work among the children and the drunkards. One class devotes its chief efforts to pledging the children, and the other class applies its energies to saving the drunkard. But between these two extremes is the great recruiting ground of inebriety—the social drinking customs of the country.

Visit any restaurant where liquors are served at any hour when they are crowded with guests and it will seem to you that every patron of the establishment, whether man or woman, is drinking cocktails, champagne, or beer, with an occasional order for straight whiskey. Judging by such appearances you may think that drinking is largely on the increase. And perhaps it is true that there is more social drinking than formerly. Modern demands have not reached this branch of the liquor problem. But it is believed that there is not so much drunkenness as there used to be. Not because people have become more abstemious in their desires, but because sobriety has become a business requirement.

The social drinker is in a sort of fool's paradise. He imagines he is having a good time; but he is blocking his way to advancement. The man who carries a whiskey handicap has a hard road to travel. Nobody wants him.

The real rulers of the world have decided against whiskey. Railroads and corporations have adopted rigid rules with regard to strong drink. They will not employ men who drink. They will not continue in their employ men who are known to use intoxicating liquor.

Trades unions are beginning to bar the drinking man. They are finding him an expensive proposition. By their rules there is a scale of wages for certain kinds of work. But the drinking man fails to make good. He reduces the average and brings reproach on worthy members.

In these days of close competition and small margins it is necessary for a man to be at his best if he would succeed; and no man can be entirely fit who is ever so slightly under the influence of strong drink.

Then there is the domestic, or home, side of the drink question. The man who drinks brings wretchedness and misery to his family. He is not a good husband. He is not a good father. He defrauds those whom he has sworn to love and cherish. He robs them of their birthright of honor and protection. If whiskey makes him vicious they fear him. If it makes him stupid they are ashamed of him. If he is poor they suffer privation and want. If he is rich they look to the time when bad management or neglect will reduce them to povery, and added to the humiliation of his habits there will be the discomforts of penury.

Whiskey has been driven from nearly every place of honor and trust. It is a bar to achievement, an enemy to happiness, and a menace to health. Even as a machine alcohol has lost its vogue, and the best physicians seldom prescribe it.

But in spite of business requirements and domestic needs, social drinking continues. There is something incomprehensible about the tolerance of a custom which, if continued, may ruin a man's prospects.

Sobriety is stock in trade for the ambitious man. It opens the door of opportunity. It gives him a chance to utilize his ability. It converts his energy into cash. It materializes his aspirations. Inebriety blights ambition, closes the door to opportunity, paralyzes energy, and destroys the aspirations.

Sobriety builds up. Inebriety pulls down. The two are antagonistic. They have nothing in common. And yet, at the very time when sobriety is at the highest rate of premium, and drunkenness at the lowest rate of discount, we are told that social drinking is on the increase.

There is more than a note of inconsistency in a policy that finds its pleasures in undermining its possibilities.

Social drinking does not in all cases lead to drunkenness; but nearly all drunkenness begins in social drinking. The young man who begins to drink does not intend to become an inebriate. He means to be a moderate drinker. He knows of prominent business men who drink moderately, but who are respected and honored citizens. If he thinks at all, he thinks he will be like them.

Unfortunately there are plenty of such men—men of wealth and prominence, who by their example say to the young man, "It is right and possible to drink moderately."

As has often been said in these columns, all men are not equally affected by the poison of alcohol. Many men can never be moderate drinkers. For them there is no half-way ground. They must let drink alone or they will drink to excess.

It must be remembered that the moderate drinkers who occupy high positions have reached those positions in spite of their drinking practices, and not because of them. While they might defend those habits in themselves they would be quick to object to them in those who asked their assistance.

There is no profession or position or occupation where drinking habits are a recommendation. If they are tolerated they are not approved. Science and Industry have pronounced against them. It remains for Fashion to say the final word.

The Pulque Intoxicant.

Baron Humboldt describes a filthy liquor in use among the Mexicans called Pulque, which, he says, smells like putrid flesh. However, it will intoxicate, and therefore is relished by the natives. Europeans are at first sickened at the scent of it, yet, though it retains all its repugnant qualities, by repeated efforts the taste is overcome, and, at last, is drunk with zest. It is made from the maguey aloe (agave americaine), which is grown in extensive plantations for the sole purpose of making pulque from it. The maguey is utterly unprofitable until it has attained to about its eighth year, when it gives indications of putting forth its flowers, which, however, it is not allowed to do, for the planter, putting aside the foliage that surrounds the bundle of unfolded leaves, forming the heart of the maguey, makes an incision in the latter, which he gradually enlarges into a bowl by scooping out the vegetation; he then covers it by drawing and tying close round it the leaves he has before put aside; in this cavity the sap is collected.

Travelers' tales which often add charm to the conversation of an agreeable person, frequently render a bore more tiresome than ever, a fact that was amusingly illustrated by an occurrence in a Baltimore clubhouse not long ago. "There I stood, gentlemen," the long-winded narrator was saying, after droning on for an hour with reference to his trip to Switzerland—"there I stood, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "Pardon me," hastily interjected one of the unfortunate men who had been obliged to listen to the story, "but was that abyss yawning before you got there?"

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by all druggists.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a stupefying poison. It s strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label, if poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very Good!! Hereafter for this very reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

All Druggists

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Thousands of men and women are today enjoying independence from medication and disease, by having in their own hands the means of curing themselves of all ills.

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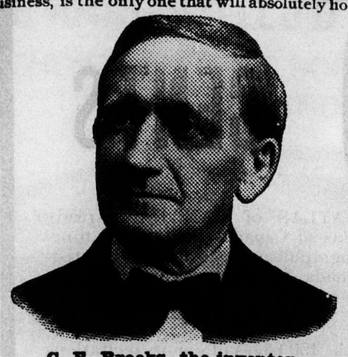
I have invented a rupture appliance that I can safely say, by 30 years' experience in the rupture business, is the only one that will absolutely hold



C E. Brooks, the inventor.

the rupture and never slip, and yet is light, cool, comfortable, conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting and costs less than many ordinary trusses. There are no springs, or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I have put the price so low that any person, rich or poor, can buy, and I absolutely guarantee it.

I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it, and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to me and I will refund your money.

That is the fairest proposition ever made by a rupture specialist. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Write me to-day and I will send you my book on Rupture and its Cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of people who have tried it and been cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies. Just a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. E. BROOKS, 5488 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

SAYS THIS IS BEST

A leading health journal in answering the question, "What is the best prescription to clean and purify the blood?" prints in a recent issue the following:

Fluid Extract Dandelion one ounce;

Compound Salatone, one ounce;

Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, four ounces.

Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician states that these are harmless vegetable ingredients, which can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy.

This mixture will clean the blood of all impurities. In just a few days the skin begins to clear of sores, boils and pimples. It puts vigor and energy into run-down debilitated men and women. For many years Sarsaparilla alone has been considered a good blood medicine. But while it built up and made new blood, the impurities remained within and the good accomplished was only temporary. Sarsaparilla, however, when used in combination with Compound Salatone and Extract Dandelion, works wonders. This combination puts the kidneys to work to filter and sift out the waste matter, uric acid, and other impurities that cause disease. It makes new blood and relieves rheumatism and lame back and bladder troubles.

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses, $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Splinters.

She blushed benayth the mistletoe—
Av coorse Oi wint ahead;
It filled me heart wid joy to see
The grane above the red.

In something of the sense that the pen is mightier than the sword, the stocking, at this season, is mightier than the sock.

The Aunt—"Now, darling, don't be afraid to tell me what kind of a doll you would like." Nelly—"Oh, Auntie, Id' just love twins."

Johnny—"What a lot of things I've got, mamma!" Mamma—"Yes, indeed!" Johnny—"I guess Santa Claus is trying to coax me to be good."

"Ef dar was a sho' nuff Santa Claus," said Uncle Eben, "some folks wouldn' do nuffin' de whole year roun' except wait foh Christmas."

Wakeful Willie—"Mamma!" Tired Mamma—"Well, dear?" Wakeful Willie—"When Santa Claus was a boy who filled his stockings?"

Little Mabel was doing some very queer chewing at the table on Christmas day, and when asked why she did so, she replied, "I've dot a new toof an' I'm chyin' ter see if it will do!"

Referred.

Lucindy—"Daddy, dis am Mistah Jonsing, dat ah wants to marry."
Uncle Mose—"Ah dunno, honey; yo' hab toe ax youar mammy. Her rehumatiz am gettin' pow'ful bad, an' ah dunno ef she'd be willin' toe suppo't an extra membah in de fambly."

Ethel—"What do you intend to give me for Christmas?" Bertie—"Would a kiss answer?" Ethel (with sarcasm)—"No, indeed! Mamma never allows me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen."

"Jones is desperately sick with pneumonia. Hard luck, and just at Christmas time, too, isn't it?" "Well, I don't know. I don't suppose his wife will get him up out of bed now to help trim the Christmas tree."

Gebhart—"What, so hard at work just before Christmas?" Carsone—"That's just why. My wife threatens to buy me some absurdly expensive Christmas presents, so I'm making a little extra working overtime."

Mr. Hennypeck (musingly)—"I wonder why a woman never gives her husband the kind of a Christmas present he wants?" Mrs. Hennypeck (severely)—"Because she doesn't try to! She gives him the present he ought to want."

"What are you writing, little boy?" asked the old gentleman. "Christmas letters," responded the youngter. "One is to Santa Claus." "But you have two." "Oh, the other is to the fat lady in the museum, asking if she would loan me one of her stockings to hang up."

Magazine Editor—"It is time to arrange for our Christmas stories." Assistant—"I have seen to that." "Are the authors at work?" "Yes; they clubbed together, hired a room in an icehouse, and I send the office boy round twice a day to jingle sleighbells under the window."

Cobwigger—"I don't see where you find room in your flat for a Christmas-tree." Crawford—"An inventor who lives downstairs has figured that out. All the families in the house chip in for one tree. We fix it up in the dumb-waiter and it stops at each floor for an hour at a time."

Grayce—"Edythe is dreadfully forward. She stood under the mistletoe for an hour last evening, and when that failed to work, she inveigled that young broker Stocksley into the conservatory and asked him to explain to her what was meant by a 'squeeze.'" Gladys—"What did he do?" Grayce—"What could he do?"

Just before the youngster dozed off to sleep, he opened his eyes and exclaimed: "It's a good thing elefants don't wear stockings, isn't it?" "I don't suppose elephants care to wear them." "If they did, it wouldn't be fair. It would be just the same as hanging up four coffee sacks every Christmas Eve."

Struggling Pastor—"Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally for the Christmas tree fund, and I feel sure that I can also have your hearty co-operation. How much will you—" Mrs. Leader—"Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage and coachman, I think." "Yes. The rest are poor." "Well, I will drive around and collect the subscriptions."

For a moment she looked at him through her diminutive spectacles, then, in a voice of mingled pity and indignation, she said: "We no longer put credence in obsolete tradition—nor was it delicate of you to mention that article of feminine apparel." Gathering up her copy of Ibsen, she hurriedly left the room.

The Answer.

Towser—What's the matter with you? You look all chawed up.
Mutt—I chased another dog three blocks yesterday.
Towser—Well?
Mutt—Well—I caught him.

Makes a Racket.

Mrs. A.—Your husband always dresses so quietly.
Mrs. B.—He does not. You ought to hear him when he loses a collar button.

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"
"Yes, only this morning."
"What at?"
"Well, pa stepped on a tack and I laughed; then pa caught me laughing and I cried."

Knicker—It must be awful to be caught with the goods on you.
Subbubs—It's worse to be caught with the goods off you; I forgot three of my wife's errands yesterday.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by all druggists.

SPECIAL PIANO OFFER

In order to increase our out-of-town trade we herewith make a special proposition. Our Louis XV. Lindsay Piano is one of the finest and handsomest pianos ever made. A guarantee accompanies each instrument. We ship anywhere and pay return freight if piano is not exactly as represented.

Our regular price is $350, but as we have no travelling or salesman's expenses on our mail order business, we will take $300, payable $10 with order and $7 per month thereafter till paid in full. Packing case and packing and stool free. For full description read below.

Style Louis XV.

A design of exquisite beauty and elegance—a pure and refined example of the Louis XV period, attaining a degree of magnificence unusual in piano architecture. New improved scale, full metal plate with separate brass agraffes to each note in the treble; convex soundboard, with acoustic rim of maple veneers. Beautifully figured mahogany case, double veneered inside and out; artistic lly carved pilasters and trusses, top panel hand carved and elegantly polished, full front, swinging music desk, rolling fall, with continuous hinges on top and fall. Plated mouse-proof pedals and guard. Three unisons, copper wound over-strung bass, patent repeating action, with brass flange; best quality ivory keys and ebony sharps. Seven and one-third octaves. Height 4 feet 8 inches, mahogany.

C. W. Lindsay, Ltd.

512 St. Catherine West, Montreal.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may peform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR

Mr. FARMER.

For twenty years there has been a newspaper in the West

The Weekly Tribune,

that has fought your battles. Here is a partial list of the struggles carried on in your behalf:—Emancipation from railway monopoly; the lands for the settler; taxation to be shared by the corporations; the farmers' implements and urgent necessities to be duty free; abolition of the elevator monopoly; freedom to load grain and market it; the lumber combine; the beef combine, etc., etc.

Where would you have been without such a champion, and no other paper dared do it. Most of them stand in with the corporations.

Did it ever strike you that you should reward and stand by your champion?

There is only one way to do it. You should subscribe for the paper. Just give it a trial and see for yourself.

To give all a special chance to test The Farmers' Tribune we have made arrangements with

The Western Home Monthly

to Club so that if you will forward One dollar to the latter Magazine you will receive The Farmers' Tribune and Western Home Monthly for one year. This offer is open only to New Subscribers.

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Do it NOW.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg .50

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SNAP OFFER

Both for One Year

$1.00

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

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FOR ONE YEAR FOR 50 CENTS

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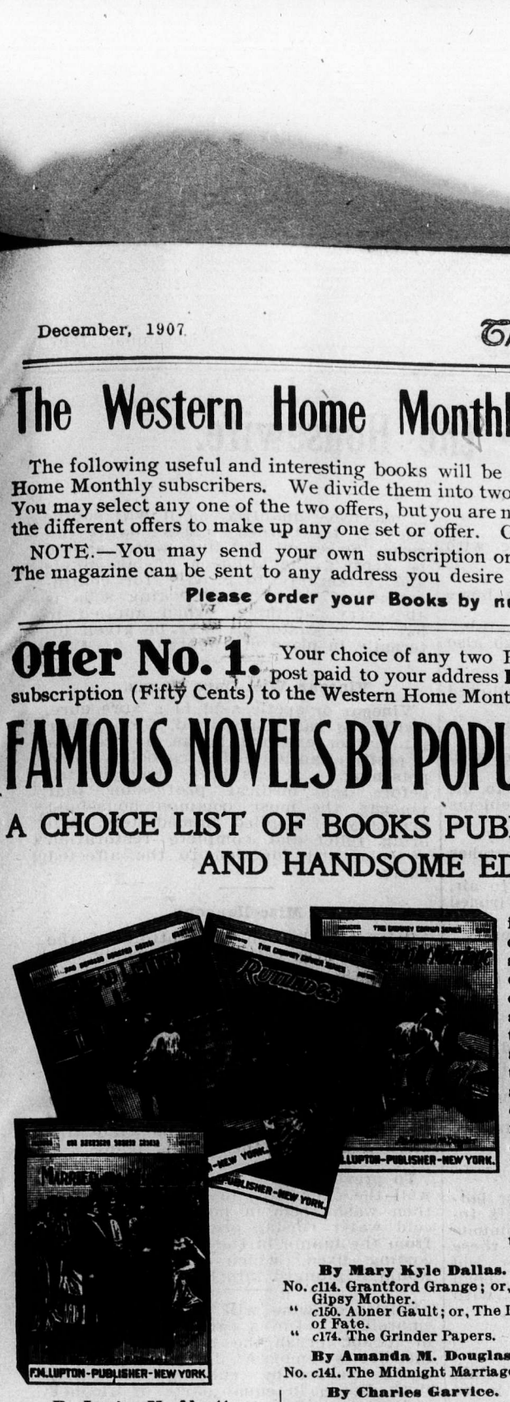

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.
No. c168. Abner Holden's Bound Boy

By Josiah Allen's Wife.
No. c191. Samantha at Saratoga.

By Clara Augusta.
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By Miss M. E. Braddon.
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" c21. Madolin's Lover.
" c39. Lord Elesmere's Wife.
" c47. A Rose in Thorns.
" c55. The World Between Them.
" c59. Evelyn's Folly.
" c65. Set in Diamonds.
" c70. Lady Damer's Secret.
" c76. The Romance of a Black Veil.
" c86. The Sin of a Lifetime.
" c99. Her Mother's Sin.
" c107. From Gloom to Sunlight.
" c119. A Bitter Atonement.
" c144. A Thorn in Her Heart.
" c151. Irene's Vow.
" c165. A Golden Heart.
" c175. Thorns and Orange Blossoms.
" c184. Diana's Discipline.

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Hints for the Housewife.

Come Home, Father.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
For mother is out to the club.
You said you were coming right home from your work
To get the dear children some grub.
The cook has gone out—her club also meets—
The janitor's gone on a spree.
And poor Brother Bennie has swallowed a nail
And no one to help him but me.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
There's scrubbing and sweeping to do.
While mother is solving the problems of state
The children are crying for you.
The socks must be darned, the patches tacked on,
The beds must be turned back to air,
And mother's shirtwaist must be ironed tonight
Or she will have nothing to wear.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
It's lonely without any man;
And mother will grieve when she comes from the club
If things are not fixed spick and span.
Don't swear, dear papa; it isn't polite;
The children in hearing might be;
So let business slide, for dear mother, you know,
May bring home a few friends to tea.

To Clean Bottles.

An excellent way to clean water bottles or deep flower vases is to mix together one tablespoonful of common salt and one gill of vinegar. Put these into the bottle, fill up with water, and let it stand for a few hours. Then empty the bottle and rinse well with cold water.

To Clean Sinks, etc.

A good way to clean a scullery sink, dirty pails, or enamelled baths is to make a pad of newspaper and pour on a tablespoonful of paraffin oil, and shake a little brick dust on the article to be cleaned. Rub well, and the grease and dirt will come off like magic. Use one or two more pieces of clean paper and the articles will appear just like new, with very little trouble.

To Clean Ivory.

Any kind of ivory may be easily cleaned and its whiteness thoroughly restored by the following method: Take half a lemon, dip it in salt, and rub well the discolored part of the ivory. Wash immediately in warm water.

Removing Ink Spots on Marble.

Ink spots on marble may be removed with a paste made by dissolving an ounce of oxalic acid and half an ounce of butter of antimony in a pint of rain water, and adding sufficient flour to form a thin paste. Apply this to the stains with a little brush; allow it to remain on three or four days and then wash it off. Make a second application if necessary.

How to Make Clothing Fireproof.

Light, fluffy garments of children, as well as the heavier textures worn by adults, can be made nearly fireproof, at least so much so that they will be difficult to ignite, by use of a simple and inexpensive chemical. The discovery is accredited to Dr. Doremus, a noted chemist, who says:

"After the loss of a young son, whose summer dress took fire from a candle flame, I made a thorough search among chemical agents to determine which would most effectively render dresses non-inflammable. None equalled ammonium phosphate. Each time the underclothing and dresses of my children are washed this chemical is added to the starch solution, which makes them flame-proof. For forty years I have urged the employment of chemical agents to save life, but the apathy of the public surpasses belief."

Scalds and Burns.

In case of burns or scalds cover the burned section with cooking soda and lay wet cloths on the burn. Other good remedies are white of egg and olive oil; olive oil or linseed oil, plain or mixed with chalk or whiting; sweet or olive oil and lime water.

First Aid in Case of Burns.

When a person is seriously burned with hot water or steam, of course the first thing to do is to send for medical assistance, but in the interim the injured person's clothing should be removed and bandages soaked with sweet oil, and lime water should be lightly applied to the burned parts. If steam has been inhaled, sweet oil should be swallowed by the patient in considerable quantity, as it will soothe such of the burned parts as it can reach. Sweet oil and lime water should be kept in the kitchens of big hotels and restaurants to provide for contingencies of this kind. Cooking soda is also very soothing when applied to burns, and castor oil may be given internally in place of sweet oil.

Vinegar Will Cure Burns.

Vinegar or acetic acid is a sure cure, swift and easily procured, for either internal or external burns, as well as a positive antidote for carbolic acid poisoning. It has been demonstrated before the medical profession that vinegar, the most common household necessity, if applied immediately, will bring relief and complete restoration of color and function to the affected parts.

Miscellaneous.

Salt sprinkled on the bottom of the oven will keep cakes from burning.

Ordinary spots and stains in wash goods will yield to the application of the yolk of an egg if applied before washing the article.

Lamp chimneys and gas globes will last much longer if they are put in the wash boiler with enough cold water to cover them and then slowly boiled. That is, the water must be gradually allowed to reach the boiling point.

To prevent stains on china, rinse out well the cups, etc., in cold water first, then wash them in hot water. The cold water rinsing prevents the stains from the tannin in the tea or coffee becoming fixed, which they otherwise would if plunged into hot water.

Spirits of wine will clean soiled silk embroidery. Dip a camel's hair brush in it and brush the trimming till all the dirt is removed. Jet passementerie can be cleaned by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in equal parts of alcohol and water. Dry it afterwards with a clean cloth.

When blankets have become thin and unsightly from long use, have them washed, put two or three together and cover them with pretty sateen to make quilts. Button down the quilts here and there, mattress fashion, to keep them in proper shape, and finish off with a nice frill of sateen.

Kitchen paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished. A good plan is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with this bran water and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

To remove grease spots from clothing, wool, silk or linen, take one ounce of soap bark and pour over it one pint of boiling water and let it stand over night, then strain, add to this three ounces of alcohol and it is ready for use. Will keep any length of time. If bottled it will sell readily at a profit of over 200 per cent. Apply with a sponge and rinse with clear warm water.

Block magnesia, such as is used for cleaning hats and gowns, is also useful in the kitchen for restoring the luster to dull silver. Applied with a soft cotton cloth it imports a beautiful brilliancy to the article so treated.

Few people know the value of bran water for household use. For cleaning woodwork, and particularly paint, it is invaluable, for not only does it remove all dirt, but it also leaves the paint in as good condition as new, as it does not affect the varnish or finish as does an alkali. Colored goods, prints, etc., which under ordinary conditions fade in washing, will never lose their color or newness if washed in bran water. In washing the hair it will be found a thorough scalp cleanser, and the hair will retain its natural color and appear glossy. The water is easily prepared. Fill an ordinary salt bag with bran, place it in a pail or other receptacle, then pour hot water over same and it is ready for use. The hands never suffer from the use of this water. On the contrary, they are softened and whitened.

Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will awake refreshed and restored to happiness.