#ADVOCATE

Vol. 1.-No. 47.

Toronto, Canada, Thursday, December 27, 1894.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



A Fair Sailor.

THE SECRET OF THE SIBYL.

The mighty train of the great King Solomon halted upon the edge of the oasis. The luxuriously caparisoned camels knelt, and the warriors who bestrode knett, and the warrors with restrict them, glittering in brass inlaid with costly metals, descended and stretched their stiffened limbs beneath the grateful shade of the palm trees, while the hurry ing slaves hastily erected the gorgeous tents dyed with saffron and Tyrian purtents dyed with salfron and Tyrian pur-ple. All around them spread the level waste of the red sand, over which the burning simoon poured forth its fiery breath. Far in the distance a rugged mountain chain raised huge heaps of rock against the glowing horizon.

It was upon this mountain spur, and upon this alone that the eyes of the aged monarch were bent. Feeble and trembling with the weakness of extreme old age, yet with an eager and almost passioninterest depicted in his speaking countenance, he stood apart from his followers, searching with yet undimmed eye

the mystery of the distance.

"Let my people stay here," he said, addressing the High Priest, who stood

This was an old woman, old with an Shrieveled in every unspeakable age. Shrieveled in every limb, wrinkled in every feature, her hair bleached to an almost transparent whitethere was little left about her to suggest kinship to the living world, save the mystic and awful gleam of the dark sunk deep within their caverno sockets. Gazing into those half-hidden orbs, even the most wise of mortals felt his mighty intellect palsied with the appre-hension of a knowledge deeper than the

profoundest conceptions of imagination.

"Mother of Wisdom," he said feebly
behold the appointed hour! I come he said feebly hearfrom thy lips the secret of the utmost, highest and most perfect knowledge of womanhood. Speak therefore and tell it unto me, that that may cone to pass which was written, so that, knowing all that may be known unto man, I may also know the most that may be known unto woman.

Slowly the withered lips opened, and in a voice deep, yet distant and musical, like the sound of waters within the inmost hollows of the earth, the Sibyl spake,

saying : "Oh, my son, if thou wouldst learn the

rocks, where sat the object of his long head. And then, pointing to where, on the northern horizon, the apex of Cheops. flanked by the lesser pyramids, stood sharply outlined against the sky, he added with a sigh, "nor in theirs.

AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

There was supreme rejoicing in the camp of the French Army, which had but that day been led to victory by their great chieftain, Joan of Arc, and which was now encamped upon ground won at overwhelming odds from a heretofore suc-cessful opponent. The celebration of cessful opponent. The celebration of their victory was carried on with delirious ardor. Patriotism, greed and wine, all contributed to arouse the wild enthusiasm which the soldiers exhibited. Forgetful of their exhaustion, they rushed from

of their exhaustion, they rushed from camp-fire to camp-fire, and again and again drained bumpers to Joan, the great captain — the Savior of France: There was one group of huge fighting men, each of whom bore one or more of blood-stained bundages, among whom the repositing was of the highest. Yet in this group was one who sat silent.

PIC-NIC parties should not fail to include in the lunch basket a supply of ST. JACOBS OIL

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WHEREIN HE DIFFERED,

"Here, don't be a hog," protests Everett Wrest, who thought his comparion was holding on to the can a little to

"I ain't no hog," explained Disna
"I ain't no hog," explained Disna
"A hog do know when he ha
enough, all reports to the contrary no
withstanding; but when I've got enough
I don't know nothing at all."

And He Flew,



There's no use in calling a stove man, 1'll-



" Fix the flue myself.



" Any child can do it, and-



Just then a leg broke.

near him with bowed head; "but thou and I must cross yonder sands ere night that the desire of my heart may be Yet will I also take with me fulfilled. the child, my grandchild, even the son of my son's wife, that if what I am to hear be for mortal ears, peradventure it may be for him to hand the saying down unto the sons of men. For lo! within this hour shall I not see the Wise Woman, the wisest of all women, even she that hath learned the secret of the Whole Wisdom of Womanhood? And unto me, who have all the wisdom of man and am the wisest or all men, it shall now be given to know the utmost wisdom whereunto woman may

With the sturdy frame of the High Priest supporting his faltering steps, the aged sage set out, leading by the hand his little grandson, a bright boy of seven. Long and hard was the way, and even un-der the desliving sun the shifting sup-der the desliving sun the shifting supder the declining sun the shifting sands burned their feet. To surmount the footburned their feet. To surmount the foot-hills of the rocky range was a task requir-ing almost incredible exertion; and it was almost in a fainting condition that the wises of kings and men at length found himself in front of the bleak and wide-swept niche, in a projection of the

utmost wisdom to which a woman may at tain, listen and incline thine ear."

And Solomon said, "I listen."

Then said the Sibyl, "Lo! this is the

eginning of the end

"The woman who naggeth a man when his stomach is empty shall get emptiness for her pains; and she who asketh her wish of him when his stomach is full shall have even unto her heart's desire. And when this thing is learned of womankind. then shall the rule and dominion of the earth pass from the man to the woman, and he shall be her bond-slave and shall

execute her will." And Solomon bowed himself unto the arth and worshiped at her feet, saying :
"Verily thou art the Mother of Wis-

dom and knowledge is thy handmaiden."

And so saying they went forth of the place, for the pilgrimage of Solomon was at an end. But as they went, the little child, Ben Him, the grandson of Solomon by his ninety-seventh wife, said softly to

And when, O My Grandfather! will

"And when, O My Grandather: whi women learn this mighty secret?"
"Not in mytime nor in thine, my son," said the venerable monarch, laying his hand tenderly upon the boy's golden

Presently his abstraction (for he seemed deep in thought) was noticed

One of his fellows fetched him a mighty stroke on his broad shoulder, and cried,
"Ho! thou dreamer! Art re "Ho! thou dreamer! Art so soon be-fuddled with a drop of wine?" Another cried, "He fain would dream

of the sheep he once did tend. chance, he wished many times this day

"Not so, thou prattler!" interrupted a third; my soul would be burning now had he not been in the fight. Come, Com-rade," and the sneaker towner. silent one; "Drink a toast with me to our great leader. Didst not see how she

fought, man ?" fought, man r
'Aye, marry, I did!" slowly answered
the other. "I saw her fight. Aye, I saw
her fight! And when she was a shepherd maid, I strove to wed her. Aye, I marked me well how she did fight!" And he arose and strolled away, that he might be alone with his thoughts.

"I understand that Willoughby was

half seas over at the Sneerwell dinner."
"Oh, no. He was sailing into port when I left."

A GREAT SOCIAL EVENT.

THE Bavarian peasants are in many ects very much like the Irish. drink a great deal, are quite witty, a are never so happy as when they a fighting. A story is told of two Bayas peasants meeting in the read and holds the following conversation:

Special

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"Were you at the wedding last night
"Indeed I was. It was the nicest us
ding we have had this season. We
even the bride took a hand in the fight.

OUT OF DANGER.

Rev. Dr. Primrose (visiting poor-hose. This is a dreadful place for an a bodied man like you to be spent Christmas.

Weary Wraggles—" 'Tain't ez bal hustlin' on de road. I'd be dead it week ef I had to live on de mines what's floating 'round distime 'o year.

Florida man.—"We had a terr conflagration in Swamp City last w Only seventeen houses left standing. British tourist.—"My goodness! It many were there before the fire!" Florida man.—"Eighteen." LOUIS

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT



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Are all Fully . Matured in Woo

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. LINES.

was the day when we looked was the mist-drop that wept from iree; of the harvest hung heavy and on the land and no wind on the

graves of Clan Gillavray cluster chieftain fell dead by the Well Dead, ed to the moorland and plucked and heather ers where the cause of the Stuarts sped.

nd that awoke on the moorland sighing, oice of the heroes who perished rain,
Tearlach alone the red elaymore
plying,
sin back the old world that comes
again ?
A. Lang, in Longman's Magazine.

The Temptation and Fall of Deacon Brown.



CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

declare, Josiar, it sorter seems like ere an' waltin' fur the children cum-er children with 'em, to bring us year rts that pervade the place when muss time is here, s of nuts an' cider an' doughnuts or heave brown, the children an' thur children e town. fat as butter an' the puddin' prime, have royal appetites you know smus time.

hear 'em Jingie, them bells the snow; e hoofs is rattlin' on the river below. amps and set 'em in the winwhile seem in the win-will seem ee both wuz reachin' out our take . hom. an' thur children, for the stime has come. shoutin' gayly, them boys an' an' we of 'em in the doorway, for thur to you an' me.





"Why! Polly Ann an' Liddy. Oh! Sile
you hag me so'
John the boy dug row,
how that boy dug row,
Methisser an' the baty—course to the fire all,
how that they dug grow,
Methisser an' the baty—course to the fire all,
how the so the baty of the baty
big benefit from the half.
Our man'il tend the horses—Leen, you have
in course I must di die 'em up, yer camin',
so me the baty of the baty of the baty
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"Yes, suppor's nearly ready; Oh! Joe, yer apportite apportite Hain't lost its former fancy, an' you'ce Hain't lost its former fancy, an' you'ce the former fancy, an' you'ce to see you well the fact of the see you well the fact of the year of the fact of the

And every head about the board was bowed upon the breast; And as the nged slav's voice grew deep with body charm. A peaceful spirit overspread the Christmas on the farm.

"Yes; I was an ass the day that I lent you two louis."



A CHRISTMAS LESSON.

Let others sing of high renown, Of names that live in story, Of racers swift who wear a crown And win a need of glory; A thousand plaudits great them there For every brave endeavor, A thousand currents high in air Record their deeds forever.

My muse an bumbler theme shall sing, of orchard boughs in flower. That to the breuse their sweetness fling from the breuse their sweetness fling and the steel throughout the land who treats the path of duty. White Mother Native's tender houst white state of the steel throughout the land who treats who can be considered to the steel through the state of the steel state of the state

The bluebird cheers him on his way. From out her leafy bowers, beside his pathways lightly sway beside his pathways lightly sway had when at last, through sun and rain, His days of toil are over, His prizes are the golden grain And fields of nodding clover.

We watch him with indifferent cycs.
Until his work is ended.
And samest hows in evening akkes.
With twillight grey is blended;
Yet each may read, if he but look
Where o'er the ploughs are speeding.
The lesson taught in tartie's lessek,
And profit by the reading.

For He whose day we keep with cheer,
With songs, and mirth, and langiter.
Come to the poor and hundle here,
Their's is the crown hereafter;
And every struggle mody won,
Though tears may most our vision,
Will lead us when their work is done
Within the fields Elyshar.

THE RICH AUNT.



And so, when Christmas time draws near They auxious grow about her health; But not with selfish thoughts—oh, dear! They never think about her wealth.

They send her messages and call.
They show respect in many ways;
She gets fond wishes from them all
To cheer her through her lonely days.

To ensure use. And Christmas Eve, while fails the snow She dons her ancient wraps and hat. This Lady Bountiful, to go And buy a collar for her cat? R. L. M.

Jacques—I think that your friend is not remarkable for bravery.

Joan—It is true that he never goes to steep without looking under the bed for fear that a woman might be hiding there.

Raoul-I had a dog who attacked all the His Friend—What did you do with him? Raoul—I had to get rid of him. He was everlastingly biting me.



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A CHRISTMAS EVE AT FRESNO FLATS.

How Love for Woman Made a Murderer and Outcast-A True Story.

(Amber in the "Horse Review.")

Barely four o'clock on a bright June morning many years ago it was, when I was awakened out of a most delicious sleep by a mighty voice, accompanied by knuckles to match, shouting and clamoring stmy door. What was the meaning of such an uproar at so unreasonable an hour I was at a loss to conjecture until through my sleepy sense suddenly flashed the memory that I was one of a party booked for the coach that started from Stockton at the unearthly hour of sun rise, bound for Yosemite valley.

It took but a couple of moments to dress, yet when I emerged from my ro like a star from eclipse, costumed for the long ride in a manner calculated to break long ride in a manner calculated to break up the depth of a strong man's soul, I was met by a storm of exclamations: "Where have you been all day" "Hurry up and eatch the sunset from the left!": "Study the ant," etc., until the stage dashed up to the door and put an to the controversy.

For fifteen miles we never broke trot Our driver was a splendid specimen of what a man should be physically. No molly-coddle airs and grace about him, it you please. No dread of draughts had you please. No dread of drau furrowed his face into haggard furrowed his face into naggara mes sickly fear; no hot room and vitiated air had concaved his cheat, or paled the ruddy bloom of his cheek. I think he must have weighed fully 200 pounds, and yet his halk was muscle rather than fat. His his bulk was muscle rather than fat. strong and shapely hands controlled those six fiery horses much as the young person handles her crochet-hook when she idly fashions a seafour out of German wool zephyrs. He was a man evidently cut out for something better than coaching, and yet fitting into his place with patier born of endurance rather than choice. He did not talk much, but when he did speak the intonations of his voice were those of a gentleman, and his grammar exceptional enough to attract the atten-tion of the most critical. The bright day Through reaches of farmland sped away. where boundaries seemed limitless; past slow and turbid rivers that were kept busy turning mill wheels and feeding irrigating ditches to cast a sparkle or lose a ripple; through miles and miles stubby sagebrush, until, at supper time, we struck the foothills and felt the proph esy of mountain air in every touch of the evening wind. We rested all night in an evening wind. inn where we slept on the floor, and wash ed ourselves in a communistic wash-basin, but when the landlady fed us on juice antelope steak, and pancakes smothered in maple sugar and cream, next morning, rough some accident which had depriv ed the driver appointed for the next road se of his hand, we foun section of the u " Handsome Hodges," as we had dubbed him, booked to carry us through to the valley without the usual changes.

Our way lay through endless forests of The noise of our wheels the sugarpine. The noise of our wheels startled flocks of strange birds from their coverts in the azalia which skirted the road for miles like drifts of perfumed Blue birds flashed querously out upon us ; golden-crested pheasants eyed us sharply from tangles of grout-fern, and turtle-doves, always in pairs, stepped fleetly over the moss, silent as shadows. At noon we reached the big trees, and each one of us was provided with a smart

little mustang to carry us up the trail that

led to Mariposa grove.

The horse I rode was imbued with a lively sense of humor. He knew I was afraid, and ever and anon he capered to the brink of some unfathomable ravine just to enjoy my groans. Or he made for a tree on the near side of the trail with the evident purpose of climbing it or perishing in the attempt. If that horse have no doubt but what he lives, I entertains the stable occasionally with reminiscent tales of the young newspaper with his pranks.

Scattered about within an endless for est of pines we found the grand, historic A single board sawed from the trunk of any one of them would more than serve for a side wall to a large hotel. One single tree would furnish timber to build a small village. Thrown upon its side, the "grizzly giant" would hide Chicago's court house from your view. And yet, year after year, men go to that sacred grove and lift their puny arms to overthrow these hoary sentinels of the ages Know ye not, oh, tribe of whipper-snap pers that you are, with your uplifted axes and the hollow in your skull where the bump of reverence ought to be, that those grand monarchs of the wood ante-date re corded history? Before David they flour ished. When patriarchs and prophets died, they lived. Before the days of Rome they were trees. When the Christian era was heralded by bands of singing angels, throughout the life of the apostler and the drift of uncounted generations they have defied storm, time, and decay and when you and I, poor idiotic vandals that some of us are, shall have vanished in a puff of our own dust, these tre shall remain, perhaps, changeless in the midst of a changing world. I would sooner think of hewing down the pyramids, for they are merely man's work, than daring to touch one of the big trees of the Mariposa with an ax.

The late afternoon of the day which found us loitering among the mighty trees, was unrelieved by any incident. We had become sated, as it were, with beauty, and too weary to talk, drooped in our saddles and courted rest. All but myself—my eye had been fixed with ever-increasing interest upon our handsome driver, and I thought that I could read in the lines of his mouth that never softened into smiles. and in the abstracted gaze of his gloomy My busin eye, that he had a history. as a journalist was to find out what that By what means it matters not to tell, I gradually induced the man to talk, and here follows, almost word for word, the story that he told me, as our horses shook out their heels over the stretch of road that leads to the far away

hamlet of Fresno Flats :

"Over there in that spread of land be tweent he spurs of the two big hills," said thedriver, pointing with his whip to a little paradise of cultivated country at the the mountain, "lies the prettiest bit of sheep-land on all the slope. You would'nt think, would you, that such a uiet nook was once the scene of a terrible tragedy? But it was, and if you like I will tell you about it. It occurred Christmas day, more than twenty years ago, and is remembered to this day as the 'love-duel of the shepherds.' There were three adjoining sheep ranches, two of which were severally owned by young men from 'Frisco-Jack Wharton and Tom Deshler. The other one belonged to an old settler named Collier, who had an only daughter. Ellen, or Nell, as she was called, a beauti ful girl, whose chief employment was to keep a bright and comfortable home for the old man and an occasional traveler. The two young men and the girl being near the same age, and close neighbors, grew to be on familiar terms, and, in time, Nell Collier became the object of their rival affections. They both loved

her, and she, innocent perhaps of the fierce jealousy that was kindling in their

hearts, was friendly to both.

"Such things happen everywhere,
Miss; the loneliest land can't shut love out, nor the remotest island bar out calousy when two men once get their hearts set on the same woman. It makes bad blood in the best natures, as surely as poison at the fountain-head pollutes water. but here in this country, too, blood seems hotter than it is back in the states, and fires quicker. So as the time went on, Tom and Jack, from being the best of friends, became the bitterest of foes and hated one another as intensely as they each loved Nell. Neither of them would give up the field to the other, both openly vowing that they would fight it out at a touch, and win or die.

"Christmas here in the foothills comes early, that is, we have sometimes the balmiest weather away up to the edge of the new year. Big preparations for a merry-making at Collier's were going on, and the eye of the day we make of as a special time for the manifestation good will to men, drew near. Just ut dusk Tom and Jack met at the gate of Nell's home

' said Jack, 'you and I can't walk on this particular path any longer. Do you understand? One of us has got to stay outside this gate, and by -, it won't be I

I have never wronged you, or put a straw in your way,' says Jack, 'we have been friends all our life, until you stepped in between me and the girl I love. I won't in between me and the girl I love. I won't stand aside and give you the game, for any word of yours. I'll die now before I'll give up my chance of winning her. "You'll here to step aside, naswered Tom, 'I loved NellCollier long before you

did, and it was only after you saw how set I was on getting her for my wife that you stepped in and tried to steal her he from me, scoundrel that you are.

... We'll step into the house now, ask the girl to decide between us, once for d Jack, white with passion.

"Agreed, said Tom, and they both entered the gate.

"The scene that followed cannot be described. The two men, excited to the pitch of frenzy, pleaded their cause with poor, frightened Nell. They demanded of her that she make choice of her lover then and there. The girl was scared, and perhaps she didn't really know her own neart well enough to answer; anyway she sat like one deprived of speech, entirely unable to soothe the two men wh violence had so startled her. At last she burst into sobs and tears. This of course, brought the angry contestants to their senses, and, after a few soothing words and a counterfeit reconcilation, they left the house more angry than ever. "Tom," said Jack, if you are as

Tom, said Jack, if you are as determined in this matter as I am, the only way to settle it is with our rifles. You and I are equally good shots. I'll fall by your hand rather than give up Nell

to you. All right, replied Tom, gun and meet me back of the big pine as soon as you're ready! I'll never give up the woman I love until I can no longer fight for her.

"A half hour later the rival lovers met by the light of a frosty moen in a shelt ered hollow not forty rods from the home of their sweetheart. Two rifle shots startled the echoes of the mountains. The report of the hunter's gun had often heard in the valley, but never on tmas eve. The noise was unlike Christmas eve. anything ever heard in those hills before. The stars seemed to scatter like golden bees, the sheep in the fold bleated an bees, the sheep in the fold bleated an alarm, the very frost-sparkles on the cropped grass turned a livid red in the reflection of those tongues of flame that leaped from the muzzles of the guns. Jack Wharton, ahot through the heart,

lay in the shadow of the giant pine w the smoke of the report blew away, Tom Deshier, desperately wounded pale as ceath, stood leaning upon rifle. Attracted by the noise, a halfmen gathered quickly, among whom Nell's father.

What does this mean looking with horror at the dead bod and the wild and appearance of his wounded friend "It means," cried Tom, 'that both loved your daughter, and, each n

ing to relinquish her to the met here, by agreement, to decide our rifles which should live to win he

... My daughter will neve cried the old man, a turned away to summon assistance move the dead man from the spot i be had fallen.

For the first time, Tom. the face of his old friend and o realized what he had done. murder' sank like lead into his s constable from a distance ar and he was tried before a round-about country. But the were even ruder than they are those days, and, after hearing the the jury decided that both men had show on an equal footing, and killing was not murder. He tried to press his suit for! Collier's hand, but it was invain. she had ever loved him or not, the shrank with horror at becoming a derer's bride.

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"Remorse-stricken and desperate shortly sold his ranch and left for He wandered for years an over the earth, but prosperity neve ed him, and he formed no ties. No lier, a white-faced, nervous spinster with her father yet on the old rand helps him guard his flocks. Then peace of mind left, either in heaven a or on this wretched earth, for Tom I ler. Only in he'l, an enduring and lasting hell, will be find his portion atone for his sin.

The man shook like a leaf in the at the close of his story, and his voi faint and tremulous. strangely unnerved that I feared he lose control of his horses, and that would pitch us over the mountain

What is the matter with you ed; "did you know Tom Desi Putting his lips close to my ear, swered in a voice, the intensity of Know him? I am Tom Deshi God have mercy on my soul; I she Wharton dead on that awful C eve twenty years ago. dozen great, shining worlds like t would give ten times ten the wretched lives like mine to call Jac to this life he didn't have a show to and to wash my soul from the si-blood I spilled so long. Morais night these great pines whispert word 'murder' in my ear. No le on the wind, no bird starts from thicket, no step sounds in the wo I do not hear his footstep—poor some boy that I murdered !- falli There is not as line with mine. oon upon the mountains that d hear semblance to his dying w horrible voices keep sounding in # She will never, never marry

To say that I was glad when t rocked into its billy harbor, bright cheer of a mountain fronted us, would be saying little ing my opportunity to tell my const the pitiful tale to which I tened, I watched poor Tom stagger off to the stables with a

Next morning a new driver took of our coach.

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The Eldvocate.

LOUIS P. KRIBS

Editor and Proprietor

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Toronto, Thursday, December 27, 1894.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

This is the holiday week when business is as far as possible thrown aside and grave discussion is out of order. We therefore make of this issue a holiday number, one for recreation, one that will amuse you perhaps, one that does not attempt to instruct. We hope it will please, and we leave it with you, coupled with our heartiest wish for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SHARIN' ALIKE.

Good-mornin', friend; nice kind o' weath-

costs squally, tho', up in ther hills, some whiskey, I reckon. December is a bad time o' year for ther chills. I'm yes—don't suppose you have ever Met a good-lookin' cuss, kinder lame by one leg, around Aspen this Winter? Pete—daho Pete was his name.

Ain't seen him, you say? No offense pard; Thought likely you, tendin' ther bar, fight a-net him. "Tween Pete an' ther bot

tle te gen'ally ain't very far, a an' take one yerself. It was this way we were diggin' and sharin' the same 'bout Creston way all last Summer— tn' idaho Pete was his name.

A fine-lookin' feller, an' social to ever you'd want for a pard it was a joby when look parmed out well, and jobly when look parmed out well, and jobly when look parmed some-lis look at ther cards was a shame, rune, but I most loved that feller— an' idaho Pete was his name!

We'd saved quite a pile last o' Argust, Just sharth' and sharth' alike, o' I kept mine had in the fut, sir, An' he kept his down the fut, sir, An' he kept his down the fut, sir, and he kept his down the fut, sir, and he kept his down the fut of the fut, well, part, to shorten ther story—I weke up one mornly' to find hat Yet an' my pile had just vanished, An' left not a glitter behind.

Shoot Pete when I find him ? Not much

sir!
"s welcome to what I have got
long as there's money in pocket,
"of four an' hog in ther hut.
"I'd just like ter see him ter ask him
ow, by Farlo's wife an' ther Nile,
ever found out I was holdin'
it more 'in my share o' ther pile!"

A FIRM BELIEVER.

"THE Bible, if I remember right," said Mr. Hungry Higgins, "says that six days a man shalt labor and do all his

ess you are right," assented Mr, Watkins, wondering what was

Well, I allow that I have done as nch as six days' work in my life, and if I don't read the text wrong, that is all the work a man is permitted to do. It says 'do all thy work,' don't it?" The Usual Way.



" Never mind, Conductor, I'm not kitte

MASHED BY A MERMAID.

An Amusing Story of a Flirtation with a Siren of the Deep.

I was hazily conscious of a gentle, rusting noise near me, and then some-thing wet and cold came dab in my face. I sat up with a jerk—and there sat a mer-

Good gracious! You can imagine how startled I felt.

She sat on the sand quite close to me, resting on one hand, and with her tail, an indisputable fail, with beautifully glistening silvery brown scales, coiled round in a graceful curve. She was fascinatingly a graceful curve.

The pretty, with a sweet face, laughing now at my air of bewilderment, and with long tresses of brown hair blowing about her.

I suppose my dropped jaw and staring eyes must have struck her as very comi cal, for she laughed—such a musical, soothing laugh, strangely like the ripple of the waves among the groy ies higher up

"Excuse me," she said, "but you look so funny.

Funny!" I exclaimed indignantly. "What have you been up to? been throwing water over me

"I haven't

"Yes, you have. Look here, my face is all wet now, and my hair is damp."
"I didn't throw water over you. I suppose it was rather forward, but I put the end of my tail on your face. You looked so tempting, you know, lying there; I really could not resist you.

Well, you shouldn't, then," I said "now you've woke me up, and some of

the water has gone down my neck. I spoke grumpily. You see, I was scarcely myself yet; it was so utterly in-comprehensible that I should be sitting here with an absolute mermaid, a creature I had never for a moment believed in, sitting almost close enough for me to

I had wandered off that afternoon among the big bowlders that lay piled up on the shingly beach at the foot of the cliffs to the left of the little town. I was very hot, so hot that after skimming through the columns of the paper I had brought with me I lay back and snoozed, in blissful disregard of the glaring sun and the white rocks and the low ripple of the retreating tide. And then happened all I have described.

"Do you know you snore?" she said, suddenly.
Said I: "You must be a very mischie-

vous girl—mermaid, I mean."

"Oh, no, I'm not; not nearly so bad
as some—it's lucky for you my cousin
wasn't with me when I came up and found

you here.

"A gentleman? A merman?" I ven-

"Oh, no! she usually comes up here with me of an afternoon, but she's up at the other end of the bay to-day. Her name's Genevieve and mine's Maud.

"Where do you get your names?

"Out of the books we pick up. We got mine and my cousin Imogen's out of a supplement that dropped over oard from a steamer. Pretty name, Imogen, isn't "Not half so pretty as Maud."

"Well, I don't know. We're glad to get anything to read. Is that to-day's paper?" pointing to the Mercury that lay

Yes," I said, " would you like it to

read:
"Thank, awfully; no, not now; but
I'll take it with me, if you don't mind.
Smoke your pipe, will you?"
"Will."

With great pleasure. Sure you don't "Not a bit; besides I want you to let

me light it. So I pulled out my pipe and filled it, and Maud, with a sinewy loop of her tail glided up to me. She seemed highly de at being allowed to strike the

match for me to get a light by.
"Isn't this jolly?" she said, looking up at me with wonderful eyes.



"Don't stop the ear, I always jump off-

"Rather," I said, looking down into nem. "Do you often go in for this sort

Well, now, I'll tell you," she replied. Well, now, I'll fell you,

'You're the first I ever spoke to—like
this, I mean, but old Nep sent me here
for trying to. You're in my nook, you
know. I often come here, and yesterday
it was so hot that I dropped asleep, and when you came along I just had time to get behind that rock.

"So you've seen me before, then?"

"Oh, yes; several times. I sa along the beach on Sunday evening The deuce you did !- I beg your par-

"And I saw you kiss that fisher girl.
Oh, yes, you did."
"Well," I said, turning very red, "I

admit it, but it was only one. "There ain't any mermen here," she

replied.
Aren't there? I suppose it's rather

lonely ?"
"I used to be spoons a little with one
"I used to be spoons as little with one at Brighton, but we never see one here. That's old Nep's doing. I haven't been kissed for ever so long."
"Really?" I said, edging over toward

her.
"Really," she sighed, looking down.
"Er—shall I—would you—shall we-

I leant over her as she raised her face, smilingly, mischievously, to mine, when, just as our lips touched, with a sudden the face with her wet fin,

I fell over backward, and by the time I had got the sand and wet out of my eyes the mermaid had disappeared

No trace of her was left; but my news paper was gone, and as I went slowly home I fancied I could catch sight of her, laying out by the big black .ock that just showed itself above the sea.

I stood still and called to her, and distinetly sa " her white arms waved to me and heard the rippling of her laugh, and saw, too, her long brown hair tossing on the waves.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In the fields where, long ago, Dropping tears, and the leaves, Ruth's young feet went to and free Binding up the scattered sheavil in the fields that heard the voice, Of Judeu's Shepherd King, 8til the gleaners may reporce, Still the reapers shout and sing.

For each mont and vale and plain
For the touch of holier feet
Yhan the glouners of the grala,
Heard, when the grala and sweet,
'Pears on surth, for a far,
Ring from stuge' tips after,
While, o'er ever, glade and glen,
Broke the light of Belthehem's star.

Star of hope to souls in alght,
Star of peace above our strife,
Guiding, where the gates of death
Open our modes fife,
Wandershie or endess fife,
Wandershie our modes fife,
Wandershie our modes one
Which the centers Heaving gots,
Guided by the angel's song
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

Not Judea's hills alone
Have carth's weary gleaners trod.
Not to helts of David's throat.
Not to helts of David's throat.
But were to regar this dod."
But were to regar this dod."
Heavenly faith and longing over the control of the

In each lowly heart or home, By each leve-watched cradic bed, Where we rost, or where we roam, Still its changeless light is shed, In its beams each quickened heart, Howe'er saddened or delied, Keeps one Ilttle idage anart. Keeps one little place apart, For the Hebrew mether's child

And that liner temple fair May be holier ground than this, Hallowed by the pilgrin's brayer, Warmed by many a pilgrin's kiss. In its shadow still and dim. Where our hollest longuags are, Rines forever Bethlehem's hynn. Shines I rever Bettlehen a star.

A NEW WATER NYMPH.

Some visitors were strolling through an art gallery and had paused between the long rows of statuary.
"This," said the leader, with a wave

of his hand toward a creation in plaster, "this is Apollo and that one over there is his wife—Apollinaris."



"This way."

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS.

The Thrilling Experience of a Tele graph Operator in the Wilds.

Christmas Day, 1882, how vividly I remember it! The deep, ugly red scar which starts at my left temple and runs clean down to my left jaw was made on that day.

It is not because I am unduly sensitive of my altered appearance that I have told so few the story of the ugly sear, but on account of the horror that I yet experience when recalling the terrible incidents that led to my receiving it. How many lives were saved by that wound I shall never

The great Canadian Pacific Railway, which connects the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific, was in the year 1882 only built about 200 miles west of Winnipeg, which left a huge gap of several hundred niles of untouched prairie before one of the world's wonders, the famed Rocky Mountains of British Columbia, was reached.

Such was the rapidity with which the rails were laid and telegraph offices erected, that when winter set in fifty telegraph operators were needed to take charge of

the empty stations.

The management found it hard to induce men to go out and bury themselves for the winter in the vast prairie, which was only then being opened up. To-day men are only too happy to make homes in

fine as the finest flour, and with amazing force drove it against the little telegraph office which sheltered me from its deathly embrace, as though enraged against this earnest of approaching evilitation. At times so fierce was the onslaught that the tense telegraph wires could be heard humning even above the demoniacal glee of the storm.

I knew it was unmanly, but I could not help it; the tears would start to my eyes. It was Christmas, and I was spending it in such a queer manner. My thoughts had been with mother and dear old Loudon, where I had left ther two years ago to try my fortune in Mourteal. I knew she was thinking of her eldest born, whom she had tried so hard to keep at home.

Christians awake, salute the happy morn.
All I had to do was to close my eyes,
and I could hear my companions singing
the grand old hymn in the greatest city in
the world.

It was a relief to hear the telegraph instrument, which had been quiest for hours, call my office. Both passenger trains were ten minutes late, and were slowly strugging toward my station. It was just 2 a. m. when I received the order from the dispatcher at Winnipeg to detain the eastbound train at my station when she arrived, till the west-bound express crossed her Double tracks are yet unknown out there. I replied back that I understood the order, and was just about to let the red lantern swing round from the station and face the track, when I was startled by hearing a tremendous

floor heavily; he gave a cry of greedy exultation, felt in the pocket of the coat and draw out a bottle of whisky, and proceeded without delay to break off the neck of the bottle on the stove. It was forbidden to sell whisky to Indians, but that did not matter much; they always managed to get it.

Just as he was about to raise the ragged mouth of the bottle to his lips the relegraph instrument began to work. It had the effect that I feared; both the Indians, with superstitious dread in their eyes, involuntarily took a couple of steps back toward the wall where I was sitting and decountly hoping that they would wrap up in their blankets and go off to sleep; no such good fortune.

I had not passed them two feet when they both caught me violently by the shoulder and in excited, guttural tones began in a threatening manner to say something to me. Seeing that I did not understand, the tall brave, pointing the bottle which he still tightly clutched in his left hand at the talkative instrument, said fiercely. "No gothere" to gothere"

I really understood what they meant; the Indian's fear of telegraph instruments, and his inability to understand electricity, was known to every operator west of

Winnipeg.

As easily as I could have lifted an infant, the great savage, with his unengaged hand, awang me fron my feet and contemptuously dropped me on my chair again, after which he took a long draught out of the bottle and then handed it to

patcher was calling my office. Like a flash the order to detain the down born express that he had sent came back to my memory, and with a thrill of horner! remembered that I had forgotten to turn the red lamp. The despatcher, I knes, wanted to ask use if the train had carried, Involuntarily I started to my feet. The only sounds now to be heard were the ticking of the instrument and the ceaseless cries of the storm.

The Indians, the instant they again heard the tickling, ceased their univilized mirth, again looked apprehensively at the mysterious instrument and hurried by glanced at me. Their treacherous, suspicious natures were thoroughly aroused on seeing me standing and looking eagerly at the instrument. I knew not how near the train might be; at I must. I thought of the fearful loss of life which would surely occur unlead; could reach the cord that hung above the instrument, and with one pull swing round the red lamp and let it bean across the track. I had received the order to expose the light, and unless I did so I knew full well that the company would hold me responsible for any acident that might occur. I had written the order in the order book when receiving it.

All this passed through my mind like a flash. I dreaded not the company, but I could not let scores of lives be scriffes, in order to save me from endangering my own. I had always thought I was not the stuff brave men are made of, but

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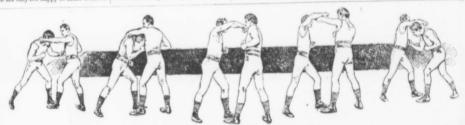
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How Fitzsimmons' Deadly Blow May be Avoided.

this wonderful country, which has very aptly been termed the future granary of the world.

Money is a loadstone that few men can resist, and when I heard that \$80 a month was being paid out there for operators, I resigned my position in Montreal, and with \$20 and a pass in my pocket I started on Nov. 2, for Manitoba.

Four days later I reached Winnipeg, and was at once sent out to Elkhorn, a bit of a station 150 miles further west. When I took charge, Nov. 8, four inches of snow already hid the earth, which did not see the sun agan till March 20, when its four-foot-thick chilly covering had at last disappeared.

Two passenger trains a day and an occasional construction train was the only break in the monotonous life hid. It was a dreadfull and the led. It was a dreadfull with the led. It was a dreadfull with the led. It was a dreadfull with the legal to the

Christmas eve ushered in bitter weather. All day it had been storning and snowing. At one a.m. the glass showed two below zero. The storm had risen until it was blowing a perfect blizzard from the west. The rictous wind, as it swept along the vast prairie, unobstructed for soores of miles by houses or trees, caught up the newly fallen snow in its mod embrace, tore it into fragments

kicking and howling at the door. In my surprise I forgot to turn the lamp which was to signal the engineer to stop at the station for orders. Little wonder I was agitated—the

are the ones was seven miles away; no with man could have walked a tenth of the distance in such a blizzard and have it well. He had been a blizzard and have it was the same and the same perstitions. With trembling hands I drew the bolt. Before I could step aside the door was thrown violently open, and to my dismay two stalwart. Cree Indians burst their way into the little office. It was the manner the savages entered that made me feel nervous. It was no uncommon thing for me to have Indians drop into the station at night, and to see rosming bands of them pass the station at all hours; but two drunken Cree Indians, even an Indian scout might have been pardoned for fearing had is been unarmed and placed in the same position I was in.

Without appearing to notice me, the braves walked over to the glowing wood stove and began to warm themselves. I wanted to show that I trusted them, and brought two chairs and asked them to be seated; as I spoke they both turned their wicked, burning black eyes to me, but again did not deign to speak, but kicked the chairs to one side and began taking off their great skin coats and caps and red-and-white blankets.

As the taller petulantly threw his wraps down, something hard struck the

his companion. The effect of the liquor upon their savage natures showed itself almost immediately; they began to yell and shout, and putting their hands around their mouths uttered cries like prairie

wolves. I shrank closer to the wall.
In ten minutes they had finished the
bottle and had become nothing better
that howling maniaes. They took hands
and capered round the stove, stamping
the floor viciously with their moccasined
feet. Releasing hands, they would wave
their long arms about their heads in a
most grotesque manner, uttering at the
same time the most bloodcurdling warwhoops.

In their eyes was the baleful light of the In their eyes was the baleful light which but dimly lit up the room three a yellow shade upon their dark, perspiring, brutal red faces, making them look like emissaries from the Evil One, dancing in fiendish glee over some evil deed; the storm, as though in sympathy with the savage scene, had risen to a hurricane, shrieked like a mad thing, and drove through the casement and ill-constructed door miniature

snowbanks.
Every moment I expected they would seize me and in their insane glee practice upon me some savage torture. Would they never cases? For nearly thirty minutes I sat still as death where they had flung me. Safety for me lay in not attracting their attention. A dreadful

ordeal was in store for me.

The instrument, which had been silent for a time, again woke to life. The dis-

when put to the test I gloried in finding that I feared not death.

I was quite calm as I began carelesly to walk over to the instrument. The drunken savages were on me ere I hid taken six steps. As they felled me to the earth I heard a dull, muffled roar; the saved me from losing my senses—it we her rumbling of the east-bound locome tive. The Indians also heard the nois and as they turned to listen I once me sprang to my feet and dashed past the fore of them I passed in safety, but as dodged the big brave he struck vicious at me with the broken bottle.

His aim was but too true; the ragged mouth of the bottle opened my face likes conical bullet. I had only a few more steps to go. Before I fell I knew that I had turned the light.

The conductor put me on the train and took file to Winnipeg, where I remained in the hospital for three weeks.

The Indians had gone when he entered the station. He had seen the order a the book, and had waited the arrival of the west-bound express, which arrival five minutes after he did. Had he side seen the red light he would have gone of and the trains would have met about its miles east of the station.

The detective tried to trace the two brutal savages, but did not succeed.

Yes, as long as I live I shall remember Christmas Day, 1882, when I was enployed in the Far West by the great Camdian Pacific Railway.

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A CHRISTMAS EVE MEET

Is ever there was in this world an ira scible individual it was Squire Ashton owner and master of the Didbury Hounds, "The Slow and Sures, as a facetions individual once called them, when the M.F.H., who liked to see his hounds work, was allowing them to puzzle it out for themselves instead of lifting them. When they did hit off the line again, they ran their fox close on seven miles as the crow flies, and the aforesaid individual afterwards said—but · that is another story.

Even the greatest amongst us has his weak spot somewhere, and in Squire Ash ton's case, it was a kindly regard for young people boys and girls alike sex

The only time when he ever really lost his temper with a boy or girl was at Christmas, of all times of the year! And then only in the hunting field.

So sure as the Christmas holidays drev near his manner underwent a change, and a boy on a pony, or a girl on a cob with a staid looking groom in attendance, at one or other of the meets, was like the pro-verbial red rag to a bull.

When it was only one or two of each A then it state only one or two or each the cold addressed by this surradue that me had probably almost forgotten he had one. "Dick."

much: for he could keep his eyes them, and prevent them from being all over the place when hounds were engaged in drawing covert, and as likely as not heading the fox back; but when in course of time the original one or two had grown into a round dozen. and his language at times was de-cidedly calculated to cause the mantling blush to rise to maiden's cheek, and to make the usually ir-responsible schoolboy wished he

Despite the juvenile division, with their talking and laughing, a break away and give a good run even during the holiday time, and if there happened to be a check any one near the Squire would be almost sure to hear him talking to himself something after this fash

· Dear, dear, now, how disap pointed those young folks will be to be sure, and that little girl on the hog-maned pony, nice child that; what a pity foxes don't run a ring, like a hare, and then they would see some of it. As it is, unless I'm mistaken, this one will

make for the big earths at One Oak Hill, so there'll be no chance for the youngsters to cut in later. I must see what I can do to show 'em sport next time. Hallo"—as a hound gave tongue time. Hallo"—as a hound gave tongue
—"Harmony's hit off the line; good
bitch, Harmony; come up, horse." And
with his cheery old face beaming all over,
off he'd go, and in the excitement of the

run the young folks left behind would be forgotten for the while

Occasionally it would happen that after going a certain distance a fox would, either from being turned, or from some reason best known to himself, change his point, and by running back eventually get in the same district where he had been found originally.

In such case, as likely as not, some of the pony or small cob brigade would unexpectedly, and to their intense delight, find themselves in something like clos proximity to the hounds again, and by dint of good luck a youthful Nimrod was

occasionally up at the death.

To see the old Squire at such a time was a sight to be remembered. Any iniquities that might have been committed at the covert side were instantly forgot ten and the youngster baving been duly blo ded was made the proud possessor of the brus's, and as often as not a bright new sovereign was slipped into his hand

Then on their way to draw the next covert the small boy or girl on cob or pony would be encouraged to travel alongside the Squire's big grey hunter, and the rider of the latter would in the kindest manner possible impart valuable information about hounds and hunting.

It was just the same if on the way home, or after a kill one of the young division was fallen in with, who had seen none of the fun, the Squire always seemed to say just the right thing to encourage and not dishearten the boy or girl, as the case may be. In fact it was only at the overt side and when things went wrong that a cross word ever escaped him to other than the grown-up members of his field, and they, as he used to say, knew him and his ways, and if he didn't like it they could stay away

All this was excellent in its way, but still the old Squire was not content. "Of course, we were all boys and girls—boys at least, I mean I was, once, and we had to learn and they must too, but how to do to learn and they must too, but how to do
it, I don't see quite. Dick!" This to the
whipper-in, an old servant who everybody
spoke of as Dick, and he had so seldom
been addressed by his surname that he

with an injunction to "buy a good ser-sir, but I calls it debasing of 'em, if you

"But we needn't do it above once y know. Now there's old Ranter, it wouldn't hurt him and and of course we needn't take all of 'em you know, just five or six couples, and I really do think it would do 'em a lot of good, I do Now you just think it over really, Dick. Now and let me know and let me know to-morrow—yes, to-morrow, that would do capitally—plenty of time to send out the invitation ital idea of mine, don't you think so,

"Well, sir, you've asked my opinion and I've gived it.

"Ah, well, you think it over, Dick, think it over, you'll think better of it in the morning

Whatever was the scheme the old Squire had in his mind from the way he chuckled to himself on his way home wards, it was evidently very entertaining And here it may be remarked that on the following day old Dick's scruples had been so far overcome that he had admitted that it might perhaps be done after all.

And now a strange thing happened, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say. Old Squire Ashton on the very next day act ually made a round of calls in the neighborhood, a thing he had never been known to do before, and the very houses he

Main Building, Toronto Exhibition.

Where the New York Hotelkeepers' Association were Dined, September, 1894

"There were a lot of 'em out to-day, eren't there!

"There was so sir; nearly a score I should say, and I do hope, sir, as how you'll put a stop to it; it's no hearthly use a-trying to show sport when—" "Quite so, Dick; but didn't you see that lad of Doctor Archer's, he rode well, didn't he? devilish well I consider, for a

boy." Yes, sir, but-Ah, yes, and there was the rector's daughter on that old pony I sold her father, ever so many years ago; what a wonderful pony that is to be sure; and then there was Charlie Cross and another

boy with him."
"Beg pardon, sir he headed the fox

back if you remember."

"Ah, so he did, now, but he got away at the other end almost immediately, you know, and that boy jumped the hedge

well, didn't he, now "He did that, sir, but I don't hold no-

No more do I, Dick, but you se everything must have a beginning, and I was wondering if we could t—now what do you think, ch!"—here followed something in an undertone.

'It ain't for the likes of me to say,

called at were those from which on hunting mornings during the Christmas holi-days emanated his bete noire in the shape

boy or girl What was odder still, he made a point of seeing said boy or girl, and to their un mitigated astonishment formally invited them to a meet of his hounds on the morning of the approaching Christmas Eve.

Sharp at eleven o'clock on the appointed day the Squire, with old Dick and six couple and a half of hounds trotted up to the fixture, the rising ground above Oakborough Copse, and there already as-sembled were between ten and a dozen boys and girls, one or two grooms ac-companying the latter.

As this is only an off-day, young ladies and gentlemen, I have not brought the full pack, as you see; but Dick and I will try and show you sport for all that. Throw

'em in, Dick."
"Right, sir! Leu in, there! Get at "Now, no noise, please," said the Squire. "If there's a fox here he is almost the Squire." If there's a fox here he is almost squire. "If there's a fox here he is almost squire." If there's a fox here he is almost squire. And putting

sure to break away at that right-hand corner, so just watch there, and don't anybody move till I tell you.

There was something so novel in be

ing thus taken into the great man's confince that not one of the field showed any signs of riot, all sitting as still and motion

less as could be.
"Capital," said the Squire to himself,
"Couldn't be better."

Presently a hound gave tongue; the Squire held up an admonitory hand which had a magical effect.

Then a burst of music procl find, and almost immediately a view hallon from old Dick at the far end of the cover announced that he had viewed a for

"Come along, now; this way don't jostle; ladies first;" and opening a gate to ride, the whole lot were jostle; ladies first; "and opening a gas leading into a ride, the whole lot were speedily in motion. A short cut took them out at the other end just in times see old Dick a couple of fields ahead, close up with his hounds. "There's an easy force."

"There's an easy fence there for you boys, I'm going for the gate, who's com-

Two or three young sportsmen harder ing their hearts went for the fence and got over somehow—no actual spills—the rest, preceded by the Squire, taking al-

rest, preceded by the squire, taking an-vantage of the open gate.

Bravo! that's right, my boy!" as one youngster whose pony had stumbled a bit at landing, saved himself from a cropper, and having got back into the saddle again, was soon pounding alone with the rest.

The field they were now in was a big one, and by the time they got across it the hounds had increased their distant Suddenly they threw up, and the Squi easing the pace of his horse, the other did the same.

" Now then,"—as they heard the paci "don't go too near 'em, let 'em work out for thenselves.

"Scent seems very bad to-day, Dick."
"Scent seems very bad to-day, Dick."
"It's that, sir; they don't seem able is
wn it. Anyhow, I doubt if we shalkill
im, sir. Old Bustler's hit it of own it. though.

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The old hound certainly gave tongue the same moment, and the pack swings round to the left, were quickly off again

He'il make for the vale, depend up it," said the old Squire, excitedly "Come along down this lane, and shall cut a corner off, and save a lot

The Squire's prognostications were fa filled to the letter, so much so that who he and his following reached the end the lane hounds were still some dista away on their right, but running alm nediately towards them.

That check must have given his

good start, I'm afraid, otherwise we ou

to have viewed him here."

Meanwhile the hounds are rapidly proaching, and presently pass within f Now then, come along, all of you

Had that fox deliberately chosen the assest possible line in the world be confi not have done better. His idea se to have been a line of gates one of them, too !--and when he did viate from his course it was only to through a gap.

have been running now ome time, however, without a check, are become almost specks in the distant Suddenly the Squire's sharp eye noted that they have borne somewh the right and almost immediately a appeared to be at fault again.
"Come along; I know a short cut,
if lucky we shall cut in with them again.

Never was such a man as the Squir Never was such a man as the Squarel knowing which was to go when hoai were running. One or two of his folis ers had begun to lag behind, but he la quite a goodly muster with him whater dodging down a lane, and across field or two, they once more found the partners of the streng again with the art. selves on terms again with the The remainder of this eventful run not call for much comment-so simply wretched, and at last old had to declare himself fairly beaten

ued on page 1118.)

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Urns

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y got across i and the Soni orse, the other heard the nel let 'em work i d to-day, Dick."

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R. BOWLE A. G. BOWIE red from page 1016).

"Will you draw again, sir, or not ?

"Will you draw again, sir, or not f"
"th, we may as well finish up the day by trying a bit longer; not that I think it much good, somehow."
And so it proved; one or two small covers were drawn biank, and during the rotting from one to another the Squire found time to inculcate a few easy lessons sound time to meatene a few easy lessons as to the science of hunting in a pleasant, chatty way, which won the hearts of his listeners. On the way home, too, he managed to "talk hunting," without in any way appearing to be pedantic, and when the last of his field turned off as he neared the paternal roof, a thorough ly good understanding had been estab

The above veraciously recorded run was and mentioned in the local journal of the following week, but it was noticeable that the next time the Didbury hounds met, the younger members of the field were not nearly so difficult to control as they had been on former occasions

The following short dialogue between the Squire and old Dick may serve as a

who-whoop :-- ... 'Capital idea of mine, wasn't it, Dick?' "Well, sir, I can't say as they young "uns ain't all the better for it, sir; but them there hounds knowed it wornt right sir, and they looked at me as to say this sur, and they looked at the as to say this ain't no fox we be making believe to hunt —now wot is it!—and I adn't got it in my 'eart to tell 'em it was a Drag." —Hsh—Dick—not a word, we'll always speak of it, as the Christmas Eve Fox

HUNTING FOR CHRISTMAS MEAT.

A Tale of British Columbia.

"GREAT Josephat! the day after

We had gathered around the fire in the bunkhouse after supper, some playing pedro, others reading and talking, all smoking, when Joe the teamster, a French Canadian who had been out attending to his horses, broke in on us with the above exclamation. As is usually the case in mining districts remote from civilization, no one had given a thought about Christmas heretofore, But Joe's break set us a thinking. The card party broke up, the readers dropped their books and papers, and for about ten minutes not a word was spoken. Each was too busy with his thoughts of other Christmass with his thoughts of other Christmases in years gone by to speak to his neighbor. At last Old Maurice Lawlor broke the silence with "Darn Christmas, anyway! I never had a good Christmas in my life. Always slavin' away like a hathen Chinee, or drunk as a biled owl." hather Chines, or drunk as a biled owl.

"What do you call a good Christmas,
Maurice," asked McFarlane. "Well,"
answered the old man, "a rale jam up
good dimner. None o yer darned pork
and beaus, but a good big turkey, and
plum pudding, and mine pies, and lots of
stuff like that; such as Tey heard the
home before they cannot they had at
home before they cannot be this God-forasken country. Maurice always railed
saken country. Maurice always railed saken country." Maurice always three saken country, but horses at the God-forsaken country, but horses at the God-forsaken country, but horses couldn't drag him out of it. Then Ryan spoke up. Look here, Maurice, Paul spoke up. "Look here, Maurice, Paul (the cook) can make as good plum pud-ding and mince pies as anybody I guess, and if you'll go out to-morrow and shoot and if you'll go out to morrow and shoot a deer, we can keep Christmas in good style, with venison instead of turkey. "Darn yer eyes: Do ye think I could hit a deer wid a rifle? I moight fetch hit a deer wid a rine? I mogal rec-'im wid a club if he d wait for me to get clost enough to 'im." "Well, but," says Kirk after a pause, "what's the matter with a couple of the gang goin' out to- party.

morrow and shootin' a deer. 1 can't go because I'll be too busy shoein' horses, because I'll be too busy shoem norses, but," turning to me, "you can go—the mill won't be runnin' to-morrow." "I go," says I. "I never saw a deer in the bush in my life. I'd be like Maurice the deer would have to wait until I could

kill it with a club "I tell you what we do," says Joe, who had not spoken since he first broke in upon us, "Kirk he shoe my hoss in de forenoon tomor." In de afternoon we go in upon us, "Kirk he she and upon us, "Kirk he she afternoon we go up, wit my hoss and wagon, Findlay creek. We stop de night in de ole house up dar, an 'in de mornin' go on up to de hay stack. Dere be plenty deer at de stack you bet. We get back a little after stack you bet. stack you bet. We get back a fittle alco-noon and have roas deer for supper."
"The Push may have something to say to all this," I rejoined, (In mining camps to push). "O' te the foreman is always the Push). Push all right, he no say anyting when he going to get good feed of deer. The Push, who had been in the cook

making out some grub accounts with Paul, at this juncture opened the

The plan was feasible enough. foot or so of snow that had fallen earlier in the season, had been all carried away by a chinook, with the exception of that which lay high on the hills and in the thickets. Therefore the deer were likely to be feeding on the low lying grounds and we were almost sure of s of them, but whether we would be able to come within shooting distance was another question.

Next afternoon about three o'clock we three started out, each armed with a Winchester and plenty of ammunition. In addition Bob and Joe had each a good hunting knife slung at his belt. In the wagon we had grub enough to last us two days, fodder for the horses, and our blankets. There had been a slight fall of snow the night before which had not thawed during the day. Consequently our wagon travelled along almost noise lessly. We proceeded somewhat slowly, keeping a good lookout for fresh deer signs; but, with the exception of a track or two crossing the trail, we saw none.



Toronto Board of Trade Building.

But the great question was who should Most of the men could not be spared. go! Most of the men could not be spared, and those that could were, like myself, somewhat green at hunting. There wasn't a dog in camp. Kirk's dog, as usual, having gone off on a trip on his own account, and had not as yet returned and Jim White, "Old Stubborn," ha gone to his own claim months before, taking his dog Quartz with him. Some one suggested that if Bob, the overseer of the mine, were down, we could ask him to go along. "Bob 'll be down to-night," says McFarlane, "the told me so when I was up for the last load." It was settled then that Bob, Joe and myself should start next afternoon with Joe's team and try for a deer or two. Shortly after Bob came in and agreed to make one of the

door and walked in. In a few words he due to the house Joe had spoken of. It had heartily agreed to let us carry it out. been formerly the neadquarters of the Hydraulic mining camp, and was there-fore a good sized building. The windows were all nailed up, but the door stood open. We quickly unloaded all the blankets, etc., and carried them into the house; and while Joe was taking care of his team, Bob and I busied ourselves about the supper. We quickly had a roaring fire going in the old fireplace, which, fortunately for us, was still in good repair, although the house had not been inhabited for several years. Just as we had finished frying the bacon Joe came in, and we sat down to supper with out a table, a plate, fork or spoon. We simply placed the frying pan on the floor and splatted around it, each cutting his own chunk of bread and laying thereon a slice of bacon. Suddenly Bob said, "Joe, what are you going to do with

THE POET AT CHRISTMAS.

She speke of Santa Claus, alack; it ande me feel upon the rack. She'd like, she said, a seniskin sacq. Or elso a locket.

I felt the hot blood upward rush (it was not so when I was flush). What could I do but sit and blush, With empty pocket?

Ah, could she know the poet's woes,
Who sings in verse but lives in pro
She'd choose some cheaper things
Those
To fill her stocking.
But, after all, I'll not compilan;
Man ramod quite his fate ordain.
Come bere, my dear old watch and
We'll go a-hocking.

your horses to-night?" "Leave 'en out by de wagon," answered Joe. "It come on to storm before morning. joined Bob. "Den I put 'em in de ole stable." "They wouldn't be much better off there than outside. It has nearly all off there than outside. It has destry a fallen down. I tell you what you do. Bring 'em in here. The place is plenty large enough and they will be comfortable." So it was agreed. After finishing our dainty repast they were brought in and tied in corners farthest away from the fire. The balance of their feed was the fire. The balance of their free was put before them, at which they munched contentedly. We then lit our pipes and proceeded to lay our plans for next day. After a good deal of palaver, it was decided that as soon as it was light enough to see, Bob and I were to take our rifles and walk along the trail until we struck the pine thickets a couple of miles further on, which we were to explore thoroughly. while Joe followed after with the team in while Joe followed after with the team in about an hour's time. This being the first hunting expedition I was ever on, I wanted Joe to go along with Bob, while I would take care of the horses. But Joe wouldn't listen to it. He said I might never get such a chance again, and I should make the most of it. He was a good-hearted fellow was Joe, and finally yielded to him. After he had caught up to us, if we were not successful we were all to proceed with the wagon as far as the bridge. There we would leave the horses in the old shack, and all three cross the creek and go to the haystacks. This hay had been cut the previous summer for the use of the horses at the mine and contration. Up to this time but little of it had been used. In fact no one had been near the stacks for about a month previous, and we were almost certain to find deer about there. The only trouble was they stood in the centre of a plain about they stood in the centre of a plain about four miles long by two wide, and as level as a floor. There was not so much as a shrub that a man could hide behind. After considerable talk we concluded to be guided by circumstances. Then each one rolled himself in his blankets and lay down before the fire to sleep. novelty of the situation, and the mu ing of the horses at their hay, as well as the hardness of the floor, kept me awake for a long time. I lay thinking of the deer I was to slaughter the next day, and wishing I might, by chance, come across a bear. Finally I dozed off to sleep.

Next morning, long before daylight, Bob roused us up, and getting the fire into a bright blaze we soon had breakfast over. By the time we had finished the first streaks of dawn appeared and gave promise of a fine day. Leaving Joe to pack up, Bob and I shouldered our rifles and stepped out into the cool frosty air. After a brisk walk and as the sun war just coming up we reached the pine thickets; these we cautiously and theroughly explored. We found plenty of deer trails but all were leading away from the stream up into the mountain.

One place we found where a couple had rested during the night; but they had

before reaching them. Therefore we sat down on a fallen tree and lit our pipes, saiting for Joe and the team. He was not long in arriving, and climbing into wagon we drove on to the bridge put the horses into the old and, after making everything se-once more started on the hunt rossing the bridge we skirted the the hill and keeping a good look every side, made our way slowly carefully along until we struck ally through which the little flows that empties into Findlay a short distance further down. s gully we went ; walking along the bank and the stream. After about a mile we came within sec-tance of the hay stacks. Taking hat Bob crawled carefully up the which here was about six feet high, ig us plenty of protection. Peep arefully over he looked for an instant then signalled us to follow. Bare we crawled up and looked over re were our deer at last. We could out six or seven about the stacks ag. As carefully we crawled back hold a consultation. The deer ere sure enough, but the question w to reach them required careful eration. A small clump of pines between us and the deer, a little to the but could we reach it without scovered, the distance was then too think of getting a successful shot. beyond that the ground was as level as free from obstruction as a skating

to do we did not know.

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os. aid I might back, get one of the horses and ride back, get one of the horses and ride and the prairie keeping well in the out of sight of the deer. On aropposite he would show himself to riding slowly towards them. way beyond where we stood, a beyond where we stood, a vious summer. Joe thought that eer, seeing him, would make for oridge, and crossing which would for the mountain on the further which was only a short distance In the meantime Bob and I were our way up to the bridge and ourselves within good shooting e. As this seemed the only feasin of circumverting them we agreed e immediately started back. n out of sight, and we crawled the bridge. We had plenty of the bridge. We had plenty of Joe would have about a five mile fore he dare show himself. On g at the bridge Bob said he would under it to further side and make y to a small clump of bushes that on the brink of the bank, a point the brink of the bank, a point or twenty-five yards from the while a bunch of dead grass was as a hiding place for me. Thus f, if they came our way would go us. Taking off my hat, I once econonitred our game. We were little closer but with an unob-view, and I could see them quite Looking over in the direction taken I saw he had reached d taken I saw he had reached hes, and was carefully preparing among them for himself. I crept have of concealment and made my-comfortable as possible for the it that was to follow. I could see had quit feeding and were mov-

afraid they would start off before reach the farther side. If they ally hope was that some of them or a drink. I could plainly see for a drink. I could plainly see swhere some of shem had cross-ridge on their way to the stack sure they would return that way, ely what little wind there was them to us, and they therefore a scent us. Cogitating thusly

reach the other side, I nearly froze, but dare not move. After what seemed to be hours, I heard a low whistle from Bob and looking towards the stacks again I saw the deer were startled by some-thing. They had got away from behind the stack and were standing on either side looking intently at something directly away from us. I felt sure it was Joe and my heart began to thump. I wondered if I was going to have buck fever. Beif I was going to have buck fever. Be-fore I had time to steady my nerves a hit the deer broke away. About half a dozen, came directly towards us, but a by far larger band, which we had not seen, they having been feeding on the further side of the stack, started off to the left. How they flew? Those coming towards us seemed to grow to double their size as they approached. My heart was going they approached, have the proper seems of the pro-late of the stack and the state of the stack of the growth of the stack of the stack of the stack of the growth of the stack of the stack of the stack of the growth of the stack of th ing us they slackened up a little, and by the time they were in good rifle shot were going at an easy galop. I was waiting

mounting, said "by Got, you ketch'em all right. Did you hit one, G—?" "You but he did" answered Bob, before I could! speak, "and it's a wonder he didn't bow over the whole band. He kept banging away until the deer were half way up the mountain." After tethering his horse. Joe away until the deer were nan way up the mountain." After tethering his horse, Joe started to dress the other deer while I walked over to my bunch of grass and picked up seven shells. I had'nt thought I had fired so many rounds, and when I showed them to the other two, they had a good laugh

As soon as the deer were dressed we As soon as the deer were treased we slung them across the horse and started on the back track. As we went along Joe told us that on coming in sight of the deer ne was more than surprised at their number. There must have been, he said, at least twenty. On their sighting him he had stood still, which accounted for he had stood stin, which the deer not starting off at once on seeing the deer not starting off at once on seeing He had thought for a moment of ning where he was to see if the deer would not come to him; for one or two

with it. Tethering the horse to a tree we climbed the hill, keeping a good lookout on every side. On reaching the top the track was plainly traceable for some distraces was planny traceatic for some distance. Bob was ahead, myself next and Joe in the rear. We had gone, perhaps, a quarter of a mile; our footsteps making almost no noise on the soft snow. When happening to turn my head to the right there was his bearship slowly coming around the foot of a fallen tree gazing around the foot of a fallen tree gazing after Bob, who was some yards in front. He had apparently come round in a circle and was making his way back to where he came from. I was spell bound. I forgot I held a rifle, I forgot everything except that I was face to face with a black except that I was face to face with a black bear that looked as large as an ox. Joe, who was some yards to the rear could not see it; but seeing me halt had halted also, and asked in a low voice what it was, ano, and assec in a low voice what it was, The bear hearing his voice turned his head and saw me. Immediately he was on his hind legs looking as tall as a tree, and I remembered I held a rife in my hands. It came to my shoulder in an instant, and, without aiming, I fired just one shot; and turning ran for déar life past Joe. The bear made a lunge for-ward, and I thought was after me hot foot. I didn't know why I ran or how I was going to escape by running; only I wanted to get out of that neighborhood as quickly as possible. I didn't even drop my rifle, but lugged it along with

After running perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, but which to me seemed miles, I heard shouts of laughter. It then began to dawn on me that I might then began to dawn on me max a mage-possibly be making a good big ass of my-self, so I stopped and turned around. Jee and Bob were bending over and holding their sides. I went back a good deal slower than I came, for I was all accounts and completely winded. When unstrung, and completely winded. When I reached the boys the tears were running down their faces, and they could not speak but could only point in the direc-tion of the bear. There he lay all sprawled out as dead as dead could be. My one shot had been a lucky one. The ball had struck him in the throat and had gone smashing through the vertebrae of his neck. That lurch forward and a few convulsive kicks had been his last moveconvulsive kicks had been his last move-ments. But how the boys did laugh at my sprinting! Then the question was, how to get him back. He was not as large as he had looked to me, still too large for us to carry. We soon solved large as he had looked to me, still too large for us to carry. We soon solved the problem by taking off our belts; and fastening one to each forepaw and one around his neck, we dragged him quite around his neck, we dragged him quite easily over the snow back to where the horse stood. My, how the horse did snort when he saw the bear coming down the hill. I thought he would surely break away with the deer on his neck. But he soon quieted down again.

We dragged the bear in this manner down the river, which was only a short distance away, and Joe went across to the distance away, and for went across to the wagon to get a rope, while I went back for the horse. Joe brought the other horse ready harnessed back with him; and, hitching him to the bear with the rope, snaked it across the bridge. As time was wearing on we did not wait to skin the bear but tumbled it into the wagon along bear but tumbled it into the wagon along with the deer. Not waiting for lunch we immediately hitched up, and started for home, eating as we went. We rode along without mishaps, except that now and then I would have to grab Joe or Bob to keep them from falling out as they happened to think of my running from the bear, and were overcome with laughter. We drove along at a good ratic. from the bear, and were overcome with laughter. We drove along at a good ratch, and reached the camp about three o'clock. Paul, in the meantime, had prepared his pudding and pies; and had everything in readiness. Therefore, he soon had a fine haunch of venison roasting for the supper, while we took care of the rest of the game; and by the time the men were in



Monument to the Heroes at Ridgeway.

Queen's Park, Toronto.

until they should be abreast of us, thinking that my best chance, when bang' went Bob's rifle. One dropped and I thought it time for me to begin 500. The thought it time for me to begin soo. Ine rest had not stopped, but were making towards the bridge at full aprecial blazed away, and without looking to see if I had hit one or not, I stood up and worked that winchester for all I was worth and as long as a deer was in sight, but which was only a very short time. Then I looked around. Bob was cutting the throat of one deer while another lay a short distance away kicking its last. Bob was laughing heartily. "Did I hit one," I shouted, "You bet you did" he answered, "and it was nt your fault that you did'nt bring down more. I thought you were never going to let up firing."
Having cut the throats of both animals he them to us, and they therefore rescent us. Cogitating thusly a noise I turned to see Joe come gallopering if Joe was ever going to

of them had made a move in that direc-But noticing that the wind was from the wrong quarter, and rememb from the wrong quarter, and remembering that we were waiting patiently on the
other side, had given up the idea. He
immediately put his horse to a gallop,
and that was the instant the deer started
off. "By Got 1 t'ought dey all run de
oter way. Den I see six or seven go to
you an' I know you go' to m sure." Getting back near the river again, Bob, who
was leading, audden's back regard. was leading, suddenly halted and silently pointed to the ground. On our coming up to discover the cause, we found the up to discover the cause, we round the track of a bear crossing our trail and going up the hill. It wasn't there when we came up and Joe swore it wasn't there when he went back after the horse. Therefore it couldn't have crossed more than two hours since, and by the look of that track might have been a great deal less. Bob proposed following it for a short distance in the hopes of coming up (Continued from page 1119)

readiness it was done to a turn. were plied with many questions by the men as to how we got our game, to which we returned no answer, Bob and Joe saywas that I had killed the bear and one of The men looked on me as omething of a hero; but I knew what a fall was coming and, therefore, said

Didn't we have a grand supper? Be sides the venison Paul had cooked some fine bear steaks. And with the plum pudding and mince pies I may say that pudding and mince pies i may say char that Christmas dinner was one of the most enjoyable I ever have partaken of, before or since. Old Maurice was more before or since. Old Maurice was more than satisfied. He allowed that a Christ-mas dinner of that style weren't a bad institution after all ; even if he had to work all day and couldn't fill up at night, for that camp, as all well regulated camps are, was run on strictly temperance principles

was run on strictly temperance principles.

After faishing supper all gathered in the bunk house to hear the exploits of the day. Pipes were filled, and the men, some getting into the bunks and others sitting on the benches, settled themselves to lights. Then Reb, and the related Then Bob and Joe related, to listen. Then Bob and Joe related, with but little exaggeration, the c ents of the day. Very little interruption took place until they told of the shooting of the deer. Then I had to stand a good the deer. Then I had to stand a good deal of good-natured chaff. But when Joe, in his broken English, so graphically described the killing of the bear, and how ran away from a dead one shouts of I ran away from a dead one shouts of laughter arose that could have been heard across the lake; and in which I could not but join. Even the Push could hardly keep on his seat; while Charlie, the Chimanan, cookee, twisted bipoself up into so many knots that it himself up into so many knots that it was some days before he got fully straightened out. And for many a day after, without the least provocation he grab himself around the middle and fall over in convulsions. On being asked to explain he would answer, when he caught his breath: "Oh, dat G he kill 'um bear. GEO. A. KRIBS.

Тововто, 1894.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Upstairs, from the quiet nursery.
Where the lamp burned soft and low
Come floating down below.
And I knew bright eyes were trying
A langthened watch to keep,
Lest Santa Claus pass by them.
And they be fast asless.

heard the voice of Mabel"Perhaps he coult come, because
Lacy Green of Santa Chaus.
And of Santa Chaus.
And of there isn't-trady.
And our stockings will all be empty.
From the top clear down to the co."

Then up rose Will, indignant
At such a suggestion as this—
Such a sudden did from the Such a sudden did
And vision (christians biles)
Of a sudden such christians biles (christians biles)
Of a sudden such such as sudded and bridled,
of pictures and games without number,
And a wonderful trumpet to blow.

All the while his round shoulders
And with eyes aglow with excitement
As I took in the doorway a peep).
Seld, "She don't know anything bout it:
Fin tired and going to sleep,
I wish you would just stop talking.
I wish proceedings are bung below.

wish you would just stop talking, or our stockings are hung below. And I know they'll be full in the morn-ing.

'Cause my father told me so."

And I hought, O trestful childhood,
How you shame our riper years!
And so easily learn faithly beason.
That we heat he little teacher.
And silently asked I might know.
That the way God leads us is always right;
For "our Father tells us so."

POKER RULES DIDN'T WORK

A Game in which Three of a Kind Took Only one Pair Smarter than he Looked

Ox Upper Broadway there is a shoe on the windows of which are some sample shoes. On the top of one pair is a large card on which three new \$1 bills are displayed. Below the bills is printed: Three of a kind take a pair

Yesterday a tough looking Westerner, after gazing for a long time on the bills stepped into the store and was met by a smiling clerk.

"Say, mister, is this a straight game yer givin' us !"
You refer to-

"I'm referrin' to them shoes in the

rules of poker, do you?"
"Oh yes, yes sir. Quite so sir; ha, ha! Rather clever thing, isn't it? Ha.

ha!" D clever. Show me a pair of number nines, that style. The gentleman produced several pairs of nines, and the western man tried them

He selected two pairs, and said he

"Now, see here," he said, "I want no enanigan. You're sellin 'cordin' to shenanigan. Hoyle, eh?

Yes sir, we guarantee that. Couldn't take advantage of an old hand like you

You evidently know the game."
"I do, sonny, and I want nothin' but

game with no looloos, savey? "Yessir, certainly, sir. "Well, then, wrap up them two pair

of shoes, and there's your \$3.

"But every one pair goes for \$3. Look at the eard. Three of a kind, you know, take a pair,"

"I know they do; but we're playin' by the rules, an' 'cordin' to all the rules of poker 1 ever see, three of a kind, also just natchurely and etarnely, scoop two The clerk ceased to smile for a moment

but suddenly recovered himself .

"Yessir, but three of a kind wouldn't

scoop two pair when both pair are nines,

would they?"
"Well, I'll be — Gosh take it if you ain't right! I thought I was workin'a smart game on you; but I'm a jay. I should have taken a pair of eights and a pair of nines an' then I would have had you darn you. Well, so long. You city ou, darn you. you, darn you. Well, so long. You city fellows are smarter than you look, an' kin always squirm out o' a deal somehow."— New York World.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

Night on the Nile; night quiet and deep; Naught in city or field to be heard Save the drowsy plash of the river's swcop By temple and quay, or the cry of some bird That dreams in its sleep.

Night in the cloudless and wageful sky, Where the myriad eyes of Heaven look down On cot and palace, on country and town, Keeping an endless watch on high

winder. You sell them 'cordin' to the rules of poker, do you?"

"Oh yes, yes sir. Quite so sir; ha,

"Resk, and are gone.

Night in the depths of the rock-Where priest and Pnaroah are

TH

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State, Staring with meaningless eyes the gloom. That broods there forever, and so wait Wrap! up in their listening to the trend Of him who paces the corridors And opens and shuts the noiseless doors. The house of the dead.

The silken folds of the canopy of Ahmes Nofretari, the last of those silent rock-haunters that stirred in the heavy air as though passed

In the deary
passed of an unseen bird;
And log of a sudden an awful
Rose through the length and inthe lands
As when the tribes of the earth
A cry that filled the whole firming
And conting back to the
Went wailing over the frether pair
And lost listed in the desert asia

He had left the meats of the funeral feas. He had left the chamber where Maka Pressed
Her lifeless babe to her lifeless brog
And when the living were lying at
He had smitten the first-born of an

heast In palace, cottage and shed. There in their last long slumber, With cold eyes meeting the mos-

The first-born of Egypt-dead.

The first-form of Egypt-decol.
Luck, on besth, or thy reckiesen ran
lay the Nile's troad wave.
And there had revel upon the men.
And the had of despair and tears:
Back to thy haunts, for lo! in thy six
and fillie dolfs Aere not with the deal.
But with swaddling clothes for the se
birth.
To every household throughout the
Prom Arctic saws to toroid sauls;
Wise or ignorant, high or low,
Wrapped in buxury, steeped in we,
the had the same to the second of the low of the had the second of the low of the had the second of the low of the had the second of the low of the

rins day, a son is given.

Sing, Oh barren, that didst not bear.

Breek forth into slugling and cry alouf
Thou that hadst neither travall nor ear
the harb put down the mighty, and load
fut unto each lowly heart and mild
He hath given a child—The child.

"TheoLogy isn't religion than a fashion plate is a suit of clothes remarked the Manyunk philosopher."

BLAKE'S BARREL FOR LIQUIDS

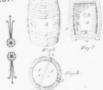
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Fig. 3 Is a transverse horizontal section the middle of Cask,

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Like small curied feathers, white and soft, The Hitle clouds went 69, Across the near, and past 4se stars, And down the west of the Stars, With freshed dew was white, Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay That that these Carrians single.

The shepherds slept, and glummering faint With twist of thin bins sands. Only their fire's cracking flains. The tender slice's cracking flains. The tender slice is proposed to the control of the contro

With finger on his solemn lip Night husbed the shody carth. And only stars and rugels saw The little was a rugels saw The same hash of silver light. Across the bending sides The wondering shepherds woke and hid Their frigithened, dazgled syzes.

Looked up, then sleepy flock
Looked up, then sleepy flock
Looked up, then sleepy again,
Aer knew the high that dimnes the
Frought endless pears has words.
Aer even heard the graphs words.
The chiral is born, the Loral has
flood will on earth to bring?

Then o'er the mosmit, mist, fields, framb with the world's great Joy, the sin-pherical sengial the white waite town.

Micro lay the baby bay,
And, oh, the girdness of the world, The glory of the skies,
Because the longed for thrist had smiled.

In Mary's happy gyes?

SOME GHOSTLY REMARKS.

I am a Ghost by profession.

I haunt residences, chateaux, cabs, cor-ner lots—anything—for a consideration, And, what is more, I am the oldest ghost in the business.

I began in an amateurish way to do haunting for private families when I wasn't more than five years old.

That was in the year 402 B, C,

Then, as the years of that period grew beautifully less, I became more expert, and opened a Spectre Bureau and laid the

foundation of a large trade, which I regret to say, has fallen off of late years. My headquarters were then in Rome ;

as time went on, I established branches in other cities, and made mysell agent for other spooks, securing them en myself gagements to do haunting in places where

I could not spare the time to go myself.

In the old Roman days there wasn't much Christmas work to be done, but there was a great lot of political haunting in hand

I am the ghost who played the Pompey act as Cesar; and later on Mrs. Cesar employed me to make it unpleasant for

Brutus thought I really was Casar My make-up was fine—Mrs. Casar hav-ing lent me a fog-colored toga and a transparent laurel Julius used to wear. It would have made you laugh to see

Brutus quail. It was worse than quail.

It was a whole covey of partridges. By slow degrees I built up a monopoly

of European haunting.

Hamlet was one of my best customers and gave me a letter of recommendation to some English friends of his, through whose influences I got the contract for haunting Royalty.

I sent down to my main office and got a batch of spectres to come and help me haunt Richard III.

You doubtless remember the episode That was the proudest moment of my life.

It was haunting on a grand scale, you Ordinary spectres never do business in

They seem to think that if they appear alone at a man's bedside, it is enough.

They have no mind to grasp the cumulative effect upon the victim who gets a whole invoice of ghosts thrown at him

But lately trade is dull.

People haven't time to be haunted; and, unless they have some fell purpose in view, they no longer hire spooks to

haunt other people.

Here it is Christmas-time, and I have n't than five engagements and what paltry engagements they are !

One fellow living off in the country has his wife's mother living with him, and he wants me to haunt the old lady until she adjourns.

Nice business for a respectable ghost

Then listen to this :-here's a man who writes to say that his wife is set on having a sealskin sacque, and he wants to know what I'll charge to sit on the footboards of her bed, grinning at her through a skull for an hour every night for three nights running, with a seal sacque over my shoulders.

particularly when, as in the present in-stance my client offers to give me half of what he gets out of it.

What's that I must be rich by this time? Well, I guess not

That's the one great trial of my bus

So many of my clients go back on me So many of my clients go back on me. I haunt for'em — I horrity and terrify: I do everything a spook can do to achieve their ends; and, by George! when I come to ask for my money, they pretend not

It's easy to pretend not to see a ghost ou know; and what redress have I Not a bit.

Who ever heard of a spook having any standing in court

That's why I m disgusted with the usiness; I'm going to give it up after

this year.

What am I going to do for a living?

Well, I don't know exactly!

I'm sorter uncertain whether to go into



Johnny's Dream on Christmas Eve.

Do you call that a dignified thing? Now, here's a bit I rather like:

A young man out at Poke-Stogy wants me to attend a big ball there on Christ-mas Eve, and horrify everybody but him-self—his idea being that the girl he loves will so admire his bravery in the pres-ence of a supernatural being, that she will refrain from being a sister to him

That's the kind of business that I like, because it makes somebody happy; but this trade of badgering an old lady just because she happens to be a man's wife's mother,—why, it's positively low!

Then, there's another congenial bid

Tve got for Christmas Eve:
A boy who was discovered to be dissipated by his rich father ten years ago. and whose name has been removed from the old gentleman's will, has retained me to appear at his governor's bedside as the clock strikes twelve, and simply soak him with remorse, and secure the boy's reinstatement.

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I like to do a kind act of that sort, a museum, or settle down in some old

Why, of course I'll evaporate some

day!
Particularly in these days when costles heated by steam.

I'd dry up in seven minutes if I lingured

But for a year after the coming Jan. uary I'm engaged by a wealthy young New York boy.

One hundred dollars a month and my

He wants me to sit in one corner of

his room as a specimen of real London

It's a nice, easy job; and, being loggy is one of my specialties.

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A MEAN TRICK.

Mrs. Gayboy-"I think I'll give my husband a bottle of hair-restorer for

Mrs. Quiz: "So you want him to look

young again ("
Mrs. Gaybay—"It isn't that. I just want to keep him from going to see the skirt-dancers every night.

" FORTY-NINE CENTS."

Merritt - "Those were pretty rank cigars your wife gave you for Christmas." Colorigger - 1 should say so. They made me sick before I tried them.

Merritt—" How was that?"
Cobregger—" She forgot to rub the price off the bottom of the box."

NOT CONVENTIONAL

OLD Jerry Simpson does not care What song the angels sang. He hangs not up his stockings, for He has no stockings to hang.

NO REASON FOR UNEASINESS.

Mrs. Robinson Hill, of Austin, Tex. on entering the dining room one warm day saw something that shocked her, and to the colored lady, Matilda Snowball, whom she employs, she said: "Matilda, is that a handkerchief you

have put over the butter?"
"Yes, mum, I put hit dar to keep de
flies off. Don't be skeart, hit's my own hankercher

SHE APPRECIATED THEM.

"Well, if, as you say, you love Clar-

ence why don't you release George, Harry, Fred and Eugene?"
"I know my business. It isn't going to be a cold day for the dear boys until



While assisting the pretty "Typewriter across the street.

WORKING AN OLD SCHEME.

AT one of the theatres the other even-At one or the theatres the other even-ing a dapper, well-dressed young man was seated with a couple of society girls in a front seat in the parquet. As the curtain went down after the second act he was observed to grow restless and cast fluxious dances forwards the second act he was glances towards the entrance. Suddenly an usher came dashing down the aisle conspicuously waving a note in hand, which he delivered to the gentleman in question. The latter opened it, knotted his cycbrows seriously and handed it to his lady companions for inspection. Then, seizing his hat, he hastened back to the door. When he re-entered the theatre a few minutes later, wiping his mustache with the handkerchief, observant ones among the audience quietly nudged each other and remarked in an undertone: "It was an old scheme, but it worked

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
grows,
hos suddenly his hostess rose
And whispered, "Do not let my husband hearHe has too many wild times, I fear."

HIS HONEST OPINION.

As Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some theorems principles. evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had any-thing to say for himself, replied with the characteristic humor of his country "Never a single word, your Honor! And it's my raal opinion there's been a great deal too much said as it is."



Saluting the "Mayor."

AN IMPLIED SLUR.

Cobble - "Van Gilder, the painter, had a narrow escape from being drowned re-

cently, didn't he?"
Stone—" Yes, and now he won't speak

Cobbe — "Why not?"
Stone—"I referred to him as a struggling artist."

A DOUBTFUL COMPILMENT.

Artist - (showing picture)-" Now, my dear Gilmer, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymphs."

Gilmer—" Perfect, my dear boy. One would actually think they were made of

The artist is thinking this compliment

HE PLAYED WITH BOOTH.

"You wouldn't think, sir, that I once

played with Booth in England?"
"Dear me?" exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, as he handed the wretched mendicant a quarter, "what did you

"The bass drum, sir," answered the mendicant meekly, "but this Salvation Army biz is played out fer me."



Addressing the "Apple Woman."

THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF IT.

A BEVY of pretty girls were talking of the Christmas gifts they would like to

"Give me a gold watch," said one.
"Give me a silver bonbonnere," said another.

Give me lots of gloves.

"Give me a toilet-box.

"Give me a roller loss."
"Give me an album."
"Give me a piano," and so in succes-

"Give me a man," said the last; and the rest all suickered and changed their wishes at the same time.

TWOULD DO AS WELL.

They tell this story of an absent-minded professor in the University of Pennsylvania. He was writing at his desk one evening when one of his child-

ren entered. "What do you want?" he asked. "I cannot be disturbed now.

"I only want to say good-night, papa,"

"I only want to say a replied the child.
"Never mind now," as he instantly resumed his writing, "to-morrow morning will do as well.



onstrating with the "Organ Grinder."

THOSE BLOOMERS.

Ikey-" Mudder, Mudder! vare is my

Mother (soothingly)-"There, there, Ikey, do be quiet! Your sister, Rebecca, has gone out for a ride on her bicycle vid dem, but she'll be back soon again."

A nice Christmas toy for an urchin Is found is an elephant green. With eyes that are purple and searchin' And a volce that sings "God Save the Queen!"

AFRAID OF THE NEW DISEASE

Miss A .- "I'm afraid that if I use a pen much longer I'll have an attack of of oh, what is that you call it?"

Miss B.—"I'm sure I don't know."

Miss A.—" I m sure I don't know."

Miss A.—" Oh, I have it; appendicitis!

That's it."

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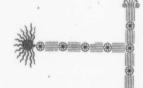
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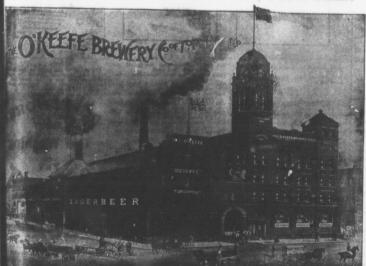


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DISEASE, if I use a attack of -

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HOSE pplies

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de St. Wes

THE BELLS OF AFLANTA

An Incident of the Civil War.

An incident of the Civil War.
Autumn sunset on Attains published sunsers red of MarsTwinking cause in the distance like for the constraint of the constraint of the constraint of the constraint of the mights. He grim war dogs. Down the valled for the morrow's fight. Down the valley in the monoalight lay the Fruittini as the sunmer grain field when the east wind breaks the drought-lay leads to the constraint of the constra

Sabbath sunrise on Atlanta, issuing in the

Sabbath sunrise on Atlanta, issuing in the steel-gray morn. Turning dark hills into silver as the crystal light borning sky in beauty, sleeps only reveile and roll-call mock the peace that God has made!

And are tool has made!

And the dark made their dreaming of the fray. Turned their horrid fronts to eastward, where the quiet city lay.

For the word had come troom masters, they must oppen on their peay!

most open on ther prey;
I away inrough bine-domed morning rose
the city's thread-like aptree.

L'ting up the southern banner to her
the found of the control of the city's
the found of the control of the city
for any of the city of the city
and of her faith.

Any of the city of the city of the city
of Kennesse.

Sumbered southern hope and glory, her
religion and her law of the city
of Kennesse.

religion and her law.

"Aim for younder cursed banner flouting from that tailest apire;"
Open with the hundred-guinders—let the Thus spake Sherman, and his army, marshalded in the hill-top since for the Audition of that gun, and those sleep guns, huge, black-muzied, all the black of the state of the sta

their leash the keeper stips.

In amount on the city there would rain a fire of heil!

Soils shot would mingle thinder with the like an eagle from his syrie failing on the flock below. Some consens the value beautiful the strength of the syrie failing on the like her would be some the strength of the syrie failing on the like the syrie while erect thus significant the syrie will be strength of the syrie for the syrie failing on the syrie will be significant to the syrie of the syrie of the syrie will be strength of the syrie will be significant to the syrie of the syrie

nexven-oranna inno.

Suddanly, far down the valley, came a faint y tuneful sound.

Floating from the tailest steeple, spreading like God's halo 'cound.

And the seageant dropped the langard as and the statement of the statement of the statement of the statement of the best distribution of the statement of the s

earth, good will to man "Heralding to pale blue morning till the echo-ling militons start—
man start of the start of the

decks of Trataigns:
And the solder as he listened saw New
England's hilliops rise—
Saw the plains of Indian stretch beneath
Vanished now the flags of battle, gone were
armed host and gon.
And him in the sun.
It is Sabbath, and the church beils call him
Sabaula there—set here he standeth, ready
with the chantening rod.
Till a brother's blood shall mingle with his
own, his sauthern sold.

Mocked the guns that, parked to westward, crowned the hilltop's bristling creet.

All day long the Sabbath smilght o'er the blieffine and gray buttalions in the limited blie and gray buttalions in the limited blie and gray buttalions in the And the singe guns watched and wondered why their keepers all had feel!

Bling to church halls of Allants I. Bling to church hall and the consequence of the church hall and the church hal

Ring. ye church bells of Atlanta! Ring till sin and hate shall cease Ring till nations hear thy pacaus, and the founts of drums are drowned out in thy melodies of peace.

rum, eer for the sausages, liniment and shoes, that curious smelling stuff for the tea that Gramma brews.

KILL THE PIG.

And the notes of drums are drowned out in the motes of drums are drowned out in the motes of peace.

The Horse Review.

LOTS OF SPORT.

Popper gets the sleigh out—the low one like a sleid. Not the cutter in the barn, the one that's pallet dream different manner of the size of the cutter in the barn, the one that's pallet dream all them out, the buffer role and all. Not the cutter in the barn, the one that's pallet dream all the size of th

Oh, you ought to hear the way that pig goes quee! quee! quee! Though he don't never squeal enough for satisfying me.

\$5,000,000 is an immense

fortune, but is only a conservative estimate of the amount saved in doctors' bills to the people of the Dominion by the use of

St. Jacobs Oil Its timely use not only saves money, but much suffering; a

trial will win your endorsement.

And the steam makes Hitle peck-marks in the snow upon the ground.

And he scrapes the bristles off him and he straight? And the straight of th

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ACTOR













Jimmy Tries to Get Comferble with the Big Book,

Popper screws his mouth up and says the list is big;
But we must have things at Christmas when we KLLL
THE
THG.

Next day Mr. Wilkins comes-he's the London beauth of the long mout rancher man.
Nebody in town can cut up pork meat like and Popper make their guess, sizing up tain to fine pig than that in Jersey or in York.

And sort of quinches through his fat, and the little post of blood the makes looks prefuse the local.

He and Popper make their guess, sizing up tain to fine pig than that in Jersey or in York. Next day Mr. Wilkins comes—he's the Nobody in town can cut up pork meat like he can. He are the can be compared to the can be can be compared to the can be compared to the can be compared to the can be can be

Ain't no naer pig than that in Jersey or in York.

Popper anya four hundred pounda—Mr Willkins to hundred and a half is high's as a Jimmy-that's our hired man—looks kinder.

"Four hundred pounds is in that pork or I ain't no luigh," says all the pig, and Jim and the pig half of the pig and or or of Pricade.

And or of Pricade.

And he feels right bad at thristmas when we

KILL THE PIG.

Sabbath there—yet here he standeth, ready with the chastening for the word of the word of

KILL THE PIG.

Then the wamen fashs fetch steaming, bolling water in the palls, has well as the palls, and proper goes out to the barn and gets and proper goes out to the barn and gets and proper the property of the part of the property of the palls of th

KILLED OUR PIG.

Then Mr. Wilkins sits his legs and puts a broomstick through.
And hangs him up the hook on Jhe tree that they hang the stilyards fo.
And he scrapes him and he steams him till the air is steam all round,

GIVING AWAY.

The giving of the bride by her fathe of a very important part of the mar eremony, but the giving away of laidens by their little brothers has

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