THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Christmas The World Over

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

If you were in Sweden on Christmas Eve you would hear the church bells begin to ring at 5 o'clock, for everybody stops work then to permit of the festivities beginning everywhere in the Kingdom. Servants and master sup at the same table during the Christmas festivities.

After supper comes the proverbial Christmas tree, for Sweden has long been regarded as one of the foremost nations in the observance of this time-honoured custom. On Christmas morning almost everybody goes to church, a few remaining at home to mind the lights, for every home throughout the length and breadth of the land is illuminated. A considerable depth of snow is a certainty, and all go to church in sleighs. Two boys stand on the runners behind every sleigh and hold pine torches—a pleasing spectacle as the long line of sleighs glide over the frozen roads. These torches are stuck up in a circle around the church. A period of seven days is given up to visiting and hospitality.

IN NORWAY, DENMARK, AND RUSSIA.

In Norway and Denmark the Christmas customs very closely resemble the customs practised in Sweden. All of these northern people make much of Santa Claus and adhere to old customs. The customs vary somewhat in different parts. At seven o'clock on Christmas Eve the cathedral chimes commence to ring in most places in Norway. This is a signal for every person to go outside the house and listen. In the principal cities three Christmas hymns are played on wind instruments from the tower of the Cathedral, the people listen to the joyous notes and show great emotion. On Christmas Eve rice pudding of a special preparation is served in every true Norseman home. Every house has its Christmas tree, the whole family, including the servants, joining hands and dance and sing around it. The Christmas tree is decorated with candles and bright colored paper baskets, and it holds candies and cakes, in a majority of cases all home made. The pretty home made gifts shown on the Christmas tree are made directly from one member of the family to another. The wealthier classes send substantial gifts to the poor. In the country districts sheaves of grain and other foods are put outside for the birds to feed on and enjoy a feast also. On the barn floors of the farmers, bowls of warm porridge are set for poor Robin Goodfellow to comfort him because he has no soul. In Russia, Christmas Eve celebration begins with the setting of the sun. A brilliant "Star of Bethlehem" is borne aloft on a pole at the head of a procession, and a visit is made to the houses of the noblemen and other dignitaries of the neighborhood. Carols are sung under the windows of the wealthy, and showers of coin are tossed to the singers. This is followed by a masquerade in which young and old appear in the guise of oxen, sheep, and other domestic animals, in memory of the Saviour's birthplace. The signal for supper is the appearance of the evening star in the heavens. Supper is served on

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

tables strewn with straw. Christmas trees are then brought forth, decorated, lighted, and presents exchanged. On Christmas Day the churches put on their most elaborate service, and after divine servce the rest of the day is spent in feasting and merrymaking in the homes of the rich and poor.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

Christmas in sunny Italy and throughout the Catholic countries of Southern Europe is very different from Christmas in Northern Europe. In Rome it is a quiet and solemn day, and the chief interest is in religious services. The celebration begins on December 25th, when the sacred Bambino (the Christ child) is brought out till January 6, when it is put away again. The Catholic churches are elegantly illumined with innumerable candles and the magnificent and solemn service is everywhere largely attended. Family reunions follow divine service, but social festivities are unknown, although the usual mild weather prevailing permits of much outdoor merrymaking if such were the custom. A present of a box of peculiar candy made of honey and nuts (called mandorlato), and of a glass of fruits and mustard (called mustardo) is made by every Venetian rich and poor alike. Instead of the Christmas tree in Italy, you will find, especially in Florence, a basket made of straw to hold gifts. Gifts to children usually consist of a plaster toy representing the Nativity.

GERMANY.

The home of the Christmas tree is to be found in Germany. Practically every house in the Empire is converted into a shrine, and a heavily-laden evergreen receives the homage of the household. In many places when the clock strikes twelve on Christmas Eve the bells peal forth and the church, as well as every house, is quicky lighted up, not leaving even one dark window in the entire town. The whole family as a rule goes to early service, and in many parts of the country everyone carries a lighted candle. These candles placed on the backs of pews sometimes make the only light in church. It is a day of happiness and rejoicing throughout the Empire, and the presents, though universal, are generally simple. Gingerbread fashioned into men and angels and twisted into many grotesque shapes forms the staple gift. Sometimes it is artistically gilded.

IN OBERAMMERGAN.

In Oberammergan the Christmas festivities take on a purely religious aspect. The Christ-child is the guardian angel of the time, and it is He who brings the Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve He comes down from heaven holding it in His hands, preceded and followed by two angels bearing presents. He places the tree on the table, rings a bell, and flies away. To the kind and obedient children He brings a blessing. And St. Nicholas is the angel in disguise. He visits each and every house with a bag on his back and in ragged raiment. He gives a loud knock at the door, and asks "Are the children good?" If the answer is "Yes" he leaves beautiful presents, but if the answer is "No" he leaves a stick.

In Hanover, just when the candles on the Christmas tree are dying out there will be a mysterious rap on the door and a bundle will be thrown into the room. It contains a little present for every member of the family, and comic noses for some of them.

FRANCE.

In France the Christmas tree was unknown until quite recently, although now it forms part of the children's festivities in many places. The toylike representation of the Nativity called the creche, has been indispensable from the French home for centuries. The actual representation (called the pastoural), given by professionals or amateurs, is almost universal, and receives the patronage of the nation. The Scandinavian custom of feeding the birds is also widely observed. Wheat sheaves are hung along the eaves for that purpose. The Yule-log is likewise an important feature of the festivities. Nothing but a fruit-bearing tree will serve the purpose, and it must be cut by the head of the family, and the whole family must assist in taking it home. On Christmas Eve it is laid in the fireplace by the oldest and youngest of the family, typifying the old and the new year, and after it and the creche candles have been lighted the Great Supper (the Revillon) is served at midnight.

SPAIN.

In Spain the Christmas tree is conspicuously absent. In its shade is found a miniature representation of the birth of Christ made of clay or plaster. It always represents Jesus in the manger, and often Joseph and Mary and the animals in the stable. Sometimes the wise men from the East as well as angels are represented. It is all embowered in a kind of greenery. This is called a nacimiento, and a Spanish child will keep it from year to year and make additions to the collection.

In Spanish homes Christmas Eve is celebrated by a family party and a supper chiefly of sweetmeats and wines. In the country instead of hanging up their stockings the children hide their shoes and stockings in the bushes, and on Christmas morning find them filled with fruit and candies.

ENGLAND.

Before England became a Christian country, the yule-log was burnt in honor of a Pagan deity. But after the conversion of the people to Christianity the custom was adopted, and in many parts of England now the family, servants, and all gather about a great fire on Christmas Eve when the yule-log burns. Another custom which has come down to us from Pagan times is the hanging of the mistletoe. It was once a charm to ward off evil, and played a part in Christmas love-making, for the maiden who was caught under the mistletoe was kissed. It is now used in large quantities for 'Xmas decoration. The Christmas tree was practically unknown in England until it was popularized by the Prince Consort. It is now found in nearly every household.

HUDSONS BAY CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

Examine this special 'Xmas Hamper List. Our big Christmas announcements will be found in our special Christmas Catalogue and in the November number of the Western Home Monthly. The Christmas rush is certain to be great. Order as soon as possible. We guarantee orders promptly and carefully filled.

Hamper No. w-501 — $3.25

1 Goose, 8 lbs.
1 Plum Pudding, 1 lb.
1 Package Mince Meat
1 Box Somebody's Luggage
½ lb. Tetley's 50c. Tea
1 lb. Fancy Mixed Biscuits
1 lb. Table Raisins
1 lb. Mixed Nuts
5 lbs. Table Apples

Hamper No. w-502 — $4.00

1 Turkey, 7 lbs.
1 lb. Cape Cod Cranberries
1 Plum Pudding, 1 lb.
1 lb. New Table Figs
3 Tins Peas, Corn or Tomatoes
1 Package Mince Meat
1 Tin Red Currant Jellies, C. & B.
1 lb. new Mixed Nuts
1 lb. new Table Raisins
1 box Somebody's Luggage
6 lbs. Apples
1 lb. Fancy French Cream Candy
1 lb. English Fancy Mixed Biscuits

Hamper No. w-503 — $5.25

1 Turkey, 8 lbs.
1 Plum Pudding, 2 lbs.
1 Package Mince Meat
1 lb. Fancy Table Figs
3 tins Peas, Corn or Tomatoes
1 lb. New Table Raisins
1 lb. New Mixed Nuts
1 box Somebody's Luggage
5 lbs. Table Apples
1 jar English Barley Sugar
1 jar C. & B. Marmalade
1 lb. French Cream Candy
1 lb. Fancy Mixed Biscuits
1 tin Bowlby's Pears, 3 lb. tins
1 jar C. & B. Strawberry Jam
½ lb. Tetley's 50c. Tea
1 jar McLaren's Cheese

Hamper No. w-504 — $8.25

1 Turkey, 8 lbs.
2 lbs. Cambridge Sausages
1 lb. Cape Cod Cranberries
1 pail Mince Meat, 7 lbs.
1 Plum Pudding, 3 lbs.
3 tins Corn, Peas or Tomatoes
2 lbs. Fancy Table Raisins
1 jar Goodwillie's Fruit
2 lbs. Fancy Mixed Nuts
1 lb. Fancy Table Figs
1 lb. Fancy Mixed Biscuits
½ doz. Oranges
1 lb. Malaga Grapes
1 lb. French Cream Candy
1 pot C. & B. Raspberry Jam
½ lb. Tetley's 40c. Tea
1 box Somebody's Luggage
1 bottle Finest Old Port
1 bottle Finest Old Brandy

Hamper No. w-505 — $11.50

1 Turkey, 9 lbs.
1 Plum Pudding, 2 lbs.
2 lbs. Cape Cod Cranberries
1 pail Mince Meat, 7 lbs.
2 lbs. Fancy Table Raisins
2 lbs. New Mixed Nuts
1 lb. New Table Figs
5 lbs. Table Apples
1 lb. box Fancy Confectionery
2 tins Tomatoes, Corn or Peas
½ doz. Oranges
1 lb. Malaga Grapes
1 tin Bowlby's Peaches, 3 lbs.
1 tin Bowlby's Pears, 3 lbs.
1 box Somebody's Luggage
1 jar McLaren's Cheese
½ lb. Tetley's Tea, 50c.
1 bottle Finest H.B. Co. Old Port
1 bottle Red Cross Gin, quart
1 bottle Finest H.B. Co. Old Brandy
1 bottle Finest H.B. Co. Old Scotch
1 bottle Finest H.B. Co. Old St. Julien Claret

Hamper No w-506 — $4.50

2 bottles California Port Wine
2 " " Sherry Wine
2 " " Reisling Wine
2 " " Claret
2 " " Zinfandal
2 " " Sauterne
12 bottles

Hamper No. w-507 — $5.50

2 bot. H.B. Co. Old Rye
1 " " " Brandy
1 " " " Tom Gin
2 " " " Native Port
1 " " " Catawba
1 " " " Ginger Wine
1 " " " Malt Whisky
1 " " " Claret
1 " " " Scotch Whisky
1 " California Reisling
12 bottles

Hamper No. w-508 — $6.50

1 bottle H.B. Co. Brandy
2 bottles H.B. Co. Old Rye
1 bottle Red Cross Gin (qt.)
1 bottle H.B. Co. Demerera Rum
1 bottle Stone's English Wine—Raisin, Elder, Cowslip or Orange
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Scotch
1 bottle Niagara Port Wine
1 bottle Niagara Catawba Wine
1 bottle H.B. Co. Ginger Wine
1 bottle California Claret
1 bottle H.B. Co. Malt Whisky
12 bottles

Hamper No w-509 — $7.00

6 quart bottle Budweiser's Lager
2 bottles H B. Co. Old Scotch
2 bottles H.B. Co. 7-year-old Rye
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Brandy
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Port
12 bottles

Hamper No. w-510 — $9.00

1 bottle H.B. Co. Jamaica Rum
1 bot. H.B. Co. Pale or Dark Brandy
2 bottles H.B. Co. 5-year-old Rye
1 bot. H.B. Co. Old Scotch Whisky
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Tom Gin
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Port Wine
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Sherry Wine
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Ginger Wine
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Claret Wine
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Irish Whisky
1 bottle California Sauterne
12 bottles

Hamper No. w-511 — $11.00

1 quart bottle Champagne
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Pale Brandy
1 bottle Red Cross Gin
1 bottle H B. Co. finest Old Port
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Old Sherry
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Jamaica Rum
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Scotch Whisky
2 bottles H.B. Co. 7-year-old Rye
1 bottle H.B. Co. Claret
1 bottle Smith & Druce Sloe Gin
1 bottle Club Cocktails
12 bottles

Hamper No. w-512 — $12.50

1 quart Pommery Champagne
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Old Port
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Old Sherry
1 bottle H.B. Co. 7-year-old Rye
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Old Scotch
1 bottle Smith & Druce Sloe Gin
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Irish Whisky
1 bottle Booth's Old Tom Gin
1 bottle H.B. Co. Ginger Wine
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Pale Brandy
1 bottle H.B. Co. finest Dark Brandy
1 bottle H.B. Co. Old Jamaica Rum
12 bottles

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS AND FELT FOOTWEAR

MEN'S FELT BOOTS

D-805. Men's Good Quality Felt Boots, foxed with light calf skin, stitched felt soles and heels. A very warm and durable boot for winter wear. Laced or Congress. Sizes, 6 to 11. No half sizes. Price *$3.00*

$3.00

$3.00

MEN'S KID SLIPPER

D-813. Men's Fine Quality Kid Slipper, Romeo cut, elastic in sides, hand turned soles, foot form shape, medium low heel, chocolate or black color. Sizes 6 to 11. Price *$2.50*

$2.50

MEN'S FELT SLIPPERS

D-814. Men's Good Quality Felt Slippers, Romeo cut, friction lined, flexible felt sole, covered with leather checked, fawn shades; English made. Sizes 6 to 11. No half aizes. Price..*$1.25*

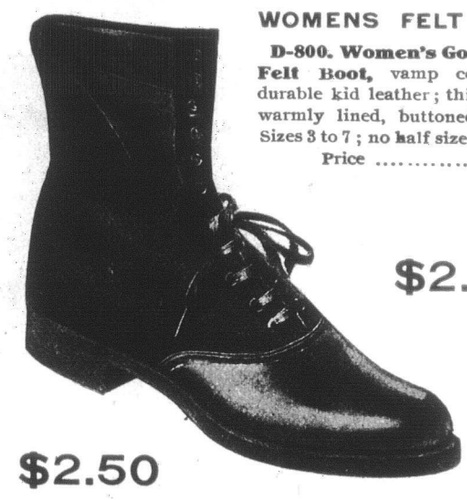
MEN'S PLUSH SLIPPER

D-815. Men's Fancy Plush Slipper, patent leather around heel, and top of vamps, medium weight sole and low heel. Sizes 6 to 10. Price

$1.00

$1.00

WOMENS FELT BOOTS

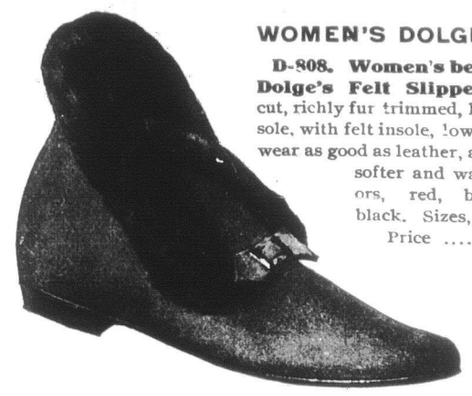


D-800. Women's Good Quality Felt Boot, vamp covered with durable kid leather; thick felt soles warmly lined, buttoned or laced. Sizes 3 to 7; no half sizes. Price *$2.50*

$2.50

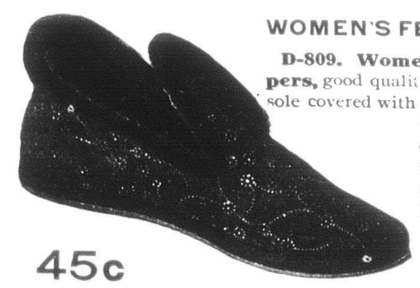
$2.50

WOMEN'S DOLGE FELTS



D-808. Women's best Quality Dolge's Felt Slippers, Romeo cut, richly fur trimmed, hand turned sole, with felt insole, low heel. Will wear as good as leather, and is much softer and warmer. Colors, red, brown, and black. Sizes, 2½ to 7. Price *$1.75*

WOMEN'S FELT SLIPPER



D-809. Women's Felt Slippers, good quality, Romeo cut, felt sole covered with leather, making it very warm and durable. English make, dark color. Sizes, 3 to 7. No half sizes.

Price 45c

45c

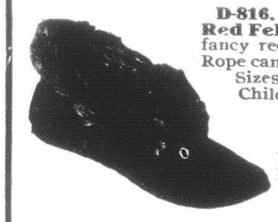
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Stores of the Great West.
WINNIPEG

WOMEN'S FINE CARIBOO SLIPPER.

D-812 Women's Fine Cariboo Slipper, Indian made, fancy silk worked and fur trimmed. A suitable Christmas souvenir.

Women's sizes, 3 to 7, Price *$2.25*
Misses sizes, 11 to 2 Price..... *$1.50*
Child's sizes, 6 to 10 Price..... *$1.00*
Infant's sizes, 3 to 5 Price..... *75c.*

MISSES FELT SLIPPER



D-816. Misses Fine Quality Red Felt Slipper, English make, fancy red trimmings around top. Rope canvas sole.
Sizes 11 to 2. Price.....*50c*
Child's Sizes, 6 to 10. Price *40c*

D-817. Infants' Felt Button; red color; soft leather sole; felt insole. Sizes 1 to 4. Price..*35c*

MOCCASINS

D-818. Fancy Laced Mocassins, with large eyelets, good heavy skin; wax thread sewed; specially for ourselves, to prevent ripping.

Men's sizes, 8 to 11. Price *$1.50*
Boys' sizes, 3 to 7. Price *$1.25*
Youths' sizes, 11 to 2. Price *$1.00*
Child's sizes, 6 to 10. Price *75c*
Infants' sizes, 3 to 5. Price *50c*

SNOWSHOES

D-820. First-class Qualities only; Child's club, curved frame, red wool tufted. Size 30 x 9.
Price *$1.50*

D-821. Boys' or Misses' Club, curved frame, red wool tufted. Size 30 x 10.
Price *$2.00*

D-822. Ladies' Club Curved Frame, red wool tufted. Size 36 x 11.
Price *$2.50*

D-S23. Men's Club Curved Frame. Size 42 x 12.
Price *$3.00*

D-824. Men's Tramping Curved Frame. Size 42 x 14. Price.....*$3.50*

D-825. Lumbermen's Extra Strong, curved frame. Sizes 44 x 16 and 18.
Price *$4.00*

A Christmas Dinner in Pretoria Jail.

"A merry Christmas to you, sonny," said Coochy cheerily to Briggs of the South African Horse as the British prisoners in Pretoria filed out from service.

"Hm!" said Briggs, "this is the queerest sort of place to spend merry Christmas in. When we talked at the beginning of the war about spending Christmas in Pretoria, we little thought this would be the way we were going to spend it."

The Christmas service was held in the large corrugated, iron-roofed building in which the leaders of the Jameson raid had been confined. The old clergyman had a difficult task in preaching to that congregation a comforting sermon on the subject of "Peace, Goodwill toward Men," yet it was difficult on that quiet morning to realize that the congregation was in the prison of a capital of a country in the throes of a desperate war. Between the hymns in the stillness of the crowded room the soft sound of the convent bells from outside the prison walls reminded them of the church-bells at home in Merrie England sounding across the frosted snow.

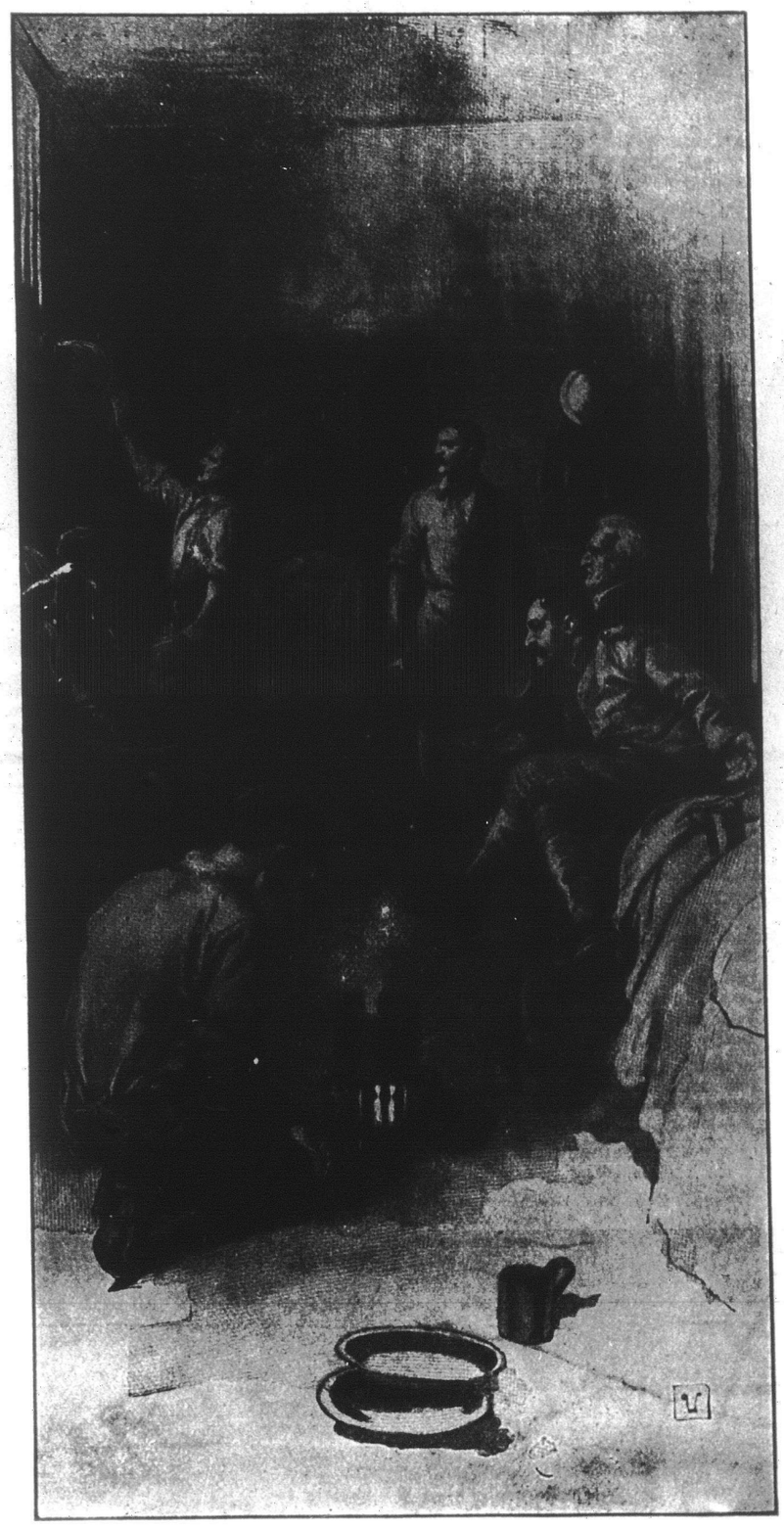
When the clergyman had struggled through his task the best he could, his heterogeneous congregation filed out through the respective groups of cells on the three sides of the quadrangular yard. Before each block of cells there was about twenty yards of space marked out on the ground where they might take exercise, but beyond which they were not allowed to go. There was a curious variety of men among these prisoners; about half of them were dressed in khaki with putties or gaiters on their legs and wearing forage caps or soft hats turned up at one side, some of them decorated with black feathers; a couple of them had been with Baden-Powell in the siege of Mafeking and had been taken prisoners at the capture of an armoured train; one of the very first engagements of the war. Others had come in more recently, having been captured at the Tugela while serving with Buller's force. There were a couple of broad-shouldered, strapping Colonials, who had acted as guides for that unfortunate force which was compelled to surrender on Black Monday at Nicholson's Nek. There were about fifteen civilians, imprisoned for various reasons; one of them an American citizen who had served on the *Kearsarge* in her fight with the *Alabama*, and whose "public opinion" of the American consul, for taking no notice of his repeated letters, was a thing worth hearing as a specimen of picturesque and forcible English.

The most interesting-looking figure among the civilians was a stout little gentleman, a wealthy farmer and Justice of the Peace from Northern Natal, who was known among his companions as the Cockatoo. He was a very fat little man with an extremely red face, an aquiline nose like the beak of a bird, and white, stubbly hair that stood upright all over his head. One day he had asked one of his fellow-prisoners, Coochy, the war correspondent, to cut his hair, as it was getting too long. There was no looking-glass in the prison, which the amateur barber took advantage of by cutting his hair quite close on either side, leaving a comb-like ridge standing right down the centre that gave him an irresistible resemblance to a cockatoo. For want of a looking-glass he could not appreciate the effect of it himself, but even the stout, stolid old jailer Duplessis shook with laughter at the extraordinary figure he presented when answering his name at roll-call time.

Most of the private soldiers captured at various engagements were confined in a prison camp on the racecourse, and most of the officers were incarcerated in a schoolhouse in the town which had been converted into a temporary prison for them. Those who were confined in the Pretoria jail were nearly all Colonials, natives of Johannesburg and different parts of the Transvaal, who the Boers considered should have fought on their side rather than on the British, and whom they therefore treated with greater severity.

The diet of those in the jail consisted of, for breakfast, chunks of dry bread, mealie pap, *i.e.*, stirabout made out of Indian meal and cold water; for dinner, coarse boiled beef, the water in which it was boiled being supplied as soup, and dry bread; for supper, mealie pap and dry bread again, the same as for breakfast. The mealie pap, however wholesome as an article of diet, was anything but agreeable. It tasted like a mixture of sawdust and putty, and, after being partaken of, seemed to lie just as lightly on the stomach. Those who had any money to do so were allowed to send out to the neighbouring hotel for meals and various supplies. None, however, had brought much money into jail with them, and by this time what they had was nearly exhausted; in fact there were only two or three that had anything left and these had now put their united resources together in order to supply the best they could get in the way of a Christmas dinner for the crowd. They had burned their ships as far as food was concerned; after this Christmas dinner there would be nothing before them but mealie pap and boiled trek oxen. Needless to say that as dinner hour approached there were lips moist with luscious anticipation and appetites made all the more keen by the consciousness of an indefinitely long time before they might have the chance of getting at decent meal again. For breakfast the next morning they would be obliged to fall back on the comfort of cold water, mealie pap and dry bread.

Sharp on time that great Christmas dinner was seen being handed in through the small door of the prison gate in stacks of tin-covered plates; like piles of card counters they were brought around by the warders, and, ye gods! what a delicious, savory steam escaped on the removal of the covers! There was corned beef, not the lean trek-ox beef, but red and brown streaks of succulency hemmed with yellow fat, and there was cabbage, white and hot, and turkey, veritable turkey, and, filling the last compartment of stacks of each plate, was a great fat slab of plum-pudding, brown and rich and dark with fruit and covered with sauce which the Cockatoo averred, as he smacked his lips, actually had a flavor of rum, and there seemed to be a Christmas feeling of generosity in the helpings given by that hotel-keeper or his vrouw. There was no skimping or cheeseparing about them; they were "generously good." Perhaps he did not know that this was the last meal that his customers in the prison were to get from him, or perhaps he did and was determined if it was to be the last it should be a good one.



"THOSE WHO WERE CONFINED IN THE PRETORIA JAILS WERE NEARLY ALL COLONIALS."

With uncertain vistas of mealie pap and cold water diet stretching away before them, they began for the fiftieth time to discuss plans of escape. Various schemes had been considered, but there was only one which, although bold and hazardous, commended itself as at all practicable. About half-past seven every evening the prisoners were all paraded in the yard, to answer the roll-call. The jailer, Duplessis, the head warder and two or three others were usually there at that time. Just inside the gate of the yard was a guard-house in which there would be at that time probably one or two other warders lounging. In the guard-house there were revolvers for all the warders, excepting those who would possibly be wearing them at the time. There was a telephone in the guard-room, but as the prison was practically shut up immediately after roll-call, there were not likely to be any visitors from outside. The train left for the Portuguese frontier every evening at ten o'clock, and the station was just close to the prison. The plan suggested was that, at a given signal, a certain number should seize and pinion the jailer, head warder and those who were immediately close to them. A number of others were to make a dash for the guard-house, which was only about fifteen yards away, and seize whoever should be there. Once they were overpowered, they were to be locked into the cells and gagged.

Then the problem was how suspicion was not to be excited for the two hours and a quarter which remained before it would be time to go for the train. There were several of the Colonial troopers who could speak Dutch, so any telephone messages that might come could be answered. There was no chance of anybody visiting the jail at that hour, but if anybody did he would have to enter through the small door in the big gate and could easily be attended to, quietly and expeditiously, without any alarm being raised.

It probably would be almost quite dark when, at about fifteen minutes to ten, the prisoners were to leave the jail; they would then have about ten revolvers and ammunition and about an equal number of carbines, three axes and some knobkerris used by the Kaffir policemen. Morrison, the guide—a powerful, athletic fellow, who had a reputation over half South Africa as a pugilist—his brother, and a couple of troopers from Mafeking were told off to hold up the engine-driver and stoker on the engine. As these were known to be Scotchmen kept in the employ of the Boers, it was quite possible that a little pressure would turn them into willing accomplices, and get the train started at full speed. A couple of men were to smash the telegraph instruments in the office, while the main body of the prisoners were to deal with any armed burghers who might be starting on the train.

The line was guarded at various points, such as the bridges and viaducts, by Boer sentries, and there would also probably be armed burghers at the stations, which they would run through without stopping, but these would be helpless to give the alarm if the telegraph lines were cut.

The hour for muster arrived, and the bell sounded. As little Briggs said, "The bell that summons us to heaven or to hell." Morrison led away and the rest filed out after him. He seemed to pause for a second on the threshold, which was noticed by those behind him, but the explanation was only discovered by each one as he emerged into the yard. There were Duplessis and half a dozen warders, all standing in a row, and every one of them wearing his revolver. But that was not the worst of it: about a dozen Zarps or Transvaal policemen armed with carbines were crowded into the guard-room. The roll was called without any comment from Duplessis.

To the party who had discussed and planned the attempted escape in the afternoon after their Christmas dinner it was now clearly obvious what had happened, and an alarm given by little Briggs who had jumped up on the bed and looked through the bars of the passage now found its explanation in the probability of a Boer spy in the corridor. So sullenly they filed back, to finish the gloomiest Christmas on record.

TWO MAIL ORDER TESTS

The Fall Catalogue of the Robert Simpson Company is out and ready for mailing. It is full to the covers with merchandise of superior quality, style and value. Test it and our Mail Order System by writing to-day for one or both of these garments described below. They are taken from our catalogue, which we'll send you if you write for it now before they are all mailed.

Separate Skirts 3.45

THIS ONE IS UNEQUALED AT

841—This is without doubt one of the greatest values in separate skirts ever offered in this country. Handsome and striking, because of its graceful lines; tailored in a manner that will be appreciated by everyone who wears or sees one; made of black vicuna cloth, fine supple quality, unlined, inverted seams over hips, stitched strapping of self, and deep pleated gore seams; none dressier at any price; supplied in lengths from 38 to 42 inches, and waistbands up to 28 inches. Order by number **3.45**

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925—Bright and new, by long odds the best $2.39 silk waist we have ever offered; made of superior quality black taffeta, unlined, deep tucks back and front, tie of self, trimmed with small covered buttons. You'll pronounce this waist a perfect beauty. Supplied in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Order by number **2.39**

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

CHRISTMAS POEMS

Selected for The Western Home Monthly.

Christmas Night.

At last thou art come, little Savior!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

Thou art come to the beautiful Mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Savior!
Art Thou come to us, dearest, at last?
Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

Kriss Kringle.

Just as the moon was fading amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed with childhood's precious things,
Old Kriss Kringle looked round, and saw on the elm-tree bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest, lonely and empty now.

"Quite a stocking," he laughed, "pinned up there on the tree!
I didn't suppose the birds expected a present from me!"

Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves a joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty nest.

A Christmas Hymn.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a long angelic song?

These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky,
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?
The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared
When, as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?

Three wise men from the East who myrrh and treasure bring
To lay them at the feet of Him, their Lord and Christ and King.

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

Tell me, how may I join in this holy feast
With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?
Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet:
Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it at His feet.

THE MAGDALEN OF THE GROTTO
From a picture by Jean Max Nattier.

On Christmas Day.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.

OL' SANDY CLOZE.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.

I.

It was all a joke. Or, rather, if the joker had not done his part there would have been no story at all, for the pathos of it is eternal and therefore commonplace; and the sentiment is commonplace, too, because it is as old and as new as the Christ love that came into the world so long ago, that is reborn each year on Christmas Day. The setting, too, is old and commonplace, for where is the spirit of Christmas more needed than among the little children whom Christ loved, among the little children of the very poor.

The city, as you know it, is one of the vast herding-grounds of the world. It stands like a gorgeous jewel in a tawdry, tarnished, setting; stretched through its centre are the dwellings of the rich, and, on all sides, round about it, lie the tenements of the poor—and they huddle closer to the homes of the mighty than the hasps that hold the jewel. To the east and to the west these tenements lie, but the east knows little of the west, and the west cares little for the east, for along the streets that zone the jewelled centre there is no chance for the squalid traffic of the poor.

Bibs lived on the East Side in a tiny room high in a dirty tenement. He was not alone. In many ways it seemed as though it would have been far better for him if he had been alone. For the mother who lay on the bed in the corner was being dragged slowly out of this life by the creeping, crawling fingers of the white plague that haunts those tenements by day and by night. And Nanny, the little sister? Well, Bibs knew that if it were not for Nanny he could go out into the world and try to earn money to pay for the things that the doctor said would save his mother's life. Some of the things he could buy if he had only a little money, but some of them he did not believe were in the world. He had never seen them, he had never felt them, and Bibs was sceptical about things he had never seen and never felt.

And yet, crouched in the corner where the light from the air shaft fell, Bibs was writing a letter to someone he had never seen, to someone whose very existence he doubted. But if there was any chance that the things he had heard were true, he knew that he must take advantage of them.

He had been planning the letter for a long time, but he had only just found a piece of paper for it, and he had begged the pencil with which he was writing from Tony at the corner. Tony had told him that he could have the pencil for just half an hour, and his little stiff grimy fingers were struggling to print the letters on the paper that grew grimier and grimier under his touch. It was not a very long letter for Bibs had been told that he would only have to write his name and address and the list of things that he wanted. So he had commenced his letter with the number and name of his street and his own name; in a great straggling line they filled nearly half the page. Neither was his list very long; some medicine, some soup and some wine, a doll for Nanny, a higher pillow and a blanket and some green fields and country air—these were the things that Bibs had never heard of, and even Santa Claus could hardly have known from the spelling just what they were — and, perhaps, a knife. That was all.

He folded the paper twice, and on the outside wrote "Ol' Sandy Cloze." Then he hesitated. He asked his mother where Santa Claus lived, but the woman's voice was choked by a sudden cough. Bibs waited, but the light was going fast.

"I guess they'll know if I just put 'some'eres' on it," he said, and added that for an address.

Then he raced to the corner with the pencil for Tony and dropped his letter into the mail-box.

II.

In a West Side hovel, a hovel that had been the back-house of a canal-boat, a hovel that still retained the stale, unsavoury odour after its long sojourn on the [illegible] lived Ol' Clo'es, the miser. All [illegible] and all night long he sat in his mind, visions of gold after another. One was a golden-haired woman whose eyes were as blue as the forget-me-nots of his native land. That was always short, and after it were the golden curls of a blue-eyed baby. Then came visions of gold that rattled and chinked in bags, for all the money that came in to Ol' Clo'es was changed to the gold of that native land. The baby's yellow curls were growing more and more golden. There was a vision, too, before which Ol' Clo'es shrank, over which his yellow teeth chattered. And this vision was of a night when a golden-haired girl bent over a table on which were piles of yellow gold. She had come upon him unawares when he gloated over his treasure, and he had raised his chair high in the air and crashed it down upon the golden head. For twenty years he had not seen the golden-haired girl, for twenty years he had not known whether he had killed his child or not, for he had gathered his

"Saint Cecilia," from the Painting by Lionel Royer.

treasure up and fled with it from his home. But four times a day he left his hovel when he heard the postman's shrill whistle on the street that edged the river. Was there a letter for him? Of course no letter ever came, and he always returned to his rags and to his visions.

III.

It was almost Christmas, and the clerks at the post-office were taking a moment's rest, an instant's breathe, forgetting, just for a second, that they were merely machines.

"Same old game," yawned one, stretching his numbed arms. "Boxes all filled up with kids' letters to Santa Claus!"

A dozen childish missives to the old saint were greeted with jests and laughter. One was addressed to Greenland, another to Iceland, one to the north pole, another to the moon. On one was a note to Uncle Sam asking him to find the Christmas saint, and then came Bib's letter addressed to "Old Sandy Cloze, Some'eres."

"Say, I guess it won't be robbing the mails for me to take that letter," drawled a voice. I got a customer that it'll just fit. He's sandy enough, and he's called Ol' Clo'es, and he's been asking for a letter ever since I've been on the street. It'll be a kind of a joke to give him this and see what he does."

So it was Uncle Sam, through one of his minions, who perpetrated the joke.

IV.

It was the day before Christmas, late in the afternoon, so late that the city gleamed with the jewelled lights that hone through holly-wreathed windows out into the darkening streets. Winter had decked the city in her whitest robes, and had hung it with glittering gems that held and reflected the lights that lined the streets. On the long straight avenue, two steady streams of sleighs passed up and down, filling the sharp air with silver merriment. In the sleighs were animate bundles of fur and lace covered with jewels, and all hovered the perfume of violets, hot-house blossoms reared for just that little half hour in the snowy Christmas air.

On the western curb of the avenue stood an old man with white face and gleaming eyes and straggling sandy locks. So tattered, so ragged, so forlorn he was that one of the jewelled occupants of a passing sleigh turned shuddering from a glimpse of him. Her Christmas wish was not for the peace that is good will to all men, but for the peace that is forgetfulness of all men's sorrows.

A dozen times the old man quavered forward. A dozen he staggered back confused by the gliding sleighs, the prancing horses, the silver music, and the gleaming lights. At last a friendly hand was slipped into his, a chummy voice said:

"Say, d'ye wantter cross, Ol' Clo'es? I'll tow yer over. Jes stop when I seys stop and go when I seys go."

It was only a newsboy as tattered as he was, but, yeilding himself to the friendly convoy, he crossed in safety.

V.

In the tiny room, high in the dirty tenement, Bibs was waiting, doubtfully, sceptically. He had just been out to ask when old Santa Claus was likely to come and bring the things. Now he knew that he might have to wait until midnight or even later than that. He had cuddled Nanny to sleep with a story of Santa Claus and the doll he might bring, and he still held her in his arms to keep her warm, to keep himself warm. On the bed the mother dosed and coughed and coughed and dosed. The only light in the room came through the open door from the dingy hall, and its faint rays flickered across the faded yellow hair on the pillow, on the golden-haired child in Bibs' arms.

There was a fumbling, stumbling step on the stairs, but it was too early for Santa Claus, so Bibs gave the sound no thought. On each landing there was a little pause. On Bibs' landing it was longer than it had been before. Then a shadow fell across the floor. Bibs' heart stood still. Was it Santa Claus, after all? The boy turned and looked at the man and then the steady heart moved on. This stranger was no saint. He was only a man, poorer, more ragged even, than the other tenants in the house.

But now the man who had stood so long on the threshold of the little room entered slowly.

"Nan!" It was a weak old voice, quavering and harsh, but the sick woman heard it. She tried to rise. She lifted her weak arms, but she spoke only one word, "Father!"

"I knew it was you," Ol' Clo'es whispered, his arms clasped about his daughter, "I knew it must be you"

Bibs had not moved. He still cuddled the sleeping child in his arms. He still waited for the Santa Claus who would come at midnight, perhaps, and would bring the soup and the wine and the medicines, the doll and the knife. His dreams were too bright to be tarnished by this shabby old man. And then, on his brain were marked the words that drove the dream away, that told him that his letter had never reached the Christmas saint.

"And it had your old nickname, Bibs, at the top, and then it spoke of Nanny, and I was so sure, oh so sure that it was you. And"—the old man's voice quivered and flickered like a wind-blown flame—"and, Nanny, girl, I've got the gold; you remember the gold? The money's all for you, child. It will make you well. Surely, it can make you well."

It was here that the sick woman stretched her hand towards Bibs. She motioned him to come, to bring the baby nearer. She told him to lay it in the old man's arms.

The sleeping child stirred, then woke suddenly and opened her eyes, that were as blue as the forget-me-nots of the old man's boyhood home. She looked in wonder at the old face bending over her; she laid one hand caressingly on the old lips, and murmured, happily and drowsily:

"Sandy Cloze! Bibs's Sandy Cloze!"

VI.

There were no more days in the lonely hovel on the West Side. There were only a few more days in the grimy tenement on the East Side. Then the new life began. The old man was never again alone, but only a few of his golden visions stayed with him. One was a golden-haired woman, who daily grew stronger and stronger, and another was a golden-haired baby with forget-me-not eyes. The visions of the gold that rattled, of the gold in bags, were gone: the gold itself was gone. It had been spread out over green fields; it had been transformed into country air, and sometimes it whispered to him saying "father," sometimes "grandfather," and sometimes, when little Nanny spoke, it said "Sandy Cloze," for Nanny could only believe that the old man who had come on Christmas eve was no one else save Bibs's Sandy Cloze.

Christmas in Switzerland is, of course, cold bu jolly. One may purchase a Christmas tree and everything to put on it at any of the snow-covered booths and they are to be found at every turn. Away up in the Alps at the Monastary of St. Bernard visitors join the monks at mass and at their feast, although at that season of the year there are few travellers. In the Austrian salt mines under the Alps and Carpathian Mountains, among caverns and pillars of glistening crystls, unique Christmas festivities are held. Here miners and their families live in excavated homes and many of hem never see the light of day. But upon the arrival of Christmas their homes and streets are brilliantly lighted. Here, too, the Christ child comes disbursing gifts to good children; and St. Nicholas, followed by hobgoblins, frightens the naughty ones.

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The best pattern on the Market, each 10c.—1c. extra for postage. Fashion Sheet mailed free on request.

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Christmas Number now ready. 5c. per copy, and 5c. extra for postage.

Do Your Xmas Shopping at Fraser's

WITHOUT A SINGLE DOUBT OR QUESTION this store has the greatest facilties to supply suitable and appropriate things that will be greatly appreciated as Christmas Gifts. Our immense range of choice Holiday Merchandise not only offers you a big selection, but in the matter of price it's important because it means a saving to our customers at a time of year when the purse has a big demand on it. If you cannot come to Brandon, send for what you want. We guarantee to give you as good service as if you came here personally.

We Pay all Postage, Express and Freight Charges.

Silk Blouse Lengths.

What could you send your wife, your sister or someone el e's sister, that would be more appreciated than a pretty blouse piece of this lovely Taffeta Silk—why that's what a woman delights to have, lots of pretty waists, one for every occasion. 4 yds. to the piece, Sky Blue, Pink, Helio, Mauve, Purple, Green Black, Grey, White, Yellow, and Cerese, finest French Taffeta Silks, per length, Special.

$2.90

For Little Girls.

Collarettes, Muffs and Gauntlets, made of white bear skin cloth, pretty dressy articles, that the children will delight in getting. They are warm and serviceable too, and the price is moderate.

COLLARETTES, come up well around the ears, pure white, the material is washable, each, $2.00

MUFFS, round shape 75c.

Empire shape, $1.25.

GAUNTLETS, with heavy silk cord for neck, pair

50c.

For The Men.

Of course they like to be remembered at Christmas too. These articles will please them and besides they are sensible things to give.

FANCY BRACES, one pair in fancy box, per pair **$1.00**

FANCY ARMLETS, one pair in box, all colors, per pair **75c.**

SHAVING MIRRORS, steel stand, celluloid frame, each

$2.00

Kid Gloves.

Women appreciate nice gloves. They also admire quality in a glove above everything else. For our christmas trade we have stocked a lovely lot of fashionable kid gloves in all the new shades, Tan, Mode, Grey, Slate, Brown, White, Green and Navy. We guarantee every pair. They are real French Kid, sizes 5¾ to 7¼, two dome fasteners. Special per pair.

$1.25

Wool Fascinators.

Very fashionable this year for evening headwear, made of soft fleecy Iceland wools A special bargain, each

87c.

Umbrella Shawls.

One of these pretty wraps will make a useful present and at the same time it will please by its daintiness, pure white wool umbrella shawls, large full sizes, special each for holiday trade

$1.50

Furs Make Handsome Christmas Presents.

And furs bought at Fraser's give satisfaction. Our prices too are an important factor in winning trade for our fur department.

WOMEN'S FUR-LINED COATS

A very swell coat of pure-wool English broadcloth, in navy and black made in full box back style, with inverted pleat and belt, latest style sleeves, collar and revers of best grade Columbia Sable, lined with No. 1 Hamister, ¾ length, a fashionable stylish coat, made to give satisfaction and good wear. Our Special Price each **$47.50**

FUR COATS—Persian Lamb, Sable and Mink Trimmed, $140.00, $150.00 and $175.00.

BOHKARHAN LAMB COATS—Sable Trimmed $72.50. Black Sable trimmed $60.00.

SPECIAL—Four Coon Coats, made of finest grade No. 1 skins, we are going to clear them out at about half price, they are small sizes left on our hands, 32 and 34, if you can wear this size, it's your opportunity, $60.00 Coon Coats on sale each **$33.00**

A magnificent stock of Ruffs, Stoles, Caperines, Gauntlets and Caps are at this store for your selection.

SABLE STOLES, $22.50, $26.50 and $30.00.
MINK STOLES, $45.00, $50.00 and $75.00.
STONE MARTIN RUFFS, $22.50 and $45.00.
STOLES AND RUFFS of many other lines of fur $3.50 to $15.00.

For Fine Furs that will Give Satisfaction go to Fraser's

These Make Nice Xmas Gifts.

Hand Bags

Black and brown leather, steel frames and leather covered frames, strong fasteners, have little coin purse inside, newest braided handle, 7-inch size, stylish new shape, special each.

$1.90

Fancy Sets

For fronts of Waists, blue and red enamel set in gold-filled frame, warranted not to tarnish, latest square design, Special per set.

75c.

Fancy Hose Supporters.

Put up one pair in a fancy box, with picture of holly on lid, very choice dainty goods, colors, red, yellow, pale blue and black, special per pair

$1.00

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS IN THE MEN'S STORE

DRESSING GOWNS, All sizes, newest plaid patterns, **$10.50, 12.50, 15.00**
NECKWEAR—The finest assortment in Western Manitoba, Bows, Puffs, Derbys, Flowing ends and Strings.
FLOWING ENDS—Specially selected for the Xmas Trade, all shades, each, **85c.**
PUFFS—Handsome assortment **75c.**
STRINGS, **25c.** and **30c.** BOWS, **25c.** to **50c.**
SPECIAL—2 Four-in-hand Silk Ties, **25c.**
FANCY GARTERS, in separate boxes per pair, **75c.**
PLAYING CARDS, put up in leather case book form, special **$1.25**
FANCY BRACES, **50c, 75c** and **$1.00** pair.
FINE GLOVES—Silk lined dog skin, tan shades, per pair **$1.75.**
Silk lined mocha, per pair, **$2.00**

Children's Fancy Handkerchiefs, Just like Santa Claus puts in the stockings, nice assortment of colors, per dozen, 25c.

We wish our friends and patrons, throughout Manitoba and the Western Provinces a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. This has been a year of prosperity throughout our Great Western Country, and along with others we have reaped our share of the good times, and we take this opportunity to thank our numerous customers for their patronage, hoping that as time goes on it will but strengthen our business relations.

A. C. Fraser & Co., Brandon, Man.

Silk Bargain.

For Fancy work of all kinds there is a big demand for Japanese Washable Silks. We have all colors, 20 inches wide, at per yard

20c.

Cushion Forms.

In long, heart, square, diamond and round shapes, any kind or length up to 12 inches, each

25c.

Silk Underskirts

A special bargain for Christmas shoppers at Fraser's. A lovely Taffeta Silk Underskirt, good full size, made with deep flounce finished with rows of narrow frills, a silk that will give great satisfaction, as a good wearer, colors, Cardinal, Dresden, Green, Navy and Black. Special each

$5.00

Sable Muffs

For the holiday trade we are making a special concession in price on a very handsome lot of new Empire Shaped Columbia Sable Muffs. They are made in big comfortable looking sizes. The fur is a rich dark brown, the beds are soft fleecy down, making them light to carry, lined with Italian cloth. Special for Xmas

$9.75

Table Napkins

Are always good sellers at the holiday time, for this season we have secured a choice lot direct from the makers in Belfast. The linen is a quality that will be appreciated by housekeepers. They are ⅝ size, pretty floral patterns. Napkins that would be considered good value at $2.50 per doz. Special at Fraser's per doz.

$1.95

Piano Drapes.

Silk drapes from Japan, White, Yellow, Green, Cardinal, fringed and embroidered in floral patterns. A line that is worth more money, but we secured it to to sell at each

$2.50

Teneriffe Doylies

Six inch size, pure linen centre, 6 wheel border, regular 10c. each. Special

6 for 35c.

Ruth Marsden's Christmas Dinner

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly.

A slim, erect woman in rather shabby black turned into lower Fifth Avenue from one of the side streets and walked northward, slowly, but with a certain quiet self-confidence. The street lamps were not yet lighted, but the dull end of a December day was closing in upon the world and the black figure toned in with drifting grays.

Hurrying folk passed the woman without giving her a second glance; and she, on her part, showed no interest in the passerby, though she lingered for a moment on a street corner to watch a dull red shaft of afterglow touch the stone carvings of a church tower into sudden warmth.

As she stood looking at the flickering light a short, fat woman, rocking down the avenue with a vigorous, side-wheeler motion, caught sight of her, stopped, stared incredulously and threw two expressive hands into the air.

"Mon Dieu! It is herself—of a certainty! Mademoiselle! You have not forgotten Marie?"

The broad, ruddy face was beaming with unmistakable joy, the black eyes were dancing with excitement.

Ruth Marsden smiled swiftly, and the smile changed her face as the sunset light had transfigured the gray tower.

"Marie!" she said, a trifle breathlessly, "Marie, you remembered me?"

She held out her hand and the radiant French woman took it diffidently.

"But surely, How could you forget?" she said in voluble French. "Was it not Mademoiselle whom we adored? Ah, Mademoiselle! It is to tear the heart. The son of a brewer is in our house. Me, I weep when I pass the door. The dinners I have cooked there, Mademoiselle—and for those who recognized the dinner recherche, the dinner of distinction. That the parvenues should have our house! It is said below stairs that Madame does not know Bechamel from sauce Meuniere. And you, Mademoiselle? You have made the voyage. You are now in New York to stay, is it not?"

The exclamatory French woman's keen, friendly eyes had taken in every detail of the figure before her. Even in the gathering dusk they had appraised the value of the cheap black coat, noted the worn black gloves, the neat but old-fashioned hat. Then they traveled to the face in which gentle kindliness mingled oddly with stubborn pride. There were lines in the clean-cut, aristocratic face that had not been there eight years earlier, but the lips were curved as proudly as ever, the head had kept its haughty poise.

"A *grande dame* always," she said to herself. "That it is to have the blood. Son of a brewer! Pah!" she snorted aloud with a sudden vehemence that made her former mistress start nervously.

"But he may have made very good beer, Marie," Miss Marsden protested with a certain tranqil amusement.

The old house on Washington Square in which she and her father before her had been born had passed out of the Marsden family. She had had years in which to become accustomed to that fact. Since it was no longer the Marsden house, why should she care into what *nouveaux riches* hands it fell? Poverty makes anarchists, cynics, philosophers. Miss Marsden was too well born for anarchy, too well bred for cynicsm, but the years since her father's ruin and death and her own self-exile had taught her something of philosophy.

"Mademoiselle permits that I accompany her to the door? It is late for her to make the promenade alone."

Marie was bursting with curiosity, but she could ask no questions.

Miss Marsden hesitated for an instant and a faint flush rose in her cheeks, but it went as quickly as it came, and an odd little smile flickered around her lips.

"I am used to being out alone," she said simply, "but I should be glad to have you walk home with me. How has the world used you, Marie? My lawyer told me that all the servants found places at once."

"But yes, Mademoiselle; and Monsieur l'Avocat gave us the month's wages by order of Mademoiselle. Places? With me it was an embarassment, a pursuit. One remembered your dinners, Mademoiselle, and coveted your cook. It is in all modesty I say it. One is born with the genius. One deserves little credit. I considered the offers. The Delmore family had need of both a cook and a butler. They are not the true aristocrats but they are not without grandfathers, and they have money. One must make concessions—and certainly it was an advantage that they needed, too, a butler. Surely Mademoiselle remembers Rogers?"

Miss Marsden nodded. "The imposing Rogers! No one could forget him, Marie."

"YOUTH LED BY LOVE."
From the painting by Edouard Bisson.

"Exactly, Mademoiselle! Me, I had become used to Rogers. He was of an intelligence, of a sensibility, and of a figure—Mon Dieu! What a figure superb for a butler he has! So that I would not lose him I married him. We are with the Delmores, who are now on the Riviera, while we guard the house here. They are not of the highest. I have already said it. But what would you? It is a compromise."

The two women had turned off the avenue and walked westward along a side street until the desirable residence district was far behind them. Finally, Miss Marsden stopped before a new and cheap apartment-house.

"I live here," she said with a touch of hauteur. The pride in her face had driven out the softness, yet she spoke gently. "I will not ask you to come up, Marie. It is late. You were kind to see me safely home and it has been pleasant to meet you; but for the people who knew me in the old days I do not exist You will oblige me by remembering that, Marie."

The suggestion was a royal command.

"But, Mademoiselle, you will surely permit that I, Marie, come to see that you are well."

There were genuine tears in the imploring eyes and Miss Marie relented. "Yes, you may come."

"And for the Christmas, Mademoiselle? You will be alone, is it not?"

The pale, thin face looked a trifle paler, a trifle thinner. Yes, she would be alone.

"If Mademoiselle would but do me a favour, for the sake of the old service," stammered the French woman. "Rogers and I, we also are alone. It is not good to pass the Noel so without the fete, the gayety. Not to prepare a Christmas dinner! I, Marie, to fold my hand when the day of dinners is come! It would be of a sadness, of a waste, Mademoiselle. When one has the genius one owes something to the world. One must find expression. If Madamoiselle would but permit that we should offer her her Christmas dinner——"

Miss Marsden's face was forbidding, but Francois stumbled desparately on,

"There would be a true Christmas fete for us, Madamoiselle—to be allowed to serve you, to prove that we have not forgotten your goodnsss, that there is the service of love. From my heart I could plan a dinner. I feel now the inspiration within me."

She stopped for breath; but Miss Marsden did not speak. If the thing had not been incredible one would have said, that the firm lips were trembling and that there was a mist in the proud brown eyes.

Marie took heart of grace.

"Madamoiselle would think of nothing, know nothing. Me, I would prepare everything. Rogers would serve—and we would be of a happiness. For a Christmas present to us, Mademoiselle, you will say 'yes.' Is it not?"

She stopped, dismayed by her own hardihood. No thunderbolt fell.

Miss Marsden stood looking at her with a beautiful light in her eyes.

"You are a good woman, Marie—a loyal friend. It seems I have misjudged the world."

Marie laughed a gay little laugh of relief and delight.

"Eh bien, it is understood?"

"Yes."

"You will not give a thought to the Christmas dinner? You will not look into the dining-room, the kitchen?"

"I promise."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, I am proud, grateful. Rogers, too, will be enchanted. You are an angel, Mademoiselle. It shall be a dinner for an angel—with the tastes worldly. Good-night, Mademoiselle."

She was gone.

Miss Marsden went up the narrow stairway and into her apartment. She took off her coat and hat and gloves in the dim light that filtered through the windows. Then she lay down upon the couch, and for the first time since she disappeared from a world in which no Marsden had ever been pitied or patronized she cried softly.

Meanwhile the French woman who condescended to minister to the palates of the Delmore family, when that family was not globe-trotting, was hurrying back towards Fifth Avenue as fast as two hundred pounds of flesh and embarrassing shortness of breath would allow. She must see Rogers. She must tell him the news.

As the fat little woman turned into the avenue a man came down the steps of a big brick house and paused for a moment to light his cigar.

Marie, skurrying Rogersward, was yet not blind to the merits of other masculinity. Her glance took in the tall, immaculately clad figure appreciatively. It was a portly figure—a figure coquetting with embon-point yet lingering on the hither side of discretion's boundary-line.

There are men who exude prosperity at the pores, and Berty Fish's prosperity, while not aggressive, was subtly and inextinguishably self-assertive. He had been born to the material good things and he had not thrown away his birthright. Possibly he had allowed it to assume undue proportion in his scheme of life; yet the man was no sensualist—merely self-absorbed and self-indulgent, after the manner of men for whom life has been made comfortable.

Marie, looking at the handsome, indifferent face, illumined by the lighted match, gave a dramatic start. This was her day of sensations; and, being French, she appreciated it. Why turn one's back upon Heaven-sent opportunity? If he did not care to know no harm would be done. If he had heart—this Monsieur Fish who had seemed the favored one in the days when the old house on Washington Square held its own and the servants' hall buzzed with gossip about the mistress and her admirers—he would rejoice. Mademoiselle had commanded that no one should be told. Oh, la, la! If one did only what was commanded the world would be of a slowness.

"Monsieur."

Bert Fish took his cigar from his lips and lifted his hat slightly.

Marie spurred her courage.

"Monsieur would not remember—it is not to be expected—but in the old days he was gracious enough to praise my sole au vin blanc."

"Marie," he said, "I make you my homage. There is no other cook in New York who could equal it."

A smile flashed into the man's face. "Marie, you were with the Marsdens. I remember you perfectly. I remember the sole, too. I begged to be presented to you."

"Yes, Monsieur; and Miss Marsden sent for me. Ah, Monsieur, it is because of her that I have spoken to you. I apologize, but when the heart speaks one does the thing impulsive. Me, Monsieur; I am all heart."

She pressed a chubby hand against her breast.

Bert Fish's placid face had sharpened slightly.

"What do you know of her?" he asked.

The shrewd little French woman heard the ring of interest in his voice and mentally applauded herself.

"I have but just left her, Monsieur."

"Here? In New York?"

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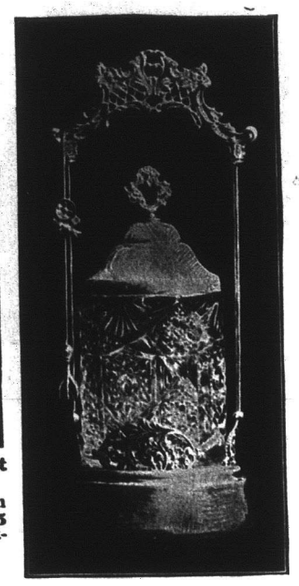

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"She is living here?"

"Since the first of the month."

"But where? How?"

He pulled himself up suddenly. One is not a boy at 50, and one does not make a confidant of a stranger whom one meets on the street corner.

But Marie was uncorked. The story gurgled out, and the man who listened, knowing Miss Marsden well, and belonging to the world on which she had turned her back, understood, as the good-hearted woman of another class and of different traditions could not understand,

"Voila," finished Marie. "Voila the story. It is of a meaness, that appartment-house, and she had the air poor—but always the aristocrat. Already I have meditated upon the dinner, Monsieur. It shall be of the best. Rogers and I have made the bank account."

"If you would allow——"

The man's hand went to his pocket, but the French woman's face flushed.

"Pardon, Monsieur, no. It is I, Marie, who offers the dinner. Mademoiselle permits. But it is this for which I ventured to stop Monsieur. I knew him to be a friend of the family and I said to myself, 'To dine alone is not right, on Noel.' Than the dinner, more than one should appreciate it. Perhaps Monsieur Fish would have the kindness—not for me, but for the old friendship——"

She stuck fast, tangled in embarrassment—then went on breathlessly: "If you could but add to the pleasure—to the surprise—if you would but dine with Mademoiselle on Christmas Day. I would have all things ready; it would be like a dinner out of the past. It is not good that one should see no old friend on the Noel, Monsieur!"

The man was as embarrassed as she—but with a difference.

"I would be glad to eat your dinner, Marie, but—Mademoiselle—it would be an intrusion. She has never sent me word—she would have let me know if she had been willing I should come."

He was stammering like boy.

"The pride, Monsieur—only the pride. A friend laughs at the pride. And on Christmas Day—it is the season of good will, is it not—the season of the soft heart? The Christmas candles would melt the pride, Monsieur. You will come?"

He hesitated then squared his shoulders.

"Yes, Marie, I will go."

A la bonheur! There shall be sole au vin blanc."

"You will give me the address and I may send flowers?"

"To me, Monsieur. It is to be a surprise."

She gave him the address.

"Au revoir, Monsieur. You are of a kindness. It shall be a success, that Christmas dinner."

She hurried on to Rogers.

Bert Fish stopped a passing cab and drove to his club. He could think better at the club. His thoughts went back to the days when the Marsdens lived in the old Marsden house and he was exceedingly at home there. He could remember Ruth's debut. She was a pretty girl, a trifle cold and proud even then, but he admired her—tranquilly. He was past enthusiasm over debutantes and already dancing under protest. It was on her father's account that he had drifted into the position of friend of the house. At least that was what he had thought, but the debutante matured into a lovely woman and he still admired her—tranquilly. She had stood as his standard for womanhood. He had felt that if he should marry, his wife would be like her. Probably he would marry some day—some far-off day. One ought to do that sort of thing, and Ruth—but one was so comfortable at the club. Marriage entailed responsibilities, curtailing of freedom, domestic difficulties, trouble with servants, bad dinners. At the club one had what one wanted and one paid one's dues. That was all.

The gossips grew tired of connecting his name with Miss Marsden. Ruth was cordial, serene. She had admirers, a host of them, and each one went away, in time; but Bert Fish still dined at the house regularly on Sundays and dropped in at all hours. He was a selfish man, not a vain one, and it never occurred to him that Ruth loved him. Of course he loved her. He accepted that fact as he accepted the sunsets, but things were very well as they were.

He was in India when the crash came; months went by before he heard of the financial failure, with the ugly suggestions of disgrace hanging around it, and of James Marsden's sudden death. He wrote to Ruth at once, but he had never heard from her. She had been courageous enough to do her own surgery, to walk off the stage before she could be elbowed from it. No one knew anything about her save the family lawyer, and his lips were sealed.

Society gossip wondered, and then forgot the Marsden bankruptcy. Even the real friends forgot.

Thinking the story over as he dined, Bert Fish realized that he, too, had practically forgotten, though he had been sadly shaken up and hurt when he found that the one woman he admired—tranquilly—had dropped out of his life and made no sign to him. He had never realized that she had not understood—that she had not believed he would care.

Now she was in New York. He would see her—and something stirred in him that surprised him mildly.

He ate his dinner in perfunctory fashion, roamed into the smoking-room, ensconced himself in a big chair, lighted a good cigar and sat staring at the ceiling. Only once during the evening did he speak. A friend slapped him on the shoulder. "My boy's half-back on the Yale team, Fish," he said proudly.

Fish lowered his gaze from the ceiling.

"Eh, what? Oh, yes. Nice boy?"

"Well, rather. I'm going down to the station to meet him now."

"How many children have you, Felix?"

"Four, and they're the finest ever. My small girl makes her debut this winter and she's a winner, Why the deuce don,t you marry, old man?"

He walked away.

Fish relapsed into silence. After a time he put on his coat and hat and went to the theatre. For the first time the club seemed big and cheerless.

When Ruth Marsden opened her door in the dusk of Christmas Day suggestions of festivity smote her nostrils. The scent of American Beauty roses mingled with an odor of highly seasoned cookery. Violets and lilies-of-the-valley defied the kitchen to do its worst.

For a moment the mistress of the place looked puzzled. Then she remembered. Evidently Marie and her Rogers had taken possession while she had her long walk. Her lamps were lighted. Her little front room was full of flowers. Surely Marie could not have remembered her preference for valley lilies, yet there were masses on the little tea table.

The curtains between the tiny parlor and the tinier dining-room were drawn, and Miss Marsden smiled at the mystery in which this odd Christmas celebration of hers was shrouded. Still smiling, she sank wearily into a low chair, and, closing her eyes, sat quietly with the perfume of the lilies caressing her senses and old Christmastimes drifting through her thoughts, until a subdued clatter of china and glass behind the curtains roused her.

She must dress for her dinner. Depression and untidy hair would be a poor return for the friendliness of Marie and Rogers. The occasion was festive; well, festive it should be, if she could make it so.

She went down the hall and into her bedroom, put away her coat and hat and turned to her mirror. The woman she saw there did not suggest gayety. Her face rose pale and weary above the sombre black of her gown, and her brown hair was brushed smoothly back from her brow A sprinkling of gray showed in the brown, and Miss Marsden eyed it with gloomy disapproval. The disapproval extended itself to include the black gown. What place had black at a Christmas dinner?

A gleam of inspiration dawned in Miss Marsden's eyes, and with a certain shame-faced determination she opened a trunk that stood in one corner of the room and recklessly tossed its contents on the floor. Down at the bottom she found the thing of which she had been in search, and as she shook it out the gaslight rioted over the glowing silken folds of rose color. She had kept no other gown of the kind. What had rose-color dinner-gowns to do with her life now? But this gown had associations. It had been a favorite with old friends. It—well, she had kept it.

She rose to her feet with the brilliant burden in her arms and looked from the gown to the mirror, from the mirror to the gown. Eight years had not made her lamentably old. She had a fancy to see what the vanities could do toward wiping out the traces of those dull years. Her hair first. She let down the soft brown mass, and drawing it loosely to the top of her head fastened it in soft puffs and allowed it to wave fluffily about her.

The effect was encouraging, and the faint color in her cheeks deepened. After all, forty-two was not an appalling age, and why shouldn't one be good to look at even if there were no one to look?

She slipped into the shimmering pink gown. It was out of date as fashions go, but it had been a picturesque gown in the first place, and it kept its art value. Miss Marsden's sloping white shoulders rose bare from out of a foam of fine old lace. They had always been good shoulders. Eight years had not changed them.

The forlorn figure in rusty black had faded out of the mirror. In its place was a slender woman with a delicate

BLOSSOMS.

From the Picture by Albert Moore, in the National Gallery of British Art, size 57 X 18 in. Exhibited at the Grovener Gallery in 1881 and purchased by Sir Henry Tate, Bart., who presented it to the Nation.

patrician face, who carried her head in regal fashion and wore a superb gown with nonchalent grace.

"You could do it even now," she said enigmatically, and in the shadowy background of the mirror men's faces came and went. She had ruled right royally in the days when the pink gown was new.

She turned and trailed her rustling skirts down the narrow hall to the little drawing-room. She was living over again those days when the world went well.

In the doorway she paused, and from the corner of the dimly lighted room a man came to meet her. She was not surprised. He was a part of the dream, and she held out her hands to him graciously, as she had given them to him in the old days.

'Bert,' she said happily. There was no surprise in her voice—only tranquil acceptance of a great good.

"Dinner is served."

Rogers stood in the dining-room doorway, dignified, imposing, outwardly imperturbable though curiosity seethed within him.

Miss Marsden looked a him. He, too, was a part of the dr am She took her guest's arm and went with him into the little room where for a month past she had eaten her simple and solitary meals. Silver and cut glass, fine napery, great bowls of roses flouted the close, crowding walls and the cheap furniture, and Rogers loomed large, irreproachable, serene, though the incongruity of his stage-setting might well have shattered a less masterly repose of manner.

The kitchen door was slightly ajar, and through the crack peered an appreciative eye, unseen but seeing.

Miss Marsden sank into her chair and looked across the roses at the man who sat opposite.

"It is good," she said simply, and his eyes repeated her words.

"You were unkind, unfair."

She nodded. "Yes: it seems the pessimists are all wrong. The world has a heart."

No more explanation. Out of the experience of years they understood, and the woman's pride melted, with the man's selfishness, in the flame of the Christmas candles.

Marie was proven prophet.

They ate their oysters—those two who were finding themselves—and they did justice to course after course of a wonderful dinner.

Marie was more than a prophet. She was a cook. Her dishes were worthy to belong in the dream.

It was a gay little dinner. Even Rogers lost a shade of his portentious solemnity and consented to see humor in the fact that there was barely room for him to squeeze between sideboard and table, though up to the entree the wound to his dignity rankled sorely.

Miss Marsden's cheeks grew pinker each time she met her old friend's eyes across the roses, and her voice held a tremulous little note, though she talked and laughed lightly.

The man watching her heard the thrill in her voice and saw some inner thrill stir into ripples the serenity of the steady brown eyes. The restless discontent that had wakened when he knew that she had come back into his life rose and beat against his indifferent egoism and a touch of eager boyishness crept into his face and manner. How a man could waste the years, he thought, and walk blindly side by side with happiness!

Rogers put the coffee upon the table and discreetly withdrew. Marie had prompted him, and, when he appeared in the kitchen, she cast herself upon his manly breast and wiped away a tear with a dish-towel.

"I have done my best," she said dramatically. "It is now in the hands of le Bon Dieu. Such a dinner should have made it of an easiness for him."

In the dining-room there was silence as the door closed. Then Miss Marsden lifted a glass to her lips.

"To the old days!" she said softly.

Bert Fish shook his head.

"To the coming days!" he amended. His hand went out across the table and found hers.

Two servants sat in the little kitchen and waited anxiously. An hour went by. Ten o'clock came.

"E's 'avin' trouble," said Rogers.

Marie was more hopeful.

"It is that they have forgotten. That is the good sign," she murmured.

The bell rang sharply and Rogers sprang to the door with an eagerness foreign to his habitual calm, but he entered the dining-room with his usual noiseless dignity. Marie, prophetess, culinary genius *dea ex machine*. She had forgotten to close the door.

Bert Fish looked at the couple and smiled. His chair was on Miss Marsden's side of the table.

"Rogers," he said, and there was a huge content in his usually dry voice, "are you and Marie pledged to the Delmores after their return next month?"

"No, sir."

Marie had come forward and was beaming at her husband's side.

"We think," said Mr. Fish, with a certain lingering emphasis on the "we" and a look at the woman beside him, "we think we shall need you after we come back from Florida."

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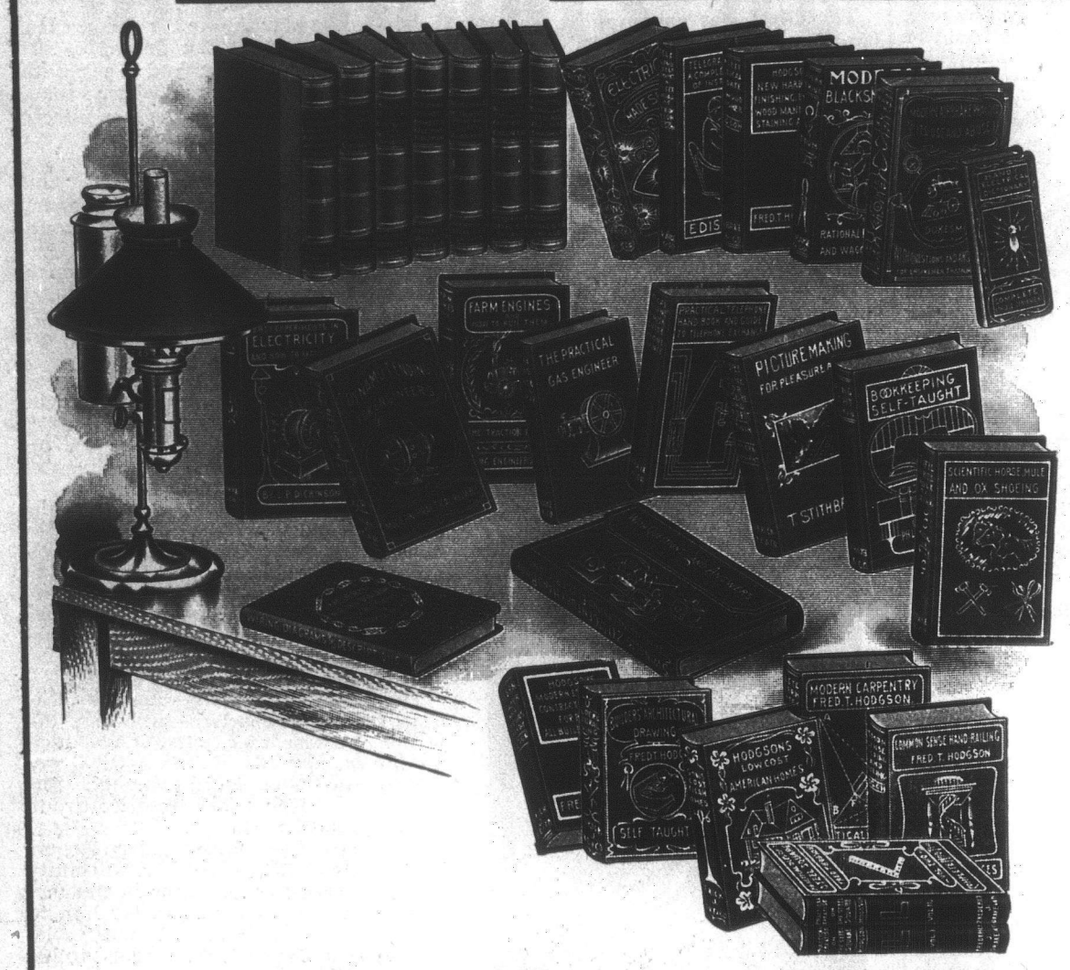

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Lucy's Christmas Ride

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly.

Caleb was looking at some papers when Lucy came into the room. He thrust them into the pocket of his overcoa .

"Caleb," said Lucy, "you've dropped a letter."

Caleb started, muttered, and flushed. Lucy was already stooping for the letter. "Why, she exclaimed, "it's addressed to me!"

Caleb's wife came to his rescue. "Caleb forgot to give it to you. He got it last night, after you were in bed. The post office was open late, on account of Christmas Eve."

"I see," said Lucy. But the others looked anxious; they watched a frown gather while she read. "I don't understand," she murmured. There was no heading to the letter; she looked at the postmark for a name and date. The mark was blurred. She finished reading, then folded the letter, and thrust it into its envelope.

"Come, Caleb," she said. "We'll be late to church." A glance of relief passed between the other two.

As they went out into the street, leaving the wife to cook the dinner, Caleb took off his overcoat and hung it over his arm.

"Won't you find tt cold? asked Lucy. "It's a rather raw day."

"A little raw," said Caleb, moving his shoulders as if he felt the cold. "But there, I'll soon warm up. You see, the coat's the only one I've got, and it's so old I don't like to be seen wearing it on Christmas Day."

"Perhaps I——" began Lucy impulsively. She checked herself; she would get him a new coat and surprise him. Caleb turned his head away, and hid a smile.

"John has written me such an unreasonable letter," she said. "One would think that he was living in the next town. And he writes as if he had written before; I must have missed one of his letters. He asks me to come today to his Christmas dinner."

"He does," exclaimed Caleb. "But I thought you and John had quarrelled!"

Lucy winced. Caleb had touched a sore spot. "At any rate," she said hastily. "I can't travel two hundred and fifty miles to John this morning He says that since I won't come to spend several days, he will have dinner at noon, so that I can go and come before night. Why, that's impossible."

"Strange," said Caleb.

"I don't see what he's thinking of," said Lucy.

They walked a while in silence, and Caleb shivered so that Ducy should see. It inspired her with a desire to get to church quicker. "Caleb," she said, "let's take a short cut."

The town was not large; its main street lay on a curve, and by a path through the fields they could save distance. But at the railroad crossing a freight train blocked the way. "Oh, dear!" said Lucy. "These trains sometimes stand here for hours."

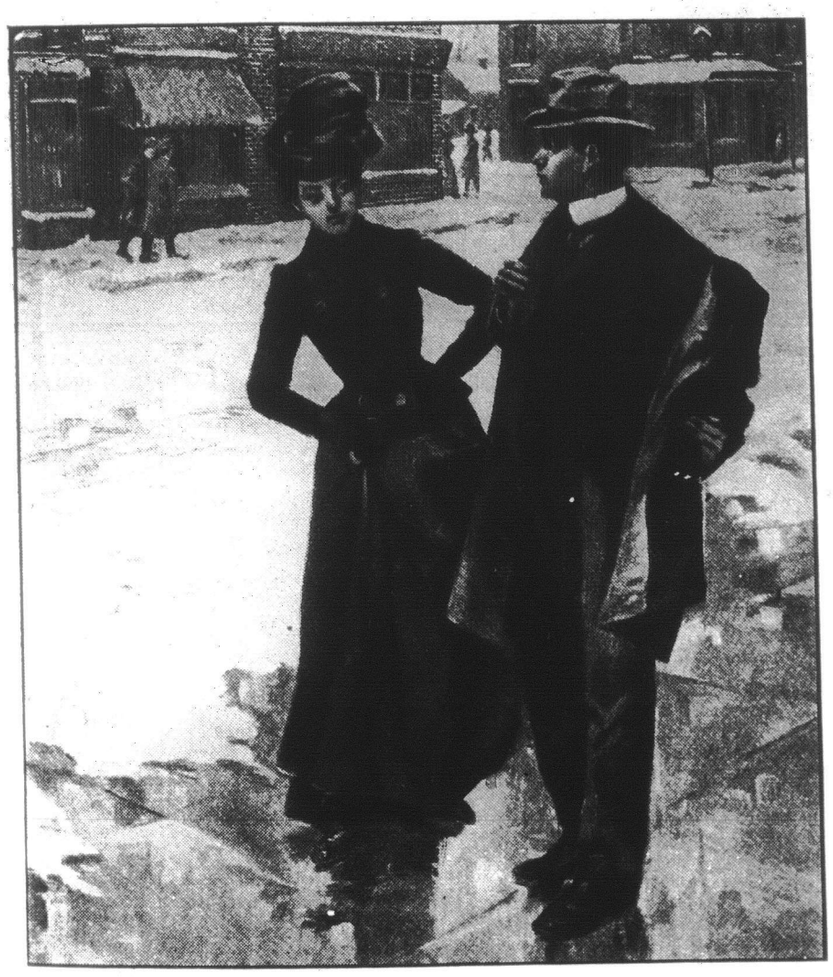
"We might climb through," suggested Caleb.

"If the train should start!"

Caleb peered up and down the train. "I see no engine."

"Well, then," said Lucy. "You go first."

Caleb crossed in safety. "I'll leave my coat on the couplers so you shan't dirty your dress," he said. "Now, Lucy."



"WON'T YOU FIND IT COLD, IT'S A RATHER RAW DAY."

She climbed until she was seated on the beam jutting above the coupler. With care she swung her feet across, and faced the farther side. "Now," she said, "are you sure you can lift me down?"

"Sure," said Caleb. Standing between the cars, he reached up to take her.

She grasped the brake rod with a scream. "Oh, Caleb, listen!"

Jarring and groaning along the line of cars. There was an engine! Her car started with a jerk; the other followed. Caleb was forced to move in the train's direction. "Jump down!" he cried.

"Never!" she answered firmly. "Caleb, you'll get hurt."

He drew out from between the cars, and as the train went faster ran alongside

"Lucy!" he gasped in consternation. "Lucy!"

"Caleb!" she responded, helpless. The speed increased; she had a last glimpse of his fat, fair face. Then he was left behind.

A brakeman appeared at the top of the car. "Sure, mum," said he, "you're in for it."

"Stop the train!"

"I can't."

"How far are we going?"

"Miles."

Lucy was wise. She knew the laws of tides and railroads, and accepted the situation calmly.

"Can you keep your place?" asked the brakeman. "You'd best not try to climb up here."

"Indeed not!" she answered. "I will sit here." The beam was narrow, but Lucy was thin. She was secure.

"Make yourself comfortable, then," he said. "You'll lose that coat from the couplers if you don't look out. Put it behind you to ease your back. No, wait, I'll do it."

He ran down his ladder—Lucy envied him his ease of movement—and, reaching over with one hand, picked up Caleb's coat. A pipe tumbled from the pocket and disappeared beneath the train. "Oh, dear!" cried Lucy.

"No use, mum," he said. "Here, we won't lose anything else." Standing braced, he searched the pockets, and drew out a pair of old woolen gloves, a handkerchief, and Caleb's package of papers.

These, as Lucy sat crouched upon her shelf, he put into her lap, and stuffed the coat behind her. Then Lucy was left to her thoughts.

It was dreary, it was cold. She was sheltered from the wind; the train moved with the even motion of a heavy body. She looked at the letters in her lap. Most of them were old, worn, and dirty. Bills, no doubt, and unpaid. Caleb, though her own cousin, was so shiftless. She thought of the letter in her pocket, but she could not get at it. She tried to remember what it had said; its ending especially. It was almost pathetic; something like this: "You said once I wanted your money. I don't. Now that I am well off, you must believe me. Spend it on Caleb's family, but let me have the satisfaction of being on friendly terms with my only sister. We are old enough to lay by our former differences."

There were tears in her eyes, and Lucy felt ashamed. If the brakeman should come, he would see them. She looked

"HERE, WE WON'T LOSE ANYTHING ELSE."

again at the letters in her lap, and pretended to be looking them over. To her surprise, her own name, in her brother's writing, looked up at her from an unopened letter.

"I WENT TO TWO TRAINS, AND THEN I GAVE YOU UP."

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Oh, that Caleb! So forgetful! She had but one hand free, but she managed to open the letter, draw it from its envelope, and unfold it. It was short.

Why do you not answer? Lucy, please don't still be angry. We want you so much, to come for Christmas. You've never seen the children. For their sakes, let bygones be bygones, and come to see

Your brother

JOHN.

This was the letter she had missed. And yet it seemed to speak of still another. Lucy sat and puzzled. Perhaps it was also among Caleb's papers. She looked further. There it certainly was, as if it had traveled long in his pocket. The date, when she had opened it, she found to be December 1. A month in Caleb's pocket!

DEAR LUCY:

Here we are, bag and baggage, in Sherman, only fifteen miles away from you. My business—

In Sherman! She almost dropped the letter from surprise. Then she read on.

—takes me here. We had scarcely got settled before I met Caleb in the street.

Yes, Caleb often went to Sherman. Why had he not told her? Lucy frowned.

I write this in haste for him to take to you. Will you not come to see us? Come for Christmas. Let us forget a part of old times, and remember all the rest. Please come, for the sake of

Your brother

JOHN.

Oh, that Caleb! It was all clear to her now. After all that she had done for him, the money that she had spent on his wife, his children, himself! The very turkey now cooking in his oven she had bought. And he would keep her brother's letters from her! Oh, that Caleb! And now it was Christmas day; John's dinner would be waiting for her, perhaps at that moment he himself was watching at the station. But could she ever get to Sherman now? Lucy felt a sudden despair.

A form appeared, stepping from car to car above her head. The brakeman looked down. "Are you comfortable, mum?" he asked politely.

"Brakeman," she screamed, "stop the train!"

"I'm sorry, mum," he said, "but it's only ten minutes more."

"Stop the train," she repeated in great agitation. "I must get off, I must get to Sherman this morning."

The brakeman grinned. "That's all right, then," he said. "It's to Sherman we're going."

. . . . . .

"But Lucy," said her brother, after the twentieth welcome, "how did you come? I went to two trains, and then I gave you up."

Lucy pressed her lips. "I did'nt come on a regular train," she said.

A Christmas Carol.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightness through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"WHO WILL HELP ME OVER?"

Christmas Gifts
OF
JEWELRY

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2. Solid gold locket..... 2 00
3. Solid gold baby pin, 3 pearls..... 1 75
3A. Same, 1 pearl..... 1 35
3B. Same, plain..... 1 15
4. Gold-filled baby pin... 50
4A. Same, "Darling"..... 50
4B. Same, "Pet"..... 50
5. Solid gold baby pin.... 1 00
6. Solid gold necklet..... 4 00
6A. Same, gold-filled..... 2 00
7. Solid gold necklet..... 4 00
7A. Same, gold-filled..... 2 00
8. Child's gold-filled bracelet..... 2 50
9. Solid gold brooch or chatelaine..... 3 50
9A. Same, gold-filled..... 1 00
9B. Silver brooch or chatelaine..... 50
10. Solid gold locket..... 3 50
10A. Same, gold-filled..... 1 75
11. Pearl heart brooch 14k 6 50
12. Solid gold cuff links, 14k 5 50
12A. Same, 10k..... 4 00
12B. Silver cuff links..... 50
13. Solid gold cuff links... 3 50
14. Solid gold cuff links, 14k 5 25
14A. Same, 10k..... 3 75
15. Pearl bell stick pin, 14k 3 00
16. Pearl horse-shoe stick pin, 14k..... 2 25
17. Hunting crop brooch, 14k..... 3 50
18. Pearl shamrock brooch 14k..... 8 25
19. Pearl fleur de lis brooch, 14k..... 2 75
20. Pearl crescent brooch, 14k..... 2 00
21. Pearl wishbone brooch, 14k..... 2 75
22. Solid gold signet ring.. 2 75
23. Child's gold signet ring 1 25
24. Gold stick pin 14k..... 2 00
25. Fine opal and ruby stick pin, 15k..... 4 00
26. Gold wishbone brooch 2 25
27 Pearl crescent brooch, 14k 3 25
28. " " " 6 25
29. " " " 3 00
30. Gold signet ring, 14k... 4 00
30A. Same 10k..... 3 00
31. Pearl crescent stick pin, 14k..... 1 75
32. Fine opal stick pin..... 3 00
33. Gold chain brooch, 14k 3 00
33A. Same, 10k..... 2 00
34. Gold tie-clip..... 3 00
34A. Silver tie-clip..... 30
35. Cross, silver..... 75
35A. Same, gold-filled..... 1 00
35B. Same, gold..... 2 25
36. Gold signet ring..... 9 00
36A. Same, 14k..... 12 00
37. Gold Masonic ring, 14k 7 75
38. Gold fleur de lis stick pin 1 50
38A. Same, silver..... 25
39. Silver owl stick pin.... 25
40. Ladies' 14k. 25-year filled watch, genuine Waltham movement.. 10 00
41. Pearl stick pin, 14k.... 3 00
42. Gold gold stick pin.... 2 00
43. Gold curling stone charm..... 4 00
44. Fine diamond ring..... 50 00
45. " " 100 00
46. " " 35 00
47. Gold brooch..... 5 00
48. " 3 50
49. Crescent brooch, pearl fleur de lis, 14k..... 6 25

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Christmas-tide in Mexico.

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly.

In fiesta-loving Mexico, Christmas is celebrated for two weeks, beginning with the seventeenth of December and not ending until New Year's Day. The principal features of the celebration are the "posadas" and "pinatas," both very quaint and picturesque customs, and entirely peculiar to Mexico. "Posada" in Spanish means "abiding place" or "inn," and in Mexico is applied to the nightly semi-religious, and entirely jolly performances which, in the houses of all Mexicans, last from the seventeenth to the twenty-fifth of December. These celebrations are called "posadas" because they are in commemoration of that night when the Holy Family unavailingly searched for an "abiding place" or "inn," and unable to find such a place, sought refuge in the Stable where our Lord was born. So that in Mexico Christmas really begins on the seventeenth of December, just when we in Anglo-Saxon lands are making our plum-puddings, and racking our brains over the presents to family, friends and acquaintances. Already, on that day the markets, plazas and zocalos are crowded with all sorts of things with which to decorate the houses and the altars which are built for Christmas, in every Mexican home; from all the little mountain "pueblos" or villages the sturdy sandaled Indians are tramping in to the City, laden with small fir trees for the posadas, and fir and palm branches for sale in the plazas: other Indians are driving to market long strings of reluctant turkeys and other fowls; while, down under the Portales and in the big Zocalo, thousands of booths, both large and small, are crammed with good things to put in the pinatas, and all sorts of pretty, quaint little figures and tricks which, filled with small candles and fruits, are handed about, much as German favors in our country, on the nights of the different posadas.

Other big booths display dozens upon dozens of pinatas, in all the varying degrees possible of size, beauty, and hideousness! The prices are equally as varied: for six cents "Lo, the poor Indian" purchases a large and roomy pinata; while you, if you desire, can expend as much as two or three dollars on one, all gilt tissue flowers and adornments. These pinatas are all made by the native Indians, and are really works of art, both as regards design and execution. The base work of the toy is the huge "olla" or earthen pot which is, at posada time, filled with the good things, candies, etc., such as we put into our stockings at home, in America, which olla, however, is so ingeniously hidden and adorned that you would never suspect its existence, until you came to break the pinata. Most of them are top-shaped, and completely covered over with gay tissue paper flowers, leaves and vari-colored fringes, with a very strong cord attached to the pot, from which it is suspended. But the best-selling pinata is the one in the form of either a clown or a ballet-dancer, any number of which you will find dangling in their booths. The waistcoat or bodice of these figures is generally draped over the olla, and the heads, arms and lower portion of the body are afterwards duly stuffed, painted and decorated, and then pasted in their proper places. Close to the pinata booths are others where you buy your "pinata-fillings." All sorts of quaint, pretty things are displayed, which you never see at any other season than Christmas—any amount of the familiar pop-corn, peanuts "tejocotes" (small apples), nuts, fruits of every description; and, on the other side of the stall, pottery in all shapes, sizes and colors, besides Chinese lanterns, Indian-woven baskets, wooden toys, and even tiny woolly monkeys and lambs.

In the pottery booths you find beautiful Guadalajara water-bottles and exquisite Venetian-looking jars and vases: there are dozens of quaintly-shaped "ollas" and "casuelos" (flat bowls) from distant Oaxaca, with great black and terra-cotta water jugs: little green pitchers and vases, not more than an inch long, from distant pottery-making towns in Mexico, and even funny blue-and-white pottery pigs that are made in the City of Mexico itself, and which serve admirably as savings-banks:—they cost only two cents each, and you can therefore reconcile it to your conscience to break the bank before the allotted time! And there are hundreds of wonderful birds, some made out of pottery and others covered with their original plumage, which you cannot resist the temptation to buy, so very quaint and passing droll are most of them!

Long before this time all the posada-giving Mexican families will have invited their guests and arranged both altars and pinatas for the occasion. The invitation is for the entire nine nights, never for a single night, and it is considered a serious breach of good manners for a guest to absent himself for even one night—it must be for all or nothing when you accept a posada invitation from a Mexican family.

Reaching the house on the night of your first posada, you will find it ablaze with lights, decorations, and dozens of colored candles; the music of stringed orchestra and piano alternate in the great "sala" or drawing room where there will be dancing later; the "grown-up" guests are chattering gaily in groups about the sitting rooms and halls, while out in the big "patio" excited children of all sizes and ages, there being even two or three small babies crowing from their nurses' arms, dance and shriek under a big grinning-faced pinata, whose dangling legs are clad in vari-colored bloomers, and whose jolly face is surmounted by a huge Mexican sombrero, tilted rakishly over one ear. The patio is beautifully decor-

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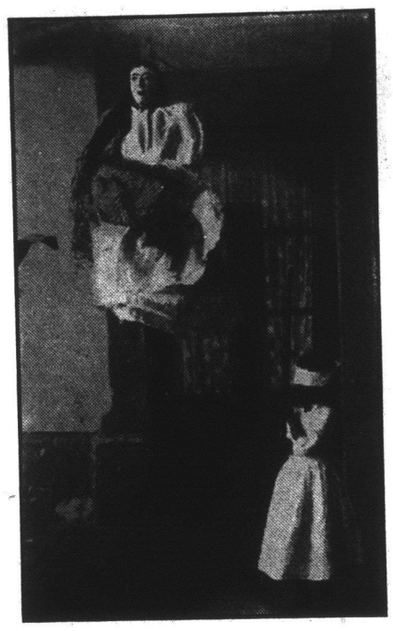
ated with palms, great tree ferns from the "hot country" and huge clusters of the brilliant glowing "Noche Bueno" plant, called in less tropical countries the "poinsettia." In Northern lands this plant is expensive, but in Mexico where it grows wild in the forests, one can buy enormous armfulls of it for six, ten and twenty cents. If Mexico is the "land of cheap silver," she is also the "country of cheap flowers." About the patio are also placed small tables laden down with trays of pretty little posada presents; these are distributed after the breaking of the pinata. They are very dainty little things, in the shape of baskets, vases, tubs, and so on, and all filled with infinitesimal dulces or candies.

At an early hour,—on account of the clamoring children,—the signal is given for the pinata-breaking, and all the guests flock gaily about the bobbing clown, with the servants and small babies congregated in the background. When the assembly is complete, all join hands and circle about the big glittering toy, as it swings from its hook in the ceiling, one of the children is blindfolded and placed in the center of the ring, just under the pinata, a long light pole is handed to her, and she is told to strike carefully and "con mucha fuerza" (with much force) in the direction of the pinata. Then, if you are wise, you will be careful to keep out of reach of the pole, for very often strokes are made in entirely the wrong direction, whereupon cracked heads and loud and anguished howls are the natural result.

Good nature demands that all of the children first have an opportunity to break the pinata: as they naturally are never able to do so, the clown being a tough-fibred individual, the turn of the "grown-ups" next comes. One by one, we are blindfolded, turned about three times, and then admonished to "Strike out!" Amid applause from the elders and wild yells from the children, the pinata is finally located and struck at viciously, when—hey presto! the poor clown's gay bloomers and red and gold waistcoat are rent from top to bottom, his big sombrero is sent flying across the room, and down upon your devoted head comes a deafening rain of oranges, nuts, small candies, all sorts of small, unbreakable presents, and all conceivable kinds of dulces and good things to eat. Then of course you must scramble for what you may want, with the children shrieking and leaping in the midst of the melee. The "breaking of the pinata" is a lengthy and certainly sticky proceeding, and when it is at last over with, and you are duly ashamed of your tumbled hair and garments and sugary hands and face, the children are sent away and you repair your own damages in the dressing room. Afterwards, there is an adjournment to the dancing room, and, late at night, a delicious supper is served, when many toasts are drunk and numberless tiny posada presents distributed. It is four or five o'clock when a last danza (the typical Spanish dance which is known from Spain to South America and Manila to Mexico) is played: it is quite time for the sun to rise when, tired and sleepy, you are driven home through the silent streets, having enjoyed from start to finish your first Mexican posada.

All of the posadas are like this one, and you haven't yet grown weary of them when the night for the last one comes around—the night before Christmas. This, of course, is the great posada—the most important one given during the series of nine. This posada seems to be a very solemn affair, for people are all talking in low subdued tones; all faces are very solemn, and there is nothing of the usual clatter and gay laughter, while piled up on tables about the rooms are candles ready for lighting, with the prayer-books containing the special Mass

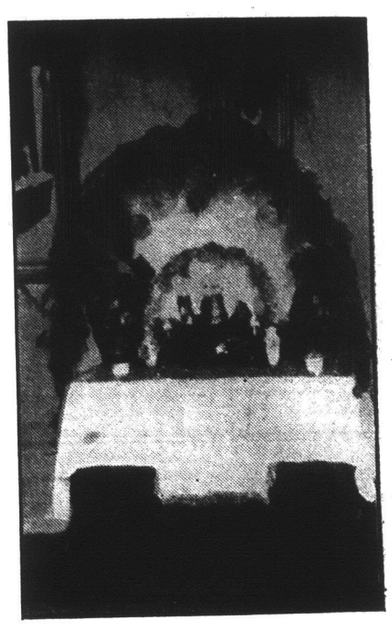


BREAKING THE PINATA.

which is to be sung and recited during the posada procession to-night. In a few moments we pass soberly into the room where the Mass is to be sung, and where the Christmas alter dedicated to the "Holy Travelers" has been built. It is decorated all in blue and white, with drapings of the gray Chapultepec moss: a small ebony box in its center holds two sacred relics (a bit of the True Cross (?) and a bit of Saint John's robe) while standing on this box are three or four small statuettes of Saints. Pictures of the Virgin hang over the alter, and flowers are placed about. Candles burn brightly overhead, and the room is choky with the smell of incense which has been burned in it beforehand. At the foot of this altar is a small wooden litter on which have been placed statuettes of the "Holy Family." These images are small, of ivory, and shew the Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms, as well as Joseph, and the donkey on which the flight from Bethlehem was made.

After bowing to, and crossing themselves before, these images, the guests kneel about the room in couples, with prayer-books in one hand and lighted candles in the other. Then the Mass begins, the orchestra playing the music and the guests making responses, meanwhile the small candles burn steadily and we alternately wonder at the queerness of abiding place can be found. But no one will have anything to do with us, and we are perforce obliged, after being refused everywhere else, to ascend to the flat roof. Here we may be able to find shelter and here (we have been privately informed) has already been placed a stable, where the images will at last find rest. So up the steep stairs we go, the images well to the front and the orchestra playing away behind them. Just as we emerge from the roof, singing, and carefully guarding our candles from the night breeze, the City clocks begin to chime the first stroke of twelve—our posada is now over with! The images are placed carefully in the rough little stable which has been prepared beforehand for them, and we all stand about it, listening to the chimes that peal out from a hundred bells all over the City. Overhead, the great stars shine out almost as brightly, one is sure, as they did on that night, in Bethlehem.

After a while we all troop gaily downstairs again, and there are refreshments and many Christmas wishes and congratulations exchanged, after which dancing is the order of the day (or rather night!) To the regular programme is added a quaint Indian "jarabe" (danced by two tilma'd and rebozo'd young Mexicans) and a Spanish "jota," and all trip gaily the light fantastic toe until, at five o'clock, we are led into such a Christmas supper as one rarely even hears of, with its savory "mole de guajalote," "chili con carne" "dulees" of all sorts, and even the wily "pulque compuesto!" The consuming of this supper lasts for quite two



ALTAR OF THE PERIGRINDS.

hours and it is fully seven o'clock when, utterly worn out and laden down with "recuerdos" of the occasion, we wend our way homeward! We have enjoyed the posada season, you may be sure, but just at this time we are'nt sorry that we have seen the very last posada of 1904, and to-night, at least, will be able to get some sleep.

FANCY POTTERY VENDERS.

The man with time to burn never gave the world any light.

Faith is not a fence about a man; it is a force within him.

We make mistakes; it is the other fellows who commit sins.

The city with the lid off needs the church with the coat off.

You can get the flavor of life's hickory without eating the shell.

Many big sins have a way of getting in with mighty small keys.

Our worst enemies are the friends who have failed to find us profitable.

Withholding affection is one of the most wasteful economies in life.

The Lord is not a refuge for the man who is looking for a soft place to rest.

The church is richer for a cent given with a smile than for a dollar with a frown.

The Scientific World.

Sweeping, or, more properly, cleaning rooms by the vacuum process is now a success in large buildings. It has been suggested that the apparatus might be adapted to use in private houses which are supplied with electricity for driving the vacuum pump.

A zirconium incandescent lamp for electric lighting has been invented in Germany which gives much more brilliant effects than carbon lamps in common use. Its cost is greater, but the saving in the consumption of electricity to get the same amount of light is said to be very important.

Sir Howard Grubb has invented a new sight for firearms which does away with the front sight altogether. It consists of an arrangement of mirrors by which a cross mark in the sight appears to be directly upon the target when the gun is aimed squarely at it. It i adapted to use on rifles and large guns.

The Brown wire-wound gun has given the greatest velocity yet attained in America for a gun of large caliber. An army test at Sandy Hook not long ago, showed this new form of gun to give an initial velocity of 3,300 feet per second. Though some fault has been found with the wire-wound gun, it appears to be winning its way.

It has been supposed that balls of fire, in connection with lightning, were illusions due to the effect of the flash upon the retina of the observers eye. However, the scientist Plante has stated that in his own researches he has produced these fire balls on a small scale. The phenomenon has not as yet been explained, but its reality is not now in doubt.

Experiments in France for the purpose of whitening, or bleaching flour, by means of electricity, proved that this could be accomplished. The flour was brought into contact with electrified air, the ozone of which was found to render the flour much whiter. The bread made from this flour was found to be of an inferior taste, as the bleaching process had the effect of injuring the quality of the flour.

An aerial torpedo has been devised which is discharged like a sky rocket, exploding when it strikes the ground or water. The torpedo is fired from a tri od, which can be adjusted at different angles, varying the distance to be covered. Or the lifting charge in the rocket itself may be changed to suit the distance of the object fired at. Tests proved the new weapon to be effective, at a comparatively limited range.

A German chemist has made a soap for the use of painters and others handling materials in which there is much lead, which is said to do away entirely with the constant danger of lead poisoning incident to such occupations. The soap produces sulphuretod hydrogen, which transforms the lead into harmless sulphide of lead and render it possible to cleanse the skin absolutely. The same production of inocuous sulphides takes place when substances containing copper, mercury, and arsenic, or any of them, are washed from the hands with this soap.

The largest floating drydock in the world has been completed at the Maryland Steel Works yards for the United States government, and it will be towed 14,000 miles to the Philippines. Four hundred men have been employed two months cleaning and painting the 1,500,000 square feet of steel plates. When the dock is launched, it will be towed to Patuxent River, where tests will be made with a big battleship. In the contract it is stipulated the dock shall lift a 16,000 ton battleship. The dock weighs 11,000 tons and cost $1,124,000.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

The following are a few of the many things we sell that would make suitable Christmas presents. Our catalogue, a copy of which we will mail you on request, will suggest many more.

"Starr" Hockey Skates

Shamrock Boys, plain, 50c per pair.
No. 20 Plain Steel, all sizes, $1.15 pair.
No. 25 Nickel Steel, all sizes, 1.50 pair.
No. 20 Bracketed, plain, all sizes, $1.35 per pair.
No. 25 Bracketed nickel, all sizes, $1.75 per pair.
No. 7 Best quality, plain, $2.00 per pair.
No. 10 Best quality, nickel, $2.50 pair.

"Hyde Park" Skates

The best machine-made double end skate on the market. They are made in all sizes, and with flat or rounded blades, and nickeled. Every pair of these skates is guaranteed against defects. Price $3.00

Dunne's Tube Skates

For hockey or racing, round or diamond-shaped tubing, nickel or aluminum finish. Every pair of these skates is guaranteed. Price $5.00 per pair.

Dunne's Tube Skates for Ladies, extra light, $5.00 per pair.

In ordering skates state size of shoe worn.

Hockey Sticks

Boys' Rock Elm, oiled, 20c each
Men's XX Practice, 25c each.
Men's XXX Rock Elm, 30c each
Men's XXX Long Blades 35c each.
Men's Injun, 40c each.
Smith's Special, selected rock elm, long blades, 50c each.
Men's Mic-Mac, 50c each.
Men's Spalding's Match 50c each
Men's Special Match, hand finished, extra long blades, 65c ea
Built up defence, hand finished, long blades, 85c each.

Pucks

No. 3 Boys', 15c each.
No. 2 Men's Practice, 25c each.
No. 1 Regulation Match, 40c each.
No. 0 Special Match, extra soft, 50c each.

Hockey Gauntlets, $1.50 each.
Hockey Knickers, plain, 60c pair
Hockey Knickers, padded, $1.25

Boxing Gloves

In endless variety and of exceptional value. We particularly recommend any of the following. The prices quoted are per set of 4 gloves.

No. 300 Boys', $1.75 No. 25 Youths', $2.00
No. 24 Men's, $2.00 No. 339 Youths', $2.50
No. 23 Men's, $2.50 No. 21 Men's, $3.00
No. 19 Men's, $4.00 No. 15 Men's, $4.50
No 11 Men's, $6.50

Hockey Shin Pads

No. 640 Boys', 30c pair
No. 6 0 Men's, 50c pair
No. 610 Men's, 75c pair
No. 660 Men's, $1.00 pair
No. 650 Men's, $1.25 pair

Toboggans

Indian, 2 ft. long, $1.50
3 feet $2.00; 4 feet $2.25
5 feet $2.50; 5½ feet $3.00
6 feet $3.25; 6½ feet $3.50
7 feet $4.00 each.

Club, the best toboggans made, very durable 4 feet long $3.00; 5 feet $3.50; 6 feet $4.25; 7 feet $5.00 each.

Game Boards

No. 1 Archarena, on which 50 different games can be played, $2.00 each.
No. 2 Archarena, for 55 games, $3.00 each.
No. 1 Crown Board, for 65 games, $3.50 each.
No. 4 Surface Crown, for 100 games, $4.50 each

Safety Razors

Gillette Safety Razors, complete with 12 double-edged blades in neat morocco case, $5 00 each.
Star Safety Razors, in tin case, $2.00 each.
Star Safety Razors, with extra blade, $3.25 each.

N.B.—We despatch goods the same day that order is received

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Limited, Winnipeg

AN "ORME" FOR XMAS

$15.00 down—payments to suit.
3 styles, 3 prices.

There are three sizes of "Orme" pianos now made---the same quality of workmanship and material goes into the small as the large, only the case work and size regulating the price.

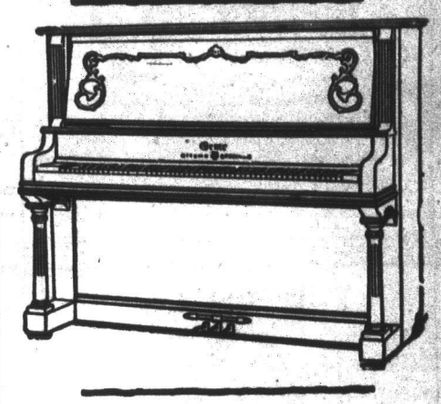
The ordinary purchaser of a piano has to depend altogether on what a dealer tells him, being unacquainted with the mechanism of the instrument, and consequently unable to examine for himself.

Our reputation of 44 years square dealing goes back of every "Orme" piano sold, and we unhesitatingly state that equal value cannot be secured elsewhere in Canada at the price. This is a very strong statement from a conservative house---write for our proofs to-day.

SPECIAL OFFER

We'll ship an "Orme" direct to you—on trial—provided that you buy if our prices and terms are entirely suitable. We couldn't make a fairer offer.—write to-day.

"A good piano should last a lifetime and an "Orme" will."



Many a housekeeper has bemoaned the purchase of a "pretty" piano after all her efforts to keep the case in condition have failed.

Buy a piano for its tone, lasting quality and neat case designs—these are the principal points to be considered—and the "Orme" covers them all. Thirty years of ripe experience was needed to produce the "Orme" which now contains every modern device for tone production, including the 'Violoform' Sounding Board and the Cupola Steel Frame. Write for descriptive drawings to-day—sent free to any address.

J. L ORME and SON,
DEPT. 9, OTTAWA.

New Parisian Delight

Is a powder, when mixed with water makes a most delightful PERFUME of the highest quality. To test its merits we will send enough powder to make 50c worth of fine perfume upon receipt of only 10 cents. Address

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16 THORNTON ST. - - OTTAWA, Ont.

PENMANSHIP Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

EARN THIS SOLID SILVER WATCH

Lady's, boy's or man's size, by selling our beautifully colored Picture Post Cards at 10c. a set. They're the hottest sellers yet. Four cards worth 5c. each in every set, and all we ask is 10c. for a set. The Watch is genuine Solid Sterling Silver, remember, with an elegantly engraved case, decorated dial, ornamented hands and splendid works fully protected from dust by an inside plain silver case. It's the handsomest and most valuable Watch ever given away. We're doing it simply to introduce our beautiful Picture Post Cards. Write to-day and we'll send you a few sets, postpaid, to see what they're like. THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 3111 TORONTO, ONT

ALL FOUR PREMIUMS FREE TO Ladies & Girls

Rubies and Pearls 9 Stone Ring

Pearl Heart Charm with Long Chain

To introduce our latest Collar and Cuff Sets we are giving away ALL FOUR of these beautiful premiums for selling only 8 at 15c. each. They are all stamped ready for working on fine white linene in all the most fashionable designs. Stores ask 25c. Remember, you get all 4 premiums for selling only 8 sets. We trust you with the goods and take back any not sold. Write to-day. Address THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 3129 Toronto Ont.

Beaded Bracelet

3-piece Violet Shirt-Waist Set

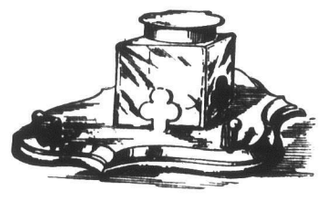
CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

TAKEN from the Stock of HENRY BIRKS and SONS, Winnipeg, and which may be bought by Mail with every assurance as to quality and satisfaction. The fact that they are "different" from Gifts seen elsewhere should strongly appeal to you, for the gift that "is different" is always more appreciated.

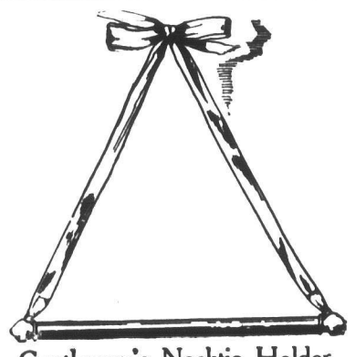
Sterling Silver Hat Pin Holder.
The greatest value ever offered. Length, exclusive of ribbon, 4½ inches. 1.00
Order No. 20995. Without pins.

A New Hat Pin Stand.
Sterling Silver, with Blue Velvet Pin Cushion. Made in England and bears the English "Hall-mark." 2.75
Order No. 21258.

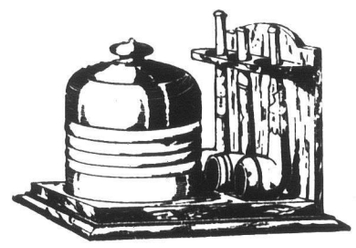
Sterling Silver Jewel Case.
Pincushion top of Turquoise Blue Velvet. A very dainty piece for the Dressing Table. Length, 4 ins. 5.50
Order No. 21267.



Sterling Silver and Cut Glass Ink Well.
A dainty ink receptacle for a lady's desk, includes pen rack. Base, 4½ ins. square. 6.00
Order No. 21926.



Gentleman's Necktie Holder.
Polished Wood, Sterling Silver Ends, Silk Ribbon. Length, 3 ins. 1.00



English Smoking Set.
Polished Wood, base and Pipe Rack nickel mounted. Tobacco Jar of Glazed English Pottery. A useful gift for "The man who smokes." Length of Stand, 8¼ ins. Order No. 22118. 5.00 without pipes.

Thousands buy their Christmas Gifts from us each year, and can testify to us giving them such satisfaction as they have never known before. Will you not send us a trial order from this selection? Remember—We refund your money in full if you are not satisfied. We pay all delivery charges.

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MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges, and all conspicuous places, distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $960 a year, or $80 a month and expenses, $3 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars.
SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada.

When writing Advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

ZINTO: An Episode of the Great Slave Lake.

Written Specially for the Western Home Monthly.

Zinto, a Couteaux Jaunes Indian, sat cross-legged before the burning logs in his lodge, smoking his pipe and gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Overhead, hung on poles lashed crosswise from door to back, were long black strips of deermeat, brown "depouilles" or back-fats, tongues, half-dried red-looking sides with the rib-bones taken out, long marrowfats, and over all, two heads, placed there to keep the brains from freezing, till such time as they might be used in the tanning of the deerhides to leather.

Zinto was contented, and he looked it. Bales of dried meat were piled around the back of his lodge, his dogs were in good trim to undertake the coming musk-ox hunt, he had warm clothes to wear, and enough tobacco to last him with care till the Christmas foregathering at the far-away Hudson Bay fort. Perhaps the only thing that troubled him was the fact that he had no children, for the Couteaux Jaunes Indians believe that a bad devil possesses a childless lodge.

The flap-door was swung back, and a good-looking, sturdy girl entered, and flung down a net-work bag, made of fine "babiche" (or rawhide), and gaily trimmed with tassels of bright wool, proceeded to dust the snow off her moccasins, leather leggings and short skirt. From the bag she took three whitefish, and placed them on the cross-poles overhead, where the smoke was curling upwards in blue wreaths.

"It is far to go to the nets," she remarked, "and the deer are passing seldom. Saltcethi says the musk-ox hunt starts when the moon is a week old."

"Waah!" grunted Zinto. "To hunt a day sooner in the deer month is to hunt a day less in the month of the big wind! I am ready to-morrow."

Gloona (the White Mouse) threw off her deerskin copote, and squating down before the fire, reached for a half-laced snowshoe, and commenced weaving the "babiche" with deft fingers.

"Ateachili does not go," she said, without looking up from her work; "he has the sickness in his back, and cannot travel fast."

"Huh!" responded Zinto. "His back was well until he killed the six otter by the Big Lake; he is lazy now he has enough fur to trade for a little tobacco and tea. You join his mother's lodge while we are away."

Some two weeks later the camp was astir and busy. The shrill cries of the women from lodge to lodge, mingled with the wail of children and the yelping of dogs, the jingle of many sleigh-bells formed an under-current of sound, as the dogs shook themselves in their newly-donned harness, or fought with a rival team, to the confusion of traces and tie-strings. Farewells were exchanged in profusion—for an Indian of these tribes never goes away for even a few days without taking an elaborate good-bye of all his relations—and the party of eight dog-sleighs and twelve men wound their way across the lake hard by the camp, till they looked against the sky-line like a long black serpent on the white snow. Then the lodges were all struck, and the old men, the boys and the women, moved down to a fishing place ten miles away; to await the hunters' return.

Days, then weeks, passed away, and they began to look anxiously to the north for the returning hunters. Fish were scarce on the usual feeding grounds, and the nets and trout lines had to be set far

"He Toiled on with Dogged Persistency."

out on the lakes, necessitating a weary cold tramp, often in freezing fog or against biting winds. Ateachili, whose back had very soon got better after the departure of the hunters, would do for Gloona this woman's work, and in many other ways make her life (for an Indian woman) one of comparative ease; and when in the evening, after Ateachili's deaf old mother was asleep, they would talk together, he was ever mysteriously hinting at "bad medicine" That was on Zinto's lodge, and expressed his willingness to aid Gloona if she needed it, till her superstitious Indian nature wrought in her the belief that trouble was before her.

Shorter and shorter grew the days, lower and lower to the south sank the midday sun, and presently furious snow-storms, thick fogs and howling gales announced that the month of the big wind was at hand. And when the moon was two weeks passed the crescent shape she had been when the hunters departed, which is six weeks of time, sleigh-bells were heard on the frosty air, and half the musk ox hunters, among whom was Zinto, trailed slowly, wearily into camp.

Zinto and three more Indians with their dog-trains had, it transpired, separated from the others while far out in the musk-ox country, and their hunt had been a failure. Of the twelve good dogs belonging to them, only six staggering shadows answered the feeding call, and weakly fought for the scanty portion of food allotted to them; only one beggarly musk-ox robe apiece would each of the four lodges have to trade at Christmas. "Yes," said Gloona to herself, that night, "I feared that bad medicine was on the lodge. Did not a 'karchough' (an Artic hare) that I had placed securely on the cross-poles fall into the fire and the fur burn before I could save it?"

From Zinto she heard a terrible story next day. After the party had separated, Zinto left the line of march, as usual to look for musk-ox sign; he walked far and fast, and at dark found himself yet some way from the place agreed on to camp. While crossing a little lake, he had happened to look back and perceived against the sky-line a large and shadowy thing following in his line of march. Though Zinto ran as he had never run before, the thing was behind him till he reached the camp, yet when he shouted to his comrades and they came out, they saw nothing. He could not describe the thing and did not seem sure whether it had two legs or four, but its size grew with each telling till it assumed gigantic proportions.

Now all through the North there is a story believed, of the presence of an evil spirit called, "The Enemy." No one who has seen it can ever describe it, and very few see it and live to tell the tale, while ill-luck and misfortune must dog the steps of whoever has once seen this thing, till it chooses to withdraw its evil influence.

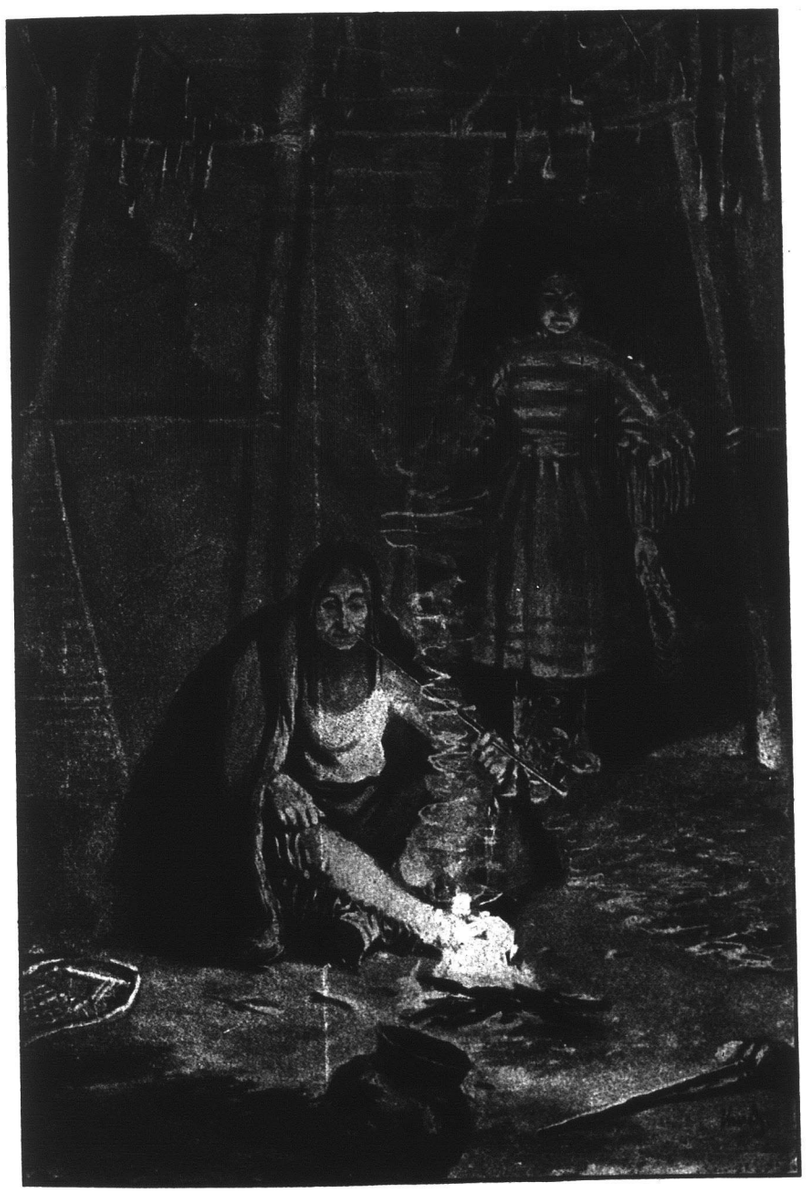
Gloona did not say much, but she was quite certain in her mind that Zinto had seen The Enemy; and when some few days later the rest of the musk-ox hunters returned and announced that they had made a good hunt, and showed their loaded dog-trains and well-fed dogs, Gloona was more than ever sure that Ateachili was right when he told her that bad medicine was on Zinto's lodge. Then remembering her childless marriage, she wept bitterly, for she loved Zinto well.

Christmas came, and Zinto and his companions went to the fort, as had always been the custom, for the Jour de l'An; but it was only the necessities, such powder, ball, fish-twine, and the like, that he was able to buy.

Even Zinto noticed that the "sickness in the back" was only with Ateachili when a party was formed to go on any long journey; and, perhaps, he was the only man in the camp who did not know of the admiration Ateachili had for Gloona.

Zinto rallied Ateachili on his laziness, and when, on his return, he found that Ateachili had trapped two valuable foxes—a black and a silver—he congratulated him heartily and told him his sickness in the back brought him good luck.

Zinto's ill-luck persistently stayed with him through the winter, and he made less fur than any of the others, and Gloona felt very miserable for she loved good clothes, and tea and tobacco; and she



"ZINTO WAS CONTENTED."

ANOTHER YEAR GONE

and your family still unprovided for should the unexpected happen!

Not a very cheerful thought for Christmas-tide—but a very necessary one, and the remedy so easy to find.

There is still time to end the year well by permitting Life Insurance to do what you cannot do for yourself—provide against the unforeseen.

The Great-West Life will furnish the protection you need at surprisingly low cost. Full information on request.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co'y.
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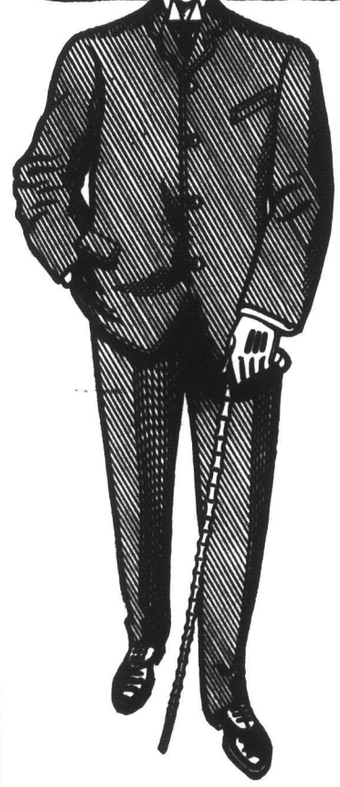
ASK for a GREAT-WEST LIFE DESK CALENDAR; MAILED FREE on request.



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Tell us whether you prefer dark or light goods—checks or stripes—plain or fancy colorings. We will send samples carefully selected from our enormous stock of suitings and overcoatings—with a book of the new styles, tape line and self measurement blanks—

All Free of Charge

Return to us the sample of cloth you like, with measurement blank filled in—and our tailors will make up the garments as you specify.

When you receive them, examine them—try them on. If they are not perfectly satisfactory in every way and if you do not think them worth $5. to $10. MORE than our price, DON'T TAKE THEM.

They won't cost you a cent and we will take your word for it.

Anyway, write us about your needs to-day and we will send free, samples and style book.

Suits and Overcoats to order.....$15, $20 and $25
Express charges prepaid to any Express Office in Canada.

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MUSIC LESSONS FREE at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, 96 music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Established 7 years. Hundreds write: "Wish I had heard of your school before." Write to-day for booklet, testimonials and free tuition blank. Address: U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 634, 19 Union Sq., N.Y.

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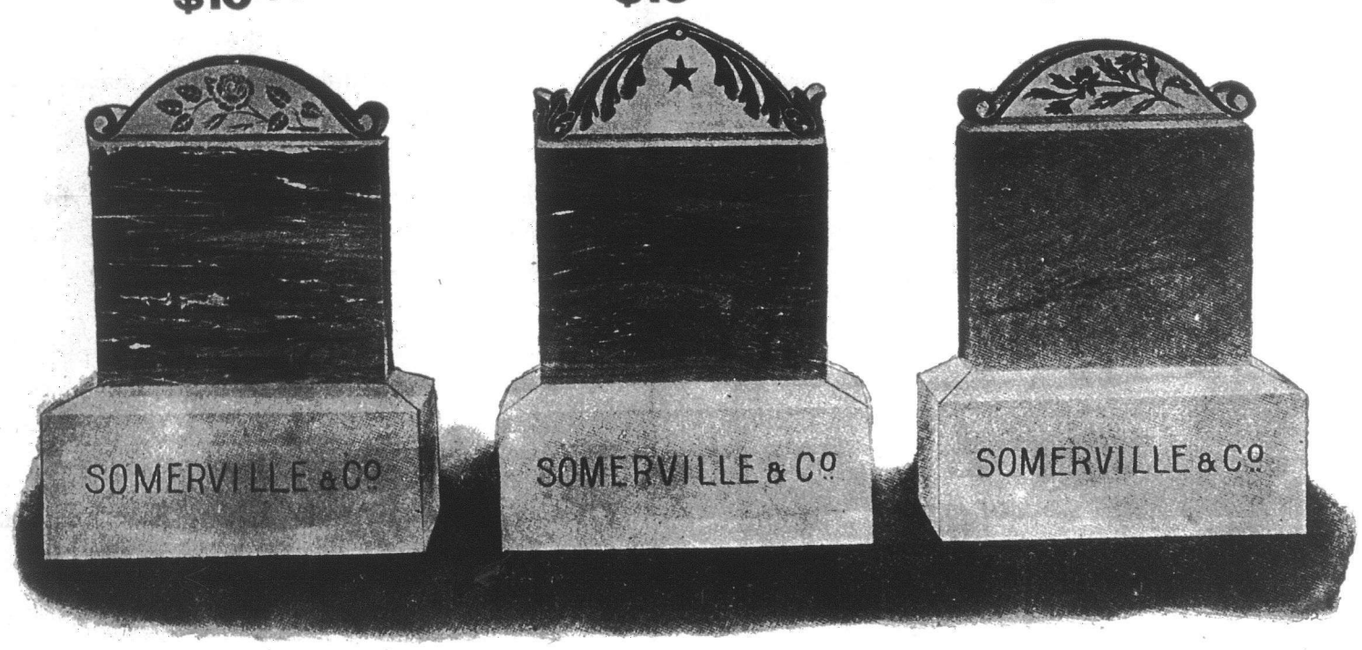
ROSSER AVENUE, BRANDON, MANITOBA,

respectfully ask—Do You wish to purchase a **MARKER?** If so, look at these.

$10.00 **$10.00** **$10.00**



Of course we have Markers at higher prices. We can supply you with any kind of ***Monument, Headstone or Fence, Granite or Marble.***

For a *square deal* and the *finest work* call upon or write to **SOMERVILLE & CO., Brandon,** who wish you A VERY MERRY XMAS.

thought, too, that Zinto was not so kind to her now.

The winter days grew longer and longer, the snow got wet and heavy, the caribou commenced to return from the big woods, on their journey to the sea, and though fur was rather scarce, the lodges all had abundance of meat.

With blustering March at their heels, those Indians who had plenty of dogs, arranged another musk-ox hunt, and Zinto was unable to go as he had but two dogs. This proved a successful hunt.

Again did Gloona think of Ateachili's often repeated words, "Bad medicine i; on Zinto's lodge,', and she sighed heavily.

Zinto's canoe was the most empty looking of them all when the Big Lake once more carried them lightly on its bosom, and the Indians started on their journey to the spring gathering at the fort. On this journey Ateachili's old mother died, and Zinto hospitably welcomed him to his lodge.

It was about two weeks after their arrival at the fort, when Ate chili entered the lodge and sat down before the fire where Gloona was hard at work.

"Zinto is at the big house," said Ateachili; "he has very little fur, and his debt is large. The master," he continued, "has given me much for my foxskins; I have tea and flour and tobacco in plenty, and two new blankets."

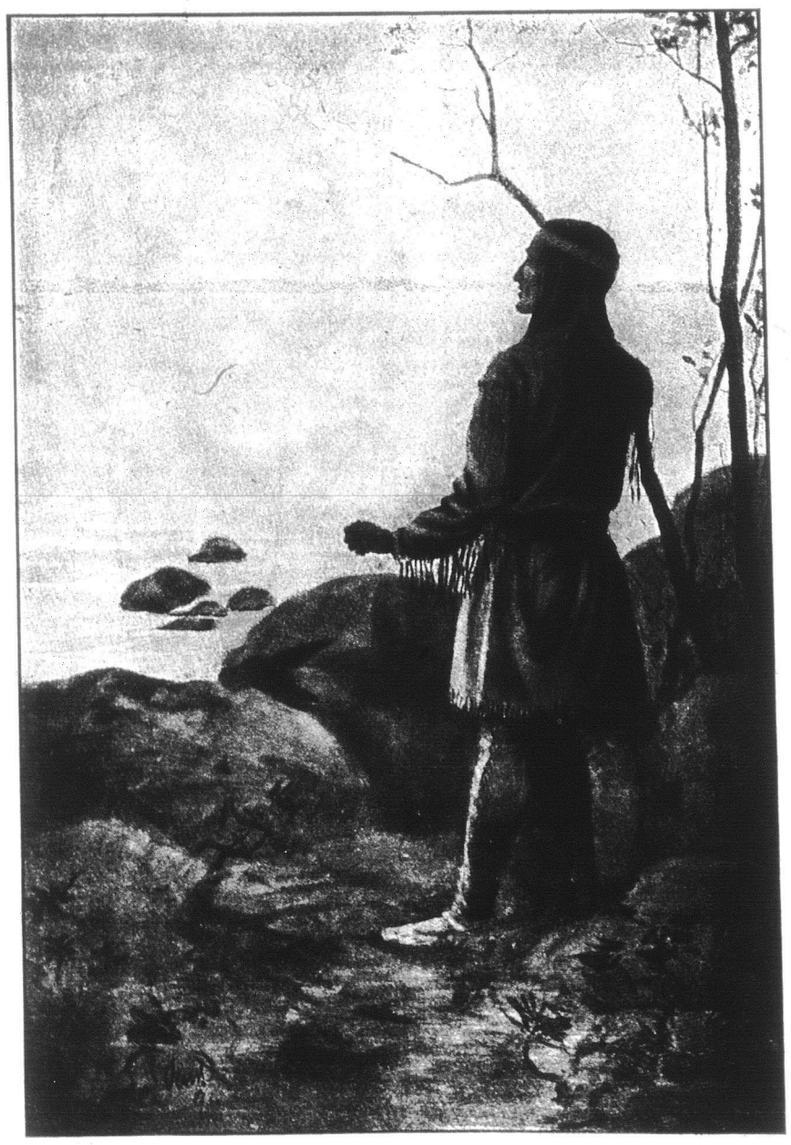
Gloona sighed: Zinto was sick, had no new blankets and very little tea.

"I have also some new knives, and a shawl and a bright petticoat like the interpreter's wife wears."

"You have no wife," said Gloona, turning a shade darker as she spoke. "Why do you buy those things?"

Ateachili bent forward and caught her hand. "Come with me," he whispered; "come to my lodge, and all is yours. See, you have no warm clothes, no tea, no tobacco, no new knives or axes, no new blankets. All these I have and much more; I have new iron traps that will catch the black foxes easily next winter, I have plenty of powder and ball to kill the caribou. Come with me 'little one' and we will join another tribe far away!"

Gloona shook her head. "Zinto is good to me," she said; "it is not his fault we have no fur to trade."



"I SEE IT BEHIND YOUR CANOE.

"No," Ateachili replied, intensely; "bad medicine is on his lodge. He will never dream good dreams. No children will ever come to hunt and trap for him. *He has seen The Enemy, and evil will ever be on him.*"

Gloona shuddered. With the children of the North superstition is deeply a part of their nature, and she believed that evil was on Zinto's lodge, and perhaps must ever remain there, if he had seen this thing. A great dread fell on Gloona. She felt sure something dreadful would happen to Zinto. If it did, why—Ateachili was a lucky hunter, and she would have to find another man or go as drudge in some lodge she disliked. But when she thought of strong, tall, brave Zinto, her mind was instantly made up, and she said, nervously, "No, Ateachili, while Zinto lives he is my hunter; you must not ask me this thing again, for I love him, and will not leave him. Forget that these words have been spoken, and share our lodge as before." A mocassined footfall sounded softly outside, and Zinto entered. Gloona's tireless fingers still weaved the hunting bag, and she sighed moodily.

"The master is hard to deal with this year; he will give me no more debt except a little powder and ball. I have had bad luck since the musk-ox hunt."

* * * *

It was a week or so later than this when Ateachili proposed to Zinto they should go together to an island he knew off on the Big Lake, where he had seen birch trees straighter and bigger than anywhere else, and they would together make canoes for the summer carribou spearing.

"But," quoth Ateachili, "only to you and Gloona will I show this place, or all the Indians will come and take bark, and there will be none left for another year."

"I will get Tsziena's light canoe," remarked Zinto.

It was the tenth day after leaving the fort that the little canoe was headed towards a small rocky island far to the southeastern side of the Big Lake. They were out of the track of all Indian travel and in the middle of a big bay quite unknown to Zinto.

Gloona had objected to taking the journey, and her obstinacy had even com-

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pelled the good-natured Zinto to resort to persuasion with a willow stick before she sulkily gave in.

"This cannot be the island," he objected; "It is small and there are no birch trees on it;" and as he spoke the sound of his voice awoke a cloud of gulls and terns, that came circling and screaming towards the canoe.

"No," said Ateachili, "but we will get some eggs here; they are plentiful. Let Gloona stay in the canoe. I will show you a strange thing on this island."

The canoe ran alongside a shelf of rock, and the men stepped out and commenced to search in the tufts of grass for eggs.

Gloona sat in the canoe one hand holding it off the rock, lest a jagged edge should pierce its tender side. Before she realized what Ateachili was doing he had sprung into the canoe, and pushed it clear; then, taking a couple of strokes with his paddle, he swung round and called:

"Ho, Zinto! The strange thing I would show you has happened. We leave you to pick up the eggs. Gloona and I have our lodge-poles to set up many days' journey from here."

Zinto turned round, and for a moment failed to realize what had happened.

"You will not leave me here; you dare not! Come back, come back," he cried, or worse will happen. Gloona, little one, it is not you who do this thing. Come back!"

Gloona had sat like one dazed, yet at his cry she snatched up a paddle and would have turned towards the island, but Ateachili raised his paddle threateningly, and, seeing she intended to persist in her efforts, struck her so heavy a blow that she pitched forward, a senseless heap, and the paddle, falling from her hand, splashed noisily on the calm water.

"Good-bye," he cried, mockingly. "May 'The Enemy' leave you before the lake is frozen over!"

Zinto raised his head. "It has left me now," he said, slowly. "I see it behind your canoe. May it be with you sleeping and waking, eating and drinking, hunting and trapping, till we meet again."

He turned on his heel and walked over the rocks, not even looking back at the canoe and its two occupants.

Ateachili headed to the westward, taking no heed of the huddled woman before him; and the bright drops of water, as he threw his paddle from side to side of the canoe, looked like blood in the red glow of the brilliant sunset.

* * * *

Knife or any other steel implement Zinto had not—nothing, indeed, of the white man's civilization save the trowsers and shirt he stood in, and the red handkerchief tied round his head; yet from the moment he found that he had been tricked and deserted, the indomitable perseverance of his Indian nature was strong within his heart, and he bethought him how he might outwit his foe.

Zinto was superior to the other Indians in endurance, and as has been explained, also less superstitious: If he *had* seen The Enemy, why should it hurt him? He had done nothing wrong; he had never thrown sticks at the caribou, and at every feast he had always put a little bouillon from his plate into the fire. His enemy was Ateachili, and him he would live to outwit. For a white man the prospect of such a consummation would have seemed remote indeed. It was the month of June; the chance of a passing canoe seeing him, in this sparsely populated wilderness, was too small to be even considered; it would be nearly six months before the big lake would freeze over and allow him to escape, and the gulls and few ducks breeding there would leave for the South in three months or so; he had no clothes to face the cold, no mocassins but the pair he stood in, to save his feet from freezing.

Zinto's first act was to take off his moccasins—fortunately new ones—and carefully put them under some dry spruce-bark; they at least would not be needed for four months. Under a small bank in the middle of the island he dug out a hole with his hands, and lined it with warm sun-dried moss. The island was nearly circular and about a hundred yards in diameter; the tufted grass that grew about half way round, was full of gulls' nests, of the smaller breeds: and a shallow, sandy beach on the far side from where he had landed was evidently the fishing-ground that, together with the grass, attracted the birds to this desolate rock. In the centre of the island grew a small clump of stunted pine, and a few crowberries and blueberries struggled for an existence among the clefts and crannies of the rocks.

Making himself a hiding-place near the sandy beach, Zinto set about his preparation for supplying himself with food for the long time that he knew would elapse between the departure of the gulls and the freezing safely of the Big Lake, living meanwhile on ducks' eggs, and young ducks cooked only by exposure to the sun. As soon as the young gulls and terns began to fly, he caught at night, after many attempts, three old gulls, and every day would peg them on their backs on the sand hard by his hiding-place. Their screams and struggles would soon attract others, who, espying their mates in this sorry plight, immediately swooped down with the full intention of tearing them to pieces, only to find themselves caught by the claws of the imprisoned birds and engaged in a deadly struggle. Zinto would then slip from his hiding-place, and, seizing the captives, wring their necks and retire to await others. In this way from ten to twenty birds a day were caught. The birds were carefully skinned, the meat was cut in strips and sun-dried on the rocks into leathery and unpalatable food. With the skins a coat and hood of double thickness was made, sewn with a bone needle and the fibrous roots of the spruce trees. His last act before the cold weather set in was to carefully root up every tuft of grass on the island where the gulls might again nest. This took some days' toil.

It is not necessary to follow Zinto through the shortening autumn days, when the Big Lake, lashed to a fury by the storms of the autumnal equinox, would dash against the little island till the spume and spray froze into fantastic castles forty feet high, and the little spruce trees were covered thick with ice, nor when in the bitter cold, the wind would break up the ice far out from shore and pile great ice walls for many a mile across the lake with a crashing and groaning as of an earthquake; bnt the sound that Zinto liked best, was when at night a dull boom as of distant cannon told him the great lake was being held tighter and tighter in the grip of winter.

It was in the short dark December days that Zinto, taking with him his remaining store of gull meat, left his lonely island and turned his face southward. In this direction he knew he would reach Indians remote from any of his tribe, who would know nothing of his being lost. He toiled on with dogged persistency, sleeping at night in a snowbank or, if lucky enough to find it, a disused bear-hold. On the twentieth day after leaving the island, he saw across a little lake blue smoke curling up in the keen frosty air, from two lodges. He had seen but avoided a camp, ten days before, lest they should be Indians trading at the same fort as himself, and consequently known to him. Zinto walked or staggered towards the camp, for he was now weak and weary. The children screamed when they saw the matted-haired, wild-eyed man approaching, but the men welcomed him in by signs (for he could not speak their language), and gave him good food. These Indians were Swampy Crees, a tribe far from the Couteaux Jaunes, and nnknown to them save by hearsay; and their trading fort was one 400 miles away from Zinto's.

At Christmas the men went to their fort, and Zinto found an interpreter who spoke his language. Through him he accounted for his condition by saying that the red sickness (the scarlet fever) had overtaken his lodge when he was far from his tribe, and that he was the sole warrior left. When still weak and ill he had tried to take the canoe back alone, and being caught in a storm had run southward before it till he came to an island, where his canoe had struck a rock, and broken up, he barely saving his life. All the contents of the canoe had gone to the bottom, and he had been held prisoner till the frost came, having to eat his dogs to save himself from starvation. He asked if his new friends would let him stay and hunt with them till he could take canoe and rejoin his own tribe. To

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this they cheerfully agreed, for he had already proved himself to be a good hunter; and the trader allowed him a little debt to buy what he needed, for he wanted more hunters to trade at his post. Zinto took all the debt he could get, and returned with the Crees, among whom he soon established a reputation for skill.

When the spring came, the Crees begged him to stay and take a woman of their tribe to wife. "You are a big hunter," they said; "stay and teach our young men some new way to catch the fur."

Zinto persuaded a few of the men to go with him to the shores of the Big Lake before the snow left, taking a small canoe on the dog-sleds for his journey to his own people. Here they left him, giving him dried meat and pemmican in abundance.

The bays and narrows were still full of drift ice when Zinto arrived at the island on which he had passed so many dreary months; and first placing his canoe in hiding where he could readily launch it, he relined his mossy bank and sat down and waited. No fire would he light, nor could he in any way disturb the island.

After many long days he saw coming out of the golden west the canoe he expected, for he had argued, with the characteristic subtlety of the Indian, that Ateachili would return in the spring to obliterate any story of Zinto's fate that might have been painted on the rocks and trees.

Zinto at once placed his canoe in the water, put fore and aft a large stone, and then with his knife quickly cut a hole through the bottom, and shoved the canoe off into deep water; fifty yards from shore it quietly sank out of sight. He then ensconced himself behind a rock hard by the old landing-place, and watched Ateachili steadily draw nearer, till he could see that Gloona's eyes were red with weeping, and could hear the gruff word Ateachili gave her to paddle faster.

As the canoe swung alongside, Ateachili sprang out, and, holding it, ordered Gloona to do likewise, but the words were hardly spoken when he was seized round the waist by a powerful arm and thrown bodily into the water that lapped round the edge of the projecting ledge on the opposite side to that where lay the canoe.

Gloona shrieked and hid her head as Zinto stepped into the canoe and pushed it out, while Ateachili rose spluttering to the surface and grasped the rocky ledge to pull himself up.

"Do not be afraid, 'yazi' (little one). I am no spirit, but Zinto, come back to you again," said Zinto, softly.

"Ho, Ateachili!" he cried to the livid-faced figure that stood dripping on the rocky ledge. "We have met once more, as I said we should. No gulls are here, no nests where you may gather eggs, the berry bushes and the nesting grass have I rooted up; and for you now is come the time when the hunger shall gnaw at your entrails, and you will die like a dog, even as you would have left me to die. Farewell, Ateachili; the evil spirit of 'The Enemy' has gone for ever from my lodge."

"THE FAVORITE," from the Painting by Mlle. F. Charderow.

Human Hair Market.

The human hair industry is a very active one in France, the departments most frequently visited by the hair merchants being those of Correze, Creuse, Allier, Cher, Dordogne and Haute Vienne. The average price given for a full, long head of hair is from eight shillings to twenty-five shillings for the very best quality and color. The girls of the districts mentioned above, which are exceedingly poor, stipulate that their hair shall not be cut short in front, and conceal the shorn appearance at the back by a draped colored handkerchief. The best shades of light and blonde hair are obtained from Germany and Switzerland, and for these high prices are given.

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The First Lieutenant's Christmas Tree.

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly.

It was after dinner on Thanksgiving Day that the thought came to the First Lieutenant. The postprandial cigars had been smoked, the Captain, their only guest had returned to his cabin, the group around the ward-room table had broken up and scattered, and the First Lieutenant had sought the poop and was walking up and down under the tropic stars, his white uniform showing spirit-like through the darkness. He was suffering from an acute attack of home-sickness.

"Ghastly mockery, these celebrations on a ship," he mused. "Everybody's bored. Everybody knows everybody else is bored. Nobody's got anything to say. Everybody eats too much. Nothing else to do. Everybody makes heroic efforts to enter into spirit of occasion. Isn't any spirit of occasion to enter into. Turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie all right, but you can't make a Thanksgiving Day out of *them*. Wonder if the people forward enjoyed their sports this afternoon? Expect not. Expect they are just faking, like the rest of us. Now up home—" The word ended with a sigh.

"Up home, Carrie and the children have gone out to her father's to spend the day, and there's been a general gathering of the clan, and they sat down at least a dozen at the table—why, *we* sat down a dozen at the table, if it comes to that. It isn't numbers that makes a Thanksgiving Day." Another sigh. "They have their little troubles, too. I know as well as if I'd been there that Tom talked straight through grace, in spite of all Carrie's coaching. I am morally certain that Billy upset his glass of water, and that his impeccable sister, Edna, made unkind remarks about it. And there may have been other things—scraps with the small cousins, or somebody's best dress torn stepping off the train, or fifty things. But, oh, Lord, I wish I were there!"

He turned till his eyes rested on the North Star skulking down on the horizon.

"Up in God's country, where you climb half-way to the zenith, as a self-respecting North Star should, perhaps there is snow on the ground. Think of it! Anyhow there's something in the air to make people feel alive. What sort of a Thanksgiving Day landscape is *that*, I'd like to know?"

He glanced disgustedly towards the murmuring fringe of palm trees on the shore.

"And what sort of Thanksgiving Day air do you call this vapor bath?" He drew out his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and from under his eyes, then resumed his languid stroll up and down the poop.

"Next month, Christmas is coming. That's the worst day of all. I shall be homesick for the children then till I could cry. It'll begin Christmas Eve. I'll know they're hanging up their stockings—if they *are* too big to believe in Santa Claus. They'll be so deliciously excited. They'll dance around on springs, and when their feet stand still, their eyes will dance. At last Carrie'll tuck them away in bed and kiss them good-night, and then she'll go down stairs and have the tree brought up from the cellar. If I were there, I'd bring it up myself and nail it on to the stand. And Carrie'd open the box of gimcracks, and we'd hang 'em on the branches. She wouldn't like the way I hung 'em, and she'd change every last one, but that's part of the game. And there'd be the stockings to fill, and the big things to do up and label and pile on the floor under the tree. It would be midnight when we'd drag our weary limbs to bed, and before we'd had half enough sleep—six o'clock, five o'clock, four-thirty maybe—in would troop the blessed babes in bare feet and night clothes, dragging their dislocated stuffed stockings, crawling over us to get into bed, shouting their Merry Christmases so joyfully. Is it possible that I was ever brute enough to swear on such an occasion? Oh, but it was a very little swear, quickly choked off aad turned into Merry Christmas, and it occurred before I was really awake. But I wouldn't swear even a little one this year—not if they came in at *three*-thirty! Spirits of the Navy Department, hear me promise! Just give me the chance. Oh, what a dog's life!

"The mail will come three or four days before Christmas, and we'll get our home letters and the little gifts then, and there'll be nothing left for Christmas. Or else it won't come till three or four days after Christmas, so we'll be feeling forgotten, although we know well enough it's the mail's fault and not theirs. And on Christmas there'll be the same old big dinner and the same efforts to be jolly and think of something to say, and the long pauses when nobody can, and the sad little toasts to tue loved ones at home. It makes me sick to think of it. It seems as if we might do something better than that if we tried, if anybody had any enterprise."

Then it was, as he leaned on the rail again, watching the ripples, that the first great thought occurred to him.

"If there was anybody on this old ballyhoo." She was a brand-new cruiser, not six months in commission, and the First Lieutenant was enormously proud of her, but there are moments when one takes a pessimistic view of the most admirable things. "If there was anybody on this old ballyhoo with a grain of enterprise, he might engineer it so that all the wives and mothers and sisters would send their Christmas letters and packages well ahead to *him*, and he'd keep them dark and bring them out Christmas morning. Then we'd have something of the spirit of the day!"

Now came the second great thought.

"By George, why don't *I* do it? It's nobody's place any more'n mine. In fact, it's nobody's place so much as mine—not by a darn sight. Am I not in *loco parentis* to that ward-room mess, so to speak?"

He began walking up and down quite briskly, his hands jingling the coins in his trousers' pockets. He was positively excited.

"I'll do it! I'll begin right away. I'll write to each man's nearest female relative. I know most of their addresses, and a little diplomacy will secure the rest. I'll tell them to get their things off by the mail steamer of December 14th from New York. Yes, that'll be sure to reach us in time. Have all the things addressed to me. Give them to the mess at breakfast Christmas morning. Regular Santa Claus business. Won't their eyes open though! If I only had a tree to hang 'em on!" Here was another great thought. "Why *not* have a tree? I can get a banana tree or an alligator pear tree or something. Won't seem just right though. Oh, hang it all, I'll have a real Christmas tree! Write to Brick Thompson in New York to get it for me, and some candles and glass balls and spangly things to put on it. Send 'em down by that steamer of the 14th."

He spent a long minute in satisfied contemplation of himself and his project, then, with sudden determination, hurried below to write his letters.

The men still lingering in the ward-room marvelled at the lightness of his step as he passed them, going to his room, for they were painfully aware themselves of the heaviness of their recent dinner and the pervading gloom of the occasion.

"That you, Nora?"

The cheerful, capable-looking young woman who spoke touched the shoulder of a girl absorbed in the attempt to get waited on at a crowded counter. It *was* Nora. She turned her head smilingly and engineered one hand backward through the *melee* to meet the extended one of her friend. A critical observer of Nora would have noted, beyond the well-cut tailor suit, an abundance of flaxen hair, a transparent skin, a pair of startled-fawn eyes, and a wistful little droop at the corners of her mouth that gave an effect of almost childlike appeal.

"Haven't seen you for an age," the newcomer went on. "You look pale. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said the girl, "unless it's the crowd and the steam heat."

"I'd like to stop and talk to you, but I can't. I'm in an awful rush this morning."

"So soon? Why, it's nearly three weeks to Christmas."

"Yes, I know, but I'm getting the materials for a pillow for Eddie's transom, and it has to go by the steamer of the

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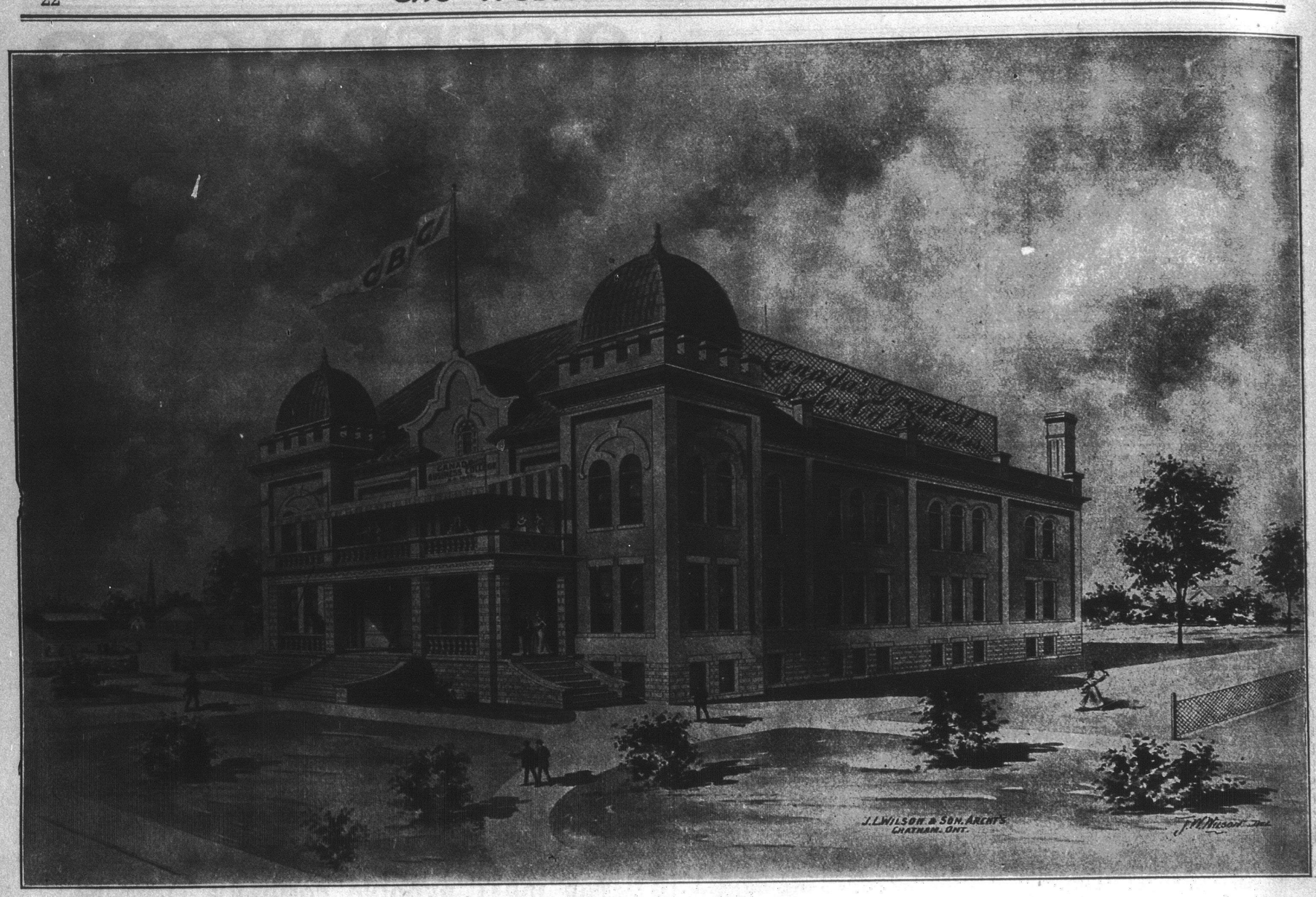

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14th. I got a letter from the First Lieutenant this morning. Such a beautiful idea! He must be an angel! He's writing to all the wives and mothers to send things for all the officers to him, and he's going to have a Christmas tree and hang the things on it, and no one's to know about it till they see it Christmas morning. Won't it be lovely?"

"Why, yes, it's very nice I'm sure. What ship's Eddie on now?"

"The *Indianapolis*."

A very small exclamation of surprise escaped from the girl.

"What did you say, Nora?"

"I? Nothing. That First Lieutenant must be a nice man. What did you say his name was?"

"I didn't say. You're getting horribly absent-minded, Nora."

"Is it a secret?"

"Mercy, no! Burton. John G. Burton. Why did you want to know? Are you thinking of knitting some bedroom slippers for Eddie? Because if you are, I don't mind, you know, and you don't need to be so mysterious about it."

The girl smiled gravely. "I'd *love* to knit some slippers for Eddie, but I'm afraid I'll have to leave it to you."

Ten minutes later, when Eddie's wife was deep in the selection of embroidery silks, Nora Calhoun came up.

"I forgot to ask you," Nora said, "whether you'd heard from the Wiggins lately. They are living in Florida, I believe, on an orange ranch or an olive plantation or something. *Do* they grow olives in Florida?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Don't believe they do. No, I don't know anything about the Wiggins. What made you ask? I didn't know you were interested in them."

"I'm not," said the girl.

"H'm," commented Eddie's wife, trying the effect of a bunch of silks held up together against a square of satin.

Nora appeared to be looking intently into space.

"How long does it take to get a letter to California?" she asked.

Her friend wheeled around sharply on the stool.

"Nora Calhoun!" she said severely, "you don't want to let this thing grow on you. You are getting more vague and absent-minded and irrelevant every minute. What in the world have the California mails to do with the Wiggins?"

The girl flushed, but her smile showed no rancor. "Lots," she said, "but it's too long, explaining. Perhaps you don't notice that you didn't answer my question?"

"For a hazy person, you're singularly exact about *some* things. Why, I don't know. About six days probably. What do you want to know next? Date of the death of William the Conqueror?"

Nora did not answer. She was standing in a brown study, her pretty forehead wrinkled into whole furrows of frowns. Suddenly a light came into her eyes and the frowns disappeared as by magic.

"Why, *that's* all right," she exclaimed, "I can telegraph. Good-by, dear. I'm sorry I can't stay to talk. I'm in an awful hurry."

Before Eddie's wife could get in a word of remonstrance over this last incoherence, Nora was gone.

"That girl's awfully changed since her engagement was broken," she reflected. "I believe she's as much in love with him as ever. Such nonsense, too! Don't know what they quarreled about, but it must have been nonsense. He was a splendid fellow and over his ears in love with Nora. Wonder where he is now? I know he applied for sea, but never heard where he was sent. Now, as to these silks——"

She dismissed the absent-minded Nora from her thoughts and returned to the business in hand.

The First Lieutenant sat in the ward-room on Christmas Eve trying to interest himself in a magazine. "They get worse and worse each month," he announced, "but I suppose we'll go on reading them till Doomsday for fear we might miss something." Every few minutes he glanced at the clock to note the approach of ten, when lights would be extinguished and he could get to work on the Christmas tree. He had arranged for it to be brought off from shore in the ten o'clock boat. The agent of the steamer line had been keeping it for him since its arrival.

The members of the mess, usually sleepy enough, were perverse that evening. Several had become absorbed in the war game, and asked for an "extension" of lights in the ward-room, and the rest, although retired to their rooms, were apparently sitting up to read or write.

The First Lieutenant, tired of waiting, went into his room and pulled the curtains. Then he opened his lockers and took out the packages that had come. There was at least one for every man in the ward-room except himself. He tried not to be childishly disappointed because there was nothing for him, but in spite of himself a little sore feeling crept in. He had written Carrie about his plan for a ward-room Christmas tree, and he had her reply, praising his thought and wishing him all good luck. She knew well enough that this was the last mail before Christmas. Yet she had neither sent him a present nor apologized for its omission, and she had never missed a Christmas before since they were married. It wasn't the *things* that counted. They had not been, as a rule, of large usefulness. But it did seem a trifle hard to be forgotten.

"THE TWO ORPHANS."

From the painting by Laura La Roux.

Just then the enemy's fleet was satisfactorily sunk, and the war game enthusiasts put away their measuring wands and the little blue and red ships with pins stuck through them like butterflies in a museum. All the lights in the ward-room were put out except the dim one kept burning all night, and the strategists dispersed to their rooms.

The First Lieutenant got out the box of trimmings that Thompson had sent him from New York. They looked all right—same sort of thing Carrie was putting on the children's tree at home, Santa Clauses, angels and cubids, Christendom and heathendom impartially mingled, glass balls innumerable, candles and candlesticks, yards of shimmery tinsel, and a box of artificial snow. Ah, that would be the best touch of all on this suffocating gridiron of an isthmus!

He put his head out cautiously between his curtains. Most of the doors were dark, but a few lights still glimmered on. He busied himself for a few miuutes fitting the candles into the holders and tying the strings to the packages for hanging them on the tree. Then he reconnoitred again. Only one light was left. It was the Marine officer's.

"Confound him! He'll sit up till he's finished that story," murmured the First Lieutenant.

The Marine Officer must have been on the last chapter, for five minutes later his door was dark. The First Lieutenant, having arrived at the long-awaited moment, pressed the bell by his desk and summoned the carpenter's mate.

"Have you got it fixed?" he asked in a stage wisper. "Good and steady, so it won't tip over?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said the man with perfect solemnity.

Then the First Lieutenant tiptoed out of his room, carrying the box of Christmas tree ornaments and an armful of packages, which he deposited on the ward-room table. And presently, with an occasional bump and scrape, coaxed around dark corners or through narrow passages, appeared a black conical object propelled by two phantoms in white duck.

The size of it was appalling. A foot of tapering crest was trimmed off the top before it could be set up. Even then it scraped the white paint from the ceiling, and its spreading branches filled up the floor space till dining became a doubtful matter. However, there it was, redolent of the northern forests—just the sort of tree that Carrie, was trimming for the children at hame.

The First Lieutenant sent the men away and stood alone for one misty, melancholy moment, contemplating the Christmas trappings. Then he fell to work.

Doubtless he did not do it so well as Carrie, but he wasted no time about it. When a pink glass ball got hung on a limb, it stayed there, regardless of whether there was a flame-colored cornucopia beside it or not. After he had given up the candles as a bad job, and let them hang perversely with their heads down, and had pricked his finger, and sworn a little, and scattered the glistening "snow" over everything as a final touch, and stood back to admire his work, he murmured joyfully to himself that no one could possibly mistake it for anything but a Christmas tree.

Then he went on deck.

"Rogerson," he said, "when you come down at two o'clock"—they were doing day's duty and not standing four-hour watches—"you'll see a little surprise that Santa Claus and I have been arranging."

Rogerson smiled in his slow reliable way. "I expect I've seen it already," he said. "Didn't it come off in the ten o'clock boat? But I'll promise not to tell, sir.'

"And play fair. Don't peep at your presents."

"All right, sir."

"And don't let Murray fool with the tree either. He relieves you, doesn't he?"

"Yes sir. I'll tell him.

They exchanged good-nights, and the First Lieutenant went below.

At two o'clock young Murray came running up the ladder with unwonted alacrity. "Merry Christmas!" he said to Rogerson. "I'm ready to relieve you, sir."

Rogerson returned his greeting and salute, and presented him with the following information:

"The first steam cutter is secured at the starboard boom. All the other boats are up. The baker is baking, so the fires are running in the galley, and you can get hot coffee if you want it. Ship's riding to the flood tide since half-past ten. Morning orders are over there on the log desk."

Murray touched his hat again and said in routine phase:

"Very well, sir, I will relieve you." Then burst forth the restrained floods of curiosity. "What in thunder's that thing down below, Rock?"

"H'm?" grunted the big man. "Santa Claus been there already?"

"How'd it get there?" the boy insisted. "Wasn't there when I turned in. Who put it there?"

"Didn't I tell you, Santa Claus?"

"Don't get funny. Did *you* do it, Rock?"

"No, the First Luff."

"Say, its a jim-dandy? Lots o' things on it, too. If I'd only known about it, I'd 'a' gotten up early and had a good look, peeped into the packages a bit. But there wasn't a minute to spare."

He sighed regretfully. Rogerson laughed.

"The First Lieutenant was on to you. He told me not to let you peep at the packages."

Murray grinned.

"Where'd they come from anyhow? Are they grinds or real presents? Did Burton get 'em all up by himself?"

"It remains to be seen whether they're grinds or real presents. But they're from home, not from Burton. He wrote to everybody's relatives and had them send things."

"Really? Why, that was white of him, wasn't it? Going below? See that *you* don't peep, Rock, when there's nobody by."

Only the head and shoulders of the descending giant were visible above the hatchway. He smiled reassuringly.

"No temptation," he said. "I know in advance exactly what's in mine."

"Mind reader?" inquired the youth.

"No, but I haven't any relatives. The only person who ever sends me a Christmas present is my excellent stepmother, and she always sends me the same thing—half a dozen silk handkerchiefs with an embroidered K in the corner. I've never yet got to the point of using them, and they're piled up in the back of my bureau drawer waiting for me to encounter a ward-room boy whose name begins with

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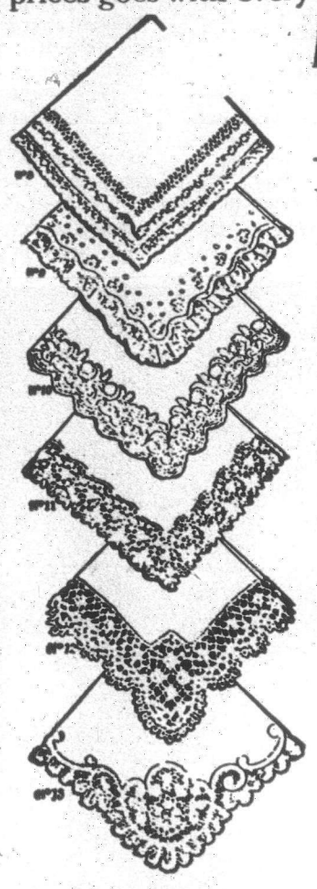

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R. Have every other name in the alphabet, but never an R."

The head and shoulders disappeared, and Murray was left alone with his thoughts and the stars and the dozing anchor watch.

Rogerson did not stop to admire the tree as he passed through the ward-room, but, after diving into his room, returned with a couple of packages, which he attached with infinite pains and the most unyielding of square knots to unoccupied spots on the branches. This trust executed, he tumbled into bed as rapidly as possible.

When Mr. Murray was relieved at eight o'clock and went below, he found the Christmas tree celebration in full blast. The candles were ablaze on the tree, and the members of the mess, in various stages of clothedness from pajamas and bath-robes to the uniform of the day were gathered in the ward-room country. The First Lieutenant was taking down parcels from the branches and reading off the names of the recipients. Merriment and good feeling pervaded the atmosphere. The celebartion was obviously a success.

At the moment of Murray's entrance the First Lieutenant was bending all his energies to the untying of an obstinate knot. Finally he lost patience and indulged in an expletive.

"Somebody give me a knife! I thought I'd tied all the blamed things so carefully in bow-knots."

He scrutinized the address on the released bundle and looked from one member of the mess to another in sudden bewilderment.

"It—it seems to be for *me*," he said, "but I didn't put it there."

"Oh don't apologize?" cried the Paymaster.

"Santa Claus dropped in again on his return trip," suggested another.

In the breast of the First Lieutenant danced a boyish delight at the sight of his wife's handwriting, linked with contrition because he had mentally accused her of neglecting him. He turned again to the tree that he might wink his eyelids several times in rapid succession without attracting notice, and he swallowed hard to get rid of something in his throat.

"Mr. Rogerson?"

"Here, sir."

This was presumably the box of handkerchiefs.

"Mr. Murray!"

"Here sir."

Murray stepped forward and received his package, recognising his mother's writing. The dear little mother! *She* never forgot.

Parcels followed for the Doctor and the Marine Officer, and the First Lieutenant came upon one addressed to himself in his daughter's round laborious hand.

Then Murray heard his name again, and stepping forward cheerfully, received a dainty little parcel that might have come from a candy store or a jeweler's. But if it had contained a full charged electric battery, it could not have given him a bigger shock. For the writing—nervous, flowing, inexact—was Nora Calhoun's!

He positively snatched it, hungry to have it in his hands, jealous, perhaps, that the touch of an outsider should profane it. All at once the air seemed uncomfortably close, the ward-room hideously crowded, the talk of his messmates stupid, loud, and irrelevant. Instinctively he turned away, craving for solitude as a fever patient craves water.

"Where are you going, Murray?" "Shows not over yet." Wait for——"

But Rogerson shook his head at the remonstrant ones. "Shut up," he said gently. "Let the youngster alone.

And, not understanding, but trusting Rogerson, they did as they were bid.

After the celebration was over and the participants had retired to their rooms to examine their presents and read the accompanying letters, there came a tap at Rogerson's door, and a youth with a perturbed face, responded to his summons to enter. In his hand was a little white box and a tangle of paper, strings and jeweler's cotton.

"Well," he said, beginninig at a diplomatic distance from the subject he had at heart, "did you get your handkerchiefs all right?"

Rogerson smiled at him, friendly-wise, under his bushy eyebrows.

"Why, this is a red letter day, Sonny," he said. "Big surprise. They were linen."

"Congratulate you," said the boy, with a nervous laugh. "Look here, Rock," he went on, suddenly serious again, "I don't suppose you're much of a botanist, but there is'nt anybody else I care to speak to about it. For Heaven's sake, tell me what this bit of green stuff is! I suppose it means *something*, but I'm hanged if I know *what*."

He began undoing the little parcel, which he had tied up with unnecessary care to shield it from the eyes of the curious between his room and Rogerson's.

"Mistletoe?" hazarded the former quarterback.

"Don't!" begged the boy.

"All right, I won't," said Rogerson, quickly penitent, for there was something in Murray's voice that betokened that it was serious.

"There it is," he said presently, extending the open box.

As Rogerson looked, a curious little smile of almost feminine tenderness twitched at the corners of his mouth.

"Murray," he said, "of course you'll have to do your own interpreting. I was afraid I shouldn't be able even to tell you what it *is*. As you say, I'm not much of a botanist. But, fortunately for you, I've cruised in the Mediterranean and along the cost of California, and have acquired considerable familarity with the tree from which that twig was broken.'

Murray, hanging on his words, internally cursing Rogerson's deliberateness, pleaded mutely with his eyes to be put out of the misery of suspense.

Rogerson, who had been holding the little box at arm's length, gazing reflectively at the narrow, dried-up, gray-green leaves, handed it back to its rightful owner.

"It's an olive branch," he said simply.

The boy turned and fled, and from his room, through all the leisure hours of the day, came no sound but the scratching of a pen and the rustle of turning paper.

Meditations of a Philosopher.

Patience is strength.

To learn we must first unlearn.

The great miracle worker is work.

The chase is better than the catch.

Never loose self-possession and courage, but use them for worthy ends.

Base your life on principle, not on rules.

Leisure is good only when it is the reward of labor.

Our deeds hasten before us to open or bar the way.

A tendency to malign is an infallible mark of vulgarity.

Life tends to equilibrium and every excess invites death.

Never offer advice to those who mistrust or dislike you.

To learn the value of a man's religion do business with him.

The things that never happen are the chief cause of worry.

The hurt some words may do is harder to heal than deep wounds.

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The gourd is probably an Eastern plant.

The quince came from the Island of Crete.

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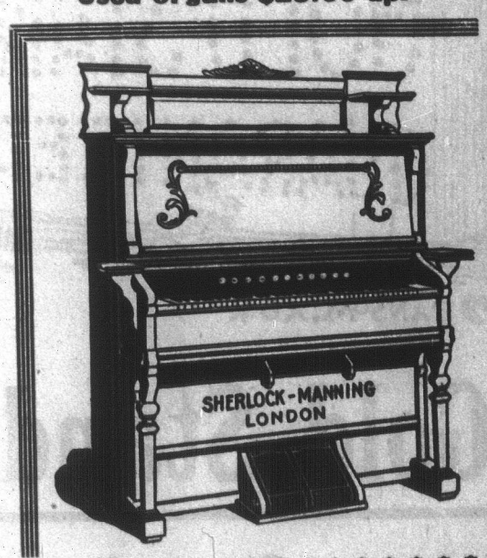

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Love Cannot Live on Nothing a Year.

By Helen Oldfield.

Whether or no marriage is an extravagance is a question which in greater or less degree perplexes many men. Courtship may be devoted to sentiment and romance, but when it comes to matrimony the stern fact of dollars and cents, of income and output, necessarily must be taken into serious and careful consideration. Of course, everybody ought to marry for love, genuine, permanent love, but none the less it behoves both the lover and the beloved to make certain that between them they have money enough to make marriage a reasonable possibility. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Love should be both rich and rosy, but must be either rich or rosy." Even Tom Moore, who never was accounted practical, has said: "But lips, though blooming, must be fed, And not even love can live on flowers."

It is only the stupidity which knows no anxiety and literally takes no thought beyond the present moment which complacently marries upon nothing in hand and the uncertain hope that something will turn up in the future. Which complacency, by the way, is pretty certain to "squeal" when, in the inevitable course of events, it is forced to pay the piper for its grasshopper dance.

Few people will pretend to deny that, as life goes nowadays, wives, excepting among the laboring classes and of the sort who 'worketh willingly with her hands,' are expensive luxuries. Still, there are some, like Pierre Loti's countess, to whom luxuries are more essential than the so-called necessaries of life. The question in its true inwardness is, first, Can the luxury be afforded? And, second, whether the man who pays the price gets back his money's worth—that is to say, does it pay?

A wife is a decided addition to the demands upon one's purse. In that sense, however sensible and managing she may be, she is expensive. But everything worth having has its price of one sort or another, and there are some things which cost much without which life is hardly worth living. It is told of the celebrated miser Elwes that in impressing upon a young fellow the necessity of saving he told him that his own vast wealth had been amassed wholly by denying himself all the pleasures of life. It is matter of history that the miserable old man died of an affection of the lungs contracted by sitting in a room without a fire in the depth of winter. Since all life is an expense one is fain to wonder why he took the trouble to exist as long as he did.

Said Thiers: "Most men contemplate making some self-denial when they marry. They think they will give up such and such expensive pleasures. Later on, when they discover that they cannot do so and at the same time they lack the means to indulge, they complain that it is the extravagance of their wives which causes the inconvenience." Which wise saying is applicable to men in other countries besides that of France.

"Did it never occur to you, young man," asked John Bright of a young fellow who was discoursing about "the fetters of matrimony," "that you cannot be a bachelor and a married man at the same time?" Many of the men who complain loudest of the extravagance of marriage find it so costly because they are trying to maintain the double role.

Officials of the bankruptcy courts, both here and in England, estimate that at least half of the men who confess to having come to grief through living beyond their means ascribe the trouble to the extravagance of their wives. The "excuse of Adam" also is that of these unfortunate men. Expensive establishments, kept up solely to please their wives, extravagance in dress upon the part of the women of the family, costly entertainments, ruinous florist's bills—it is all the fault of "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me." Rash and extravagant speculation often is the immediate occasion of financial ruin, but it is a usual plea that such speculation was entered into in order to satisfy the demands of an importunate wife who wished to vie with her richer neighbors. It would seem as if men "hardly ever" wanted the earth, excepting in order to give it to some woman. A few candid bankrupts confess themselves addicted to betting, gambling, and champagne suppers, etc. But where partiality for the "enemy which steals away men's brains" is admitted, a woman frequently is charged with "driving the man to drink," the man who ought to be her lord and master!

If marrying an extravagant woman is extravagance, a proposition the truth of which none will deny, a man surely is himself largely accountable for his folly in doing so. Moreover, wives rarely are extravagant excepting through the fault, and often with the connivance of, their husbands. Give a woman a fixed allowance, and let her understand that for good and sufficient reason she must not exceed it, and in the great majority of cases she will keep within it. When, on the contrary, she is told to "get what she needs and have it charged. it is scarcely fair to blame her if the bills are larger than her husband likes or can pay conveniently. The extravagant wife frequently is the natural effect of the extravagant husband. Women, like children, are quick to follow the example set them by their leaders.

It was Max O'Rell who declared that the oft used and absurd saying that "what is enough for one is enough for two" must have been invented by some unscrupulous mother of daughters who ate too much at home. Possibly once upon a time, before the days of comfortable and inexpensive clubs and cheap restaurants, a man's actual living expenses may have been such that a prudent and capable wife, willing to act as maid of all work, might have been able to save him half. Still, even then the proposition must have been problematical, to say the least.

When a man is possessed of an assured income, large enough to meet the expenses of a reasonable menage, he is entitled to a wife if he wants one. But when any man sits down to wonder whether the affection of the woman he professes to love is worth having at a cost of so many dollars he already has solved the problem. Unless he desires her so much that he is willing to sacrifice anything else, save honor, in order to win her and can count the loss gain, he had best love and ride away. She certainly is not worth the money to him Men who discuss the cash value of wives so severely appear to ignore the value of love and sympathy, of congenial companionship. Yet almost any one will ultimately find that such possessions are beyond price.

"Some people make great mistakes in their domestic affairs," said Max Adler. "I knew a man who once carried a box home fifty miles by rail, believing that there was a leg of mutton in it for his Sunday dinner. There wasn't." Some people make similar mistakes in matrimony, "buying a pig in a poke," as the homely saying of the countryside goes, and find their marriage a fearful piece of extravagance. But it is hardly fair to blame the woman for their own folly.

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MANITOBA.

Missa Solemnis—A Christmas Story.

Written Specially for the Western Home Monthly.

I.

Little by little shadows encroached upon the Gothic Cathedral—a masterpiece of an unknown architect in which extreme grace and delicacy of detail formed the basis of a severe though imposing whole. A flood of light seemed to amplify the gigantic windows, where the figures of Christ the Virgin, and all the Saints stood amidst symbolic lilies emblazoned in scarlet, gold, rubies, and chrysolites; while above the main entrance a glorious rose-window was set in the organ case. Everything foretold that the sunset would be followed by a speedy twilight. Already the lower end was plunged in obscurity and the shadows mounted and spread with a sepulchral damp over the immense structure, sparred in stone.

Two persons occupied the organ-loft.

"Well, Master, are you satisfied?" Anxiously Christian turned towards his judge.

He waited an instant before answering, then measuring his words so as to give each its proper value, said: "More than that, my child; as far as technique goes you have nothing more to learn and your interpretation is excellent. Your two years at the Conservatory have not been lost, and I see that even under the direction of the celebrities of Leipsic you have remembered the advice of Conrad Waldmann. You are a virtuoso; you are more; you are an artist. Without fear I can intrust this dear old organ to you. Love it as I have loved it, never put it to any but the highest uses. Our organ is like myself, worn out and decrepit. It is seriously in need of repairs. You know arrangements have been made with Nisch, the celebrated manufacturer of Nuremburg. He has signed a contract with the burgomaster and will soon arrive with his staff and apparatus. Nisch thinks that to do the work satisfactorily it will take from six weeks to two months. By the middle of December, perhaps sooner, you will be able to make your debut. My task is done; yours begins. Pluck up courage, Christian."

For fifty-eight years Conrad Waldmann had held the post of organist in the cathedral of the little town of B——, capital of the principality of K——. The position was poorly remunerated and Conrad was not worth a farthing, so he had to look out for scholars. He had never failed to get them, but they in turn brought little, so, materially speaking, he had remained in moderate circumstances. Otherwise he had few wants. Shunning society, his only recreation consisted in long walks in the fields and woods.

Into this life, apparently so peaceful and uniform, some asserted without the least foundation that romance found place—a virginal ideal tragically ended. Conrad Waldmann gave lessons to the only daughter of the reigning prince. Fresh as a spray of white lilacs, with the grace and mystic charm of one of Hemling's saints, she sang with a splendid voice. Conrad, they said, was passionately enamored of her, and she did not disdain his love. They had been seen walking together in the palace gardens, the French gardens copied after those of Versailles, planted with box and trimmed yew trees, and dotted with sheets of water and mythological statues. It was these very walks that had betrayed them, for a light burned in their eyes that none could mistake. Then it was suddenly understood that the physicians had ordered the Princess Elsa to go south on a pretense of illness. One day a great coach with armorial bearings departed, and behind the panes the young girl's charming face was seen bathed in tears. The Princess accompanied her, and their absence lasted three years. At the end of the time a marriage was announced that sealed a reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the family and assured the succession to the throne.

But eighteen months later the flag was hoisted at half mast over the principal tower and the palace was put in mourning; Hemling's little Saint had taken another voyage towards a country where state affairs cannot thwart the inclinations of the heart. She left behind her a little daughter in the cradle, who was to be the sole heir to the principality, for the reigning prince was no longer of an age to marry and he had no other children.

Since then, especially, Conrad Waldmann had become taciturn, never going out except for lessons, for his duties as organist, or at intervals for one of those long walks when he never proposed to any one to accompany him. Nor had a word ever escaped him that could give substance to the village tattle. If he had really loved the Princess Elsa, his secret was well preserved as a relic in the depths of an inviolable sanctuary. The little Princess grew with years. To have her taught music they had recourse to an outside master, and that seemed to confirm persons in their suppositions. Then other years passed by, and they thought no more about it. In the meantime, the father and mother of the Princess Elsa died and her daughter ascended the throne.

II.

Invariably Conrad spent his evenings at home in reading, meditating, constructing periods and setting them to music. That was his requital. Those hours when with doors and windows closed he could abandon himself to inspiration and gather in the divine things that murmured in his ear. What delightful perplexity, what blissful feverishness, and also what dejections! Occasionally the struggle was equal to that of Jacob and the archangel. But still it was a joy. His temples at times throbbed as if they would burst; a fire ran through his veins; victoriously he broke loose from reality.

Thus Conrad composed many things, —songs, sonatas, symphonies, and a whole series of pieces for the organ. Two or three timid overtures to the editors hard by, made him understand that an unpretentious organist like himself who gave private lessons in a small town had no chance of success. With patronage, intrigue, platitude perhaps, he might have succeeded—by his sole merit—what folly! Conrad was proud; when you are rich, pride in the eyes of the world is called dignity and becomes a virtue. If you are poor, it is named presumption and is the worst of faults. Conrad did as Sebastian Bach did, he buried his manuscripts in the depths of a chest, not without continuing to compose, but sacrificing once for all his hopes of fame. His great work was his solemn high mass for Christmas, a mass for orchestra, choir, soloists, and a leading part for the organ. He had consecrated twenty years to this work. Never satisfied with himself, and often seized with a frightful despair and ready to throw it in the fire, he became a martyr to an over-sincere soul when he compared his dream to the realization that he could give it. Nevertheless amidst these interior combats that sometimes dampened Conrad's brow with the sweat of agony, but which he would not have exchanged for any voluptuousness, the Mass was completed. One evening he recognised that all his science and his convictions were condensed within it, and with a trembling hand he wrote the word "finis" at the bottom of the last leaf, and the enormous bundle of scored paper went to join its predecessors in the depths of the "death-chest" where it slept for the next twenty years.

Besides the author, only two other human beings knew of it—Mephistopheles, Conrad's cat, black as Erebus, which he had picked up in the streets, starved, mangy and pitiful, but which, when well cared for, had become a superb animal, with a glossy coat as soft as velvet. While Waldmann worked, Mephistopheles had the habit of placing himself opposite to him on the table, and he had been the first to hear Conrad's voice try the motives of the "Missa Solemnis." The other privileged being, more capable of enjoying it, was Christian Hofer, the favorite pupil of his maestro, an urchin of the town. This Christian was a son of a humble blacksmith.

"In Time of War."

From the Picture by Thomas Faed, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, size 68 x 54 in. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877 and presented to the Corporation of Liverpool in Memory of the late Mr Ralph Brocklebank, by his three sons.

Conrad Waldmann found again in Christian all his former illusions, all his enthusiasm, all his devotion for art, added to a steady application, so that he seemed to re-live his youth. For eight years he lavished upon him all his care, inculcating in him a love of the Masters, guiding him step by step, with the solicitude of a father and the disinterestedness of a great heart, along the paths of Art towards the highest summits. The child himself was remarkably gifted, passionately fond of study, and threw himself with delight into the terrors of counterpoint, to which Conrad piteously forced him. In addition to all this, he was a true little man, graceful and affectionate, asd Conrad would sometimes say "If I had a son, that is how I should wish him."

In his modesty Conrad had seldom spoken to Christian of his compositions. At long intervals he had played a sonata, a motet, or an andante cantabile, each of which increased the scholar's ardent admiration for his professor. Only upon the day that Christian had returned from Leipsic with the first prize in harmony, while drinking the laureate's health in a bottle of Johannsberg, which had been presented to him long before and forgotten, Conrad Waldmann could not refrain from taking out of the famous chest the manuscript of the "Missa Solemnis," and then dragging Christian to the cathedral made him listen to it from beginning to end. The young man remained astounded at that ignored work, sparkling with supreme beauty. He could find nothing to say, nothing but that incapability of expressing the least eulogy which was the best of eulogies. They spent the entire evening in Conrad's room, Christian never tiring of reading and re-reading the score, ever discovering new treasures in it. Alas, its long sojourn in the damp chest had terribly yellowed the paper; in some places the ink had become almost imperceptible, mice had nibbled several leaves, though fortunately only the margins.

Alarmed at the thought that such slight causes might in a few years finish the work of destruction, Christian refused to leave until his Master allowed him to take the manuscript that he might make a new copy on indestructible parchment and in India ink. The old man finally consented, saying all the while, "What is the use?" A month later, Christian brought him the copy, also a masterpiece of its kind. Waldmann in his quiet way admired the solidity and flexibility of the vellum and the faithful minutia, then, turning to the young man, said: "Let us talk about yourself; I am worn out and need repose. To-morrow my resignation will be sent in and you ought to succeed me It is not a brilliant post, but I look upon it as only your first halting-place while awaiting something better. Are you willing?"

"Oh, master, how can I ever repay you the hundredth part of all you have done for me?"

"As for the heart, remain as you have been up to the present, but, in art, continue to study and improve. That is the recompense I want. To-morrow my resignation will be sent in, Christian, or rather I will hand it in myself to the five town-counsellors who hold a meeting at five o'clock. They take me for a bear; but I have always done my duty, so they may wish me well all the same. At six o'clock I will be at your father's house with a formal promise of your nomination."

And so Christian Hofer was about to fill old Waldmann's place.

III.

"Ah, my dear, dear child, is that you,—at last? Yes, at last, because it has been several weeks since you found a minute to devote to me, and I had begun, even knowing your good heart, to wonder if that miserable weed of oblivion was going to spring up so soon. Better late than never; sit down, I am glad to see you." And Conrad Waldmann indicated to Christian a place by his side near the small latticed window.

"Forget you Master? Oh, you could not have believed that," rejoined Christian.

"Water flows towards the river and youth goes with youth. Nothing more natural than your preferring in your leisure an excursion, or a stein of beer with some friends, (you ought to be very much sought after)—to this gloomy room and the conversation of a dull old man.

"That would be on my part vile ingratitude, and I should despise myself for it. The truth is, Master, that I have been very, very busy. You know that Nisch arrived last month with his gang of workmen. The repairs have been conscientiously done. They followed your advice in everything."

"And is it all right? The great organ?"

"Like thunder."

"The Recitatif?"

"Sensible to the least shade."

"The vox humana?"

"It could fool you."

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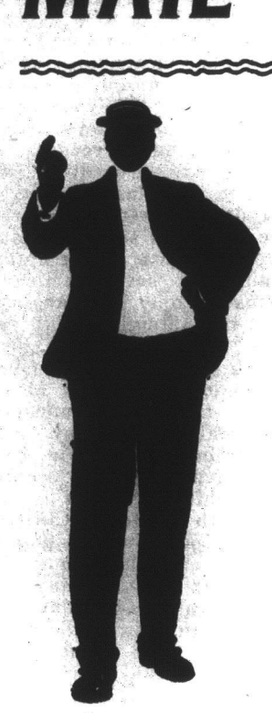

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With each of these answers Conrad Waldmann seemed to revive; he straightened up, his eyes sparkled. His organ, ah, he would always love it.

"Then the instrument is as good as new?"

"Exactly."

"Do you know I want to go to hear you on Sunday?"

The young man was confused for the moment, but regained his composure, and in the most natural tone said, "Not Sunday, Master; I will not play. The idea came to me to wait until Christmas and then make my debut under the best possible conditions. Yes, at the midnight Mass. I have drummed up a choir and we work together assiduously studying a great Mass. The cathedral is not far from your house; wrap up well and you will run no risk of catching cold. I am effecting a fine debut, and I count upon your presence to help me through. Forsooth, it is no small matter to be your successor."

"And what work have you chosen?"

"Oh, you may be sure that I do not select anything mediocre. Therefore, what I have chosen is not only a piece but a masterpiece. Don't ask me for details. I cannot give them to you because it is now after half-past seven, and we rehearse at eight, and I must go. I have just come to say that when the Princess deigned to call me to the palace to congratulate me upon my prize, I went so far as to lay before her my plans; she immediately interested herself, and thanks to her the vocal quartette and the orchestra from the theatre will lend their co-operation."

"Then it will be a real solemnity?"

"I hope so. Promise me you will come."

"True, it is not far to the cathedral, but from living a hermit I have become so chilly."

"I will send a carriage to take Odile and yourself. You promise?"

"Could I refuse my Christian?"

"Just see how happy I am!"

"Shall I not see you between now and then? Will you not stop in between rehearsals to tell me all about it?"

"I am afraid not; I shall have too much to do. But I shall think of you, Master, oh, every day. As to forgetting you, never say that again!"

The old man remained alone in the little room lighted by a bijou lamp, its four branches of beaten copper suspended from the ceiling. His hands on his knees, his head thrown back on his arm chair, he gave himself up to musing. As long as he retained his position, his will—a little pride, too, that pride which had never faltered a day in his long life—sustained him. Besides, he wished Christian to succeed him. To have retired before the young man had taken his degree would have been to hand the place over to another. Conrad held out. His duties abandoned, a great lassitude came over him, and age bore down upon him with all its weight.

IV.

The cathedral was already crowded; there were hundreds of wax lights bursting in luminous clusters from the pillars. The main altar was dazzling, while the carved altar-screen displayed its pathetic "Descent from the Cross," dating from the fifteenth century.

Conrad Waldmann had never contemplated that marvel without emotion. It shone with the sublime sincerity of the artists of former times. The man who carved the hard oak with his patient chisel surely never dreamed of gaining money or renown. His soul spoke in the wood, and after four centuries it was still admired. More than once Conrad had come to seek in that masterpiece an example of artistic probity and humility.

"This way, Mr. Waldmann," said the beadle; "they told me to save two chairs for you." And he conducted the old man and Odile to their places on the left of the altar. They finished lighting the candles. The church blazed. Persons were continually arriving, not leaving a single corner empty.

A stir was produced when the Princess, preceded by ushers in laced coats, made her entry amid the dignitaries of the Court. She was very young, blonde, like her mother, as frail and as enchanting. At the right of the altar other seats had been reserved, where the Princess installed herself with her suite. Immediately the clergy appeared, in splendid vestments, escorted by the altar boys swinging the censor. In an instant the cathedral was perfumed with the odor of myrrh, and the candles through the thin veil of smoke had the appearance of stars on a hazy night.

The Archbishop had mounted the steps of the choir. There was a sudden silence. Old Conrad Waldmann was greatly affected. His eyes were eagerly fixed on the organ loft, following every movement of his young friend, the son of his heart. Christian, the soloists, and the leader of the orchestra exchanged some final comments, and then silence reigned also in the gallery.

"My God! What will he do?" Conrad repeated for the hundredth time. "Will he be able to maintain his composure so that all will go well?"

The leader of the orchestra raised his baton. Conrad, breathing with difficulty, bowed his head in his hands and waited. The organ pealed forth in full majestic chords. Like a great stream of harmony it flowed slowly through the classic lines. Only twenty or thirty measures, but majestic, and bearing the stamp of genius.

At the first sounds the old man raised his head and became white as the altar linen.

"Do I hear aright? Is it impossible?"

The thrilling prelude continued. Solemnity fell from the organ and spread across the church, the stream widened, until it became a sea of powerful waves.

"Kyrie, Kyrie eleison." To the voice of the officiating priest the choir responded, sustained by the organ and orchestra. "Kyrie eleison, Christie eleison." Each note was like an act of faith. The whole had the beauty of things eternal, and Conrad Waldmann, his head fallen again into his hands, wept, overcome with surprise, fear, and joy.

He had recognised his Christmas Mass!

The execution was faultless. In its least details the gigantic work had been thoroughly studied, and searched into. Not one of the author's intentions had escaped. The orchestra, the choir, the soloists, vied in their zeal to render his ideas with integrity. The part for the organ was played in a masterly manner, not only at the melodious sanctus, in the ecstatic trio, at the Agnus Dei, at the sweet benedictus accompanied by the string instruments, and above all at the elevation when the single instrument sang alone, a hymn overflowing with candid joy, with infinite love; then in accents of beatitude, with a heart enraptured, prostrated before the Divine cradle, when the agrestic flute and the pastoral horn of the shepherds responded alternately to the viols of the Cherubim. All were spellbound, there was not a dry eye in that immense crowd. As for the old man he wept continuously. A stream of tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks between his fingers, all cramped with rheumatism, But the dew of May on the calyx of a rosebud was never so sweet as those tears; without them Conrad's heart would have burst.

His dearest, his most secret dream, one he had never hoped to see realized, had by a miracle become a vivid reality. It had been granted to him to hear his Mass, the great agony, the great delight of his life, magnificently rendered. And, modest though he was, he felt that his labor had not been lost, and the work itself was beautiful, and in it he should live. Happier than his Master Bach, while yet he entered into the promised land.

"Ah, that noble child," he thought of Christian. "It was he who conceived the idea of all this, contrived it all, brought it all about, and I accused him of neglect when he had not a single thought but of me."

The Mass ended with an Alleluia, could almost be compared to at of the Messiah. In a colossal fugue the organ, the orchestra, and the choir ran up and down the scales bounding like a torrent, reverberating as thunder. The prodigious edifice s had a crowning worthy o it—in the confusion of notes, regulated into supreme order, in the blare normous pipes, blown to their full, in those two hundred voices and sixty instruments, the entire cathedral vibrated, while a tremor passed over the multitude.

Then all was hushed, and for several minutes you could have heard a pin drop.

"Ah, Master, Master, I cannot wait to embrace you."

It was Christian, who had descended in haste from the gallery tingling with electricity to the tips of his fingers.

"Come, Master, the Princess wishes to see you."

Through the immense crowd which respectfully made way for them they slowly passed. The beautiful young girl, radiant as Spring, advanced towards Conrad.

"This is a happy day for us all," she said. "In the name of our City I thank you." Then, in a lower tone, "You knew my mother, I believe."

Had an echo of the old story reached her? Probably. However, it seemed to Conrad she intended in that word to show that with the evening's success she wished to associate the dead. In vain Conrad tried to answer. But the Princess offered him her delicate hand, which he bent to kiss, and over those patrician fingers circled with gems his long white locks flowed like a silver stream.

Masters, musicians, critics, amateurs, had come from Leipsic, Munich, Weimar, and Dresden. Christian pronounced their names and titles, and at the mention of each a greater amazement spread over Conrad's features.

What! come on his account — all these celebrated people wishing to be presented to him, surrounding him, and congratulating him? The old man could not believe his eyes and threw by turns looks of astonishment towards the radiant Princess and towards Christian, who was in the seventh heaven.

Ah! the young man had bestirred himself indeed to reach this result. He had applied to both friends and acquaintances, using every means, writing, soliciting, putting to profit all his influence, warming the coldest with his enthusiasm, and moreover supported by the leader of the orchestra, who in his turn was enraptured with the "Missa Solemnis," and by the Princess, to whom he went every week to report the progress of the rehearsals. The result at least came up to his expectations.

"Master, I have taken it upon myself to conclude a contract with the house of Holler and Son, of Munich, to publish your work. Mr. Holler was anxious to come himself to present you with the first copy." A portly little man smilingly advanced towards Conrad, bent in an automatic bow, and offered the old man a superb volume in octavo, on which these words, "Missa Solemnis," and his name, "Conrad Waldmann," shone in gold letters amid Gothic gauffering.

The candles were about to be put out. At a sign from the master of ceremonies, the ushers of the Court made the people stand aside for the Princess's departure. She, with an exquisite grace, offered her arm to the old man who was trembling like a leaf and escorted him as far as the main entrance; the dignitaries of the Court, the strangers assembled for the fete and Christian, charged with that precious volume, walking behind. The people passing out through the side doors, the square became a human surge. In the centre, holding lighted torches and fluttering banners, the students of the University formed a double line, and when the old artist appeared, still on the arm of their adorable Princess, the plaudits, restrained with difficulty in the cathedral, broke forth like a tempest.

"What is it now?" thought Conrad. "I am surely dreaming." But already strong arms had seized him, lifted him, and Conrad, notwithstanding his protestations, saw himself carried off in triumph. The night was unusually mild, the sky strewn with stars, while in the centre of the flags and torches, amidst the songs and huzzahs of the flower of the town's youth, Conrad was borne home. He looked at the windows everywhere illuminated, the flare of the torches reflected on their facades, and then at the dense crowd preceding and following. He heard the refrains, the bravos, saw hands held towards him and hats waved, and more and more it all seemed to him a dream.

They reached his cottage. On the threshold, lamp in hand, stood Odile swelling with pride.

"Well, Master," said Christian, "they need never say again that there is no more fire in young hearts."

"My child, my dear child, you will thank them for me, will you not As for me—I cannot, I cannot."

Staggering like a drunkard he entered the house, preceded by Odile, who was saying to herself:

"My God! My God, what a night!"

The door was closed. But the students remained awhile under the windows singing in honor of the old man. Then two o'clock struck from the cathedral, with a last formidable 'hoch' the crowd dispersed.

It was a lovely night, a perfect Christmas night. The frost glistened in fantastic girandoles on the trees and shrubs, necklaces of pearls and strings of diamonds hung from every branch. The snow, too, seemed luminous, and in the sky there was an exceptional transparency, where myriads of stars seemed to mark the route of the Seraphim—the bearers of Glad Tidings.

"You will sleep late in the morning," said Odile to Conrad Waldmann on leaving him.

"I do not believe I will close my eyes; I am too happy!"

As the clock struck ten, not having heard him stir, she entered his room. He was seated before his table, his hands stretched out, and his head resting on the volume with the gauffers in gold.

"He did not even go to bed," murmured Odile. She called him without obtaining an answer. She approached and shook him by the shoulder. Never a stir. His eyelids were lowered and he smiled the smile of an old Simeon singing "Nunc Dimittis."

That immobility astonished Odile. She felt his hands and found them cold and rigid. Death in his clemency had not wished Conrad Waldmann to survive his apotheosis. As the reaper rests on his sheaf of wheat, so he had fallen asleep in the height of his triumph, passing without transition from the immortal music of his "Messa Solemnis" to the ineffable concerts of the Angels.

YESTERDAY.

Moth in the flame,
Trail of a star,
Echo of fame,
Love's paling scar!

TODAY.

Breath of a flower,
Wave at the crest,
Youth's perfect hour,
Love new-confessed!

TOMORROW.

Song—in the shell,
Death—in the dart,
Peal—in the bell,
Love—in the heart!

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FOR THE WEST

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

PEPSONAL MAGNETISM. Personal magnetism is supposed to be an indefinable quality. When we are unable to account for a preacher's success in the pulpit or an orator's success on the platform we usually dispose of the problem by remarking that "he possesses personal magnetism." What is personal magnetism? James G. Blaine possessed it. He was called the "magnetic statesman." He was the idol of his party. The influence of his personality was felt even by people who had never met him. He possessed an indefinable something which drew irresistibly toward himself. What was it? Here is a concrete illustration of our theme. Let us study it. James G. Blaine possessed the characteristics of a magnetic man. What were his peculiar characteristics? In the first place, he was a true lover of humanity. Rebecca Harding Davis says that even when he was burdened by the duties and responsibilities of party leadership he would take a schoolboy by the hand and patiently listen to his request as though he were an ambassador representing an empire. His kind consideration of men and women was universal and knew no exceptions. He was the same to everybody. He had a great way of making a stranger or an inferior or a subordinate feel absolutely at home in his presence. He knew how to listen. Humble men grew eloquent in his presence. He drew them out and encouraged them to reveal their most innermost thoughts. He asked many questions, but allowed the visitor to conduct the conversation. He was perfectly natural in his deportment. The "boy" nature never left him. He was simple, great, childlike, grand, considerate and sympathetic. In the hour of his greatest political defeat he turned thoughtfully to a humble stenographer who had served him faithfully and expressed his sincere appreciation of her efforts to please him. He was the incarnation of kindness. Consideration for others was the law of his life. He was loved by men who belonged to a different political creed. His enemies were men who had never met him. He appreciated the gifts and the talents of others, and had a way of making known the fact. One summer evening, tired and worn, he dropped in on a famous violinist, and asked for a few strains of music and then sat for two hours charmed by the weird notes of the musical genius. Kindness of heart, love of humanity, naturalness of demeanor and thoughtful consideration for others—these are the chief characteristics of the magnetic man.

THE CONCEIT OF YOUTH. There is a period in the life of a young man when he is all-wise. He knows more than his family knows. He is a sort of walking encyclopaedia—a compendium of universal knowledge. You cannot tell him anything. He is not in a receptive mood. What he does not know is not worth knowing. Dr. Guiness Rodgers had reference to this period when he said, "At twenty we know everything, but at seventy we know nothing." Dr. Webb, of Mississippi College, was in his office one day when a young man entered. The president wheeled around in his chair, adjusted his spectacles, took the size and measure of the youth and then said. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" In reply the young man indicated that he desired to secure a college training and enter the institution as a student. "What do you know?" inquired the president. "I don't know nothing," answered the youth in rather ungrammatical phraseology. "He'm," said the president, as he cleared his throat and took a searching look at the applicant. "You are just the man we are looking for. You are exactly four years ahead of most of the young men in this institution. It takes the average young man in this institution four years to find out that he doesn't 'know nothing.' I welcome you, sir! Your prospects are bright."

FORTUNE TELLERS. Some time ago I read the life of the famous English evangelist, "Gipsy" Smith, a book written by the evangelist himself and full of interesting material. In the course of his remarks concerning himself and his early surroundings he has much to say about those modern arabs, the gipsy bands, to be found in almost every part of the world. Among other things he speaks of the superstitious regard, on the part of the credulous, for the gipsy as a fortune teller and a revealer of future events. He asserts that while fortune telling is a lucrative source of income to the gypsies there is nothing which causes these wandering Arabs such merriment and amusement as the way in which intelligent Christian people seek them out in their tents and encampments in order to ascertain the secrets of fortune and the character of coming events. But the gipsy has no monopoly of the business of unravelling the mysteries of the future. Scores of men and women make sure of their own "fortune" by telling the fortunes of men and women who would like to know what a day may bring forth, but who are not willing to wait for the day or quietly work for the desired result. I believe that I could open a column in this paper and offer positive and reliable predictions concerning all who might apply. Tell me how you have spent the last five years and I will outline the possibilities of the next decade. The blacksmith swings his hammer backward and forward—over his shoulder backward and then over his shoulder forward. Backward and forward. Retrospect and prospect. The future is but a development of the past. Look after present events and let future events take care of themselves. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let the men and the women who can predict with such unerring accuracy the evolutions of future events apply themselves to the stock market and, dealing in margins, reap for their own coffers the golden harvests which properly belong to those who can discern future events and distant possibilities.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP. To think clearly and to think accurately is a desirable accomplishment. But you cannot be sure that you are thinking clearly unless you possess the ability to express yourself distinctly. Authorship, like eloquence, is a form of expression, and expression, no matter what form it takes, makes a man sure of his own thoughts. I believe that every man is an original thinker if he only dared to trust his own thoughts and sought to give proper expression to his ideas. No man ever wrote a book. We write sentences and paragraphs which built together result in a book. The construction of a sentence is the first thing and the building of the paragraph the main thing. Would you be an author? Would you be able to think clearly and to express yourself tersely? Then seek to cultivate two things, namely: Think on any given subject until you have generated a clear conviction and then look about for plain vigorous Anglo-Saxon words in which to express yourself. Great thoughts in little words have had a mighty charm for the human heart. The men who have congested great thoughts in short sentences have written the world's proverbs. Be an author if only for your own benefit. Write down your own thoughts. Begin now! Apply yourself in your spare moments to pen and paper. John Locke, the author of that magnificent treatise "The Human Understanding," never dreamed of supplying the world with a great essay on the human intellect when one day he sat down to write out a few thoughts which he imagined would just about fill a sheet of paper, but when fully developed resulted in a volume of splendid proportions. That was an important message which came to John on the Isle of Patmos: "And he said unto me, **write.**"

AN INVISIBLE FOE. Prof. Huxley once remarked "there is an invisible player at every chess table." The philosopher was no doubt thinking of the invisible forces which circle about every human personality. These forces are both divine and diabolical. To keep ourselves in touch with the divine is the best protection against the encroachments of the diabolical. Death is not the only sovereign who loves a shining mark. Sin loves a brilliant conquest. All the laws of heredity and environment seem to count for little or naught when the spirit of evil takes possession of a man's heart. Many a man marches right up to the opening door of the penitentiary over the broken hearts of loved ones. Recently a son of Samuel Francis Smith, author of the American National Anthem "My Country 'Tis of Thee,' was sent to the penitentiary for the crime of defalcation, while the son of Edwin Arnold for years editor of the London Telegraph and author of "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World," is brought back to England and sentenced to ten years penal servitude for misappropriation of trust funds.

A CLEAN RECORD. The best platform for a practical politician today is a clean record. The newly-elected governor of Massachusetts, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., once said concerning President Roosevelt in speaking of his college days, "He never told an unclean story or smiled at an unclean jest." That's a noble thing to say about any man, young or old. John Quincy Adams once said with reference to himself that while he was thirty years of age before he was married he had never done anything which would cause any woman to blush at the mention of his name.

"Who is the happy husband? He
Who scanning his unwedded life
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free
'Twas faithful to his future wife."

SELF RESPECT. Self respect is the foundation of character. To have the approval of your own conscience is a divine luxury. To look into the looking glass and not be ashamed of the face reflected there is a divine satisfaction. To sit alone with your own conscience and not dread the searching questions of solitude is a divine solace. Those were noble words of James A. Garfield to his friends in Ohio who had sent him to Congress again and again. "I have for many years represented a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired; but though it may seem a little egotistical to say it, I desired still more the approbation of one person and his name is Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation I should have bad companionship."

ONE WORLD AT A TIME. David Thoreau in his dying hour was asked by a friend if, as he drew near the end of his earthly pilgrimage, there was granted to him any vision or revelation of the unseen world. His answer was "One world at a time, my friend, one world at a time." He would not cross the river of death until he came to it. Nor should we, but the mortal who lives for one world alone is apt to find that the present world hardly measures up to the soul's fullest aspirations.

Stephen Girard, America's first millionaire used to say "I live the life of a galley-slave. When I rise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Jay Gould when worth one hundred million dollars said "All men are slaves and the millionaire is the greatest slave of all." George Eliot exclaimed at the height of her fame "I wish I had never been born." Thackeray speaking of a sweet girl of eighteen years of age who had just died said "I don't pity her, I pity those who have to stay." Byron when he was a peer among poets and a poet among peers remarked to a friend, "I am sick and tired of everything on earth." He builds too low who builds beneath the stars.

MOTHER'S GOOD BYE.

"Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy,
You have only a moment I know,
But you'll wait till I give you my parting advice,
'Tis all that I have to bestow.
You leave us to seek for employment, my boy,
By the world you have yet to be tried,
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet,
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

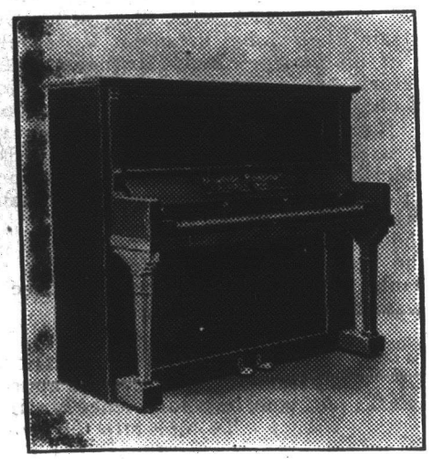
You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy,
'Tis the book of all others the best,
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.
I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy,
I have taught you the best that I knew;
But as long as God's mercy permits me to live,
I shall never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to bid you good-bye,
Oh, how lonely and sad we shall be,
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,
You'll think of your father and me.
I want you to feel every word I have said,
For it came from the depths of my love,
And, my boy, should we never behold you on earth,
Will you promise to meet us above?

CHORUS.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam,
Oh, forsake not the way of Salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your Mother at home.

Christmas Gift Opportunity!



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$198.00

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THE BOUDOIR SEXTINE.

For some time we've been searching the piano markets in view of bringing within reach of those not able to afford a high priced piano, an instrument of good musical qualities, very reasonable in price, yet high grade. The Boudoir Sextine is the piano designed to meet this demand. It possesses all the qualities of a High Grade Piano, absolutely perfect in every detail of workmanship. It being a six and one third octaves, instead of seven and one third, makes the difference in price, which fills the needs of the average musician; beautiful sweet tone, exceptionally even scale, built around a 4 ft. 4 in. case, mission style, furnished in genuine quartered sawed oak, dull ebony or mahogany finish, made of high grade materials throughout, constructed by expert workmen who understand that every piano is sold under a binding guarantee against defective workmanship. It is meeting with success everywhere, and uudoubtedly is the handsomest piano of its kind ever built, in finish, beauty of case design and purity of tone.

CASE—Mission Style, straight fall board, square front, ivory white full-sized keys, ebonized polished sharps, improved repeating action, extra heavy nickeled plated bearing bars, action brackets, hinges, etc., high grade felt throughout.

SCALE—F. to A. Six and one-third octaves, 77 notes, three unisons in treble, extra long slanting bass, steel wound, soft and sustaining pedals, built up rest block of specially selected maple.

OUR EASY PLAN OF PAYING is so reasonable and fair that it adapts itself to any income. Every piano sold under a positive guarantee.

PIANO LESSONS FREE. To every purchaser of a Boudoir Sextine during the month of December we will give one term of Piano lessons free.

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London, Canada.

Life No Harder Now Than Ever.

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly

One of the greatest worries to me is the continual cry that life nowadays is an awful problem, rendered all the more difficult by "modern phases." This means, I suppose, that we have to be a great deal more clever and energetic than our forefathers in obtaining a living. That is an idea to be dismissed as quickly as possible. It is an idea that leads to the next, that it is no disgrace to throw up one's hands and say, "I go down before destiny."

It is wonderful how many people I meet who tell me that it is no good trying to make a living nowadays. Things have become too terrible for anything. Dishonesty has increased to such a pitch that they—poor, honest creatures—are nowhere. The present is the reign of the men who have money. They get everything going, and the poor, honest, impecunious, hardworking man or woman has "no voice in the show." They are all "crushed out." These things remind me of Napoleon III. going out at the declaration of war with Germany and remarking to one of his marshals:—

"This war will end disastrously. We shall be beaten."

"Sire," replied the marshal, "only let your opinion be known to the troops and your anticipation will be fulfilled."

If a man goes out into the world believing he has no chance in it save by luck or dishonesty he had better make up his mind at once—let him become a gambler or a burglar. If he is not ready to take such decided steps, let him resolve that in the world of workers who are not gamblers and burglars the quite ordinary rules of working as you may find them in the Book of Proverbs of Solomon still hold good. Nothing, my dear sir or my dear madam, will upset them. They hold good simply because since the world was first created man and woman are just the same. We may dress ourselves a bit differently. Adam did not wear a top hat, I dare say. I have not the slightest doubt, however, that if Adam and I had met, and could have made ourselves intelligible to one another, we should have understood one another perfectly.

The only change any history shows in man is his adaptation to circumstances around him. And he will not adapt himself much—only within the limitation of his happiness; that is we have not yet found a man who can work with less than seven nights' sleep a week. You may talk to him and persuade him how beautiful it would be for him to work day and night to "help forward the world," and even if he is fool enough to believe you, his arms, legs, and head will not allow it. He gives up. He is only a man—a bundle of flesh, bones, nerves, and general anatomical whatnot—and you cannot make more of him with all your telegraphy, motor cars, telepathy, and everything else combined.

By the aid of the express, motor, telegraph, you will do a day's work, but you will not do more in one way than your ancestor did 200 years ago. You'll work till you are tired. That is all he did. When you are tired you give up. You are bound to, whether you like it or not, in the end. That was Adam's "striking hour," and it will be so for all humanity till doom strikes.

"Never was there such an age as the present for competition," said one of our statesmen the other day. "A man has nowadays to arm himself against the world."

Now that is the kind of statement I protest against. A man may well be thrown into despair at hearing that he has to arm himself against the world. The people who tell me that kind of thing inform me that it is to encourage me to do my best.

"A fellow I know," says Mark Twain, "fell when he was asleep one day into a pretty big pond. 'Hallo! strike out!' yelled a companion. 'D'ye know you're 1,200 miles from land.' But he struck not a stroke. Then another chap called to him. 'What y're sticking there for?' he shouted. 'D'ye know you're only twenty feet from shore, you fool?' The words revived the drowning man and he swam ashore easily."

I do not believe that life is more difficult than it used to be. To-day you may have to know French, shorthand, typewriting, as a means of livelihood. To learn them all does not require a greater sacrifice of means or brain power than was required of our grandfathers to learn reading and writing alone. They often had to walk six miles there and six miles back from a school, and when they had learned "an accomplishment" competition was fearful.

In the London Mercury of almost 200 years ago I found the other day an announcement that the advertisement in its columns for a clerk "clever in the French methods of accompts and clerkly handwriting" had resulted in the advertiser's getting seven applicants for the one post. Only one such advertisement appeared in six months in those days.

As to the want of work, some humanity has suffered from it from the earliest period. There never, apparently, was a time when young butchers were not assured that the world contained more butchers than it could possibly support; that young tailors were not told that there were not half the number of human beings to be clothed necessary for them to live on the supplying them. It has always been the same.

At the bottom of much of this outcry about the terrible difficulties of life nowadays there appears to me to be a good deal of self-conceit when the cry is raised by a successful man, and of self-excuse when the cry is used by an unsuccessful man. The former likes to impress upon you that he has done something heroic—the latter that he has failed simply because nobody could have succeeded.

"The world seems overstocked with everything," one of those gloomy men remarked to Palmerston.

"I can tell you some things that the world has never enough of," remarked Palmerston, "and that it is always willing to pay for. Intelligence, honesty, courage, and perseverance. They are common things—but the supply will never exceed the demand."

One of the greatest difficulties many people encounter in life is the difficulty of believing that.

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"Jaeger" Pure Wool Lace Shawl.

A Serviceable Xmas Gift,

suitable for any lady. Made of pure wool woven in a delicate pattern in White Wool Lace, so light and fine that it can be drawn through a wedding ring. This is a gift that will be greatly appreciated and admired. This beautiful shawl will be sent

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IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The annual entertainment of the Winnipeg fire brigade was held Nov. 9th and 10th. The program was divided into five classes—spectacular, select concert, operatic, high class comedy, and kinodrome. The artists were Rose Braniff, Mabel Holroyd, Walter McKinley, Dr. Smith, F. E. Morris, Lieut. McFadyn, Maude Slonane, Prof. Dower, Fred Wray, C. E. Blackett, and the Barrowclough Orchestra.

A unique musical event is to take place in Augustine Church, Winnipeg, on New Year's night. It is a cantata called the "Ten Virgins." The tenor solos have been given to Mr. Glenn Hall, of New York.

The recital given by Miss Louise McDowell and Miss Mary Robertson in Winnipeg last month was a great success. Miss Ethel Lawson, violinist, and Mrs. Chisholm, soprano, were distinct additions to the entertainment. Recitals such as this cannot be repeated too often. They are educational as well as entertaining.

Bandmaster J. Johnson, of the 90th Regt., has resigned. He was tendered a benefit dance and promenade concert at the Winnipeg Drill Hall on Nov. 15th. He has led the band for twenty years, and was held in the highest respect by the craft.

The Fletcher Method of Music is gaining a strong foothold in the west. Musical people are quick to see its advantages in giving a thorough training in the fundamentals of the art.

Marie Hall, the English violinist, who appeared for the first time in the United States in New York, first came into fame two and a half years ago, when she astounded a London audience by her playing. She is the daughter of a poor old harpist. He sent her, when 11 years of age, to compete for the Wesley scholarship in London, which she won. Poverty forced her to give up her studies. One day Canon Fellowes heard her playing in the streets of Bristol, and assisted her with the means to pursue her studies. Then Kubelik heard her play and had her sent to Prague to study under his old master. Lately she has, it is said, been earning $2,000 a week with her violin.

Mendelssohn's romantic opera Loreley, in four acts, will be given for the first time in Canada by the Toronto Choral Union.

The Roscian Opera Company visited Medicine Hat last month. The company is a favorite one at the "Hat."

The Century Club is to be congratulated on the very pleasing entertainment which it provided for the public last month, when Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss Gertrude White, Miss Juanita L. Badgley, and the Pleyel Sexette furnished a most delightful programme in the Opera House. The club has acquired the reputation of only handling attractions of the highest class, and the concert on Monday evening was one which undoubtedly added to the club's laurels in this respect, and will do much to ensure an even larger patronage in the future.

The Polmatier Sisters Orchestra Co. paid a visit to Maple Creek on Nov. 25th.

The Roscian Comic Opera Company have been touring the west with great success. Claude Amsden is the leading comedian; Frank Walters, tenor; Wm. Campbell, baritone; Hazel Davenport and John Dewey. Notable additions are Della Wola, and Jack Leslie.

[illegible] Calve has given up her [illegible] career and will make a concert [illegible] season. One interesting feature in connection with her present tour is that Madame Calve has "entered into a rather peculiar contract with her managers. If at any time she should plead illness as an excuse for not singing, three expert physicians shall examine her, and if they decide that she is able, she must abide by their decision and sing.

Harold Jarvis has had a very successful tour through the west. Every one seems to be immensely delighted with him and his fine tenor voice.

The great violin event of the year will be the appearance at Toronto on Dec. 7 of Marie Hall. She is the sensation of the day in Great Britain, and not even Paderewski has drawn larger audiences or created greater enthusiasm than has fallen to the lot of this remarkable young violinist. As the London "Times" says, "She has the magic which attracts and holds large audiences, and her art which sways these crowds is of the highest order.

An English concert party arrives in a day or so for a tour across Canada. and will appear at Massey Hall, Toronto, on Dec. 12.

CHRISTMAS PLANS.

An Amendment to the Criminal Code Suggested.

There should be a clause in the criminal code to prevent enthusiastic wives from presenting their husbands on Christmas morning with pink and purple neckties and highly decorative cigars, likewise husbands should be restrained by injunction or otherwise from placing in the hands of their wives a jacket two seasons old or a dress fabric that would make the unhappy woman feel like dying with sheer chagrin. Let each sex buy its own Christmas presents and then there is sure to be satisfaction. If, however, the element of surprise is regarded as a necessity to the proper enjoyment of the festive season, a husband or wife cannot go far wrong in purchasing some article with a reputation. A Persian lamb coat or a fur-lined cloak for the lady, a gold watch, or some well-bound books for the gentleman. Better still, no husband could fail to please his wife by securing for her a Gourlay piano. Here is the acme of merit in a musical instrument, a tone rich and sweet, sonorous and mellow, a durable construction and an artistic case. That is a present fit for the Queen. Bnt let it be remembered that it will not do to postpone the purchase until two days before Christmas. Already orders are coming to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, for Christmas delivery, and there is a chance that, if the generous-souled husband delays too long, he might not get his instrument home until the middle of January, a consummation devoutly to be avoided. The firm is receiving letters and telegrams daily calling for Christmas delivery. For instance, only this week there have been many telegrams from the Maritime Provinces. Extracts from some of these follow:—

Chatham, N. B.—Rush a style 7 or 37, either walnut or mahogany.

St. Johns, N. B.—Ship a style 15, fancy walnut.

Halifax, N. S.—Ship immediately one each of styles 7, 5 and 15.

St. Stephen, N. B.—Ship at once styles 5 and 15 in mahogany.

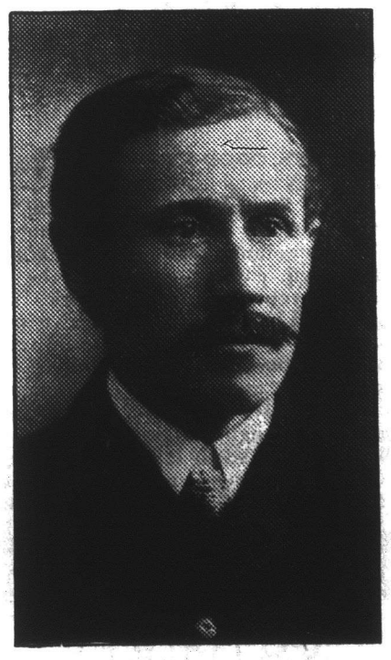
Thus come the orders. Get yours in at the earliest possible moment.

People who are carried away on a wave of enthusiasm usually have to walk back dryshod.

Happy the preacher who can invent a pocketbook that cannot be left at home on Sundays.

The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The cucumber came from the East Indies.



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advice to young men is "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket." Bend all your energies toward one end. Improve yourself. You are not thoroughly equipped for your work without a sound business training. Write us for full particulars and ask for Catalogue "D." Address the

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Make your little daughter a present of a Hand Sewing Machine, it will bring more pleasure and happy smiles than even that "New doll that sleeps." This machine is capable of serviceable and useful work in all the higher classes of sewing, and can be used by the housewife to do family sewing.

The cut illustrates the general appearance of the machine, which has the important essentials such as adjustable feed, positive tension, sewing guide, etc., etc. It makes the elastic chain stitch, has no bobbins or shuttle to fill, is geared to produce three stitches at each revolution of the hand wheel and is handsomely finished in ornamented Japan and polished nickel plate.

We have arranged to buy a large number of these Sewing Machines, and are getting them away down in price.

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A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Written Specially for the Western Home Monthly by Miss L. D. Hill, Wolseley.

It was the night before my wedding. I had been down to take a last look at the table which was already laid out in the large dining room, ready for the wedding breakfast next morning. Arthur and I were to be married at Westonbury Church at eleven, return to breakfast, and set out immediately afterwards for Scotland where we had arranged to spend our honeymoon. Westonbury Hall, where we lived, was three miles from the little town where the church stood. It was a large old-fashioned house surrounded by its own grounds and having a small shrubbery extending from the library window down a little slope to the high road. My bedroom being just over the library window, I could see across the shrubbery and down this road for some distance. There was no other house between our own and the village. Westleigh, where my lover, Arthur Leigh resided being almost as far on the other side. Arthur had been in London for a week and was expected to return late that night, while my dear father, being Justice of the Peace for that neighborhood, was detained on business at a place a few miles farther than Westonbury. We were expecting him however shortly, and I had been up to my room to arrange my dress previous to having tea with my mother in her cozy little sitting room. She was only just recovering from a long and dangerous illness, and the doctor had warned us that she would require great care for a long time and as I was her only child I did not wish to leave her just now but my father had arranged to take her abroad for the autumn and winter, (as soon as I was "safely disposed of" he said,) so that I felt free at last to agree to Arthur's wishes and be married immediately. It was a lovely evening, and after changing my dress, I lingered a moment at the window, looking at the setting sun, and idly watching two men, laborers I supposed, coming slowly up the road as if returning from work. They paused a moment in deep conversation close to where the road ran against the shrubbery. Whilst standing there one of the men turned and looked up at the house, and I recognized him as a man belonging to the village, who had been absent for some time; in fact he had been in prison for two years for poaching. There was something in the look he fixed upon me which made me shiver and I drew back from the window. With a low laugh he turned on his heel and the two proceeded on their way. Just then I heard the tea bell and closing the open window I ran down stairs to join mamma at tea. We had scarcely finished tea when the cake came, and with it a note which my father had sent by the man, explaining that he was unavoidably detained, and desiring us not to wait up for him, as he would remain at a friend's house all night, and drive home in time for an early breakfast before the arrival of the company in the morning. So we sent the two maid-servants early to bed, and after I had been the round of the house to see that all was secure, we retired to bed, mamma insisting that I should share her bedroom on this, my last night at home,

We had been asleep some time when I awoke suddenly, with an impression that I had heard a noise somewhere. Rising softly for fear of disturbing mamma I crept to the door, and opening it noiselessly I listened. Someone was certainly moving softly about down stairs. In a moment there flashed across my mind a remembrance of the two men I had seen in the lane. No doubt they had discovered my father's absence by some means, and had entered the house for the purpose of robbery, perhaps even murder, for I thought of the evil glance one of them had directed at me and I knew he had sworn to be revenged on my father for his last conviction.

What would become of my poor mother? The men were in the dining room now. I could hear the faint click of the silver as they gathered it together. Noiselessly I sped along the dark passage to the servant's room, and woke them both and hastily explaining matters to them, and bidding them on their lives to be silent, I urged them both to bring their clothes and take refuge in our room. White and almost helpless with fear they obeyed.

"Do not wake mamma till you are obliged," I whispered, and when you have locked the door behind me, try and pile up all the furniture you can against it."

"And what are you going to do, miss?" said Lucy, the housemaid.

"Oh! I will return to your bedroom and drop through the window onto the sloping roof of the lean-to, and then to the ground. You know I have saddled Phyllis many a time myself, and if you can keep them out of the bedroom an hour, I will get help, it is our only chance". So saying I left the room. Staying a moment I peeped over the top of the bannisters. The faint twinkle of a light from the key-hole of the plate closet below shone on the opposite wall. Quick as thought I crept down the stairs; the door of the plate closet was shut, but the key lay where it had been dropped on the floor, that was doubtless the noise that had awakened me. I secured it, and turned it noiselessly in the lock, then listened for a moment: nothing was to be heard but the subdued mutter of their voices inside. "Hurry up with the swag, Jim," I heard a gruff voice say, "I want to have a look at the dainty miss upstairs before I go. I'll have it out with her for all her father's made me suffer, curse him."

With a shudder I sped away through the kitchen, and across the yard to the stable, praying inwardly that the strong lock of the plate closet would only hold out till help came. Phyllis, my pretty pony put her nose out and greeted me with a low whinny. It was the work of a moment to slip the bridle over her head, and the saddle on her back and I led her carefully down the garden walk. A slight sound within the house warned me that the robbers had discovered they were trapped, and once in the road I urged my pony to her utmost speed. It would take nearly half an hour to reach the village, and if I met no one in the meantime what would happen? I dared not think; faster and faster the pony went, and the trees on the road side seemed to fly past me. My head swam and how I should have held out, I do not know but on turning a corner nearly half way, I saw the light of a lantern in the distance, and a few minutes after I was met by Arthur and his father, followed by the groom, the light of whose lantern I had just perceived. They were returning at this late hour, having been detained by one of the horses casting a shoe. I soon made them understand what was going on, and putting spurs to their horses, they left me to come on at a slower pace. It seemed hours to me till I paused to dismount at the little side gate. As my feet touched the ground a ringing scream was heard from the upper story, followed in quick succession by another and another. The gentlemen had vanished at the first cry, and I had only strength enough left to cling helplessly to my pony for a moment while a deadly sickness crept over me. Then came the sharp crack of a revolver and I knew no more.

When I came to myself I was lying on the couch in the sitting room, and my dear mother was standing beside me, while the two girls were alternately laughing and crying.

I heard afterwards that we were only just in time. The robbers had burst open the door of the plate closet set and found their way to the bedroom where my mother and the maids were intrenched. It did not take long to break that door open and dash aside the things piled in their way, and wild with fury they rushed upon the helpless women.

First Ontario Parliament.

What would have happened then I shudder to think of but at that moment their rescuers appeared upon the scene. In attempting to shoot Arthur, one of them, the one who had been in prison, got wounded dangerously himself, and only lived long enough to own the justice of the fate which had overtaken him. He was removed to the workhouse till he died and the other was safely lodged in goal.

As it was already breaking day we decided not to go to bed again that night, and the early arrival of my father was the only thing wanting to complete our satisfaction.

It is ten years since Arthur and I were married, but the recollection of the fright I got is still fresh in my memory, and the children often beg for the story of that fearful night.

Meditations of a Philosopher.

What we are able to suffer is the measure of what we may dare.

Truth is not a conventional thing. It is life and life's nourishment.

Demand of yourself more than you can do, that ability may increase.

If "ignorance is bliss," it is the bliss of fools. Error is never good.

They who would rise must learn to stoop. Climbers have to bend.

The lines of law are immutable and will not bend to human caprice.

Those who seek happiness and find wisdom instead are not unfortunate.

To fail in recognizing real worth is evidence of one's own unworthiness.

To have suffered together is a closer bond than to have enjoyed together.

Evil is only a demand for good, disorder for order, and darkness for light.

The man who lives intimately with his admirers will not long escape ridicule.

The sense of need is a condition of progress, because it is associated with pain.

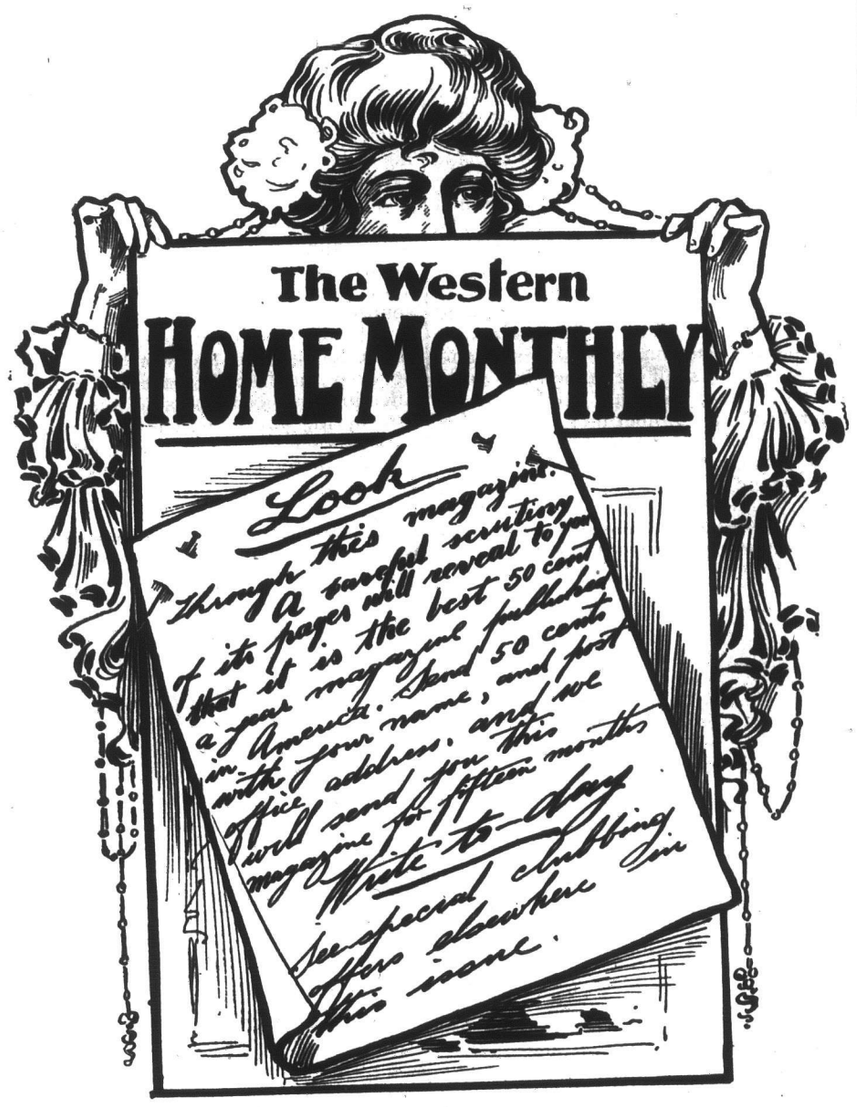
If there were nothing else to trouble us the fate of the flowers would make us sad.

Generous thieves are more loved than honest misers, and there is more good in them.

The study of science makes us patient, humble and attentive to the smallest things.

Virtue is joy because it is strength. Weakness—mental, moral and physical—is misery.

If men were all as gentle and contented as sheep they would be as feeble and helpless.



Thy Task.

'Tis morn, awake, be up and doing
That little task that thou alone
Canst do, no other hand can do it;
It waits for thee, it is thine own.
No greater work can come to thee,
No higher place nor better time,
Till thou hast done that little task.
And doing, make thy work sublime.
Put all thy strength, thy heart and will,
Into thy work whate'er it be;
Then something greater, higher still,
The Father will intrust to thee.

Christie Campbell.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

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Wisest Women The Greatest Hypocrites

Written by a Woman.

There is to the full as much truth as satire in the saying that hypocrisy is among the greatest virtues which a woman can possess—a saying credited to more than one celebrated woman of the world, and to several famous diplomats, Talleyrand among the number, probably because the saying fits in with his oft-quoted aphorism that language was invented for the purpose of enabling wise men to hide their thoughts.

Even people who object to the term "virtue," deeming it misused in such connection, will scarcely deny that the power to dissemble gracefully, to cloak one's real feelings and emotions upon occasions where their betrayal would be "bad form," if no worse, is a valuable accomplishment for anyone, whether man or woman. One cannot wear one's heart upon one's sleeve and pass unpecked of daws in this censorious world.

"Hypocrisy" is strong language for the pleasant fictions which, occasionally at least, seem absolutely necessary to the peace and comfort of oneself and one's neighbours; "mental reservation," which may be found among the synonyms given by Roget, is a much more conservative and pleasant manner of putting the idea.

It scarcely can be claimed by the most ardent admirers of "the gentle sex" that women as a class are distinguished for truth. To speak the truth in all sincerity, frankly, clearly, without fear or favor, and at all costs; to follow the truth unswervingly; to live the truth, refusing all pretence, all imitation, all falseness; this rare virtue is masculine rather than feminine. Indeed it is surprising that any one can be found to doubt the fact that women are more prone to deceit than men, that they lie more constantly, more laboriously, and much more artistically, with but few exceptions, when the men are polished rascals who give their whole mind to it. The wonder, when one comes to think of it, is not that most women make a lie and love it, but that so many speak the truth.

It is psychologically impossible for a dependent class to be as truthful as a free class. The reliable, unflinching "lord of a gentleman," who "sweareth to his hurt, and changeth not" is not to be expected as a characteristic, although it may sometimes be found, among beneficiaries and pensioners, still less among slaves. Deceit and subterfuge are the natural resort of the weak and helpless. A weak and defenceless creature is almost sure, by instinct, to cheat, to cajole, to employ artifice, to pretend. Even Tennyson refers to these "vices of the slave" as pertaining to women. It is not without reason that an English woman novelist makes one of her characters say: "There are but two ways of being what people call 'a really lovable, womanly woman.' One is to be born so. The other way is to lie loud and long, and as well as ever you can." The women who "get there" are as a rule those who can pretend consistently, insistently, and persistently, and also, which is most important of all, cleverly as well, who can veil their own preferences, who apparently have no prejudices, and can literally be "all things to all men." Nor are the women altogether responsible for this state of affairs. Circumstances, environment, and the men themselves, who insist upon certain ideals, have much to do with the matter; training, custom, and public sentiment combine to teach them to deceive from their youth up. "Assume a virtue if you have it not."

Take for example the question of personal appearance. The man is at full liberty to go about in his own outlines, and the shape of the head is left as his Maker fashioned it. If his hair is straight it remains so, if the supply be scanty he makes no attempt to disguise the fact, and it is the rare exception that he wears a wig unless he is wholly bald. On the contrary a woman, being a creature of broad and gradual curves, makes strenuous effort to convince all beholders that she is the shape of the fashionable corset, which is more or less the shape of the old-fashioned hour-glass. If her hair is straight she waves and crimps it; if thin she buys more; she pads and puffs it as fashion commands. In short she finds out just how she would look if her appearance told the truth, and hastily insures at considerable expenditure of time and money that it shall be something quite different, and, as she thinks, much better looking. Sometimes, when she has no hopes of beauty, no claim to good looks, and no magnetism to help her pretend, she will tell the truth in her person. The scanty hair will be brushed frankly back from the knobby forehead, the untrammeled figure will assert itself in evident comfort, and her serviceable feet will be clothed in "common sense shoes." She will have leisure to turn her mind from deceit, and open it to truth and kindness. Men will acknowledge her to be the salt of the earth—and will pass the salt cellar to their neighbors, while they flock round the sugar dish. It does not do to be too natural, and none, save perhaps some envious other woman, makes outcry of falseness againt the woman who "makes the best of herself" personally an art which is not only lawful and laudable, but bounden duty.

Then, with regard to feelings The first lesson taught a woman child is that it is little less than a sin to be demonstrative. When a girl falls in love she is admonished by all her experienced friends of both sexes to beware how she shows her affection, even though it be earnestly sought by her lover. There was once a prominent lawyer, a Christian gentleman, who prided himself justly upon his high reputation for honor and honesty in all his dealings, yet his advice to his beloved daughters was: "Never let any man, even your husband, know that you are wholly dependent upon his love for your happiness; the best way to keep a man's heart is to keep him uncertain." Which, in the case of most men, is wise counsel. It is the manner of mankind to value lightly that which is easily won. What happens to the woman who says or even implies: "I have the warmest affection for your person, the greatest esteem for your character. If you desire to spend your life with me I will 'down on my knees, and thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love?" When

A Drive Out Crescent Road

a man says such words he is "manly" and straightforward. But a woman! Let her show herself so lacking in maidenly reserve and proper self-respect, and the chances are that the man will turn from her to the woman who has the pretty, evasive tricks which are accounted feminine, yet are nothing else than the graceful children of a lie. The deception leads to any amount of delicate fencing and to the enjoyment of much fluttering of sentiment and suspense. It were a pity to abolish it! Nevertheless the truth is not in it. But how can woman do else when men are trained to love the lie and follow it in woman, while they despise it among themselves?

When a woman marries her whole happiness may depend upon her ability, like Dickens' marchioness, to "make believe very much"—her ability to practice what strict moralists would call a "hollow and insincere politeness," which praiseworthy hypocrisy, it may be said in passing, would increase the tolerability of many a marriage which now seems to its constituent partners almost intolerable. Suppose, for instance, that the husband's family are uncongenial, it may be actually unkind, to the wife, in-so-much that she cannot help but dislike them as cordially as they appear to do her. Were she strictly honest and above board, she must make no concealment of her feelings, a course which worldly wisdom and Christianity combine to forbid. Are we not commanded to love our enemies and to do good to those who despitefully use us and persecute us? Moreover, alas! the more adroitly a woman can dissemble in her intercourse with her husband the more smoothly the course of life will run. This is called "having a little tact." From the time when Scheherazade told her lord 1001 lies to save her head, to the present day when wives tell 1002 to keep the peace, it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are most to blame. It is what they like, and they get it!

Not Found on a Ship's Invoice

A great many things arrive on the ships that land at New York, or any other big port, besides what is mentioned in the invoice. Adventurous small boys and tramps are but a small item in the list of stowaways that each ship brings in. The ordinary passenger never sees, and rarely suspects, the many strange and weird things in the way of animals and insects that are almost always travelers with him from any foreign port.

There are many insects that migrate from one quarter of the globe to another by means of the vessels which ply between distant ports. Indeed, the spread of nearly all kinds of living creatures has been dependent on the ships of civilized nations. Winged pests and blessings have been steadily carried to new countries by this means.

Not long ago a ship from one of the tropical countries was followed by a swarm of butter-flies, which persistently hovered round the rigging of the vessel until the shore was lost in the mists. Then the insects alighted on the masts and decks. A few disappeared in the night and were destroyed in the water or reached shore safely. Some of the others hid away in the cabins and hold of the ship.

After a trip of some thirty days the vessel reached England, and from their hiding places in the ship a few of these butterflies emerged and flew ashore. Thus an entirely new species of butterfly was introduced into that country. Cockroaches are too ancient an importation to be worthy of more than a passing notice. Grain-carrying ships are overrun with weevils, and these grubs do an immense amount of harm to the cargoes.

Ships engaged in fruit carrying from warm countries are often visited by a miscellaneous collection of queer creatures. Concealed in the bunches of bananas there may be poisonous reptiles and insects that have traveled half round the globe. They may sting or bite the hand of some receiver of fruit, or they may be killed before they have inflicted any harm.

The pear and apple are from Europe.

Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia

Christmas in Tropical Countries.

In tropical countries some interesting effects are produced, because Christmas may be celebrated in the open air. In the Philippines the day is usually warm. The hedges and the banana trees and the orange groves are in bloom, and the people take a midday siesta to rest from the heat. In the afternoon there may be a baseball game, and at night fireworks.

In Cuba the evergreen cactus, the brilliant colors of flowers growing outdoors, the white sunlight, and the indigo-blue of the waters make a scene in sharp contrast with the snows of Northern climates. The houses have colors ranging from sky-blue to pink, with white iron balconies, latticed windows and tiled roofs. You will find fountains at play indoors and outdoors. And in the country are gardens of tropical foliage. Here the essential features of the Christmas celebrations are the same as in other Catholic countries.

Everywhere in Spanish America the old Southern Europe Christmas customs are tenacious. In Peru bands of children go about on Christmas Eve from house to house wherever there is a nacimiento, singing carols. There is in a museum in Spain a nacimiento that came from Peru that is said to be two hundred years old. It is in a box. When the lid is lifted it discloses a representation of Heaven with angels playing upon musical instruments. The interior is the usual representation of the manger, but the front of the box, when it is open, represents the Garden of Eden.

But in those parts of South America where Germans have settled they have introduced the Christmas tree and other German Christmas customs.

For the One Who Tried.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Yes, I love the youthful winner,
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Everyone will haste to praise him;
He is on the honor list.
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried and missed.
One? Ah, me! they count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel;
Many see their chance flit by.
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.
'Tis the trying that is noble,
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit or road is rough.
All will praise the happy winners;
But when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company who try.

Song of Kabeyun.

The drowsy South?—
It charms not me,
Though summer dwells there all the year—
The West, where all four seasons be—
The land of men—to me is dear!

The ice-bound North?—
All glare or gloom—
Where death, a sullen monarch, rules;
His subject ghosts, a place of doom—
The hell, or paradise, of fools!

The hoary East
Allures not me:
There pensive nations starve and pray.
Too spiritless for liberty,
Too old to learn a better way!

The golden West
My home shall be:
For Kabeyun shall weave his spell
Where populous, enlightened, free—
Earth's last, best, happiest race shall dwell!

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MANITOBA BRANCH: 356 MAIN STREET Box 479

N. J. LINDSAY MANAGER.

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Nov. 30th, 1905.

Gentlemen

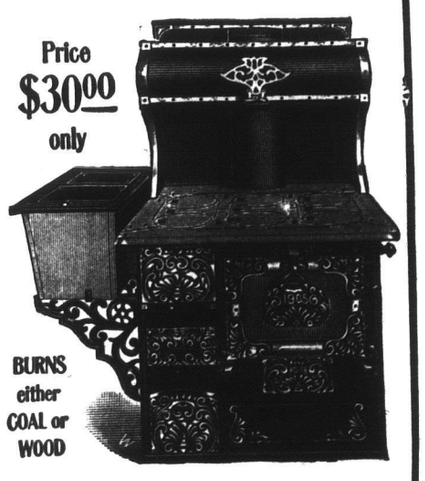
Every year we offer purchasers of Mason & Risch Pianos a discount of 10% during the month of December. This means a saving of from $35.00 to $60.00 on the price of their instrument but does not in any way effect our monthly payments which are very easy, and at the same time means an extra discount to those paying cash.

We know of no Christmas Gift that would be more acceptable than a Mason & Risch Piano and that would be a more economical present as it must be purchased at some time and requires on our Monthly Payment Plan a very small outlay of Cash.

We would be glad to correspond with any of your readers and to send them full particulars. Christmas is very near now and a selection should be made at once.

Yours very truly,

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.
Per ..... Manager.



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$30 — is yours for only — $30

Anybody can say they have the best range in the world, but we will furnish the evidence and leave the verdict to you,

OUR THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

To convince you that the WINGOLD STEEL RANGE is just what we claim for it, we will furnish you this handsome range, which is better made, better finished, more lasting a more economical fuel consuming stove, and guarantee it to do its work equal to, or better than, any steel range you can buy elsewhere at any price, we make you this THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER. Send us our price, and we will send you the range with the understanding and agreement that you can use the range in your own home for THIRTY DAYS, during which time you can put it to every possible test, compare it with other stoves you have used, and with stoves used by your friends and neighbors, and if you do not conclude that, size for size, kind for kind, the range we send you is in every way better than any range you can buy from your dealer at home or elsewhere; if you are not convinced that you have made a BIG SAVING IN COST TO YOU, you can return the range to us at our expense and we will immediately refund your money with freight charges you paid.

THIS WINGOLD STEEL RANGE has six 8-inch lids; 18-inch oven, made of 16-gauge cold rolled steel; 15-gallon reservoir; large warming closet and high shelf; top cooking surface 30 x 34 inches; guaranteed to reach you in perfect order. Shipping weight 400 lbs. Thousands now in use and every one giving satisfaction.

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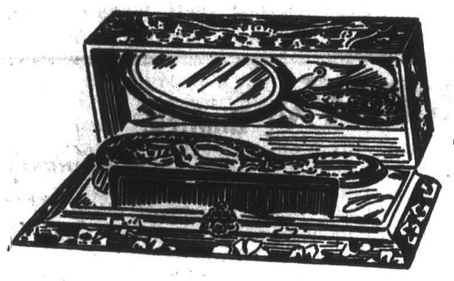
Some Suggestions for Christmas Shoppers.

X5-201. Ladies' Hand Bag, walrus grain leather, stitched leather handle, gilt trimmings and automatic fastener, fitted with change purse, Xmas special.....1.15

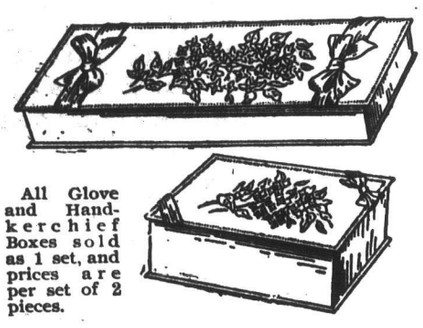
NEARLY all the items here described and illustrated are taken from our Christmas Catalogue. It is sent free for the asking. Write for it to-day, and when you receive it read it carefully. You will find it immensely interesting, and full of suggestions.

All Orders received by Mail are carefully and promptly filled and shipped without delay, so that by using the Catalogue and our Mail Order Department, people in all parts of the Canadian West may enjoy all the benefits of the City Store.

X5-255. One of the newest styles this season is the "Envelope" style Avenue Bag. It is made of a walrus grain leather, leather lined, hand stitched handle and fitted with a combination mirror card-case. Xmas special...2 65



X-615. Full Decorated Celluloid Toilet Case, extension base, beautiful medallion picture on top, embossed bands over ends, fitted with bevelled plate hand mirror, hair brush and celluloid comb, 11 in. wide. Xmas price..2.00



All Glove and Handkerchief Boxes sold as 1 set, and prices are per set of 2 pieces.

X-679. Glove and Handkerchief Sets, light and dark colors in fancy decorated leatherette etc., tinted and painted in pretty designs .. .. .50

MANY NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

In selecting Jewelry suitable for Christmas, our representatives have visited the leading markets of the world. Being experts they knew what was new and what was good value. When both were combined in one article they bought. The result is that our Stock comprises all the Novelties, and our prices are exceedingly reasonable. The lines here are taken from our Christmas Catalogue. To appreciate the values you must see the Goods, and if you want the complete list send for our Christmas Catalogue.

Gent's Watch, 18 size, 21 year gold filled case, engraved or plain, fitted with a 17 jewelled Waltham movement. Price $9.95

Ladies' Watch, 0 size, 25 year gold filled case, engraved or plain, fitted with special 7 jewel Waltham movement. Price $11.25

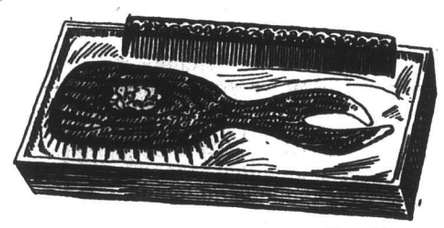
Gent's 10 year gold filled Chain. Price $2.50

Gent's solid Gold Chain. Price $15.00

Ladies' 15 year gold filled Chain. Price $4.50

Gold-filled Lockets at $1.50; 1-10 quality $2.25

Solid Gold Locket, 10k at $4.50; 14k at $9.50. Pearl Crescent Brooches, 14k, real pearls, $3.90. Pearl Maple Leaf Stick Pin, $2.65. Cuff Links, gold filled, at 50c and $1.50. Cuff Links, solid gold, $3.00 and $4.50



The cut shows only one style of handle.

X-727. Toilet Set, containing hair brush of 11 rows best quality white bristles, 7-in. comb to match, with sterling silver trimmings, in leatherette case, per set, Xmas price.. .. 2.35

5-42 Lithographic Sofa Tops, subject "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot." A most desirable Xmas gift, each .. .. .25

In our TOY DEPARTMENT you will find MANY NOVELTIES.

Noah's Ark

With wood animals	-	-	-	.05	.10 .25
Extra good models, each	-	-	.50	1.00	1.50 2.00

Toy Trunks

Child's Trunk, square shape			.25	.50 1.00
Saratoga style	.75	.85	1.00	1.25
Steamer style	-	1.75	2.00	2 25
Brass bound at	-	2.00	2.25	2 50

A key goes with each trunk.

Rocking Horses

This cut represents one of our best swing horses.

Wood Rocking Horses on Rockers—No. 1, no stirrups, upholstered saddle 1.25

No. 2, with stirrups and upholstered saddle - - 1.50

No. 3, larger size, with stirrups and upholstered saddle - 2.25

No. 4, better finish, leather saddle 3.00

No. 5, larger size, leather saddle 4.50

No. 6, larger size, leather saddle 6.00

No. 7, larger size, leather saddle 8.00

No. 8, larger size, leather saddle 10.00

Printing Presses

Toy Printing Presses, put up in strong wooden boxes. They have type, ink and roller, 1 package of cards, and full instructions how to use same.

No. 1	-	-	1.00
No. 2	-	-	1.50
No. 3	-	-	1.75
No. 4	-	-	4.50
No. 5	-	-	6.50

1904 Simplex Typewriters

Every boy or girl should have one of these little machines in their home, because they are an instructor, and give to the child the proper idea of forming sentences, also spelling words. They have a complete keyboard of letters, figures, commas, periods, and in fact everything that goes into the makeup of a first-class typewriter.

Our special, No. 1 - 1.00 Our special No. 2 - 2.50

" " No. 3 - 5.00 Extra Ink, per bottle - .10

10c Board Games

Your choice of the following: All Aboard for Chicago, Happy Hoppers, Tom the Piper's Son, Fighting in the Soudan, Robbing the Miller, Catching Mice, Game of Colors, The Crusaders, Tri Bang, Bombardment, Catch the Rabbit, Walking the Tight Rope, Leap Frog, Spider's Web, Bear Hunters, Little Messenger Boy, Whirlpool Snake Game, Baseball, Old Maid and Robinson Crusoe

25c Card Games

Your choice of the following: Lost Heir, Game of Animals, Jolly Old Maid Game, Cinderella, Peter Coddles, Dr. Fusby, Xmas Stocking Game, Grandma's Games, Comic Conversation Cards, Fireside Games, Scare, Mysterious Book Titles, Black Cat, Double Flag Game, The Mother Goose, Filch, History to Date, Geography to Date, Letters and Anagrams

Toy Pianos

They are all the latest upright style, finished in rosewood or white enamel

In white enamel, 6 keys .25 8 keys .50 12 keys 1.00

In rosewood finish, 6 keys - .25 8 keys .50 10 keys .75 12 keys 1.00 17 keys 1.50 18 keys 2.00 22 keys 2.75

Extra fine models, 15 keys 2 50 18 keys 4.00 22 key 7.00 37 keys 12.00

Piano Stools, each, .30 .65

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

What the World is Saying

Tainted Church Buildings.

During the recent discussion over Mr. Rockfeller's gift to missions the word "tainted" was put to a new use. Up to that time it had been kept entirely to the ignominious task of describing things gruesome and corrupt. It was a pariah among words. But suddenly it linked itself to "money," and its respectability was assured. It was placed, to use the language of commerce, "on a sound financial basis," and underwent a sort of "From Log-cabin to White House" experience. As is usually the case with millionaires, its prosperity made it bold, so that now we hear of it undergoing a change of heart and joining the church. This it has done, we suppose, for the same reason as the devil, whom the proverb assures us "a saint would be." We are indebted to Mr. Hy. R. Elliott for this new convert. In the Church Economist, of which he is the editor, he has asked himself this question "Have Churches any responsibility for the character of those who construct houses of worship?" The query is subtle and far-reaching; and as might be expected many and varied are the answers given. One writer replies that the pagan, Hiram, King of Tyre, supplied King Solomon with the cedar for his temple. But were all the acts of Solomon precedents for present century standards of morals? We think not. The subject will provoke much discussion.

The Battle Against Consumption.

At the American Federation of labor recently held in Pittsburg, Paul Kennedy urged the Organization to adopt measures to check the spread of consumption. The working classes are the chief sufferers from the ravages of this dread disease, crowded in tenements, shops and factories, which frequently are hot and unclean, it is inevitable that many of them shall contract the disease. People in good circumstances can get away from these conditions, but the poor must remain. The Chicago Tribune claims that orgaized labor can render valuable assistance in the great world wide battle against consumption. "It can disseminate among the workers knowledge of the best ways to safeguard the health. It can help in the agitation for the proper heating and ventilation of cars, and in the war against spitting in public places. Organized labor ought everywhere to be foremost not only in demanding strict laws requiring cleanliness, but also in insisting upon their rigorous enforcement. It ought to aid in legislation establishing public sanatoriums." There are some ideas for our Canadian Labor Organizations to follow.

Sex in Suicide.

The making of figures, like books, has no end, but Prof. Bailey has developed a new line which promises to be of permanent interest. These figures throw light on Sex in Suicide. He finds that male suicides outnumber females by seven to two, and that the age at which people are most likely to take their lives is between 20 and 50. It is important to know too, that married men are more prone to suicide than either single men or married women. Ye gods! And we thought they had entered the delights of Paradise! The causes of suicide as given by the Professor are somewhat of a surprise, they are not the result of alcohol only, indeed, it plays a comparatively small part in the unfortunate proceeding. Business losses and love seem to be the greatest causes. Strange to say there are special days which favor the act. Monday is the Men's day, and Sunday the women's. On Monday men feel unequal to the new tasks of a new week; while women find domestic troubles unbearable on Sunday. The Professor gives the hours between 9 and 12 in the evening as the time of greatest weakness. The book is illuminating.

Carpenter's Letters on Canada.

It most infrequently happens that a visitor to [a] far-off city will in a week's sojourn see [all] its sights, and know more of its history than the "oldest inhabitant" has seen or [learned] in the course of a long lifetime. This truth is being forcibly illustrated in the letters which Frank Carpenter, the famous American journalist, is at present writing on Canada. Here is an extract: "Canada has states the names of which we hardly know. Have you ever heard of Ungava? It lies between Labrador and Hudson's Bay, and is bigger than Texas, Kansas, and New Jersey combined. Keewatin on the western side of that bay, just north of Ontario and bounded on the west by Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Mackenzie, has 470,000 square miles, or enough to make ten states the size of New York; while the icy territory of Franklin above, with its great whale fishing grounds, is larger still. Everything in Canada is big. The old provinces are enormous. Quebec is ten times as big as Indiana. Ontario is bigger than France or Germany. It is bigger than all New England with the addition of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta are empires in themselves. Canada is twice the size of India and thirty times as big as Great Britain and Ireland."

The Religious Riots in Montreal.

Generally speaking, the Protestants and Catholics of Quebec live together very peaceably. But every once in a while some flaming zealot or garrulous orator disturbs the even flow of this peace. This time the cause was a Presbyterian missionary whose meetings were broken up by the Laval students. These young men appear to have had little if any reason for the attack. The worst feature about the matter is, however, not so much the attack, bad as it was, but the flimsy excuse for it made by some French papers. The basis of the excuse is that they were young men. This is true, but as the news points out they were young men receiving a liberal education, and intended as leaders of thought in Quebec. It is hardly worth while to train young men at great expense if they are to be leaders in bigotry and violence. A university education should broaden and liberalize a man, and altogether free him from the trammels of the petty spite displayed by these young gentlemen.

The Evils of Early Rising.

The early rising fad appears to be going out of fashion. Of course with some it never was a fashion. We mean with those who have preached it as a boast and practised it as a luxury. These are they whose early rising tire is being punctured by the sharp edge of intelligent medical authority. A well-known doctor says: "Almost as many people have been killed by the early rising habit as by over-eating. Instead of making a man healthy, wealthy and wise, early rising lowers his vitality and results in brain fag and early decay." We must heed the call of the bed in the early morning rather than that of the alarum clock if we are to live out our 100 years. All this is bad news for the man who briskly jumps out of bed at the cock-crow. He will quote proverbs in reply—that hoary-headed one about the early bird catching the worm, for example, but as the boy who loved his bed said to his father "it is the early worm that gets caught." Intemperance in early rising, like every other excess, is sure to bring its own penalty along with it. It is well known that the early riser often compensates himself for his greeting to the dawn by frequent naps in the afternoon or evening. If you must rise early, don't boast of it. Indeed there are few things in the way of bragging that will compare with what an English essayist calls "the insulting triumph, the outrageous animation of the man who has dressed by candle light in December."

The Death of Dr. Barnardo.

The waifs of London have lost a great friend by the death of Dr. Thomas Barnardo. It is true of other parts of the world as well as of the Metropolis, for it was the custom of the great philanthropist through agents to keep in close touch with all the lads who passed through his hands. His history is given briefly by the Union Gospel News: "When a young man he prepared himself to go as a medical missionary to China, but a cholera epidemic in London during his student days led him to serve as a nurse, and so gave him an insight into the miseries of the poor in that city. After the epidemic had passed he chanced to meet a nameless boy, and took him to his rooms for care and shelter. From this simple act of Christian helpfulness has grown his great work for London waifs. In 1868 he opened a "home" for neglected boys. Finally another was built at a cost of $175,000 and accommodating 5,000 children. Of over 60,000 orphans sent to homes outside of England, about 20,000 are now living in the United States and Canada. Dr. Barnardo belonged to the same class of Christian philanthropists as George Muller and C. H. Spurgeon. These men were men of prayer and faith.

The Adulteration of Foodstuffs.

The Winnipeg Telegram in a recent issue made some startling revelations about adulterated foodstuffs. The source of its information was the report of the Inland Revenue Department. It appears from this report that "numerous wholesale dealers have been duped in supposing they were paying for the genuine article when they received a counterfeit. Housewives who imagine the ground pepper which they shook on the beefsteak will be horrified to learn that in some cases hair, sweepings, and dirt contribute largely to the composition of the condiment." The article makes mention of other foods being tampered with. The adulteration of food is a crime. We have repeatedly pointed out in this journal that to poison people slowly is just as criminal as to do so by one dose. The offenders should be severely dealt with. Publicity should be given to the names of those who manufacture poisoned goods. The only safeguard seems to be in buying groceries which are stamped with the name of a reputable firm. This is generally a safe procedure. If the goods are spurious, there is then some chance of bringing the offender to task. It would appear that to buy in bulk is dangerous.

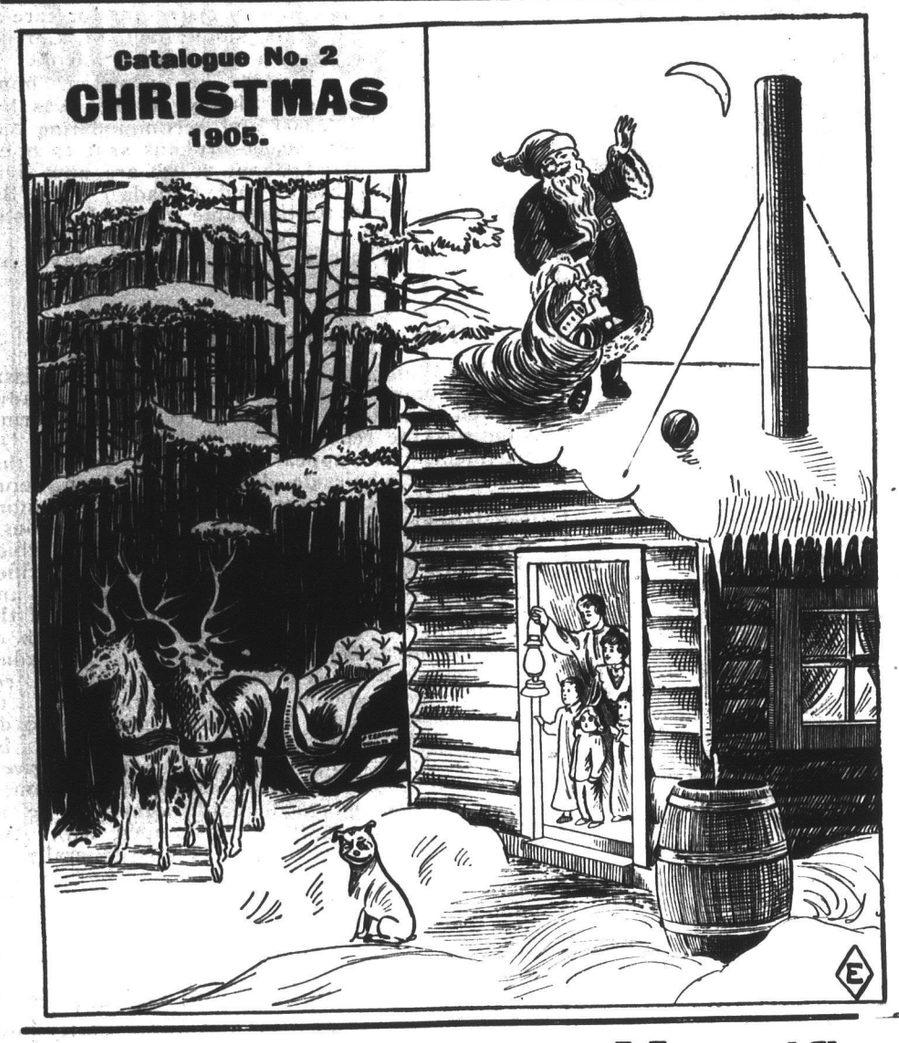
"Provincial Rights" and the C.P.R.

The Regina Leader is making it pretty hot these days for the C. P. Railway. It charges the Corporation with deliberately working openly for "provincial rights" against the Liberals. It says: "In Calgary the second Vice President and the other chief C. P. R. officials worked openly against th Liberals. Train crews of Liberals were switched out of Calgary to prevent them voting, and train crews of "provincial rights" voters were given a lay-over on election day out of their turn." This sounds pretty serious; but worse follows. "The statment has been made by the Company, however, that their employees cannot retain their position with the Company and at the same time be in politics." Appearances must be respected, but what are the facts? Alex. St Laurent, C. P. R. agent at Saskatoon is on the stump addressing meetings against the Liberals and on behalf of provincial rights. Can Mr. Whyte declare that Mr. St Laurent has resigned his position with the Company?" The article goes on to cite other instances of the same nature, as, for example, the case of E. P . Benoit, and John Wellington. These are serious charges, and if the C. P. R. is to enjoy the confidence of its well-wishers they should be denied or a convincing reason given for the part taken in this political campaign.

The Horrors of the Jewish Massacres.

The despatches received from Russia during the recent Jewish massacres in Odessa give but a faint idea of the atrocities practised during that deplorable period. The true state of affairs is revealed by the survivors, some of whom have relatives and friends in America. The horrors described by these letters pass all description. It is almost impossible to believe that barbarism so brutal could be hatched in this enlightened age. Here is an extract: "At the same time our father was attacked in the street a mob ran into our house and struck mother on the head with such a blow that she fell senseless. That wasn't enough for those brutal men. They tortured her in the most brutal manner." Another writes: "A Jewess was taken to our hospital with two spikes seven inches long driven through her brain." From windows women and children were thrown; one with her child one week old. Two fathers were butchered whilst trying to protect their daughters, sixteen and eighteen years of age, from the brutal mob. A Jew named Kaufman was found in the street with his upper lip cut off, after his tongue and windpipe had been torn out by pinchers. But why recite the ghastly story! Well might the Jewish people cry "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Our Christmas Catalogue is full of seasonable suggestions



OUR Christmas Catalogue has been sent out. If you have not received a copy, either the one that was sent you has gone astray, or else your name is not on our list. In either case, let us hear from you and we will see that you get one.

It is an interesting booklet, and at this season of the year immensely helpful. It is no easy matter to decide what you want in the line of Christmas presents. This catalogue contains 36 pages of valuable suggestions.

It tells of presents both expensive and inexpensive, presents for childhood, boyhood, manhood and the age when faculties are waning.

Jewelry, Candies, Perfumes, Books and Stationery, Toilet Articles, Dress Goods, Furniture, Toys and Games, Wearing Apparel, and other articles are described, illustrated and priced, and the catalogue is yours for the asking.

If possible, order your Christmas goods early. As Christmas approaches, our mail order department becomes very busy. While all orders will be promptly and carefully attended to, naturally those that come in before the big rush commences will receive the most careful attention.

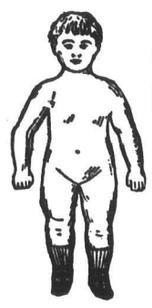
To order, it is necessary, of course, to have a catalogue. Write for it today. It costs nothing.

We are showing a Magnificent Assortment of DOLLS

These cuts will give you some idea of our range, at prices which which will suit the most exacting buyer.

Prices .... 25, 50. 75, 1.00.
Large size at 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00
2.25, 2.50, 2 75
Extra large 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50
5.00, 6 00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00
Miniature Dressed Dolls, each .. 15, 20, 25
Boy Dolls, hair parted on side 50, 1.00
Pa, Ma Speaking Dolls, undressed, each,
25, 50, 1.00
Pa, Ma Speaking Dolls, dressed, each,
1.25, 2 00, 2.50

Celluloid Babes
(Unbreakable)



The most serviceable and life-like ever manufactured. Natural flesh tint waterproof, and will not wear off, will float in the water, each 25, 35, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25

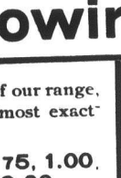
Rubber Dolls, undressed, at 10, 15, 25, 35, 50, 75, 1.00

Rubber Dolls Dressed, at 15, 25, 50, 75, 1.00

Rubber Toys, Animals, assorted, each, 15, 25, 50, 75, 1.00

Dolls Slippers, pair 5, 10, 15, 20
Kidette Dolls 10, 15, 25, 35, 50
Fine Washable Dolls 25, 50, 75, 1.00
China Babies, no hair 5, 10, 15, 25
China Babies, jointed 15, 20, 25
Rag Dolls 25, 50
Baby Dolls 25, 50, 1.00, 1.50
Dolls' Folding Hammock 35, 65
Rubber Balls 5, 10, 15, 25, 35, 50, 75

China Doll Heads.



According to size, each—
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 20

Doll Wigs.

NOTE—In ordering Doll Wigs, take measurement around forehead. Price according to size required.

Doll Wigs, good curls, each—
25, 35, 50, 65, 75

We are showing a Magnificent Assortment of Toys

Every section of our Toyland is stocked with a complete line of toys, so also is our Sporting Goods Department.

At present, however, we seek to direct your attention to our Dolls. Our assortment of these is, we believe, the largest and best ever shown in Western Canada. In making our selection, our sole object was to get a collection that would contain something suited to every taste and every purse.

Our Dressed Doll section is extremely pretty. The Costumes are made after the latest Parisian styles, in Silk, Satin, Organdies and Lawn, Laces, Insertions, and Ribbons in a wide range of colors are used for trimming.

Among our Dolls, Eaton's Beauty takes the lead. Each season, for years we have had the Eaton's Beauty. Each season we have tried to surpass all previous efforts, and this season we have surpassed anything before produced. Our price for this Doll commences at $1. For $1 we give a Jointed Doll, 17 inches high, with best curly hair, fine basque head, movable eyes, broad shoulders. All wooden arms and limbs. A beauty and a bargain, at our price, $1

EATON'S BEAUTY. Larger Sizes:
$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00
Extra Large Sizes: $7.00, $10.00, $12.00

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Bisque Doll Heads

NOTE—When ordering Doll Heads, take measurement across from shoulder to shoulder. Price according to size required.

Solid eyes—
10, 12, 15, 20, 25
With Curls, 35, 50, 65, 75
Movable Eyes—
15. 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 75, 85, 1.00, 1.25

Metal or Minerva Doll Heads, absolutely indestructable, painted hair and painted eyes—

No. 1. 2¼ ins. 25. No. 4. 3 ins. 45
No. 2. 2½ ins. 30. No. 6. 3¾ ins. 50
No. 3. 2¾ ins. 35. No. 6. 3¼ ins. 55

With Curls and Glass Eyes—
No. 1. 2¾ ins. 45. No. 3. 3¼ ins. 70
No. 2. 3 ins. 55. No. 4. 3½ ins. 90

Kid Body Dolls
(Undressed)

These are the most serviceable Dolls made, bisque heads, best curly hair, solid or movable eyes, shoes, and stockings—

With Solid Eyes—
10, 25, 35, 50 and 75
With Movable Eyes—
25, 35, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.25, 3 00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.00, 4.50, and 6.50

Pink Kid Body Dolls, very fine, best wigs used on these dolls, each—
1.75, 2.25, 3 25, 4.50, 6.00, 8.00

Nankeen, or China Headed Dolls

Same as cut, with or without bonnet—
9½ ins. long .... .05
13 ,, ... .10
14 ,, ... .15
16 ,, ... .20
18 ,, ... .25
Undressed Jointed Dolls—
.10, 25, .50, .75, 1.00, 1.25
Hair Stuffed Heads, with Bisque Head, each— .10, .15, .25
Nigger Dolls, each— .25, .50, 1.00

THE PHILOSOPHER

We learn with regret that the familiar pictures of George Dana Gibson are among the treasures of the past. We can ill afford to lose them, particularly the famous "Gibson Girl," with her pertness, her fluffyness and her sylph-like figure.

THE PASSING OF THE GIBSON GIRL.

Mr. Gibson's fame did not rest on this delightful creation, however; his was the eye that could see material for his skilful pencil in all classes of humanity. The artist has given up an income of $65,000 per year to study art, and as he suggested, to "find himself as an artist." His decision raises the question as to the wisdom of the step taken. Opinion is divided. On the one hand, wonder is expressed that a sane man should give up an assured income of $65,000 for a possibility as yet without income. On the other hand, there are those who reason that Mr. Gibson is a sensible man for freeing himself from the purely materialistic side of art in its lower forms, in order that he may devote himself to the same art in its higher and nobler forms. Time only can tell. But we shall miss the Girl who pervaded the Air; and set the fashions for our womankind. She was good to look upon.

In the following picturesque sentences the editor of the Swift Current Sun asks the question of the ages: "Why is it," he says, "people will not turn out to anything in the way of meetings? The attendance of the political meeting on Friday night gave one the impression that even the subject of local government was of no interest to the large majority. We very much doubt if they would turn out if someone were giving away tickets for the Kingdom of Heaven. Even at the resurrection we'll wager there will be a large number of local absentees." This plaint from Swift Current means in other words, Why are people not more concerned about the things that make for their political, moral and religious welfare? We have in our hands what Russia is shedding blood to obtain—the franchise. The price that unhappy people are paying for it was paid by our forefathers. Yet too many neither revere the struggles of the past nor prize the present duties. A revival of our responsibilities as electors is very much needed.

THE INDIFFERENT VOTER.

In view of the fact that in the near future thousands of electors will be face to face with this question, there is no better time than the present to look at it. The best man that can be procured should be Mayor, no matter what his political bias may be. It has been our proud boast that this country was singularly free from the curse of party politics in municipal matters; our practice has not always harmonized with our theory. The Mayor's chair is not the place for the fulfilment of party ambitions, neither is it the dispensary for the bestowment of fat offices upon party favorites. The duty of the Mayor is simple; it is to intelligently, faithfully, and honorably conduct the affairs of the city so that it becomes a desirable place to live and do business in. Our cities and towns need new streets and pavements; the best and most up-to-date sanitary system; an efficient and cheap method of transportation and lighting. These are the demands we make of our Mayor and City Fathers. If we get these things we care nothing about the political stripe of His Worship.

WHO SHALL BE MAYOR?

When the Keeley Cure was at the height of its popularity, one of our newspapers said: "If these cures prove all that is claimed for it it will change the whole aspect of the temperance question. If it should be shown that intemperance is not a crime but a disease, then the preacher must go and the doctor must come in. The temperance lecturer and the temperance paper must be set aside and medical treatment must take their place. Instead of giving the drunkard tracts you will give him "chloride of gold." This sounds plausible, but it is very shallow. It is no new thing that drunkenness is a disease. Temperance writers have long made this one of their chief indictments against the liquor habit. The use of alcohol produced a diseased condition of the system which craved indulgence and made it more and more difficult to break away from the habit. The craving was a disease; the indulgence of it was a crime. It was a misfortune to be possessed of such a craving, but it was a crime to indulge it. It is a crime to create a disease or foster one. Drunkenness is both a disease and a crime.

IS DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE OR A CRIME?

The revolution in Russia continues to be the topic of absorbing interest; indeed events have followed each other in a succession so rapid that it could not be otherwise. There is not a dull minute in the whole of the Czar's vast domains. Many are the reasons advanced to account for the tremendous upheaval which now enjoys an undiminished sway; but to us the matter is simple. It was a failure on the part of the autocracy to discern the signs of the portentous times. The people were dreaming. They saw visions of liberty, of bread, of good government and of comfort. The "Powers that Be" interpreted these dreams of the twentieth century, as their aristocratic forefathers interpreted the visions of the twelfth, that is, when the people asked for bread they were given a stone. A change was inevitable; but it should have been made through the medium of an intelligent and broad-minded constitution. At present there seems to be little hope of a permanent settlement, as there is a babel of watchwords, among which Socialism, Nihilism, and Anarchy are the loudest.

NEW DREAMS AND OLD INTERPRETERS.

It is not surprising to the standard bearers of the Liberal Party that Alberta should go Liberal; it was predicted and expected. The surprise was that the victory should be so complete. As a result a note of jubilation has sounded from every Liberal camp from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But is this burst of praise wise? Is it in the best interests of the new province to have a government without an opposition? The examples of history are against the precedent. It can be seen at a glance that when government measures are not subjected to the fires of a heated opposition that gross evils are likely to follow. The government becomes arrogant, domineering, the tool of parasites and the plaything of monopolists. Its best energies lie dormant because it can work without struggle, and without the keen vigilance of an opposition ready to pierce the first inviting entrance to its armour. Nations, like men, grow strong by struggle; and history has proved that without it no government can long retain the confidence of the people unless it resorts to corruption and bribery. It is natural that where there is administration, there should be opposition.

A GOVERNMENT WITHOUT AN OPPOSITION.

One of the most perplexing of problems in our western country is that of amusement. Our fathers had to work so hard that they gave little time to fun and frolic; and rather scouted the idea that it was necessary to the all-round development of their sons and daughters. They had the country fair and the Annual Church Social; these were enough to supply the entertainment demands for one year. The Church Social meant chicken and pumpkin pie galore, with pickles of every size, shape, brand, quality and flavor. The supper was followed by a lecture given by some town or city preacher whose express business it was to start the chicken-gorged sides of his auditors moving. By the aid of his wit, "the good things provided by the ladies" were to become assimilated by the capacious paunches before him. In other words, he was an aid to digestion, and took the place of those more recent but less potent remedies which have since flooded the market. He was Celery Compound; he was Pink Pills; he was a pepsin tablet. Our fathers were economical and did not waste their money on patent medicines when they paid a preacher to do the work. Times have changed. Amusements, clean, sweet and wholesome must be provided for all classes of our complex society. The cities and towns should look upon it as an important part of their duty to provide recreation for their citizens.

PROVIDE AMUSEMENTS.

The report of the Can. Pac. land department is before us. It is an exhaustive and informing document. The people of Canada have many counts against this huge monopoly, but it is only just to say how many things can be said in its favor. We point to one in particular—its up-to-dateness. There is nothing fossilized about the Canadian Pacific Ry.; it has vision and energy enough to translate the vision into achievement. While it is thoroughly selfish in its aims, it has notwithstanding brought wave after wave of prosperity to the west, and we do not see how that prosperity could have come, as things then were, without its powerful aid. In advertising itself it has advertised Canada, and more particularly the West. In its search for fresh conquests it has brought to its aid men of science and literature, of inventive skill, and political sagacity. The report shows this. Not content with being a mere railway running through barren plains, it has peopled those plains by the help of every kind of expert. It has analysed the soil, and written about the climatic changes necessary for wheat growing; in fact, it knows everything about the country through which it runs, and publishes everything it knows.

THE LAND DEPARTMENT OF THE C. P. RY. CO.

Now that the elections are over in New York, the Assurance enquiry will be resumed. The interest displayed in these investigations has been widespread. Many interesting features have been brought out of which the uninitiated policy-holder was entirely ignorant. It has been an education to the youth of our land. We, in Canada, are awaiting the result of the enquiry with a good deal of fear and trembling, as many of us are policy-holders in one or more of the companies in question. The companies now before the public gaze are doing a large business in Canada. The New York Life commenced here in 1868, and last year received a net premium income for solely Canadian business amounting to $11,563,464, the number of policies in force at the end of the year being 25,114, amounting to $44,314,886. The Equitable, the Aetna and others have written a considerable business in the Dominion. The statement has been made that one out of every eighteen Canadians is assured in a United States Company. Thus far there is no cause to fear, however, for while there has been mismanagement and extravagance, the companies are sound and can easily meet any demand made upon them.

THE REVELATIONS IN LIFE INSURANCE.

Xmas Books

THE easiest and surest way to get over that Xmas gift worry is to select a few volumes from this list and have them sent by mail. In buying other things, there's always a possibility that you will not quite strike the taste of the recipient, but a days' acquaintance will generally bring to the surface a person's likes in literature. There are books in this list for young and old. We must charge extra postage on the first five volumes on account of their great size, but the others are sent post paid on receipt of price.

	c
Boys' Own, price $1 75; extra postage	20c
Girls' Own, price $1 75; extra postage	20c
Chatterbox, price 75c; extra postage	10c
Sunday, price 85c; extra postage	10c
Little Folks, price 90c; extra postage	10c
The Enchanted Island of Yew, by L. Frank Bawn	$1 25
Dot and Tot of Maryland, by L. Frank Bawn	1 25
The Magical Monarch of Mo, by L. Frank Bawn	1 25
Queen Yixi of Ix, by L. Frank Bawn	1 25
The Pearl and the Pumpkin, by Paul West; illustrated by Benslow	1 25
Children of the Arctic, by The Snow Baby and Her Mother	1 25
Snowland Folk, by Robert E. Peary	1 25
The Adventures of a Japanese Doll, by Henry Mayer	1 25
Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, by Louise Carroll	1 25
Northern Tales, by William J. Long	2 00
Red Fox, by Charles G. D. Roberts	1 50
Japan, the Eastern Wonderland, by D. C. Hugus	1 00
The Cherry Ribband, by Crocket	1 50
The Flight of Georgiana, by R. N. Stephens	1 50
The Road Builders, by Samuel Merwin	1 50
The Rising of the Red Man, by John Mackie	1 25
Heart's Desire, by Emerson Hough	1 50
The Village Artist, by Teskey	1 00
Tales of the Road, by Crewdson	1 25
Jules of the Great Heart, by Lawrence Mott	1 50
A Daughter of the Rich, by M. E. Waller	1 50
Rose O' The River, by Kate Douglas Wiggin	1 25
The Gambler, by Katherine Cerie hurston	1 50
The Moon Party, by Ollie Hurd Bragdon	75
In Search for the Walleypog, by G. E. Farrow	1 50
The Walleypog in Fogland, by G. E. Farrow	1 50
The Walleypog of Why, by G. E. Farrow	1 50
The Missing Prince, by G. E. Farrow	1 50
In the Trenches, by Timmerman	1 50
The Knights of Liberty, by Eliza F. Pollard	1 50
Animal Heroes, by Earnest Thompson Seaton	2 00

BOOKS FOR MEN

Every man who reads the Western Home Monthly needs one of these books. Winter is coming; there will be many an hour between now and spring that you will hardly know what to do with. Use occasional moments of these in a volume of this valuable literature. You can sift more knowledge from its pages in the next few months than you would part with for fifty times its cost.

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Hodgson's Complete Modern Carpentery and Joinery	1 00
Hodgson's Common Sense Hand Railing and Modern Staircases	1 00
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Hodgson's New Hardwood Finishing, including Wood Manipulation, Turning and Polishing	1 00
Electricity Made Simple, by Haskings	1 00
1000 Ways to Make Money, by Frank Gilbert	1 00
Farm Engines and How to Use Them, Stephenson	1 00
Locomotives Up-to-date, by McShane	3 00
Painter's Encyclopedia, by Gardner	2 00
Telegraphy Self-Taught, by Edison	1 25
Modern Wiring Diagrams, by Horstman	1 50

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Winnipeg

What to Wear and when to wear it

ABOUT THE EVENING GOWN I have been asked to say something about evening gowns this month and will endeavour to give a few hints that will be of some use to the woman of moderate means who wishes to look her best when she goes forth on pleasure bent. There is no question but that for the married woman the black gown is the most economical and useful, if it is becoming, and by the introduction of white or a little color it can usually be made so. The old idea that a bride's trousseau was not complete without a good black silk dress was not so very far wrong after all for there were endless possibilities in that silk gown in the years to come, when, perhaps, she and her husband were struggling to provide for a young family. In these days of extravagance and cheap material one is inclined to laugh at the idea of silk wearing for years, but those silk gowns of our grandmothers' did. How often were they sponged and turned, made over and re-trimmed, looking like new every time? How quaintly dignified the young wife must have looked as she walked forth to church with her husband on the first Sunday, proudly wearing the black silk gown, which almost, quite as much as her shining wedding ring, was a sign that she had joined the ranks of the matrons.

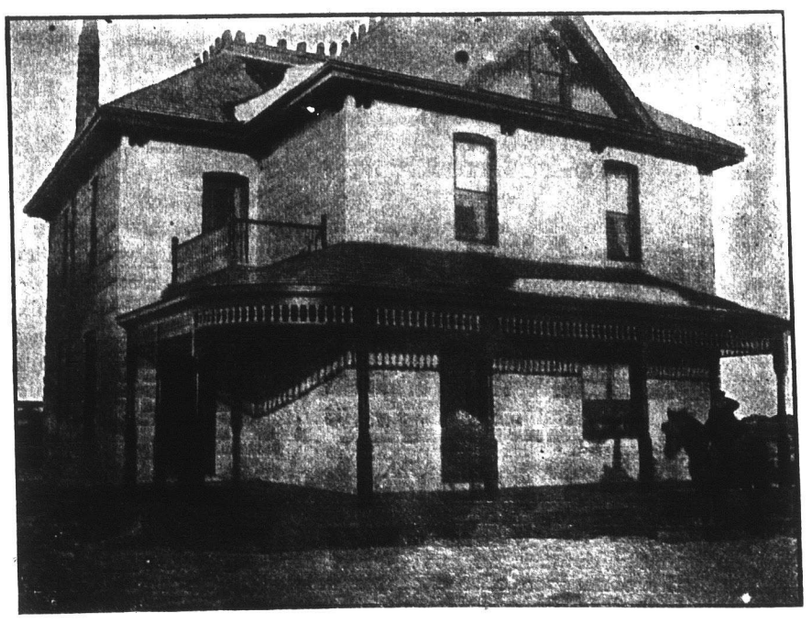
The woman who has a good black silk gown can appear well dressed for almost any occasion, especially if she has been wise and bought material enough for two waists. The skirt should be made up rather plainly with little or no trimming, then with a simply made bodice it will not be too elaborate for church. The addition of a little rich lace at the neck, or down the front of the bodice, will make the gown dressy enough for any afternoon function. The other bodice can be cut low if one wears full evening dress, and trimmed with jet or some rich black or even cream lace or net, and for most women a few folds of white tulle around the top or some soft ruching will add greatly to the becomingness of the gown. The sleeves are now almost entirely worn elbow length. A yoke of black all over lace or tucked net can be made for the bodice, which will transfer it into a very handsome reception gown. One may wear the elbow sleeves with long gloves for these occasions, or have under sleeves to match the gown.

Next to black the white evening gown is the best from an economical view point. Like black it can be changed by using different trimmings to look almost like a different dress. I should hardly advise the white silk gown, however, unless one is near to a first-class dry cleaning establishment, for a good silk gown cannot be satisfactorily cleaned at home. For the young girl, who is enjoying her first season in society, or even her older sister nothing is prettier than a gown of white cotton Brussels net, and few people realize that it is almost the cheapest material one can buy. A good quality can be bought in the city stores for as low as twenty five cents a yard, and it is double fold. About twelve yards is required to make a gown, and a pretty one I saw recently had the skirt made with tucked shirrings at the waist and knee, and finished around the bottom with a hem and two broad tucks. The full baby waist had a berthe of the shirred net and elbow sleeves. A pretty touch of color was given by a deep girdle of dresden ribbon. This net dress looks best over a drop skirt of book muslin. Valenciennes lace is much used for trimming evening gowns this year, and is not only used profusely on net or muslin gowns but appears on the richest of silks and satins. A handsome evening gown of grey brocaded satin, seen recently, had a berthe of real lace, while down the front of the bodice was a narrow valenciennes lace. Organdies or printed nets in very large floral designs, are very popular this year, and are usually made very simply and trimmed with frillings of valenciennes lace. One dainty white organdie,, strewn with large pink roses, had a berthe formed of many ruffles of this dainty lace. The great advantage of this net and organdie gowns is that they can be washed at home, and if carefully done look like new. After having done duty as evening gowns through the winter they can be washed and fitted with yokes and other sleeves and transformed into cool summer frocks. The soft veilings or wool crepe de chines, which come in many lovely shades now, also make very pretty afternoon or evening frocks, and are quite inexpensive.

PRETTY COLLARS The collars displayed in the stores just now are especially pretty, and many suggestions for dainty Christmas gifts are to be found among them. One dressy little stock that could easily be copied by the woman who is handy with her needle was made entirely of three-quarter inch wide valenciennes lace upon a chiffon foundation. Around the top of the collar a row of the lace, slightly full to form a frill was arranged, below this were two straight rows of the lace, the scalloped edge of the upper row towards the top and the lower one toward the bottom. Where the two straight edges met they were caught with French knots of pale blue silk. From the front of the collar fell two tabs formed of the two rows of the lace joined with the French knots, like the two lower rows on the collar, and finished at the bottom with flat rosettes of the lace caught in the centre with a French knot. No daintier finish for a light waist could be found than one of these collars, and any woman would be deighted to find one amongst her Christmas gifts. Another dainty finish for a silk or fine lawn blouse is a collar made of fine embroidery insertion and narrow valenciennes lace. These sell for quite a fancy price in the stores, but can easily be made at home. The collar is made of a straight piece of the insertion, edged top and bottom with a frill of the valenciennes lace. Another strip of the insertion is fastened under the front of the collar, and may be just long enough to form a tab pointed at the lower end, and finished all round with the lace, or may be left long enough to reach to the waist, making a very pretty trimming for a plain bodice. Cuffs are made to match these collars, and a set of collar and cuffs quite transform a plain shirtwaist into a waist dressy enough for almost any occasion. The old-fashioned neck ruchings or frillings are to the fore again and are growing very popular. They are most becoming, softening the face wonderfully, which probably is one secret of their popularity. Nearly all of the tailored shirtwaists in either silk or cloth, now have collars of the same material, usually plainly folded or tucked and with these the soft ruchings is now worn having almost entirely displaced the embroidered turnover. If ribbons are worn around the neck they almost invariably match the bodice in color or are at least some shade of that color perhaps lighter or darker. The newest idea in the ribbon stocks are heavy corded ribbon about two or two and a half inches wide is used, just wide enough to form the collar without any folds. A plain band of this goes around the neck, while in the front are three tabs of the ribbon placed one over the other in graduated lengths finished in points. With these the chiffon ruching is used around the top or if one still prefers the linen or lace turnover, they got very prettily with this stock.

JUST ABOUT SKIRTS In skirtnews few items are of more interest than the fact that plaited skirts will be worn this winter as much as ever. Almost every woman has a plaited skirt and she will be glad to learn that she can still wear it without fear that she is out of style. I hear some people talking of trained skirts for the street, but I think our Western women are far too sensible to even consider such a thing and the best dressmakers agree that street skirts will still be short. A woman never looks smarter than when wearing a well-hung, properly setting, short skirt. There is an air of true refinement about it that no other skirt used for the same purpose can ever achieve. House gowns, princess gowns and circular skirts are nearly all made with train of short and medium lengths, but, generally speaking, no more trains will be worn this winter than were worn last spring. All gowns not for walking purposes will be made long all round, touching the floor in the front and at the sides, and trailing a bit in the back. It is evident that the full skirts now being worn demand length to counteract the effect of shortness and stoutness which they give to a figure.

STIFFENED SKIRT HEMS The skirt hem is one of the most important points in the latest fashions. For quite some time we have heard of stiffened hems as having actually arrived, but it is only in high-class productions—gowns whose cost run up well into three figures—that they have really been generally in evidence. But so full have the modes become—slowly and gradually, it is true, but none the less surely—that the stiffned hem is now almost a prerequisite to the success of the gowns. This is obvious to the casual observer in almost any type of gowns; but in the long-coated tailor-made, that is expected to rule street costume for the winter, it is more imperative, perhaps, than in any other connection.



HOME OF WM. ARMSTRONG, NEAR BOISSEVAIN, MAN.
BUILT OF PORTLAND CEMENT BLOCKS

BUTTONS AS A TRIMMING This season is to be a great one for elaborate buttons, and the artistic girl can contrive some beautiful ones for the adornment of her gowns. Fashion decrees that the smart button shall harmonize with the gowns, and besides the lovely ones that can be bought there are many that can be made by the clever girl. She who has learned to paint on china or in water colors can make quite the prettiest ones which are covered in silk to match the gown and handpainted with infinitesimal flowers. Hand embroidered linen buttons are replacing pearl buttons on our blouses, and velvet-covered buttons will be in demand for winter gowns. The great thing to be studied in button covering is absolute exactness as regards the centre of the design, neatness in turning over the material and good strong stitches to keep it in place.

—☼—

CHIFFON VELVETEEN Chiffon velveteen is a new comer and the woman who has gazed with longing eyes on the lovely chiffon velvets which were not only high in price but poor to wear will hail it with delight. It has all the rich and luxurious appearance of its silk cousin but none of its drawbacks, and there is no doubt that the clever home dressmakers will make use of it. It lends itself delightfully to shirring does this new weave, and in flounces the play of light and shade in the fabric makes it doubly attractive.

—☼—

LITTLE HINTS A charming little bolero may be made of wide pompadour ribbon, one width forming the jacket fronts and another width the ruffled sleeve tops, the whole edged with a fluffy ruche.

—☼—

Many of the new hats are made of a chenille braid that is extremely soft and pretty on the face. One hat in French sailor shape is of Alice-blue chenille braid and is simply trimmed with ribbon bows of the same color and a wing shading from the blue to white.

—☼—

Fur boas will not be quite as long as those of last year, according to early models.

"INVESTIGATION."

The very pretty feather, tulle or ribbon boas shown this year afford a becoming finish to almost any costume.

—☼—

Parisian dressmakers threaten a perfectly tight sleeve, admitting of only a comfortable fullness at the top.

—☼—

Among the pretty evening materials is a filmy mousseline de soie with small embroidered figures in pastel shades scattered over it.

—☼—

A child's coat of heavy gray boucle cloth—the curly astrakhan cloth that used to be worn—is bound all around with wide black silk braid and worn with a huge black hat.

New plaid silks in soft two and three toned colorings are shown, and in some cases entire gowns will be made of these.

—☼—

Heavy white cotton shirt waists for winter wear are made plainly with broad tucks.

—☼—

In fur felt is a hat of a bright red color, whose only trimming is a knot of red ribbon and a wing. It is bent in tricorne shape.

—☼—

The old fashioned challies or delaines are very fashionable again and can be had in almost any color and pattern.

The Moderate Drinker.

In a recent inquest in New York, according to press reports, a man has been declared as having died of "refined alcoholism." He was suddenly stricken after a surgical operation, and died from what was alleged to be delirium tremens. He had been supposed to be of temperate habits, taking only moderate drinks at morning and night, but it would appear that his system had become disorganized, if not saturated by the agent, and the results on the nervous system were such as to bring about these results. The verdict may have been a correct one, and based on results presented.

It has long been recognized that alcohol in any dose is not a safe prescription for certain constitutions but its possibilities of danger have seldom been fully realized.

The fact that a large number of persons can apparently thrive while more or less under its infinence is no proof that this is the case with all, and it is probable that if we had all the facts in every case we would find that those who appear to do well under its habitual use are really none the better for it. Like other poisons it produces in some constitutions a sort of habituation. In still other cases the resistance are so strong that its effects are not manifest, but may appear later in transmission to offspring.

That alcohol is an influence for good in certain cases is undoubtedly true, but the assertion that it adds to the sum of human happiness can be reasonably criticised. it would indeed seem absurd in view of the immence amount of evil that it creates, but with the almost universal use of alcohol throughout the world, in some form or other, its advocates have certain specious grounds for their position. Nevertheless it may be, like certain diseases which are accompanied with a special euphoria, as damaging in one case as in another. If all men could get the exalted delusions of paresis, the sum of human happiness would certainly be greatly increased for a time, but it would only mean irreparable damage to the nerve centers. We may say the same of the pleasures of alcohol, and if it is dangerous to the system, is followed by reaction and tends to racial and individual degeneration, all these things ought to be considered before we speak of its advantages.

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The loss of hair is invariably gradual, therefore its depreciating effect is unnoticed by the subject, in fact, we never met a woman who had the slightest conception of its disadvantageous results till after demonstrating the fact with our

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The prices and particulars regarding these exquisite creations are told concisely and comprehensively in our illustrated booklet, "The Care of the Hair." We will mail you a copy under plain white cover, if you'll drop us a card.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.K.

Motto for the month.

"It isn't the thing that you give, so much
As the spirit in which you give it;
Life doesn't expand at the golden touch,
But the loving you do, while you live it."

CHRISTMAS GIVING

Christmas is near at hand and already the first glow of the glad season is upon us. A fascinating air of mystery is creeping over the house. Different members of the family have acquired a strange air of strenuously doing nothing when you happen to unexpectedly enter a room, and drawers and cupboards are hurriedly closed with an exaggerated air of carelessness that deceives no one. From the kitchen spicy odors float about and visions of mince pies and plum puddings keep the small boy's mouth perpetually watering. The problem of Christmas presents is a serious one to most of us, especially if we happen to be blessed with a long list of relatives and friends that we wish to remember. Too often in the rush the real spirit of Christmas giving is overlooked, and we strive to buy an expensive gift for the friend who always gives us an expensive gift, while perhaps a far dearer friend goes with less. The anxiety to "give as good as we get" spoils many a Christmas, and leaves us so worn out with striving to make one dollar do the work of five, that we are prone to wish that the custom of giving Christmas presents would die out. False pride is at the bottom of all this worry, and if one were only brave enough to keep our after Christmas resolves about only making gifts within our means regardless of what our friends do, how much happier we would all be, and what a relief it would probably be to our friends. After all as our motto for to-day says—"It is not the thing that you give so much as the spirit in which you give it." Very often a distant friend would appreciate a long chatty letter telling all the home news with some loving Christmas messages far more than the expensive gift that we have spent so much time in buying that we have no time to send anything more than our card with it. This fact was brought very forcibly to my mind one Christmas time when I chanced to be calling on a dear old lady in the east whose only son had made his home in the west. Like many men he was a poor correspondent, and as his wife was a stranger to the dear old mother she heard little of the son and his new home. While I was there a parcel came from the son and his wife with a brief line of Christmas greeting. I exclaimed in delight over the beautiful silver, but the dear old lady looked at the items with but little interest, and finally, with trembling lips and tears in her eyes, she said—"It is good of them to send me such lovely presents, but oh! if they would only write me a good long letter and tell me all about themselves. I long to know all about my boy's home out there. Do you know that I could not tell you whether he lives in a cottage or a five-storey house. Poor old lady she opened her heart in a moment of weakness, but the next moment was striving to make me forget that she had even thought of complaining. Her mother's heart was aching for the little every-day details of her boy's life, and instead she received handsome gifts of silver. Will some of you sons and daughters in this glorious West who have dear old mothers in the East or in the old land think of this when you are sending her Christmas gifts this year. To many of you it no doubt requires more of an effort to sit down and write a long letter than it would to go shopping, but if you could see the eagerness with which that letter will be read and re-read you would be more than repaid. Do not think that the commonplace little happenings of every-day will not be of interest; they are just what she wants to hear. She will be quite as interested in the bright sayings and cunning ways of the little grandchildren she has never seen as you are, and will take almost as much pride in the new wing to your house or the re-decorating of the old one as you do, and will learn with real gratification of every new piece of furniture you add to your room; in fact no detail of your daily life and work will be too trivial to interest the mother.

LET THE CHILDREN GIVE

While on the subject of Christmas presents let me urge the parents to let the children experience the joys of giving as well as receiving. Let them have a little money of their own to spend at Christmas time, even if you have to buy them fewer gifts to do so. Let them do their own shopping if possible, and use their own judgment. They will learn priceless lessons in the value of money in this way, and take far more interest in their gifts. I shall never forget my first Christmas shopping expedition, that is the first one I was allowed to take alone. I had the magnificent sum of fifty cents, which had been gathered by careful saving of coppers. With it I bought something for every member of the family, not forgetting the servant, six people in all, and I venture to say that the woman with unlimited means did not take half the pleasure in selecting her gifts that I did. In the days before Christmas came, and those gifts were bestowed I am afraid I almost wore them out looking at them, and what infinite delight I took in carrying the key of the drawer in which they were carefully locked—it hung about my neck day and night. In one family where there are a number of children and plenty of means to buy them an abundance of playthings the wise mother has instituted a splendid plan. Every year shortly before Christmas the children gather all the toys they have grown tired of, and these are carfully mended and put in good order, the children helping to do the work, and then, together with all the out grown clothing of the family, also carefully repaired, they are sent to one of the city missionary's to be distributed to the poor. I like the idea of carefully mending all the cast-off clothing before it is given away. Many a poor mother into whose home these clothes go has not the means nor the time to spend in mending them, and in consequence they do not last half as long as they should.

TIEING UP THE GIFT

Just one word about the Christmas gift. Do see that it is attractively parcelled for delivery. While tissue paper and crimson baby ribbon are so cheap these days that they add but little to the original cost of the gift, but add wonderfully to its appearance. A tiny sprig of holly caught with the ribbon also imparts a more "Christmassy" look, and somehow one feels much more flattered on receiving a simple little present that has been carefully and daintily tied up by loving hands than the more expensive gift sent direct from the store in which it was bought. This year the stores are showing the narrowest of white satin ribbon, with a holly design which is very dainty for tieing up Christmas parcels, but if this cannot be procured the bright red ribbon lends quite as festive an air.

MAKE WORK A PLEASURE

I find in an exchange a set of rules for the work which I think, are invaluable and so pass them along to others. No work is drudgery that is well done, and no one was ever "kept down" if he or she did the work well. There is always plenty of room at the top of the ladder, and the way to get there is by living up to the following rules:—

When you have work to do
Respect it.
Take pleasure in it.
Never feel above it.
Put your heart in it.
See the poetry in it.
Work with a purpose.
Do it with your might.
Go to the bottom of it.
Do one thing at a time.
Be larger than your task.
Prepare for it thoroughly.
Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial.
Make it a stepping stone to something higher.
Endeavour to do it better than it has ever been done before.
Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done.
Regard yourself as a co-worker with the Creator of the universe.
Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be.
Remember that it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height.
Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind, all the faculties, in the faithful doing of it.
Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.
Remember that every neglected or poorly done piece of work stamps itself ineffaceably on your character.
Refuse to be discouraged if the standard you have reached does not satisfy you. That is a proof that you are an artist, not an artisan.
Educate yourself in other directions than the line of your work, so that you will be a broader, more liberal, more intelligent worker.
Regard it not merely as a means of making a living, but first of all as a means of making life—a larger, nobler specimen of manhood.

THE HOME OF W. BURTON, ABERNETHY, ASSA.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Many of the prudent housewives of the west will have made their Christmas cake long before this magazine reaches them, but for those who have not been so forehanded this recipe (that has been well tested), may be a convenience, and the cake, if properly made and baked, will keep for a year.

One pound each of raisins, currants, figs, dates, and candied peel, one pound butter, one and a half lbs. granulated sugar, 1 large coffee cup of black molasses, 12 eggs, cup of sweet milk, 1 level tablespoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace and corriander seed. If possible the grated rind of a fresh orange or lemon (or both), and 8 teaspoonsful of jam. As much flour as will render the mass as stiff as it can be stirred with a wooden stick. Cream the butter and sugar together, stone the dates, taking out the white inner skin, and cut them small. Cut up the figs and put them on to simmer in the molasses. Separate the eggs and beat the whites as stiff as possible, beat the yolks light. It is best to assemble all the things in a large stone crock. Put in the butter and sugar first, then the currants, raisins, and dates, all of which should have been dusted well with flour, the candied peel comes next, and should be cut very thin, and be equal parts of orange, citron, and lemon, next the spice, then the yolks of the eggs, and the milk, next the figs, into which has been stirred the tablespoonful of soda, which will make them boil in a rich brown froth; then two or three cups of flour, then the jam, next the whites of the eggs, and lastly as much more flour as is needed to make it as stiff as you can stir it. There is an old tradition that Christmas cake, to be good, must be stirred by every member of the family, that is but another way for saying that it cannot be stirred too much.

This amount will make two very large cakes, and will require about four hours each to bake. The oven should be steady and the cake carefully watched. Have always baked mine in a gas oven, so that with wood or coal the time required may be longer or shorter. It is always well to test the cake with a straw from a whisk broom, if that pulls out clean the cake is done, no matter how long or short the time of baking.

A word as to jam. The object is to keep the cake moist and improve the flavour, any kind of jam will do, but a variety is better and if you have a jar in which odds and ends of jam and preserved fruit are put for the purpose of roll puddings that will be the very thing.

The simmering of the figs in the molasses and the dates are innovations in the ordinary Christmas cake, but I venture to assert that any woman who tries this cake will make it again and again. If at any point you cannot get figs and can get dried or evaporated apples soak them in water first and then cook them in molasses. They will not be as nice as the figs, but are a good substitute.

MINCE-MEAT

Just a word about mince pies. My grandmother was famous for her delicious mince pies, but no one to whom she ever gave her recipe had the same success. They never could achieve the same delicious flavor. It was one of the jokes of the house that all the scraps went into the mince meat, and if the truth were told I think there was something in the story. I think that was the secret of its success, and one reason why the supply in the great stone jar never seemed to give out. The remains of the cold roast beef were carefully chopped and added to the jar. The little bit of canned fruit or jam left when the meal was over always found its way there. Very often there was just some of the syrup left from the canned fruit, but its flavor was never wasted and the jam pots were carefully rinsed with a little clean cold water added. Just try this plan and see if the flavor of your mince meat is not improved.

THE CHILDREN.

The long winter evenings are at hand and the father and mother of the house should be prepared to take an interest in their children's books and games, for by their co-operation and pleasure in their childrens' plans parents can acquire an influence over their flock that will not be easily overthrown. Encourage them to invite their friends to the house, and in this way you will find out if they are making desirable acquaintances before it is too late. Accompany them to the concert or party if possible, not as stern guardians but as good comrades who thoroughly enjoy the fun. Allow them liberty to come and go sometimes without you, but seek to gain and hold their confidence so that they will be glad to tell you how they have spent their evenings and whom they have met.

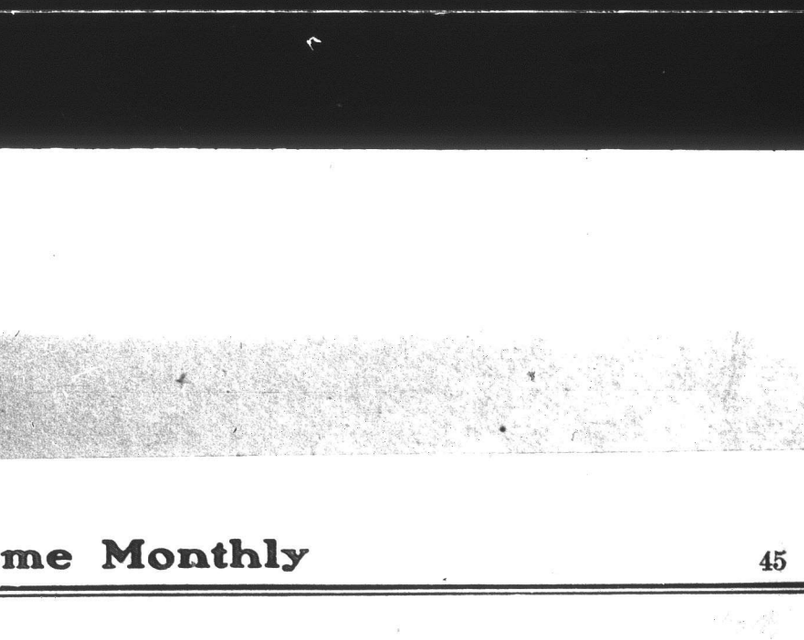
CASCADE MOUNTAIN, BANFF.

Discovery of a "Nova" at Harvard.

A new star, a "nova," was discovered at the Harvard Observatory August 31 by Mrs. W. P. Fleming in the constellation Aquila, which at 8 p.m. just now is about on the meridian and half way from the southern horizon to the zenith. A "nova" is not a common thing in astronomy, though among the most interesting and suggestive of phenomena. According to Prof. Pickering, only eleven of them have been discovered since 1848, and none at all had been noted in the 178 years preceding that date.

Siena, Italy, is famous for the large hats of its women, and the long horns of its cattle. The hats, which we know in America as Leghorn hats, are a peculiar product of Siena, although they are known abroad by the name of the city from which they are exported.

The mulberry tree originated in Persia.



Unsolicited Testimonial Regarding

The Martin-Orme Pianos

With the New Invention the

VIOLO-FORM SOUNDING BORAD

By a Gold Medalist of Lorette Abbey, Toronto, and holder of a University Certificate.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 10th, 1905.

Messrs. A. E. Soulis & Co.,
443 Portage Avenue,
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—

I wish to say that the Martin-Orme Piano we bought from you has given entire satisfaction. I am delighted with the sweetness of its tone, and with its well regulated action.

I have through my course of study at the Abbey used many makes of pianos and have no hesitation in saying that the Martin-Orme is quite up to the standard of first-class instruments. I wish you every success and am confident that anyone purchasing one of the Martin-Orme Pianos will never regret it.

Yours,
(Sgd) MABEL DUTTON.

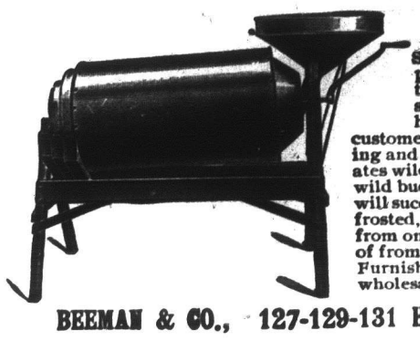
We invite inspection of these beautiful instruments.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

A. E. SOULIS & Co.

SOLE AGENTS. 443 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

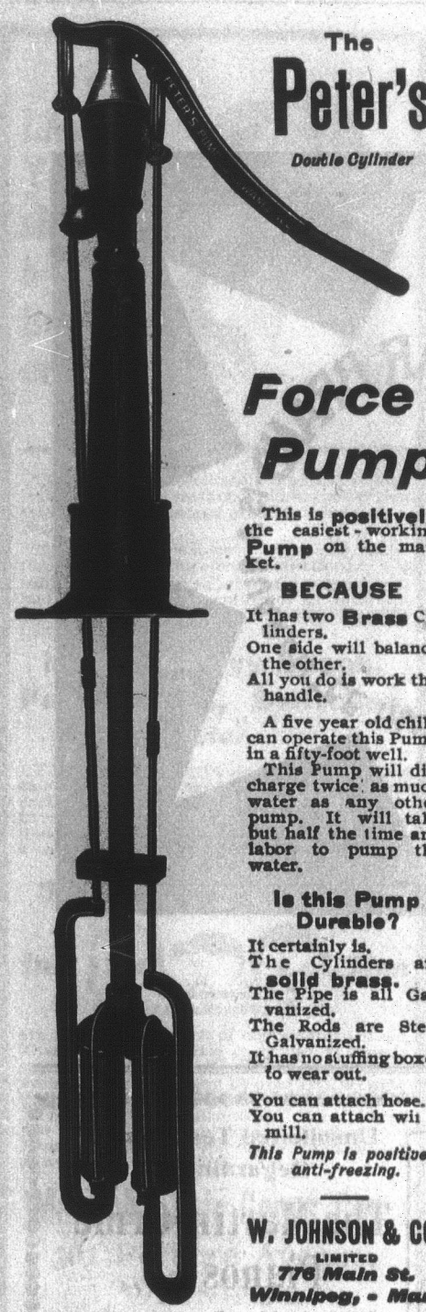
Beeman's New Jumbo Grain Cleaner.



Capacity, 75 bushels of Wheat per hour guaranteed.

Sold on 10 days' trial; if not the fastest and most perfect grain cleaner on the market, can be returned at our expense. One machine at wholesale to first farmer ordering in each neighborhood to introduce them. Hundreds of satisfied customers in Western Canada. The only machine cleaning and bluestoning the grain at one operation. Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley, as well as wild buckwheat and all foul seed, and the only mill that will successfully separate barley from wheat. Separates frosted, sprouted or shrunken wheat, raising the quality from one to three grades, making a difference in price of from 5 to 15 cents per bushel. Cleans flax perfectly. Furnished with bagger if desired. Write at once for wholesale prices.

BEEMAN & CO., 127-129-131 Higgins Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.



The **Peter's**

Double Cylinder

Force Pump

This is **positively** the easiest-working **Pump** on the market.

BECAUSE

It has two **Brass** Cylinders.
One side will balance the other.
All you do is work the handle.

A five year old child can operate this Pump in a fifty-foot well.

This Pump will discharge twice as much water as any other pump. It will take but half the time and labor to pump the water.

Is this Pump Durable?

It certainly is.
The Cylinders are **solid brass.**
The Pipe is all Galvanized.
The Rods are Steel Galvanized.
It has no stuffing boxes to wear out.

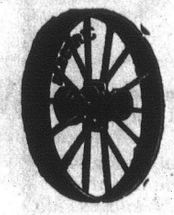
You can attach hose.
You can attach wind mill.

This Pump is positively anti-freezing.

W. JOHNSON & CO.
LIMITED
776 Main St.
Winnipeg, - Man

$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS $4.50
MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers prices. Send for Fall Samples, Cloths and Fashions to No. 6
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.
Half express paid on suits

Fix Up that Old Wagon



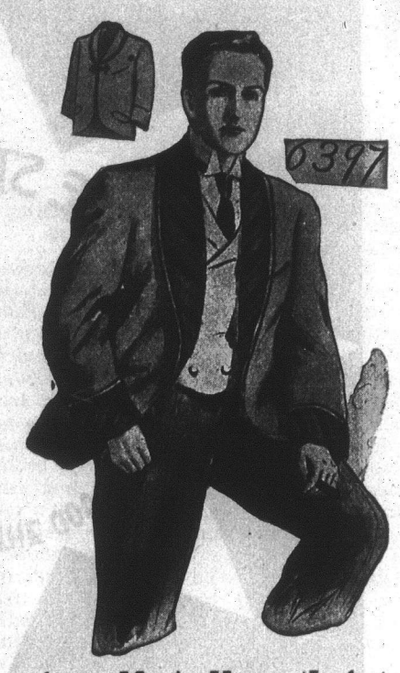
With a set of steel wheels. They will make it as good as new. Then again, low wide tired steel wheels make it easy to load. No rotting of felloes or tires to re-set. We make them to fit any wagon, any height or width of tire. Write at once and get prices. We sell direct to the farmer—no agents' commissions.

The Farmers Supply Co., Winnipeg

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

¶ 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. ¶



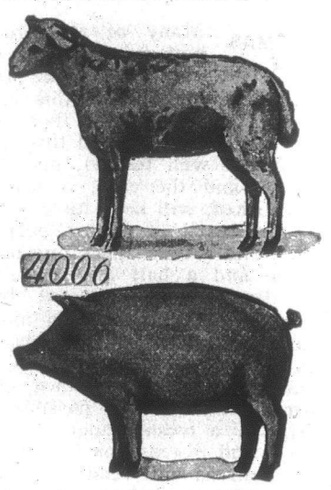
6397—Men's House Jacket.

A good cigar is a smoke,, and a smoking jacket is the ideal condition for the smoke. There are few men who would not appreciate most fully a comfortable smoking jacket to slip on when sitting down for the evening's "pipe dream," and few men who do not smoke who would not gain quite as much thorough enjoyment from the possession of one. Many women do not realize how welcome a gift this same garment would be to the master of the house. Here is sketched a coat which is fashioned after the latest models and so cut as to be as easily made as possible for the benefit of the home dressmaker. The materials used are quilted silk, heavy woollen serge,, velveteen, and blanketing. The lining may offer a contrast, and silk frogs or buttons and loops act as fasteners. Two pockets appear in front and assist in giving a tailory look In the medium size the coat requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Sizes 32 to 46 inches breast measure. Price 15 cents

6255–6256—Ladies' Suit.

The tailor is riding high in the fashion world this season as the tailored suit is the prime necessity of every well dressed woman. She may do without a ball gown or an afternoon gown for home wear but she must have a street suit. It is the one gown in which she is seen oftenest by her family and friends and is in a measure the one suit by which her sartorial reputation is judged. This being so it is not beyond the skill of the home dressmaker, if it is to be made at home. Such a model is shown. The coat is in half-fitting style and cut in such a manner as to make adjustment easiest. The seams in front and back extend to the armhole instead of the shoulders. and the back is adjusted by straps. The coat, which is a straight front, fastens with a fly, so there are no buttonholes to work and no fancy buttons to buy. The skirt is in seven-gore flore style and is in round length. The only finish necessary is rows of stitching at the lower edge and along the seams. Plain colored cheviots, serges, broadcloth and worsted suitings are all modish and suitable to the design. For the medium size the suit de-

mands 9¾ yards of 44-inch material. Two patterns: 6255—sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; 6256—sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist. The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.



4006—Sheep and Pig.

Every child must possess toy animals at one time or another and no sensible mother doubts the advantage of making these if it can be done without much trouble and with satisfactory results. It often happens that home-made animals lack a resemblance to their supposed originals to so large an extent that a child learns little about the animals. The patterns given here of pig and sheep are unusually life-like, and while made without much difficulty they are entirely practical for the child's use, as they cannot be demolished. The education gained by the child by association with toy animals is not to be depreciated. It means a lesson in nature which the small brain will never part with. Canton flannel, in quantity of ⅜ yard. is the material needed for the pig, while 1½ yard of elderdown is necessary for the sheep.

Price 15 cents.

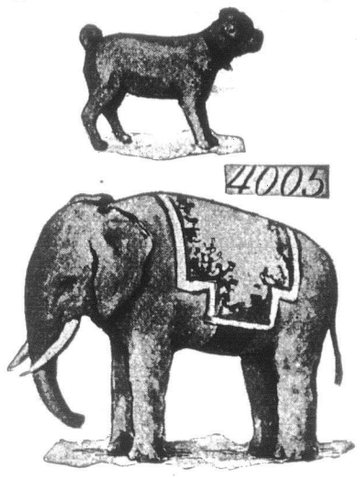
4650—A Dainty Party Frock.

There is no frock so altogether charming as that which bedecks the little miss when she "trips the light fantastic toe" or enjoys the pleasures of the small folks' parties. These little dresses need not be expensive, in fact the less ornate and showy, the more suitable and pleasing for the little maid. This gown is simplicity itself

and requires but little time and skill to fashion. A pale pink mull with Valenciennes insertion and lace as trimming will prove the frock most attractive. The small sleeve puff is held at the bottom by a ribbon drawn through the beading and this as well as the soft sash may be of a plain or flowered ribbon. The rows of insertion trim the skirt as well as the broad collar. For a medium size, 3¼ yards of 36-inch material are needed. 4650—8 sizes, 4 to 12 years. Price 15 cents.

4005—Toy Elephant and Dog.

In making the set of animals for the youngster who has his lesson yet to



Picnic Party at Grand Meadow School, July, 1903.

learn in this part of nature's school, the patterns given here will be of no small assistance. The elephant and dog shown are unusually true to life and not difficult to construct. They are extremely practical for the severe use generally given such creatures by the small boy or girl as they are not breakable and will endure a vast amount of hardship. The elephant should be made of grey Canton flannel or cloth, and have a blanket of red. Beads or buttons are used for the eyes and white celluloid hairpins for the tusks. One yard of material is needed.

For the dog ⅝ yard of Canton flannel is required and buttons are used for eyes, while the nose and mouth are outlined with thread.

Price 15 cents.

4778—Doll's Party Dress, Cloak and Hood.

Little Miss Muffet regards her doll's clothes with a deal more pleasure than her own frocks, and it is here that little Miss Dainty takes her first lesson in care of the wardrobe. How much education is gained by the love of dolls few mothers realize. Here is shown a doll's party dress made of lawn, Swiss or silk, having a lace edged bertha and short puff sleeves. The sash about the waist may be used or not as desired. The little cloak is modelled after the little maid's own, and has two pretty collars or capes. A soft woollen fabric would be suitable for the coat, and the same might be used for the hat, with a tiny silk facing. For a doll of 21 inch length the bonnet requires ½ yard, 27 inches wide; for the dress ¾ yard, and for the cloak 1¼ yards.

Price 15 cents.

6307—A Stunning Blouse.

A smart separate blouse is an important factor in the well gowned woman's wardrobe. It is to be very much worn during the coming season and whether dressy or trim it will prove an invaluable possession. The model shown is suitable to lace, silk, mull or a soft woolen fabric such as Henrietta voile or challis. If desired for dressy evening wear the waist would be charming made of white taffetas, the tucks edged with fulled Italian lace and the elbow sleeves composed of ruffles of lace. The blouse

is tucked in front and back and is finished in Dutch square neck. A chemisette of the same or a contrasting material completes it attractively and is provided for in the pattern. Silk, voile or a tub material might be used.

The making of the waist is extremely simple and no one need hesitate to undertake it as it is a one piece waist.

6307—sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents each.

At Walsen, a village in Northern New York, the prettiest girl who attends church gets rewarded for doing so. About fifty years or so ago it struck the vicar of the parish, that young ladies did not attend church often. So he left a sum of money, and this, according to his will, was to be put out at interest, the income to be given each year to the prettiest young woman at Walsen who had attended church regularly for that year.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of the canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines is retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

REV. MR. FRY, OF THE NEBRASKA AND EARLVILLE DISTRICT, N.W.T.

If you start to-day

this time next month you can be in perfect health, free forever of your curse, be it

DRINK or DRUGS

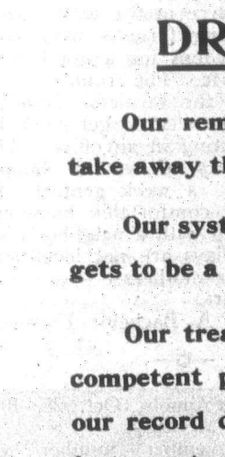
Our remedies build up the whole system and take away the crave.

Our system of living, eating and sleeping soon gets to be a habit, which will keep you ever well.

Our treatment is administered by skilful and competent physicians, half a million graduates is our record during the past 25 years, so write for facts or start to-day for the original and the most successful treatment on earth for inebriety.

The Keeley Cure

133 Osborne Street, Winnipeg.



Cheffoniers

$25.50

A Cheffonier is a gentleman's dresser. It is a veritable store-room for his wearing apparel—within easy reach. The 16x20 British plate mirror and the beautiful case of five commodious drawers play their part in contributing to the convenience and pleasure of the user.

We have scores of cheffoniers, like the illustration, constructed of quartered, golden oak and mahogany, highly polished. Some of them have hat boxes on one side instead of the two top drawers going all the way across.

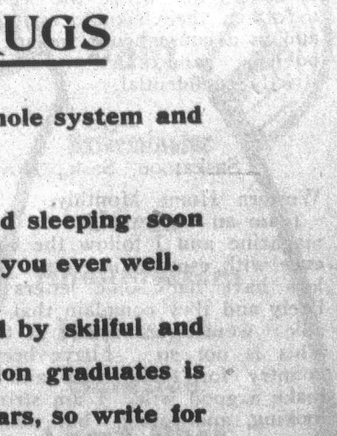
On our show room floors we have over five dozen different styles of cheffoniers, while catalogue "W" shows nineteen different styles, ranging in price from **$11 to $95.** Better write for catalogue "W" today.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO GIVE?

At Leslie's you can select gifts impossible to find in any other Canadian furniture store. It's worth coming many miles to see. Sight-seers remark daily, "If I saw nothing else but Leslie's furniture stock, I'd feel well repaid making the special trip to Winnipeg."

IF YOU CANNOT VISIT LESLIE'S STORE

write for our catalogue "W." From it's 600 illustrations of all kinds of fine furniture, plainly priced, you'll be able to make many selections suitable for presentation. Articles (no matter how breakable) will be securely packed and shipped promptly. Better write for catalogue "W" today. Free on request.



Writing Desks

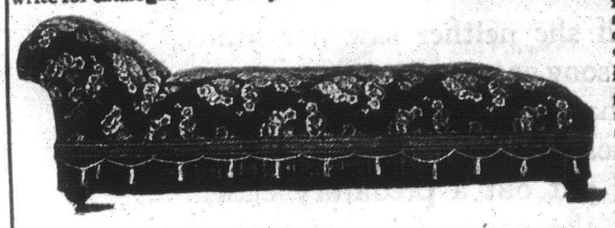
$10.50

We have similar writing desks with a mirror on top (shown in catalogue "W") for **$11 50.** All the writing desks are of golden oak or mahogany, highly polished. Those like the picture are 44 inches high, 31 inches wide and 16 inches deep. In the interior there is unusual room for the writer, besides numerous little pigeon-holes, drawers and receptacles for pens, papers and other necessary desk requisites. Catalogue "W" shows sixteen other designs from **$11 to $48.** Better write for it to-day. Free on request.

Special Couches

$6.25

Catalogue "W" shows many other designs of couches from **$6.25 to $88.00.** The one like the picture has a substantial hardwood frame mounted on castors. Legs finished in either mahogany or oak. In the interior construction, as many springs have been used as could conveniently be placed. The filling is of best grade of tow and fibre. The coverings may be had from assorted velours or tapestries. When ordering state the color you wish. Pretty cord and fringe skirt the entire couch frame. Catalogue "W" sent free on request. Better write to-day.



JOHN LESLIE, 324-26-28 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG. MAN.

Correspondence

We publish in this issue a few of the many letters received. Correspondents must always give their name and address, not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. We have received during the last month a number of letters to which the writers failed to attach their signatures and address, and as a consequence we are unable to publish same. All correspondence strictly confidential.

—☼—

Saskatoon, Sask., Nov. 8, 1905.

Western Home Monthly.

I am an eager reader of your pretty magazine and I follow the correspondence with especial interest. The bachelors have had some letters published lately and they complain that marriageable women are scarce in the west. This is not so. I have been in this country for three years and I would make a good wife. I am strong, good-looking, and young, but the bachelors do not want good wives and they deserve no sympathy. When the wheat is sold they go to the village, and in their selfishness remain there drinking whisky for days at a time. Then when they do go home they take bottles with them and remain more or less drunk until they are going to town again. What kind of a life would a good woman have with them? And then they grumble because they cannot get a wife. If they would sober up some times and look around they could find many young women too good for them and anxious to make a home. I would like to ask other women who are in a position like mine to give their opinions.

Young Woman.

—☼—

Wolsley, Sask., Oct. 27, 1905.

The Editor

Western Home Monthly.

I have read in your valuable paper the views expressed by woman writers in your correspondence columns on the "Marriage question". Good young women are scarce in the west, and I know many young farmers who would forsake bachelordom for a good young woman for a wife. The trouble in this country is that the farmers' daughters rush away to the city to get work in a store or typewriting in an office. They prefer the society of counter hoppers and ten dollars a week genteel fellows to a good comfortable home and a life partnership with a neighbor's son. The girls nowadays are not level-headed as were their mothers.

I remain, yours,

A Bachelor Farmer.

—☼—

Qu'Appele, Oct. 28, 1905.

Western Home Monthly.

In your November number you have a letter signed "A Mother," written from Fernie, B.C., on Race Suicide. The writer complains about not having the franchise and says that if women could vote they would remedy things. Well right here I want to say that they have all the things at home that they might remedy. I am a bachelor and I have lived in this country for eight years. The women who come to this country do not want to work. The most of them have their heads filled with trash about woman's rights and woman's wrongs and they never think of the men who have to work all the time to make a living. If they would attend to the children and give their husbands a little help at times they would not be bothered trying to right wrongs. Race suicide may be all right in its place, but we men have something else to think about. A good woman is hard to get.

Farmer.

—☼—

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 29, 1905.

Western Home Monthly.

Having seen a letter in your valuable magazine written and signed by "A marriageable woman," I thought the following chorus from a famous song, entitled, "Farmer John's Courtship," would be in keeping with the sentiment:

For men are so kittle kattle
Perhaps t'would be best to wait,
But I'm longing to say I'll love, honour, and obey,
For I'm getting out of date.

Hoping the fair ones will not be offended.

I remain, yours truly,

Edmontonian.

—☼—

Cranbrook, B.C., Nov. 6, 1905.

Western Home Monthly.

I have read your correspondence column for the last few months with regard to the many favorable chances afforded women to secure husbands from among the farmers on the Prairies. I have met some of these so-called farmers, many of whom live in huts and are hardly able to keep themselves, let alone keep a woman. They could keep her poor alright. Most of those chaps are seedy, chronic, pokey, old way-backs, and about the only time they show a little life is when they get filled up with bad whiskey. Thanks. None of them gents for me.

Signed—A Young Widow.

—☼—

Kansas, Oct., 1905.

Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir:—

In reply to a letter in your last issue signed "A Marriageable Woman," I would like to say if there are quite a number of women in the West who are willing to join their life with some bachelor, I am unaware of it. In our community there are a number of marriageable men and no women. If "Marriageable Woman" would visit our neighbourhood she would surely make the acquaintance of many bachelors, any of whom would make a desirable husband.

Signed—One who is looking for a Lady Partner.

—☼—

Hallbrite, Assa., Sept. 17, 1905.

Western Home Monthly.

In your last issue for the month of September I saw an article written by a woman. She stated that there were plenty of marriageable women in the west anxious to become the wives of bachelors. Now, then, Mr. Editor, if you will please send me that lady's address I shall be greatly obliged.

Yours, etc.,

Bachelor.

[We have requested the lady to correspond with you.—Ed.]

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste and is a certain relief to irritations of the throat that cause hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is, try Bickle's Syrup.

A Seasonable Moral

By W. D. Howells

THE woman sang her ballad to the sky
Of the keen Christmas night, flinging on high
The notes that fluttered to my window-pane
Like birds, and beat against the glass in vain
Until I opened, and from out the gloom
Let them flock into my snug, firelit room.

There was no more of meaning in the words
That came than in the jargoning of birds,
But in the voice, and in the plaintive air
There was an intimation of despair
From killing sorrow, and the appealing cry
Of sorest need, which no man might deny
And cover from himself his own disgrace.
So, thoughtfully, as one does in such a case,
From among several coins in hand I chose
That of the smallest worth, and wrapped it close,
In paper, so that it might not be lost,
Striking the frozen ground below, and tossed
My gift down from the window at the feet
Of the poor singer in the wintry street.

But she, as if she neither saw nor heard,
Rapt in her song, sang on, and never stirred,
While one, that opportunely strolled around
The corner nearest her, both heard and saw,
Stooped, and put out a predatory claw,
And clutched the paper; felt and recognized
The coin within (that somehow suddenly sized
My own soul up to me, in an odd way),
And then deliberately, but without stay
For all my frantic shouts and signs, kept on
To the next corner, turned it, and was gone.

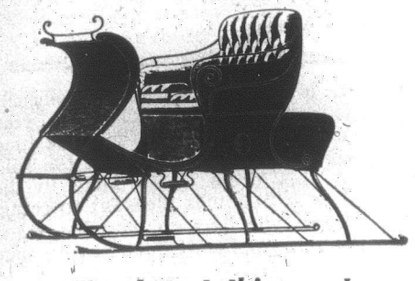
What should I do? Let the poor singer go
Unhelped because of this misdeed? Not so!
Such a conclusion even I could not brook,
A coin of the same worth again I took,
Wrapped it again in paper, and again
Tossed it down to the singer—not in vain,
This time! She saw it coming through the air
And heard it fall upon the ground, and there,
While she still sang, curtseyed her thanks to me,
Until I turned away and left her free.

And I was well content, and glad at heart
For having doubly done a noble part?
I was not sure. Had it been heaven's intent
That I should twice give the sum I had meant
To give but once? Perchance, unknown to me
Both women were in equal misery
Though not of equal merit. Then, had I won
A twofold blessing by what I had done?

These things are mysteries, but my story's moral
Seems one with which no one can justly quarrel:
If there is suffering that you would relieve,
Give twice the sum at once you meant to give;
And do not wait for wrong to come your way
And force your unwilling hand, for though it may.
Again, it may not, and, for your own sake,
The chance is such as you ought not to take.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW

STANHOPE



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We have the largest variety of cutters in the city, also a line of harness and robes hard to beat.

If you can't come in personally—write us.

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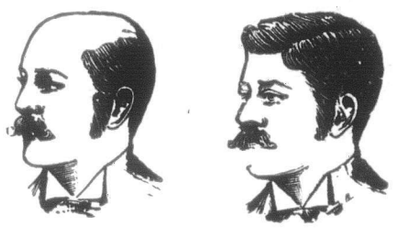

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Most natural in appearance and wearable. From **$10.00** up to **$50.00**

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Use Jules & Charles, late Armand's, Instantaneous Grey Hair Restorer—1 Box $3.00, 2 Boxes $5.00. Three different shades.

431 Yonge & 2 Ann Streets

TORONTO.

Some Things Not Generally Known.

The habitual use of spiritual drinks is inimical to health and inevitably tends to shorten life.

One pound of butter gives a working force equal to that of 9 pounds of potatoes, 12 pounds of milk and 5 pounds of lean beef.

Dickens wrote "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Barnaby Rudge" before he was 27 years of age.

There are many errors in history. Charles Kingsley gave up his chair of modern history at Oxford because he said he considered history "largely a lie."

The rails of one of the few railways in China were taken up only a few years ago "because they interfered with the free passage of departed spirits."

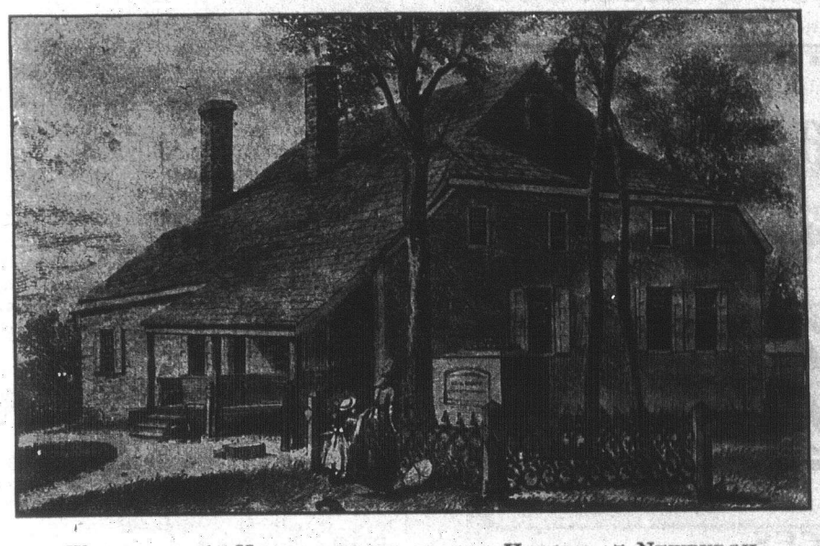
The notes used by the Bank of England cost exactly 1 cent each.

If the wife of a Turk asks his permission to go out and he says "Go," without adding "Come back again," they are divorced.

On a dark night a white light can be seen at a longer distance than any colored light. If the night is clear, a red light has the precedence.

A bundle of spiders' web not larger than a buckshot and weighing less than one drachm would, if straightened out, reach a distance of 350 miles.

The first horseshoe was a strong leather boot, worn by war-horses. The very earliest reference to metal horseshoes was found in a manuscript of Pope Leo VI., who died in 911 A. D.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE HUDSON AT NEWBURGH.

The primitive Russians placed a certificate of character in the hands of a deceased person to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven.

Granite is the bedrock of the earth. It shows no evidence of any animal or vegetable life, and it is the parent rock from which all other rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.

By actual experiment it has been ascertained that the explosive power of a sphere of water only one inch in diameter is sufficient to burst a brass vessel having a resisting power of 27,000 pounds.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered by a hen. Walking through a clay puddle of water the hen proceeded into a sugar house, when it was noticed that her feet had whitened the sugar wherever she came in contact with it. After experiment the result is the use of clay for whitening sugar.

Geo. Washington left an estate of $800,000, a large fortune in those days.

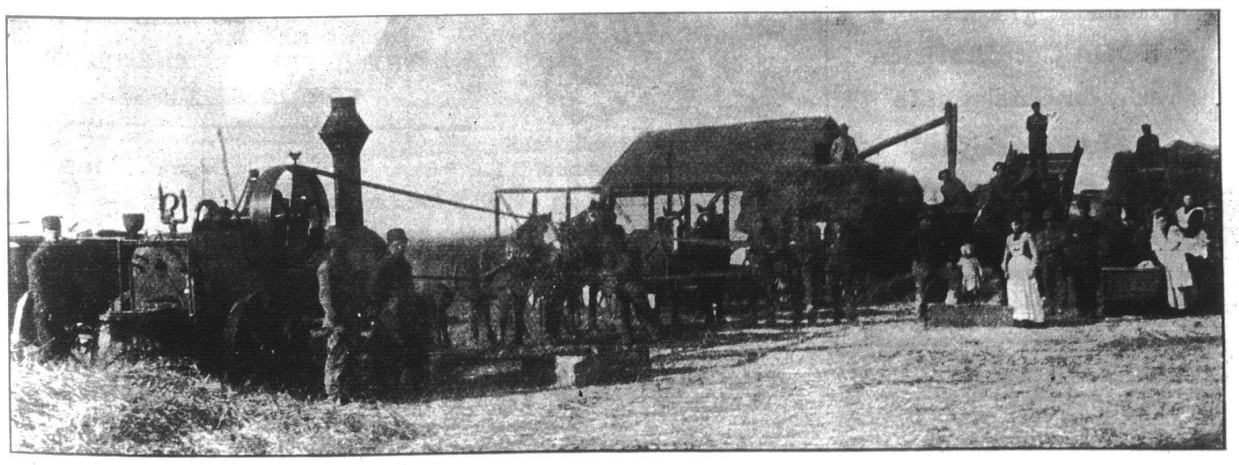
The gold-beaters of Berlin showed gold leaves at the Paris Exposition so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of an inch. Yet each leaf was so perfect and free from holes that it was impenetrable by the strongest electric light.

The hottest region of the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia. During July and August mercury has been known to register 100 degrees day and night.

In the British West Indies, pins, a slice of bread or a pinch of snuff have all a purchasing power, while on the African coast axes are the accepted currency.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate, there would be just two inches of salt in the bottom of the box.

Wire has been drawn as fine as the one seven-thousandths of an inch in diameter. The holes through which the metal is drawn to reduce it are formed of steel dies of extreme hardness, or for great fineness diamond dies are used.



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Write for Price List and full particulars,

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As usual, **"The best of everything"** in Palms, Ferns & Flowering Plants. The **Cut Flower** Dept. equal to any of the great cities in America. Parrots, Canaries & other choice Pet Birds in great variety. Come and visit, bring your friends and have a chat under the large Palmtrees, while all is snow and ice outside.

A. H. STOLPER,

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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and Dressmakers using any but Belding's Silk. They must have strong, tough silk--free of kinks and knots—that sews smoothly and evenly —and runs freely in the highest speeded machines. That's why they choose

BELDING'S Spool SILK

The best for all kinds of sewing. Every shade and color for dress-making, embroidery and fancy work.

Sold By Leading Dealers Everywhere.

For Christmas Baking

Don't use adulterated spice—ask for

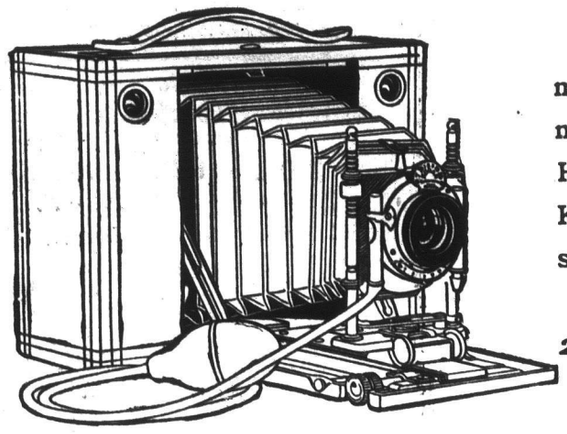
Blue Ribbon

PURE SPICES.

Every package is guaranteed absolutely Pure and free from any adulteration whatever. We grind them ourselves from the finest quality of fresh whole spice.

Ask for Blue Ribbon package spices, and be safe. Your grocer sells them or can easily get them for you, 10c. and 15c. a package. Don't accept substitutes.

P.S. Blue Ribbon Baking Powder and Extracts are also pure, and cost no more than inferior kinds.



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PENMANSHIP Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

YOUR FORTUNE FREE

I will cast a pen picture of your complete life—make wonderful prophecies of business, social and financial affairs, health, love, marriage. Write today, give date of birth and send 2-cent stamp for postage, sealed. Prof. HANS C.C. VIRGO, New Haven, Ct.

Rising in the World and Raising it.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.

"Is it a man's duty to rise in the world?"

A correspondent addresses this query to me, asking for some views upon the matter. To an extent he has handicapped me by adding as his own comment, "Doubtless many of our prominent people would be happier had they remained in the humble stations of their birth. Can there be any objection to a man's remaining poor and unknown for his own peace and contentment, even if he has the ability to forge ahead."

The handicap in this comment as it applies to the material world of the present is that while many men are willing to look backward from high places of mere wealth and confess to the disappointment of riches, this same modern world has had no sane example of such men's turning away from these riches in order to resume that old condition which has such halo and light around it. And yet physically it would be the easiest and most gracious thing within the reach of such a man.

Some one in a spirit of protest has written of the present faddist fashion of listening to the call of the simple life. He has charged that women out of luxurious and still more luxuriously appointed homes have sat by and heard the talk of the simple life with such pleasure that the diamonds in their ears have flashed dazzlingly as they have clapped their jeweled fingers together in rounds and rounds of applause at the sentiments.

Man or woman alike becomes the creature of his environment. Especialy is this true of the person who has the making of that environment. He may have created that environment under a mistaken idea. He may look around him and feel how unsatisfactory it all is compared to what he thought it would be. But by this time he may have discovered that most things in life are a good deal that way; that anticipation in front of a good imagination is a combination that beats ordinary stage settings in the glare of the limelight.

As a matter of hard fact, the man who could become disgusted with a material prosperity to the extent of abdicating in favor of the simple life of bread by the sweat of his brow is that type of man who would have stopped long short of such an attainment of clogging wealth. He would have been an idealist. He would have cared for his ideals first, letting wealth be no more than of secondary importance. Living, he would have let live. And out of this general condition poverty usually takes care of itself.

"Rising in the world" is a bit of phraseology which needs analysis and the drawing of the specifications before it means much to the philosopher. One of the great surgeons of the United States, speaking bluntly, has said that he has to "work almighty hard to make $10,000 a month." Perhaps he is not in the least less efficient in trying to average $120,000 a year from his practice, but at the same time one would wish he hadn't put the bald fact in this dress. As salve to the statement it becomes pleasant to recall that other type of man who has stood for the philosophy of "not having time to make money."

Surely if one profession over another should make its appeal for a true rising in the world the physician and the surgeon would have the opportunity. But surely the capacity to earn $120,000 in a year is not to be measured by dollars and by the consequent ability of the surgeon to make the worldly showing belonging to his means. To be able to do this $120,000 worth of work in a year is the combination of a noble gift and a noble training with the surgeon; but as for the money, the proprietor of some notorious gambling resort might make double the sum and have twice the amount of luxury in his environment, with ten times the time to himself and his family.

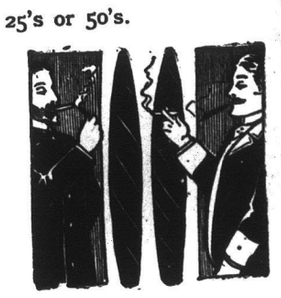
For a young surgeon to so rise in the world that his skill and knowledge force upon him a practice necessitating earnings of $10,000 a month must have done his duty. It is only when, apparently forgetting the duty, he measures his success by the money, that the sensibilities of the idealist is shocked. He is less a surgeon for the counting of his gains. He is less a surgeon in the highest sense because of his acknowledgment of these gains and undertaking the worldly position which such an income would force upon him. The environment of such an income is destructive to his time. It is racking to the nervous forces of one who has need of these forces for nobler things. It is a handicap to such a man's best work in the world. He is not rising in the world in proportion as his income increases by reason of his own plans and self-interest.

But in contrast to a man in such a profession, men of the Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Morgan types are "rising" and will "rise" in proportion as they gain and conserve the wealth which they have spent life in seeking. Absolutely there is no social or personal duty forcing such men as these to rise in the world. Wealth is the measure of their rise to prominence. The mere possession of it in the uncounted millions which they possess shows that they have succeeded, in one way or another, in gaining possession of the stored wealth of the producers. No man ever made money in such sums. But, having it once, they could not hold it if they paid to the State the fair share of taxation which so many of the small producers cannot escape. Peace and tranquility at home and peaceful relations abroad have made possible the $25,000,000 annual income of John D. Rockefeller. If he were taxed for that domestic peace in proportion as the average man with $1,200

THE FAMOUS T.L. CIGAR.

THE BEST IN THE WEST
and
THE WEST IS THE BEST
FOR BEST CIGARS.

An ideal gift is a box of "T.L." Cigars—a rich, mild fragrant Havana Cigar.
Your dealer can supply you with them in boxes of 10's, 25's or 50's.
If you want to give your friend a really good smoke insist upon having a box of "T.L.'s"
The name on every one is the smoker's guarantee.
Made good on purpose.



WESTERN CIGAR FACTORY,

T. LEE, Proprietor.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

salary is taxed the question of his becoming the first billionaire might long be put off.

Twaddle in volumes has been written about the evils of riches when a single sane observation and analysis of conditions might be sufficient. With all these uncounted millions in possession or under control, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Morgan are attesting to the lack of something that money will not buy. Else why should they be offering their millions to those who may sneer and turn away. Rockefeller's money has been refused. Town after town refused the Carnegie gift for library buildings. Morgan is credited with having founded the new consumptives' hospital at Liberty, N. Y., but, under ban of strict secrecy, the management will not say yea or nay.

Personally, it is an inspiration to me to believe and know that there are men in this world who would not have as a gift the modern fortune, which at once becomes a burden of social and business obligations which to them would mean the wreck of their homes and home life.

But these men are "rising in the world." Do not doubt that already they have risen in the world and are raising it. They are the light of it and their virtues are its saving grace.

The Shepherds at Bethlehem.

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay;
The Babe look'd up, and show'd his face;
In spite of darkness, it was day:
It was Thy day, sweet! and did rise
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal Day;
We saw Thine eyes break from their East,
And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw Thee, (and we blest the sight,)
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

While American quacks and grafters are advertising to make people taller for a money consideration a curious case of bone softening turns up in France. It is being investigated by means of radiograms. The patient was originally five feet four inches in height, and has shrunk by degrees to three feet two inches in ten years. Cases of this kind have usually ended fatally, but this patient is in fairly good health, though there is no possibility of him regaining his former height.

India is fifteen times greater in area than the British Isles, and contains one-sixth of the human race. It has fine roads and waterways, besides its 25,515 miles of railway, which is more than half of the total mileage of Asian tracks.

An American company have put in a plant in British Columbia where the lumbermen have cut the trees, and are distilling turpentine from the stumps. The lower part of the trees are so full of the fluid that they are useless as lumber. The new company are distilling 75 gallons from a single stump, which retails from 90 cents to $1.25 a gallon. They are an enterprising company.

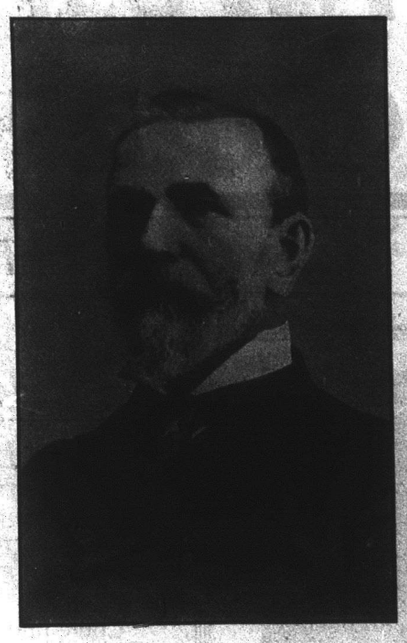
A Word to Women.

Women readers of the Western Home Monthly are requested to send for a handsome booklet, which will be addressed to them free of charge.

The booklet referred to is one entitled, "In the interest of good living," it is invaluable to housekeepers and should be in every home. Address a post card giving your name and address to Codville Co. Dept., H., Winnipeg, Man., and mention the Western Home Monthly, and one of those handsome booklets will be mailed you by return mail, Free.

Twenty Years Ago.

In 1885, when Governor-General Lansdowne was in Winnipeg, Mr. Joseph Stovel presented him with two copies of the following, which were printed in gold ink on green satin.



MR JOSEPH STOVEL.

Only three copies were made, one for Her Majesty the Queen, one for Lord Lansdowne, and one still in Mr. Stovel's possession:

DEDICATED
to
His Excellency The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,
Governor-General of Canada.
By the author, Joseph Stovel,
Winnipeg.

Welcome Lansdowne, Governor-General,
Welcome from each heart I ween,
We are British, we are loyal,
To our country and our Queen.
You may tell our queenly mother
That our hearts are bold and brave;
You we welcome as her proxy,
From your home beyond the wave.
Tell her that tho' lakes and rivers,
And vast forests intervene,
Though the Atlantic rolls between us,
We still love our noble Queen.
Tell her from this wondrous city,
Youngest in her wide domain,
Manitoba's sons and daughters
Send kind greetings to their Queen.
And when next you meet Victoria,
Seated on proud Britain's throne,
Tell her of the hearts that love her
In their wild north western home.
Not as proud and haughty courtiers,
Nor as Sycophants we kneel,
But as bold and brave Canadians,
We but seek Britannia's weel.
We will teach our sons and daughters,
Pray God save our noble Queen;
Pray he, save our Governor Lansdowne,
Long o'er this vast realm to reign.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 22, 1885.

There is no text-book that will post a person on the antics of a calf when learning to drink. The text-books are also silent on the performance of its teacher. One has to just begin and let the calf act up.

The Coliseum at Rome was commenced by the emperor, who died A.D. 79. It was completed by his son, Titus, and was inaugurated A. D. 80. It seated 87,000 people.

The United States has about 194,000 square miles of coal fields; China and Japan, 200,000; India, 35,000: Great Britain, 9,000. The supply of coal is said to be ample for 1,000 years.

Slander is but soul suicide.

Love is good logic in any language.

Xmas Pianos

Set Your Heart on a MORRIS

IT IS THE OBJECT of this house to manufacture a Piano, whose intrinsic merits, should of themselves, attract the admiring attention of the public. By virtue of deep and careful study, combined with the employment of the most accurate and intelligent workmanship attainable the tone of the MORRIS Pianos has been improved to a degree which has excited the unaffected admiration and astonishment of modern musicians

The MORRIS Tone and Durability cannot be beaten.
An unlimited Guarantee goes with every Instrument.
A MORRIS represents the highest of Piano perfection.

Why Not a MORRIS for Xmas?

THE MORRIS PIANO Co.,
228 Portage Ave.
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Western Manager
S. L. Barrowclough

Annual Eastern Excursion

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

$40.

For the round trip to all points in Ontario and Quebec, Montreal and West.

Proportionate rates to points east of Montreal.

Tickets on sale daily December 4th to 31st, return within three months.

Be sure that your Ticket reads "Via Grand Trunk Railway," the only double track line between Niagara, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal and other principal cities in Canada.

For further particulars enquire of your nearest Ticket Agent, or write

W. J. GILKERSON,
P.O. Box 415, Winnipeg Man.

Sole Owners for Dominion of Canada of the
RANKIN
Patent Wire Lock

Patent June 20, 1905

The Great West Wire Fence Company Ltd.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Hard Coiled Steel Wire Railway,
Farm and Lawn Fencing, Steel Gates

Field erected with heavy Carbon Coiled Steel Wire, and is replacing other makes of fencing, using lighter gauge wire. Don't be deceived all the time. BUY THE BEST.

Come and see us and get Catalogue.

Agents wanted.

The "Rankin" Patent Wire Lock

made of No. 9 gauge hard-galvanized steel wire, which KINKS both the upright and horizontal wires, and which forms a perfect lock, is used exclusively in all fences made by us.

Trust Lawyers a Menace to the Country.

Lawyers are necessary to civil liberty, as civil liberty rests upon law. The lawyer owes a duty to the public which is high and sacred. The license to practice carries with it obligations to society far above those of the layman. It may well be questioned if the lawyers of to-day, particularly in the large cities as carefully fulfil their civic obligations as did their forefathers.

The wave of commercialism has affected the legal profession along with other callings, and now would it be safe to permit the upper few Canadian lawyers to dictate the policies of state? Some of the most brilliant minds in the profession are in the employ of interests antagonistic to the welfare of the people. Legitimate combinations of capital are perhaps a necessary incident of advanced civilization, and to these I do not refer, but to the pirates of the business seas, that prey on the people under the guise of corporate charters in defiance of laws.

Lawful corporations are beneficial to a community, but associations conceived in corruption and born bribery are inimical to the public good.

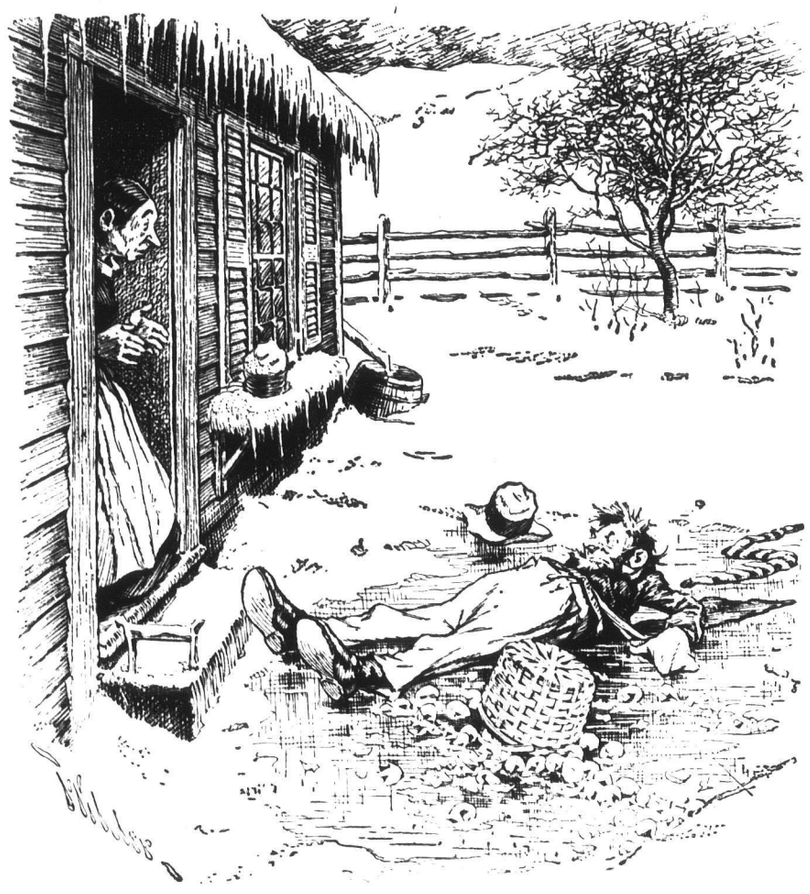
Many eminent attorneys of highest attainments dispose of not only their talents but their freedom of thought and action. Instead of these being the bulwarks of liberty and the enforcers of laws, they are chiefly engaged in devising means and schemes for evading the laws; they are the advisors of the Captain Kidds of commerce in avoiding the consequences of laws intended to suppress them.

Business is a good thing, honors are better still, but patriotism excels them all, and without patriotism one is unworthy to be a member of the legal profession. He is a minister of the law that emanates from city, state, and nation, and can no more practise law in the true spirit without patriotism than can a divine teach doctrines of a Christ for whom he has no devotion.

One cannot be a good lawyer without being honest. Law and honesty go together, jests to the contrary notwithstanding. Dishonesty will undo a lawyer quicker than it will any one else. They see so much of it in other men they should learn to abhor it. There are fewer lawyers in the penitentiary than any other calling not excepting ministers of the gospel. This should be proof of their honesty, but some are unkind enough to say it is only a tribute to their shrewdness. In a former house of delegates in St. Louis twenty-four out of twenty-eight members took bribes right and left. None of them were lawyers. Of the four who did not prostitute themselves three were lawyers.

In a monarchy the government is sustained by the power of the crown; in a country like ours the government rests entirely upon the laws which a majority of the people make for themselves. If all the law were ignored, anarchy would be the result—there would be no government at all. When any portion of the laws is not enforced the government is weakened to that extent. Laws that are not observed add just as much to good government as sores do to the human body. Disregard of one law breeds contempt for all laws, and the laws to be effective must be respected. There is entirely too little respect for the majesty of the law. This inevitably leads to corruption, which will, if tolerated, eat into and destroy civic life.

If a dramshop is allowed to remain open at a time the law demands it to be closed, then the gambling laws cannot be consistently enforced, then other offences denounced by the law must be tolerated; then comes grafting by officials for overlooking these violations; then legislators, imbued by the same spirit, sell their votes for bribe money, and a reign of corruption follows. The perpetuity of our government depends upon the manner in which our laws are carried out. Nearly every Province has laws on the statute books to which no attention is paid, and they reap the fruits by having all laws broken.



"GREETINGS!"

The carrier pigeon has flown long distances, at rates of speed ranging from 60 to 80 miles an hour, and for many hours.

The beautiful poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a barroom.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

Gin is Good for Women

If pure and well matured, Gin is a fine tonic specially beneficial to women. It tones up the entire nervous system and aids in regulating nature's work.

MELCHERS RED CROSS CANADIAN GIN

is the only Gin recommended by physicians for medical use because it is the only Gin known and guaranteed to be absolutely pure and thoroughly matured for years in Bonded Warehouses. It is soft and mellow to the palate and has not that burning effect and disagreeable after-taste of common gins. Quality, age and purity guaranteed on every bottle by an official government stamp.

If used as a medicament, women should take MELCHERS RED CROSS CANADIAN GIN according to the following directions, which are given by a most prominent doctor :

Mix one ounce of Melchers Red Cross Canadian Gin with one ounce of hot water or milk, sweeten to taste and drink on retiring. Keep body well covered.

Melchers Red Cross Canadian Gin

is sold by every first-class liquor merchant.

BOIVIN WILSON & Co., Montreal,

Distributing Agents

"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars.
And down the western sky:
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
The first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and, glimmering faint,
With twist of thin blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flame
The tender silence broke—
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir
Where dusky olives grew.

With finger on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth;
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless Peace to men—
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
"The Christ is born! The Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town
Where lay the Baby Boy—
And oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes!

The Man in the Boy

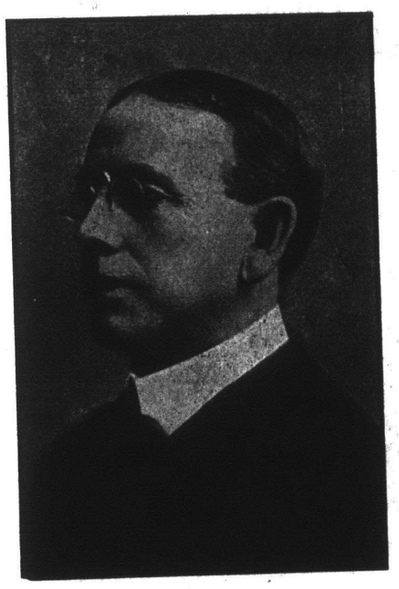
In the acorn is wrapped the forest
In the little brook, the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow, to-day,
Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
A manly boy is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth;
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was upright in his youth.
The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy is king of the world.

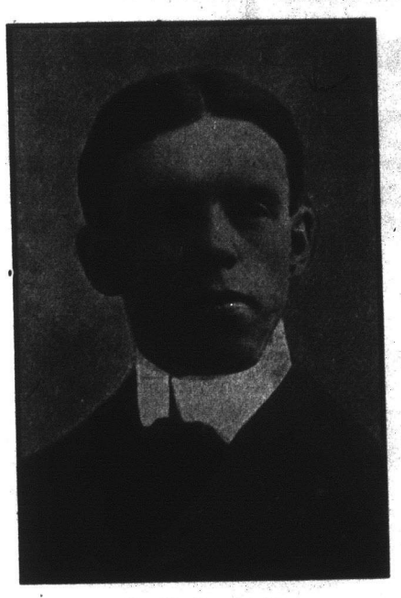
The cub of the royal lion
Is regal in his play;
The eaglet's pride is as fiery-eyed
As the old bird's bald and gray.

The nerve that heroes employ
In the child's young arm is furled,
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,
A brave, pure boy is king of the world.
—George Shepard Burleigh.

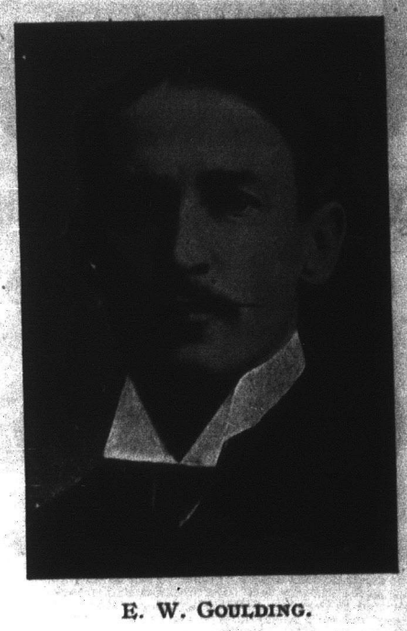
Chemists have proved that vinegar will not dissolve pearls nor cleave rocks, in spite of the fabled exploits of Cleopatra and Hannibal.



W. Tees Curran.



R. C. Skinner.



E. W. Goulding.

The above cuts represent the members of the firm of Curran, Goulding & Skinner, the new piano company formed in Winnipeg this year, who are meeting with much success. Their handsome warerooms are situated in the Royal Furniture Co. Block, 298 Main Street, Winnipeg. Their agencies are numerous, and among them are found the very best pianos and organs on the market. Their leading piano is the New Scale Williams. This is recognized as a positive leader in Canadian makes, and has won its way into the best Canadian homes, and is also a popular piano in foreign countries. The list of leading Canadian people as patrons is a long one, and includes music doctors, Premiers, Cabinet Ministers, and local musicians whose opinions are recognized authority, as well as Royalty, world-famed pianists and vocalists. Another important agency is the "Weber," of New York. This piano has been welcomed to the West as an old and well-tried friend. If the numbers of sales count for anything, this piano does not take second place with any other American piano made. Other agencies are the Simplex Piano-player, the Simplex Player Piano, and the Playola Piano of Chicago, also the Columbus piano, manufactured in Columbus, Ohio. This company is making a most wonderful instrument in their style "Boudoir Sextine," which Messrs. Curran, Goulding & Skinner are advertising on another page. A recent visit to the warerooms revealed the fact that this progressive company have one of the finest stocks in Western Canada.

Write your Christmas Orders . . Now . . .

There is no store in the West has such an enormous range of useful and attractive gifts as ours has at this season. Our prices are lower than ever; and the variety greater. Here are a few specials that will make splendid presents.

A. Beautiful silver-mounted pipes with amber mouthpieces, in satin lined leather cases, only $1.50 each post paid.

B. Works of the various great poets, in fine leather binding, full size, gilt edged, clear type, $1.25 each post paid.

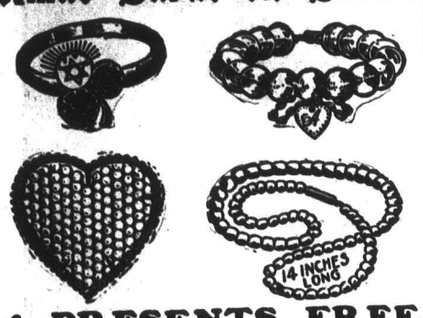
C. Splendid Stradivarius Model Violins, well finished, rich brown finish, with all sundries and bow, $5.00 each prepaid.

D. Our Famous Souvenir Book of views, size 12 by 10, beautifully bound. Admittedly the finest for the price in Western Canada, price 50c. each, postage 10c. extra.

There are hundreds of others. Come and see, or write for what you want. Our dainty souvenir Christmas Gift list will be issued very soon. Be sure to get a copy, it's free, but invaluable.

WARNER'S
Limited,
"The Great Bookstores of the Great West"
BRANDON. SASKATOON.

Xmas Cards on Credit



4 PRESENTS FREE

We trust you with 15 sets of our Beautifully Colored Picture Post Cards, Xmas Cards and Comic, to sell at only 10c. a set. Four cards in every set. The loveliest and cheapest cards ever sold in Canada. Sell like lightning. When sold return money and we'll promptly send you all four beautiful Presents—3-stone Ring, Manilla Bead Bracelet, Turquoise Brooch and Turquoise Bead Necklace. Call at our offices, 191 Yonge Street, upstairs, and we'll give you the Cards, or write us and we'll mail them postpaid.
The Colonial Art Co. Dept. 3208 Toronto.

WANTED :—Managers to appoint and supply agents with our goods. Paying and permanent position to right parties. Write "Manager," 207 St. James, Montreal.

Tommy—I can count up to five on my fingers, can't I, ma?

Ma—Yes, Tommy, but don't brag. I saw a little boy no older than you today who could count up to fifty.

Tommy—Gee whiz! Where did he get all those fingers from?

Country v. City

Observations by one who has resided in both Country and City.

CITY MEN FARMING.

Many successful business and professional men seem to take a fancy to farming—to till the soil and to grow live stock. There is an attractiveness in agriculture which fascinates them. They have a yearning to get close to the earth, and to mingle with the domestic animals. As soon as these men have accumulated a competence they undertake some line of farming, and the enthusiasm which they throw into the work is only equalled by their liberal expenditure of cash. Those who go into it simply for the enjoyment which it affords usually pay dearly for their sport, and those who go in with an expectation of profit are generally disappointed.

The large amounts of money which they put into their farms and the manner in which they sometimes invest it seems like criminal extravagance to the slow-going practical farmer who must get his entire revenue from his farm, and who must therefore carefully count his dollars before he invests them. Machinery is bought which is of little account, buildings are erected which cost twice as much as they should, and equipments are installed which are of no practical value. One millionaire farmer, to our knowledge, put three different makes of stanchions into his cow barn during the past two years; and another has invested $25,000 in a barn which shelters stock that in cash value represents less than that many hundred dollars. Another man has built a milk house which with its equipments cost $12,000. The average business man does not seem to comprehend the fact that farming will not stand these extravagant investments. They do not seem to realize that the same business policy that is used in managing a railroad or a factory will not work out on a farm.

There are numerous captains of industry who have been forced to admit that they could not derive a meagre subsistence from their elaborately equipped farms. The practical farmer who sometimes complains of hard times has only to mingle with these proxy farmers to learn that he has fellow sympathizers in those who have made fortunes at other occupations, and are very much dissatisfied with their farm revenues.

While in a company of business men recently, a number of whom owned farms, the conversation turned upon the profits of farming, and one remarked that keeping up his farm was more trouble and expense than his automobile; and another who is one of the most successful bankers in the northern part of the state said that he was constantly taking money out of a good business to put into his farm, and that the worst of it was that he did not get it back. He said that his farm was a constant drain upon his town business.

While we regret that fancy farming, or farming for fun or health, does not bring financial returns, and deplore the fact that enterprising business men are losing money at farming, yet in their loss there is something gained, as they are brought into closer sympathy with the practical farmer and can better realize that he who pays for a farm, supports and educates a family and gets the wherewithal from the soil does that which many a man is not capable of doing who has made fortunes at other undertakings. These failures of bright and successful city men where the farmer succeeds emphasizes the fact that farming is an occupation which requires no small intellectual capacity and one which cannot be mastered on the spur of the moment, but demands a comprehensive mind, familiarized by experience with the thousands of complex questions which must be met by the successful tillers of the soil.

Special

for the

$40

Excursions

December 4-31
to

Eastern Canada

VIA THE

Burlington Route

This year the Burlington Route will carry its Canadian Excursionists on a fine

Daylight Observation Train
via its
Mississippi River Scenic Line

Leave St. Paul 8:20 a.m. daily, after arrival of trains from Winnipeg. Arrive Chicago 9:35 p.m. same day, connecting with thro' trains. Ask the ticket agent to route you "Burlington."

For full details drop a card to

Frank T. Lally, T.P.A.,
Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg.
J. M. Lamb, Can. Pass. Agt.,
191 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg.
F. M. Rugg, N.W.P.A.,
St. Paul, Minn.

WHY THE OLD MEN MOVE TO TOWN.

Next to the problem of how to keep the young man on the farm comes the question of how to keep the older man out of town. We believe that there are two means of checking the rapid increase of retired farmers, viz., better country schools and more and better farm help. Nearly every farmer who rents his farm and moves to town makes the change either to educate his children or to get away from the difficulty of obtaining suitable farm help. This is an evidence that the cities and villages are outstripping the country in educating the youth, and in attracting labor. The claim may be made that the city schools are no better than the country schools and that the attraction which the city offers to labor is a delusion, yet the farmer's children and farm labor continue to flock to the cities, and we cannot hope to see this movement checked until we have country high schools in which the farm boy or girl can obtain a good education, and as long as a system of farming is followed that employs labor but a small portion of the year, the best class of labor will continue to drift away from the farm to the factories, railroads, and shops, where employment can be had continuously.

When the autumn's work is finished and winter finds the industrious farm hand out of employment he naturally turns to the city, and if he finds a suitable opening there which gives promise of steady work he is forever lost to the farm. The men who make the steadiest and most reliable farm help are the men with families, but they cannot subsist for the entire year on the wages from eight months' work, hence they are obliged to go to the city.

Employment by the year and a home on the farm for the married man's family promises a solution of the hired help problem. Then with better country schools where the farmers' children may be properly educated the two principal objections to farm life would be removed, and the question of how to keep the old man from moving to town would, in a large measure, be answered.

"Where is the daughter of the house?" pleasantly inquired Herlock Solmes, as the company became seated at the dinner table?

"How do you know I have a daughter?" asked the host. "I am sure I have never mentioned her name to you."

The great detective's only reply was to run his prehensile fingers under the edge of the table and hold up to the applauding company a well-used gob of chewing gum.

Mrs. Firem Quick—"I'm worrying about that new cook.

Mr. Quick—What's the matter—afraid she won't stay?

Mrs. Firem Quick—No; I'm afraid she won't go.

"Doesn't your husband tell you you'll have to economize since he quit playing the races?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "The difference is that I now have something to economize with."

"You idiot!" exclaimed Ike the Italian, "you stuck the lather brush in my mouth."

"A wise man," calmly rejoined John the jay barber, "would have kept his mouth shut and let me do all the talking."

"Your trouble, madam," said the physician, "seems to be an excess of adipose tissue." "My goodness" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton, "I wonder if that is'nt what makes me so awfully fat?"

The Lady—It seems to me these berries are rather small.

The Peddler—I'm sure they have got their full growth, ma'am.

The Lady—Possibly; but I'm quite sure your quart boxes haven't got theirs.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Conundrums.

1. Who is the greatest chicken killer spoken of in Shakespeare?

2. Why is music cheaper on Sunday than during the week?

3. Which death would you prefer to die—Joan of Arc's or Mary Stuart's?

4. What great writer's name might you appropriately mention if you were standing by the grave of Bob Ingersoll?

5. If you were invited out to dinner and on sitting down to the table saw nothing but a beet, what would you say?

6. Why is a man sometimes like dough?

7. In what colored ink should we write our secrets?

8. If a young lady fell into a well why couldn't her brother help her out?

9. Why is a young lady like an arrow?

10. Why do we generally dub a city her or she?

11. What is the difference between Niagara Falls and Queen Elizabeth?

12. What is a soldier's definition of a kiss?

Poetical Puzzle.

13. How shall the following be read?

U o a o, but I o thee;
O o no o, but O o me;
Then let my o thy o be
And give o o I o thee.

14. We are airy little creatures,
Each have different forms and features;
One of us in glass is set,
Another you will find in jet;
A third, less bright, is set in tin;
A fourth, a shining box within,
And the fifth, if you pursue,
It will never fly from you.

Arithmetical Puzzle.

15. A vessel with a crew of thirty men, half of whom were black, became short of provisions, and, fearing that unless half the crew were thrown overboard, all would perish, the captain proposed to the sailors to stand upon deck in a row and every ninth man be thrown overboard until half the crew were destroyed. It so happened that the whites were saved. Required—Order of arrangement.

Answers to Puzzles.

1. Because she is something to adore.
2. Because it needs two heads and an application.
3. Elliptical.
4. Nothing.
5. Nothing is better than heaven; an oyster is better than nothing; therefore an oyster is better than heaven.
6. One is a big sell; the other little cells.
7. Because he makes men steel (steal) pens and then says they do write (right).
8. One you have to get side her to squeeze, and the other you have to squeeze to get cider.
9. Because they have both stopped quacking.
10. Because he lies on one side, then turns around and lies on the other.
11. Pig-tail.
12. Thou-sand.
13. Love.

14. Method: One-third of 51 is 17; so each must have 17 quarts. To measure 17 quarts fill the seven quart measure twice and pour into some large vessel, making 14 quarts; then fill the seven quart measure, draw off four quarts in the four quart measure, and then pour the remaining three quarts in the vessel containing the 14 quarts.

A Financial Review

A prospectus emanating from the Albert Soaps Ltd., has fallen into our hands and has been perused with great interest. It is not often that companies take the public into their confidence so completely as has been the case in this instance. A more unreserved statement of facts than is usually given is much to be desired. This company, however, has clearly given the status of its business. The reader is struck at once with the fact that the vendor are taking their compensation by means of scrip in the company, and have agreed to continue the management practically free—the only consideration being a nominal royalty on their "Baby's Own Soap," whilst the only cash payment they appear to be entitled to will be the value of the stock and the amounts due from their customers, which latter the vendors guarantee. This arrangement on the face of it has every appearance of a sound commercial flotation.

Continuing further a most satisfactory showing is revealed by the list of profits for the past four years. At Jan., 1901, the net annual profit was $11,549, whereas at the financial year of 1904 it has reached $15,374, an amount which would be sufficient to clear the mortgage interest and carry 8 per cent. interest to common stock. The amount of trade done in their special "Baby's Own Soap" is also excellent reading. From a moderate turnover of 27,000 boxes in 1886, it has risen in 1904 to the magnificent total of 233,000 boxes.

The directors' intention is to give the preference in allotment to their many trade clients, and by this means to insure increased interest in their sales, and at the same time securing to the shareholders an apparently thoroughly safe and profitable investment.

(The "Canadian Grocer," Toronto, Oct. 6th, 1905.)

It is not certain that this stock will be offered to the public, as it may be reserved exclusively for sale to the Soap Trade, but doubtless should any readers of the "Western Home Monthly" communicate with Albert Soap Ltd., 169 McCord St., Montreal, full information will be supplied.

25¢ That Cough

which ordinary remedies have not reached, will quickly yield to

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—heals the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25c. bottle.

25¢

Make Home Dyeing Successful By Using

DIAMOND DYES

As there are weak, adulterated and worthless package dyes under varied names sold by some dealers to whom large profits are of more concern than the home success and comfort of our women and girls, we would urge all who ask for DIAMOND DYES to see that each package bears the words "DIAMOND PACKAGE DYES."

Beware of common package dyes introduced in your town which pretend to dye all materials equally well with one dye. Such package dyes are snares and delusions. They ruin good dresses and all other articles of clothing, and are dangerous to handle.

The Diamond Dyes are the popular home dyes all over the world, and ladies at all times can depend upon their strength, beauty and everlasting colors. Refuse all crude and weak dyes and cling to the reliable Diamond Dyes, and you are sure of success in home coloring work.

CALIFORNIA LIFE 25c.

Big illustrated magazine—tells all about California. Especially interesting to homeseekers. One year trial 25c. CALIFORNIA LIFE, 16 San Jose, Cal.

BOOK-KEEPING Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

GOLD WATCH FREE

For selling only 2 doz. sets of beautifully colored Picture Postcards at 10c. a set. Four elegant fast-selling cards worth 5c. each in every set. Write and we'll mail the cards (postpaid) and as soon as you send us the money we'll mail you this handsome engraved elegant gold-plated Watch. Keep wind and set accurate to the second exactly like a $25 Solid Gold Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 3207 Toronto.

Grand Xmas Musical Offer!

$15 VALUE for $6.95

173 Grand Singing and Playing Machines Must Be Sold at Once

It's the biggest value that has ever been offered in the Talking Machine business, we don't care by whom, when or where. It's a First-Class, High Grade Instrument, speaks plainer than machines sold at twice the price, and plays and sings in a manner that will astonish you. It is particularly noted for it's loud, splendid Band Music.

DESCRIPTION It has a beautifully polished, Mahogany-finished Cabinet, real Talking Machine Motor, large size Concert Sound Box, handsome Bronzed Horn Support and very large, beautifully sounding Horn, 16 inches long, with new full flaring Bell—a High Grade Instrument, inside and out, full $15.00 value and guaranteed for 5 years.

SEND ONLY $1.00 As a guarantee of good faith, and we'll ship the Singing and Playing Machine, exactly as shown and described above, to your nearest Express Office. You can call there and set it up, have a good look at it, examine it thoroughly. We'll send a 50c. Record and 100 Needles without any additional charge, so you can test it properly and hear it play. Then, if you're thoroughly satisfied in every way, absolutely sure that you couldn't buy anything equal to it in your town for less than twice the price, pay the Express Agent the balance, $5.95, and express charges, and take it home. We'll guarantee you never took anything home in your life, at ten times the price, that will give you and your family as much pleasure. Remember, you don't risk a cent. If the Instrument is not up to your highest expectations you can just tell the Express Agent to pack it up and send it back to us. We'll pay the charges both ways and refund your dollar. But we know you won't return it. You'll hurry home, sit right down and write us a letter like some of the following we have been receiving:

Better than a $45 Phonograph — Wm. Steele, Valleyfield, Que., writes: "Your Machine is the best of it's kind I have ever heard. I get better music out of it than any $45 instrument around here."

A Hundred Laughs Already — E. J. Robar, Upper Granville, N.S., writes: "My wife thinks it a wonder. We have had a hundred laughs over it already."

Great Amusement for the Boys — Joseph Edwards, Snake River, Ont., writes: "I must say I. is a Grand Piece of Music for the money and we are all highly pleased with it. It makes great amusement for the boys."

Wouldn't Trade It for a $35 One — Fred Peters, Sinclair, Man., writes: It's a daisy. My neighbors are surprised at the way it talks. A man here has a $35 machine but mine can beat his out by a long way. I would not trade for the $35 one if I could."

His Duty to Praise It — C. P. Heather, Upper Middlesboro, N.S., writes: "After carefully testing your Singing and Playing Machine I feel it my duty to give it a word of praise. It is really a wonder, and all who have heard it are delighted. The Band Selections are perfect. It is equal to any $25 Machine I ever heard."

Talks as Plain as You

Sings Beautifully

Plays the Finest Music

And this is not all. We are offering a Bargain in Records too. $1.00 Records for 40c.—50c. Records for 25c. and brand new Records at that. The only thing is, we haven't very many, but you can order as many of each as you like, and tell us what selections you prefer, and we'll send all we possibly can. You don't need to send more than a dollar no matter how large your order is. You can pay the balance, whatever it is, at the Express Office. We haven't space enough to tell you why we are making this big slump in prices. *We offer you a regular $15 Phonograph for $6.95, free trial before you pay for it, and there are only 173.* That's the long and the short of it. We don't think it necessary to tell you to write us at once, you know yourself how quick every man will be to jump at such a chance these long dull evenings. Be sure and tell us what Express Office you want us to ship the Outfit to if you're too far from Toronto to call at our store.

Johnston's Limited, 191 Yonge Street, Dept. 3118 Toronto, Ontario

THE WINNIPEG GRANITE AND MARBLE CO., LTD.

The LARGEST and most up-to-date Plant in Western Canada.

WOULD BE PLEASED TO GIVE ESTIMATES ON CONTRACTS OF ANY SIZE.

Do not fail to write us for Catalogue of Monuments, etc

MONUMENTS, TABLETS and HEADSTONES.
CEMETERY RAILING and FENCES.

INTERIOR MARBLE, TILING, IMPOSING and CANDY SLABS.
BUTCHER COUNTERS, WASHSTAND TOPS, etc.

OUR MOTTO: GOOD VALUE, PROMPT DELIVERY, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address: No. 248 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Month's Bright Sayings

William Whyte—The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has always remained perfectly neutral in election contests, and the intructions issued to all Superintendents has always been to treat both parties with fairness.

Bernard Shaw—Society makes vice by refusing to pay virtue decently.

The Golden Star—Toronto society belles attended a ball disguised as farm girls, but the farm girls are too modest to attend a ball disguised as Toronto belles.

Miss Alice Roosevelt—I did not receive an offer of marriage from the Sultan of Sulu. The circulation of such nonsensical stories is the only outcome of my whole trip that I have to regret.

The Picayune—The negro is rapidly leaving the cotton and sugar fields for the factories and the towns, and such as remain in the country are becoming yearly more shiftless and unreliable.

George Barlow—Swinburn is one of the world's very great spiritual poets.

Detroit Journal—The tall savage seized the newspaper which the waves cast upon the tropic strand and eagerly pursued it. "Clothing," he exclaimed, coming to the advertisements, "is as cheap as dirt!" "But not so durable," urged the stout savage, who was notoriously inclined to be benighted, not to say reactionary.

Toronto News—A drunken man in Winnipeg died from drinking carbolic acid. First time we have heard Winnipeg whiskey called by its right name.

The Czar—My will is sovereign, and it is my unalterable will that the admission of elected representatives to the works of State shall be regularly accomplished.

Calgary Herald—"If I were to give you an orange," said a judge, "I would simply say, 'I give you the orange,' but should the transaction be entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing, he would adopt this form: 'I here y gi e, grant and convey to you all my interest, right and title to said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits; and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck or otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pits; anything hereinbefore or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

The Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba—Be it hereby resolved that this Synod commends the action of those presbyteries in upholding the principles, reaffirms its approval of the principle of national schools.

Prince Louis of Battenburg—President Roosevelt looks what he is, the masterful ruler of a masterful people; is determined, bold, courageous. He is an extraordinary as well as a charming man.

Anna Evangelisti—Italian women have no taste for gadding; they are not eager, like women of the German stock, to frequent beer gardens and cafes and other public places.

Ram's Horn—Power and progress come through pain.

Goldwin Smith—If you succeed by the help of the militarists in goading us into military expenditure the result will be further need of taxation and the raising of Customs duties with no exception in favor of British goods. Canadians are here not to form empires in clouds, but to make their bread.

Hon. Dr. Pyne—The educational synigh perfect has many defects which stem of Ontario instead of being well could only be remedied by a thorough upheaval of the system.

Los Angeles Express — Twinkle, twinkle, little Czar, how I wonder where you are. Hope you're locked up good and tight, in your bomb-proof for the night.

Maxim Gorky—The bureaucracy is trying to extinguish with blood the fire of conscience which is gleaming in the Russian people, at last awakened to the knowledge of its right to choose its own form of existence.

British Weekly—It is those Jingo Imperialists who are the danger of the Empire. The meddling mother-in-law is unpopular, but Great Britain has long since ceased to play the role. The meddling daughter-in-law is more intolerable still. Let Australian politicians and clergymen mind their own business.

Frank Carpenter—Canada is twice the size of India. It is bigger than Australia, and it is thirty times as big as Great Britain and Ireland. It is bigger than the United States, including Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Samoa, and the Philippines all put together.

Puck—"Sure, I'd lay down my loife for yez, Norah." Norah—"But would you lay down a carpet for me, Patrick?"

Margaret Brewster—"I don't believe half the men are as black as they are painted; no, nor the women as blonde as they are bleached.

Winston Churchill — Mr. Chamberlain will never mislead this country again. He promised us a wealthy, loyal, and white South Africa; he has given us sedition, bankruptcy, and the Chinaman. Instead of 30,000,000 golden sovereigns, he has given us 30,000 yellow serfs.

"M. T."—We cannot very well afford to sniff at the vulgarity of Dickens when we remember the reach of his reforming influence.

Griffith-Jones—There is no great task, privilege, or duty that is worth doing that does not first appear to us as a vision.

Punch—Warts may be cured by rubbing them for seven or eight hours a day with a piece of pumice stone. As often as the pumice stone is worn away, begin again with a fresh piece.

An Excellent Piano.

Mr. S. L. Barrowcough, the well known musician and western manager for the Morris Piano Co., has just unloaded a carload of fine pianos. He says, go where you will, search every piano wareroom and every piano factory from coast to coast, and you will not find a piano that will give you more solid, permanent satisfaction than the Morris piano. Viewed from any standpoint, it will justify the most extravagant praise. In tone quality this piano possesses an individuality that at once places it in a class of its own. It is looked upon by musicians, piano experts, and the trade, as one of the few really artistic pianos in the market. Mr. Barrowclough says that the Morris piano finds a ready sale because its discriminating buyers are quick to recognize the many excellent qualities of its tone and action. He invites the most critical comparison of the Morris pianos with those of other high-grade makes. Whether you wish to buy or not, you will be a welcome visitor at the Morris warerooms.

KINGSTON TORONTO WINNIPEG

Jas. Richardson & Sons,

WINNIPEG.

Highest prices paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

in carload lots. Special attention paid to low-grade samples

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax.

WRITE FOR SHIPPING INSTRUCTIONS AND PRICE CIRCULARS.

Track quotations wired promptly on any kind of grain.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Bills of Lading, Sample Bags, Envelopes, Loading Instructions, etc., furnished on application.

Health Notes—Emergencies

Burns.—The principle to be acted on, in healing a burn, is to exclude the air. Anything that will do that will relieve the pain in a fair measure. Some bind a thick layer of flour over the burns, and when the skin is not broken, this answers very well. Baking soda is more healing, applied in the same way, slightly dampened, but not dissolved, and bound on. These remedies are popular because they are found in every household and are always at hand. Anything that hardens and cakes, however, becomes more or less painful, so that the remedies containing some oil or grease are the best. Sweet oil or vaseline are very good for all burns. Cover the burn with finely powdered boracic (or boric) acid, and keep it in place with a soft rag well saturated with oil. When the burn is severe, it will have to be dressed every day.

Stepping on a Nail.—When a barefoot boy steps on a rusty nail, which enters his foot, the first thing that must be done, is to encourage the flow of blood, by putting the foot into warm (not hot) water, removing all particles of dirt around the wound. Wrap a little clean, absorbent cotton on a stick, whittled down to the size of a match, dip it into turpentine, and insert very gently but firmly, as far into the wound as possible. Leave a little wisp of cotton in the mouth of the wound for a day or two, so that it wil not close over too soon, but will heal from the bottom. Then apply any antiseptic powder, as boracic acid, acetanilide, etc., and bandage the foot firmly. A very common practice is to put a piece of bacon rind over the spot, and if it is quite clean there seems to be a certain amount of efficacy in the peculiar combination of salt and grease to remove soreness and swelling.

A small wound, even a pin scratch, neglected, may result in a sore that will be hard to cure. The best way to heal such conditions promptly, is to bathe the part at once in a little warm water, into which put a few drops of carbolic acid or creoline. A strong solution of boracic acid or listerine will answer the purpose as well and perhaps will be more likely to be among the household remedies with which every careful housewife provides herself, when she lives at a distance from the family physician. Wrap the wound with soft linen or cotton cloth, to keep out dirt and germs, and a festering sore may be avoided.

Felons.—When a felon or "run-around" is starting, it may often be aborted by applying a little blistering ointment or plaster around the lower part of the finger or thumb affected, allowing it to remain until a blister is formed, when the swelling and inflammation will be reduced, and the painful affection relieved. Another popular method, is to plunge the affected finger into very hot water or hot lye formed by boiling wood ashes in water. These remedies are most helpful when used at the very beginning of these inflammatory conditions. The application of one of the many clay preparations, so much used in these days, for all inflammations, such as anti-phlogistine, etc., is a very satisfactory remedy.

A PICTURE THAT BRINGS BACK MEMORIES.

Bathing—The Care of the Skin.

The skin takes as important a part in keeping up the health of an individual as any other organ of the body. It should have as much care and attention bestowed upon it. It is an oldfashioned idea, and a very good one, as far as it goes, that "tub night" should come once a week. We are sure of one good scrubbing and grooming by Saturday night. But just as surely as our faces and hands need daily cleansing from the dust and dirt gathered through the day, so our whole bodies need to be cleansed of the waste materials that gather in the process of growing.

We all understand that in threshing, the good kernels of wheat are preserved, while the chaff is allowed to blow away. The body uses this selective process in retaining whatever will build it up, and throwing off what is useless.

The skin is full of little pores which carry off this unused matter. In more than a spiritual sense, it is that which is from within that defiles, so we need the cleansing, to keep these little pores open and active to do their work well, and relieve the system of what would otherwise clog the circulation, poison the tissues of the body, and expose us to many diseases that are the result of impure blood.

A quick sponging all over every morning, followed by a brisk rub with a crash towel, stimulates the skin, and removes the accumulation of waste matter thrown off during the night.

It need not take more than two or three minutes, but if time is precious in the morning hours for those who get the early breakfast and dress the children, take your rub-down, grooming, or whatever you choose to call it, at night. Sleep will be more refreshing when the circulation of the blood is directed away from the head by the glow over your body.

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W. G. FONSECA & SON,
AGENTS FOR WESTERN CANADA.

Woman—The Eternal Scapegoat

[Written especially for the "Western Home Monthly" by a woman.]

If the ventilation of an evil is the first step towards its removal, then are we surely on the high road to social progress! Never since the world began was the pother so great. Daily and weekly and monthly we have exposures, small and big, put before our eyes in language, the straightforwardness of which is only varied by the degree of education to which the writer may have attained.

The pater familias of the paper tells what he thinks of the world of the day, especially the feminine portion of it, in words whose force and sincerity lack nothing from the critic's forgetfulness of grammatical rules. The superior young man points out to us, through his favorite illustrated weekly, the great length and width of the path which has led us away from the salvation of the domestic haven; while in the magazines the advanced man or woman (more especially the woman) sends forth didactics on present abuses, couched in language which, robbed of its scientific dress in a paper, would lead to the intervention of the public prosecutor.

Men, be it noticed in these discussions, are generally the great croakers, the severe critics, and the most helpless monitors. A few mornings ago I amused myself by reading out to a young woman extracts from a batch of their letters. The writers, I am sure, considered their compositions vastly improving in tone, and that the sentiments were bound to have a salutary effect on any maiden who should have the good fortune to read them. My young friend listened to the description of the chaotic state to which she was reducing society, and to her portrayal as the arch destroyer of the home.

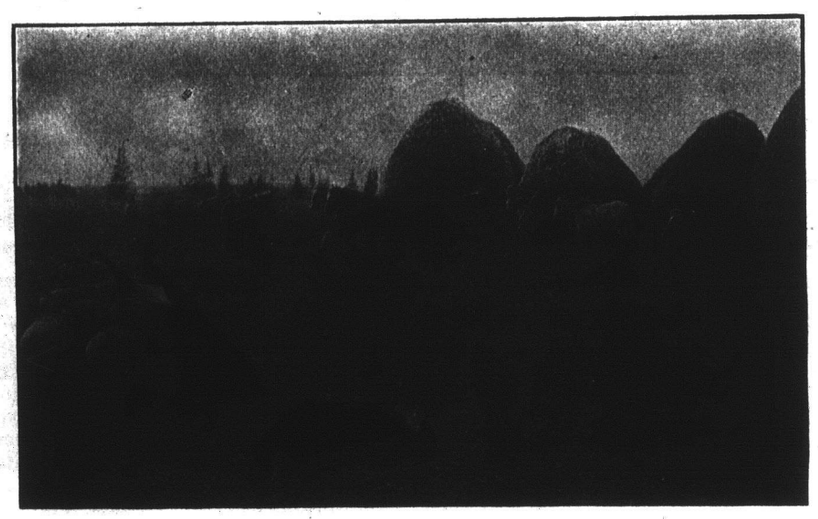
Was she moved to tears, to compunction, to resolutions of amendment? No such thing. She calmly laid down a glove she had been mending and said: "I never heard such cheek!"

"Such cheek!" is the only response to be got to masculine criticism from the girl of the day. Can it be wondered at? She probably thinks it is time for some one to resent her sex being made the eternal scapegoat. After all, it is the men, not the women, who—up to the present, at any rate—do most towards building up an age; and it might really be well for them to set about putting their own houses in order before they work themselves into such a state of indignation over the condition of ours. I may have readers with opinions so advanced that they will feel wroth with me over my old fashioned notions. But I really believe that women of an epoch follow the lead of the men. I am quite willing to concede to possible opponents that they have often done so through compulsion, and that the rhetoric of the club or the impossibility of earning a living had much to do with the conformity. Still, however, formed, a habit is a habit, and to reach an ideal set up by man has ever been the aim of the majority of women.

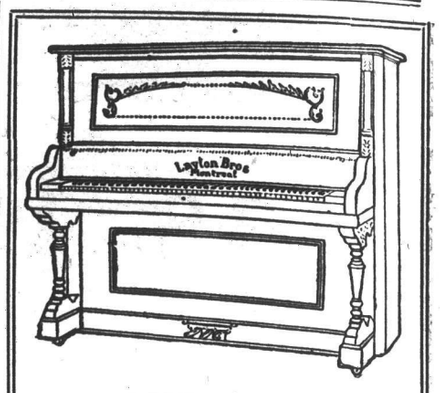
This is a humiliating confession, perhaps; yet, can any one looking around with eyes anxious to see things as they are deny it? So if the home is in a state of decay; if the mistress prefer a restaurant dinner, where a chef may be sworn at, to the family dinner party, where the entrance of each dish meant a distinct personal anxiety; and if the girls prefer pretty frocks and a good time to the housekeeper's apron and responsibility, may it not be whispered softly that masculine indifference or the tendencies of masculine preferences led the way?

It is natural enough, then, that the girls should cry out: "What cheek!" when they hear the moans which have arisen on all sides for the lost Griseldas. The mourners like to ignore that it was they who dug the deep graves and chanted the merry funeral marches of the much regretted fair ones. What a sweet revenge it would be if our girls of the period could hold a huge spiritualistic seance and summon from the land of shades materialized forms of these sisters of half a century ago! They could substitute them for themselves for a season. How would Mr. Moneymaker, who has planned a little business dinner, with a visit to a musical comedy and a run home in an auto afterwards, like the impression made on his friends by a wife in a plain cut black silk gown, to whom theater going meant "perdition," and who would require a week of sofa and red lavender to repair the nerve disorganization caused by a midnight rush out of town? Or, again, how would John Lawyer, in musty legal chambers, which are only made endurable by the thought of the jolly boating, or cycling, vacations which he spends with "the best girl in the world"—how would he enjoy paying court to a damsel in white muslin, who, as she selects her wools for her cross stitch flowers, gives no livelier response to his monologues a la "Waverly" than the trembling of an eyelid or the gradual rising of a delicate flush to the cheek? Were John fortunate, there might be added to the joys of this drawing room wooing the excitement of seeing his ladylove bursting into tears and falling on the bosom of a maiden aunt.

But the whole question really resolves itself into one of environment. Each age, I suppose, produces people who fit in with it best; and until our masculine critics can prove that it is women alone who are "losing the instinct of home making," who are "lacking in the spirit of self-sacrifice," who are "forgetting that there is a word called duty," who are the "destroyers of the idea of domesticity"—until then, I say, we have all a perfect right to join in with my girl friend and exclaim: "What cheek!"



A WESTERN FARM SCENE.



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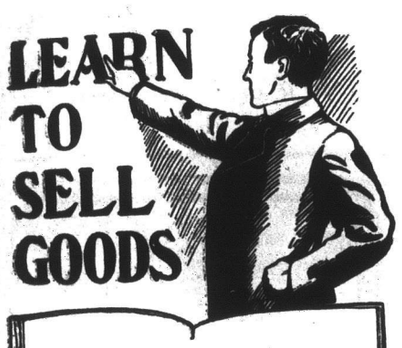

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Ways to Distribute Christmas Gifts

After all, there are probably no better ways whatever to distribute Christmas gifts than the dear old familiar ones of putting them in stockings that have been hung at the fireplace, or arranging them on trees; but since children enjoy a change once in a while, and variety may add a little spice to the holiday fun the following suggestions are offered:

For those who do not like to forsake tradition completely, how will this plan do? Make an immense stocking of unbleached muslin, say about four feet long, fastening the top over a small barrel hoop. Cut slits in the stocking large enough to pull the presents through. Wrap the presents in tissue paper, tying them with ribbons, and leaving one end of the ribbon on each package large enough to come through a slit, in order that there may be attached to it a card bearing the name of the person for whom the article is intended. Then invite the children and grown-ups to pull their presents through the slits in the big stocking.

Somewhat along the same line is the family Christmas box, which should be a big box with a hinged lid. Cover it with turkey-red cotton, and about a week before Christmas decorate it handsomely with greens. Place it in a room to which all members of the household may have access, so that gifts may be deposited in the box whenever they are ready. It should, of course, be a matter of honor that no one shall peep into the box when leaving anything there. On Christmas Day, at an hour previously agreed upon, the box may be opened in the presence of the whole family.

A pyramid of snowballs gives a pretty effect on a platform. Roll up each present in cotton batting, tying all with white ribbons, thus obtaining a mass of "snowballs" of all sizes. After covering the floor with a white cloth pile up the balls in form of a pyramid and scatter diamond dust over them, in order to give the pile an attractive sparkle. Dress a little boy as the Frost King, and let him distribute the "snowballs." His costume should be of white wadding, sprinkled with diamond dust. Small bunches of holly leaves and berries should be sewed here and there upon his costume.

Here is another snowball idea: Arrange the tree as usual, and have Santa Claus crouch down beside it in as near the form of a big ball as he can assume. Cover him with cotton batting, making him look like a huge snowball. The director of the festivities should suggest that Santa Claus may have been lost in a snowstorm, and with a snow-shovel he should carefully dig a hole in the big snowball. Santa Claus may then appear, telling the children that he lives on a hilltop, and that since he was run away with by his reindeer last Christmas he had been a little afraid of automobiles, so he decided to roll down in a snowball this year.

A simple way to amuse the children on Christmas Day is to tell them that they may have their gifts only by going to the North Pole for them. At first they will be greatly mystified, but let their search be rewarded by their finding in one room a huge post, wrapped in cotton batting, with diamond dust sprinkled over it, hooks being driven into the post in order that gifts may be hung upon it.

It is not a bad idea to have Santa Claus appear from a big cake. The cake is a sham, of course, being built on a round wooden frame about six feet in diameter and four feet high. The frame is covered with white crepe paper to imitate frosting, and may be decorated with sprigs of holly. Within the frame Santa Claus sits hidden with all the gifts around him. At the proper moment the hostess cuts the cake, and presto! there is Santa Claus in the middle of it, smiling, and handing out the "plums" to the little folk.

A clothesline is a prosaic thing, but when it is stretched back and forth across a room and each clothespin used is decorated with a tiny sprig of holly and fastens to the line a little Christmas gift done up in white tissue paper, tied with red baby ribbon and decorated with sprigs of holly, it becomes a thing of beauty. The heavier gifts, properly packed, should be placed upon the floor directly beneath the line, and red baby linen, or colored strings, should extend from each one to the line, being fastened there by the holly-trimmed clothespins. Then have a pretty girl come in, dressed as a housemaid, and "take down the clothes," delivering each article to whomsoever it belongs.

When circumstances do not permit of a tree, an easy way to make little children happy is to heap all their Christmas gifts in front of an empty fireplace so as to give them the appearance of having been hastily dumped down the chimney. On top of all place a note of apology from Santa Claus, setting forth that he was so busy that he found it really impossible to leave his sleigh and come down into the house with the presents. The novelty of it all will be likely to delight the children.

In the centre of the room place a large round table covered with a green cloth scattered all over with small boughs of evergreen, frosted with tinsel. Suspended from the chandelier, and hanging just far enough apart to admit a little light from above, have garlands sparkling with frost, with the ends fastened to the sides of the table, three-quarters of the way around it. The effect will be that of a tent. The other quarter should be left open, so that one may look inside and see an immense cornucopia covered with silver paper, with its open end toward the front. As though emerging from it the Christmas Fairy (a wax doll), sparkling in robes of white and silver, should be poised. A frosted wreath should crown her golden curls, and in her hand she should hold a long silver wand. The cornucopia should seem to be emptying itself of bonbons and bright candies into the glittering train of the good Fairy. The gifts should be piled inside the tent and beneath the table. The room should be quite dark when the children are admitted.

Sentence Sermons.

Fault finders are seldom faithful.

Sanctification is salvation from self.

Love and pain are seldom far apart.

There is no pedagogy like that of love.

The long drawn frown only pulls men down.

The darkness awaits him who wastes the day.

The brother's burden is the Father's business.

The river of life has something in it besides gush.

A world without pain would be without power.

That which is irreverent must be irreligious.

The man who is on the cross needs no crosses on him.

The religious fan always thinks he is the whole field.

Occupation is inoculation against much temptation.

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The old man is never eradicated by becoming an old woman.

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FIRESIDE READING FOR JUVENILES.

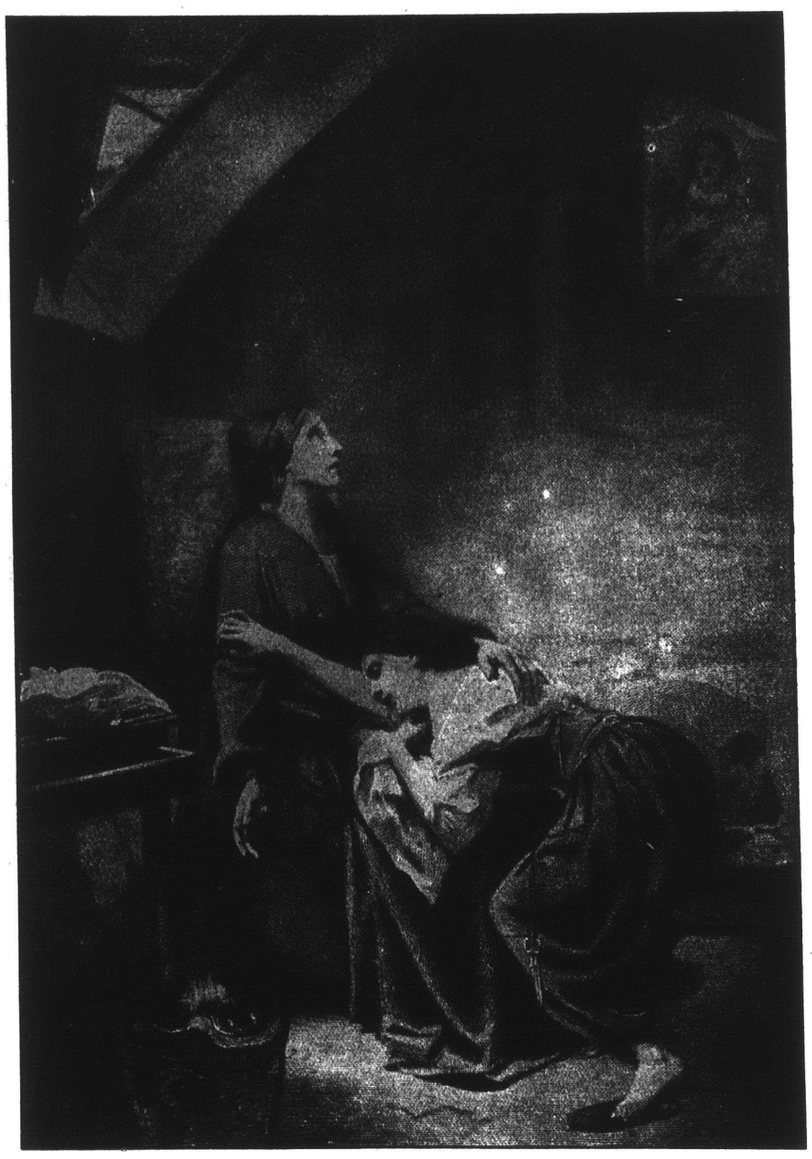
Santa Claus.

We all know who Santa Claus is. He is the jolly little elf who on Christmas eve visits every home where there are boys and girls. He must be very, very old for he was making his annual rounds when Grandma was a little girl. In those days they did not have any big black stoves, nor even registers in the floor, but they had great wide fireplaces where they could roll in a log in the evening and make a blazing fire. The smoke and flames would curl round and round and go up in the biggest chimney you ever saw, and make a roaring noise as they went. The children would dance around the room in the glow of the fire for they did not have electric light in those days and the light from the fire was often the only one that they had in the room. What fun they had playing hide-and-seek under the tables and behind the chairs.

a chubby little fist thrust through the bars of the crib—and that is the way she knew her birdies were safe asleep.

Then, after the house was all quiet and everybody asleep, a little old man would climb down the wide chimney to the bed of ashes in the fire-place, and step on to the hearth. Sometimes he left tracks, and the children knew he really did come down the chimney. He would see that row of stockings, and chuckling all the time to himself, would stuff them full of everything the little children wanted—lovely toys, candies and oranges. He had to hurry and climb up the chimney again, for there were lots of other houses that he had to go to yet.

That was years and years ago, for that yellow curl on the pillow was Grandma's hair when she was a wee little girl. Now Santa comes into our houses differently. You see the chimney is much smaller than grandma's was, and besides, Santa has got very fat and a little stiff. So it



"A CHEERLESS CHRISTMAS."
From the painting by Nicholas Francois Tassaert.

But by and bye the fire would burn down, and the log would be only a red heap of coals, and pussy would sit comfortably on the hearth and blink as the sparks flew up the chimney. When the sparks would be pretty nearly all gone, then the children would sit down on the rug and pull off their stockings. They would pull a chair on to the hearth, and climb up in their bare feet. It was such a reach to hang their stockings on the mantleshelf that they had to stand on tiptoe. How they would scamper off to bed and hide their heads under the quilts. Now and then they would pop up and strain their ears to hear Santa Claus. Then there would be a rattle in the big chimney, and down would go the heads and not peek any more. When mother would come up and see if the children were all covered and warm, all she would see would be a yellow curl on the pillow at the back of the bed, and a queer little round heap at the front, and would be too uncomfortable for him to come down the chimney. One year he got stuck and made the stove smoke, and we decided then to leave the door unlocked on Christmas eve. We hang our stockings over the back of a chair, and he slips in quietly. He never slams the door when he is going out. In the morning we creep down-stairs in the dark. It is awfully cold and shivery too. We get our stockings all lumpy, and crackly with the things inside, and fly back to bed. We eat our candies and nuts and play with our dolls under the covers. It is fun till the bed gets prickly with the nut shells. Then we rush into Mother's room and jump on the bed, and hug her and kiss her, and say "Merry Christmas" to make her wake up. Father says we are worse than a hundred Indians.

It's the man who hammers the church down who complains most that she does not rise.

A Cash Xmas Present

Instead of sending calendars we have decided to give anyone sending an order for a

CATER PUMP
OR
STAR WINDMILL

Before December 31st a discount of **10 per cent** (as a Christmas present) off the purchase prices.

Every Pump and Windmill guaranteed

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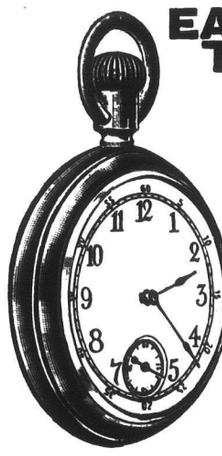

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The easiest thing in the world. Hundreds of boys have done it and they say it's just a dandy—handsomely polished silver nickel case, strong and well made, with decorated porcelain dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands of fine blue steel and good works given absolutely free for selling our

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This watch is an example of our values.

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This case is made of solid 14k gold throughout inside dome and bezel being solid 14 k—plain or fancy case—fitted with our special nickel movement—made specially for us with our name on it.—Full jewelled escapement all covered by our fullest guarantee. Price $20.00

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of all gold and most silver jewelry we sell and such lines as tableware, cut glass, etc; that we do not make in our factory we purchase in such quantities that enables us to sell at manufacturers price—thus you readily see our position when it comes to saving you money on your purchase—send for catalog.

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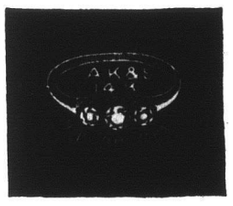

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Saint Nicholas.

The name Santa Claus comes from the name Saint Nicholas, but the story of Santa Claus is different from the story of Saint Nicholas. Indeed, we often wonder jolly little Santa could have taken his name from Saint Nicholas. It must have been because they both loved children.

Saint Nicholas lived hundreds of years ago in a town away across the sea. Even when he was a very little boy he was known all through the town for his kindness and goodness. He thought a good deal about God and Heaven, and very early decided to give up his whole life to working for our Savior.

All the children loved Saint Nicholas because he loved them and was good to them. He often gave them presents, but better than that, he taught them the truth. Everybody who was in need found in him a friend and help. Once he heard about two young girls who were in great distress. Their mother was dead, and their father was so sick that he could not earn any money to buy bread. They were nearly starving. This good saint wanted to give them money to buy something to eat, but he did not want anybody to know who had given it. So one night when the shadows of evening had crept over the world, he went to the house where the girls lived. He could see from the hedge where he was standing that one of the windows had been left open. A dim candle was burning inside. He crept up quietly through the bushes, and threw into the room some pieces of gold. He was slipping away when the poor old father saw him, and came and knelt at his feet, and thanked him for the relief he had given to their want. But Saint Nicholas helped him up, and told him to thank God instead.

The Christians in those days had to suffer a great deal. Many were put to horrible deaths. Saint Nicholas was imprisoned and treated cruelly, but God did not allow him to be murdered. He died a natural death, revered and loved by all those whom he had helped.

"KATIE'S LETTER."
From the picture by Haynes King, R.B.A., in the Atkinson Gallery, Southport.
Size 24 x 20.
Presented to the Corporation of Southport by Miss Ball.

The Princess and the Sailor.

A very pretty story is told of how Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, once endeavoured to instil into one of her little daughters a lesson in true politeness.

One lovely afternoon she and her little girls had been out in the boat of an old fisherman. When they were landing after their sail, they had to cross a narrow plank. One of the little princesses slipped, but righted herself and did not fall. The old man in truly fatherly fashion said quickly: "Be careful, little lady!" The princess drew herself up to her most regal height and said haughtily:

"I am not a lady, I am a princess."

The mother turned and smilingly added:

"Tell the good old man that you are not a little lady, but that you hope to be one some day."

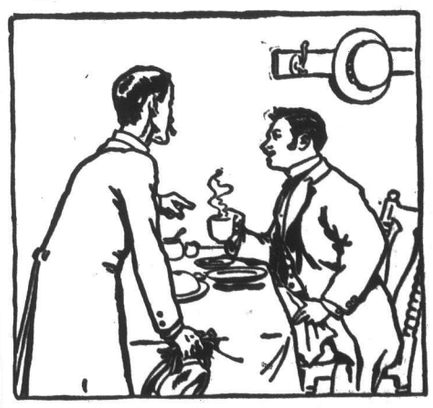
Christmas Games.

Christmas is the time for children's parties, and often one is at a loss to know how to amuse them. One never-failing source of enjoyment for the young seems to be the searching of any hidden treasures. These need not be elaborate. Supposing Santa Claus were to cut cards of different shapes from coloured cardboard and illumine them with a little gold paint. Some might be little socks with a toy sticking out of the top; some might be heart shaped; some might be owls, with big round eyes; and some might even be a likeness of Santa himself. It would not take him long at this his busy season to do this. After he has fixed a lot of these—more than there are children—he will hide them around the rooms and halls, and let the little folk hunt for them.

There are better ways of showing your sand than throwing grit in the other man's eyes.

The thin rubber glove worn by surgeons during operations has not been found entirely satisfactory as it lessens the sensitive touch of the fingers. A substitute has been devised in the shape of a coating formed upon the hands by immersing them in a weak solution of gutta-percha in benzine or acetone. This is so thin and pliable that it serves the purpose of protecting both the hands of the surgeon, and the tissues of the patient's body, and yet does not impair the sensitiveness of the surgeon's fingers.

JOHNSON'S NIGHTMARES.



Johnson read the symptoms in each patent nostrum ad,
And soon he thought he had 'em all, and had 'em awful bad.
He'd feel a crick, a pain, a pang, as he would read away—
With every ad his mind would change—new ailment every day!
And last of all he found an ad that said that all disease,
If 't were not for the coffee bean, would probably soon cease.
And never pausing to reflect that men who want to sell
A brand new notion to the "peop" don't balk at what they tell,
He started on a brisk crusade to warn each smiling friend
That coffee, if persisted in, his life would surely end.
But to his great astonishment, the folks he came across
Were looking most amazing well and *his* seemed all the loss.
For while they sipped their morning cup, or demi-tasse at noon,
And seemed to thrive, he grew more thin and sombre. Pretty soon,
He wondered if he wasn't wrong, and he removed the ban
When Chase & Sanborn had explained what went in every can.
And as we *are*, much as we *think*, his nightmares he forgot,
And saw them vanish in the steam from coffee piping hot.

The Tag That Tells

DOMINION MORE MILLS A. Burtt & Co. Limited Ont. Woodstock

Mothers

Look for this tag on every pair of Stockings you buy for the boys. It's a guarantee of the wear of

"Dominion Brand" STOCKINGS.

It means fewer stockings to buy—and much less darning to do.

While you are buying the boys' stockings, ask to see "Dominion" Brand UNDERWEAR for Ladies and Children.

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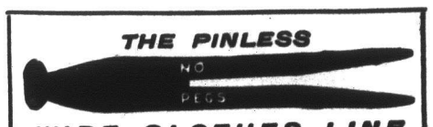

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TO TAKE A REMEDY IS WHEN THE FIRST SYMPTOMS APPEAR.

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who suffer from weakness and nervous exhaustion neglect taking a cure until they have lost Health, Strength and Beauty. That is a mistake. As soon as you feel miserable and "out-of-sorts" commence taking

"7 Monks' Con-i-Cure"

It will tone up the Nerves, Create Health, Strength and Energy.

It is a Wonderful Remedy. Sold by all Druggists for $1.00.

If you cannot procure from your Druggist, we will mail it prepaid Upon receipt of the price.

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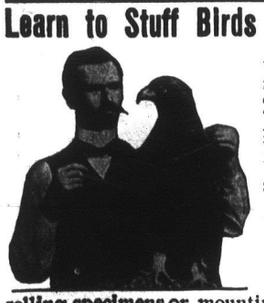

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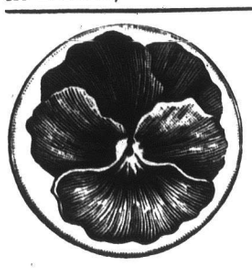

Free Brooch

Send us your name and address and we will send you one of these beautifully colored Pansy Brooches by mail post paid absolutely free.

The Jewelry Co. Dept. W, Toronto.

Temperance Talk.

Carrie Nation as a Reformer.

As everybody knows, Carrie Nation is a reformer of the axe and bludgeon style. She hates the saloons and would like to clean them out, so she enters the saloons with an axe and begins to smash things generally. She splinters the counters, makes a glass pie of the decanters and bottles, shivers the mirrors into a thousand fragments and cuts up generally.

Some people have wondered how she dare do this. Is she not a law-breaker in proceeding in this tempestuous manner? Why don't the saloon-keepers arrest and put her in the states prison to protect their business?

Mrs. Nation knows that she is all right. The saloon-keepers are law-breakers themselves. They break the law every day and every week in the most flagrant manner. Every one who sells liquors to minors, keeps open after midnight, furnishes habitual drunkards with intoxicating beverages, or keeps their saloons running on Sunday, are breakers of the law. This probably includes them all.

No wonder Carrie Nation feels that she is on safe ground. A law-breaker will not be very likely to appeal to the court, because some one else is breaking the law. It is a case of "dog eat dog." "When Greek meets Greek" there is trouble of the hand-to-hand sort. If they should bring Mrs. Nation into court for smashing up their goods, the inquiries would be raised: "What day was it?" "What time of night was it?" etc. Mrs. Nation is very careful to go into these saloons on Sunday or after midnight, because she knows full well that the complainants must convict themselves in order to prove their case.

This solution of the liquor problem by Mrs. Nation reminds us of doctors who give a poison to antidote another poison. In some cases it is necessary to do this. Some one has swallowed a large dose of morphine. He is in danger of dying. The doctor comes along and gives him a large dose of atropin. Both the morphine and atropin are poison, but the poison of the atropin counteracts or disturbs the course of the poison of the morphine. Thus the two poisons begin to combat each other and the system is freed from them both.

We have a poison in society. It is the saloon-keepers who are law-breakers. They poison society, because they hold the law in contempt and break the requirements of the statutes every day. Moral susasion seems to be ineffective. Legal proceedings do not avail anything. In comes Mrs. Nation as another poison. Just as much of a law-breaker as the saloon-keepers, and, therefore, to be classed as belonging to their kind. But her poison is of a different sort from the saloon-keepers. It is a poison radically opposed to their poison. While these two poisons are fighting it out in some saloon on Sunday or after midnight, society is getting rid of them both. If Mrs. Nation should accidentally kill some saloon-keeper, society would be rid of that law-breaker. If some saloon-keeper should accidentally kill Mrs. Nation, again society would be rid of that law-breaker. Thus, it will be the same which-ever way it works, and society will be benefited in that it will be rid of one more law-breaker.

We admire Mrs. Nation's pluck and courage. We agree with her that the law-breaking saloons should be abolished. We agree with her heartily; but, up to this moment, we have not felt impelled to copy her methods of warfare. It may be a want of courage or patriotic enthusiasm, or it might be a doubt as to whether her methods of warfare will finally succeed. Perhaps the poison of the law-breaking saloon-keeper might be eliminated in a simpler way than smashing the saloon-keeper's property. But Mrs. Nation does not do it in this way, and she has the shrewdness to see that the saloon-keeper will never dare to have her arrested for breaking the law.

We cannot exactly applaud the Amazonian Carrie for her prowess and pile-driving piety, but there is a tint of humor in the whole business that turns the laugh on the saloon-keeper. The saloon-keeper is smashing the ideals and proprieties of well-behaved society. Mrs. Nation comes in and smashes his nice fixtures and disturbs his customers. Thus he gets "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth." After all, it may do the saloon-keepers good to get a taste of their own medicine. Society has suffered from their lawlessness and they are treated with a little suffering from lawless depredation of another sort. They have "sown to the wind," and they are "reaping the whirlwind," and the spectators hardly know whether to laugh or cry.

What Money Can Buy.

The following touching incident, a recent occurrence in a Western county jail, as related by a keeper, is retold with the hope that the good work begun that night may go on and on:

"Last evening, just before the lights went out in all the rooms of the county jail, and while the prisoners on the ground floor were gathered in the corridors telling coach stories, uttering oaths, and indulging in the low, vulgar conversation so often heard among many who go to make up the crowd in the jail, the attention of the boisterous throng was suddenly arrested by the sound of a strong, sweet baritone voice singing 'Something Money Cannot Buy,' which came from one of the rear cells. In a moment every sound was hushed except the sweet voice of the vocalist singing:

"'Gold hath its powers, sages will say;
Riches in life hold a wonderful sway,
But there's a power that hails from above,
Richer and grander—power of love!
There strolls a noble, money and land,
Lives in a mansion, costly and grand,
Yet he's unhappy, no one knows why.
Love is a power no money can buy.'

"The voice quavered as the last lines were sung. The sound of the sweet music reached the office of the turnkey, and softly the door leading to the cell room was opened and those who were in the office when he started tiptoed into the hall.

"Several of the prisoners meantime were noticed with a suspicious moisture about the eyelids. The voice of the singer was choked for a moment, and then clearing his throat as if with an effort, he began the chorus:

"'Love of a mother for her darling child,
Love for a son, tho' he's wayward and wild——'

"Here audible sobs were heard, both in the cell of the singer and from other parts of the corridor. Recollections of the mother love that had long been dormant in the breast of wayward boys had been stirred and the floodgates of memory broken down. For a few moments it seemed as if some of them could not control their emotions, but it finally became still again and the singer once more began, starting at the commencement of the chorus:

"Love of a mother for her darling child,
Love for her son, tho' he's wayward and wild,
Love that brings joy and tears to the eye—
This love is something money can't buy.'

"As the singer ceased those in the corridor rushed to the cell, and hands were shoved through the bars in their desire to grasp those of the vocalist.

"'Put her here, old chap, that song has done me more good than all the sermons I ever heard,' said one. 'I've got a mother, boys, and she's a grand good woman, too!" It would break her heart if she knew where I was, I want you to witness what I say. I have got twenty-seven days yet to serve in here. When I get out I am going to write to my mother that I'm comin' home and goin' to work, and I ain't never goin' to drink another glass of whiskey as long as my mother lives.'

"'Here's another in the same fix,' said a second boy. 'I have not written a letter to my poor old mother in two years. God only knows what she has gone through on my account. I'm going to reform right now."

"The sweet singer, scarcely twenty, a vaudeville vocalist, who was arrested for drunkenness just before he completed his engagement, saying as the tears streamed down his handsome face:

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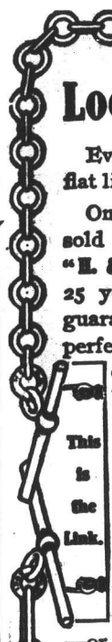
Every "H. & A. S." chain has a flat link.

On one side is stamped the year sold as "1905"—on the reverse, "H. & A. S.—15 years" or 5, 10 or 25 years, which means that we guarantee such a chain to give perfect satisfaction for 5, 10, 15 or 25 years as the case may be from 1905.



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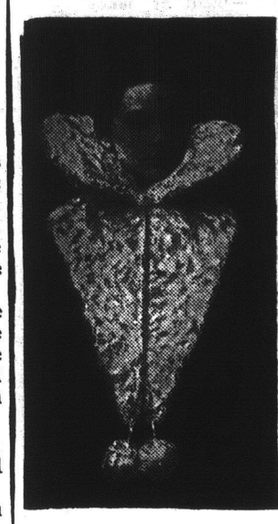

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Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that?

Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,

Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers:— "Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

HANDSOME LONG MINK STOLE FREE

A beautiful soft brown Fur resembling Mink, 40 inches long, and 4 inches wide, warmly padded, beautifully lined with brown satin, and shaped to fit close to the neck as shown in the Illustration. It has a handsome Chain Fastener at the throat, and is ornamented with six beautiful tails. If it were the real mink it would be worth $25. It won't cost you a cent if you'll sell 3 doz. sets of our beautifully colored Picture Post Cards at 10c. a set (four lovely Cards, all different, in each set). Picture Post Cards are all the rage just now and ours sell like lightning, they're so beautiful and cheap. Many people write us that they have them all sold before they get out of the Post Office. This elegant Stole is worth one hundred times the little work we ask you to do. Nothing so handsome or so valuable has ever been given away. Now's your chance. If you're needing the Stole right off send us your name and address at once and you'll have it in a few days. Address, THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 3205 TORONTO, ONT.

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INFALLIBLE TABLET Co., 1757 MAIN ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

"I'm with you boys! This is the first time I was ever in jail, and I got to thinking of the disgrace, and how broken-hearted my mother would be if she knew where her only son was to-night, and I couldn't help singing those lines. This is the song I sang when I made my first hit.'

"It is wonderful how a crowd will follow an inspiration," continued the keeper: "in a short time nearly all the prisoners had avowed their intention to reform.

"Then some one proposed

"'Home, Sweet Home,"

which was led by the sweet singer, and with hearts lighter than for many a day, because of noble resolves, every prisoner joined in singing the song that appeals to heart-hungry ones the world over."

Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian orig n.

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Dyer's weed is peculiar in Southern Germany.

The Zealand flax shows its origin by its name.

Millet was first known in India and Abyssinia.

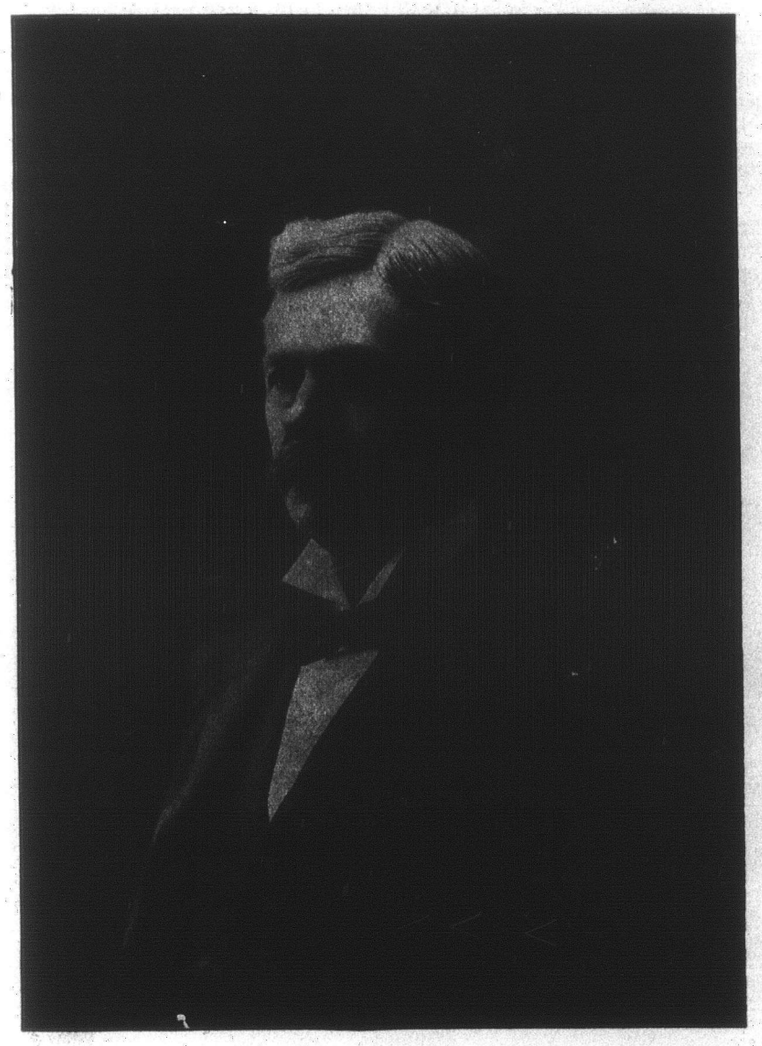
Horse-radish came from the south of Europe.

Coriandia grows wild near the Mediterranean.

The garden beans came from the East Indies.

Hemp is a native of Persia. and the East Indies.

The radish is a native of China and Japan.



D. McLACHLAN, PRINCIPAL OF THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT., CANADA'S LEADING COMMERCIAL EDUCATIONALIST.

We believe the subject of this sketch is entitled to this distinction on account of the number of years in which he has been engaged in commercial training, and because of the high-class work which has been done in the Canada Business College, Chatham, Ont., over which he so ably presides, and its sister school the McLachlan University, of Grand Rapids, Mich., under the management of his brother and partner, Mr. M. McLachlan.

The best evidence in support of this claim is the fact that over 100 of the leading commercial teachers in Canada and the United States received their training under Mr. McLachlan's instruction.

His skill as a penman and his ability to impart by his instruction that skill to others is acknowledged even by his strongest competitors in the field of commercial training, and has been a great factor in building up this grand school of which not only Chatham but all Canada may be proud.

The Western Home Monthly has always carefully avoided the giving of special prominence to the work of any of its patrons, unless where there is something of special interest to the general public involved, but the merits of this special case, we believe, warrant the prominence we are giving to the work of this particular school, on account of the grand step which the proprietors, Messrs. D. McLachlan & Co., have taken in the forward march of commercial education, by being the first in the Dominion to erect a splendid building, as will be seen by the sketch which appears in their advertisement on page 22, to be used exclusively for business college purposes. You will also notice the fine recreation grounds which form a part of this excellent equipment.

As this institution has led its competitors for the past 20 or 25 years in the field of commercial training, it was but fitting that it should be the first to make this further advance in the cause of commercial education, by erecting a splendid building at a cost of many thousands of dollars, and equipping it in a manner befitting the work of so worthy a school.

It is also the only business college in Canada running in its 30th year without change of management.

The catalogue issued by Mr. McLachlan for their Chatham institution is in keeping with everything else in connection with this worthy school. It is said to be the handsomest issue of the kind sent out by any commercial school on the continent, and is beautifully illustrated with high-class pieces of pen art, all of them the work of his former students.

TOBACCO HABIT.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.

LIQUOR HABIT.

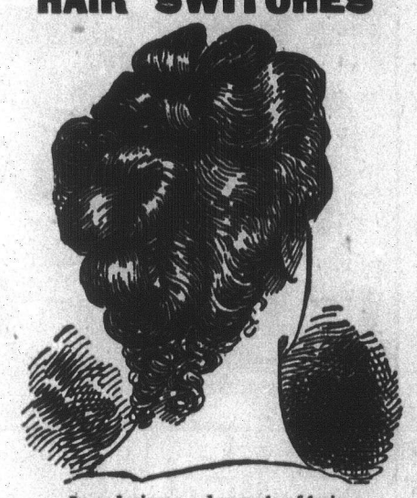
Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

BIG MAGIC LANTERN FREE for Selling Our Comic Post Cards

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses, made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed, complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. Best thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address and we'll mail you our Comic Post Cards to sell at only 5c. each. They sell like hot cakes. Over a million sold in three weeks. Write to-day. Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 3124 Toronto

HAIR SWITCHES



In ordering send sample of hair.

20 inches	$1.50
22 inches	2.50
24 inches	4.00
18 inches wave switches	3.00
24 in. long natural wave	5.00

Natural curly pompadour from $1.50 up

Free catalogue of Switches, Pompadours, Wigs, Bangs, Men's Toupees, etc., with instructions for accurate measurement of Wigs and Toupees. Write to-day. Hundreds of testimonials.

NEW YORK HAIR STORE
SEAMAN & PETERSON
Y.M.C.A. Building 275 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

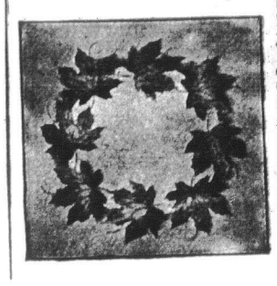
Nordheimer Piano

"I have used my Nordheimer Piano on an average six hours every day for the last ten years, and the tone has developed in sweetness and breadth. The action is as good as new. The case does not look a year old."

The above opinion is from one of Winnipeg's best musicians.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

The NORDHEIMER PIANO Co.
247 Main St., Winnipeg.



FREE Sample DOYLEY

In order to introduce our beautiful Fancy Work, we will give every Lady who answers this advertisement one handsome 15c Doyley, 9 inches square, beautifully tinted in colors by hand, your choice from a variety of exquisite designs,—maple leaf, holly, rose, grape, strawberry, forget-me-not, etc. Please enclose 2c stamp to pay postage.—THE LINEN DOYLEY Co., Dept. W, TORONTO, Can.

ORIGINAL PLANS

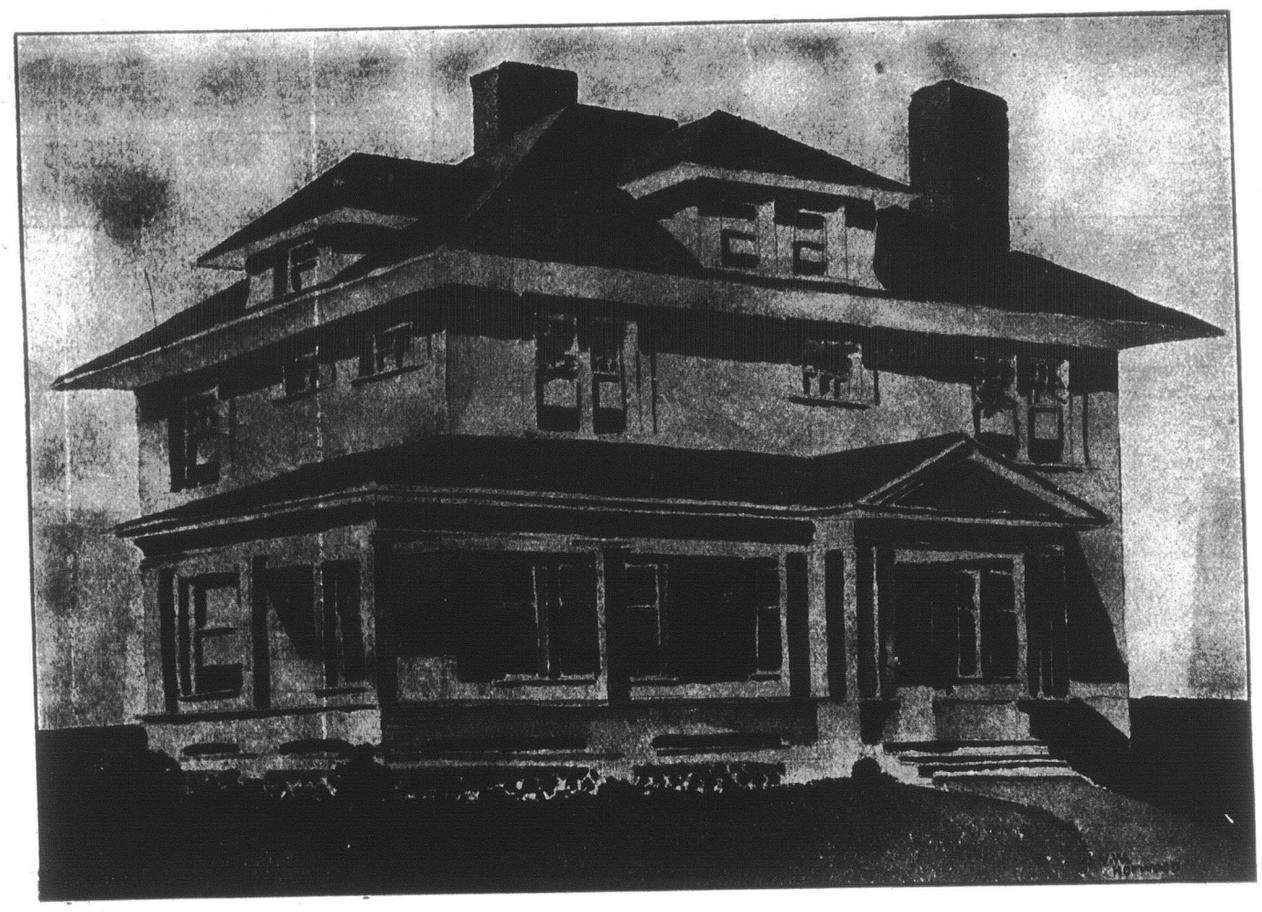
Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

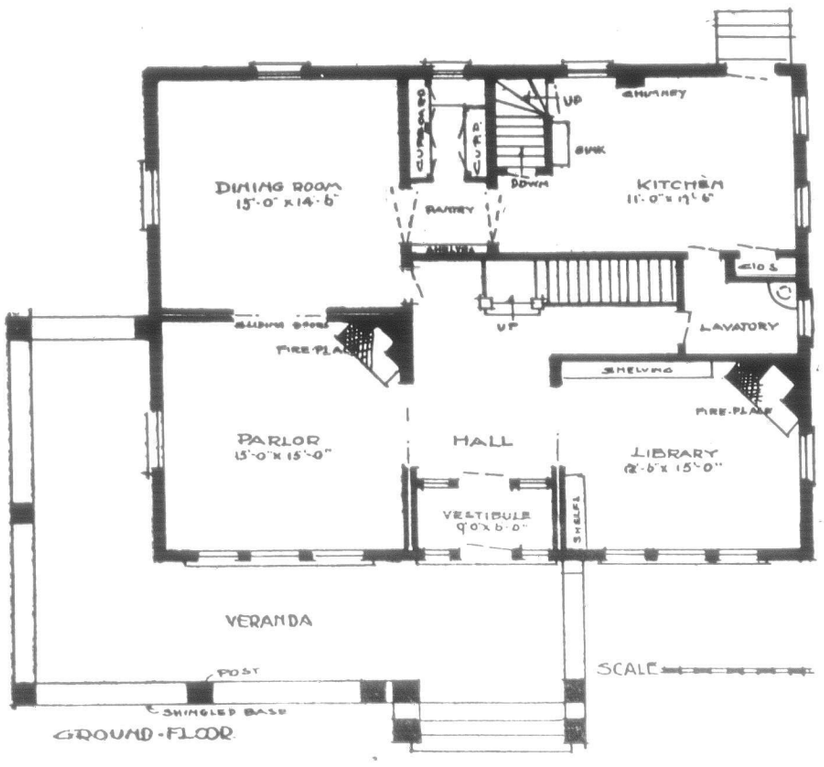
The exterior of the house may be either brick, stone, or siding; if brick, any of the colors will do. Siding had better have the ground work painted light yellow with all trimmings and veranda a white, with roof left to weather. The house is plain and square, yet with the massive veranda and wide projection of the cornice would make a surprisingly effective building. The plan is very suitable for a cold climate, where artificial heating has to be employed for many months in the year. Its heating is very simple, either hot water or hot air could be used. Hot water, of course, being three or four times as costly as hot air. If hot air, it could be made very satisfactory, placing the furnace almost in the centre of the building and the pipes radiating. In connection with hot air heating, if outside cold air is brought into the building, put in two vents on opposite sides of the house with dampers, so that when winds prevail from one quarter, the damper on that side is closed and the heat will be diffused more equally. The plan is economical and could be easily and effectively furnished, a well proportioned room being much easier fitted up than a badly laid out one. The entrance hall would give a very handsome effect, panelled 4ft. 6in. high, stained a dark weathered oak, with a graceful stair at the end. The library is convenient, and for men who sometimes receive business visits at their homes is very useful. Many people prefer the library next to the dining-room, and this could be easily arranged. The small lavatory under the stairs is very useful, and if wished a door from the outside could be built into it for use of children so as to keep them out of the kitchen. The kitchen has easy access to front hall and dining-room, separated from both with air space and two doors. It has hard wood floor, maple, unless linoleum is used and is wainscoted up 3ft. 6in. high with a beaded wainscot painted. The sink is a roll back, being more cleanly. In the library the shelving could be built, and there are endless possibilities for the fitting up of this room. I would suggest a color scheme of greenish as being very restful to the eyes, with movable electric fixtures and furniture heavy and massive. The parlor is white enamel, six coats. The dining-room has stained wainscot 5ft. 6in. high with broad plate rail above.

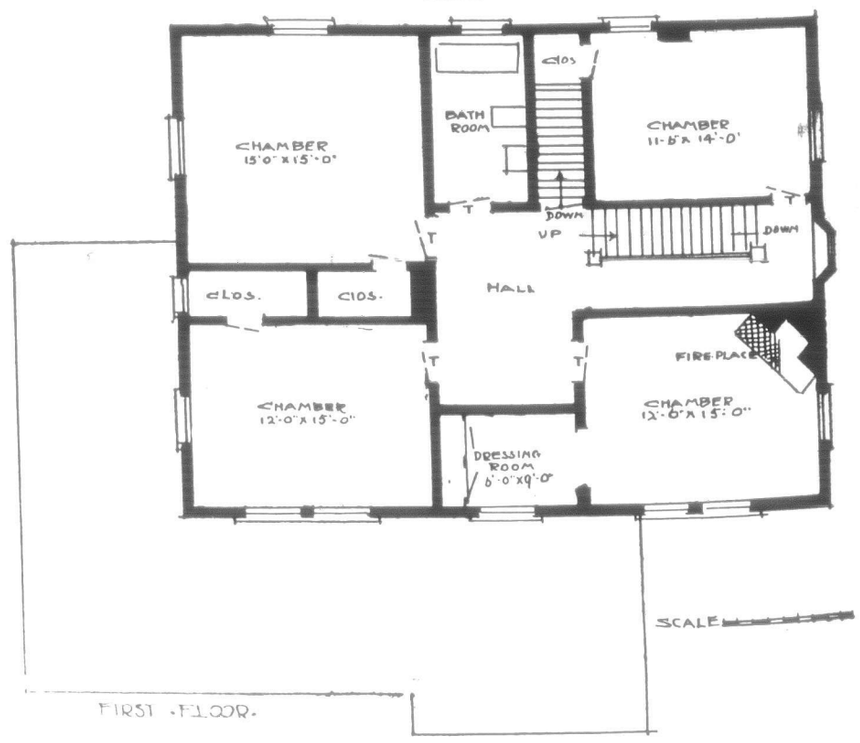
The first floor is compact, with closets in each chamber, and a dressing-room in front chamber. The fixtures are of the best, and all the plumbing is open, and in bathroom nickle plated, with hot and cold water taps. The best plumbing is in the end the cheapest, you can buy a good tap for the price of repairing an old one. The hardware is in solid bronze; windows are box windows with iron weights, and the whole idea is to design a house which will be comfortable, effective, and not expensive.

—☼—

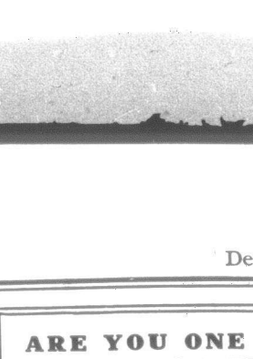
A Requisite for the Rancher.—On the cattle ranges of the West where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this oil.

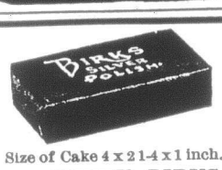






ARE YOU ONE OF OUR
CUSTOMERS?
If not, send for our prices on our lines, and you will be.
BUILDING MATERIALS
LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, FINISH—ART, STAINED AND ORNAMENTAL GLASS—LEAD AND COPPER LIGHTS . . . . .
PAINTS—OILS—GLASS
Send for Pocket Map of Manitoba.
THE
WINNIPEG PAINT & GLASS CO.
WINNIPEG, CAN. LTD.


She Stoops to Conquer
She usually has to—but with a New Century Washing Machine she will gain an easier victory sitting.
You cannot afford to deprive your wife of so valuable an aid when it can be had for $8.50. Thoroughly cleanses a tubful of clothes in five minutes, and without injury.
Have your dealer show it to you or write us for booklet.
THE DOWSWELL MFG. CO. LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.



Size of Cake 4 x 2 1-4 x 1 inch.
Birks' Silver Polish
by mail postpaid 25c
HENRY BIRKS & SONS
Gold and Silversmiths, 350-352 Main St., Winnipeg

V. W. HORWOOD
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TAYLOR BLOCK
177 McDERMOT AVE., E.
WINNIPEG

LIFE ON THE RAIL IS A HARD ONE

C. P. R. Engineer's Experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Brought Back His Strength When he Could Neither Rest nor Sleep.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 1—(Special).—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well-known C. P. R. engineer, whose home is at 175 Maple Street, is one Winnipeg man who swears by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Long hours on the engine and the mental strain broke down my constitution." Mr. Rafferty says. "My back gave out entirely. Terrible, sharp, cutting pains followed one another, till I felt I was being sliced away piecemeal. I would come in tired to death from a run. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I had to lay off work.

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I have worn for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

CUTTING ICE.

1.—BILLY: Say, Fatty, just stand still a minute an' I'll show youse a now stunt.

2.—Foist youse goes round in a circle about six times, and

3.—Hully Gee, I forgot that I just sharpened me skates.

C. C. C.

Canadian Correspondence College

WHAT WE CLAIM.

THOROUGHNESS. Our students are ***not hurried.*** Whether it takes ***3 months*** or a whole year—or even more—to complete any course, we see you through, and ***the cost is the same.***

INTERESTING STUDY COURSES. Our courses are so arranged as to be both ***interesting*** and ***educational.*** A course of study with us is a ***pleasure*** to the student. The knowledge of the ***best Canadian teachers*** is at your disposal.

PRACTICABILITY. While ***Theory*** must enter largely into any course of study, our courses are so arranged as to be ***thoroughly practical.*** You can ***earn*** while you ***learn.***

SATISFACTION TO STUDENTS. Our aim is to ***satisfy.*** Every ***care*** is taken to make our study-courses ***clear. Individual training*** is one of the strong features of the C. C. C.

LOW COST OF TUITION. Home study means no heavy board and college expenses. You ***mail*** your papers for correction and they are returned ***without delay,*** enabling you to ***progress quickly.***

AND PROOFS.

"I take pleasure in recommending your course for Chartered Accountancy. I succeeded in passing the recent Intermediate Examination for Chartered Accountants, which success I owe to your course."
F. BOWMAN, Waterloo, Ont.
16-8-05

"I have nearly completed the course in Part I Senior Leaving, and see no reason why a person should not do as well with it as in any High School. In fact, I like the work much better than my Collegiate Institute course."
Sgd. A. E. MADILL, Carlisle, Ont.
1-4-05

"My course in General Agriculture has been worth more than $100 to me already."
Sgd. J. WILSON, Caledon East, Ont.
15-1-03

"The course is thoroughly comprehensive and practical."
Sgd. ERNEST FLIGG, Meaford, Ont.
1-12-04

"I am taking two courses by correspondence with your college, and as I have made considerable progress with my first course, it gives me pleasure to state that I am well satisfied."
Sgd. A. C. ABBOTT, Hudson Heights, Que.
29-3-05

"The course costs only a nominal sum with the expense of living in town and attending a Collegiate Institute. In short, the course is highly satisfactory. The staff of the C. C. C. is giving their students extra good value."
Sgd W. L. DIXON, Teacher, Dromore, Ont
7-2-05

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
Limited
161 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Gentlemen:—Please send me full particulars as to how I can qualify for the position marked "X" in the list below, or written on the extra line at bottom.

....CHARTERED ACCOUNTANCY	....LIBRARY SCIENCE
....COMPLETE COMMERCIAL	....HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE
....BOOKKEEPING	....NATURE STUDY
....SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING	....SPECIAL ENGLISH
....GENERAL AGRICULTURE	....PUBLIC SCHOOL COURSE
....STOCK JUDGING	....HIGH SCHOOL COURSE
....POULTRY RAISING	....MATRICULATION (Sr. and Jr.)
....CHEMISTRY	....ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
....COMMERCIAL FRENCH	....MECHANICAL DRAWING
....CIVIL SERVICE (Canada)	....INSURANCE
....JOURNALISM	....ADVERTISING

8

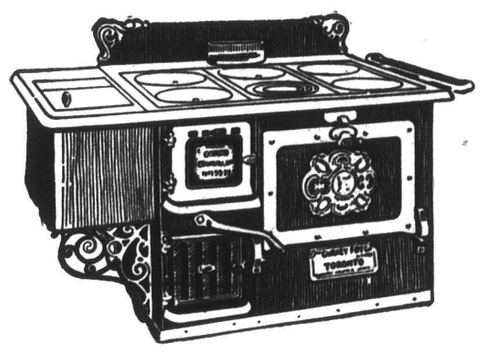
To Teachers: We prepare you for any examination in any Province of the Dominion. Ask us for information

Extra Line.....

Name.....

Address.....

Oxford Chancellor Range



The Oxford Chancellor Range is the most serviceable on the market. Though very handsome in appearance it is designed more with the idea of strength and service than beauty.

The very best materials are used and the most skilled labor employed.

The reservoir, which can readily be attached and detached by anyone, is of planished copper. The reservoir being placed next the fire there is always a plentiful supply of hot water. The top is made in the loose interchangeable style.

Write us for further particulars and the name of the nearest dealer, who we can show you the range.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited
155 Lombard St., Winnipeg
Toronto Montreal Calgary Vancouver
607

TYPEWRITING Book-keeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 809, Windsor, Ont.

The Easy, Pleasant, Certain Way to Cure

CONSTIPATION

The most convincing proof in the world that Fruit-a-tives do cure Constipation is the honest testimony of people these wonderful little tablets HAVE CURED.

"I have used Fruit-a-tives with great benefit. They are a grand medicine for Constipation and Stomach Troubles. I would not be without them in the house, they are so good." MISS KATE KURTZ, Dunnville, Ont.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

At Druggists. 50c. a box. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

After Dessert

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

The best part of the dinner, to many minds. A delicious accompaniment for cheese and cafe noir.

Baked as the Mooney bakers bake them, they come to you with a crispness, a daintiness, all their own.

Insist that your grocer sends you Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas.

In one and three lb. moisture-proof packages.

At all grocers

MAGNIFICENT

Blue Fox Ruff

FREE

NO MONEY REQUIRED

Think of it, a beautiful Ruff of Blue Fox, the most fashionable fur worn, given absolutely free. Such an offer was never made before. The only reason we can afford to do it is that we arranged for these handsome Furs during the dull season in the summer and got them nearly at cost. The Ruff is 41 inches long nearly 4 inches wide, made of the handsomest Blue Fox Fur, very rich, soft and fluffy. It is warmly padded, lined with the same shade of satin and ornamented with four long tails of Blue Fox also. Such a handsome Fur has never before been given away, and you can get it so easy. Just send us your name and address, plainly, and we will mail you 2 doz. sets of

Picture Post-Cards

to sell at 10c. a set (4 cards to a set.) They are beautifully colored, all the rage, and sell like hot cakes. Such an opportunity was never offered before to the women and girls of Canada. You couldn't buy anything in the Fur Stores that would look richer, be more becoming or more stylish, and remember, it won't cost you one cent. Write today. We trust you and send the Picture Post-Cards postpaid. Colonial Art Co., Dept. 3128, Toronto

A COLORED VIEW FREE

Send me your name and address and I will send you by return mail postpaid, free (nothing for you to pay) one of my latest new secret process, beautiful colored stereoscopic views. I will also send you my new Illustrated Catalogue, full of wonderful offers that will delight you. Mgr. THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 06 TORONTO.

WRITE FOR THE FREE COLORED VIEW NOW

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; $1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Boys and Girls

Art of Making Beautiful Things

A visit to the stores in the large cities, where things made by hand are kept and each piece credited to its maker, shows how many young women are developing along the line of decorative arts. In Boston is a worker who produces some of the finest beaten silver seen in America. She loves her work, and puts as much of herself into it as one would in writing a book or painting a picture. A girl in Cincinnati has a kiln in her back yard, where she produces from ten to twenty beautiful pieces of pottery a month.

In Chicago three young women have turned their hands to high-grade bookbinding, and it is acknowledged that they are doing as fine work as that which comes from the famous shops of Paris. For girls who are not driven by necessity to earn a livelihood, there are many interesting lines opening in the crafts today. The reward comes in being able to make beautiful things, and while the remuneration is a secondary matter, such work is paying.

Ten Rules of Politeness.

To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.

Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.

Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them, or they speak to you.

Do not bluntly contradict any one.

It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.

Whispering, langhing, chewing gum, or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar.

Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing, or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.

In passing a pen, pencil, knife or pointer, hand the blunt end towards the one who receives it.

When a classmate is reciting, do not raise your hand until he has finished.

When you pass directly in front of any one or accidently annoy him, say, "Excuse me;" and never fail to say, "Thank you," for the smallest favour. On no account say, "Thanks.".

Poisonous Cigarette Paper.

Cigarette smokers who claim that the purest rice paper only is used for cigarettes will be interested in the following from a school-teacher who says in the Clarion "Monitor:"

"On last Tuesday one of my boys came to school with two packages of cigarette papers. We put them into a pint-bottle and nearly filled it with water; by Thursday it was a thick solution, so thick that the liquid would hardly run out of the bottle. The boys caught a mouse, and gave him about a third of a teaspoonful. He never lived to leave the boy's hands. The boys were convinced that it was poisonous, but the girls declared that the boy squeezed the mouse so hard that it died. So on Friday the boys came to the school with three sparrows and two mice. We took them one at a time, and gave them a third of a teaspoonful. The birds flew around the room for a short time, then fell helpless on the floor, and died in ten minutes. The mice ran round the room for a while as though nothing had gone wrong, then fell in a fit, from which they never recovered. This should be a lesson to the boys who smoke cigarettes."

In Public Places.

Here is one thing everybody should remember when he is thrown among strangers, as on the street-cars or railroad-trains, and that is, that people who do not know us, judge us, not by what we are, but by what we appear to be.

There is no place in which we can better show our good breeding and thoughtfulness for others than on a crowded railway-car, and no place in which bad manners are more prominently and quickly noticed.

I traveled recently on a night excursion-train on which there were no sleeping-cars. Every seat was occupied, and some had three people in them. Of course, there was a jolly crowd, all of whom were going to the football game at Chicago, and the "college yells" and merry jokes were abundant. We did not mind that, but the behaviour of two different parties of girls, one going and one coming, was so disgraceful that the whole carful of people were disgusted.

I say "girls," for while they were accompanied by young men, or rather boys, most of them, the girls were so much worse and so evidently responsible for the bad behavior of their companion, that one felt like excusing the actions of the latter.

These young people seemed to think that no one but themselves was aboard the car. They would not sleep, nor allow any one else to do so. They laughed, shouted, whistled, threw things at one another, scuffled, chewed gum, played the mouth organ, drank beer, threw fruit at other young men, and in fact did everything that was rude and unmannerly. I could not help wondering what sort of mothers and homes they had, and whether they had ever been taught how to behave. They disgraced not only themselves but their parents, and were a laughing-stock to all decent people. And yet they were well-dressed, rather good-looking, and might have been taken for respectable, if seen at their places of work, as they were evidently employed in offices and stores. It was a sad exhibition of young America, uncontrolled and unabashed.

Sowing and Mowing.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter day by day
Will bring you joy or woe.
For sowing and growing,
Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things that are known;
And sighing and crying,
And sorrow undying,
Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.
Whether sleeping or weeping,
Or weary watch keeping,
The seed that is sown still will grow;
The rose brings new roses,
The thorn tree discloses
Its thorns as an index woe.

Be careful of your friends, my boy,
Nor walk and mate with vice;
"The boy is father to the man;"
Then fly when sins entice!
The seed one is sowing
Through time will be growing,
And each one must gather his own;
In joy or in sorrow,
To-day or to-morrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown!

The Art of Conversation.

Among the ancient Greeks, one of the most highly valued parts of an education was to learn the art of conversation. To-day we have lost this emphasis. It is true, we, with our magazines, our newspapers, our easily acquired books, do not need this art as the Greeks needed it. But are we not going to the other extreme and failing to appreciate its power? Did you ever think how simple and convenient an opportunity we had of giving pleasure by our conversation, telling the things we know others would like to hear, bringing them bits of news, and of thought which we know they would enjoy, and taking pains to tell these things carefully, that they may be as enjoyable as possible?

Expression is a natural gift of some people. With others, it is hard to acquire. But there is one secret that, if once learned, will seldom fail to make our conversation interesting. That secret is sympathy. Do not bring to the people around you just the items that give you pleasure, and then be surprised that you do not meet response in your conversation. Keep the "I" out. Study the tastes and interests of the people you are thrown among, and bring to them items that will accord with their interests. You will be surprised at the eagerness with which your conversation will be welcomed.

For the Little Folks.

Johnny-cake

Once upon a time there was an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy. One morning the old woman made a Johnny-cake, and put it in the oven to bake. "You watch the Johnny-cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden." So the old man and the old woman went out and began to hoe potatoes, and left the little boy to tend the oven. But he didn't watch it all the time, and all of a sudden he heard a noise, and he looked up and the oven door popped open, and out of the oven jumped Johnny-cake, and went rolling along end over end toward the open door of the house. The little boy ran to shut the door, but Johnny-cake was too quick for him and rolled through the door, down the steps, and out into the road long before the little boy could catch him. The little boy ran after him as fast as he could clip it, crying to his father and mother, who heard the uproar, and threw down their hoes and gave chase too. But Johnny-cake outran all three a long way, and was soon out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, on a bank to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two well-diggers who looked up from their work and called out: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? We'll see about that!" said they: and they threw down their picks and ran after him, but couldn't catch up with him, and soon they had to sit down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-cake and by and by he came to two ditch-diggers who were digging a ditch. "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?" said they. He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? we'll see about that!" said they: and they threw down their spades, and ran after him too. But Johnny-cake soon outstripped them also, and seeing they could never catch him, they gave up the chase and sat down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a bear. The bear said: "Where are ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" growled the bear, "we'll see about that!" and trotted as fast as his legs could carry him after Johnny-cake, who never stopped to look behind him. Before long the bear was left so far behind that he saw he might as well give up the hunt first as last, so he stretched himself out by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a wolf. The wolf said: "Where ye going Johnny-cake?"

"He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" snarled the wolf, "we'll see about that!" And he set into a gallop after Johnny-cake, who went on and on so fast that the wolf too saw there was no hope of overtaking him, and he too lay down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner of the fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, but without getting up: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

The fox said: "I can't quite hear you, Johnny-cake, won't you come a little closer?" turning his head a little to one side.

Johnny-cake stopped his race for the first time, and went a little closer, and called out in a very loud voice: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Can't quite hear you; won't you come a little closer?" said the fox in a feeble voice, as he stretched out his neck toward Johnny-cake, and put one paw behind his ear.

Johnny-cake came np close, and leaning toward the fox screamed out: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"You can, can you?" yelped the fox, and he snapped up the Johnny-cake in his sharp teeth in the twinkling of an eye.

The Fox as Herdsboy.

There was once upon a time a woman, who went out to look for a herdsboy, and so she met a bear.

"Where are you going?" said the bear.

"Oh, I'm looking for a herdsboy," answered the woman.

"Won't you take me?" asked the bear.

"Well, if you only knew how to call the flock," said the wife. "Ho-y!" shouted the bear.

"No, I won't have you!" said the woman when she heard this, and went on her way.

When she had gone on a while she met a wolf.

"Where are you going?" said the wolf.

"I am looking for a herdsboy," said the woman.

"Won't you take me?" said the wolf.

"Well, if you only knew how to call the flock," said the woman. "U-g-h!" howled the wolf.

"No, I won't have you," said the woman.

When she had gone a bit further she met a fox.

"Where are you going?" said the fox.

"Oh, I'm looking for a herdsboy," said the woman.

"Won't you take me?" asked the fox.

"Well, if you only knew how to call the flock,', said the woman.

"Dil-dal-holom!" called the fox in a thin squeaky voice.

"Yes, I'll take you for a herdsboy," said the woman; and so she put the fox to look after her flocks. On the first day he ate up all the goats belonging to the woman; the second day he finished all her sheep, and the third day he ate all the cows.

When he came home in the evening the woman asked what he had done with all the flocks.

"The skulls are in the brook and the bones in the wood," said the fox.

The woman was busy churning, but she thought she might as well go and look for her flocks. While she was away the fox slipped into the churn and ate all the cream. When the woman came back and saw this she became so angry that she took a small clot of cream, which was left, and threw it after the fox, splashing the end of his tail with it, and that's the reason why the fox has a white tip to his tail!

A baked custard is easily made to look more attractive, by topping it with whipped cream, bits of sweet jelly or finely chopped nuts.

THIS MAN MEANS WHAT HE SAYS

He Says Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Stomach Troubles and Gives his Reason for Saying so.

"Yes, I mean what I say about Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," says Henry A. Coles, of St. Mary's River, Guysboro Co., N. S., in a recent interview. "I had stomach trouble for about five years. It got so bad I was taken to my bed and the doctor was called in. He couldn't reach the trouble however and I was suffering very bad, and not knowing what to do when my wife said, 'Let us try Dodd's Dypepsia Tablets.'

"Well, we tried them, and the result was that I used seven boxes and the stomach trouble left and has not troubled me since. Do you wonder I recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?"

If you can't digest your food don't worry. Get a box or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and they will do it for you.

MADAM WAITEE HOSE SUPPORTER BELT

Endorsed and recommended by women of fashion.

The Belt of the MADAM WAITEE HOSE SUPPORTER is wide over the hips and across the abdomen, with "Silk Loop" stocking clasps front and back. The weight is distributed evenly around the waist, gently reducing a high, full abdomen and prominent hips, and preventing stockings wrinkling or sagging. Does not crowd and displace the internal organs, pinch the waist, or drag on the small of the back as do those belts where all of the strain comes on the front. Gives erect carriage and correct figure, and while permitting perfect freedom of movement, compresses the size of the hips and abdomen and keeps the corset in place. Worn with or without corset. The "Silk Loop" clasp cannot tear stocking. Warranted to give one year's satisfactory wear or money refunded.

Delivered to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.
All Sateen, 4 straps, $1.00 per pair. All Sateen, 8 straps, $2.00 per pair.
All Sateen, 6 straps, $1.50 per pair. All Silk or Satin, $1.00 extra.
Colors—Black, White, Pink, and Light Blue.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. If you are not satisfied, after trial, that the "Madam Waitee" is the most healthful and comfortable hose supporter you have ever worn, return within 30 days and purchase price will be refunded.
CAUTION—Be sure to send waist measure [over corset] when ordering. Send for descriptive Circular. Lady Canvassing Agents Wanted. Write for particulars.

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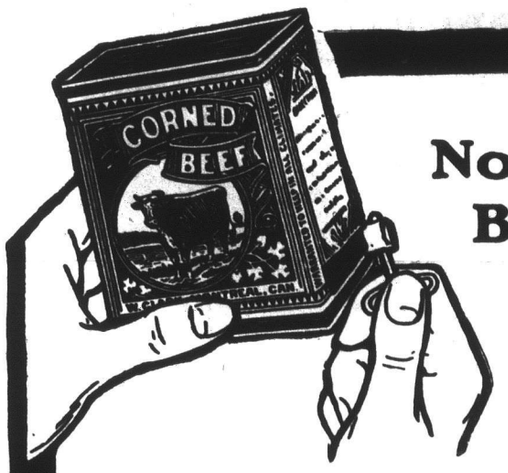

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It is Canadian Beef, packed in Canada.

Something New Under the Sun; the World Do Move.

A Perfect, Clean and Natural Shave Without a Razor.

The Angelus Hair Remover is a local application, which removes the hair from the face of mankind as the tropical sun would icicles; yet without the slightest injury to the skin, and which discovery is the result of a lifetime's scientific research and experimentation by the great French savant, Prof. Jean Roger Gauthier, of Paris. For not until now has there been a prescription of the kind, which successfully removes the coarsest hair from the tenderest skin, without any injurious effect. Thus the Angelus Hair Remover marks a new era in the 20th century, for the man who appreciates a means whereby he is enabled to save valuable time, trouble, annoyance, and useless expense; as it sounds the doom of the razor, and which will shortly become as obsolete in the annals of hygiene, as has become the battle axe to modern warfare—and like the latter will become but a relic of the barbaric ages gone by. The Angelus should be in the hands of every progressive man, whose time to shave himself is limited, including all those who are tired of being next to have their faces marred, mauled and mutilated; to say nothing of the constant danger of contracting infectious disease as barbers itch, ringworm, or worse still. Therefore, the Angelus is an absolutely indispensable article to everyone who values a daily clean shave, which takes but 2 minutes and costs just 2 cents; and for the purpose of quickly introducing same to every shaver in this country we grant a further allowance of 33% on the first package, for trial and advertising purposes, thus giving you a full $3.00 package, enough for 150 shaves, for $2.00. Ladies troubled with superflous hair will find the Angelus an ideal remedy and as superior to all depilatories now on the market as the electric light is to the candle; and far more reliable and convenient than the torture inflicting needle. Address Lady Manager in full confidence. Agents, male and female, desiring to earn $25.00 to $50.00 per week selling the Angelus, should have personally used at least one package to render them enthusiastic and successful agents. Do it now. Address Dept. 931.

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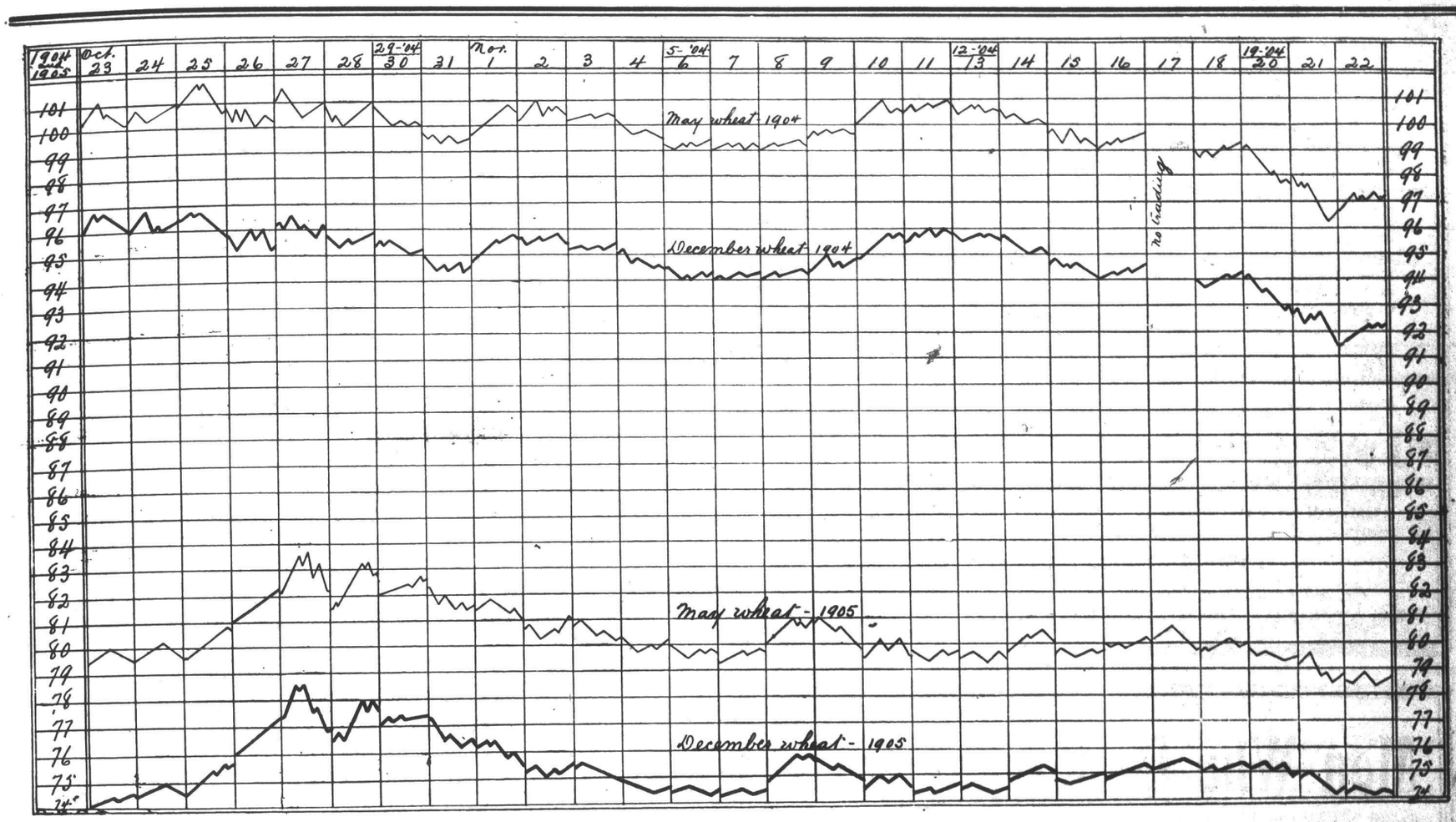
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

Supplied by Bruce McBean & Co., Winnipeg Grain Exchange, for Month ending November 22nd, 1905.



WHEAT NOTES.

Current Comment Gathered from many Sources.

A careful study of the foregoing grain chart will be of interest to every grain farmer. The zig-zag lines on the chart tell a whole story of the fluctuation in the prices.

Figures innumerable would be required to convey the information given in the chart, and if given would not be so clearly understood.

A Milling Test for Fall Wheat.

The growing of fall wheat promises to succeed the ranching business in some parts of the Province of Alberta. A live question there, is what variety of fall wheat is most profitable to raise.

It would appear that this is a matter which should receive considerable attention from the Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa. The time may not be far distant when the Government will establish a farm for experimental purposes in the Western Province of Alberta.

Fall wheat growing is a large and increasing industry, and it is due to the producers that they be not handicapped in the markets by growing the less suitable varieties through want of proper knowledge of comparative values.

Many thousands of dollars annually could very easily be lost to growers of fall wheat from lack of knowledge of the suitability of the different varieties for milling purposes. The Government might also get in communication with the milling companies and ascertain what varieties are most profitable from a milling point of view.

More Cars Needed.

The threatened wheat blockade for want of greater elevator capacity should spur the management of our railroads to secure more cars for the handling of the crop. Notwithstanding the claims of our railroad magnates that sufficient grain cars are available, we are hearing constant denials to these claims from the farmers of this country. An adequate amount of rolling stock is imperative to meet the requirements of the farmers of the West. It is gratifying to hear that the C. N. R. are placing a large order for additional rolling stock to be constructed right away.

That railroad is now an important factor in the grain-carrying trade, and the acquirement of new locomotives and freight cars will be welcome news to the grain-growers.

Canadian Wheat for Italy.

The Marchese Doria who is in Canada at present representing the Italian Government with a view of increasing trade between the two countries, had an interview a few days ago with Sir Wilfred Laurier and other Ministers of the Federal Government at Ottawa. He is now in the West gathering additional information regarding our No. 1 hard wheat, for which he says there is a demand in Italy. There is no hard wheat grown in sunny Italy, according to the statement of the Marquese Doria, and he believes that his country can take a considerable portion of our surplus wheat crop.

He is examining into other branches of trade to ascertain what his country could send us in return for our golden grain.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa will render all information and assistance at his command to build up a trade between the two countries. The Marchese will spend several months in this country looking into the matter, and will report the results of his research to his Government.

Elevators Full of Wheat.

Advices from the Western Provinces inform us that the elevators are at present full up with wheat. The elevator capacity in this country will have to be considerably augmented in the near future, else we shall hear of trouble along those lines each successive year.

With the increase in acreage each year the demand for more commodious elevators is obvious.

The storage of wheat in the wheat-growing centres on the prairie in large quantity is a problem which will have to be solved right away.

French Weed.

One of the most malignant enemies which the Western farmer has to encounter is the too common French weed. It possesses a peculiar odor, somewhat resembling garlic, and hence is often known by the name of stink weed. It is very difficult to eradicate, as all farmers know. Where the arable land is over run with this weed it is best to proceed as follows: Harrow stubble ground early after harvest or gang plow and harrow. As soon as the seeds have had time to sprout cultivate thoroughly. Repeat cultivation, and rib up in the fall with a double mould board plough and summer fallow and cultivate frequently the following summer and rib up again late in the fall.

To Measure a Bin.

To find the number of bushels of grain in a bin multiply the length in inches by the breadth in inches and that again by the depth in inches, and divide the product by 2150;

Or in a rough way—not altogether accurate—multiply the length by the breadth by the depth in feet, and multiply the product by 8 and point off one place in the result for decimals.

In spite of the fact that the storage battery, in its present stage, has objectionable limitations, the electric automobile is steadily winning in favor, especially as a city vehicle. Its use for trucking purposes is increasing, while the electric carriage is coming into high favour, especially for the use of ladies. It is safer, neater, simpler, and much quieter than either the steam or gasoline automobiles, and requires but little experience to operate. The comparatively brief time the charge of the battery lasts confines the operation of such vehicles to the vicinity of electric charging stations. Mr. Edison is devoting his whole time to the question of improving the storage battery, and, if he is as successful as he hopes to be, he will revolutionize the automobile business.

There is nothing more necessary to equip people for the "strenuous life" of modern times than good food. Man physically should be like a well regulated machine and nothing contributes to this end more than the food that is not only pleasing to the taste but also strengthens and nourishes. It has been demonstrated that there is no other food made from flour so rich in nutriment and body-building elements as are soda biscuits. This is saying much for ordinary crackers and much more for Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas, which are widely recognized as the most perfect soda biscuits in all Canada. They are crisp and delicious, delightful to the taste and always wholesome. Being a perfect food, highly nourishing and easily digested, they are fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life. Mooney's Sodas are the result of years of study of the best methods of producing superior crackers. They are manufactured in the cleanest and best equipped bakeries in all Canada. The workmen are the most skilled on the continent, and the materials used are of a very high order. The flour is a special blend, milled only for the Mooney factory, and the butter and cream are produced direct from the famous dairies of Western Ontario. Not an ounce of "inferior butter" finds its way into Mooney goods. The materials being balanced, the result is a toothsome and pure food, easily digested and converted into brawn, bone and brain. No other soda cracker quite compares with them and no other receives such a generous welcome at a table where they have once become known. The pre-eminence they have attained is due to genuine merit as they tempt beyond resistence all who like good things to eat.

THE CRY OF A MARTYR.

INDIGESTION, CRUEL STOMACH PAINS AND NERVOUS DEBILITY.

DRIVEN OUT BY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

"I was taken ill in the month of June 1904 with a cough and soreness in the side together with a bad attack of Indigestion, and in consequence of this I became so feeble that I was unable to attend to my business. A large number of my friends judging from my appearance only gave me A FEW WEEKS TO LIVE, and the Doctors' Medicine did not seem to help me in the slightest degree.

"I tried many different Remedies but they ALL FAILED to give me any permanent RELIEF. Then on the recommendation of a friend I tried MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP. I felt some benefit from it shortly after the first dose, and after having taken it regularly I am now able to attend to my affairs without difficulty."

Letter from Mr. Simon Theriault, Burnsville, Gloucester Co., New Brunswick. Oct. 20th., 1905.

Profit by the experience of thousands of people similar to Mr. Theriault, who have used this WORLD RENOWNED REMEDY for a period covering over thirty years, with satisfactory results.

PRICE 60c. PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists and Merchants all over the world.

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Men Who Do Rough Work

THE ARTISAN Shoe FOR MEN

THIS TRADEMARK STAMPED ON THE SOLE OF EVERY SHOE

—laborers, teamsters, foundrymen, farm hands—must have shoes to stand the strain—

We have made a line of shoes especially for those men—the "ARTISAN." They are tough and stout—and stand rough wear better than any other shoes we have ever seen. Yet perfectly comfortable and easy on the feet.

Change to the "ARTISAN"—and you will find that your shoes last a good bit longer than they ever did before. $1.25 to $3.50. Ask your dealer to show you the "ARTISAN."

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Used in Leading Conservatories of Music. Built to last a lifetime. Write for illustrated booklet. Sole Agents:

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MANITOBA HALL, 295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

Women and the Home

We'll Keep the Farm.

Well, Jane, I guess we'll keep the place,
We've lived here, you and I,
Upon this little farm so long,
Let's stay here till we die.
You know I thought I'd sell it once,
To Jones, or Deacon Brown,
And take the money we have saved
And buy a house in town.
But when the buds begin to swell,
And grass begins to grow,
Somehow it doesn't seem to me
I ought to let it go.

I love the crimson clover,
And the fields of waving corn;
The quiet, balmy evening,
And the fragrant, dewy morn;
The pink and snowy blossoms
Hanging on the appletrees;
The chirping of the crickets,
And the humming of the bees.
I love the summer's honey breath,
The blushing bnds of May;
The teeming autumn, rich with fruit,
The scent of new-mown hay;
The noisy babble of the brook,
And laughter of the rill;
The lowing herds upon the heath,
And flocks upon the hill.
And when I think of leaving all,
It fills me with alarm:
So, after all, I guess its best
To keep the little farm.

Keep the Love of Children.

In an cxchange we find the following striking picture of the inexcusable killing off of family affection. Such a course, usnally due to carelessness, is too often seen in homes:

A family of little children was left to the care of an older sister, who took the ground that they had no rights that she was bound to respect. The boys were kept busy with her errands and caprices, while the girls were forced to become her waiting-maids to lace or button her shoes, to stand beside her, holding each garment and handing it to her while she dressed. The least awkwardness or hesitation was rewarded by a box on the ear. She had never thought it necessary to say "please" or "will you?" It was always "do this!" or "do that!" frequently adding "and don't be all day about it." No matter what the children were doing, if she wanted anything done everything had to give way to her whims. She was the oldest; they were only the children, they had no rights.

When the children grew up this older sister all at once made a discovery. She found that while not one of them had either respect or love for her, regarding her as a selfish tyrant, they had a strong affection for one another. She was of too overbearing a nature, and too long had had things her own way with them, to endure this, so she set herself to work to create quarrels among them. Facts were distorted and ingenious stories invented to wound their tenderest feelings. As fast as one misunderstanding was made right she set her wits to work and hatched another. The father of this motherless family wonders to this day what is the matter with his children that they cannot get along peaceably together,

There will not be family affection unless all matters in the family are decided on their merits, without reference to age or strength.

Home a Center of Joy.

Home-keeping means a study into things strange and complex, an inquiry into the greatest questions of life. Here under one roof clusters a little circle of wonderful beings—human beings. They are quite different one from another. Each has his queer little ways.

Some even are thought to be most "peculiar," though, if the truth were known, some good cause lies underneath it all. And some are fond of this, and some of that. Yet, here they must live, and live in harmony, just as the colors must blend and contrast to give joy—for the home must be the center of joy else it is not really "home."

Woman at Home.

Thank God O woman! for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it.

Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall.

There may be no silks in the wardrobe; but, by your faith in God, and your cheerful demeanor, you may garniture that place with more splendor than the upholster's hand ever kindled. —T. DeWitt Talmage.

Care of the Hair.

Once a month is usually often enough to wash the hair, although if one is exposed to dust, it may be necessary to wash it oftener.

Beat up an egg with an ounce of cold water and rub it thoroughly into the scalp before washing, as it imparts a gloss to the hair. Use a little lemon juice or weakened ammonia, if the hair is very oily.

Song of the Teakettle.

List to the song that the teakettle sings,
Cheerily, cheerily, O,
Memories sweet of the bygones it brings,
Times of my youth long ago.
On the woodstove in the farmhouse it sang,
Cheerily, cheerily, O!
"Welcome," it sang when the supper-bell rang,
Singing so cheerily, O!

"Rest from your labors," the teakettle said,
"Forget the hard toil of the day,
"Bring to the evening meal hearts that are glad,
"Put carking care far away."
Thus sang the teakettle night after night
Cheerily, cheerily, O!
Thus did an innocent beverage make bright
The evenings of long ago.

The teakettle sings of the oldfashioned home,
Singing so cheerily, O!
Calls to the friends and the neighbors to come
Just as they used to do.
Old fashioned ways are the ways it likes best,—
Where fires and hearts are aglow
With simple good cheer to welcome each guest—
The welcome of long ago.

Bluebirds and robins pipe mostly in Spring,
There love notes are silent in Fall,
But all times are ripe for the kettle to sing,
And winter is fittest of all.
And in the kitchen it singeth away
Merrily, merrily, O!
Cheering the heart with its musical lay,
Just as it used to do.

THE RUSH IS ON.

During the past week a few dozen copies of the beautiful picture, entitled "Queen Alexandra, Her Grandchildren and Dogs," have been distributed in this section, and every person who has seen it has no hesitation in pronouncing it the finest picture ever issued by that great weekly, the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. To say it is a beauty does not begin to do it justice. It charms every one at sight. We learn that it is offered absolutely free to all who pay a year's subscription to the Family Herald and Weekly Star, the price of which is only one dollar per year. No wonder there is a big rush of subscriptions through the mails these days going to the Family Herald office. It is the biggest value offered this season by long odds.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Bre'r Rabbit on the Table.

In this country a certain prejudice exists against the flesh of rabbit, yet often the very persons who have such strong objections to the rabbit as an article of food have been known to develope a pronounced fondness for its more aristocratic relative, the Belgium hare, though the flesh of the two is much alike.

A rabbit should be very carefully prepared for cooking. After it is skinned and dressed it should be well washed through several waters, and if to be roasted or fried should be thoroughly dried with a clean towel.

Rabbit Fricassee.

Cut the prepared rabbit in pieces for serving; cover with boiling water, add a heaping teaspoon of salt, half a saltspoon of white pepper and two ounces of butter. Simmer for one hour or until the meat is perfectly tender, and the water reduced to about a pint. Put the rabbit on toast in a hot entree dish. Strain the liquor, add to it one cup of cream or rich milk. Heat again and thicken with one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of flour. Season with salt and pepper and add a half teaspoon of celery salt and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Beat one egg, and pour the sauce (when sufficiently cooked) slowly on it, stirring all the time. Then pour it over the rabbit and serve in a hot dish.

Roast Rabbit.

Stuff the prepared rabbit with a highly seasoned bread and onion forcemeat; season it with salt and pepper, and rub all over with a coating made of one-half cup of butter rubbed smooth with one-half cup of flour. Put into a baking pan, pour in a pint of boiling water, and cook in a hot oven until tender and richly browned, basting it frequently with the dripping in the pan. Serve with brown gravy and currant jelly.

Baked Cranberry Dumplings.

Make a rich biscuit dough with sour milk and soda or with sweet milk and baking powder. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut in convenient pieces and fill with raw cranberries, a little sugar and dots of butter. Place the dumplings in a pan four or five inches deep, and pour in hot water, just leaving the tops uncovered. Bake for thirty or forty minutes. If the water cooks away too much add more. Serve the dumplings on a large flat dish or platter, and the liquid in a sauce-boat for dressing.

Cranberry Sauce.

Allow one pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water to one pound of berries. Put the sugar and water in a kettle and when it comes to a boil put in the berries. After they begin to boil let them cook twelve minutes, the last half of the time stirring and mashing them constantly with a silver spoon. Rinse a mold in cold water and pour in the sauce which will, in twenty-four hours, be a firm jelly.

Baked Cranberry Pudding

Pour cold water upon a pint of bread-crumbs, add a large tablespoonful of melted butter, two eggs well beaten and a pint of stewed cranberries sweetened to taste. Bake half an hour and serve with hard sauce.

Cranberry Roly-Poly.

Make a baking powder crust and roll it uutil half an inch in thickness, spread with cranberry sauce and roll up. Tie in a well floured cloth, allowing sufficient room to swell, and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with a boiled sauce or with sugar and cream.

Cranberry Jelly.

Look over and wash two quarts of cranberries. Stew them with three teacups of cold water until soft. When cooked and cool rub through a colander all but the skins; return the juice and pulp to the kettle and add one pound of sugar to every pint of juice; let it cook until the sugar is well dissolved, then pour into tumblers.

A Pumpkin Pie.

Steam a small pumpkin, pared and cored, until tender, pressing through a fruit press or sieve to remove any lumps: season with a tablespoon each of ground ginger and cinnamon and stir in while still warm the yolks of two well beaten eggs, a tablespoon of melted butter, one tablespoon of sifted wheat flour, the grated rind of one orange, a teaspoon of salt, one cup of raisins boiled till plump and a cup of cream, or enough to form a thick batter; sweeten to taste and arrange in deep pie plates lined with rich pie crust; bake in a moderately quick oven to a golden brown.

Pumpkin Fritters.

Strain and mash very dry two cups of stewed pumpkin; stir in gradually one cup of boiled chestnuts pounded to a paste, one teaspoon salt, the white of one well beaten egg, and sufficient flour to bind together. Form with floured hands into tiny balls and fry in hot fat; serve as a garnish around the rim of the turkey platter, or as a vegetable entree.

Hard Sauce.

One cup of pulverised sugar, two tablespoonsful of butter, vanila or lemon juice and nutmeg to taste. Beat the butter to a cream and work the sugar into it, making a stiff, white mass. Flavour when all the sugar is well mixed in.

Pancakes Spread with Jelly.

Two tablespoonsful butter (melted), three cups of milk, five eggs, one quart of flour; make into a batter and fry in butter, turning so that both sides brown. Spread currant or cranberry jelly on thickly and fold and dust with sugar.

Apple Dumplings.

One quart of flour, two tablespoonsful of butter (or half lard and half butter), one and a half teaspoonsful of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, two cups of milk.

Make a dough, cover apples which have been pared and cored and pinch together the dough ends. Boil hard for an hour.

Old Fashioned Brown Betty.

Two cups of chopped up apples, one cup of bread crumbs, a couple of tablespoonsful of butter. Put a layer of apples over the bottom of a pudding dish (one you can bake and serve in), and sprinkle sugar and then butter (either melted or in tiny dabs), add cinnamon or nutmeg; then sprinkle bread crumbs and continue until you wind up with a layer of crumbs. Bake for threequarters of an hour and brown.

Egg Gruel.

Beat the yolk of an egg thoroughly with one teaspoonful of sugar, pour a teacupful of boiling water on it. Add the white of an egg beaten to a froth. Any harmless seasoning desired may be used.

Rice Gruel.

Stir a heaping teaspoonful of rice into a pint of milk and water; boil slowly one hour. Season with butter, pepper and salt; strain through a small sieve or strainer and serve with crackers on nicely toasted bread.

Oyster Stew.

Have the milk boiling hot, nicely seasoned with butter, pepper and salt; add the oysters and their liquor; keep the dish over the fire until the oysters look plump, but do not let them boil; they are best served when just hot through. Boiling oysters hardens them and makes them indigestible.

Tea Satisfaction

To get Enjoyable Teapot Results the Quality must be there.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea never fails to please the most fastidious tastes.

Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed or Green. By all Grocers.

Highest Award, St. Louis, 1904

The Pickling Season is Now On

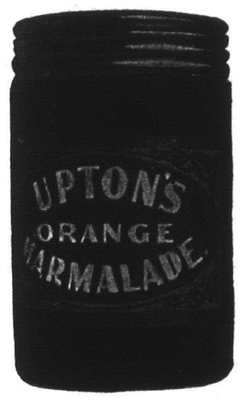
To make good Pickles depends largely on the Vinegar used.

BLACKWOOD'S VINEGARS

have stood the test for the past fifteen years, and have been acknowledged the best by competent judges.

Ask your grocer for BLACKWOOD'S Special Pickling Vinegars, manufactured in White Wine, Malt and Cider.

The BLACKWOOD'S. LIMITED, WINNIPEG, Man.



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ORANGE MARMALADE

Jams and Jellies

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They are made from fresh fruit and granulated sugar.

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is none too good for the careful, tidy housekeeper

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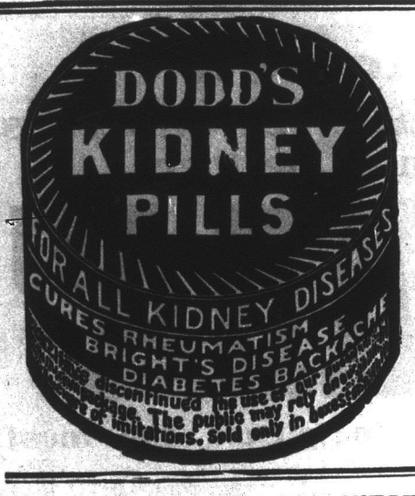


THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon 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

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of $10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act, and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. It is the practice of the Department to require a settler to bring 15 acres under cultivation, but if he prefers he may substitute stock; and 20 head of cattle, to be actually his own property, with buildings for their accommodation, will be accepted instead of the cultivation.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such a person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of clauses 2, 3 or 4 must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 30 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of three years, before the local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at the Immigration Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry; and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N B—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Provide Shelter for Machinery.

If you were to pick out all the farmers in the country who just hold their own, and ask me what is keeping most of them poor, I would say that buying tools is an important factor. I would like to say that this is the greatest, but I believe that it comes next to the waste of the fertility of the soil. At any rate, it is becoming a serious question with the farmers of the land, and it is time that we open our eyes and take care of the tools for which we have to pay the hard earned cash. It has been estimated that more machinery is worn out by the weather and not being sheltered than is worn out by actual use, and I believe this estimate to be not far from correct. This is a good way to keep the manufacturers rich, and it is keeping more farmers poor.

It will pay to build a shed just for the purpose. It will be an investment that you will never regret, for you will find it to be one of the most profitable investments that you ever made. One man has figured it out, and in the course of ten years, after counting the cost of the shed and the interest on the money and all the expenses to shelter the tools, he finds that he has saved and made over five hundred dollars.

It is not only the rotting of the tools, but in the shape in which the tools are in the spring after having taken the weather all winter. Just imagine a plow which was run in the fence corner as soon as the last furrow was plowed, and remained there until hitched to next spring, all rusted. The owner will have work and worry half a day to get it in shape to do good work. This is only a fair example of the thousands of plows and other more valuable implements which spend the winter season in such places.

Then take a plow owned by the other kind of a farmer, and note the difference. As soon as this man turns the last furrow the plow is taken to the shed and put under cover, and given a good coat of grease. There it remains in the dry, and protected from all kinds of weather, until needed next spring. But the difference is that when this man takes his plow out in the spring he wastes no time, but the plow is in working order, and he begins work at once. And does not this pay?

But don't think that plows and other implements which directly till the soil are the only ones, but just think of a binder standing out and taking the weather for the winter and for the rest of the year for the use of it for a couple of weeks.

I know a man who used a mowing machine for fifteen years, and did cutting regularly, and I know another man who wore out three in the same time, and he did no more cutting than the first. There is a lot of difference in the care of a machine while using, as oiling, etc., which may have made some difference, but I know where a great difference was. The first would shelter his machine the best he could, and the other would run his machine under a tree until the next season (probably because his fence corner was full of worn-out tools.) Which paid?

Oldest Vehicle in America.

One of the most interesting curiosities in Southern California is an old Mexican carreta, on exhibition in the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles. It is supposed to be more than 200 years old, and represents the earliest primitive efforts of the untutored Pueblo Indians. This ancient ox-cart was first discovered in 1878, in the possession of San Alfonso, a Pueblo Indian, who resided in the village of Tesuque, nine miles from Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico. Alfonso, then eighty-five years old, had been converted to Christianity, and had sufficient intelligence to assist in tracing the history of the vehicle. It was in the possession of his ancestors nearly a hundred years. The workmanship is crude and not a piece of iron is used in its make up; but as constructed, it is strong and shows considerable ingenuity. The body of the carreta is composed of cottonwood, and the tongue, twelve feet in length, is a gnarled limb of mesquite. A cross section of sycamore was used in making the wheels, and even now they are so strong that a great weight could be sustained in a haul over smooth roads. The long tongue extends beyond the axle and helps to form a support for the wagonbed. Oxen were hitched to the tongue by means of rawhide thongs. Thousands view the carreta annually, and, no doubt, think it a safer, though slower, means of travel than the sixty-mile-an-hour automobile.

Tell-Tale Faces.

The Lancet in calling attention to the influence of occupation on the human face, says that certain callings betray themselves indelibly. There is, for example, the ecclesiastical face, the legal face, the scientific face, and the military face. No allusion is made to the "yellow" journalistic face, which is presumably the only one that does not give away its owner's profession. The only way to get at him is to smack it and see if it has a brassy sound.

The Second City in the World.

The incomplete census figures indicate that the population of New York is now just under 4,000,000, or, to be exact, 3 987,154. The probabilities are that Manhattan and the Bronx alone will be found to have a population of 2,378,696. It is interesting to go back and compare the population of New York in the successive stages of its growth with that of to-day. The first federal census, taken in 1790, shows that the population was 33,131. In 1800 it had risen to 60,515, and in 1810 it was 96,373. In the next twenty years it more than doubled, having reached 202,589 in 1830. By the middle of the century it had passed the half million mark. Thirty years later, in 1880, it had again more than doubled, the population being 1,206,293. From 1900 to 1905 New York has grown from 3,437,000 to 3,987,154, or at the rate of over 100,000 a year. The standing of New York among the big cities of the world is shown by the following figures: London comes first with 4,536,641 people, and next to New York are Paris, with 2,714 008; Berlin, with 1,888,848, and Chicago with 1,698,575. Then follow Vienna, Canton, Tokio, and Philadelphia, all of which have over 1,000,000 inhabitants, the last named having 1,293,697 in the census of 1900.

As to the possibility of New York city becoming the largest city in the world, there is no indication that London will lose the first place for many decades to come, for within the metropolitan and city police limits that city contains 6,581,372 souls, this being the population of what might be called Greater London. To put it another way, London's "Manhattan" contains 4,613,812 souls as against New York's Manhattan population of 2,127,602; while her Greater London has 6,581,372 people as compared with Greater New York's population of just under 4,000,000. The rate of growth, however, is faster in New York than in London and if the present rates should continue, it will only be a question of time before the largest city in the world will be found in the Western Hemisphere.

Problems of Agriculture.

In Canada the so-called problems of agriculture have been largely those of the mere conquest of land. They are the result of migration, and of the phenomenal development of sister industries. They have resulted from a growing, developing country. They have been largely physical, mechanical, transportational, extraneous—the problems of the engineer and inventor rather than the farmer. The problem has not been to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but how economically to harvest and transport the one blade that has grown.

Tunnels Connecting Two Continents.

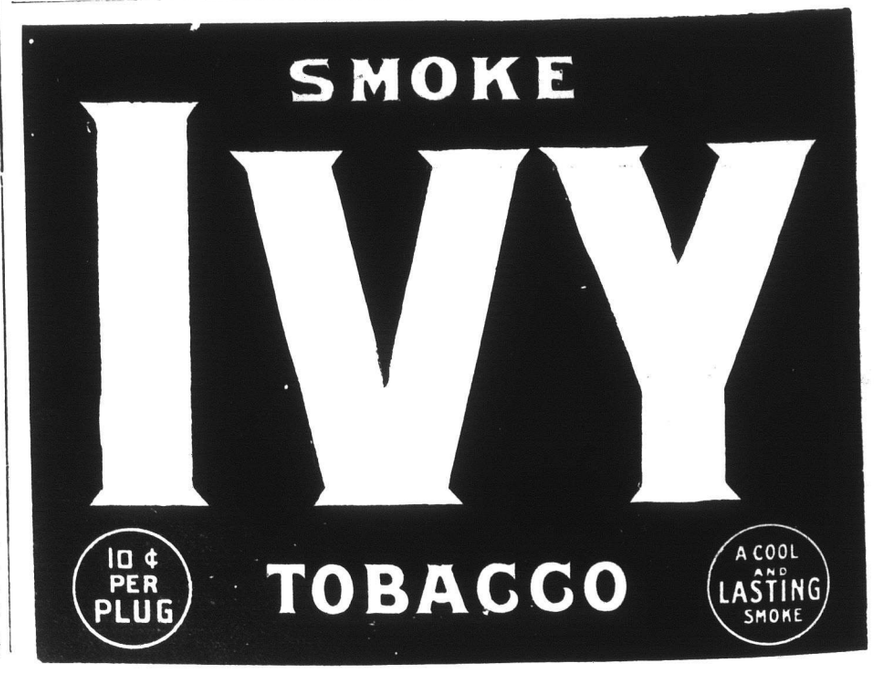
Of the three barriers to a continuous railway route from Great Britain to Africa through France and Spain, the Moniteur de l'Industrie et de la Construction expresses the satisfaction of the French people that two are prospectively broken down. The tunnel under the Pyrenees will soon be an accomplished fact. The problem of one under the Straits of Gibraltar will be successfully solved by the French engineer Bertier. The length of the latter will be forty-one kilometers, and the depth four hundred meters under the sea. It is difficult, says the Moniteur, to estimate its cost, but judging from the work under the East and North rivers at New York, it cannot be less than 425,000,000 francs. The third barrier to the continuous route, the Straits of Dover, is regarded as unsurmountable at present, in view of the conviction of the English people that safety depends on their insular position.

Max O'Rell's Ideal Wife.

The following original description of the perfect wife is taken from a book by the late Max O'Rell, the French humorist, published in Paris:—

"Marry a woman," he writes, "smaller than yourself. Do not marry a woman whose laugh is forced and does not spring from the heart, but marry a woman who enjoys a joke and looks at the bright side of everything.

"Marry a girl who is a bit of a philosopher. If you take a girl to the theatre, and hearing there are no seats in the stalls or circle, she gaily exclaims: 'Never mind, let us go into the gallery!" marry her. It will be easy to live happily with a girl willing to sit even on the back benches with her husband.



Europe's Richest Woman.

The gunmaker of Essen is a woman, a young woman, and the richest woman in Europe. She is Miss Krupp, daughter of the famous Herr Krupp, whose death occurred some years ago. Essen exists because of the Krupp gun works, and practically all its 100,000 inhabitants are dependent on her for their work, directly or indirectly. Miss Krupp is more powerful in Essen than many a German princeling in his four-by-nine kingdom. Pretty she is said to be—she is the richest girl in Europe—clever, it is declared—still the richest girl in Europe—wise beyond her years—again the richest girl in Europe—simple and unostentatious in demeanor—remember, the richest girl in Europe—she is to be introduced to society under the direct patronage of the kaiser and kaiserin. There will be heart burnings and jealousies, uptilted German aristocratic noses, sneers and disparaging comment—but she is the richest girl in Europe, and in these days, when a people tumbles royalty about as King Oscar was tumbled in Norway, the greatest heiress in the land cannot be overlooked even by the court itself. The descriptions of Miss Krupp read much as descriptions of rather plain but very rich American girls do. Perhaps more interesting than her wealth is the fact that by refusing to sell arms to several nations, Miss Krupp could insure their good behavior for a while. They would not know where to go for guns were she to cut off their credit.—Everybody's Magazine.

A New Discovery.

A new and interesting process which should prove of great value to decorative metal workers has been discovered by Mr. S. Cowper-Coles, of London. The method consists of fusing one metal into another in a temperature below the melting point of any of the metals used. By this means some novel effects can be produced similar in appearance to fine damaskeened work, or, in larger pieces, bold designs in varicolored metals, such as zinc inlay on steel that has been blued to protect it against rust; or zinc on copper that by the metal fumes has been given the color of gold bronze. Any shades of color from silver-white to red copper may be obtained, according to the metals used, the preliminary treatment, and the varying length of stoving.

An Aerial Rowboat.

A late feature of the attempts to navigate the air is an aerial rowboat which has been constructed by Alva L. Reynolds, of Los Angeles, Cal. It is composed of a gas bag whose equator is much nearer the front of the bag than usual, and a light framework which supports the occupant. It is raised and lowered, propelled forward and backward by the use of a pair of wing-like oars.

By the use of weights the bag can be made to raise just a half pound less than the weight of the occupant. Then gravity is overcome by the use of the oars. Any one who understands how to row can operate the aerial rowboat. So far no experienced aeronaut has ridden in the machine, although several hundred people have tried their hand at rowing up and down the park where the machine is being tested.

The bag is 37 feet long and 15 feet in diameter at the equator. To raise the car and an occupant weighing 150 pounds, 2,500 cubic feet of gas is sufficient.

One of the features of the new air-boat is that the cost of building a car and bag sufficient to carry one person is but a trifle over one hundred dollars. A speed of from four to six miles an hour has been attained by good oarsmen. There is always the drawback, characteristic also of the ordinary rowboat, that it is difficult to row against the current, or rather against the wind in this case.

New Land in the Arctic Regions

News received from Reikjavik from a member of the Duke of Orleans's Greenland party, says the expedition discovered a new and unknown land, which was named Terre de France, and also discovered that Cape Bismarck is part of a large island, and not on the mainland, as hitherto assumed.

After reaching 78 degrees 16 minutes north, the "Belgica," with the French expedition on board, headed in a southerly direction.

FUR SCARF FREE!

Ladies and Girls!
We will help you secure this **Lovely Fur Scarf,** made from selected full furred skins, of **Rich Black Coney Fur**, nearly 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 are a Reliable Company,** and we want good trustworthy agents to introduce Good Hope Vegetable Pills into every home. **We require no money in advance,** just send us 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 money for the Pills which we will send you immediately after you have sold the $2. worth and returned the money, we will then promptly send you your **Fur Scarf.** 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 Scarf. Write to-day.**

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RETURN
EASTERN CANADA
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Winnipeg to Los Angeles without change, via Portland and San Francisco

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H. SWINFORD, General Agent
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I Offer a Cure or No Pay

It Is To Weak Men

It Is To Weak Women

THIS BELT IS YOURS ON TRIAL

I believe in a fair deal. If you have a good thing and know it yourself, give others a chance to enjoy it in a way they can afford.

I've got a good thing. I'm proving that every day. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache to get the benefit of my invention.

Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this belt is yours without a cent of cost to you until you are ready to say to me, "Doctor, you have earned your price, and here it is."

That's trusting you a good deal and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my belt. But I know that most men are honest, especially when they have been cured of a serious ailment, and very few will impose on me.

As to what my belt will do, I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten.

So you can afford to let me try anyway, and I'll take the chances. If you are not sick, don't trifle with me, but if you are, you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial.

I want you to know what I have done for others.

Ernest R. Saunders, Bresaylor, Sask., says:—

Dear Sir,—I write to thank you for your Belt. It is indeed a true friend to a poor fellow like me. I have used it every night since I got it, a month ago, and it has helped me wonderfully already, as I feel twice the man and twice as strong as I did before I got it. I feel better every way, my memory is improving and my intellect is brighter. I am more able and encouraged to work and, to tell the truth of the matter, I have gone through with more work than I have in a long time. Wishing you all success in your grand undertaking, yours sincerely, Ernest R. Saunders, Bresaylor, Sask.,

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my belt is worth its weight in gold.

Samuel Barker, Grafton, Ont., says:—

Dear Sir,—It is more than thirty days since I received the Belt from you, but I have been away from home, so couldn't write before. I am feeling better altogether; I sleep better than I have for a long time; am more fit, and am putting on flesh. The parts are getting firm, and there is no dragging pain, as there was at times. Lastly, but not by any means least, I am glad to say that my appetite is improving marvellously, and that I have no distress after eating, and no indigestion, which is remarkable for me.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer. I want to let you see it, and feel it, and know it by your own experience before I get a cent.

If I don't cure you my belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me, at my expense. Come and see me and let me show you what I have, or if you can't, then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men, all free. My hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p.m.

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me your free book in sealed envelope, without marks, and oblige.

Name .....

Address .....

BY ROYAL WARRANT, MILLERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

What Flour Granulation Means in Bread-Making

Flour is composed of myriads of tiny granules.

To make good bread these granules must be uniform in size.

In poorly milled flour some granules are large, some small.

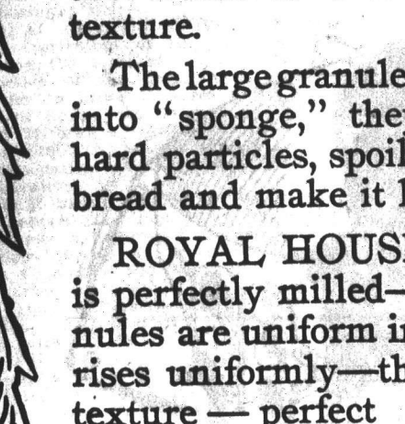
The small ones absorb yeast, "rise" and "ripen" before the large ones—the result is bread of coarse, poor texture.

The large granules are not developed into "sponge," they bake into heavy hard particles, spoil the texture of the bread and make it harder to digest.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is perfectly milled—all the flour granules are uniform in size—the sponge rises uniformly—the bread is even in texture — perfect in flavor — good-looking, appetising bread — easily digested.

Ogilvies back it with their reputation by branding it

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.



A Gentle Hint—

like that is not to be disregarded. If horses don't get plenty of good fodder they'll kick with something more than their heels. A poorly kept animal runs down and decreases in value. Carnefac Stock Food is in general use from one end of Canada to the other, and in no case has it failed to give satisfaction to both horse and its owner.

Such well known horsemen as Graham Bros., of Claremont, Ont., Robt. Beith, M.P., of Bowmanville, Ont., and a host of others recommend its use.

Drop a card to the CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD Co., for particulars—

THE CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD CO.,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Specially written for Western Home Monthly Readers.

"What woman wants is scrubless floors,
Spendless incomes 'n bakeless loaves,
Smokeless husbands 'n slamless doors,
Peekless curtains 'n scorchless stoves!

Washless dishes 'n poundless steaks,
Pinless wrappers 'n darnless socks,
Pryless neighbours 'n backless aches,
Spankless children 'n spotless frocks!

A bit of alum dissolved in the starch will brighten the colors in ginghams and muslins.

Tomatoes picked before they are quite ripe will turn in the shade, as well as the sun, if the place where they are put is not damp.

A paper pail or tub can be mended by putting a piece of cloth over the hole and pasting it down with putty. Let it fully harden before using.

Belts made of white or colored canvas, when bound with silk of the same shade are far more attractive than if allowed to remain plain.

Pour milk that has been burned into a jar and stand the jar in cold water. After the milk is entirely cool the scorched taste will be gone.

Napkin rings made of birch bark, fastened with a tiny length of ribbon, pleases the children and helps them to remember to fold their napkins.

If the cellar becomes moldy and bad smelling, put some sulphur on a pan of hot coals and place in the cellar and it will be soon sweet and wholesome again.

Put the covers to your fruit jars in boiling water, pressing out all the air from the porcelain lining, then seal the jars quickly while the covers are hot and the fruit will not ferment.

Wet a cloth in kerosene and go over the zinc underneath your stove. It will shine like new, unless it has been neglected too long; in that event wash first with ammonia and water, and then after it is quite dry use the kerosene.

Don't leave your groceries in paper bags. Keep rice, oatmeal, tapioca and supplies of this kind in covered glass jars. Coffee and tea in tin, tightly covered. Meal and flour should be in covered wooden buckets.

Wrap meats of all kinds, fish particularly, before putting it in the ice box. Take off the papers that are round it when it comes from the shop and replace them with a damp cloth. This will keep the article wrapped fresh and tasty, besides it will not taint the box.

Wood ashes sprinkled round the roots of young trees will help their growth and strength. It is usual to do this in the spring, but trees demand much potash, and the second sprinkling in the fall has proved in all cases where it has been tried very beneficial.

Save your tin tomato cans for steaming brown bread and puddings in. You can clean them so that they will be untarnished by filling them with water in which Pearline, or some of the powders in use, has been placed. Let the water boil a few minutes and you will have clean tins.

Cracks in a floor may be filled up before painting in the following manner. Take plenty of bits of paper, old envelopes, letters, etc., which have been saved and cut up, or torn, very fine. To every quart of paper and water add a handful of gum arabic and cook in an old pot until it becomes a thick cream. Put into the cracks while it is boiling hot; when it is cool it will be as hard as the floor, and when the floor is painted it will be almost impossible to tell where the cracks are.

Add a few apples when making either peach or pear jellies, if you wish to have the jelly come out clear and solid.

Often busy wives and mothers say that it is impossible to keep tidy and do their work. One of the busiest housekeepers we have ever known always looked so clean and wholesome in the morning, when there was so much to be done, that it was joy to see her, while another housewife, who had time to give away, gave one an uncomfortable feeling if one happened upon her at any hour of the day when she was at home, for fear she would part company with one-half her clothing. Another woman; to whom an afternoon nap was a necessity, though nations fell, compelled her callers to wait until she had time to bathe and dress before coming down, if by chance the caller arrived before four or five o'clock. She did her own housework—that is, what she didn't leave for her husband to do on his return from business.

An easy and palatable way to make fresh fruit pies of any kind is the one used by English cooks—that is, without an under crust.

In the Nursery.—Little Folks—

If brought up on plain, wholesome foods, will be their own best guides as to their bills of fare. A child that is well is hungry at the proper time, and if he refuses food there is a reason for it. Eating between meals is a frequent cause for lack of appetite at mealtime, and the producer of many cases of indigestion. Nothing is more important than that meals should be regular. Dainties in the way of fruit, candy, and nuts should be eaten then, and not at intervals during the day. In this, as well as in many other matters, the victim is literally killed with kindness.

A hungry child will eat bread and butter, and this alone should be offered when the plea of hunger is offered before a regular meal. Once regular habits are gained there will be no warfare and little thought given to the subject of eating. Many a wilful disposition, obstinate trait, and naughty spell result directly from unwise parental management, and, if the truth were known, the consequent upbraidings and disciplinings should by right be bestowed upon the mothers.

Little meat is required by the young child, and, until all the teeth have come, only meat soups should be allowed. Beef, mutton, and poultry are the best meats for children, and there should always be an abundance of milk and eggs. The menu should include fruit and vegetables in season, and these should appear at every meal. Pie should be rarely if ever used in a family of children. Dried prunes and apricots are both delicious if cooked properly, and they are healthful. Thorough soaking and long stewing are necessary for both. Dried apples, too, if care be taken, may be made appetizing, and any of these served with whipped cream, will satisfy a child's longings for goodies. Dates and figs are desirable, and will always be hailed with pleasure. Either may be cut up and served with cereals and served with cream. Raisins may be added to apple sauce, cereals, rice, or almost anything suitable for desert, with good results. Tapioca with fruit, baked apples, fruit sherbets, and ice cream, gelatines, rice, chocolate puddings, are all relished by the little people of the house.

It is most important that the cereals be thoroughly cooked; fifteen and twenty minutes are insufficient. It is well to vary these, and not give the children an opportunity to weary of any one. Breakfast should be at an hour when the schoolgoers can have plenty of time for their morning meal without undue haste to reach school in season. The hearty meal should be in the middle of the day, and only simple food allowed at night. Tea and coffee should never be given to a growing child. Made dishes, such as croquettes, and all fried foods, including doughnuts, are hard to digest, and ought to be absent from a bill of fare prepared for children. Whole wheat bread is far and away better than fine white breads, not only for the children, but for all the adult members of the family.

POETRY OF THE HOUR

The Other-Worldling.

By Ethel Ashton.

Beyond the forms and the faces I see
ineffable things,
Above the cry of the children I hear the
beating of wings;
Gracing the graves of the weary are
blossoms that never were blown,
And over the whole of Knowledge stands
all that shall yet be known.

The City is not my prison—the world can
not stay me there;
For whole wide earth and its beauty there's
beauty beyond compare.
The wealth of the wind-blown music, the
gold of the sun are mine.
In light of the light men see not—in
sight of the things divine.

For truer than all that is written is all
that has not been told.
The yet unlived and unliving are truer
than all the old.
The fairest is still the furthest; the life
that has yet to be.
Holds ever the Past and Present—itself
the soul of the three.

—From "The Outlook" (London)

I cannot sing the old songs now,
The songs I used to chant,
And all my friends who've heard me sing,
Declare, "Thank Heaven, he can't."

When Mary Died.

She only died last week, and yet
Suns might have risen and have set
A thousand: May's here like a bride,
And it was May when Mary died.

Incredible! We might last week
Have kissed her, held her, heard her speak
Who now has travelled far, so far
Beyond the moon and the day-star

Since she has gone all Time and Space
Have lost their meanings: Mary's face
Grows dim in distance, like a light
Far down a darkness infinite.

Last week! Why this new grief we hav
Is old as Time, old as the grave:
It was and will be: darkness spread
Over the world since Mary's dead.

Last week she died. The lilac bough
Her eyes watched bud is blooming now,
The chestnut's lit her lamp since then,
And the lost cuckoo's come again.

A week ago! O endless space
Since Mary heavenward turned her face!
And still the lilac's on the spray
That budded when she went away.

Katharine Tynan.

A Woman.

By Theodosia Garrison.

The great Love that was not for her
Passed on, nor paused to see
The wistful eyes, the hands' vague stir,
The mouth's mute misery.

The little Love she recked not of
Crept closer bit by bit
Until for very lack of love
She smiled and welcomed it.

Not hers to choose, to weigh and part
The greater from the less;
She only strove to fill a heart
That ached with emptiness.

—From the October Smart Set.

Progress.

When her husband earned their living as
a common hired hand
And she had to do her housework—years
ago, please understand—
She pronounced it always "depot" with
an accent on the "de,"
And the e therein she sounded as it is in
"we" or "me."

When her husband gave up working for
mere wages and was paid
What they proudly called a salary and
she could keep a maid,
She began to call it "daypo" with the
accent on the "day,"
Sometimes changing it to "deppo" in a
doubtful kind of way.

He that led her to the altar is to-day a
millionaire,
And a dozen willing servants try keep her
free from care;
You should see the grand tirara blazing
out above her brow
And the pearls that she possesses. Yes,
she calls it "station" now.

Sweetest Things.

What are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;

A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they can weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.

A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's quick release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.

The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

—The Farm and Ranch Review.

The Sailor's Christmas.

Blow, wind, blow,
Sing through yard and shroud;
Pipe it shrilly and loud,
Aloft as well as below;
Sing in my sailor's ear
The song I sing to you.
"Come home, my sailor true,
For Christmas that comes so near."

Go, wind, go,
Hurry his home-bound sail,
Through gusts that are edged with hail,
Through winter, and sleet, and snow;
Song, in my sailor's ear,
Your shrilling and moans shall be;
For he knows they sing him to me
And Christmas that comes so near.

Weak Kidneys

It is of but little use to try to doctor the kidneys themselves. Such treatment is wrong. For the kidneys are not usually to blame for their weaknesses or irregularities. They have no power—no self-control. They are operated and actuated by a tiny shred of a nerve which is largely responsible for their condition. If the Kidney nerve is strong and healthy the kidneys are strong and healthy. If the Kidney nerve goes wrong, you know it by the inevitable result—kidney trouble.

This tender nerve is only one of a great system of nerves. This system controls not only the kidneys, but the heart, and the liver, and the stomach. For simplicity's sake Dr. Shoop has called this great nerve system the "Inside Nerves." They are not the nerves of feeling—not the nerves that enable you to walk, to talk, to act, to think. They are the master nerves and every vital organ is their slave. The common name for these nerves is the "sympathetic nerves"—because each set is in such close sympathy with the others, that weakness anywhere usually results in weakness everywhere.

The one remedy which aims to treat not the Kidneys themselves, but the nerves which are to blame, is known by physicians and druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative, (Tablets or Liquid.) This remedy is not a symptom remedy—it is strictly a cause remedy. While it usually brings speedy relief, its effects are also lasting

If you would like to read an interesting book on inside nerve disease, write Dr. Shoop. With the book he will also send the "Health Token,"—an intended passsort to good health. Both the book and the "Health Token" are free.

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Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

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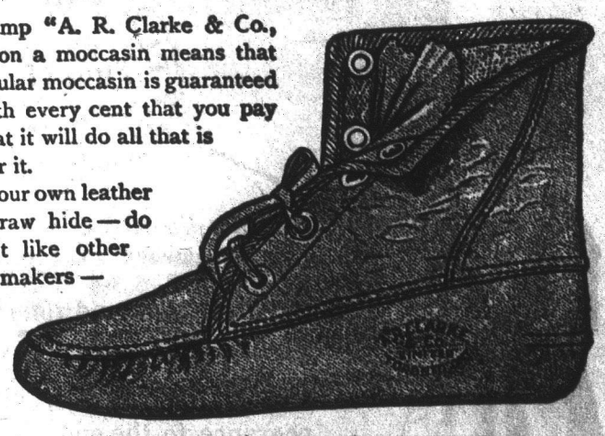

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Strong Evidence.

Not long ago a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer. In giving his evidence the farmer was exceedingly careful, even nervous, and the solicitor for the defence endeavored to frighten him. "Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?" "I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it." "Ah! now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?" "Well, firstly, I caught him on my land wi' a gun. Secondly, I heerd a gun go off an' saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four o' my pigeons in his pocket —an' I don't think them birds flew there and committed suicide."

Dr. Trumbull's Helpmeet.

An amusing anecdote in the life of the late Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D., has come to light. At one time he was a candidate for the office of mayor. Naturally, he expected the treatment which usually comes from political enemies; but he hardly anticipated the blow dealt him by his faithful wife.

"I'm getting used to unpleasant things," said the good doctor one night at dinner, "but I must say I've had a blow to-day. I really flattered myself I was popular in this district, even with the rag-a-muffins over on Sea Street"

"And so you are," interrupted Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," said her husband, "that bubble was pricked to-day. I find that the two posters on the old Higgins fence that announce me as a candidate have been almost torn off, evidently by sticks and knives, and the face on each poster has been almost obliterated. I felt quite depressed when I saw it on my way home."

"You needn't," said Mrs. Trumbnll, with rising color, "for I did all that work with my umbrella and a hatpin."

"You!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, Henry Trumbull, I did it, and I should do the same thing again if I had the chance. There was nobody in sight as I came by there, and when I saw those dreadful pictures, not really like you at all, and with hideous turndown collar that you never ought to wear, it's so unbecoming, I just couldn't bear it!

"I looked at them a minute, and then I went right to work; and the next time you run for any office, send the men that make the posters to me, and I will let them have the negative of one of your good photographs with your glasses on, so the little scowl between your eyes doesn't show, and a high collar. Then they'll be fit to put on Higgin's fence, or anywhere else."

Beyond His Limit.

During the civil war soldiers were very apt to become intoxicated, as liquor was sometimes the only drink they could get. One soldier who was in the habit of becoming intoxicated was remonstrated with by the Colonel of his regiment, the conversation which took place being as follows:

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, Colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it; it would kill me."

He Did Not Want The Paper.

As an illustration of the many curious letters received in an editor's office the following is given in "Public Opinion," the design of which is to give articles representing all kinds of public opinion:

"Guthrie, Okla.

"Deer Seer: I don't no how I ever cum to subscribe to your paper. It ant wuth house room and that's no lie. You folks must be crazy. Fust you print an article on one side, and then you turn right around in your tracks and print one exactly agin it. Youre turn coats thats what you are and anny body with ten dollars (10 dollars) can hire you. I am a populist and I don't want to read nuthing thats agin my belief. Don't send it to me anny more. You can have my money. You'll need it for you'll be down and out purty soon.

Was Worth More Dead.

Forbes Robertson, the English actor, tells this one: "A man fell overboard in stepping from a ferry boat. It was a bitter day. Cakes of gray ice floated in the black water.

"Nevertheless a ragged wharf rat plunged head first into the freezing stream, and after ten minutes' hard work rescued the man.

"What reward do you think this hero got? He got two shillings, which the other gingerly handed him from a purse heavy with gold.

"The poor fellow looked at the two shillings, and then said:

"'Man, I'd have got five shillings for takin' ye to the deadhouse.'"

Grant Had Faith in Sherman.

A graphic account of how he carried to Grant before Richmond, the news of General Sherman's advance through North Carolina on his march to the sea in 1865, is told in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly by Adjutant S. H. M. Byers, of the Fifth Iowa Infantry. After a perilous trip he finally reached Grant's headquarters at City Point.

"I ripped open my clothing, handed him my despatches, and excitedly watched the pleased changes on his flushed face while he hurriedly read the great news I had brought from Sherman," says Mr. Byers. "General Ord happened in at the moment, and the good news was repeated to him. Ord clanked his spurs together, rubbed his hands, and manifested joy. 'I had my fears, I had my fears,' he muttered. 'And I, not a bit,' said Grant, springing from his seat by the window. 'I knew Sherman—I knew my man.'"

No Limit.

There is a certain pastor in a Pennsylvannia town who not long ago announced that the usual weekly prayer meeting would be devoted to discussion of a certain question of general interest to his congregation. It appeared that many members of the church wished to participate in the discussion, and it was therefore decided to limit each speaker's remarks to five minutes, the expiration of the time fixed to be indicated by the clergyman's rapping with his pencil on his desk.

One of the deacons, who shall be called Robinson—an exceptionally long-winded speaker and exhorter—was one of the first to address the congregation. As had been anticipated by all he had scarcely become started on his remarks when the tap of the pencil was heard,

"Is it possible that my time is up?" asked he of the chairman.

"Sorry, deacon, but your five minutes have expired,"

"And all general remarks are to be limited to five minutes?"

"Yes, deacon," was the answer; "you know that was the understanding."

Whereupon the deacon turned very deliberately to his fellow members: "Brethren," he calmly observed, "in that event I shall put the remainder of my remarks in the form of a prayer."

And so the deacon kept the floor.

His Father's Son.

A professor of mathematics in a leading New England college had been much annoyed by the students coming to class without their text-books. Various reasons were given. One man said that some one had borrowed his book.

"That's no excuse," said the irate professor. "Hereafter your work and your book are to be here. Any man who fails to bring them will be marked zero. No excuse of any kind will be taken."

The professor's son was a member of this class and was the first one to be called up at the next recitation.

"Adams problem fourteen at the board," called the professor.

"Pardon me, professor," said his son; "but I haven't my book."

"Haven't your book?" roared the professor. He was doubly angry because his own son was the first offender. "Didn't you hear what I said yesterday?"

"Yes, professor; but my father borrowed my book last night and he didn't bring it back."

Definite Information Wanted.

"During one of my visits through the country districts," said the professor, "I happened to reach a small village where they were to have a flag-raising at the schoolhouse.

"After the banner had been 'flung to the breeze' there was an exhibition of drawings which the pupils had made and of the work they had done during the year.

"The teacher recited to them the landing of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand.

"'Well, Willie, what is it?' asked the teacher. 'Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?'"

Mr Morgan's Complaint.

J. Pierpont Morgan was standing before a picture in a New York gallery when a handsomely dressed woman asked him a question bearing on the painting.

Mr. Morgan, delighted to discuss such a subject, chatted freely about art matters and then bowed himself out. The woman said to the proprietor:

"The man was an art critic, I guess. He seems to know all about pictures. If you know his address, I wish you would send him this check, for I'm sure I appreciate his kindness very much."

The dealer gasped: "Why, madam, that was J. Pierpont Morgan." Later he told the millionaire what had occurred.

"You might have let her send the check," grunted Mr Morgan. "It would have been the first money I ever made out of my hobby."

Couldn't Remember.

The following is reported to have occurred in an Indian country school, where there was but one colored scholar in attendance.

The teacher had placed a list of words upon the blackboard for the pupils to learn. The colored child could learn all of them except "and."

After several days the teacher, on her again failing to recognize the word, said to her:

"Now, Lina, you ought to know that word; you have been told several times what it is."

Rolling her eyes up, Lina exclaimed, "Laws a mussy, teacher, I don't know that; I couldn't tell "and" when I saw it!"

'Twixt Love and Duty.

"Miss Florrie," said the good-looking commercial traveler, as he leaned gracefully over her counter, "now that old Hunks has gone into the window to put things straight, I may tell you that ever since I was here last I have been longing for the time to come when I might see you again, and hear from your own dear lips that you have not forgotten me. While I have been on my lonely rounds from town to town, or passing leaden hours waiting for trains, the thought of your lovely face has thrilled me. You have been to me the beacon-light of hope, the inspiration and every striped article like that, Miss Baxter, are well worth $6.25 a dozen. We can't do them at a penny less," he finished, in hard business-like tones.

Old Hunks had returned to the back of the shop.

In the Political Parade.

The experiences of Postmaster-General Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign, were many and varied. With keen relish he tells of one that came under his notice

A country club, about to give a parade, was debating as to the number of transparencies to be had in line.

It was about settled that twelve would be the proper number, when an old fellow with his trousers tucked in his boots arose, and said:

"I guess two will be about right. 'Taint at all likely more'n two will know how to play on 'em."

Webster's Bill That Grew.

Daniel Webster was never noted for attention to detail in business matters. His well known failings were often taken advantage of by unscrupulous creditors, who gave no receipts for paid bills, simply because they were not demanded. Webster was well aware of this, but it seemed to trouble him very little.

On one occasion a creditor presented a bill which seemed familiar, and Webster asked: "Isn't this bill pretty large?"

"I think not," replied the maker of it, confidently.

"Well," said Webster, handing over the money, "every time I have paid that bill it has seemed to me a trifle larger."

Wasted Energy.

So many people needlessly and recklessly waste their nerve energy. They drum the chair or the desk with their fingers or tap the floor with their toes. They hold their hands. They sit in a rocking-chair and rock for dear life. If tney write or sew they get down to it with a vengeance and contract their brows and wrinkle their foreheads and grind their teeth.

If they have an unusual task to do they contract and contort every muscle of the body, making themselves tense and rigid all over, when the work perhaps required but one set of muscles or perhaps the mind only, as the case may be.

Wanted a Quiet Place.

This story is illustrative of the absolute silence and loneliness of the typical Australian bush camp:

Two men were camping together, but they rarely exchanged a word.

One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast: "Heard a cow bellow in the swamp just now."

Nothing further was said, and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast the second man said: "How do you know it wasn't a bull?"

Again no comment. Again a pause of twenty-four hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

"You going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp.

Where the Joke Came In.

One day last week the editor of this paper hung his coat up in the office while he went out to look after some business at the quarry. In our coat pocket we left our pocketkook. When we returned, the pocketbook was gone, and the sinner who stole it has not repented sufficiently to return it and apologize. The pocketbook contained some railroad transportation, a $10 promissory note that was past due and a notice of our overdraft at the bank, but not one cent of the current coin of the realm. We have no fear of the fellow using the transportation, because we are too well known along the line to be impersonated by a petit larceny thief. If he can collect that $10 note he is welcome to it, and if he will settle the overdraft at the bank in accordance with the notice we will forgive him for stealing the pocketbook. He is evidently an amateur at the business or he would have known better than to have put himself to the trouble of stealing an editor's pocketbook. In our humble opinion the joke is on the thief.—Marble City, (I. T.) Enterprise.

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, HEADSTONES

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STORIETTES of MEN and WOMEN in the Public Eye.

Gathered from Various Authoritative Sources

An Eclipse.

Prof. G. A. Hill, of the United States Naval Observatory, said, before sailing to study the sun's eclipse:

"I have high hopes of this expedition, but a cloud may ruin all. I desire to come back overloaded with priceless solar photographs, but everything depends on chance, and perhaps I will return as empty handed as I go away.

"High hopes, great expectations—in the end nothing. In this aspect eclipse expeditions are like the expeditions of young men from the country who give up the plow and haste cityward, expecting in a little while to become bank presidents, captains of industry and millionaires.

"Alas, hopes high enough accompany the expeditions of these youths. The boy departs bravely. His honest father and mother while away the long and lonely evenings on the farm with dreams of his future success. They recount to one another his inumerable virtues. Such virtues, they say, must inevitably lead him to the governor's chair, to a senatorial toga, to a mayoralty, and so on.

"High hopes—great expectations—and in the end, nothing.

"A farm boy from Elizabeth, my native town, went to New York to seek his fortune. For six months not a word was heard from him. Then, one winter afternoon, his father got this note:

"Dear Pa—Meet me under the old bridge to-morrow night after dark. Bring with you a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat."

Went about it Wrong.

Chauffeur Campbell, who won the $1,000 Cape May trophy, was talking at the Windsor, where he stopped, about his great success as a racer.

"To what do you attribute your success, Mr. Campbell?" said a lawyer.

"To thorough preparation," the young man replied. "I didn't attempt to race until I had learned all there was to know about automobiles and automobiling."

Then, with a laugh, Mr. Campbell declared that he had not jumped all unprepared into racing, as the Maine skipper jumped into sign painting.

This skipper and his men were putting the finishing touches on a new schooner. When it came to painting the name on the boat's stern, the men hesitated, fearing to make a blotch of so difficult a job. But the skipper reproached them for cowardice, and threw himself on his stomach upon the deck with a pot of paint and a brush and, reaching down over the side, in due course he finished the name—

NNIW.

The Clock and the Pugilist.

"I met John L. Sullivan once in Philadelphia," said an editor. "He was living with his theatrical company, on a car side tracked at Ninth and Spring Gardens streets. On meeting me he called me 'son,' and accepted readily an invitation to dine down-town.

"As a hansom bore us out Market street in the twilight the city hall clock was suddenly illuminated. John L. pointed to the shining dial and said quietly:

"'Son, in my prime I was like that clock. I kept my hands well up to my face; I never missed a strike when I could get one, and I was always ready for another round.'"

An Ignoramus.

They were talking about the failure of the Subway Tavern.

"Well," said a lawyer, "Bishop Potter would never have entered into this movement if he had not known of many similar movements that are succeeding splendidly in England. Bishop Potter is a well informed and highly educated man.

"Speaking of his education," he went on, "I am reminded of a convention where I once heard him make an address. He spoke in favour of education, and a self-made millionaire took exception to a certain thing he said. The millionaire declared that he had never gone to college, and he thanked God for it.

The bishop rose instantly.

"'Am I to understand,' he said, 'that the gentleman thanks God for his ignorance?'

"'Why, yes,' replied the millionaire. 'You can put it that way if you've a mind to.'

"'Then,' retorted Bishop Potter, 'all I have to say is that the gentleman has a great deal to thank heaven for.'"

Hypnotism before, Drugs now.

District Attorney Jerome was discussing the absurd defenses that criminal lawyers sometimes induce their clients to set up.

"A while ago," he said, "it was hypnotism. If you killed a man someone had hypnotized you. If you robbed a bank, hypnotism again. I even heard once of a schoolboy who, detected in the act of playing truant, claimed that he never would have sinned if he had not been hypnotised first.

"To-day the favorite defence is drugging. A woman elopes—well, she was drugged. A clerk robs his employer—some one had drugged the poor fellow. A clergyman disappears for a week—we find, on his return, that he was drugged, and his mind is a blank.

"An elderly woman was walking along the street the other evening with her son, a boy of 12. Suddenly she halted, enraged.

"'Look at that intoxicated brute across the way,' she exclaimed, 'Did you ever see anything so disgusting? Where are the police? Of course never at hand when they're wanted. That drunken beast ought to be locked up for a year.'

"The boy, who had been looking intently through the dusk at the reeling man, now said in a low voice:

"'Why, mother, that's brother Bill.'

"At this the woman threw up her hands with a gesture of horror and despair.

"'O,' she cried the saloonkeepers have been druggin' that poor child again.'"

Did Shoot Six, Maybe.

Beals C. Wright, the tennis champion, was eating reed birds.

"When the reed bird season comes round," he said, "I think of my cousin, an enthusiastic sportsman.

"My cousin once went on a reed bird hunt, and had excellent luck. The family, on his return, feasted.

"His wife, a week or so later, said to him:

"'How many reed birds was it that you shot, do you remember?'

"'Just two dozen,' said my cousin 'and all beauties.'

"Then the grocer,' said his wife, 'has made a mistake. He charges for only eighteen.'"

Looking Forward.

A. S. L. Shields, the criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, said at a dinner that the plea of insanity in murder cases was being overdone.

"Why," said Mr. Shields, "at this rate the time will soon arrive when two burglars, in discussing a contemplated crime, will talk like this:

"'First Burglar—And, Bill, if the old woman wakes, bind and gag her. But mind ye, Bill, no murder.

"'Bill—Ah, why not?

"'First Burglar—It's such a reflection on yer sanity.'"

Carnegie o University Education.

An American who was recently a guest of Andrew Carnegie at Skibo castle sends to the World from Scotland an account of his visit, from which the following, a conversation at the breakfast table, is an excerpt :

The subject of education came up. A learned Dutch baron declared that many people are over educated.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Carnegie, "Lord Reay, here, who speaks five languages, knows too much."

Iu reply to a question, the philosopher of Skibo launched out in this way :

"One of the aberrations of the age is the sacrifice of time to ancient classics on the part of young men preparing for a business career. A man with a university education is a man lost to commerce. A man who begins business at 18 is much better off than he who spends three or four years in a university studying old ruffians who lived 2,000 years ago. Studying skirmishes among savages in the classics is no preparation for a man going into the iron, steel or coal business. Greek and Latin are no more use than Choctaw, except to the few. Why should English sailors have to learn the language of Virgil, Horace and Cicero? English officers study classics. What's the result? They have foolish courage. Instead of saving themselves they allow themselves to be shot and say they are dying for their country. I prefer an officer who would make an intelligent run when necessary and then come back and live for his country."

"Do you condemn university education for all?"

"By no means. I am speaking of the uselessness of university Education for the young man who has to make his way in life. The man who is born to wealth can do as he pleases. He has no interest for me. He rarely amounts to anything any way. Those preparing for professional pursuits should go to the university by all means."

"Do you make any exception?"

"Yes, clergymen."

"University education injures them. It leads them to higher criticism. They begin to pick flaws in the Bible. The moment they begin that they are done for ; they are no good for religion. They lead to intellectual and religious anarchy."

A remark by Mr. Carnegie about looking to the masses of the people to cure social ills led to a conversation upon democracy.

"Are you still as devout a believer in the people as when you wrote 'Triumphant Democracy,' Mr. Carnegie?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied. "Years have made me love that teaching more and more. If democracy does not succeed, than there is no hope for humanity. The classes have failed, now democracy is getting a show. I have no fear for democracy in America. When things begin to go seriously wrong there the people set them right with a sudden jerk."

"Will Roosevelt seek another term, Mr. Carnegie?" came like a bolt from the blue,

"He said he would not, and Roosevelt is a man of his word," answered the sage. He accepted the vice-presidency, but he never said he would not. Suppose, however the people came to him and proved to him that the welfare of the nation demanded that he accepted office again, he might revise his resolution."

"What is the greatest American institution?" I asked.

"The public schoolhouse."

"What makes America so great?"

"Equality, and the fact that its foundation was laid by a colonizing race."

"Does your republicanism diminish by absence?"

"No. It increases. I am more republican than if I had been born in America, for I realize better the meaning of the word republic. The great thing is to be a citizen and not a subject."

The Children at Christmas.

The Babe for whom the servient star
Traversed the silent sky
To guide the wise men from afar,
Is now enthroned on high.

Yet still, at every Christmas-tide
Anew the sign is given ;
And children are the stars that guide
Our straying steps to Heaven.

Boylike.

The late Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge visited a St. Louis family some years ago.

There was in this family a little boy with an inordinately sweet tooth.

"Mrs. Dodge, said the boy's mother one day, "do you think it is right for Bobby to eat so much bread and jam?"

"It doesn't hurt him," the visitor answered.

"But all that jam?" complained the mother, anxiously.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dodge, with a grim smile, "he doesn't eat it. He leaves it on the doorknobs."

A Creed.

I believe in cleanliness of body, mind and soul.

I believe in kindness to man, woman, child and animal.

I believe in truth because it makes me free.

I believe in the charity that begins at home but does not end there.

I believe in mercy because I hope for mercy.

I believe in moral courage because I am more than a brute.

I believe in righteousness because it is the shortest and best line between two eternities.

I believe in patience because it is the swiftest way to secure results.

I believe in that kind of industry that takes an occasional vacation.

I believe in that sort of economy that spends money for a good purpose.

I believe in honesty, not for policy's sake, but for principle's sake.

I believe in hospitality because it puts a roof over every man's head.

I believe in obedience because it is the only way to learn how to command.

I believe in self control because I want to influence others.

I believe in suffering because it chastens and purifies.

I believe in justice because I believe in God.

"Late Christmas Afternoon."

The glad, glad bells of morning, the
laughter at the dawn,
The lustre of the children's eyes is fine
to look upon.
But, O, the best of Christmas—the best
day of them all—
Is when the lazy firelight makes pictures
on the wall,
And I may sit in silence and give myself
the boon
Of going back to childhood, late Christmas afternoon.

Here I shall fall to musing of pictures in
grate—
There, eager for my summons the host of
boy-days wait,
And in and out a-marching I'll see them
come and go
With hands waved high in welcome—the
boys I used to know ;
And there, if I am patient, 'twill be for
me to see,
As one sees in a mirror, the boy I used to
be.

Out of the swaying shadows will rise the
long ago,
The sleigh-bells' tinkle-tinkle, the soft
kiss of the snow.
The white sea of the meadow, where
pranking winds will lift
The long sweep of the billow, foamed up
in drift on drift.
And crisp across the valley will come a
bell-sweet tune
To set me nodding, nodding, late Christmas afternoon.

Late afternoon on Christmas ! The twilight soothing in,
And me with these my visions of glad
days that have been !
For I shall dream and wander down unforgotten ways,
My eager arms enfolding all of my yesterdays.
Without, the mellow echos of blended
chime and hymn ;
Within the bygone voices in murmurs far
and dim.
Of mine, the gift of fancy, and mine, this
magic chair,
And mine the dim procession of Christmases that were.
I ask no richer token of love on Christmas
Day
Than this which comes unforbidden, than
this which will not stay—
This wealth of recollections that vanish
oversoon—
The dreamland of the shadows, late
Christmas afternoon.

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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"I hear that you are taking lessons in pugilism."

"Yes, I am."

"Going to enter the ring?"

"Not that I know of."

"Got a grudge against someone?"

"Not that I know of."

"What's the idea then?"

"Why, I am going to marry a girl that has been going in for physical culture."

Two young men with not much experience of horses went for a drive. During the ride the horse happened to yawn and the bit fell out of its mouth. Two hours later a man passed them and discovered both of the young men waiting with their conveyance by the roadside. "What on earth is the matter? I passed you when I was going out and now when I come back you're still here. What's the matter?"

"Oh," replied one of the young men, "we're waiting for the horse to yawn again so we can put the bit in."

He—Do you remember the night I asked you to marry me?

She—Yes, dear.

"For a whole hour we sat there, and not a word did you speak. Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life!"

Liveryman—Excuse me, sir, but the laws of our union provide for a ten per cent tip before 6 p. m. After that the tip is twenty per cent of the fare.

Patron—Oh! I beg your pardon.

Edwin—No, they never get on, now that they are married, and yet they courted under the shade of the old apple tree.

Katharine—Indeed! Well it must have been a crab apple tree.

Pete Green—Look here, Sam, when yo' comes home late en' yo' wife looks out ob de window, do she drop eny insinuations?

Sam Sparkz—Well, yo' might coll dem 'sinuotons, but I coll dem flat-iron en' bootjacks.

"Oh, reconsider your decision," pleaded the rejected lover. "I cannot live without you."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," she replied. "I can't live with you."

Lady—Do you think this medicine would do my husband any good?

Druggist—I am sure of it, madam.

Lady—Hum! What other kinds have you got?

A smile that can be bought for a dime is soon swallowed.

A rolling stone gathers no moss—but mossbacks are not attractive anyway.

It is difficult to make a woman believe that a compliment is not the real thing.

Mr. Staylate—That's a beautiful song. It simply carries me back.

She—I'm sorry I did'nt sing it early in the evening.

Rodrick—They say Cholly Goodfellow is very popular around town.

Van Albert—I should say so. Why, he wears out two coats a month just from people slapping him on the back.

"Why do you insist on keeping a parrot?"

"Because," answered the lonely man, "I like to hear it talk. The parrot is the only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a good story of it."

Lady—Are those your children? What darlings! And — er — what a pretty woman your wife must be.

Mrs. Bacon—"As I came up the street I saw the policeman on this beat with his arm around a lamp-post."

The Cook—"Yes, ma'am; that's a way he has when he's thinking of me, ma'am."

"We've got to economise," said Mr. Gargoyle to his wife.

"Very well, dear," replied the good woman, cheerfully. "You shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."

Wife—I hope you talked plainly to him.

Husband—I did indeed. I told him he was a fool, a perfect fool!

Wife (approvingly)—Dear John! How exactly like you!

"Did you sound papa this afternoon about our marriage?"

"Yes; and when I struck the bottom step it sounded pretty lond, too."

"I understand," he said to the professor of languages, "that you are master of at least a dozen tongues."

"Languages," corrected the professor. "Don't say 'tongues.' That might include my wife's."

The stranger strolled through the village streets until he arrived at the cemetery, says the old story. The grave digger was hard at work excavating a grave. "Do people die often hereabouts?" asked the stranger. "None of 'em ever died more'n once since my time," answered the gravedigger, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

Tommy had been to the dentist's, and the hollow tooth which had kept him—and the rest of the household—awake all night was extracted. Later in the day his mother was surprised to see him seated before the trophy, gloating over it. "What are you doing, dear?" she asked. "Why, mother," he replied, with glee, "I've filled up the holler wiv sugar—and now I'm watchin' it ache?"

The late William Terries, seeing a novel ear covering which was recommended for the cold weather, bought it and gave it to his old coachman, who could thus protect himself while waiting for Mr. Terries at night. The coachman was profuse in his gratitude; but a night or two later Mr. Terries noticed that he was not wearing the muffler.

"Why have you given it up so soon?" he asked.

"Well, sir," was the man's reply, "it was werry comfortable, but you see, sir, I found out t'other night that when I 'ad my ears covered a friend'd asked me to have a drink, and I'd never 'eard 'im!"

Dissatisfied Customer—"You sold this stone to me as a fancy opal."

"Dealer—"Well? You didn't expect to get a real opal for 25 cents, did you?"

Mrs. Tungay—"You can't imagine how convenient I find it to have a telephone in the house. I don't see how we ever managed to get along without it."

Her Husband—"Yes, I can imagine, without any trouble, how convenient you find it. I tried nine times to call you up today, and every time you were busy talking to somebody else."

"Mamma, where do you keep the cookies?"

"If I should tell you Tommy, I shouldn't be able to keep them at all."

Teacher—What is a synonym?

Pupil—A word that has the same meaning as another word.

Teacher—And why does our language possess synonyms?

Pupil—So you can use one when you don't know how to spell the other one.

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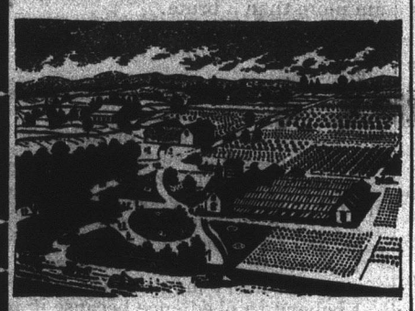

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S. S. CUMMINS, Secretary for Organization,
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