

The Carleton Place Herald.

"ONWARD AND UPWARD."

Vol. LXVI, No. 27.

Carleton Place, Lanark Co., Ont., Tuesday, December 21, 1915.

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ENSIGNS are better value
for the money, than any
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For information apply
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Principal.

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

And in wishing our Customers and
friends the compliments of the Festi-
ve Season we wish to say that in
Jewelry it is quality that counts.

We have still a very full stock of the
goods suited for Christmas Gifts, in-
cluding Rings, Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons,
Brooches, Watches and all kinds of
Silverware and invite your inspection.

A. NEILSON,
Jeweller and Optician,
Carleton Place, Ont.

FLOWERS

Nothing makes a nicer Xmas
Gift than a pot of flowers for
mother, sister or sweetheart.

Place your order now and they will be
delivered Xmas Eve.

**Holly and Wreathing
for Xmas Decorations**

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and all
WINTER VEGETABLES.
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Phone 83. HIGH STREET.

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Cut Flowers!

Everything in Cut Flowers, Plants, etc.,
Wreaths, and all varieties of designs for Funerals.
Orders may be left at this Office
J. W. H. ALLEN Agent.



Merry Christmas.
Most of our college students are home
for the holidays.

Municipal nominations take place
next Monday evening.

Special—"The Ghost Breaker," a
thrilling high-class drama, Wednes-
day and Thursday at the Star.

Miss Davis, of the high school staff,
is off duty through illness.

Kriday, January 28, is the date fixed
for the annual ball of the Ocean Wave
Fire Co.

Miss Elsie McDiarmid arrived last
week from Toronto, and purposes spend-
ing some time at the old home.

If you want your SHATES sharpened right, have
them ground by McIsaac Bros., Machine re-
pairs and Blacksmiths.

Rev. J. W. S. Lowry, of Ramsgate,
conducted the precommunion service in
Zion church on Friday evening.

Mr. Fraser, of Ottawa, has bought
out the barber business here which was
hitherto conducted by the late W. J.
Sadler.

Be sure you send your Coal Orders to
TAYLOR BROS. We are the Coal people,
Nut, Stove, Egg and Grate.

Mr. John Andrews, of Ramsgate, and
Miss Annie Moore, of Almonte, were
married last Thursday evening, Rev. A.
A. Scott performed the ceremony at
Zion Church manse.

Private A. Perry, of C. Company,
130th, had the misfortune to slip on the
sidewalk last Sunday night, breaking
his leg above the ankle. He was im-
mediately taken over to the hospital in
Almonte, where he is progressing favor-
ably.

See R. W. Gordon's ad of Suits and Shoes
on another page.

"The Virgin," an original painting by
Miss A. E. Duff, was loaned to the
Ladies' Aid Society to be used in
Act II of the drama presented last
Thursday evening. It was mysteriously
disappeared sometime between the Minister's
Bride was presented to the public in the
town hall, and caused some anxiety
behind the scenes, but after the show
was over it reappeared again by some
magic art, much to the delight of all
concerned.

The pupils of Mr. R. J. Robertson's
room presented him on Friday afternoon
with a beautiful oak rocker and an
address. A concert programme was
then put on by the children, and a very
pleasant social hour was spent.

Delightful winter weather and good
sleighing.

Bishop Lorraine, of Pembroke, died
on Saturday last.

Lieut. Kemp, of Ottawa, is the officer
in charge of D. Company, 130th Batt.
at Almonte.

The annual exhibition of the Carle-
ton Place Poultry Association is fixed
for January 4, 5, and 6, 1916.

Mr. J. H. Mendels, of Perth, has sold
a phosphate mining property to an
American syndicate for \$20,000.

St. James Sunday School entertainment will
be held in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec-
ember 29th. Admission, 25c; children, 15c, at the
door.

The Cherniavsky Trio, advertised for
Carleton Place last night, had to be
postponed on account of the illness of
one of the brothers.

Our old friend, Col. Jos. MacKay, is
still doing big work as a recruiting
officer in British Columbia, we observe
by the Fern.

Mr. Rick MacKay, brother of Mr.
George, spent a few days here last
week. Mr. MacKay lived here 40 years
ago. His home is now at the "Soo."

PHOTO MATINEE
At the Star, Christmas Day.
At 2:30 p.m.

The Christmas poster on the bill
board opposite the post office is a work
of art. The bill poster's association and
the local posters are to be congratulated
for obtaining such a fine picture.

Mr. S. T. Mullet had the misfortune
to be knocked down by a butcher's cart
a week ago, while going home, and had
three of his ribs broken. As a conse-
quence he is off duty at the time.

Zion Church Sunday School enter-
tainment will be held on Wednesday
of this week, starting with a sleigh drive
at four o'clock, following by a supper
and a programme in the school room.

Phone 32 when in need of Wood, \$1.50
and \$1.75 per load. Prompt delivery.

The pupils of Mr. R. J. Robertson's
room presented him on Friday afternoon
with a beautiful oak rocker and an
address. A concert programme was
then put on by the children, and a very
pleasant social hour was spent.

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Carleton Place Branch. J. C. JEFFREY, Manager.

R.B. Preceptory No. 639
Held their annual meeting on Wed-
nesday evening, Dec. 15th, when the
following officers were elected for the
ensuing year:
W. P. W. McNeely;
D. P. T. W. Gold;
Chaplain, Rev. J. W. S. Lowry;
Registrar, A. T. Robertson;
Treasurer, Jas. Steele;
Lecturers, J. J. McNeely and W. H.
Hamilton;
Censors, R. Armour and J. Milligan;
Standard Bearers, T. L. Simpson and
B. Hughton;
Purser, R. Presley and A. Scott;
Dep. Reg., R. Pierce;
Committee—Geo. Doucett.

The Overseas Tobacco Fund.

The Union Bank of Canada begs to
acknowledge the following contributions
to The Overseas Tobacco Fund, through
Mr. Wm. Burrows, postmaster at Pros-
pect: John Hanrahan, Wm. Burrows,
Abner J. Jones, Pat. Hanrahan, W. J.
Leach, Adam W. Jones, Owen G. Leach,
A. K. Lesson, P. E. Jones, A. J. Thomp-
son, Archie Brunton, Neil Stewart,
John Ferguson, Howard Jefferson,
Pierre Brennan, Con. Purdy, John
Brunton, Henry Lackey, Fred Box, A.
E. James, John Porter, Isaac Anderson,
John H. Saunders, Garry Leach, Howard
Featherston, W. H. Griffith, V. C.
Switzer, E. D. Burrows, Richard Jones,
P. J. Hanrahan, 25c each, total, \$75.00.

There is no appearance of a green
Christmas this season.

An assembly is announced for Friday
evening in the town hall.

May every reader of these lines have
the happiest kind of Christmas.

All of Canada's divisions at the front
are now to be equipped with Canadian
equipment.

SERBIAN RELIEF.

An appeal is being made in
Carleton Place to collect worn
clothing, furs, half worn boots,
blankets and money for the Ser-
bians.

As the need of this defeated
and fugitive nation is immediate
and pitiable, it is hoped that an
appeal on their behalf will meet
with a hearty response.

Mr. Jeffrey, of the Bank of
Ottawa, has kindly consented to
receive and forward any cash con-
tributions that may be made later
on. But as sales of clothing will
require at least six weeks to reach
Serbia, an endeavor is being made
to have these shipped before
Christmas.

The members of the Sunshine
Y will receive all donations of
clothes at the Arcade, Corner
Bridge and Bell street, on Tuesday
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday
of this week, and arrangements
are being made for their immediate
shipment.

Parcels too bulky for personal
delivery will be called for.

Upper Ottawa Valley Hockey League.

The adjourned meeting of the above
League was held in Carleton Place last
Thursday evening, delegates from Ren-
frew, Arnprior, Almonte and Carleton
Place being in attendance. Mr. Hugh
Martin, of Almonte, was elected pres-
ident. As only four clubs entered the
league this season the schedule was
drawn up accordingly, the dates being
fixed as follows:—

Jan. 7—Almonte at Carleton Place.

Arnprior at Renfrew.

14—Renfrew at Almonte.

Carleton Place at Arnprior.

21—Arnprior at Carleton Place.

Almonte at Renfrew.

Feb. 4—Carleton Place at Renfrew.

Almonte at Arnprior.

11—Renfrew at Carleton Place.

Arnprior at Almonte.

Jailer for Over Fifty Years.

Tuesday (to-day), Charles H. Corbett
will have completed fifty years of service
as governor of the Kingston jail. He
was appointed on the 21st of December,
1865, by his uncle, the late Lieut.-Col.
Corbett, who was sheriff at the time.
This was a year and a half before Con-
federation. Mr. Corbett succeeded his
father, who was governor for 13 years.
Thus C. H. Corbett has been closely
connected with the jail for sixty-three
years, but, if his fifty years of service is
added to the thirty-three years of his
uncle, the late Sheriff Corbett, was in office,
it gives the remarkable record of this
family governing the Kingston jail for
eighty-three years. During Mr. Cor-
bett's long incumbency 20,000 prisoners
have come under his charge and he has
never allowed one to escape.

Death Near Ashton.

Messrs. John and James Scott arrived
from the west yesterday, to attend their
mother's funeral, but a day too late, as
it took place on Sunday afternoon.
The late Mrs. Archibald Scott was 78
years of age, her maiden name being
Janet Davidson, a native of Goulbourn.
She had been ill a week. She is sur-
vived by her husband, who is 84 years
of age, four sons and three daughters.
The sons are James and John (twins)
the former in Treherne, Man., the latter
at Regina; Frederick E. Smith Falls,
and Archibald D. at Ashton. The
daughters are Mrs. A. Paul, Smith Falls;
Mrs. E. C. H. Morton, Ashton,
and Miss Helene at home. The funeral
took place from the home of her daugh-
ter, Mrs. Morton, on Sunday afternoon
to the Methodist church at Ashton and
was very largely attended, interment
being made in Dewar's cemetery.

Lanark County Court.

The semi-annual sitting of the L.C.C.
and Quarter Sessions was held in the
court house at Perth last Tuesday, and
was all over in half an hour. One jury
action, in which Robert Buchanan, of
Maberly, sued the C.P.R. Co. for \$165
damages for the loss of a mare owned
by him which broke out of a pasture
field, crossed the C.P.R. cattle guard
and went up the track, when she was
killed by a train. Owing to the absence
of a material witness this suit was
postponed till the next jury sitting.
Two applications from German residents
of Pakenham for naturalization were
laid on the shelf till after the war.
Five county constables were confirmed
in their positions, namely, Messrs. Robt.
Langstaff, Samuel Carley, Andrew
Leeson, George Mulley and Samuel
Adrian. The sheriff got notice of the
intended adjournment of the jury case
entered in time to notify most of the
jurors subpoenaed not to attend, and
only six of them showed up in court.
The county thus effected a saving of
about \$30.

We Sell Everything that
Men and Boys Wear.

A MAN'S CHRISTMAS

If you have to buy some-
thing for a Man or Boy
for Xmas you will find a
great many useful and
appropriate gifts through
our stock.

Neckwear from 25c up.
Hosiery, we can still
give you Cashmere Hose
at the old prices.

Underwear, Tru Knit
Combinations make an
ideal Xmas gift.

Gloves, in Silk Lined,
Wool Lined and Unlined.

Jaeger Pure Wool Scarfs
and Gloves.

Mufflers in Silk and
Silk Knitted.

Shirts, in a great variety
of patterns for Men and
Boys.

House Coats and Dres-
sing Gowns.

Suspenders, Arm Bands
and Garters in gift boxes.

We invite ladies looking
for Xmas Gifts to visit
our Store.

F. C. McDIARMID
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TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

THE PALACE GROCERY

BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY XMAS

AS USUAL
Our stock is complete,
With good things to eat,
So come at our call
And we'll please you all.

CANDIES

Mixtures, per lb.... 10, 12 1/2c

Creams, per lb..... 15c

Chocolates and Bon-Bons

10 varieties, per lb 20c

Chocolates in boxes 10 to 60c

FRUITS

California Naval Oranges,

per doz., 30, 40, 50c

Floridas, per doz..... 40c

Grapes, per lb..... 20c

Table Raisins, per lb.... 25c

Figs, per lb..... 20c

Dates, per lb..... 10c

NUTS

BRAZILS, ALMONDS, WALNUTS,

FILBERTS, PEANUTS.

Don't Forget the

CRANBERRIES .. 2 lbs for 25c

Choice California CELERY,

Per bunch, 10c

T. STEVENS
Phone 121.

P.S.—We expect a carload of Apples
this week, and can quote attractive
prices.

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SEULE COPIE DISPONIBLE

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

It's a wise husband who prepares to pay for the Christmas gifts received from his dear wife.

The new Christmas game will be very fashionable. The players hunt through their pocketbooks to see how much money they have left. The one who has the most has to buy a present for New Year's.

Christmas, the celebration of the birthday of the Divine Child, is peculiarly the children's festival. And while it cannot, too, but be a time of special rejoicing among grown-ups, we realize after all that it has no other charm to compare with the pleasure we take in some kid's delight over the doll or drum or picture book that our special Santa Claus has brought him.

It does the world good to open its doors and take in the season's greetings. Business goes on all the happier because there is a warm, charitable feeling in a man's soul toward his employer or employees or acquaintances. We are all so busy we are apt to forget to be considerate, forgiving and kind. It is well to let the brain rest and allow the heart to rule sometimes, or men may lose the faculty of loving and being charitable.

Christmas most truly belongs to the children. It celebrates the event of the child to whom the wise brought gifts and the shepherds came and worshipped. Would that every child in this land of abundance might receive that little portion to fill the hearts with joy and chase the sobs and tears away. It takes so little to open the fountains of joy it would seem so small a portion might fall to the lot of all the children of American homes; but alas, some will be burdened with gifts till they weary in counting them and others—what a disappointing Christmas it will be! Cannot we be thoughtful of another and share our blessings with those less favored and make our Christmas more truly happy for ourselves and merry for many others?

Oh, how pleasant, bright and cheery home should be made at this sweet season—Christmas—when each and everyone can bestow some little gift of affection upon dear ones and remembering those who are less fortunate. We should remember the great gift of our Heavenly Father to the world. He it is that can and will send blessings which will make home bright and

Smiths Falls Man Killed in Action.

Mrs. George Whiting received a telegram stating that her nephew Private Rexford Hurlbert, is officially reported killed in action on Nov. 29th. Private Hurlbert is well known in Smiths Falls, and enlisted there going overseas with the second contingent. A singular thing in connection with his death is that on the very day he was killed he wrote a letter to a friend in town which he began by saying that he supposed it would seem like a voice from the dead. Within a few hours he was killed and when his letter was received here it was in very truth a voice from the dead. He enclosed in it a very handsome pearl rosary.—Rideau Record.

The American Viewpoint.

Our Dumb Animals: Suppose the United States were fool (7) enough to use half the money it is talking of spending on gunboats and general "preparedness" and send food, clothing, relief of all sorts to the sufferers from this war. Christmas presents to the widows and orphans of the soldiers, both of Teutons and Allies shiploads of them, keeping it up till the war ends—who imagines that any of the contending nations would ever want to attack us? You can disarm a nation as you can a man, quicker by kindness than by a message that you're ready for him. The trouble is we are afraid to try this human, rational, perfectly practicable plan.

Hitting the Nail on the Head.

At a meeting held on board of Ford's peace ship while the vessel was on her way across the Atlantic, one of the delegates, speaking of American "preparedness," said: "It is not true, perhaps, that every one who favors preparedness in the United States is a grafter, but nothing can be truer than that every grafter in the United States is in favor of preparedness. These men do not want a military preparedness. What they want is a great military profit. The United States is in danger. It is in danger of enemies from within, and they are not naturalized enemies, either. They are native citizens, and they are the men who are building battleships at tremendous profits, men who are trying now to add to the burden of taxation of the United States of America, and to mortgage posterity for years to come." Ford had the report of this wireless back to American news agencies.

Hundreds of Canadians from France and encampments in Great Britain are now on leave in London.

Mount Edith, near Banff, may be re-named "Mount Edith Cavell," after the martyred British nurse.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The war so far has cost France \$2,204,800,000.

Lord Alverstone, former Chief Justice of Great Britain, is dead.

Several women were injured in butter riots at Cologne, Germany.

Lord Alverstone, formerly Lord Chief Justice of England, is dead.

Capt. Guy Drummond, of Montreal, killed in action, left over \$1,000,000.

Premier Asquith announced the reduction of certain British officials' salaries.

A British aviator was burned to death during manoeuvres over England.

Turkish attacks against British positions along the Tigris River have failed.

The heaviest snowstorm in years tied up traffic in the Eastern States last week.

Forty-three more disabled Ontario soldiers are on the Atlantic homeward bound.

King Constantine of Greece has been advised by his physicians to take a complete rest.

The 10th Battalion was heavily shelled by German artillery during its last period in billets.

Sir John French is said to have made no mistakes while in command of the main British forces.

The 3rd Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force destroyed a German supply transport.

Half of the Presbyteries of Canada give a majority of over 20,000 in favor of union with the Methodists and Congregationalists.

King Peter of Serbia, who was driven from his country by the Teutonic invasion, will take up his residence in a palace near Naples.

The steamer Majestic of the Northern Navigation Company was burned to the water's edge at Port Huron, and the Saronic badly damaged.

Private Watts B. Smith, of Tilsonburg, one of the guard at the Marconi wireless station, Port Burwell, committed suicide by hanging.

The French Commercial Commission is shortly to visit Canada to inquire into the chances for a continued supply of war munitions from this country.

Death sentences on Mrs. Hawkes, Wetaskiwin, Alta., and Mrs. Coward, Kootenay, B.C., guilty of murder, have been commuted to ten years' imprisonment and life imprisonment, respectively.

Major Le Grand Reed returned a cheque for \$5,000 which the Citizens Recruiting League had given him. A condition was attached to acceptance of the cheque was that the Depot hand over to the League the grant from the city.

MERRY

CHRIST'S coming inaugurated among men a new era of good will, and as a consequence thrones are tottering, chains are loosening, prison doors are opening and practical Christian beneficence is flooding the world with sunshine and fills it with songs of gladness.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

HERE is that "glad tidings," that gospel of "great joy" of which the angel spoke to the wondering shepherds—this announcement of God's love for man and man's sonship to God. And these "glad tidings" are for "all people," so the angel said. There is not a single soul to whom the tidings of Christmas come that is not assured of the love of the almighty and infinite Father.

REFORM ye, then—so sounds the voice of the Eternal Spirit, the power back of evolution—reform ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand! So we may gird ourselves to every task of reform with new hope and fresh enthusiasm and ring our Christmas bells again.—Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

IT may be that in every gift with which at this blessed Christmas tide we are the Magi again offering treasure to the Holy Child. We may make it so. But richer gifts than these will be required. Our endurance shall be our gift to him who gave himself. Is there toil for us, that we may honor him? Is there self denial? Are there holy consecration and humble service, that shall make the world at last a spotless sacrifice to him who purchased it?

SO we keep Christmas because of its good tidings of great joy. The season of its occurrence is our ripe time. The north wind and the snow in that wind have made us what we are. It drove us to the hearth, to the sacred fires of the inner circle, to the building of the keystone in the arch of our civilization, the home of the Christian man.—Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman.

TODAY all institutions are beginning to imitate the wise men from the east, who brought to the Divine Child their gold and aromatic spices, their frankincense and treasure. Christ's estimate of the value of childhood has conquered the world. His thought of childhood is the very heart and genius of Christian civilization.—Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

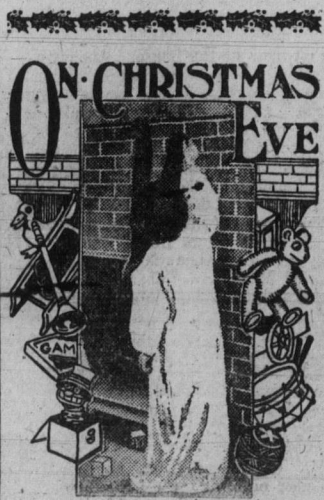
MORNING, noon and night, for breakfast, dinner and supper, the first thing on awaking and the last thing on going to sleep, every hour of every day of every week of every month of the year we want the spirit of Christmas, for it is the spirit of ministrations, of giving, of service, of doing for others.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark.

AND did you ever think what a peculiarly blessed sound in the ears of those watching shepherds of the valley of Bethlehem was the announcement of the angels, "Christ has come?" Ever since the gate of paradise was shut against our first parents his advent had been looked forward to as the hope of a lost world.

STILL there is call for strenuous endeavor and constant fight against evils without and within, as though God would remind us that this is not our rest, that the true holiday (holy day, as it used to be written) is above at his right hand.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

"Wassail! Drink!" The wassail bowl, which is still used in some old European families at Christmas, succeeded the skull of the Norseman's foe as a drinking vessel. In these old wassail bowls, some specimens of which are of brown ware and others of massive silver, were placed the ale, the ginger, the sugar, the nutmeg and the roasted crab apples. Where the old custom still prevails the ale is served spiced and sweetened in the wassail bowl, but the apples are omitted.

Still Bring in the Boar's Head. The ancient Christmas ceremony of bringing in the boar's head is regularly performed on Christmas afternoon in the hall of Queen college, Oxford, England. The head is borne in on a silver dish, shoulder high, at the head of a procession formed by the college choir augmented for the occasion singing "The Boar's Head Song."



EVERY one is familiar with the viands that go to make up the Christmas dinner of the English speaking races—the turkey, goose, plum pudding and mince pie festivals—but how many of us know what they eat at Christmastide in foreign countries?

The Frenchman's Christmas bill of fare, for instance, is extensive and varied and in many respects quite different from our own. The great Gallic national dishes are truffled turkey and black puddings, of which every Frenchman who can afford such luxuries makes a very hearty meal at Yuletide.

In Russia the Christmas meal consists largely of two dishes—one of wheat porridge served with honey and the other a curious compound of stewed pears, apples, oranges, grapes and cherries, sweetened with honey and served cold.

Italians, too, are fond of rather sweet and indigestible dishes, especially at Christmas. One of their favorite combinations is that of eels, periwinkles and vermicelli, while the inevitable macaroni and spaghetti form, of course, the principal articles of food at all times.

The German Christmas dinner offers as its principal attraction the goose, without which your true German would feel that he had not had a real holiday feast. Germans, like Austrians and Italians, have a very sweet taste, as evidenced by their numerous varieties of cake.

Notwithstanding the tendency in all countries to offer huge dinners at Christmas, it would seem that every



BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK IN OLDEN TIMES.

nation's holiday bill of fare is becoming simpler with the course of time. An interesting comparison may be made of the Christmas dinners formerly served in England and in this country with those of today, albeit the latter are by no means scanty.

The forebears of modern Englishmen must have possessed magnificent appetites. Their hospitality was conducted on a scale that would make the housekeeper of today shudder. The meal with which they commenced their Christmas day, a mere appetizer to them, was ample enough to rob the modern gourmet of all zest for food for several days. The sideboard of the old English mansion groined under its leviathan round of beef, its corpulent pork pie, the Yorkshire ham, the brawn and chine, while on the table still deviled turkeys' legs, homemade sausages, cutlets and kidneys sent up a mingled and grateful incense from an environment of piles of hot buttered toast, new laid eggs, honey and fruit.

But this repast, substantial as it was, was trifling as compared with the dinner—the real dinner—that followed not many hours after. The feast was heralded by the boar's head, preceded by servants who blew resounding flourishes on their trumpets. The boar's head itself was carried, sometimes on a dish of gold or silver, into the banquet hall at the head of a stately procession of guests.

Then came the peacock, which was served even more sumptuously than the boar's head, with its garnishing of rosemary and bay and its tufts ornamented with large apples. This is how they used to prepare the peacock for the feast: When it had been roasted and dressed with a stuffing of sweet herbs and spices and basted with the yolks of eggs it was sewed into its feathers; its beak was gilded, and it was borne to the dining hall by dames of high degree, accompanied by the strains of minstrelsy.

Other features of the old time Christmas dinner included geese, turkeys, capons, pheasants, sirloins of beef and bunches of venison. That these were washed down with gallons of ale and wine goes without saying. Indeed, another story might be written of the liquid element of the old English din-



Sing a Song of Christmas. Sing a song of Christmas, Gladdest day of all; O'er the hills and valleys See the splendor fall; Sing of gleaming holly; Sing of mistletoe— Sing a song of Christmas Everywhere you go.

Sing a Song of Christmas. Sing a song of Christmas, Holy, happy day; Sing of Bethlehem's manger, Where the Christ Child lay; Sing of love unbounded, "Peace, good will to men." Sing a song of Christmas O'er and o'er again.

Sing a Song of Christmas; 'E'en on this glad day There are griefs and heartaches All along the way. Hearts that wait the uplift Of your note of cheer— Sing a song of Christmas, Strong and sweet and clear. —Edith Virginia Bradt in Ladies' Home Journal.

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THE forest in a whisper spoke, Vine to flower and pine to oak, From holy hilled Jerusalem To where, upon its leafy hem, The humble village clung— Calm Bethlehem, dark, yet like a gem, Enwrapped with light, as jewels are, By trembling radiance of the star.

The trees a coming wonder told While yet the birds, their songs unsung, Dreamed of the coming of their young. But, though of splendor bright The forest breathed, its boughs were hung With stable shade; no taper's beam Cast through that dusk its happy gleam.

The angels sang; the shepherds came; In the lone manger shone a flame That burned with supernatural light. The pine trees whispered through the night.

And, though the Saviour's birth Changed not their shadowy gloom to white, They in a patient darkness still Bowed, sighing, and obeyed his will.

Vanished is that old forest now And withered wholly, root and bough. Yet in all Christian realms of earth Springs a new forest, full of mirth That lights with radiant cheer The evergreen's enduring worth, And to that whispering prophet brings A glory of the King of kings.

For all our merry Christmas trees Glow fair with flame and revelries That cluster round them year by year, And fir and pine, or far or near, Live upright, gladly die, Knowing that they to God are dear, And bring to man, illumine, A torch that leads to heaven's gate.

Even so the measure slow of time, Like a rhythm clung with rhyme, Raises the patient soul on high, Brings joy to life, even from a sigh, And in conclusion sweet Dark grief with gladness can ally. So shines the forest when we meet With light and song, Christ's birth to greet. —George Parsons Lathrop.

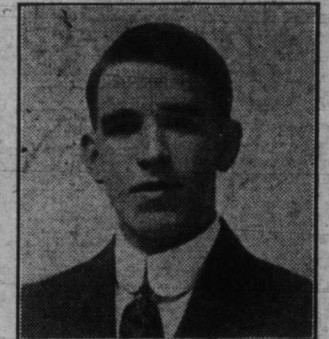


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TO MY MANY PATRONS AND OTHERS. I WISH YOU ALL a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May your continued patronage be mutually pleasant and satisfactory. C. F. BURGESS.

SHARP ATTACK REPULSED

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MR. F. J. CAVEEN, 632 Gerrard St. East, Toronto. For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas in the Stomach. It afterwards attacked my Heart, and I had pains all over the body, so I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. At last, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to anyone suffering from Indigestion, no matter how acute". FRED J. CAVEEN. Simple Indigestion often leads to Heart Attacks, Calarrh of the Stomach and constant distress of mind and body. If you are bothered with any Stomach Trouble, and especially if Constipation troubles you, take "Fruit-a-tives". 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Dec. 21, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

3

A RAILWAY PRESIDENT'S VIEW

By SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

Reprinted from Montreal "Star."

Sir,—The prophet who, in olden days, was not honored in his own country, very often deserved his fate, for those people who are apt to foretell some wrath to come, or impending ruin, are not pleasant company.

In Canada, however, we are incurable optimists, and there are few of us unprepared to paint the future in colors of the rainbow. There is, indeed, a tendency to prophecy too much and do too little, waiting for the war to end and for the return of the tide which is to bring once more the flow of men and capital to our farms, our mines, our forests, and our factories. Whereas in reality our future is based on our present, and unless we have a secure foundation, the superstructure to which we put the labor and the capital must be unstable.

The potential wealth of Canada lies in her immense natural resources, but these must remain merely potential till they have been developed with the aid of human labor, which, in turn, must be paid its wages. Some day when her population is sufficiently large, and her people have put aside mere savings, Canada may herself provide the capital to develop her own resources, but for many years to come a large proportion of this capital must come from outside, and be paid for in interest duly earned. Our credit, therefore, is our chief concern, and it is the first duty of every citizen to exact careful and economical expenditure in Government, municipal and public company expenditure, to be merciless on graft, to insist on a lynx-like and untaxed war profits. The spendthrift nation gets short shrift from the foreign banker, who, in his turn, is putting out to interest the savings entrusted to him by his own thrifty customers. Our credit now is of the most urgent importance, since the enormous cost of the war has made it difficult, if not impossible, for Great Britain and other European countries to continue that investment in Canadian securities on which the development of Canada depended so much in the ten years preceding hostilities. The sentimental interest taken by the Mother Country in Canada accounted to some extent for the readiness with which the British investor bought our securities. If, as is likely, we have to turn now for our loans to New York, we can no longer count on sentimental sympathy, but must be able to guarantee that the money we desire to borrow will be carefully and economically spent on enterprises which are immediately

productive. Extravagant promotions, born only to serve a political end, must be vigorously stifled at their birth, and those unhealthy offshoots which have been sponged by too lenient subsidies or Government guarantees, must be reduced to sterner tutelage—in some cases perhaps handed over to the guardianship of an official receiver.

The business man of the United States is essentially an individualist, and never has shown much belief in state socialism or any form of commercial enterprise operated by Government officials, however upright or well-intentioned. Where, on the other hand, there is scope for a well-arranged private business or industry, with the prospect of good dividends, no one is more ready than the American to stake large sums of money without hesitation. Mortgages on farm lands are also a favorite form of more conservative investment south of the border, and such mortgages often provide the farmer with funds useful for increasing his live stock or better cultivation of his land. Our lands, particularly in Western Canada, are still assessed on a comparatively low valuation, so that the security we have to offer in this field is good. The migration of farmers from the United States to Western Canada shows no sign of falling off, and there is no doubt that considerable capital for the development of our agricultural land will follow in their footsteps.

If then we see to it that our security and our credit are good, I see no reason to fear that the progress of Canada will be hampered by lack of capital, even though the European investor may be cut off by the present war. The uncertain element is the supply of labor, and till the issue of the war is decided, one can only hope for the best. It is, however, a historic fact that Europeans during the past century have been followed by emigration to the North American continent. An important factor in these migrations has been the heavy taxation which resulted from war. Although there is reason for believing that the rates of wages in European countries may soon approximate to those now current in the United States and Canada, the taxation required to pay for the war will tempt many to transfer their homes across the Atlantic. Much of this movement from Central Europe will be directed no doubt to the United States, but any further immigration through the ports of Boston and New York will only increase the westward pressure of population which is already resulting in an over-

flow from the middle western states into our prairie provinces.

The future of Canada, therefore, depends largely on the ability with which we handle the incoming population, the preparedness we make for absorbing the heterogeneous elements whom we may be called upon to assimilate after this terrible racial eruption in Europe. During the past thirty years Canada has more or less successfully absorbed a very large immigrating population, but much energy has been dissipated through lack of co-operation shown between the Dominion Government, the Provincial Governments, and the transportation companies. We should be busy now thinking out and formulating an organization which should place upon the land, or in the industries for which they are fitted, with the least possible friction or loss of time, those individuals or families which come to make a new home in Canada. In that way we are apt to let the immigrant shift for himself and find his place by himself. As a result, many a good farm laborer has been lost to the land, and has helped, in times of economic stress, to overcrowd our cities. We have said to the farmer: "Take the first job that is offered to you," instead of having a carefully organized bureau which would tell him of the place where his skill was needed. This war has accelerated many manufacturing activities in Canada, and there is a possibility of a greater demand for highly skilled labor than was the case when Canada depended more completely on her agriculture. Even in the case of the immigrant farmer from Europe, we have not always been ready with the expert advice which would enable him to adapt himself without loss of time to his new conditions. We have let men with invaluable knowledge of intensive farming go to waste on homesteads remote from the markets, and have not sufficiently posted our settlers on climatic and soil conditions, the knowledge of which is essential to their success as Canadian farmers. We have, as it were, brought seeds and bulbs and plants from Europe by the ton, and planted them indiscriminately in a garden which had not been prepared for them—a method of culture which can only result in a heavy percentage of waste. There is so much to be done to develop this Canada of ours, that any waste of energy should be avoided. We must conserve energy just as much as we must conserve our credit, if our future is to be bright as all true Canadians hope to see.

Yours truly,
T. G. SHAUGHNESSY.

SANTA'S TIRED!



When Jane Fixes the Knickknacks

LIKE to loaf in the kitchen while Jane in her wifely way is putting the finish on knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day. Say, tollible early o' mornin', when the coffee pot's simmerin' low, An' the roosters is crowin' for daybreak—like nobody else didn't know—An' out through the white curtained window the stars is beginnin' to fade, An' the hills that was hid in darkness is at last comin' out o' the shade. Directly a silence settles, so plain it is mighty high seen, An' me an' the past stand together, with surely a minit between, Fer I feel unusually tender—in a glad, half sad sort o' way—While Jane is fixin' the knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day.

A person don't never, I reckon, disremember the old folks at home, No matter how feeble he grows an' no matter how far he may roam, An' they show pretty clear at such minits, true an' brave as in days gone by, Till I push my chair in the shadders—siddin' the mist in my eyes— I see the grave face of my father as he reads by the candlestick there, An' I hear some hymn of my mother as she rocks in the hickory chair; Then the freight falls on the cellar with the rose o' the old time glow, As I dream only dreams o' the future 'atid o' dreams o' the long ago, Heigh ho! What a world o' changes from the lad to the man now gray, Watchin' Jane as she fixes knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day!

Then my thoughts travels on an' onward from mist where the old folks be, An' I wonder if our own children is thinkin' o' Jane an' me; If they heard some organ sendin' the song, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" Through the holy Christmas mornin', through the holy Christmas gloam, If they had their children shoutin' in pleasure beside their toys, Would they think once more o' the homestead, where they lived when girls an' boys, The young has the world before 'em, but fer us it lies behind—A dim, dear land o' memories, where even I keep in mind Wee, faded clothes in the attic, broken toys long laid away, As I watch Jane fixin' knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day.

What They Did To Santa Claus

The children came down with a cheer blithe and bold, Their curly locks gleaming in auburn and gold. They ran with delight where the gifts were displayed, And, oh, such a babble of gladness they made!

They gazed on the tree with its glory of its tinkles and baubles and ornaments bright. They emptied their stockings and, dancing with glee, Brought back the dear child world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and books full of song, Tin trumpets and drums, blocks and bon-bons a throng. And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys, Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They spied him—they rushed with a volley of cheers; They pulled off his wig that curled white round his ears; They poked at his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist, And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the floor; Jumped on his legs, banged his head 'gainst the door. Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vim, And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst with a thud, and again rang their shout. On, went the wild, merry frolic and rout. As they formed in battalions, while each held brigade Snowballed with the cotton from which he was made.

On Christmas eve in Spain the poor man has his relations around him, over his humble "puchero" (stew); the rich man likewise. In Spain only blood relations eat and drink in the house as invited guests, on Christmas eve or Christmas day.

Ethel's Lesson

By CLARISSA MACKIE



It was the day before Christmas, and the big department store was crowded with people hurrying to buy gifts at the very last minute.

Ethel Mason and her Uncle Peter rolled up to the store in a beautiful motor-car, for the Macons were very rich and lived in a marble house up near the park.

Uncle Peter had promised Ethel a gold watch for a Christmas present, and now they had come to buy it; but, first, they were going up to the toy department so that Ethel might see all the wonderful playthings.

Up in the toy department little Addie Simpson ran to and from bundle counter to busy clerks every time one of them called "Forty-three!"

Addie's number was "Forty-three," and every one called her by that number.



"If I lose my job there will be no one to take care of grandmother."

ber. I don't think many of them knew her real name.

"Hurry—along there, Forty-three," said the clerk. "What's the matter with you tonight?"

Ethel watched Addie go to the bundle counter and come running back with the parcels, and Ethel laughed.

"What are you laughing at, Ethel?" asked Uncle Peter.

Ethel told him. "She jumps like a jack-in-the-box, Uncle Peter."

But Uncle Peter did not laugh. "She is very tired," he said gravely. "Perhaps she wishes that she was going to have a Christmas tree in the morning and have a nice dinner afterward."

"Perhaps she is, Uncle Peter," said Ethel, putting, for she did not like to be reminded of poor people.

"Shall we find out?" he asked, and he walked right up to the bundle counter and asked Forty-three where she lived and what was her real name.

Addie looked frightened. "I haven't done anything wrong," she said pitifully. "If I lose my job there will be no one to take care of grandmother."

"Don't worry, Addie!" smiled Uncle Peter. "We're just going to call on grandmother; that's all."

So tall Uncle Peter and the little girl in the fur coat who was just Addie's age left the toy department and entered the motorcar and were soon whirling through the east side streets.

They found grandmother almost helpless with crippled hands and feet, but even rheumatism could not prevent her from making the room clean and neat. But there were no signs of Christmas.

"Addie will be half dead with weariness after this Christmas rush," sighed grandmother.

"And how about Addie's Christmas?" asked Uncle Peter.

Grandmother shook her silvery head. "We are thankful if we can keep warm for Christmas," she sighed. "I wanted to get something, but I could not."

"Do you mind if we help?" asked Uncle Peter.

"Bless your kind hearts, I shall be delighted," And grandmother smiled so beautifully that Ethel could not help but think that Addie Simpson was rich in just having such a grandmother.

Uncle Peter and Addie had such a busy hour after that. The big auto, took in the queerest load—a small Christmas tree and a box of ornaments—a big basket of good things, a chicken and oranges and nuts and raisins and candy and vegetables, and back to the big department store where they bought comfortable clothing for grandmother and Addie and some books and toys and a big doll, and back to the tenement.

"Now for your gold watch, my dear," said Uncle Peter as they went out.

"Please, Uncle Peter, I don't want the money for Addie Simpson."

Christmas In The Farmhouse

When as a child you read stories of Christmas celebrations where the houses were decorated with holly and mistletoe and the people had such jolly times putting them up, didn't you look around your own house and wonder how that would look if trimmed with those same greens? And didn't you long to smell their spicy fragrance and to have a hand in putting them up where you thought they would look the best? And didn't you long to feel that peculiar Christmas spirit that is in the very air in cities and villages for more than a week before Christmas day itself? And then did you just settle back and say to yourself: "Well, it's no use."

"As long as I live on a farm Christmas must be just the same as it always has been—an exchange of gifts and afterward an unusually big dinner?"

I want to tell you that you are mistaken—that you can have just those very same things, even to bringing in the old time Yule log, if you are so fortunate as to have an open fireplace in the farmhouse.

City people pay from 35 cents to \$1 for a small house Christmas tree, and every one who can afford it buys a tree every year for his children. How often do farmers' children have trees? And why not? Because the parents say, "We haven't gifts enough to make a pretty tree." Many people never put a gift on—simply make it a tree of beauty for the children. Strings of popcorn, wishbones and canes gilded, gold stars—anything bright and shiny hung on a tree delights a child—a bag of popcorn with a few candies in it tastes five times as good if it has only once hung on a tree. Even if the gift must be underwear, shoes and things actually needed to wear, have them come as surprises and in as "Christmas" looking packages as possible. It is well to keep the Christmas spirit in the home.

It seems a pity for us country people, surrounded by these beautiful things deemed luxuries by our city friends, to make no use whatever of them and to let our lives become so commonplace. Christmas is not solely a day for gift giving and receiving and eating. It is a day for doing everything in your power to add to the joy of the children—a day to remember the feeble and lonely old people—a day to think of the strangers and the poor. If you haven't money to spend for gifts for them you can give some of yourself and of your own home Christmas cheer. There are homes that it is an inspiration to enter, because of the Christmas spirit they breathe forth. I trust the farm homes will not be lacking in Christmas beauty or Christmas cheer—that all of them will truly "keep Christmas."—Bertha G. Markham in Country Gentleman.

The tangometer attached to the tangometer or tangress records the distance tangen. If your tangometer registers sixteen miles in one evening you qualify as a tangoman.

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For information that will lead to the discovery of whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Bladder Troubles, Special Ailments, and Chronic or Complicated Complaints who cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge St., Toronto. Correspondence invited.

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UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Why a Chinese Laughed.

In the European quarter of Shanghai they were putting in a macadam road. The street was torn up and barricaded in the usual way. A sign about one foot high by two feet long bore this inscription, "Look out for the Steam-Roller." My Chinese companion, a leading merchant, burst into a loud laugh when he saw the notice, and, pointing to it with one hand and the noisy, puffing, rattling steam-roller with the other, said, "If a man can't see that volcano mountain of excited steam-roller, how in the world can he see a little sign?" And then he added retrospectively, "You foreigners have such peculiar ways!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Filled the Bill.

A housewife one afternoon received a call from a hobo to whom that morning she had given a doughnut. The knight of the road doffed his ragged headpiece and with great civility addressed her thus: "Madam, this morning you gave me three doughnuts. Would it be asking too much to request a fourth?" "I'll be glad to give you another," said the woman, as she prepared to wrap up one in a newspaper. "So you like my doughnuts, do you?" "It isn't that, madam," explained the hobo. "You see, some friends of mine down in the meadow wish to have a game of quoits."

India has millions of men and tons of gold still to sacrifice on the altar of her duty and gratitude to the Empire, said Canadian Empire.

THE DANGER FREE TREE.

How Electricity Provides the Sparkling Cheer Without Risk of Fire.

Nearly every 26th day of December we read in the morning papers the pathetic stories of Christmas play that ends in tragedy. It is the annual toll of the Christmas tree candle. Every city has dozens of such cases each year. The candle flame sets fire to the tinsel trimming, a curtain blazes up, and the day of festivity ends in sorrow or some member of the family is badly burned.

The little electric tree lights are decorative and pleasing to children, and they are safe and convenient. Tiny lamps, fruits, roses, dogs, birds, snow men and grotesque little figures are all strung together on fine, silk covered wire and may be readily connected to any lamp socket behind the tree.

The little lamps sparkle and glow. They are the most effective Christmas tree ornaments ever devised, and there is far more fun for the kiddies, because the lamps can burn as long as they are wanted. They do not have to be watched, and the little lamps can be used year after year. They are suitable for any festivity and add gayety to every gathering of children.

When the dawn creeps up from the darkly slumbering ocean, Christmas morn and speeds brightly around the world, circling it with a golden girdle of light, myriads of bells in many lands awake and from steeple to steeple ring out the glad tidings that "The Messiah is king."—Eloise Boorback

A Happy Tree.

"Oh, look at me!" Sang the Christmas tree—A jolly young evergreen—"I'm dressed up here For a show, that's clear, And I'm anxious to be seen. To grow in a wood Is very good—Of air you've a trifle more—But I declare I cannot compare To a block on the parlor floor! You may stand in the cold Till a century old, Not a blossom to speak of comes, But here in an hour I'm all in flower With mittens and dolls and drums, I know so well—And daren't to tell—So much that I'm like to burst; There's a mystery hung Or a secret swung On each branch from last to first. How I'd love to shout All my feelings out! But I haven't ten coughs; And just the half Of a great big laugh Would shake all my candles off. So I have to hide. All the fun inside Till I'm full as I can be. Whatever folks say, I'm king of the day, And the jolly Christmas tree."

AROUND THE HOLLY TREE

by CLARISSA MACKIE

IT was the day before Christmas, and it had been snowing all the morning.

The Marsden children sat around the living room fire and sang Christmas carols and talked about the millions of people who were sending gifts to loved ones, just as the wise men brought gifts to the Christ Child under the Christmas stars.

Suddenly they noticed that Clarice was very thoughtful.

"What is the matter, Sis?" asked Gordon, the oldest boy.

"I am thinking of our dear woods people and how the snow has covered their food so that they may starve to death while we are having a happy Christmas," said Clarice.

Gordon whistled in dismay. "Oh, I never thought of them!" he said.

"I don't want my gray squirrels to starve to death!" said Paul.

"And Mr. Rabbit and his family," added Mabel.

"Or the snowbirds. I saw a whole flock yesterday!" cried Gordon eagerly.

"Or my own dicky bird!" hissed Baby Nan, pointing a fat finger at the canary's cage in the window.

They all laughed and kissed little Nan.

"And what about you, Cousin Marion?" they asked of the little girl who was visiting them.

"I'm thinking about Mr. Rabbit, too," said Marion. "I was thinking it would be nice if Santa Claus remembered him."

Gordon got up and danced a hornpipe. "Let's have a Christmas tree for the woods people!" he shouted.

What a racket there was as they all rushed into the hall after caps and cloaks and overcoats!

Clarice and Gordon disappeared in the kitchen and were gone a long time. When they came back they carried a little basket.

Baby Nan was taken to her mother's room, and the merry youngsters ran shouting across the snowy garden to the path which led to the woods.

How quiet the woods were when they were in the shadow of the pines and hemlocks!

Suddenly some twigs crackled, and a beautiful deer bounded lightly away and disappeared among the trees.

"He was hungry," said Gordon. "See how he has eaten the twigs from the hemlocks."

All over the snow were the footprints of little animals—rabbits, squirrels, even the trail of a fox which Gordon and Paul pointed out.

And threading in and out like a pattern of lacework were the dainty footprints of birds.

"Poor little woods people!" sighed Clarice. "I'm afraid the snow has covered all the seeds and pine cones."

"Where shall we have the Christmas tree?" asked Mabel, jumping up and down with delight.

"Here!" cried Marion, pointing to a small holly tree. "See, it is already trimmed with red berries!"

"Just the thing," said Gordon, opening his basket. "Now, youngsters, step up and help yourselves to goodies to put on the Christmas tree."

"Here are nuts for the squirrels, bits of sweet for the blue jays and the snow birds, some lettuce and carrots for Mr. Rabbit and his family, some canary seed to scatter on this cloth and apples for everybody."

What a wonderful Christmas tree that was! Everybody helped to trim it, and when the lettuce and carrots had been tied on to the lowest branches so that the rabbit family could reach them the young Marsdens all drew away and hid behind a clump of hemlocks.

Bright eyes must have been watching the holly tree, for very soon the guests began to arrive at the Christmas party. Such a twittering of birds and crackling of nuts and crunching of carrots and crisp lettuce! Don't you think their little hearts sent up thanks to the loving Father, who had reminded the Marsden children not to forget his little woods people?

And as the children raced across the snow toward home they sang Christmas carols until they were overheard by a great sleigh load of people coming from the railroad station.

"Merry Christmas!" they called. "Merry Christmas!" And the sleigh stopped and took them all in, for they were all going to spend Christmas at the Marsdens. There were Marion's father and mother, and there were aunts and uncles and grandparents. "Merry Christmas!" they all said to each other, for they were happy.

And I'm sure if you could have understood all the twittering and chattering around the holly tree in the woods you might have learned that the woods people were saying "Merry Christmas" too.

WHAT A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE THAT WAS!

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HANDLING TWO MILLIONS BUSHEL A DAY

THE CANADIAN head of navigation on the system of the Great Lakes was established long before any pioneer dreamed of wheat harvests on the vast prairies that only a few years ago were the hunting grounds of the buffalo runners. It was at Fort William at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River that the trappers and coureurs de bois of the great fur-trading companies brought down their year's catch of peltry, and it was there that they met, in annual conclave and celebration, the representatives of the corporations which they served. In the memory of persons not yet much past middle age the old fort was standing on the river banks, while it is only a few years since the last of the stone buildings was demolished to make room for the spreading railway yards that now occupy its site.

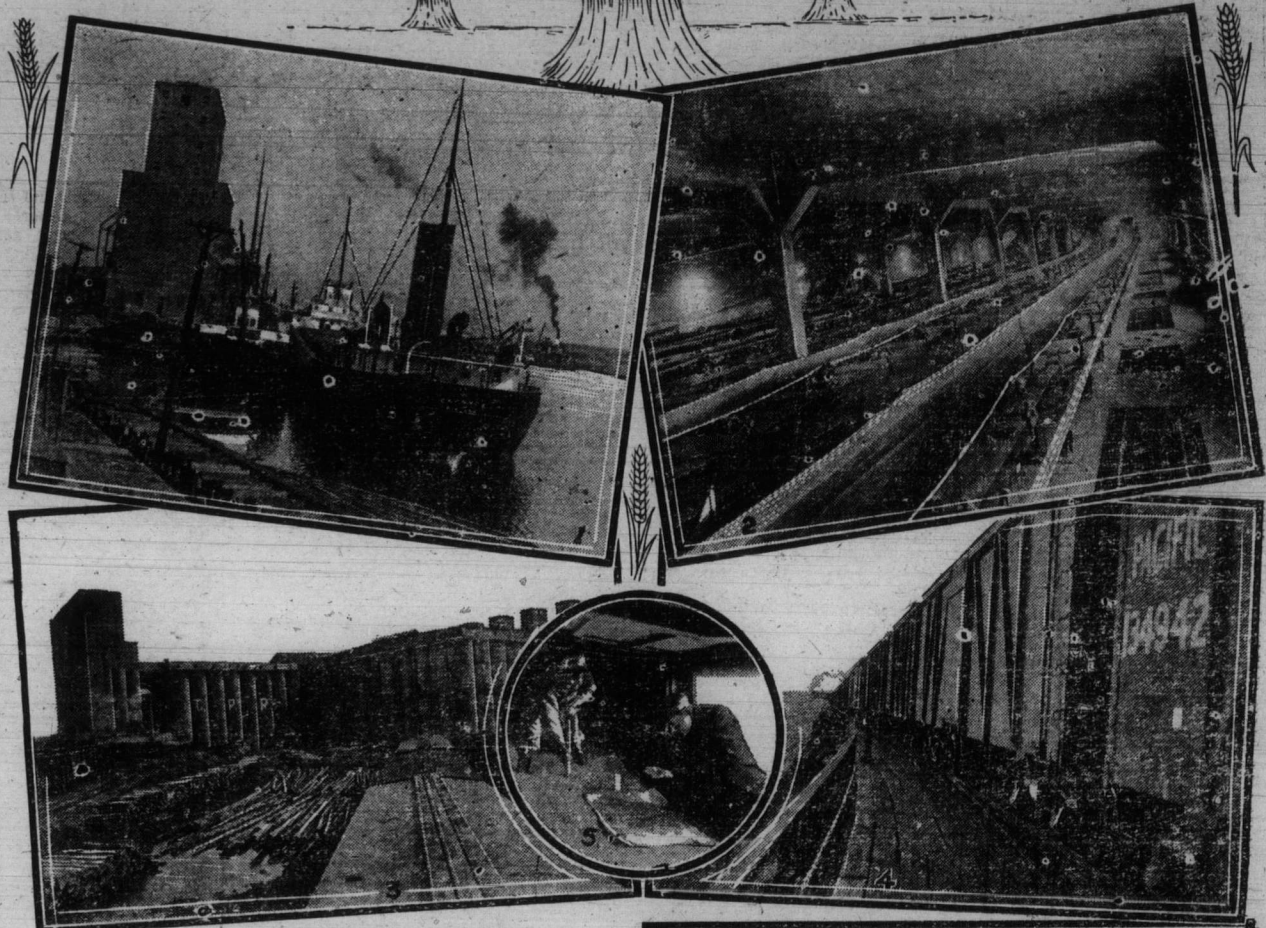
When the influx of settlement began to show the latent possibilities of the west as a grain growing country, and the railroad builder followed the trail of the trappers, the judgment of the great men who planned the first line into that region, the Canadian Pacific railway, selected as their lake terminal the place that past experience had shown to be along the line of least resistance. And thus the City of Fort William had its beginning upon the site of the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Thirty years ago the western plains were still on their trial as an important source of grain supply, and it was in 1888 that the first indication was given of their fertility, the first warning of what facilities would be needed for handling the crops of years to come. A crop that averaged over 28 bushels to the acre swamped all the handling machinery of those days: The Railway Company's single, million-bushel elevator was hastily supplemented by a huge flat warehouse, but all that could be done hardly availed to lessen the blockades. The necessity for additional storage facilities at the terminal was recognized and, within two years, it had risen from a single million to over five and a half million bushels, a total that seems insignificant in the light of the further growth that has since taken place, but which was fairly adequate for the crops that followed 1888. And it is to be noted that, since that date, largely owing to the progressive policy adopted by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the terminal storage has more than kept pace with the crop development, so that the transportation interests will not again be caught napping. The pioneer company set an example of preparedness that has been imitated by all who have followed them.

No better indication could be gained of the rapid development of the areas under crop in the three prairie provinces, and of the still more rapid increase in the ability to handle these crops, than the bare figures for the years since 1900, when with two and a half million acres sown to wheat, and another million to oats and barley, the lake ports had only a storage capacity of five and a half million bushels. For the next five-year periods, the increase in area under cultivation was as follows: 1905—under wheat, 3,941,000 acres, and all grains, 6,009,000 acres; 1910—under wheat, 5,301,000 acres, all grains, 14,626,000 acres; 1915—under wheat, 11,659,000 acres, all grains, 17,918,000 acres being in wheat, in the fifteen years of about five-fold in the crop acreage. Meanwhile, however, the increase in the storage capacity of the elevators at the head of the lakes had increased as follows: 1905—18,583,000 bushels; 1910—25,700,400 bushels; 1915—43,785,000 bushels. Thus, while the acreage increased five-fold, the storage capacity was multiplied by eight. Add

to this the capacity of all the interior elevators, 124,839,000 bushels, and it will be seen that the danger point of the grain traffic, as far as a blockade is concerned, has shifted from the head of the lakes elsewhere, probably to the terminals on the Atlantic seaboard, where the grain is transhipped to ocean going vessels.

Speed and efficiency are the prerequisites of this service. From the beginning of September, when the first of the new crop reaches the head of the lakes, until the early part of December, when lake navigation closes, an enormous stream of grain is kept flowing from all the ramifications of the branch lines of the west, which converge at Winnipeg, whence it pours down the narrow spout of the funnel to its outlet at Fort William and Port Arthur. The Canadian Pacific, the oldest established and by far the largest carrier of grain, found it necessary to double-track its Winnipeg-Fort William line some years ago, so that now four lines of steel connect the prairie capital with the Lake Superior ports. A system has been built up under which from 1,500 to 2,000 cars can be absorbed without the semblance of hurry; which means that over two million bushels can be delivered daily at Fort William, unloaded through



1) Loading grain freighter. (2) Elevator grain carrier. (3) C. P. R. elevators at Fort William—capacity 3,750,000 bushels. (4) On the way to the elevators. (5) Inspecting grain in cars. (6) Government inspectors at work.

the terminal elevators, and discharged into the holds of waiting vessels, and at the same time each individual carload will be accurately checked and weighed, sampled and accounted for to the shipper, be he a small farmer on the prairie or a large corporation dealing in grain by the million bushels. That all this can be accomplished to the complete satisfaction of the grain trade is a testimony to the excellence of the service rendered by the transportation companies, who control the largest of the terminal elevators, in which machinery has been devised by which, from the time it leaves the car till it reaches the hold of the vessel the grain is raised by revolving chains of buckets, transferred to bins along enormous whirling horizontal belts, cleaned, weighed and delivered, without being touched by the hand of man, except as far as the throwing of a switch or the pulling of a lever is concerned. The sampling and grading of all grains is under the control of the government, through the board of grain commissioners, who exert towards the grain business similar powers to those of the railway commission towards transportation. To them is entrusted the work of maintaining the high standard of Canadian grain, and so well is their task accom-

plished that the government grade, given at Fort William, will establish the price of that particular shipment on the Liverpool market.

In solving the many problems that have arisen during the growth, to its present proportions, of the grain trade of the Canadian west, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has played no insignificant part. Owning and operating the first terminal elevators at the

lake ports, it was the pioneer in steel construction, and to-day operates the largest single elevator in the world, Elevator "D," with a capacity of 7,350,000 bushels under one roof, and has also set the example to the grain trade in equipping its houses with the most modern devices for cleaning, drying and treating damaged grain, in insignificant part. Owning and operating the first terminal elevators at the

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Holiday Greetings



ALTHOUGH we live in Gungy-wamp, Which isn't on the map, An' though our town hez settled down To take its winter nap, Our thoughts go out to friends afar, Friends north, south, east an' west. We hope an' pray this Christmas day Will be their happiest.

We live here quiet on the farm, Irene an' ma an' me; We have two pens uv noisy hens An' cats, no less'n three! We raise our garden sass an' sich, Make cider ev'ry fall; Wish we could git a cask uv it Out to you, one an' all.

We ain't no hands fur style an' sich, But we jest wanten say We'll use you white by day or night. Ef you should come our way, Accept this greetin', which is full Uv good of Gungy cheer.

An' peace, good will an' joy until We see you all next year!

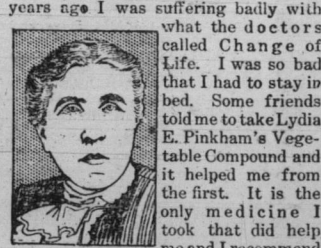
—Joe Cane.

An Austrian Christmas Delicacy. The Austrian affects at Christmas time a delicacy known as fruchtbrod, made of raisins, currants, figs and chopped dates. This constitutes a sort of cake, baked hot.

AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Doucette Tells of her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

Belleville, Nova Scotia, Can.—"Three years ago I was suffering badly with what the doctors called Change of Life. I was so bad that I had to stay in bed. Some friends told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the first. It is the only medicine I took that did help me and I recommend it. You don't know how thankful and grateful I am. I give you permission to publish what your good medicine has done for me."—Mrs. SIMON DOUCETTE, Belleville, Yarmouth Co., Nova Scotia, Canada.



Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a

and held in strict confidence.

A GOOD TEACHER



Not only in costly gifts or rich rare food lies Christmas joy or blessing. It lies—no one can tell another where it lies. The finding must be for one's self alone. I can only say to all little children, to all grownup children, to all who are looking back as well as to those who are looking forward, to them I can say with Tiny Tim, "God bless you each this happy Christmas time," and if you would be very sure to get its meaning best make a real Christmas for somebody who might not have it but for you.—Kate Langley Boshier.

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Hallam's Trapper's Guide, English or French, as desired, illustrated, tells how and where to trap and other valuable information for trappers; also Trapper's and Sportswomen's Supply Price List, and latest Fur Style Book "of beautiful fur sets and fur garments." All these books fully illustrated and sent FREE ON REQUEST.

A VERY Merry Christmas To One and All Is the wish of STANZEL, THE SHOE MAN.

A full line of the Leading Styles in FOOTWEAR always in stock. Some pretty things in Slippers and Fancy Shoes for Holiday Gifts.

S. W. STANZEL, BRIDGE STREET. CARLETON PLACE.

DEC. 21, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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FUR STYLE BOOK

34 pages, illustrated, of beautiful Fur Hats and Fur garments for men, women and children. IT IS FREE. Address: JOHN HALLAM, Limited, Room 153, Hallam Building, - - Toronto.

A RED CROSS HOSPITAL TRAIN.

The Red Cross hospital train has played a great part in France in lessening the discomforts of the wounded. Thanks to this means of transportation, the wounded have been transferred to base hospitals with a minimum of suffering.

The following is an interesting description of one of these trains which has appeared in an English publication. In this connection it is of interest to remember that one of these palatial trains were equipped by the Canadian Red Cross at the outbreak of the war and is now on active service.

The first coach of the train is the office of the quartermaster-sergeant, then come the hospital coaches, which are like hospital wards, with clean bed linen and the small comforts of a well organized institution. The beds are supported on brackets in three tiers, and those brackets are so constructed that the bed can be taken out and carried out of the car, so that the unloading of the patient from his stretcher is rendered an easy process. And how great a matter that is can be realized if it is remembered that terribly shattered bones and deep wounds have only too often to be dealt with. The beds can be turned into bunks, when the cases are not serious ones. The ward cars have both gas and electric light, and the light can be lowered so that those desiring to sleep are not inconvenienced.

After the ward coaches for nurses and orderlies and a kitchen coach that might well awaken the envy of a housewife. Everything that the heart of a cook could desire is here in its right place, easy of access, made to the very shape that seems most useful and satisfactory.

The sleeping quarters of the medical and nursing staff are in the next coach, and these are curtained off from the passage, which, of course, runs the whole length of the train. Here, too, are dining-rooms, the seats of which can actually be converted into beds. There is also a fully-equipped surgery and dispensary. Other coaches contain beds, for 36 more patients, more orderlies, a kit store, and a second kitchen, and coaches for 50 sitting-up patients.

Every train carries a dispenser, who has a completely equipped dispensary. This, perhaps, is one of the most remarkable features of the trains.

The train has in all 14 coaches. It has a most ample supply of hot water (each kitchen has 90 gallons of cold and 60 gallons of hot water; each hospital coach 60 gallons cold and 6 gallons of drinking water in a separate tank).

The train is steam-heated and has extra slow-combustion stoves. It is painted a light grey color outside and white inside, and so is exceedingly clean.

The Princess Christian train was collected for by its donor and was then handed over to the War Office. Then the four millers of the United Kingdom, who had raised a large sum of money for the Red Cross work, decided to devote about \$24,000 to provide two complete hospital trains for the Red Cross.

LOADING THE TRAINS.

The "front" for a hospital train means one or the other of about a score of towns—mentioned as "Railhead" situated behind the firing line, within sound of the guns, where casualty clearing stations have been erected for the purpose of concentrating the wounded brought off the field.

When the train reaches the railhead the ambulance convoys come to it with their freight of wounded men. This is an impressive moment. Instantly the train becomes the scene of great activity, an activity ordered and controlled. The officer commanding sorts out patients, filling some coaches with stretchers, others with sitting cases. Orderlies are busy along the side of the line. Some are carrying stretchers, others helping men pick-a-back fashion. Doctors and sisters in the wards are directing the placing of patients. Every one is busy. Then the work ends, the cars disappear, and the journey to the base is begun.

LOCAL DRUGGIST SAYS: "TAKE ONLY ONE DOSE."

We want to tell those in Carleton Place suffering from stomach or bowel trouble that we are agents for the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. This is the most thorough bowel cleanser known and JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost IMMEDIATELY. You will be surprised at the QUICK action of Adler-i-ka. W. J. Hughes, druggist.

A Sure Cure.

It is related of a rural editor that he received this question from one of his readers:—

"What is the matter with my hens? Every morning I find one of them laid out stiff and cold on the hen-house floor."

Next day this answer duly appeared in the query column:—

"Your fowls are suffering from death. It is an old complaint. The only treatment that we can prescribe is burial."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

BECKWITH COUNCIL

The Municipal Council of Beckwith met in the township hall on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, all the members present. Minutes of the last session were read and adopted and signed by the reeve.

The following communications were read: a Bylaw respecting the Goodwood Telephone Co., Ltd., and the Beckwith and Montague Rural Telephone Co., Ltd.; circular from the Soldiers Aid Commission, also from the Drummond Council to improve the Town Line.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. Davis, that an order be drawn on the Treasurer, in favor of Daniel Barton, for \$27.97, being refund of taxes re Town Line Survey.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. Davis, that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Elizabeth Douglas for one hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty cents (\$162.50), re purchase of road through Douglas farm.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. J. McEwen, that an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of J. C. Elliott for \$50.00, part salary as collector of taxes.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. A. Scott, that the bylaw repealing such parts of bylaw No. 419 as conflict with bylaw No. 417 be now introduced and read a first time.—Carried.

Moved by R. J. McEwen, seconded by R. A. Scott, that the bylaw repealing such parts of bylaw No. 419 as conflict with bylaw No. 417 be read a second time and then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Bylaw was then read a second time and then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. Davis, that the following orders be drawn on the Treasurer:—John Comrie, overcharge in taxes, \$1.00; R. Jones, refund of dog tax, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. Duff, overcharge in taxes, \$1.00; refund of statute labor, \$9.00.—Carried.

Moved by R. A. Scott, seconded by D. B. McLaren, that the following accounts be paid: Francis Saunders, placing and repairing culvert, \$6.00; G. M. Kemp, blacksmith work, \$2.75; Geo. Poole, paid for gravel and drawing tile, \$10.00; Peter McLaren, work on road and valuing sheep, \$2.75; Herald Printing Co., printing \$23.50; W. H. Shail, placing culvert, \$6.00; Jas. T. Drummond, placing culvert, \$6.00; W. J. Lightbody, fence viewer, \$8.00; A. W. Cram, moving dump wagons, \$3.00; John Baird, repair on dump wagons, \$12.00; Jas. Warren & Son, repair on dump wagons, \$16.50; Wm. Branton, grading side road 3rd con., \$3.00; Allan Cameron, repair bridge, \$7.00; R. J. McEwen, extra grant side road 5 & 6, 6th con., \$3.50; Municipal World, 53 cts; J. W. Robertson, care of hall, \$6.00; selecting jurors, \$3.00; Board of Health, \$6.00; cleaning McTavish Award ditch, \$2.00; fees Drummond's Award ditch, \$4.00; Allan Cameron, valuing sheep, \$1.50; Jas. Bell, building culvert and repair on crusher, \$5.75; bonus on wire fence, Kennedy's cemetery, \$1.05; Peter McLaren, bonus \$29.25; Norman McLaren, bonus, \$19.25; Geo. Shail, work on town line, \$6.62; Drummond Council, tile, \$2.40; Dr. J. A. McEwen, professional services Samuel Morris, \$4.00; A. F. Stewart, postage and stationery, \$1.50.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. J. McEwen, that the bylaw to appoint D.R. officers and poll clerks to hold the municipal elections in the municipality of Beckwith for the year 1916 be now introduced and read a first time.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. Davis, that the blanks in the bylaw to appoint D.R. officers and poll clerks to hold the municipal elections in the municipality of Beckwith for the year 1916 be filled in as follows: deputies—No. 1 Denis McCarthy; poll clerk, Willard Kilfoyle; No. 2 Peter McLaren; poll clerk, Howard Mains; No. 3, W. O. Leach; poll clerk, W. A. Robertson; No. 4, Jas. A. Dowdall; poll clerk, Thos. Stewart; and then read a second time, then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Bylaw was then read a second time and then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. A. Scott, that the bylaw to provide for the payment of township officers in the municipality of Beckwith for the year 1915 be now introduced and read a first time.—Carried.

Bylaw was then read a second time, then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Moved by D. B. McLaren, seconded by R. A. Scott, that the bylaw to provide for the payment of township officers be filled as follows: Councillors \$3.00 per day, Board of Health \$3.00 per day; selectors of jurors \$3.00; caretaker of hall \$6.00 per annum, and then read a second time then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Bylaw was then read a second time, then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Bylaw was then read a second time, then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

Bylaw was then read a second time, then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

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Bylaw was then read a second time, then a third time short and passed.—Carried.

The Christmas Season

Not a Day but Weeks Needed to Manifest Its Spirit.

CHRISTMAS proper is never a day. It is really a week or about a month. When the almanac says December has come, then all hearts begin to feel the presence of that midwinter festival. Each day adds to this feeling.

The Romans perceived that one day did not contain all the import of the midwinter gayety. Their Saturnalia continued seven days. It began as a one day celebration and was observed Dec. 19; but as it was soon found that brief period was a cup too small to contain the wine of pleasure, it was extended to three days. At last it was enlarged by the Emperor Claudian so as to take in the 26th. In form the festival has now been changed back into the one day shape, but in reality Christmas is much larger under our presidents than it was under Claudian and Caligula.

It is a great midwinter period and may well be looked upon as a type of the public happiness or the public misfortunes of a given date. In the early Christian church it became a single day, because being asked to stand for the birth of Jesus it had to be a formal day rather than a week, but no such limitation could keep it from having adjacent times which partook of its spirit as dawn partakes of day.—Professor David Swing.

The Old Christmas Story



The Story of the Magi.

The story of the Magi, as it is given by the evangelist Matthew, is astonishingly brief and unadorned. He tells us without preface that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem certain foreigners arrived at Jerusalem.

He does not tell us how many they were nor of what race nor of what station of life, although it is fair to infer from the consideration with which they were received at the court of Herod and from the fact that they carried treasure boxes with them that they were persons of distinction.

The most important statement in regard to them is that they were Magians—that is to say, disciples of Zoroaster and members of the sacred or priestly order of Persia, which was then widely scattered among the oriental nations and included men of exalted rank. They came from the east, a word which to the dwellers in Palestine could hardly have any other meaning than the ancient region of Chaldaea, lying beyond the Jordan and the desert.

Their explanation of their journey to Herod was that they had seen an appearance in the heavens (whether one star or many or a comet they did not say) which led them to believe that the King of the Jews had been born, and they had come to do reverence to him. Herod was greatly troubled at hearing this and sent for the chief priests and scribes to inquire where the prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be born.

They answered at once that Bethlehem was the chosen place. Then Herod, having asked the Magi how long it was since they first saw the appearance in the sky, sent them away to Bethlehem, promising that when they had found the young Christ he also would come to do reverence to him.

Having set out on their journey, they saw once more the celestial sign, and its motion was such that it guided them to the place where Jesus was. Coming into the house—for Joseph had now found better shelter than a stable—they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and prostrated themselves before him in worship. Opening their treasure chests, they presented to him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then, being warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they took another road into their own country.

The conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is one of the rarest of sidereal events. It occurs only once in 800 years. This conjunction, all astronomers agree, happened no less than three times in the year 747 A. U. C., shortly before the birth of Christ.

It may be that we have here, in this "fairy tale of science," a confirmation of this beautiful story of religion, a hint and trace of

The light that led the holy elders with their gifts of myrrh.—Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke

THE OLD CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

It is good to think of the old time Christmas hymns again as the Day approaches; good to get out worn hymn books, the prettiest for the piano rack, with tunes as well as words, and play and sing them over, just as we should re-read, if pleasure and duty join hands, the story of Scrooge and Marley's Ghost.

It is even good to recall the titles more or less familiar to all of us, according to our bringing up. There are "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold," "Angels from the realms of glory," and "Hark, what mean those holy voices," each reiterating in rhythmical melody the story of the ancient chronicles.

In the little church where the flaring star poised a bit nsteadily over the white head of the beloved pastor, "Oh, come, all ye faithful," ushered in the day, and no matter how fast sped the minutes, how near the approach of the dinner hour, or how expectantly youngsters thought of unfringed stockings, if the early morning service invited them there was always plenty of time for "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," "When marshaled on the mighty plain," "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," "Hark, the herald angels sing," "It came upon the midnight clear," and that best loved of all, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

SONG OF THE TREE.

Once out of midnight sweet with mystery
The wonder of all wonders came to be,
So shall the dawn a marvel make of me.
For when in all my beauty I am born
In the first glimmer of the Christmas morn
Angels of Innocence in mortal guise
Shall look upon me with their faithful eyes:
And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Behold! in every limb
I thrill with praise of him
For whom I stand in memory.

Kings of the east and wise men three
There were
Who brought to him rare frankincense
and myrrh.
So do my balsamed branches when they stir
In the warm airs that move about this room.
And render forth their homage in perfume.
Lift up your hearts anew, O, careworn men!
Look up with glad, believing eyes again;
And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Behold! in every limb
I thrill in praise of him
For whom I stand in memory.
—Tom Daly.

The Christ Child.

Oh, the beauty of the Christ Child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embraces!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood infoldeth,
Yet who hath seen his face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ Child
When for a sacred space
He nestles in our very homes,
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him,
Yet who hath seen his face?
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

HUNTING FOR 5-CLAU



Hymn For Christmas Morning.

Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night,
To the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the early dawn
Lo, they bear the joyful tidings—
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!
Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus
"Glory be to God on high!"
And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago,
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

Hark, we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"
—Mrs. M. N. Meigs.

Horses and Water.
If a horse has a thin coat or is off his feed the chances are that he is not getting water enough.

CHRISTMAS

COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

GIVE PRACTICAL GIFTS.
WHAT MORE USEFUL THAN FURNITURE?
Come and See our Holiday Specials.

GIFTS FOR MOTHER---

Rockers, Centre Tables, Mirrors, China and Kitchen Cabinets, Trays, etc.

GIFTS FOR FATHER---

Morris Chairs, Chiffoniers, Smoker's Stands, Lamps, etc.

GIFTS FOR KIDDIES---

Reed and Wood Rockers, Rocking Horses, Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Kindergarten Sets, Doll Carriages, Beds, Cradles, etc.

SELECT THE GIFTS NOW. WE'LL DELIVER LATER IF REQUIRED.

W. H. MATTHEWS,

FURNITURE DEALER AND UNDERTAKER

Leslie Block, Bridge Street.

Store Phone No. 200.

House Phone No. 14

XMAS PRESENTS

AUTOMOBILE SKATES, all Styles and Sizes.
POCKET FLASHLIGHTS, a good assortment.
Gift Boxes of CIGARS, from \$2.25 up.
VIOLINS and VIOLIN SUNDRIES.
We make a Specialty of Skate Sharpening.
Give Us a Trial.

R. W. GORDON,

BRIDGE STREET.

CARLETON PLACE.



It is Useful Presents that are appreciated, and that is why we offer the following Suggestions to busy Christmas Shoppers:

Slippers, Felt Shoes, Rubbers,
Overshoes, Moccasins, Hockey Boots,
Men's Solid Leather Work Shoes,
School Boots,

In fact anything in the Shoe Line.

Allan's Shoe Store

The Home of Good Shoes.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

We desire to return our best thanks to our patrons for past patronage, and wish One and All a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

For the Holiday Trade we have a nice line of

Waistcoats, Coat Sweaters,
Silk Mufflers, Caps, Gloves,
Hosiery, Neckties,
Shirts, Underwear.

W. A. SHAW,

613 MEN'S AND WOMEN'S TAILORING.

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THE HERALD

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DEC. 21, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

SOCIETY REGISTER

STELLA LODGE No. 125, I.O.O.F.
meets every TUESDAY Night
in the Hall, in Taylor's Block.
Visiting brethren always welcome.
N. D. McCallum, Secy.
B. Moore, Noble Grand.

COURT MISSISSIPPI No. 78, I.O.F.
meets every 2nd and 4th MONDAY
in each month, at 7:30 p.m., in the
Chosen Friends Hall. Functional attend-
ance of members is requested.
Visiting brethren invited.
J. F. McNeill, C.E. J. Bennett, R.S.
N.B.—All Dues must be paid in advance on or
before the 1st of the month. W. Hammond, P.E.

CARLETON COUNCIL, No. 37, G.O.C.F., meets
in the Chosen Friends Hall, second and fourth
Thursday evenings in each month, at 8 o'clock.
Visiting Friends welcome.
JOHN BENNETT, C.C. JOS. McFARLANE, Sec.

COURT ORION, No. 634, C.O.F., meets in the
Chosen Friends Hall, first and third Monday
in each month. Visiting brethren always welcome.
J. A. McLaren, C.E. G. W. Daines, R.S.

CARLETON PLACE COUNCIL.

The regular monthly meeting of the
Carleton Place Town Council was held
last Wednesday evening, Mayor Smythe
in the chair and all councillors present
except Mr. Steele.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A letter from Capt. J. H. Bates, of
the 130th Battalion, was read, soliciting
a grant toward the regimental funds,
to assist in the purchase of two field
kitchens and instruments for the bands.
From the C.P.R., replying to the letter
of our solicitor regarding the agreement
of the company with the town, and
stating that agreement was being kept
in good faith.

From the Dominion Textile Press,
soliciting a grant from the Council in
aid of blind soldiers.

From Kingston Council, asking co-
operation in an amendment to the Legis-
lature to increase the poll tax.

From the Bell Telephone Co., giving
notice of cancelling of present contract
in February next.

From Ottawa Protestant Hospital,
asking cheque for grant made some
months ago.

Some circulars were also read, as
were a number of accounts.

RETURNING OFFICERS APPOINTED.

On motion of Messrs. Nichols and
Hughes, the bylaw to appoint deputy
returning officers was introduced and
read a first time.

On motion for the second reading
the blanks were filled as follows: 1st,
G. A. Cornell, and Thos. Houston; 2nd,
J. R. McDiarmid and W. J. Fortfield;
3rd, R. Morgan and N. C. McAllister;
polling places in Taylor's block, Victoria
Ward: Town Hall, Dufferin Ward;
Nichols' office, Stanley Ward.

And on motion the bylaw was read a
third time and passed.
On motion, Mr. J. S. L. McNeely was
heard before the Council. He appeared
on behalf of Mr. M. Knowles, and Mr.
Norman McPherson, for relief of the
business tax in each case as they had
been out of business since early spring.
Also referred to the preparations of the
detailed financial statement for the
future.

Moved by Mr. Pattie, seconded by
Mr. Dummer, that the time for the
return of the Collector's Roll be extended
for ten days, viz., to the 24th Decem-
ber.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Pattie, seconded by
Mr. Dummer, that the following
accounts be paid and that the Mayor
grant the necessary orders on the Treas-
urer:—

J. McGregor, hay..... \$ 20 52
Thos. Mahon, work on streets..... 9 20
James Allan, work on streets..... 4 20
The Herald Printing Co., pub. minutes, etc..... 15 50
The Municipal World, blanks..... 7 50
J. S. Galt, stamps, postage, etc..... 7 11
W. A. Nichols, lumber, \$19.83; wood for
relief, \$2.51..... 22 34
Colin McIntosh, legal services..... 45 79
Cameron Bros., relief supplies..... 4 40
Pay sheet No. 18..... 35 50
Sinclair Bros., suit and cap for Chief..... 35 50
Geo. A. Cornell, selecting jurors..... 3 00
D. Synths, selecting jurors..... 2 00
A. R. G. Peaton, \$1.12 jurors, postage, etc..... 25 12
H. Brown & Sons, fire alarm repairs..... 177 34
Central Canadian, voters' lists, etc..... 104 34

—Carried.
The Mayor stated that he had been
requested to bring before the Council
the circumstances of Mr. T. Corbett,
with a view to relieving him of taxes.
No action.

Moved by Mr. Hughes, seconded by
Mr. McNeely, that the business tax of
Moore Knowles and Norman McPherson
for six months be remitted.—Carried.

It was moved by Mr. Dummer,
seconded by Mr. Hughes, that the matter
of a grant to the 130th Battalion be re-
ferred to the Finance Committee, they
to report to the next regular meeting.—
Carried.

On motion the Council adjourned.

Attempted Murder at Smiths Falls.

What was scheduled to be a real
shooting affray miscarried by a hair's
breadth in town Sunday evening. The
result is that an Italian named James
Bronzo is in the County Jail at Perth
awaiting trial on the charge of attempt-
ed murder at the Spring Assizes. Sun-
day night about 9:30 Chief Phillips
arrested Bronzo and he was brought
before the magistrate Monday morning
at 9 o'clock and again at 2 o'clock in the
afternoon. He was remanded for trial
at the Spring assizes. It seems that
Bronzo quarrelled with a fellow-
countryman in a house at the north
end of the town and Bronzo, enraged
drew a revolver and pulled the trigger
twice with the weapon held close to
the chest of the other man. It was a
miracle that the weapon did not explode,
as it was fully loaded, and two of the
cartridges bore the imprint of the ham-
mer. They are of .32 calibre, centre
fire, and will be used in evidence at the
trial next spring.—Smiths Falls News.

A recent issue of the Canada Gazette
announces Miss Florence Isabel Mc-
Ewen, daughter of Mr. W. P. McEwen,
of Perth, as one of the nursing sisters
for overseas service.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

The Forty-first Annual Meeting of the share-
holders of the Bank of Ottawa was held at its
banking house in the City of Ottawa, at 3 P.M. on
Wednesday, the 15th inst.

The President, Hon. GEORGE BRYSON in the chair.

Report of the Directors

The Directors beg to present the forty-first Annual
Report, showing the result of the Bank's business for the
year ended 30th November 1915.

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss
Account on 30th November, 1914,
was..... \$228,299.36
Profits for the year ended 30th
November, 1915, after deducting
all expenses of management, and
making necessary provision for
interest due to depositors,
unearned interest on current
loans, all bad and doubtful debts,
and for shrinkage in value of
investments, and for contin-
gencies..... \$31,268.33
Dividends Nos. 94, 95, 96 and 97,
being at the rate of 12% per
annum..... \$480,000.00
War Tax on Note Circulation..... 33,263.00
Balance carried forward at credit
of Profit and Loss Account..... \$246,304.69

Since the last annual meeting, the branches of the
Bank at Prince George, British Columbia; Nipigon,
Ontario, and Estevan, Saskatchewan, have been closed.
No branches have been opened.

With the exception of the completion of the altera-
tions to the premises at the corner of Rideau and
William streets, in this City, no material expense has
been incurred in connection with Bank premises during
the year.

The Head Office and branches have been inspected
as usual.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE BRYSON, President.
GEORGE BURN, General Manager.

After remarks from the President and General
Manager, the adoption of the report was moved by the
President and Vice-President, and carried unanimously.

A motion appointing Messrs. A. B. Brodie and
D. McK. McClelland, members of the firm of Price,
Waterhouse & Company, auditors for the current year,
and fixing the remuneration of these auditors at a
maximum sum of \$5,000.00, was passed.

The Scrutineers appointed at the meeting reported
that all the members of the old Board had been re-elected,
and at a meeting of the newly elected Directors, held
subsequently, the Honourable George Bryson was elected
President, and Mr. John B. Fraser, Vice-President for
the ensuing year.

General Statement of Liabilities and Assets AS ON 30th NOVEMBER, 1915

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	4,750,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid.....	120,375.00
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account.....	246,304.69
Notes in Circulation.....	3,966,030.00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	6,367,581.39
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	35,502,046.27
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	41,869,627.66
Balance due to Banks and Banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries.....	24,489.26
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.....	186,763.04
Liabilities not included in the foregoing.....	39,373.19
	<u>\$55,329,826.12</u>
ASSETS	
Current Coin held by the Bank.....	\$ 1,303,489.84
Dominion notes held.....	4,095,465.50
Notes of other Banks.....	418,345.00
Cheques on other Banks.....	1,642,580.81
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	6,505,468.23
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	2,733,911.88
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding Market value.....	1,435,808.28
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian.....	4,016,923.45
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding Market value.....	669,477.97
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	754,329.04
	<u>\$23,576,790.00</u>
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	27,299,977.88
Loans to Cities, Towns, Municipalities and School Districts.....	1,672,744.21
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per Contra.....	39,373.19
Real estate other than Bank premises.....	240,526.67
Overdue Debts estimated loss provided for.....	434,278.54
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	1,760,668.81
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	206,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	100,476.82
	<u>\$55,329,826.12</u>

GEORGE BRYSON, President.
GEORGE BURN, General Manager.

To the Shareholders of the Bank of Ottawa,
We have examined the books and accounts of the Bank of Ottawa at its Chief Office and at five of its principal branches,
and have been duly furnished with certified returns from the remaining branches, and we find that the above statement of
Liabilities and Assets at November 30th, 1915, is in accordance therewith. The Bank's investments and the securities and cash
on hand at the Chief Office and at the branches visited were verified by us at the close of business, November 30th, 1915, and
in addition we visited the Chief Office and certain branches of the Bank during the year, when we checked the cash and verified
the securities and found them to be in agreement with the books. We have obtained all information and explanations
required, and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of
the Bank. And we certify that the above statement of Liabilities and Assets as at November 30th, 1915, is properly drawn up
so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information and the
explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank. In arriving at the profits for the year ending November
30th, 1915, sufficient reserves have, in our opinion, been made to provide for shrinkages in the values of the Bank's investments.
Ottawa, 10th December, 1915.
Members of the firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co. Chartered Accountants.

A Generous Contribution

The patrons of the L.X.L. Cheese
Factory recently donated one day's
supply of milk, the proceeds of the
make amounting to \$117.20, one half
of which was donated to the Patriotic
Fund and the other half to the Red
Cross Society.

Presentation to Rev. Mr. Lowry.

On Thursday evening last a large
company of the members and adherents
of Knox church, Beckwith, waited upon
their pastor, Rev. J. W. S. Lowry, at
the manse, Franktown, and spent an
enjoyable social evening, in the course
of which Mr. Melville Ferguson read an
address to the pastor and Mr. Duncan
McEwen handed him a beautiful and
costly fur coat. Mr. Lowry was taken
completely by surprise, but was equal
to the occasion and made a very and
cheerful response expressing his warm
gratitude for the complimentary address
and very serviceable gift. He cordially
welcomed all to the hospitality of the
manse, after which a ready pleasant
evening was spent in social amusements.
The ladies served refreshments, after
which the company joined in singing
"Auld Lang Syne" and separated to their
homes much pleased with the out-
ing. The following is the address:—
To the Rev. J. W. S. Lowry, Franktown.
Dear Sir,—We, the members and adherents
of Knox Church, Beckwith, desire to express
to you, our Pastor, our deep and sincere
appreciation of your devoted and earnest
work amongst us since your induction. The
extensive district under your charge entails
many long drives, and calls for much physical
endurance, yet your untiring energy and
devotion to the work of the Master as re-
presented by the interests under your charge
enabled you to surmount all difficulties, and
calls forth our unstinted admiration and
esteem. By both precept and example you
have wrought unceasingly to lift our thoughts
and efforts to the highest plane, and though
often unseen and unexpressed, we hope our
appreciation has not been unrecognized by
you. Your excellent literary efforts, from
pulpit and platform, your welcome visits to
our homes, your cheery brotherly greetings in
our daily work and conversation are ever a
source of profit and pleasure to us both.

young and old, and we trust your reward will
be the evident building up of Christian char-
acter manifesting itself in the private and
public life of our community—and now we
ask you to accept from us the accompanying
Fur Coat as a slight token of our warm
regard and also extend to you, to Mrs.
Lowry and your family the Season's Greetings
and Best Wishes for continued health and
happiness.
Signed on behalf of the congregation,
Melville Ferguson,
Duncan McEwen,
Danie Henderson,
Finlay McEwen,
William Young,
John J. McNeely.

Dec. 16th, 1915.

Bulgarian and Grecian troops are
now in conflict.

Everybody's Corner.

HOUSE TO RENT—Comfortable Dwelling with
all modern conveniences, furnace, electric
light and waterworks. For further particulars
apply at this office.

HOUSE TO RENT—Dwelling of W. R. McNabb,
west side of Bridge street, \$6.00 per month;
possession at once. Apply to
COLIN MCINTOSH.

FOR SALE.

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Only Three Days Until

Christmas

Santa Claus is quite near. He
has promised to visit our Store
before that day.

Now what about yourself?
We invite you also.

Don't fail to call and see
the large assortment of Fancy
Goods which we have to offer
at prices that are lower than
ever before.

We thank our Customers
for their patronage during the
year and wish One and All a
Merry Xmas.

H. ABDALLAH

Store Open Every Night Until
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Pick Out Your Christmas Gifts

GLOVES \$1.00 up.	FROM THESE LISTS	SCARFS FANCY BOXED \$1.00 up.
COAT SWEATERS \$2.00 to \$6.00	You will get a hearty "Thank You" if you pick one of these articles for a Christmas present. Just look over the list in this ad. and you will find gifts suitable for all the men folks. Then you have the satisfaction of knowing that the styles are right. This firm sells only correct styles. The prices are the lowest, con- sistent with good quality.	MEN'S FANCY VESTS \$3.00 up.
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For Every Man, Woman, or Child

A Book exists somewhere of some kind,
which they would like to own if they knew
about it. Isn't this your opportunity?
Books are best for Christmas gifts. And
this year is particularly

A Book Christmas

McINTOSH'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE

Sawlogs Wanted!

I WILL PAY HIGHEST PRICE FOR

Basswood, Ash, Spruce, Hemlock, Pine, Rock Elm and Soft Elm or
Tamarac Logs and Shingle-Blocks.

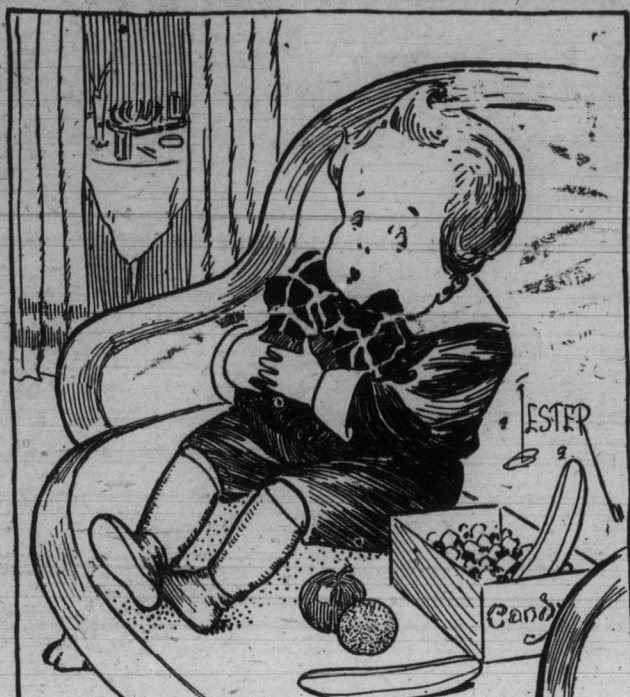
Delivered on the Mississippi Lake or at the Sawmill, Carleton Place.

ALSO CEDAR RAILWAY TIES, must be 6 ins. thick, 6 ins. face and 8 ft long.

CUSTOMERS SAWING of Shingles and Lumber during the winter at the
Planing Mill of Sawmill here.

W. A. NICHOLS, Carleton Place.

An After Dinner Talk By Little Tommy Jones



IF CHRISTMAS HAPPENED ONCE A MONTH
OF COURSE IT WOULD BE GRAND;
BUT REALLY ONCE A YEAR IS JUST
ABOUT ALL I CAN STAND!

Little Rastus And the Turkey

MA SAY, JINT, KETCH DAT TURK SEZ SHE-



BUT, GOLLY! DAT TURK, HE DONE KETCH ME!

CHRISTMAS PIES.

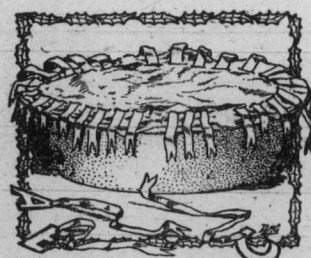
A Novel Sport For a Children's Party
In Holiday Time.

Have a large pan covered with brown tissue paper to look like pie crust. Inside the pie have these letters, to which are attached ribbons, the other end of which come through the pie crust. The letters, neatly cut out are: Six a's, two m's, three e's, four r's, three y's, one c, two h's, two s's, one t, two n's, one d, two p's, one w and one l.

The children sit around the pie, each holding one thread. They sing:

Sing a song of Christmas,
A pie crust full of fun.
Find the wish we wish you
When the game is done.

Then they pull the letters out and pin them on their breasts. Then be-



THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

gins the fun of puzzling out how the children should stand in a line so that the letters will form a sentence.

When in proper position the letters will make-

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DICK'S DEVICE



SAD DICK, AS HE GOT INTO BED,
I SURELY HAVE GOT A BIG HEAD.
MY SOCKS ARE SO SMALL
THEY'D HOLD NOTHING AT ALL.
SO I'VE HUNG ON MY TROUSERS
INSTEAD!

XMAS BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Picturesque Method of Celebrating
Yuletide by the Poles.

The legend that the birds and beasts came to worship the infant Jesus has brought about a peculiar and picturesque method of celebrating Christmas among the Poles and other kindred peoples of eastern Europe.

Here men mask in the guise of storks, bears and other animals or birds and go about from house to



house singing carols. To carry out the idea these wild birds and savage beasts are led about by keepers.

After the traditional carols are sung the inmates of the house thus honored reward the singers by gifts of cakes, sausages and other dainties. The procession then moves to another house, where the performance is repeated.

A Christmas Eve Sentence.

THERE were four little stockings of four little sizes.
According to common report,
That couldn't escape being (spite of disguise)
Arrested and called into court.



"Now, what have you taken?" With brows that were knitted.

This question the magistrate put,
And each little stocking quite boldly ad-

mitted,
"Why, I ran away with a foot."



Then the voice of the court, shaking with

awe and rafter.

In accents quite tragical rang,
While the children in bed also shon

though with laughter,
"I sentence each stocking to hang!"

T. BAPP, JR.

CAPTAIN JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS

By FRANCES YALE

CAPTAIN Jimmy Smith lived in a funny little house down on the beach. Once it had been the cabin of his old schooner, Skimmer; now it was the only home Captain Jimmy and his cat Vixen had.

In the summer time he sold fish and clams and lobsters to the summer cottagers, but in the winter he had hard work to keep the little cabin warm and find food for himself and Vixen.

It was the day before Christmas, and the beach was rough with ice.

"Snow!" said Captain Jimmy, as he left his little house and went up toward the village. His pipe was between his teeth, but he was not smoking—he was out of tobacco.

He smiled sadly because he knew that he would have a lonely Christmas. He had no wife or children, and he was very much alone. The poor are often forgotten.

By the time Captain Jimmy had bought some flour and salt pork and a little coffee it was dark and snowing fast. So when he heard the sound of children crying he stopped in surprise.

"Hullo!" shouted Captain Jimmy, and the crying stopped at once. In another minute he almost tumbled over two little children who were running along the beach path.

"Heave ho!" called Captain Jimmy, and he put out a long arm and gathered the little ones close to him. "What are you doing here?" he shouted, for the wind was screaming now.

They tried to explain, but Captain Jimmy couldn't understand a word they said, they cried so much, and at last, half dragging, half carrying them, he hurried them into the warm little cabin where he lived.

When the kerosene lamp was lighted the two children stopped crying and smiled at Captain Jimmy.

"Are you Thanta Claus?" one lisped, and the other little girl, who looked exactly like her, giggled and clung to Captain Jimmy's big hand.

"I love oo, Msther Thanta Claus," she whispered.

"Bless your sweet hearts," cried Captain Jimmy, his eyes full of tears. "I guess I'll have to be Santa Claus to-night! I can never get you home to-night in this howling blizzard!"

The two little girls smiled brightly and took off their red cloaks and knitted caps and leggings and rubbers.

"We're lost," said one of the twins, and she told a long story of how they had gone to walk with nurse, who had suddenly run away and left them in the woods. "We hollered, but she wouldn't come back," said Linnie sadly. "My mamma scolded her this afternoon."

"What are your names? Where do you live?" asked Captain Jimmy as he pushed them up to the table before two great bowls of bread and milk.

"Brown? Goodness me, I never heard of any Browns over to the Point! You'll have to stay here till morning."

"Will Thanta Claus come here?" asked Linnie.

"He's got to!" said Captain Jimmy. By and by after the twins had said their prayers and were sound asleep on Captain Jimmy's bed while Vixen purled at their feet, Captain Jimmy walked the floor and whistled a tune.

"I reckon that Santa Claus could never get down my little stove pipe!" he chuckled. "So I'll just have to fill those two little stockings myself!"

Sometime afterward a number of people hurried through the snow and peered into Captain Jimmy's window. What did they see? Why, just Captain Jimmy, with his empty pipe between his teeth, holding two little stockings in his hands.

Suddenly he began to take things off the mantelpiece and put them into the stockings. They were things that Captain Jimmy loved—they were all that he had—bits of coral and pretty shells from far countries, some odd wooden toys he had played with when he was a child and two red apples.

Just as he was hanging the stockings on the edge of the shelf the door burst open and some people rushed in and began to bug him and question him, and they all talked at once. They proved to be the father and mother and uncles and aunts of the lost twins, and they were so grateful to Captain Jimmy for his kindness to the twins that they insisted on taking him home with them to spend Christmas.

And Vixen, the cat, went along too, and the stockings which Captain Jimmy had filled.

Mr. Brown engaged Captain Jimmy to be captain of his yacht, and Captain Jimmy smoked his pipe and said it was his happiest Christmas.

Polly's Christmas Stocking

By BERTHA M. MASTERS



POLLY DANE sat up in bed and blinked her sleepy eyes. The nursery was very quiet, except for the snapping of the coals in the grate. The fire made a soft glow of red light on the ceiling, and the figures on the Mother Goose wall paper seemed alive.

It was Christmas eve, and it seemed to Polly that she had been asleep for hours, yet the big clock in the lower hall was only booming eleven times.

"I wonder if Santa Claus will find Lucinda's stocking?" thought Polly. "I'll go by and by I'll go and see if he has been there."

Polly closed her eyes and thought about Lucinda Ames, who was cook's little girl. Lucinda was as black as night, but she was just Polly's age, and Polly liked her.

Lucinda told most of her secrets to Polly. That was how Polly knew that



"SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN!" CHUCKLED POLLY.

Lucinda wanted a little "white folk" dollie instead of the cunning black babies that people gave her.

Polly went to sleep and woke up with a start. She was sure that she had been wide awake all the time, yet from the mantelpiece there hung a fat, bulging stocking.

"Santa Claus has been!" chuckled Polly, and she slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor.

What a lovely, knobby, mysterious looking thing her stocking was!

Polly felt of the toe.

There was money—real money! And peeping at her from the top of the stocking was the sweetest little baby doll you could imagine.

"Oh, dear, I do hope that Santa Claus has brought Lucinda one just like it!" sighed Polly. "I believe I'll see!"

Barefooted, with her little white gown trailing on the red carpet, Polly pattered silently along the hall until she reached the door that led into the wing where the servants slept.

The first door was Maggie's and the second door led into the room where Susan, the cook, slept with her little girl Lucinda.

From the knob of this door hung a big white stocking and, like Polly's, it was bulging with knobby things. But alas!

From the top of Lucinda's stocking there popped a black baby doll.

It was black—instead of white. How poor Lucinda would cry!

Polly's heart beat very fast as she gently took the black baby out of Lucinda's stocking and tucking it under her arm, she ran back to the nursery.

She had to climb on a chair to reach her own white baby doll, but soon she had taken it out of her stocking and put the cunning black baby in its place.

"I never had a black dollie, and they are so dear and cunning," Polly told herself while she hugged her own precious baby to her breast.

She hugged the baby doll all the way back to Lucinda's door and she kissed it fondly as she tucked it in the top of Lucinda's stocking.

When she passed the door of her mother's room she did not see four eyes watching her.

And the most beautiful surprise of all came after breakfast!

Polly's father found two especially nice presents for Polly and Lucinda, who was crazy with delight over her white baby doll.

Santa Claus certainly does do funny things! On the Christmas tree were a white baby doll for unselfish Polly and a dear little black one for Lucinda!

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is now being prepared, and additions and changes for it should be reported to our Local Manager at once.

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The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada

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Wheat in the World.

In one of the Best Mills.

By Men who Know How.

Quality guaranteed satisfactory

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Beautiful Plants in Bloom for Gifts.
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A box of our Beautiful Xmas Flowers assorted, to the value of \$2.00, is a desirable Gift to a Sweetheart, Mother or Friend.

ORDER NOW

Xmas Holly, Mistletoe, Wreaths and Decorations in complete supply.

Bowls of Gold Fish are new and novel Xmas Gifts.

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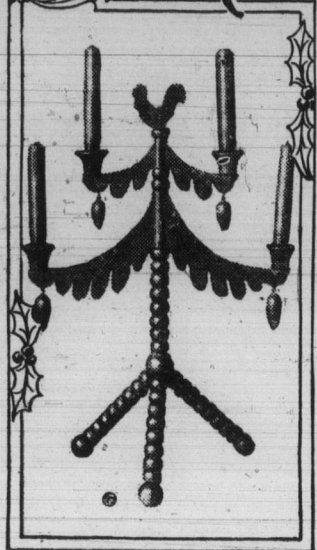
We have made preparations and anticipated your requirements in advance and have a splendid line for your inspection in

Coal and Wood Stoves,
Ranges and Heaters.

Have your Stove Pipe and Furnace Work attended to before the rush.

W. J. MUIRHEAD.

ONE KIND CHRISTMAS TREE



In Sweden wooden candelabra like the one in the picture are frequently used instead of Christmas trees for the display of gifts.

Oh, to Have Dwelt In Bethlehem!

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord
Shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender, worn feet
Of the mother undefiled
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine,
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?
—Adelaide Procter.

The Highland Lassie on Christmas.
Grant in his "Highland Customs" tells how the Scotch lassie rose with the first gray streak of dawn to bake her Christmas sowans, or sour scones, hard oat cakes, soft cakes and pannich paron. The day's enjoyment always consisted of trials of skill and games and wound up with a grand evening meal. In some parts of Scotland, as in England, it became customary to hang a branch of mistletoe in the middle of the room or over the door, and if by accident or otherwise a girl passed under it any young man was privileged to give her as many kisses as there were berries on one of its sprays.

THE MISTLETOE.

With Christmas cheer the hall is bright,
At friendly feud with winter's cold;
There's many a merry game tonight
For maids and men, and young and old;
And winter sends for their delight
The holly with its crimson glow;
And pater than the glistening snow
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!
The wan and wonton mistletoe!

Chance comes to our festive eyes,
Dear crimson bearded holly sprig!
There, Robin, too, the hall receives,
Unbidden, whom our hearts invite.
And, perched among the crumpled leaves,
He cocks his head and sings "Hullo!"
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!
Hangs up above, but what's below?
Oh, what's below the mistletoe?
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!

A kindly custom sanctions bough
That's taken beneath the wanton bough.
Who laughs so low? Why, here it is!
Look, Jenny, where I have you now!
Dear bashful eyes, sweet lips—a kiss!
Ah, cheeks can mock the holly's glow!
For what's below the mistletoe?
Ah, ha! Why, it's Cupid O!
Ah, ha! Below the mistletoe
'Tis Cupid O, 'tis Cupid O!
—Temple Bar.

Santa in the City.
Santa Claus touched the button which summoned his foreman.
"Yes, sir," said the foreman, coming in from the shop.
"What are you working on?"
"Doll flats, sir."
Santa Claus turned in his chair and regarded his foreman doubtfully.
"Doll flats?" he exclaimed. "You mean doll houses."
"No, sir," the foreman answered. "These are for city distribution, where the children don't know anything about houses."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Before the birth of Christ the ancient Romans indulged at the midwinter season in a festival from which it is supposed that many of the present day traditions sprang. Presents were given and received. An expression of mutual brotherhood was shown in the custom of the masters and their slaves exchanging places and the former waiting upon the latter.

A Friend of Santa Claus

By BERENICE JACKMAN



FOR weeks and weeks before Christmas Tommy Lee had been talking about what he expected to find in his stocking; he had written a letter to Santa Claus and given it to his mother to post, and then he flattened his freckled nose against the shop windows choosing the presents he wanted.

"And a pair of roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old.

"Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor kids." And he went away.

"Mother," said Tommy, with a quiver in his voice. "Ben says Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am



"PLEASE," SAID TOMMY BREATHLESSLY, "ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?"

sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said.

"I suppose he wouldn't bring a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember."

Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive—He choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother," called Tommy, and he scooted out.

Five minutes afterward Tommy Lee was trudging up the broad avenue.

A sleigh glided up in front of a beautiful white marble mansion, and out of it hobbled an old man in a fur coat.

He wore a furry cap pulled over his white curly hair, and his whiskers were white and fluffy, and Tommy was sure that he had found Santa Claus.

Tommy Lee hopped after the furry coated old man, and when a tall footman opened the door Tommy went inside, and no one saw him until the little old gentleman snapped on the electric lights in his library.

"Please," said Tommy breathlessly, "are you Santa Claus?"

"Bless me! What a question! Perhaps I am. But how did you come in?" Tommy Lee told him, and he even explained why he had brought his father's big woolen socks.

"One is for mother, and the other is for me, please, Mr. Santa Claus. I did wish for roller skates at first, but mother needs shoes and gloves and a little rest. Do you have any rest in your pack, sir?"

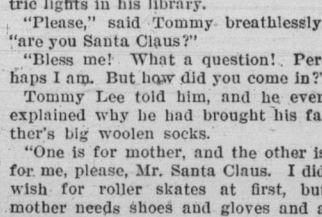
Santa Claus nodded his head. "Heaps of it," he promised. "Where is your father, my lad?"

"He is dead," said Tommy tearfully. "He was shot by a burglar who was stealing from a rich man's house. My father was a brave policeman."

"Shot—by a burglar?" Santa Claus looked very thoughtful, just as though Tommy's father had been killed in his beautiful house, which happened to be the case. "Well, young man, suppose we call for my sleigh and we will go to the shops."

Tommy Lee never forgot that wonderful ride. After the sleigh was full of beautiful bundles they dashed up to Tommy's home and started Mrs. Lee by bringing in dozens of paper packages. One of them held a fine pair of roller skates.

And while the friend of Santa Claus talked to Mrs. Lee and promised her work in his own house Tommy fell fast asleep with his cheek upon his



awoke it was Christmas morning.

The SNOW BABY by EDGAR MACLANE

THE Judds lived in a little cottage at the very end of the town. Mr. Judd was a carpenter, and when he had plenty of work there were light and cheer and warmth in the home. But after he had fallen from a ladder and broken his leg hard times came to the family in the cottage, and the two little boys, Richard and Robin, whispered together that surely Santa Claus would not find them this year. In former years he had been good to the two little boys, but this year things would be different.

On Christmas eve, after the little boys had gone to bed, Mr. Judd whispered to his wife that Santa Claus might leave some nuts and candies for Richard and Robin and that he himself had whittled them two boats that were handsomer than those in the shops, and Mrs. Judd had boiled some molasses and made a big painful of walnut taffy from the store of black walnuts in the attic.

Just at that moment Mr. Judd saw a piece of paper pinned to Robin's stocking. It was written in the little lad's big round handwriting.

"What is that?" he asked, going to the mantelpiece.

"Robin's letter to Santa Claus. I haven't read it yet. What does it say?" asked Mrs. Judd as she cut the taffy into nice squares and prepared to wrap it in the waxed paper.

Mr. Judd read the paper, and his eyes twinkled. "He asks Santa Claus to bring him a little sister. He doesn't want anything else. He says he can be happy playing with her all the year around."

"The dear child!" sighed Mrs. Judd. "What is that?" they both spoke together, for from the porch outside they heard a funny little sound that sounded strangely like a baby's cry.

"It sounds like a baby," said Mr. Judd, going to the door and turning the knob quickly.

"It can't be!" said Mrs. Judd, following him.

When Mr. Judd opened the door the snowstorm tried to enter the warm room. The carpenter peered out into the whiteness and then down and lifted something that was huddled against the door.

"It's a basket and there's a baby inside!" he cried as he closed the door and set the basket and its contents on the table.

Sure enough, in a nest of warm clean blankets was a six months old baby girl; blue eyed, golden haired, dimpled. Her clothes were coarse but clean, and pinned to her white frock was a note saying that her baby's mother was dead and that her father was going to a far country and made a present of her to the kindest people in the town he knew.

And there was some money in the envelope, all that the poor father could spare. It was very little.

"Shall we keep her?" asked Mr. Judd, for they were quite poor and his illness had brought many heavy bills to pay.

"She came to us," whispered Mrs. Judd as she hugged the baby they had found in the snow. "We can spare enough for her. And the boys will be so happy to have her!"

"That settles it!" said Mr. Judd, and he went up into the attic after the little cradle in which Richard and Robin used to sleep.

When Christmas morning dawned Richard and Robin crept out of bed and tiptoed into the sitting room. They always did this on Christmas morning so as not to awaken their parents.

It was barely daylight.

They could see their stockings hanging from the mantelpiece, and out of the tops were sticking two red painted sailboats just alike.

Besides the stockings there were warm red mittens, knitted by loving fingers, and there were delicious walnut taffy wrapped in waxed paper and some red apples.

And just as they reached the red apples the little boys looked down and saw the old cradle with the snow baby's bright and blue eyes staring up at them.

How the cottage rang with their cries of joy! How they hugged the new baby sister, whom they thought Santa Claus had left at their door! But we all know that sometimes when Santa Claus is very busy he has to ask grownup folks to help him distribute the good things at Christmas tide and he cannot get around to all the homes of all the good children in one evening without tiring his reindeer too much.

"Hurrah!" cried Richard and Robin, running to awaken their parents. "Merry Christmas, father and mother! Come out and see the beautiful baby sister Santa Claus has brought us."

They, too, saw the baby's eyes staring up at them.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

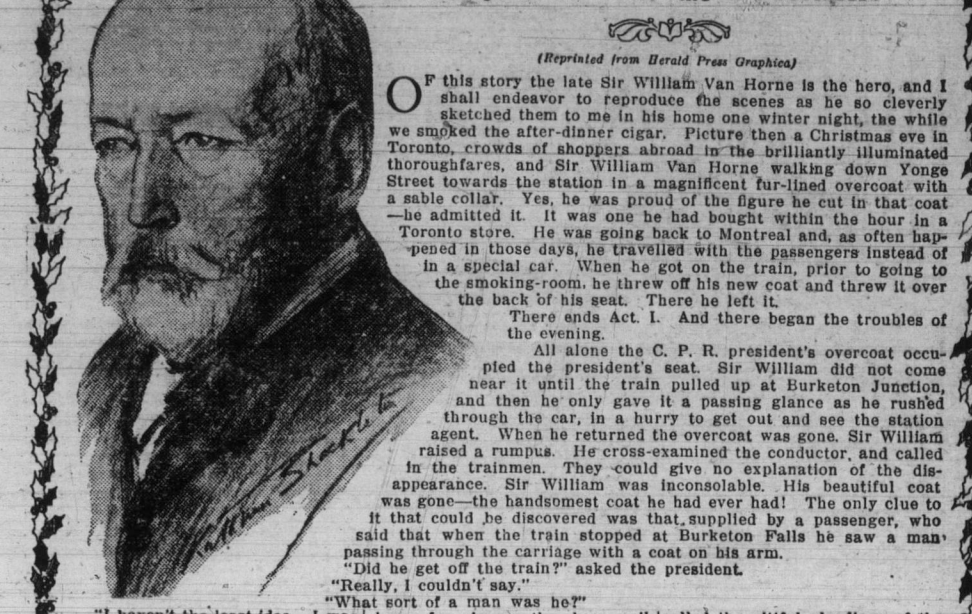
awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

awoke it was Christmas morning.

A Christmas Story By Order of the President



OF this story the late Sir William Van Horne is the hero, and I shall endeavor to reproduce the scenes as he so cleverly sketched them to me in his home one winter night, the while we smoked the after-dinner cigar. Picture then a Christmas eve in Toronto, crowds of shoppers abroad in the brilliantly illuminated thoroughfares, and Sir William Van Horne walking down Yonge Street towards the station in a magnificent fur-lined overcoat with a sable collar. Yes, he was proud of the figure he cut in that coat he admitted it. It was one he had bought within the hour in a Toronto store. He was going back to Montreal and, as often happened in those days, he travelled with the passengers instead of in a special car. When he got on the train, prior to going to the smoking-room, he threw off his new coat and threw it over the back of his seat. There he left it.

There ends Act I. And there began the troubles of the evening.

All alone the C. P. R. President's overcoat occupied the president's seat. Sir William did not come near it until the train pulled up at Burketon Junction, and then he only gave it a passing glance as he rushed through the car, in a hurry to get out and see the station agent. When he returned the overcoat was gone. Sir William raised a rumpus. He cross-examined the conductor, and called in the trainmen. They could give no explanation of the disappearance. Sir William was inconsolable. His beautiful coat was gone—the handsomest coat he had ever had! The only clue to it that could be discovered was that, supplied by a passenger, who said that when the train stopped at Burketon Falls he saw a man passing through the carriage with a coat on his arm.

"Did he get off the train?" asked the president.

"Really, I couldn't say."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"He was home for six months—been railing back in the bush. She and the little ones are expecting me for Christmas."

"Where do you live?"

"At Peterborough."

"What's your name?"

"Kennedy."

"I suppose you've got four or five little ones looking forward to your coming home Christmas?" asked the president, sarcastically.

"Yes, sir." Tears came in the man's eyes; a choking sob burst from him.

"Shut up, you snivelling coward!" roared the president. To see the man actually in tears angered him beyond measure.

The brakes were already grinding on the wheels. The man put his hand on the president's arm. "Don't do it, sir," he said. "I don't ask it for myself, but for my wife and youngsters. There's no harm done. You've got your coat."

The president shook him off roughly. "You common thieves," he said—and the words cut the laborer like a knife—"you common thieves are always afraid to face the music. You always snivel about your wife and family at home when you're found out. But I've made up my mind to stop your little games on this railroad and by gum, I'll do it!" "Jump out and get a policeman," he said to the conductor, as the train came to a standstill.

A few minutes afterwards the conductor returned with a policeman, and the man, silent and dejected, was marched off into the dark night in custody.

When the train started off again for Montreal the president rode in the baggage car. He sat on the top of a pile of boxes, quietly smoking a cigar and dangling his feet. His gaze was fixed on a new perambulator, but it was a long time before he really saw it. When the conductor came in he nodded toward the perambulator, and remarked: "Seasonable present, eh?"

"Yes, sir, a very useful sort of article," replied the conductor.

"But what I want to know," replied the president, "is why anybody should buy a wheeled baby carriage at this time of the year. A man bought that, for sure. A woman would have bought one with runners at this time of the year."

"Of course she would," replied the conductor. "But the man must have had a busy time shopping, mustn't he? There's a rocking horse in the baby carriage; there's a toboggan; there's a turkey, and, oh—dozens of things. It'll be a pretty happy Christmas wherever that baby carriage and its load is going."

"Yes, a carriage for the new baby, and lots of presents for a pretty healthy little family, by the look of it."

The label on the baby-carriage caught the eye of the conductor. He lifted it with his thumb and forefinger, and bent over to look at it. Then he dropped it as though it burned his fingers, and turned to the president with something like consternation in his face.

"What does it say?" asked the president. "Why man, anybody would think 'twas dynamite with a live fuse attached to look at you. What's on the label, anyway?"

"It says 'John Kennedy, Peterborough.'"

"Holy Caesar!" exclaimed the president, springing to his feet. "Why that's the man who took my overcoat—the man I had arrested!"

"Yes, sir."

The president stood for a long time looking at his cigar. He recalled the pitiful pleadings of the man—his pale, agonized face, the unmanly tears.

"It'll drive my poor wife crazy," the man had said. "I haven't been home for six months—been railing back in the bush. She and the little ones are expecting me for Christmas."

Sir William thought of his own wife and family in his luxurious home in Montreal. They were waiting for him this Christmas eve, he knew, waiting and counting up the hours before he would return. Yet he had only been away two weeks. As a contrast he pictured some humble little home in Peterborough where a poor woman, who had not seen her husband for six months, was waiting this Christmas eve for his arrival. She would have scrubbed up the house till it looked as clean as a new pin. She would have a dainty meal ready for her husband and the president's imagination added the domestic touch of a kettle singing on the stove. She would have put clean what the little children, and probably at this moment, was telling them for the hundredth time, "Your father's coming home!" And the little children! Surely they were dancing about the house and saying, "Daddy's coming! Daddy's coming!" He knew what little children were! Lastly came a stinging thought. The baby carriage was probably meant for a new baby that the father had never seen.

The president began to repent. After all, what had the man done? Probably he really thought the overcoat was lost, and had picked it up just the same as a man might pick up a ten-dollar bill on the floor of a hotel, feeling he might as well have it as anybody else.

When the train got to the next station, Sir William jumped out and walked into the little station house.

"Give me that key," he said to the astonished operator. The president had been an operator in his early days, he at once sat down at the telegraph instrument and gave the call for Botany Junction. When he got through to that place he sent a message that considerably surprised the operator at the other end.

"Get Kennedy, the man arrested this evening, released immediately. His arrest was a regrettable mistake. Get out an engine and one car and immediately run a special through to Peterborough. Kennedy must get there to-night."

"By whose orders?" asked the operator at the other end.

"By order of the president, William Van Horne," was the reply.

At Peterborough station that night a woman named Kennedy, with a baby in her arms, and three or four little ones flocking around her, was considerably astonished to hear an important looking gentleman, who stepped from the train on which she had expected her husband, inquiring for her by name.

"Is Mrs. Kennedy here?" roared Sir William.

"Yes, sir," said the woman timidly. "I'm Mrs. Kennedy."

"Your husband is coming along on the next train," said Sir William.

"He'll be here in a couple of hours. Here, let me shake your hand and wish you a Merry Christmas. God bless you, ma'am! God bless you!"

He jumped on the train and was gone.

And in the hand that the president had shaken Mrs. Kennedy found a Christmas present. It was a twenty dollar bill!

Boiling Water.
Why is it that water will not always boil at the same temperature? Water boils whenever the outward pressure of the steam balances the inward pressure of the air, but the latter is not always the same. The barometer shows that. When the air presses heavily the steam will necessarily have to exercise greater force to overcome it than when it is low. This is why water boils at a lower temperature on the top of a mountain than at sea level. Water boils at 212 degrees F.

A Dark Hour Friend.
Jimson—Oh, yes; I knew old Jimson. He was a good sort. He did a very kind action once for me when the clouds were dark and threatening and the world looked so black. Pimston—What did he do? Jimson—He lent me an umbrella.—Boston Globe.

Safety First at Sea.
In nautical parlance the phrase "The three I's" means "Lead, lifeline and lookout"—these being the chief things ship from running aground.

Explained.
"This isn't my suit," said Hawkins to the pawnbroker. "This is a half dozen sizes smaller than mine."
"You are mistaken," replied the pawnbroker. "This is your suit, but it has been in soak so long that it has shrunk."

A new invention for ripening cotton prematurely seems unnecessary, seeing that Wall Street experts usually have a keen eye for the market and are paled along about May.

Dec. 21, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

11

Gordon Craig SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By RANDALL PARRISH
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I risked one more match to make certain of the opening through the wall. My eyes were not deceived. Here was a second, wood supported passage, unobstructed so far I could perceive, but black as pitch. I held the flaming splinter aloft, anxiously scanning the few feet thus revealed, but as it spluttered out, the red ash dropping to the floor, I felt renewed confidence that I was alone, unobserved. Whoever these assassins might be, they had departed, leaving only the helpless dead behind. No doubt they would come again to remove the bodies, to seek refuge in this hidden hole. But for the moment I was there undiscovered and must utilize each precious instant for discovery and escape. With reckless energy, a desire to break away from those gruesome surroundings, I sprang into the darkness. I crept forward, feeling the smooth wall with eager fingers, my right hand still nervously gripping the pistol butt. Then I came to the door, similar to the other, although no groping about would reveal the catch or enable me to force it open.

Again I struck a match, guarding the infant flame with both hands against a slight draft which threatened its extinction. I caught a glimpse of a shadow on the wall and made one swift, automatic effort to leap aside, dropping the fatal match. The movement was too late. Something despatched crashing upon my head, and I pitched forward into unconsciousness. It must be I lay there practically dead for some time. I had no knowledge of being approached or handled, and yet every pocket was rifed, the pistol jerked from my hand and my coat ripped from my body. Like so much carrion the fellows had flung me back against the wall so as to make room for the swinging open of the door. Little by little, slowly, comprehending now what had occurred and warmed by the sound of voices not far away, I changed posture slightly, stretching out cramped and aching limbs and so turning my head as to enable me to see along the passage, where a ray of light streamed.

I lay on my back, looking toward the black shadow behind the door, which stood partially ajar. My position precluded any possibility of leaping what was beyond that wooden barrier, but I could plainly view the entire north portion of the interior, although the only light radiated from a flickering candle. One edge of the table came within my vision, a man sitting beside it, his back turned toward me. He was smoking a short stemmed pipe and contented himself with a growling, indistinct utterance when addressed. Opposite, however, was a man of a different type, slender and active, his hair very dark and incited to curl, a rather long face, slightly olive-hued, with a small mustache waxed at the ends. His black, sparkling eyes attracted me first, and then his long, shapely hands. These grasped a sheet of paper, and I noticed others, including several unopened envelopes, lying before him on the table. He laughed a bit unpleasantly, a row of white teeth visible beneath the dark mustache.

"It's just as I thought, Herman," he said genially. "The fellow is a mere adventurer. There will be no one to take his disappearance seriously." "But some one knows he came here." "Only the two who sent him, and they'll never dare tell, and the woman. She is safe enough. Nigger Pete drove them out here, and we can close his mouth easily enough. It's been easy, Herman, and now with these two settled it leaves me a clear field."

"Maybe so—yes. But what you think it all means? I would know how, yet was they come?" "The younger man, shunned the papers restlessly, his eyes on the face of the other." "I confess there are some details missing," Herman, he said slowly, "but, in the main, it is clear enough. I take it this man Nettle is a rascal. He went north to find the heir, discovered that he was either dead or had disappeared, ran into some scamp of the same kidney as himself and, between them, determined to cop the coin. That's my guess. Then they picked up this penniless soldier, who, by the way, resembles the missing son a bit, and sent him down here to play the part."

"Well, maybe so. But what about the girl, hey?" "Some one they picked out, the streets. He's told to do it in this letter. They thought it best to prove their man married and so had to procure a woman. We won't have any trouble with her." "What you do to be sure?" "Turn her loose in New Orleans with a few dollars," he said carelessly. "All she knows about the affair can't hurt us if she does squeal. There are plenty of ways to shut her mouth. I'll know better how to handle her case right when I see her. Broussard is a long time at his job."

"Perhaps she fight him—hey?" "The worse for her—that creole is a wildcat. But I wish he would hurry, so we can get through the case on the

CHAPTER X. Taken Prisoner

THE newcomer passed so close beside me I could feel his foot touch mine. The door remained ajar and, if escape was possible, now was the time. With head reeling dizzily, I crept through the opening, yet held the latch, fascinated by the first spoken words within. "Well, Broussard, what is it?" "All seen to, sir?" "The bodies are planted, then?" "The men attend to that." "And the woman?" "On her way, there was no trouble. Sallie had her dagger, but I took it. I expected she would. Then that finishes our job here, Herman, and the quicker we are off the better. We got the fellow after you left. Broussard hit him a bit too hard, it seems, but no one will ever investigate, so it's just as well. Adventure named Craig, just discharged from the army."

"Where is he?" "Lying there in the passage behind the door. Have Peters and Sambury him along with the others and then join us. We'll go about." I shut the door and started down the passage. For a dozen steps it was black as night. Then there was a sharp swerve to the right and a gleam of daylight in the far distance. Already they were at the barrier, and I ran forward recklessly, eager to escape into the open. The way was clear, the floor rising slightly, yet without obstructions. I could hear voices, the pounding of feet behind, and I made desperate effort to outdistance my pursuers. That they were merciless I knew, and my only hope lay in attaining some hiding place in the weeds before they could emerge into the daylight. I thought of nothing else. But as I burst, straining and breathless, into the open hands gripped me from both sides. An instant I struggled to break free, fighting with a mad ferocity, which nearly accomplished the purpose. But they were too many for me. So Broussard's belt was strapped tightly, binding my hands helplessly to my sides, and I was hurled over so that I started up blindly into the face of the fellow in command. His black eyes were sneering, while the unpleasant smile revealed a row of white teeth.

"Great God, man!" he exclaimed. "You must have the skull of an elephant. Are you actually alive?" "Very much so," I gasped, defiant still. "Maybe finish, been mousie, questioned Broussard, with knee still planted on my chest. Then he not talk, hey?" "The leader laughed, with a wave of the hand. "You take the fellow far too seriously. Let him up. I'll find a way to close his mouth, if it ever be necessary. Besides, he knows nothing to do any harm."

Out of the depth of despair and defeat there had come an animating ray of hope: they were going to take me with them. Even as a prisoner I should be near her, would yet be able to dig out the truth. "You take him along, monsieur?" It was Broussard's voice. "Zat vat you mean?" "Certainly. Why not? There's plenty of work for another hand on board. Trust me to break him in. Come, the lad along, boys. I'll be with you in a minute." They drove me forward roughly enough. We emerged into an open space, from which I saw the chimneys of the old house far away to our left. The path led onward into another reed patch, beyond, down a steep ravine, and then before us stretched the lonely waters of the bayou. Hidden under the drooping foliage of the bank was a small boat, a negro in the stern, was thrust in unceremoniously, the three others following, each man shipping an oar into the row locks. Herman alone remained on shore, scattering the embers of a small fire and staring back toward the house. A few moments we waited in silence; then the slender figure of the one who seemed the leading spirit emerged from out the cane. Herman joined us, the latter taking the tiller, the former pushing off and springing alertly into the bow.

Lying between the thwarts, face turned upward, all I could see and hear was the black oarsman, although occasionally, when he turned forward, I caught glimpses of the fellow I believed to be the captain of the strange crew. Our boat skirted the shore, keeping close within the concealing shadows, as evidenced by overhanging trees. Twenty minutes elapsed, ere we were scraping along the side of a vessel of some size. I was hustled roughly to my feet and bundled aboard. My head still reeled dizzily, and the two men gripping my arms hurried me over the rail so swiftly my first impressions were extremely vague. I knew the sides of the vessel were painted a dull gray, as nearly an invisible color as could be conceived. I recall the sharp sweep of her bow, the clearness of her lines and the long sweep of her rail. Less than 1,000 tons burden, I thought, and then as my eyes swept aloft, and along the decks I knew her for either a private yacht, or tropic fruit steamer. "First stateroom, second cabin," said a new voice sharply. "Lively now!" "Shall we unloose the ropes, sir?" "Yes. Fasten the door and leave a guard. Stow away the boat, Broussard. Everything ready, captain."



"She am de Sea Gull, an' a mighty fine boat, sah."

heard. But she was a prisoner, and this vessel would be the most likely place for her to be confined. I sat up, my flesh burning, and stared about. The light shining through the single closed port was dim, convincing me the sun had already set. As I got to my feet I could feel a faint throbbing of the engine and realized we were moving slowly through the water. The glass of the porthole was thick, but clear. I knelt on the berth and looked out, dimly perceiving the shore line slipping past, with an ever broadening stretch of water intervening. Then I sat down helplessly on the stool and waited for something to occur. Escape was impossible. "The man who appeared to be the chief had said he would turn the girl free in New Orleans, where she could do them no harm. New Orleans, then, was doubtless the port for which we sailed. It was clear they meant no personal harm to her, and they would never have brought me on board alive if they had deemed it necessary to otherwise dispose of me. These considerations, and, in the main, reassurances, as I turned them over in my mind I drifted into better humor. Besides, my head ceased to ache. It was fully an hour after the coming of darkness before I was disturbed. Then the door opened, and the entering gleam of a light swinging in the passage revealed the grinning negro steward bearing a well filled tray. He deposited in the berth, while applying a match to the lamp overhead. I saw no shadow of any guard outside, but the fellow made no effort to close the door, and I did not move, confident he was not alone. "Say, George, what boat is this?" I asked. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Singing of Carols.

The custom of singing carols is still maintained in Italy, indeed, on the continent, caroling at Christmas is almost universal—and particularly in Rome, where, during the season of Advent, pilgrims may be seen and heard performing their novenas. These pilgrims, who, by the way, are shepherds from the Galabrian mountains, annually flock to Rome at this season. Their picturesque costume is thus described: "On their heads they wear conical felt hats, adorned with a frayed peacock's feather or a faded band of red cords and tassels. Their bodies are clad in red waistcoats, blue jackets and small coats of skin or yellowish homespun cloth. Skin sandals are bound to their feet with cords that interlace each other up the leg as far as the knee, and over all is worn a long brown or blue cloak, with a short cape buckled closely round the neck. Sometimes, but rarely, this cloak is of a deep red with a scalloped cape."

"There are many beautiful stories associated with the origin of the first Christmas tree. One legend says that on the holy night all nature, even the animals and the trees, was rejoicing and that the cedars, instead of pointing their branches upward as pointed, slender trees, spread their branches wide to protect the mother and her new born child."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 26, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Hos. xiv.—Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. ciii, 8. Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Lesson I.—Elijah in Naboth's vineyard, I Kings xxi, 1-20. Golden Text, Num. xxii, 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The wicked may act as if they owned this world and may oppress and even kill those who seem to have no helper, but "He that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they" (Eccl. v. 8). The blood of the righteous Abel cried unto God (Gen. iv. 10; Matt. xxiii, 35). Lesson II.—Elijah taken up into heaven, II Kings ii, 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. xvi, 11, "In Thy presence is fullness of joy. In Thy right hand, there are pleasures forevermore." It is especially helpful in this lesson to note the devotion of Elijah and how he steadfastly clung to Elijah, and received that which his heart desired. The two going on, together suggest how we may walk with God if we will.

Lesson III.—Elisha, heals Naaman, the Syrian, II Kings v, 1-14. Golden Text, Ex. xv, 26, "I am Jehovah that healeth thee." A little captive maid and a great man of God used to magnify the God of Israel in the healing of Naaman, the great man of Syria, who was a leper. Naaman had thought as to how he should be healed, but they were vain. Humility and obedience are essential. The gifts of God cannot be bought.

Lesson IV.—Elisha's heavenly defenders, II Kings vi, 8-17. Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 7, "The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Vain are the efforts of man against a child of God unless God permit. He delivered the king of Israel from the king of Syria by His servant Elisha. He delivered Elisha in a wonderful way by sending blindness on those who sought him. He caused Elisha's servant to see the angelic hosts. Lesson V.—The boy Joash crowned king, II Kings xi, 4-12. Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 11, "The house of the wicked shall be overthrowed, but the tent of the upright shall flourish." This is another instance of heavenly care and preservation and of God watching over His Word to perform it, for if all the seed royal had been slain the Word of God to David would have failed. The preservation of Joash was to preserve the line of David. God uses human agencies.

Lesson VI.—Joash repairs the temple, II Kings xii, 4-16. Golden Text, II Cor. ix, 7, "God loveth a cheerful giver." Both the miracle and the temple said that God was in the midst of His people, and needed to the temple was an insult to God. Athaliah had treated the temple with the same contempt that she treated God, but Joash obtained funds in the appointed way by willing offerings and repaired the temple and restored the worship. Lesson VII.—Daniel in the king's court, Dan. i, 8-20. Golden Text, I Cor. xvi, 13, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." Here is the purpose of heart which glorifies God and obtains wisdom beyond all human wisdom; a purpose to be one of God's undefiled ones who walk in His way (Ps. exli, 1); a man who would stand calmly before kings because He stood before God.

Lesson VIII.—Jonah's missionary to Nineveh, Jonah i, 1-10. Golden Text, Matt. xxviii, 19, 20, "Go ye therefore, and, as I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." A striking lesson on God's unwillingness that any should perish, and His difficulty in finding willing messengers; also the great results from preaching the message He bids us, then the fore-shadowing of the conversion of nations by a converted Israel.

Lesson IX.—Amos the fearless prophet, Amos v, 1-15. Golden Text, Jer. xxiii, 28, "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." The great need of believers is to be turned away from all idols, and especially from self, to walk with and serve the Living God, who has revealed to us by the prophets His purpose, that we may be fully agreed with Him.

Lesson X.—Uzziah's pride and punishment, II Chron. xxvi, 8-21. Golden Text, Prov. xxix, 23, "A man's pride shall bring him low, but he that is of lowly spirit shall obtain honor." We have seen a great man healed of leprosy when he was willing to be humble and obedient, but here is a great king becoming proud and dying a leper. God resisteth pride, but blesses humility.

Lesson XI.—Jehovah yearns over backsliding Israel, Hosea x, 1-11. Golden Text, Hosea, xi, 4, "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." Israel the Son of God contrasted with Christ, the True Israel; the one utterly selfish and sinful; the other with no self and no sin. As the Father loves the Son, so He loves us and would have us live in His love (John xv, 9). Our difficulty is that we do not know Him.

Lesson XII.—The song of the angels, Luke ii, 8-20. Golden Text, Luke ii, 10, "Be not afraid, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." Note simple faith of the shepherds and their making known what they saw and heard. Consider the ministry of angels at His birth, in the wilderness, in Gethse-

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What the Chimes Say

"Do Good! Do Good!"
They Ring Out at Christmas.

How plainly the Christmas chimes seem to ring out to all, both rich and poor: "Ye who would be truly happy, do good, do good! Live not for yourselves, for there is no joy in selfishness. Dispel the grief and want you see everywhere around you. Give freely of what you have and thereby lay up treasures in heaven." Thus chime the bells, and he who hears their solemn warning while merrily they ring may have his Christmas blessing if he will.

Happiness! It is a divine gift, and man is godlike, if ever, when he fills some human heart with joy. "What was it but a laudable desire to render all mankind joyful at Christmas which impelled people in the olden time to open their homes and their hearts as well to all alike at Christmas that all might enter and share the Christmas feast? Friend or stranger, it mattered not, the master welcomed all, and all men who would partook of his bounty. No man sat down alone beside his Christmas fire, wrapped in his own selfishness and careless of others' comfort. No, the great Yule log was brought with pomp and much rejoicing from the wildwood, a mighty fire was kindled upon the hearth, and the whole neighborhood gathered around to share the genial warmth, while bright eyes danced with glee as the Christmas boughs cracked merrily in the ruddy blaze. The flush of joy was on every cheek, and every honest heart throbbled with gratitude and homely pleasures. The wassail bowl went round, blithe carols were sung, and merry lads and maidens danced under the mistletoe boughs.

Christmas, which was also called Yuletide, lasted a fortnight, and everybody had leisure to spare until the Christmas revels ended with the masques, the plays and the mad frolics of Twelfth Night. But nowadays how things are changed! Even the wreck between Christmas and New Year's is full of industry, and few are those who devote all their time to enjoyment. The great heartstones of ancestral halls have disappeared. There are no wide chimney nooks wherein the brownies may lurk in cozy comfort, and heaven only knows where our penates hide—perhaps in the piano box or up in the chandeliers.

Enemies to Peace.

Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us—viz, avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride. If those enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—Petrarch

NOT ENOUGH CHILDREN

ever receive the proper balance of food to sufficiently nourish both body and brain during the growing period when nature's demands are greater than in mature life. This is shown in so many pale faces, lean bodies, frequent colds, and lack of ambition.

For all such children we say with unmitigated earnestness: "They need Scott's Emulsion, and need it now. It possesses in concentrated form the very food elements to enrich their blood. It changes weakness to strength; it makes them sturdy and strong and active."

A Wish For the Holiday Season

THINE own wish wish I thee in every place, The Christmas joy, the songs, the feast, the cheer; Thine be the light of love in every face That looks on thee to bless thy coming year. My own wish wish I thee—what dost thou crave? All thy dear hopes be thine, whatever they be. A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave. I wish thee wisdom's eyes whenever with to see. Behold, she stands and waits, the youth, full year! A breeze of morning breathes about her brow; She holds the storm and sunshine, bliss and fear. Blossoms and fruit upon the bending boughs. She brings thee gifts. What blessing wilt thou choose? Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above? The one immortal joy thou canst not lose Is love! Leave all the rest and choose thou love.

—Celia Thaxter.

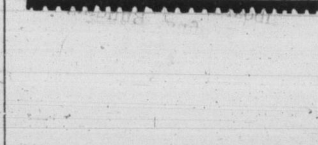
Indians In Columbus' Day.

It has been computed that at the time of the arrival of Columbus there were 25,000,000 Indians in North and South America!

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

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DISTRICT NEWS.

APPLETON.

Special to THE HERALD.

Mr. Fred Mason, who has been attending the Normal School at Ottawa, is spending the holidays with his mother here.

Mrs. Lorne Fumerton and children are spending a few days with friends in Ashton.

Misses Ida Houston and Maggie Lush spent the week-end in Ottawa.

Mr. Thos. Deachman, of Carleton Place, preached in the Methodist church on Sunday afternoon.

Rev. J. J. Monds, of Carleton Place, exchanged pulpits with Rev. A. D. Fraser and preached two very fine sermons on Sunday.

Your correspondent wishes the Herald staff and readers a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

FRANKTOWN.

(Received too late for last issue.)

An adjourned meeting of the cheese factory patrons was held on Saturday evening with a very good attendance.

Winter seems to have set in, in dead earnest and the good supply of snow has made the sleighing first class.

Dr. Hugh McEwen, of Smiths Falls, was a week-end visitor with friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Stapledon, a resident of Saskatchewan, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Anderson.

Mrs. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa, visited with Mrs. Lowry over the week-end.

Miss Patterson, of Smiths Falls, was the guest of Mrs. P. McEwen over Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Angus McLellan, of Carleton Place, visited her old home here this week.

The big event of this week, if not of the season, was the Presbyterian church anniversary on Sunday and Monday. Large congregations assembled at both morning and evening services on the Sabbath, the spacious church being filled with devout and attentive congregations who appreciated very warmly the eloquent and earnest preaching of Rev. C. W. Nichol, of Ottawa.

On Monday evening the annual social gathering was held, a bountiful supper being served by the ladies of the congregation in the basement, after which all repaired to the church auditorium where a programme of musical and literary programme was gone through.

Rev. Mr. Lowry, on taking the chair, expressed his pleasure and gratitude at the loyalty and devotion of the congregation for another year and their sincere thanks to the Most High God for his care and mercy to their church and to the nation in the present trying and perilous time in the affairs of the world.

A select choir, under the very efficient leadership of Mr. D. R. Ferguson, rendered beautiful anthems, and solos were given by Miss Sutton, Mr. Arthur Williamson and Mr. H. Morton, and popular readings by Miss Lizzie Henderson. A stirring patriotic address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Topping, of the Methodist church, dealing fully with the war situation, which was enthusiastically received. The singing of the national anthem closed the entertainment.

Mr. Thomas Scott and family, of Goulbourn, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Hughton and family on Sunday last.

Mrs. Capt. Edwards and Miss Edwards returned from a visit to Smiths Falls.

ALMONT.

From the Times.

Mr. W. Gilmour has returned home from the West after spending three months with friends there.

Mr. J. Thompson, of Port Hope, has taken a position as teller in the Bank of Montreal here. He succeeds Mr. Purdy, who has resigned.

Messrs. J. Earnshaw and J. Pullar and Miss A. Murray, of town, have been successful in passing the civil service examinations held in Ottawa a short time ago.

Mr. James King, who has been engaged as cheesemaker at the Rosedale cheese factory for the past season, has moved his family to town and will reside here in the future.

Mr. R. L. McDonald has been appointed financial manager of the Almonte rink, and Mr. Alex. Houston caretaker.

From the Gazette.

Miss Edeline Ramsay is coming from New York to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Ramsay.

The Ramsay Township Farmers' Club met in the council chamber of Almonte town hall on Saturday, Dec. 11th, at two p.m. All the officers were re-elected. The audited report was read and adopted, showing a most successful year.

for the Club. Mr. P. S. Harding, B.S.A., Perth, was present and gave an outline of the Short Courses which are to be given in Almonte by the Department of Agriculture. These courses begin Jan. 5th, and last for one month.

Mr. H. Purdy, teller in the Bank of Montreal, has resigned, and after a week or so spent in New York will enter a technical school in Detroit. Mr. J. S. Thompson, of Port Hope succeeds Mr. Purdy here.

Mr. Wm. Lodge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gull Lodge of Arnprior, has enlisted and has joined the 32nd Battery, C.F.A. He enlisted some time ago with the flying corps, but was rejected.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. White expect to leave on Monday or Tuesday of next week for Florida, where they will spend some time at St. Petersburg, in that sunny part of Uncle Sam's domains.

Try TAYLOR BROS. for your next load of Dry Mixed Wood. \$1.50 and \$1.75.

LANARK.

From the Era.

Mr. Wm. Roberts, eldest son of Mr. John Roberts, Lanark, has enlisted with the 130th Battalion and has gone to Perth to train.

Mr. Thos. P. Brown, who recently gave up his position as boss dyer in the Clyde Woollen Mill, and sailed for his old home in Scotland, has enlisted with the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Mr. John Gemmill is seriously ill with appendicitis and last night had an operation performed. He is still in a weak condition.

News reached Mr. M. J. Ballantine on Saturday that his nephew, Mr. Charles Armstrong, had been killed in action in an engagement on the Gallipoli peninsula on Wednesday, Nov. 24th.

The young hero was a native of Herron's Mills, born there thirty years ago. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Armstrong, moved to Vancouver some fifteen years ago, accompanied by their family.

Three years ago Charlie went to Australia and at the outbreak of the war enlisted with the 6th Field Ambulance, Force, which went to the Dardanelles, where some of the fiercest fighting of the whole war has taken place. Deceased was well known in Lanark and his many young friends here will regret to hear of his death.

Mr. Thomas Easton, of Lammernmoor, died at his late residence this morning, Wednesday.

Miss Margaret Kay died last Thursday, Dec. 9th, at the home of Mr. Robert Majaury, Clydeville. She had been troubled with bronchitis and caught more cold which developed into inflammation of the kidneys and caused death.

The death of Mr. Thos. Molyneux, sr., which occurred at his home near Watson's Corners on Saturday night last, removes from this mundane sphere one who was a popular figure in this neighborhood during his lifelong residence therein of over four-score years.

The end came rather suddenly and was caused by a blood clot on the brain which affected him seriously only two days prior to death. Mr. Molyneux was a native of Lanark township, having been born on the old Majaury farm near Hopetown over 85 years ago, and his whole lifetime, with the exception of the past three years that he has been living in Dalhousie, was spent in Lanark township.

After two days illness Thos. S. Rintoul passed away at Keoma, Alberta, on Saturday morning, Dec. 4th at the age of 40 years. Deceased was quite active till a few days ago and death was due to hemorrhage of the brain. Mr. Rintoul was born at Brightside, in 1875.

Mrs. Finlay Gunn, died last Wednesday, Dec. 8th, after a long-continued illness. Ann Baird was born in Lanark village, the daughter of James and Annie Craig. When very young her mother died and Ann went to live with her grandfather, the late Andrew Baird, at Hopetown. On Dec. 14th, 1876, Finlay Gunn and Ann Baird were married. For eleven years they lived on the farm now owned by William Gibson, 2nd line Lanark; twenty-six years at Hopetown, and the past two years in Lanark. The family are two daughters—Mrs. Alf. Park, Boyds, and Jessie at home.

TAYLOR'S deliver the Coal that Burns, NUT, STOVE and Etc. always on hand.

The Ontario Government appointed Mr. E. P. Heaton, a Toronto insurance expert, fire marshal of the Province.

Sir Frederick E. Barker, former Chief Justice of New Brunswick, and an ex-Commoner and Senator, is dead.

The license of the Strathcona Hotel, Toronto, was suspended for two weeks because of the sale of liquor to soldiers.

The death sentence on Hubert T. King for the murder of Eddie Nicholson.

THE MINISTER'S BRIDE.

The popular drama, known by the above name, was presented in the town hall last Thursday evening by the young people of Zion Church, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society, and was greeted with a full house. There are four scenes in the play: 1st, The preparation for the home-coming of the pastor and his bride, the ladies of the congregation putting the manse in order; 2nd, The pastor and his bride at home, the members of the congregation calling to extend their greetings; 3rd, Incidents in the Minister's Experience, even to a marriage in the study; 4th, A Social Party at the Minister's home, in which the members of the congregation take part. The setting, the acting, and the music were exceptionally good, and the result was a unique success.

The cast consisted of about thirty characters, with quaint names, as follows:

Rev. John West, Norman Dunlop.
Mrs. West, Jean McCallum.
Joe Crabbe, Huntley Sinclair.
Mrs. Crabbe, Nellie Kells.
Mrs. Betterdays, Mossie Sinclair.
Mrs. Sharpe, Ethel McEwen.
Mrs. Charity, Verna Devlin.
Mrs. Seegood, Edith Kells.
Amos Right, Frank Donald.
Molly Charity, Edith McCallum.
Miss Smiley, Mabel McNeely.
Jim Curtis, Omer Fleming.
Miranda Meek, Kate McNab.
Sheila Jones, Queenie Allen.
Robert Spence, Wm. Sinclair.
Janet Heather, Jessie Simpson.
Ephraim Snelgrove, Frank McDougall.
Ananias Ticklepither, Denesha Duff.
Mrs. Penelope Geethrow, Mrs. D. Findlay.
Josephine Fiddlesticks, Miss McLean.
Jemima Crosshaul, Mrs. F. McRostie.
Samantha Strategy, Miss Fife.
Forepaw Tarbox, Mr. A. Dunlop.
Misses Tintintabulation.

L. and D. Dunlop.
Elder Dagstack, C. C. Brown.
Mr. Pecksniff (Accompanist) J. W. Given.

The ladies were attired in gowns of long ago, some of them very fine, and the gentlemen were certainly not of the present generation. Each of the characters appeared quite at home in the part, and the presentation was alike creditable to the performers and to their tutor, Miss Fife. Between the scenes instrumental music was furnished by the Gordon Orchestra and two solos were very acceptably rendered by Mr. C. C. Brown, "Mother Machree" and "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie."

The following programme was rendered in the fourth scene, being exceptionally well done:

Chorus—"Ye Banks and Braes," Cast.
Duet—"The Cauld Blast," Mrs. Penelope Geethrow, Miss Jemima Crosshaul.
Solo—"Afton Water," Janet Heather.
Recitation—"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," Miss Samantha Strategy.
Solo—"The Last Rose of Summer," Miss Sheila Jones.
Piano Duet—"Military Galop," The Misses Tintintabulation.

Duet—"Beautiful Bells," Miss Smiley, Miss Ananias Ticklepither.
Quartet—"I Cannot Sing the Old Song," Jemima Crosshaul, Josephine Fiddlesticks, Janet Heather, Sheila Jones.

"Auld Lang Syne."
At the conclusion of the play a pantomime, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," was presented by seven young ladies in Grecian costumes, who expressed by motions the sentiment of the hymn as it was sung by Mr. Brown with chorus, colored lights adding to the beauty of the scene. A patriotic tableau concluded the entertainment, which is said to have been one of the best local performances given for many a day, the singing being especially good, several of the numbers being a surprise to the audience.

An effort is being made to have the programme repeated in aid of some of the worthy charities of the day.

Fire in a Dresser at Perth.

Saturday night shortly after eight o'clock the town firemen were called out, but happily their services were not required. The fire was in Mrs. William Cooper's house on Church street, and was of peculiar origin. Shortly before the alarm was given she noticed a strong odor of smoke coming downstairs from the rooms above, and on going up to investigate Mrs. Cooper found the inside of one of her bedroom dressers on fire. The blaze had not gained sufficient headway in the dresser to break through when discovered but the smoke was coming through every available opening. With the assistance of the neighbors the dresser was carried downstairs and out into the yard, where several pails of water quenched the blaze, but not before the interior and contents of the dresser were a complete loss. The origin of the fire is unknown.—Perth Courier.

The United States has abolished the embargo on potatoes from Canada.

Germany is once more reported to be considering an invasion of England.

The Kaiser has forbidden any Christmas celebrations in Germany.

Germany has asked Turkey to assist in driving the Allies out of Saloniki.

Serbia states that not one intact gun was allowed to fall into enemy hands.

Sixteen persons were killed in a triple railway collision near Newcastle, England.

An escaped British prisoner says the German authorities fear a revolt of the people.

Emerson D. Shelley was hanged at Simcoe for the murder of Christian Shop.

The troopship Orduna, with 1,093 officers and men aboard, reached England safely.

Austrian prisoners-of-war interned at Petawawa have refused to work, taking advantage of a recent ruling of the courts.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

During last week 483 men were enlisted in Toronto.

British guns silenced the enemy's batteries near Ypres.

Newfoundland has stopped cod liver oil from the Germans.

An unidentified old woman was killed by a street car in Toronto.

Great Britain has barred any more women from visiting Egypt.

The Emperor of Abyssinia has offered 200,000 troops to the allies.

Germany threatens to expel the Entente Allies from Saloniki.

The Austrians have executed two Americans as spies at Gorizia.

A French Commission is coming to investigate purchase in Canada for its Government.

French Commissioners visiting Toronto see great prospects for future trade with Canada.

The Serbians in the recent campaign captured 750 officers and 42,000 men belonging to the enemy.

Great Britain probed the charge that food was sent from the United States to Germany by parcel post.

Huge transports are constantly arriving at Saloniki, with reinforcements for the Allies' Balkan army.

The British army, as a result of Lord Derby's recruiting scheme, is now estimated at 5,000,000 men.

France is turning some of her prisoners over to Great Britain, having more than she could handle.

The Premier of Greece says that in no case will Bulgarian troops be permitted to set foot on Greek soil.

George Pearn was burned to death in a fire at Sault Ste. Marie, being unable through illness to make his escape.

Wm. Ferguson, formerly of North Bay, came back there from Crescent City, California, to join the 159th Battalion.

The Quebec Provincial Government has resolved to rigorously enforce the law against Sunday labor in shops and factories.

Bulgarian losses in recent fighting were out of all proportion to those of the British, as they attacked in massed formation.

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company of Toronto and the Sun Life Assurance Company of Montreal, have amalgamated.

Trade figures for November show Canadian exports to be double imports, and an increase of 100 per cent over November 1914.

The French army is now the most efficient in Europe, according to Mr. E. A. Powell, returned war correspondent of The New York World.

Mr. Thos. Garland, a well-known commercial traveller, died at Ottawa, last week, aged 69 years. He was a native of North Gower.

Quebec will have more volunteers than can be equipped before the end of the winter, according to Hon. Mr. Blouin, Secretary of State.

Three arrests have been made in a conspiracy to destroy the Welland Canal and a fourth party is in custody of American Government officials.

Judge Thos. W. Benson, former Senior Judge of Northumberland and Durham, died at his home in Port Hope after two days' illness of pneumonia.

Wilfrid Curtis, aged about seventeen, was accidentally shot and instantly killed by his companion, Bert Craig, while hunting rabbits near Clatham.

The young Emperor of Abyssinia is so well disposed toward the Allies that he has offered them 200,000 soldiers to be used as their necessities demand.

Because the glycerine it contains has been used by the Germans in making explosives, restrictions have been placed on the export of cod liver oil from Newfoundland.

The main east and west headings of the Rogers Pass tunnel through Mount Macdonald, on the C.P.R., were connected, 6,000 feet below the surface, near Glacier, B.C.

Chief of Police Edward Morand of Ford, is alleged to have caused the arrest of citizens, releasing them afterwards on payment of sums of money for him not to prosecute.

Three harvesters coming home for Christmas were killed in a train wreck near Fort William Saturday night: Adam Holmes, of Seaford, and George Leach and D. H. Leach, of Bayfield, Ont.

The German Government has refused to liberate Hon. Dr. H. S. Beland, former Postmaster-General of Canada, but is willing to exchange him for Lieut. Rintelen, under sentence of death for espionage.

Dissension on the Ark.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The correspondent of The Daily Mail aboard the Ford peace ship Oscar II. telegraphs from Christiania:

"Dissensions among the members of the peace party are as widespread and bitter as they were on the day following the mutiny which was precipitated by an attempt to coerce the delegates into signing a declaration censuring President Wilson for his preparedness plan. There is no disguising the fact that a majority of the pilgrims now realize that they are on a fool's errand."

Recruits Now Exceed 205,000.

OTTAWA, Dec. 20.—The recruits during the first fifteen days of December numbered 12,500, and the total since the outbreak of the war is now 205,000. Ontario has contributed 77,000; Manitoba and Saskatchewan, 37,500; Quebec, 24,000; Alberta, 21,000; Maritime Provinces, 20,000, and British Columbia, 20,000. This is about one in 39 of the total population.

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