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Free.

Abel Perry's Funeral.

Josiah Allen and me had visitors, along the last of the winter,—Abel Perry's folks from 'way out beyond Loontown.

They come in good spirits and the mornin' train, and spent three days and three nights with us.

You see, they wuz relations of ours, and had been for some time, entirely unbeknown to us, and they come a huntin' us up. They said "they thought relations ort to be hunted up, and hang together." They said "the idee of huntin' us up had come to 'em after readin' my book."

They told me so, and I said, "Wall." I didn't add nor deminish to that one "Wall." For I didn't want to act too backward, nor too forward. I jest kep' kinder neutral, and said, "Wall."

You see, Abel's father's sister in law wuz step-mother to my aunt's second-cousin on her father's side. And Abel said that "he had felt more and more, as years went by, that it wuz a burnin' shame for relations to not know and love each other." He said "he felt that he loved Josiah and me dearly."

I didn't say right out whether it wuz reciprocated or not. I kinder said, "Wall," agin.

And I told Josiah, in perfect confidence and the wood-house chamber, "that I had seen nearer relations than Mr. Perry's folks wuz to us."

Howsoever, I done well by 'em. Josiah killed a fat turkey, and I baked it, and done other things for their comfort, and we had quite a good time.

Abel wuz rather flowery and enthusiastick, and his mouth and voice wuz rather large, but he meant well, I should judge, and we had quite a good time.

She wuz very freckled, and a second-day Baptist by persuasion, and was pectin' up a crazy bedquilt. She went a-visitin' a good deal, and got pieces of the wimmen's dresses where she visited for blocks. So it wuz quite a savin' bedquilt, and very good-lookin' considerin'.

But to resoom and continue on. Abel's folks made us promise on our two sacred honors, Josiah's honor and mine, that we would pay back the visit, for, as Abel said, "for relatives to live so close to each other, and not visit back and forth, wuz a burnin' shame and a disgrace." And Josiah promised that we would go right away after sugarin'.

We wouldn't promise on the New Testament, as Abel wanted us to (he is dretful enthusiastick); but we gin good plain promises that we would go, and laid out to keep our two words.

So long a week or so after sugarin', Josiah beset me one day to go over to Mr. Perry's.

Josiah liked Abel; there wuz sunthin' in his intense enthusiastick nature and extravagant methods that wuz congenial to Josiah.

So I bein' agreeable to the idee, we set out after dinner, a-layin' out to be gone for two nights and one half day, and two parts of days, a-goin' and a-comin' back.

Wall, we got there unexpected, as they had come onto us. And we found 'em plunged into trouble.

Their only child, a girl, who had married a young lawyer of Loontown, had jest lost her husband with the typhus, and they wuz a-makin' preparations for the funeral when we got there. She and her husband had

come home on a visit, and he wuz took down bed-sick there and died.

I told 'em I felt like death to think I had descended down onto 'em at such a time.

But Abel said he wuz jest despatchin' a message, for us when we arrive, for, he said, "In a time of trouble, then wuz the time, if ever, that a man wanted his near relations close to him."

And he said "we hed took a load offen him by appearin' jest as we did, for there would have been some delay in gettin' us there, if the messenger had been despatched."

He said "that mornin' he had felt so bad that he wanted to die,—it seemed as if there wuzn't nothin' left for him to live for; but now he felt that he had sunthin' to live for, now his relatives wuz gathered round him."

Josiah shed tears to hear Abel go on. I myself didn't weep none, but I wuz glad if we could be any comfort to 'em, and told 'em so.

And I told Sally Ann, that wuz Abel's wife, that I would do anything that I could to help 'em.

And she said "everything wuz a bein' done that wuz necessary. She didn't know of but one thing that wuz likely to be overlooked and neglected, and that wuz the crazy bedquilt."

So I took out my thimble and needle (I always carry such necessities with me, in a huzzy made expressly for that purpose), and I set down and went to pectin' up. There wuz seventeen blocks to piece up, each one crazy as a loon to look at, and it wuz all to set together.

She had the pieces, for she had been off on a visitin' tower the week before, and collected of 'em.

So I set in quiet and the big cheer in the sittin' room, and pieced up, and see the preparations a-goin' on round us.

I found that Abel's folks lived in a house big and showy-lookin', but not so solid and firm as I had seen.

It wuz one of the houses, outside and inside, where more pains had been took with the porticos and ornaments than with the underpinnin'.

It had a showy and kind of a shaky look. And I found that that extended to Abel's business arrangements. Amongst the other ornaments of his buildin' wuz mortgages, quite a lot of 'em, and of almost every variety. He had gin his only child S. Annie (she wuz named after her mother Sally Ann, but wrote it this way),—he had gin S. Annie a showy education, a showy weddin', and a showy settin'-out. But she had had the good luck to marry a sensible man, though poor.

He took S. Annie, and the brackets, and piano, and hangin' lamps, and baskets, and crystal bead lambrèques, her father had gin her, moved 'em all into a good sensible small house, and went to work to get a practice and a livin'. He wuz a lawyer by persuasion.

Wall, he worked hard, day and night, for three little children come to 'em pretty fast, and S. Annie consumed a good deal in trimmin's and cheap lace to ornament 'em. She wuz her father's own girl for ornament.

But he worked so hard, and had so many irons in the fire, and kep' 'em all so hot, that he got a good livin' for 'em, and begun

to lay up money towards byin' 'em a house, a home.

He talked a sight, so folks said that know him well, about his consumin' desire and aim to get his wife and children into a little home of their own, into a safe little haven, where they could be a little sheltered from the storms of life if the big waves should wash him away. They say that that wuz on his mind day and night, and wuz what nerved his hand so in the fray, and made him so successful.

Wall, he had laid up about nine hundred dollars towards a home, every dollar on it earned by hard work and consecrated by this deathless hope and affection. The house he had got his mind on only cost about a thousand dollars. Loontown property is cheap.

Wall, he had laid up nine hundred, and wuz a-beginnin' to save on the last hundred, for he wouldn't run in debt a cent anyway, when he wuz took voyalint sick there to Abel's: he and S. Annie had come home for a visit of a day or two; and he bein' so run down, and weak with his hard day work, and his night work, that he sunkumbod to his sickness, and passed away the day before I got there.

Wall, S. Annie wuz jest overcome with grief the day I got there, but the day follerin' she begun to take some interest and help her father in makin' preparations for the funeral.

The body wuz embalmed, accordin' to Abel's and S. Annie's wish, and the funeral wuz to be on the Sunday follerin', and on that Abel and S. Annie now bent their energies.

To begin with, S. Annie had a hull suit of clear crapo made for herself, with a veil that touched the ground; she also had three other suits commenced, for more common wear, trimmed heavy with crapo, one of which she ordered for sure the next week, for she said "she couldn't stir out of the house in any other color but black."

I know just how dear crapo wuz, and I tackled her on the subject, and says I,—"Do you know, S. Annie, those dresses of yourn will cost a sight?"

"Cost!" says she, a-bustin' out a-cryin'. "What do I care about cost? I will do everything I can to respect his memory. I do it in remembrance of him."

Says I, gently, "S. Annie, you wouldn't forget him if you wuz dressed in white. And as for respect, such a life as his, from all I see of it, don't need crapo to throw respect on it: it commands respect, and gets it from everybody."

"But," says Abel, "it would look dretful odd to the neighbors if he didn't dress in black," says he, in a skairful tone, and in his intense way,—"I would ruther risk my life than to have her fall in duty in this way; it would make talk!"

And says he, "What is life worth when folks talk?"

I turned around the crazed block, and tackled it in a new place (more lunny than ever it seemed to me), and says I, mekankickly,—"It is pretty hard work to keep folks from talkin', to keep 'em from sayin' sunthin'."

But I see from their looks it wouldn't do to say anything more, so I had to set still and see it go on.

At that time of year flowers wuz dretful high, but S. Annie and Abel had made up their minds that they must have several flower pieces from the city nighest to Loontown.

One wuz going to be a gate ajar, and one wuz to be a gate wide open. And one wuz to be a big book. Abel asked me what book I thought would be preferable to represent. And I mentioned the Bible.

But Abel says, "No, he didn't think he would have a Bible, he didn't think it would be appropriate, seein' the deceased wuz a lawyer." He said "he hadn't quite made up his mind what book to have. But anyway it wuz to be in flowers—beautiful flowers." Another piece wuz to be his name in white flowers on a purple background of pansies. His name wuz William Henry Harrison Rockyfeller. And I says to Abel,—"To save expense, you will probable have the moneygram W. H. H. R."

"Oh, no," says he. Says I, "Then the initials of his given names, and the last name in full."

"Oh, no," he said; "it wuz S. Annie's wish, and hisen, that the hull name should be put on. They thought it would show more respect."

I says, "Where Harrison is now, that hain't a goin' to make any difference," and says I, "Abel, flowers are dretful high this time of year, and it is a long name."

But Abel said agin that he didn't care for expense, so long as respect wuz done to the memory of the deceased. He said that he and S. Annie both felt that it wuz their wish to have the funeral go ahead of any other that had ever took place in Loontown or Jonesville. He said that S. Annie felt that it wuz all that wuz left her now in life, the memory of such a funeral as he deserved.

Says I, "There is his children left for her to live for," says I,—"three little bits of his own life, for her to nourish, and cherish, and look out for."

"Yes," says Abel. "And she will do that nobly, and I will help her. They are all goin' to the funeral, too, in deep-black dresses." He said "they wuz too little to realize it now, but in later and maturer years it would be a comfort to 'em to know they had took part in such a funeral as that wuz goin' to be, and wuz dressed in black."

"Wall," says I (in a quiet onassumin' way I would gin little hints of my mind on the subject), "I am afraid that will be about all the comforts of life the poor little children will ever have," says I. "It will if you buy many more flower-pieces and crapo dresses."

Abel said "it wouldn't take much crapo for the children's dresses, they wuz so little, only the baby's: that would have to be long."

Says I, "The baby would look better in white, and it will take sights of crapo for a long baby dress."

"Yes, but S. Annie can use it afterwards for veils. She is very economical; she takes it from me. And she feels jest as I do, that the baby must wear it in respect to her father's memory."

Says I, "The baby don't know crapo from a clothes-pin."

"No," says Abel, "but in after-years the thought of the respect she showed will sustain her."

"Wall," says I, "I guess she won't have much besides thoughts to live on, if things to on in this way."

I would give little hints in this way, but they wuzn't took. Things went right on as if I hadn't spoke. And I couldn't contend, for truly, as a had little boy said once on a similar occasion, "it wuzn't my funeral," so I had to set and work on that insane bedquilt and see it go on. But I sithed content and frequent, and when I wuz all

alone in the room I indulged in a few low groans.

Two dress-makers wuz in the house, to stay all the time till the dresses wuz done; and clerks would come around, if not oftner, with packages of mournin' goods, and mournin' jewelry, and mournin' handkerchiefs, and mournin' stockin's, and mournin' stockin'-supporters, and mournin' safety-pins, and etc., etc., etc., etc.

Every one of 'em, I knew, a-wrenchin' boards offen the sides of that house that Harrison had worked so hard to get for his wife and little ones.

Wall, the day of the funeral come. It wuz a wet, drizzly day, but Abel wuz up early, to see that everything wuz as he wanted it to be.

As far as I wuz concerned, I had done my duty, for the crazy bedquilt wuz done; and though brains might totter as they looked at it, I felt that it wuzn't my fault. Sally Ann spread it out with complacency over the lounge, and thanked me, with tears in her eyes, for my noble deed.

Along quite early in the mornin', before the show commenced, I went in to see Harrison.

He lay there calm and peaceful, with a look on his face as if he had got away at last from a atmosphere of show and sham, and had got into the great Reality of life.

It wuz a good face, and the worryment and care that folks told me had been on it for years had all faded away. But the look of determination, and resolve, and bravery,—that wuz ploughed too deep in his face to be smoothed out, even by the mighty hand that had lain on it. The resolved look, the brave look with which he had met the warfare of life, toiled for victory over want, toiled to place his dear and helpless ones in a position of safety,—that look wuz on his face yet, as if the deathless hope and endeavor had gone on into eternity with him.

And by the side of him, on a table, wuz the big high flower pieces, beginnin' already to wilt and decay.

Wall, it's bein' such a uncommon bad day there wuzn't many to the funeral. But we rode to the meetin' house in Loontown in a state and splendor that I never expect to ag'in. Abel had hired eleven mournin'-coaches, and the day bein' so bad, and so few a-turnin' out to the funeral, that in order to occupy all the coaches, and Abel thought it would look better and more popular to have 'em all occupied, we divided up, and Josiah went in one, alone, and lonesome as a dog, as he said afterwards to me. And I sot up straight and uncomfortable in another eno on 'em stark alone.

Abel had one to himself, and his wife another one, and two old maids, sisters of Abel's who always made a point of attendin' funerals, they each one of 'em had one. S. Annie and her children of course had the first one, and then the minister had one, and one of the trustees in the neighborhood had another: so we lengthened out into quite a crowd, all a-tollerin' the shiny hearse, and the casket all covered with showy plated nails. I thought of it in jest that way, for Harrison, I knew, the real Harrison, wuzn't there. No, he wuz far away,—as far as the Real is from the Unreal.

Wall, we filed into the Loontown meetin'-house in pretty good shape, though Abel hadn't no black handkerchief, and he looked worried about it. He had shed tears a-tellin' me about it, what a oversight it wuz while I wuz a-foxin' on his mournin' weed. He took it into his head to have a deeper weed at the last minute, so I fixed it on. He had the weed to come up to the top of his hat and lap over. I never see so tall a weed. But it suited Abel; he said "he thought it showed deep respect."

"Wall," says I, "it is a deep weed anyway—the deepest I ever see." And he said, as I wuz a-sewin' it on, he a-holdin' his hat for me, "that Harrison deserved it; he deserved it all."

But, as I say, he shed tears to think that his handkerchief wuzn't black-bordered. He said "it wuz a fearful oversight; it would probably make talk."

But I says, "Mebby it won't be noticed."

"Yes it will," says he. "It will be noticed." And says she, "I don't care about myself, but I am afraid it will reflect onto Harrison. I am afraid they will think it shows a lack of respect for him. For Harrison's sake I feel cut down about it."

And I says, "I guess where Harrison is

now, the color of a handkerchief-border hain't a-goin' to make much difference to him either way."

And I don't s'pose it wuz noticed much, for there wuzn't more'n ten or a dozen folks there when we went in. We went in in Injin file mostly, by Abel's request, so's to make more show. And as a procession we wuz middlin' long, but rather thin.

The sermon wuz not so good as to quality but abundant as to quantity. It wuz, as nigh as I could calkerlate, about a hour and three-quarters long. Josiah whispered to me along about the last that "we had been there over seven hours, and his legs wuz paralyzed."

And I whispered back that "seven hours would take us into the night, and to stretch his feet out and pinch 'em;" which he did.

But it wuz long and tejus. My feet got to sleep twice, and I had hard work to wake 'em up again. The sermon meant to be about Harrison, I s'pose; he did talk a sight about him, and then he kinder breeched off into politics, and then the Inter-State bill; he kinder favored it, I thought.

Wall, we all got drippin' wet a-goin' home, for Abel insisted on our gettin' out at the grave, for he had hired some uncommon high singers (high every way, in price and in notes) to sing at the grave.

And so we disembarked in the drippin' rain, on the wet grass, and formed a procession ag'in. And Abel had a long exercise right there in the rain. But the singin' wuz kinder jerky, and cur'us, and they had got their pay beforehand, so they hurried it through. And one man, the tenor, who was dretful afraid of takin' cold, hurried through his part, and got through first, and started on a run for the carriage. The others stood their grounds till the piece wuz finished, but they put in some dretful cur'us quavers. I believe they had had chills: it sounded like it.

Take it altogether, I don't believe anybody got much satisfaction out of it, only Abel. S. Annie sp'ilt her dress and bonnet entirely—they wuz wilted all down; and she ordered another suit jest like it before she slept.

The men stayed to dianer, and I said to Abel, out to one side—

"Abel, that monument is a-goin' to cost a sight."

"Wall," says he, "We can't raise too high a one. Harrison deserved it all."

Says I, "Won't that, and all these funeral expenses, take about all the money he left?"

"Oh, no," says he. "He had insured his life for a large amount, and it all goes to his wife and children. He deserves a monument, if a man ever did."

"But," says I, "don't you believe that Harrison would rather have S. Annie and the children settled down in a good little home, with somethin' left to take care of 'em, than to have all this money spent in perfectly useless things?"

"Useless!" says Abel, turnin' red. "Why," says he, "if you wuzn't a near relation I should resent that speech bitterly."

"Wall," says I, "what do all these flowers, and empty carriages, and silver-plated nails, and crape, and so forth—what does it all amount to?"

"Respect and honor to his memory," says Abel, proudly.

Says I, "Such a life as Harrison's had them; nobody could take 'em away, nor deminish 'em. Such a brave, honest life is crowned with honor and respect anyway. It don't need no crape, nor flowers, nor monuments, to win 'em. And at the same time," says I, dreamily, "if a man is mean, no amount of crape, or flower-pieces, or flowery sermons, or obituaries, is a-goin' to cover up that meanness. A life has to be lived out-doors, as it were; it can't be hid. A string of mournin' carriages, no matter how long, hain't a-goin' to carry a dishonorable life into honor, and no grave, no matter how low and humble it is, is a-goin' to cover up a honorable life."

"Such a life as Harrison's don't need no monument to carry up the story of his virtues into the heavens; it is known there already. And them that mourn his loss don't need cold marble words to recall his goodness and faithfulness. The heart where the shadow of his eternal absence has fell, don't need crape to make it darker."

"Harrison wouldn't be forgot if S. Annie wore pure white from day to day. No,

nobody that knew Harrison, from all I have heard of him, needs crape to remind 'em that he wuz once here and now is gone.

"Howsomever, as far as that is concerned, I always feel that mourners must do as they are a mind to about crape, with fear and tremblin',—that is, if they are well off, and can do as they are a mind to; and the same with monuments, flowers, empty coaches, etc. But in this case, Abel Perry, I wouldn't be a-doin' my duty if I didn't speak my mind. When I look at these little helpless souls that are left in a cold world with nothin' to stand between them and want but the small means their pa worked so hard for and left for the express purpose of takin' care of 'em, it seems to me a foolish thing, and a cruel thing, to spend all that money on what is entirely unnecessary."

"Unnecessary!" says Abel, angrily. "Ag'in I say, Josiah Allen's wife, that if it wuzn't for our close relationship I should turn on you. A worm will turn," says he, "if it is too hardy trampled on."

"I hain't trampled on you," says I, "nor hain't had no idea on't. I wuz only statin' the solemn facts and truth of the matter. And you will see it some time, Abel Perry, if you don't now."

Says Abel, "The worm has turned, Josiah Allen's wife! Yes, I feel that I have got to look now to more distant relations for comfort. Yes, the worm has been stepped on too heavy."

He looked cold, cold as a iceickle, almost. And I see that jest the few words I had spoke, jest the slight hints I had gin, hadn't been took as tney anoud have been took. So I said no more. For ag'in the remark of that little bad boy came up in my mind, and restrained me from sayin any more.

Truly, as the young male child observed, "it wuzn't my funeral."

We went home almost immejiately afterwards, my heart nearly a-bleedin' for the little children, poor little creeters, and Abel actin' cold and distant to the last.

And we hain't seen 'em sence. But news has come from them, and come straight. Josiah heard to Jonesville, all about it.

The miller at Loontown wuz down to the Jonesville mill to get the loan of some bags, and Josiah happened to be there to mill that day, and beered all about it.

Abel had got the monument. And the ornaments on it cost far more than he expected. There wuz a wreath a-runnin' round it clear from the bottom to the top, and verses a kinder runnin' up it at the same time. And it cost fearful. Poetry a-runnin' up, they say, costs far more than it duz on the level.

Anyway, the two thousand dollars that wuz insured on Harrison's life wuzn't quite enough to pay for it. But the sale of his law library and the best of the hosen stuff paid it. The nine hundred he left went, every mite of it, to pay the funeral expenses, and mournin' for the family.

And, as bad luck always follers on in a procession, them mortgages of Abel's all run out sort o' together. His creditors sold him out, and when his property was all disposed of it left him over fourteen hundred dollars in debt.

The creditors acted perfectly greedy, so they say,—took everything they could; and one of the meanest ones took that insane bedquilt that I finished. That wuz mean. They say Sally Ann crumpled right down when that wuz took. Some say they got holt of that tall weed of Abel's, and some dispute it; some say that he wore it on the last ride he took in Loontown.

But, howsomever, Abel wuz took sick, Sally Ann wuzn't able to do anything for their support, S. Annie wuz took down with the typhus, and so it happened the very day the monument was brought to the Loontown Cemetery, Abel Perry's folks wuz carried to the county house for the winter, S. Annie, the children, and all.

And it happened dretful cur'us, but the town hired that very team that drew the monument there, to take the family back.

It wuz a good team.

The monument wuzn't set up, for they lacked money to pay for the underpinnin'. (Wuzn't it cur'us, Abel Perry never would think of the underpinnin' to anything?) But it lay there by the side of the road, a great white shape.

And they say the children wuz skairt, and cried, when they went by it,—cried and wept.

But I believe it wuz because they wuz cold and hungry that made 'em cry. I don't believe it wuz the monument.

Josiah Allen's Wife.

Hog-Killing in Chicago.

To kill and prepare 1,200 to 1,500 beeves and 8,000 to 10,000 hogs in one day requires a complete system. The steers are driven into long pens, and an expert rifleman walking upon a platform over them discharges a rifle shot into the brain just behind the horns. The killing is instantaneous, the steer, without even a groan, falling like a log. The animal is then drawn forward from the pen, the hide quickly removed and the carcass prepared and cut up ready for storage in the "chillrooms," and subsequent shipment. These beef-killing processes are speedily performed, but the science most thoroughly developed is the hog-killing. These animals are driven up an inclined roadway into a pen in the upper part of the packing house. Men keep the procession constantly moving, and when the hog arrives at the proper place, a chain is deftly fastened round his hind leg. The steam machinery jerks up the squealing hog, so that he hangs head downwards upon a sliding frame; his throat is cut, the blood spouting carcass slides along the frame, and, in a moment, being drained of blood, it is dropped into a vat of boiling water. This scalds it, and being quickly lifted out it rolls over a table into a revolving machine that scrapes it clean of bristles. Then the carcass is passed along a sliding table, washed again, hung up, beheaded, disembowelled, split down the middle, and then upon a lengthened inclined railway to be hung up to cool. An army of men standing alongside the machinery perform the various duties as the carcasses transport then by gravity through the different processes, which succeed each other with such rapidity that in a few minutes the porker is finally disposed of. This is done by moving the carcass to a broad block, where half a dozen butchers standing around simultaneously attack it, and in a twinkling it is converted into hams, sides, and shoulders,—and the various parts are sent off to their respective apartments. Every portion of the hog is utilized for meats, lard, sausages, or canned goods, and the blood and other offal are converted into a fertilizer. Enormous sausage-making machines grind and cut the scraps, and scores of women are busily engaged in packing and labelling the tins. These wonderful processes attract many visitors, and the American rustic who has been accustomed to the farmer's frolic of the "hog-killing," where elaborate preparations are made for the slaughter of probably half a dozen, looks with amazement upon this wholesale summary disposal of the animals in Chicago. Great as this wonderful city is in everything, it seems that the first place among its strong points must be given to the celerity and comprehensiveness of the Chicago style of killing hogs.

During October the public debt of the Dominion was decreased more than a quarter of a million.

It is customary in Sweden to hang the door-key up outside the house to show that the family is not at home.

While the relations between France and England have of late not been so friendly as could be desired, it is a pleasure to every friend of peace and good fellowship to know that two bones of contention have been taken out of the way. The two powers have come to an amicable understanding in reference to the Suez Canal and to the New Hebrides. Of course the cry is that France has got the best in both cases. It does not appear that she has, but even though this were the case, it would in every way be better, cheaper, more honorable and in every way more in accordance with reason than if they had gone to war over either or both. The canal is to be open and perfectly neutral in time of war. This is all very well, though the difficulty will be to make such engagements respected in time of war. It is a great thing at any rate for the great nations of the earth to get accustomed to such kind of talk and settlement. The Hebrides are to be absolutely neutral, though both nations may send to them ships of war to protect their individual interests.

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave him a piece of my mind, and told him I didn't care if I never saw him again. Why? Oh, well, I didn't like her; she wasn't the sort of a girl I'd have chosen. I had never seen her, but I know she wasn't. A right young thing, just from boarding school, couldn't make a shift, or bake a loaf of bread; but there was Miss Fish, a plain girl, to be sure, but so good, a splendid housekeeper, and all that. I always liked Almira Fish; and Gregory to go marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I told him what I thought of him and her, and the boy showed his temper, and for six months I never saw him.

I bore it as long as I could, but a mother must be a fool about her only boy; so one day, as he wouldn't come to me, I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to scold him, but something came over me that made me choke to keep the tears back, and before I knew it we had kissed and made friends.

"And now you'll go and see Fanny," said he; "and I'll find you there when I come home at night," and after a little coaxing I said I would go—and more than that, I went.

The house was a cunning little place a mile or two out of town, and I must say, it was very neat outside.

I rang the bell, it shone as it ought to, and before it stopped tinkling some one opened the door. It was a pretty young woman in a blue chintz wrap, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory was at home, she answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been expecting you an age, but better late than never."

"How did you know I was coming?" I asked, puzzled to know how she knew me, for we had never met before.

"Oh, I didn't know," said she. "Indeed, I had made up my mind you wouldn't; but it is a long way out here, I know. Come right up stairs. Miss Jones was here yesterday to cut and bustle, but you will find as much as we can do to do the trimming between us."

"Cool," I thought. Then I said, "I suppose you are having a dress made?"

"A suit," said she; "skirt, overskirt, basque and dolman. I do hope you make nice button-holes."

"I should hope I do," said I. "I would be ashamed of myself if I couldn't."

"So many can't," said she; "but I told Miss Jones to send me an experienced hand, and she said there was no better than Mrs. Switzer."

Now, I began to understand. My daughter-in-law took me for a seamstress she expected, and if ever a woman had a chance, I had one now. Not a word did I say, only I wondered if seamstresses generally came to work in greenish silk and a cambric shawl; and I sat down in the rocking chair she gave me and went to work with a will. I can sew with anyone, and as for button-holes—but this is not my story.

She was a pretty girl, that daughter-in-law of mine, and very chatty and sociable. I talked of this and I talked of that, but not a word did she say of her mother-in-law. I spoke of people I had known who had quarrelled with their relations, but she did not tell me that her husband's mother had quarrelled with him.

At last I spoke right out about mother-in-law. I said:

"As a rule, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law don't agree."

She said, "That's a very wrong state of things."

"Well," said I, "I suppose it is; but how do you account for it?"

"I suppose young people are selfish when they are first in love," said she, "and forget old people's feelings."

It was an answer I did not expect.

"It is plain you are friendly with your mother-in-law," said I.

"I am sure I should be if I had ever seen her."

"Oh, then, I have been mistaken," said I. "I was told that Mr. Gregory Bray was the son of Mrs. Bray who lives on — street."

"That is perfectly true, but still we have never met."

"How singular!" said I. "I've heard she was a very queer old lady."

"You haven't heard the truth, then," said my daughter-in-law. "My husband's mother is a very fine woman in every respect. But when my husband told her suddenly that he was going to marry a girl she never saw, she was naturally startled, and said some things about me, knowing I was fresh from boarding-school and no house-keeper, that offended Gregory, and so there has been an estrangement. I think my dear husband is a little to blame, and I have urged him a dozen times to go and see her. He is very fond of her and thinks no one like her in many things; but his temper is up, and it will take time to cool it, meanwhile, I feel quite sure if she knew me she would like me better. Perhaps this is a piece of vanity, but I should try to make her, you know, and I won't fall into absurd superstitions that a woman must hate her mother-in-law. I can't remember my own mother, and Gregory's certainly would seem to come next to her. Now you have the story, Mrs. Switzer."

"I am sure it does you credit, and the old lady ought to be ashamed of herself."

I wanted to get up and kiss my daughter-in-law then and there, but that would have spoiled my fun, so after that I sewed hard and didn't say much, and together we finished the pretty silk dress, and had just finished it when a key in the door caught both our ears.

"That is my husband," said my daughter-in-law; and I knew it was Gregory. Up stairs he came, two steps at a time, opened the door and looked at us with a bright smile on his face.

"This is as it should be," said he, "Fanny, I shall kiss mother first, this time."

And he put his arms around us both, but Fanny gave a little scream.

"Oh! Gregory, what are you about? This is Mrs. Switzer, who is making my dress. At least, I have thought so all day." For you see I had burst out laughing, and had kissed Gregory back, and then kissed her.

"My dear, said I, 'I've played a little trick on you, or rather, let you play one on yourself, but you've turned out as good as gold. I could not get you to say a word against the old lady. I am Gregory's mother, my dear, and your's too, if you'll call me so.'"

"Indeed I will," said the dear girl; "but I have kept you sewing hard all day. You see I expected a Mrs. Switzer, and I—"

"We've been all the more sociable for that, my dear," I said; "and I'm glad it happened; I've been very foolish all the while, and Gregory has chosen a better wife for himself than I could have done."

And so I think to day, for I believe there never was a better woman than Gregory's wife, Fanny.

Modern Education.

The trustees of a certain school recently commissioned one of their number to convey to the teachers the wishes of the board as to the nature of the studies to be pursued. When the teachers were assembled before him, the spokesman of the trustees made the following address:

"Teachers; I've been disputed by my fellow-coworks of the Board to make a short collation to you on the subject of running this school practical. We don't want you to learn the scholars no fancy things. They learned me lots of nonsense when I went to school and I never made the first dollar out of it. Now there's arithmetic, we want you to play light with that. You can learn the children to do sums in Partition, Distraction, Stultification, and Long and Short Provisions, but that's all. Don't you teach them Fractures. I lost six months when I went to school learning Fractures, and last week I spent two days trying to measure off an acre of pasture, and I'd have been at it yet if I'd stuck to them Fractures. I had to go over the ground with two foot rule after all. Fractures is too puzzling. You are always converting the Divider the wrong way, or getting the Fomigator and the Nomination mixed up on the wrong side of the line.

"Then there's English Grabber; that's another book we don't want you to use much. I learned all about it when I was a

boy and what do I know now? I couldn't parley ten words if I had to. Of course all these boys may be the Premier of the Dominion, and then they'll want to know a little about it, for there's no use in a man running for office unless he's good at Grabber; so you may just learn the children what they call the smarts of speech—the Article, the Clown, the Axiom, the Herb, the Paraph, the Injunction, and the rest of them."

"As for Geography, we don't want any of that in the school, unless you get the new and improved one. The Geography that me and my coworks of the board learned at school was filled with a pack of lies and nonsense; it said the earth was all covered over with criss cross lines that they called the lines of Gratitude and the cathartic circular, and the He-Quaker that ran all round the earth after the Great Sarah. Now, that's worse than dime novels, and don't you teach any of it here.

"Then I see in the next district they raised \$20 off the taxpayers to increase the Facilities of their school, so they said. Now we don't want you to use any Facilities in this school; if you've got to use anything of that kind take a rattan, but I tell you public opinion is against corporation punishment in any shape, and though the taxpayers may stand a rattan they'll kick if any of their boys is whaled with a Fallicity. The only kind of punishment that is allowed in these times is moral swearin', it hurts the boy just as much as rattans, and it don't leave no marks on them."

"These are all the rules and regulations we have drawn up for the present, but at our next meeting we'll get up some more."

MURDERS ON THE DANUBE.

Hundreds of Workmen Killed for Their Money.

At Giurgevo, on the Danube, accident has recently led to the discovery of a series of systematic murders. Numerous peasants and workmen from the interior of Roumania have been in the habit of crossing the Danube at the above mentioned port for the purpose of seeking labour in Bulgaria, but on their return journey with their savings, fearing the indiscreet questions of the Roumanian customs officials, the travellers have long evaded them by landing on a small island in the Danube, whether they were rowed by Turkish or Bulgarian boatmen, mostly during the night.

From this island it was possible to reach the Roumanian shore in different ways unnoticed by the authorities. Some time ago a soldier, accidentally walking on the banks of the river, heard terrible screams issuing apparently from some reeds near that island. After a silence of several hours similar screams were again heard by persons whom the soldier had called to the spot. On the police proceeding thither they found that on both occasions persons crossing the river and landing on the island had been murdered by their own boatmen.

A comprehensive inquiry was now instituted by the Roumanian Fiscal General, M. Populescu, the result of which has been to establish with certainty that hundreds of workmen or peasants have been murdered on the island at the moment of landing, and were then robbed of the money and goods they had with them; their corpses being either buried in the graves already prepared for them or thrown among the reeds in the Danube.

In all cases the murderers were Turkish or Bulgarian boatmen from Rustchuk, who carried concealed under their clothes the knives and daggers with which they despatched their victims, one after another, as they set foot in the dead of night on the lonely island in the Danu be.

Concluded to Let the Matter Drop.

Crampon—"Remember that newspaper man who insulted me last week?"

Shortpants—"I remember. You said you were going to have satisfaction."

"Well, I called on him, and he threw me down stairs."

"Then you are not satisfied?"

"Yes, I am. I've been licked as well as insulted, and so I have concluded to let the matter drop."

IN PERIL AT NIAGARA.

The Fortunate Rescue of a Man who Went Canning for Ducks.

William Glassbrook, who in the summer is employed on the little river steamer Maid of the Mist, the other day noticed a number of ducks in the eddy between the American and Horseshoe Falls. He secured his gun, and, jumping into a punt, started across the river for them. All who are familiar with the river, or who have ever stood at Terrapin Point, will perhaps remember a small patch of rocks that are above water just beneath the point. It was here that Glassbrook effected a landing, with the intention of waiting for the ducks to come around the eddy. He had but just landed when his little boat was caught by a wave, which runs from ten to twelve feet high, and upset and carried out into the stream, and there he was a prisoner. He fired his gun repeatedly in the hope of attracting the attention of some one, but firing is so frequent in the gorge at this time of the year that very little, if any, attention is paid to it. Then he began to yell for help, though with little hope of making himself heard amid the roar of the cataract. Fortunately his cries were heard by Charles Davis, who at once notified his father, Saul Davis. Procuring a horse and buggy, they drove to the park on the American side and notified the officials of Glassbrook's perilous situation.

Jack McCloy, the guide, who has saved the lives of several people at the Falls, was sent for, and the party hurried to Goat Island and went down the Cave of the Winds stairway, where they met Mr. Barlow, who was engaged in collecting geological specimens, and had also heard Glassbrook's cries. Obtaining some ropes and a steel drill from the supply shed beneath the bank, they clambered over the rocks as near as possible to Glassbrook. McCloy then fastened a rope about his waist, and with the aid of the drill waded across to where Glassbrook was imprisoned. Barlow and McCloy held the rope fast while Glassbrook crossed it hand over hand and waded through the water. McCloy, cutting a piece from off the end of the rope, strung the gun over his shoulder and crossed to where Barlow and Glassbrook were waiting. From his exposure Glassbrook had suffered considerably, and was in quite an exhausted condition. His boat was picked up opposite the old ferry landing by James Le Bland, who for a time thought that Glassbrook had been drowned.

Fortunately for Glassbrook, the wind did not change while he was there, for when it blows up the river it is impossible to see the rocks upon which he had landed, and had such been the case he would in all probability have died from suffocation by the spray.

Queer Facts and Happenings.

A prisoner in the Franklin, Pa., jail named Joseph Reed is but 7 years old. He was arrested for "maliciously trespassing."

Mrs. Annie Tomlin of Morristown, N. J., lately received in a letter a \$20 bill from a servant who had stolen that amount nineteen years before.

At Gardiner, Mo., at a recent wedding, the groom was but 19 years of age, while his bride was 60.

Here are a few strange but true names; Echo Hellfoss, a Chicago merchant; Sapphire Gunnybag of Boston, Applepie Johnson of Pittsburgh, John Vadanhighgenberger, a tobacconist of Philadelphia, and Liberty Todd also of Philadelphia.

This is the epitaph on the tomb of Chas. H. Salmon at Drakeville, N. J.: "In memory of Charles H. Salmon, who was born Sept. 16, 1858. He grew, waxed strong, and developed into a noble son and loving brother. He came to his death on the 12th of October, 1884, by the hands of a careless drug clerk and two excited doctors at 12 o'clock at night in Kansas City."

A Preference for German.

Customer (to barber)—Do you speak more than one language?

Barber—Yes, I speak English and Sherman.

Customer—Well, I wish you would talk to me in German.

Barber—You understand Sherman? Customer—No.

HOUSEHOLD.

Amusing Children.

Whether a child can be easily amused, depends somewhat upon the amount of imagination which it possesses. Without this, very many sources of enjoyment are cut off from it. Where it is strong, we have seen a child perfectly happy riding on a camel with a cane for a spear; the camel being made from a small rocker, inverted in a high chair and a hat or something of the kind used for a head, while a rope answered all the purposes of harness, saddle and trappings. The novelty of so high a position with the unusual arrangement of the furniture were the actualities around which the imagination of the little one built up the whole Eastern superstructure.

The same child used a wooden chopping bowl or tray for a boat and with two canes for oars would row on the floor for an hour at a time, perfectly contented with the imitation. Another child had for years a pet bear that he kept chained in one corner of the parlor and which he was fond of bringing out and showing to visitors. He also played with it when alone. This was pure imagination, for there was neither bear nor chain. He always acted as though it was real, stroking the imaginary back and hugging as though he had an animal about two feet high.

The realistic child, however, needs something actual, and the making of dolls often furnishes the desired employment for the little ones. Two rolls of cloth tied together cross wise will form body and arms, while the legs may be ignored in most cases. A piece of cloth with a "puckering" string in one edge and two holes for the arms, answers for a dress. Boys and girls can often be set at such work as this, and get no small amount of pleasure from the numbers of "children" which they have.

Boats that can be sailed on the floor are an endless source of amusement to children who live near the water or who have any interest in shipping or steamers. If boats are planned in a simple way, the child can make them himself, and have the pleasure of numbers added to his interest in his own workmanship. This element of number is an important one, and at times adds greatly to the zest of the play or the toys.

As far as possible, the child should be encouraged to make his own toys. Planning with the head to make with the hands brings out some of the most important powers of the child and at the same time satisfies the natural instincts. Cutting out pictures and pasting them on screens is an endless indoor amusement which is full of instruction to both eye and hand. Making paper boxes is amusing but not always satisfactory, because the boxes are not always square and the covers do not fit. More to the point is the decoration of the endless variety of boxes which come into the household. These and the tin cans may be decorated with colored papers or with scrap pictures. The cans must have a foundation of paper put all the way around and pasted, paper on paper.

Out of doors the making of houses and barns, putting yards around them, making of fences, the setting out of trees and the carrying out of home life in miniature can often be made the source of endless pleasure. But in some cases the planning must be done for the children, in others an interest must be taken in their work if only so much as is shown by going and looking on at intervals, or giving a word of neighborly advice in regard to the "crops" or some sick animal, etc., etc.

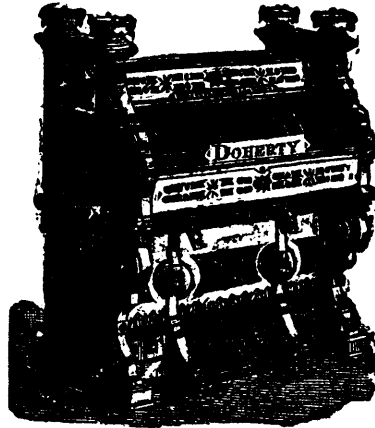
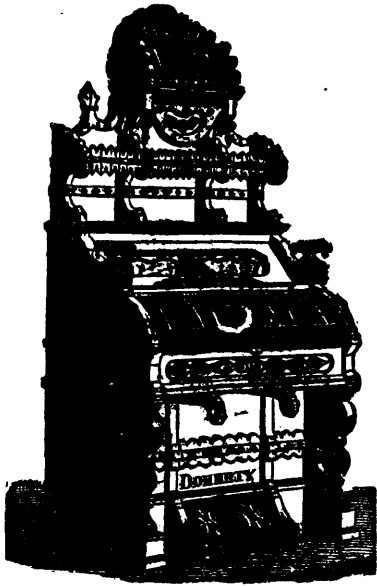
Plays of this kind may be graduated to the strength and age of the child. For the little ones a house of three inches high with palings no larger than matches will be quite as much as they can manage. The older ones, when they are really interested, may go so far as actually to build, perhaps, a playhouse. In any event they can have their playhouses large enough to entail some labor.

But there are children who were not born to make. Their parents do not invent, do not whittle, have no mechanical talents. They are, perhaps, merchants, business people, professional men. In that case there is an opportunity to make the brain play with the body by simulating the play to the profession and making it out-door work. The child may imitate the active part of

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the parent's work and thus get play for body as well as mind, even in the case of playing at doctor.

In whatever way the child is amused it is well to remember that play is strictly educational. The puppy, in running around after his tail, or the kitten jumping at the shadow of a leaf, is performing purely educational work. Recognizing this fact, teachers and parents make a mistake which is fatal to the very object which they seek. They attempt to make the educational part amusing and amusement instructive. The two are so rarely united that it may be accepted as an axiom that they can not be joined.

When a child plays let the play be the one and only object which they seek. Let the teacher select beforehand the play which gives the greatest advantages, but then let the fun and pleasure be the chief and only object, remembering always that only sound bodies can contain sound minds.

Tested Receipts.

POP OVERS.—Two cups of milk, two and one half cups of flour, two eggs, butter size of one-half walnut, salt, melt the butter, beat all thoroughly together, put in cups and bake thirty minutes.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS.—One and one-half cups cornmeal, the same of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, half cup sugar, half teaspoonful salt, small teaspoonful melted butter, two eggs, milk enough to make a stiff batter.

TOMATO FRITTERS.—One quart stewed tomatoes, one egg, one small teaspoonful soda. Stir in flour enough to make a batter like that for griddle cakes. Have some lard very hot on the stove drop the batter in a spoonful at a time and fry.

REMEDY FOR SORE THROAT.—Buy at a drug store one ounce of camphorated oil, and five cents worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any soreness appears in the throat, put the potash in half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also place around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap and sure remedy.

CURE FOR FRECKLES.—Horseradish grated into a cup of cold sour milk—let it stand twelve hours, then strain and apply two or three times a day—will, it is said, remove freckles from hands or face in a short time. Or, one ounce of lemon juice mixed with a quarter of a drachm of pulverized borax and half a drachm of sugar will also remove them. Keep the lotion in a glass bottle, corked tightly a few days before using, and apply to the freckles occasionally, and they will soon be removed.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup sour cream one cup sugar, one teaspoonful soda and one of cream tartar, with a teaspoonful lemon juice, a little grated nutmeg and two table-spoonfuls caraway seed. Mix lightly and roll out as soft as possible, using just flour enough to keep them from sticking to the board.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Sift one quart flour, add half teaspoonful salt, and lard half the size of an egg. Wet up with cold water to a stiff dough. This divide into six or seven parts. Pare as many good-sized apples, cut through the middle, removing the core; cover with the dough, pressing the edges together till no seam remains; then when all are ready, roll two or three times over in dry flour, and drop into boiling water. Boil steadily half an hour, not once lifting the lid till ready to remove to the table. Eat with cream and sugar sprinkled with grated nutmeg.

A Pull Time.

Mrs. De Hobson (the hostess)—Do you dance, Mr. Lillie?
Mr. Lillie—Oh deah, naw. I cawnt dance.
Mrs. De Hobson—Shall I present you to Miss Literati?
Mr. Lillie—Thanks, naw, I nevah talk.
Mrs. De Hobson—I am afraid you are finding it rather dull, but (happy thought) supper will be served shortly.

The favorite braid design on suit and jackets is the deep V back and front, and a similar design on the top and around the wrists of the sleeves.

A GLIMPSE AT JAPAN.

The Agricultural Resources and Industries

There are very few readers, who have either the time, inclination or opportunity for studying the manners and customs of the Japanese, and equally few who conceive that of the 156,000 square miles, or let us say 100,000,000 acres covered by their remarkable empire, only some 12,000,000 acres are actually under any kind of cultivation. Yet, from this small space, these industrious and thrifty people—who wear no woollens and eat neither beef, mutton, pork, milk, butter, nor cheese—manage to obtain, not only all the nutritive and textile plants that provide them with food and clothes, but an annual surplus of 40,000,000 pounds of tea, 25,000,000 bales of silk and enormous quantities of rice, tobacco and hemp for exportation to their foreign neighbors.

Of the population of 38,000,000, more than half are agriculturists; 4,500,000 being landlords owning and tilling an average of 2½ acres. The soil is generally a black, vegetable mold, with occasional patches of sandy and clay loams, and as it never freezes on the lower levels, owing to the mildness of the climate, it is made to bear both winter and summer crops the same year. Considering the immense areas uncultivated for tillage, and so admirably adapted for grazing, the Japanese possess a relatively smaller number of domestic animals than any other nation; they have, therefore, no farm yard fertilizers to assist them in maintaining the soil's fecundity.

To the farmers of our own beautiful country this must sound anomalous, for there is very little doubt that with our prevailing notions our agricultural operations would, under similar conditions, soon be brought to a deadlock; but with the Japanese the matter is altogether different; they manage perfectly well without this resource, and with no precise knowledge of either botany or chemistry, succeed, by their intensive system, in raising crops five times heavier than ours. One of their chief manurial agents is sea weed, which is thrown up by the tides along their 3,000 miles of coast in great banks, collected when the tide recedes, piled up and allowed to decompose. When ready for use it is carried up to the foot hills in boats, and thence by long lines of pack horses to the fields.

It is not at all an unusual thing to meet in the course of half a day's travel, some 1,000 or 1,500 horses or cattle loaded with this material, and as the same animals bring down the farm produce to the sea, river or canal, the cost of carriage is very small.

The fishing grounds of Japan are probably more extensive in proportion to its size than those of any other country, and as during certain parts of the year the water swarms with fish that are useless for food, large fleets of boats and junks are employed in catching them for manurial purposes.

The untilled and ungrazed lands on the plains, hills and mountain sides, are covered with a wild and rank vegetation, which is constantly cut down by men, women and children, and carried upon their backs or on the backs of cows, to the farm-houses, where, being burned in great heaps, together with all the ears and straw of the rice, rye, oats, wheat, barley and millet, the ashes are plowed into the ground. Inexhaustible deposits of shells, limestone and gypsum are also worked, burned, and employed in the same way. The extent and value of all these sources of fertilizing material are sufficiently obvious to need no comment; but it must not be supposed that, of themselves, they would be sufficient for the purpose. The great reliance and stand-by of the Japanese farmer is the night-soil of the towns, cities and villages, every particle of which is saved collected and distributed, sometimes over enormous distances, and there can be no doubt that the remarkable fertility of his lands and the richness of his crops are directly traceable to its effects. In our own country it is a standing reproach to chemical science, that no means of practically turning this vast agricultural necessity to any useful or profitable account have yet been devised, and that because of our inability to conveniently store and render it inoffensive, our legislators are compelled to send it through our sewers, where it continually endangers the lives of our citizens by contaminating our drinking water and breeding diphtheria and other pestilential diseases.

At Kioto, the old capital and home of

the Mikados, the conquering races have tilled the soil for 2,600 years; and it is affirmed by many travelers of undoubted authority, that their average summer crops of rice, amount after hulling, to 70 bushels, and that their winter crop of wheat grown in the same ground, never yields less than 40 bushels per acre. Every farmer is alive to the necessity of putting back into the soil, after each crop, all the elements of fertility which that crop has taken away, and spares no effort in order to accomplish that end. What a salutary lesson is contained in that briefly stated fact! How well our own agriculturists might profit by laying it to heart!

The staple crop of the country is rice, fully half the land being devoted to its two varieties, lowland and upland. Lowland rice is grown in valleys, where irrigation is practicable, and where, to facilitate the flooding of the plains, the land is subdivided into small plots and leveled up or embanked. In order that these plots may be level, it is customary, in sloping districts, to make the embanked subdivisions very small, generally about the size of an ordinary room, but seldom larger than an average-sized house. Rice, however, being composed of pure starch, would not of itself suffice for their support, and they consequently devote their winter cultivation to wheat, barley and rye, which are either hulled, boiled and eaten like rice, or ground and mixed with other substances and made into cakes. The people have no knowledge of or word in their language for what we call bread, and, in addition to their utter ignorance of fermentation, do not possess a single flour mill in their entire empire. They grind their grain in small hand mills, the exact counterpart of those that are pictured on the tombs and temples of the Egyptians, and bolt it by shaking flour through several sieves or screens covered with cotton cloth.

He Hated to Take Any Chances.

Mr. Franks had brought his children up to believe faithfully in a veritable Santa Claus, but there was one small seceder who thought for himself and rejected the nursery belief. When Christmas Eve came last year he confided to his mother his doubts and fears.

"I just b'leeve that I don't b'leeve in any Santa Claus," he said, gravely, "though

sometimes, mamma, I don't b'leeve I know what I do b'leeve."

Later in the evening, when the whole family were assembled in the parlor, the door opened and a genuine Santa Claus—dress, pack, white whiskers and all the regulation features—entered. Little Phil looked round with an incredulous grin and counted the members of his tribe. They were all present, and each one had a request to give Santa. Phil kept up his unbelief and Santa Claus turned to go.

As he passed into the hall fear and doubt struggled in the small boy's mind. He didn't believe in any such personage, but he hated to take any chances. His feet wiggled, and at last he slid from his chair and ran after the disappearing figure. As the patron of Christmas reached the front door he heard a very beseeching voice grasp at his heels:

"H-a-n-d s-l-e-d!"

A Mexican Tailor.

"Here I bring you a piece of cloth for a pair of pantaloons," says a customer.

The tailor measures it. "It is not enough."

The customer gathers up the cloth and carries it to another tailor.

"Is there enough of this piece to make me a pair of pantaloons?"

"Yes, sir; day after to-morrow I will send them to you by my son."

The boy comes with the pantaloons two days later. The customer notes that the youth is wearing a jacket made of the same piece of cloth.

"Boy, how is this that the other tailor said there was not enough cloth for a pair of pantaloons, and your father has not only made my pantaloons but also a jacket for you out of the piece?"

"Sir, the son of the other tailor is a much bigger boy than I am."

The man who depends upon himself is seldom disappointed in his friends.

A Hamilton lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

Early Training.

It is needless to demonstrate a fact so well established as that the future character of an individual depends very largely upon his early training. If purity and modesty are taught from earliest infancy, the mind is fortified against the assaults of vice. If, instead, the child is allowed to grow up untrained; if the seeds of vice, which are sure to fall sooner or later in the most carefully kept ground, are allowed to germinate; if the first buds of evil are allowed to grow and unfold, instead of being promptly nipped, it must not be considered remarkable that in later years rank weeds of sin should flourish in the soul, and bear their hideous fruit in shameless lives.

Neglect to guard the avenues by which evil may approach the young mind, and to erect barriers against vice by careful instruction and a chaste example, leaves many innocent souls open to the assaults of evil, and an easy prey to lust. If children are allowed to get their training in the street, at the corner grocery, or hovering around saloons, they will be sure to develop a vigorous growth of the animal passions.

Children should be early taught to reverence virtue, to abhor lust; and boys should be so trained that they will associate with the name of woman only pure, chaste, and noble thoughts. Few things are more deeply injurious to the character of woman, and conducive to the production of foul imaginations in children, than the free discussion of such subjects as the latest scandal and like topics. The inquisitive minds and lively imaginations of childhood penetrate the rotten mysteries of such foul subjects at a much earlier age than many persons imagine. The inquiring minds of children will be occupied in some way, and it is of the utmost importance that they should be early filled with thoughts that will lead to noble and pure actions.

The first statue of Longfellow to be erected will be set up in Portland, Me., the poet's birthplace, and will be the work of Franklin Simmons, a Maine sculptor. The clay model has just been finished in Rome, and represents the poet in a sitting attitude, the right arm resting in an easy position on the back of a richly carved and ornamented chair, while the other is thrown carelessly forward on his lap, and loosely holds a mass of manuscript.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Hostess: NOW, DON'T STAY OUT HERE ALL THE EVENING.

Host: WE'LL JOIN YOU IN TEN MINUTES.

Hostess: MISS SCREECHY IS GOING TO SING, YOU KNOW.

Host: O! WELL: SAY AN HOUR.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The most important elements of plant food are carbonic acid, water, potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen.

Lather for cleaning windows. One part of olive oil, one part of spirit of ammonia, two of chalk or whiting, and one of water. Mix to a thick paste.

To make paper mache for fine small work, boil clippings of brown or white paper in water, beat them into a paste, add glue or gum and size, and press into dried moulds.

Green paint for Venetian blinds which will stand the heat of the sun without blistering: Rub two parts of white lead and one of verdigris with nut-oil or linseed oil varnish, mixed with oil of turpentine, and dilute both colors with ordinary drying-oil.

The process of fastening ferns to a book is very easily accomplished. With a small brush gently touch the back of the fronds here and there with a little common gum, putting only sufficient to keep the fronds from turning up. Place a piece of blotting-paper on the top of the fern, and put a weight on top of the book, and when dry the process is complete.

A French physician has been making researches recently into the action of cane-sugar and treacle on iron, and finds that they corrode iron with the formation of an acetate of the metal. The fact is of practical utility in connection with boilers, because it happens sometimes that sugar gets into the water supplied to boilers in sugar-refineries, and consequently tends to deteriorate the boilers.

The abolition of resistance is absolutely necessary in connecting a lightning-conductor with the earth, and this is done, says Professor Tyndall, by closely embedding in the earth a plate of good conducting material and of large area. The largeness of area makes atonement for the imperfect conductivity of earth. The plate, in fact, constitutes a wide door through which the electricity passes freely into the earth, disruptive and damaging effects being thereby avoided.

If small quantities of butter, lard, and beef-fat be separately boiled and slowly cooled for, say, twenty-four hours, the resulting crystals will show very marked differences under the microscope. The normal butter-crystal is large and globular. It polarizes brilliantly, and shows a very well-marked St. Andrew's Cross. That of lard shows a stellar form, while that of beef-fat has a foliated appearance. In course of time, as the butter loses its freshness, the globular crystals degenerate, and gradually merge into peculiarly rosette-like forms.

Celery is a sedative, and is good for rheumatism and the so-called neuralgia which is often only another name for it. Cucumbers cool the system—when fresh cut, of course. Lettuce is not only cooling, but produces sleep, especially if the stalk is eaten. Asparagus purifies the blood, and especially acts on the kidneys. Pease, broad beans, and haricots are positively strengthening, and contain for the human being the properties specified by farmers when they say that pease "harden" pig's flesh, and that "cots may take a horse out, but beans will bring him home again." Potatoes should not be eaten by those who are disposed to get too stout, and many who suffer from derangement of the liver eschew them altogether.

Artificial asphalt is principally distinguished from the natural substance by its dull colour and its scarcely perceptible odour. It is a product of the distillation of coal tar. The fluid distillate obtained in the manufacture of coal-gas represents about four to seven per cent. of the quantity of coal used, and, after about two-thirds of its weight has been removed in the shape of fluid oils by fractional distillation, a residue is left which cools into a firm black substance, known as artificial asphalt or black pitch. The consistency of the asphalt varies according to the quantity of oil removed. One of the most important uses of this asphalt is for fuel in the shape of briquettes, small coal, sawdust, &c., being mixed with it. Asphalt pipes and flooring are also made from it, as well as lamp black of inferior quality. For the manufacture of lacquers, artificial asphalt is much less suitable than the natural substance, as the coating obtained is liable to crack, and is wanting in brilliancy.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

No perch is so high but climbing will reach it.

To think other people are fools is a common method for a man to show his lack of wisdom.

The man who can keep his temper may not get rich thereby, but it never pays him to lose it.

In all undertakings let us first examine our own strength; the enterprise next; and thirdly the people with whom we have to do.

Of all the means of ruin which dog the steps of life not one is more prolific of evil than the inability to say "No" at the right time.

If you put your lips would-keep from slips, five things observe with care—of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how, and when, and where.

How Could He See in the Dark?

Ethel and Egbert were bidding each other a proper good bye the other evening when the draft from the open front door blew the hall light out and left the two young people in sudden darkness.

"Weren't you awfully afraid," asked Ethel's dearest friend next day when Ethel was telling the story, "to be left alone in the dark like that?"

"Yes, dear, I was," confessed Ethel frankly. "Egbert is quite bashful, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how perfect helpless I was."

MISS BECKY'S HOME.

MARTY N. FRISCOOT.

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies' Home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but there was nothing else for her to do, it seemed. Who would think of offering any other home to a poor, almost helpless old woman who had outlived her usefulness? Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it as much, perhaps, as a more fortunate being.

"Yes," she said, "there's a vacancy in the 'Old Ladies' Home,' and the hundred dollars that Parson Amory left me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't last 'ong if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next one's coming from. I'm most tired worrying about ways and means. Seems as though I had been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart disease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has got the better of me, so that I can't work in cold weather, and the doctor says it'll draw my fingers up so that I can't use them soon, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in this world but the home—and I ought to be thankful for that!"

Miss Becky had had other expectations in her heyday, when young Larry Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mornings; when they sang together in the choir from the same hymn book; when they loitered homeward in the fragrant summer dusk, and heard the whip-poor-will complain, and started the fireflies in the hedges as they brushed by. It sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had happened in another plane. She was young then with a bloom on her cheeks; but although the rheumatism had bent her figure and rendered her more or less helpless a times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on her cheek and chin in spite of her sixty odd years. Miss Becky's father had been the district school teacher in those far off days of her girlhood. He had taught her, the simple lore at his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music, hour after hour, in the empty schoolhouse; they had practiced together, while he wrote the score on the blackboard. But all this had not sufficed to enable her to earn a livelihood. Her education, musical and otherwise, had proved short of any commercial value. In those days she never expected to earn

her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her everything. How trivial the little quarrel seemed to-day which circumvented this fine resolve of his! But what magnitude it had assumed at the time! On his return from a trip to a neighboring city, some busy-body had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been seen driving with Squire Kustis' son Sam behind his trotters. Sam was just home from college, a harum-scarum fellow, they said, who made love right and left and gambled a bit; and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied; what then? "What then? If you choose to listen to gossip rather than wait till you—"

"But you didn't tell me, and I've been bome a week."

"I had forgotten all about it till you reminded me," said Becky.

"It's such an every day affair for you to drive with Sam Kustis!" which incidentally so stung Becky that she would not consent to explain that she had carried some needlework up to Squire Kustis, which she had been doing for his wife, and that as she left to walk home Sam was just starting off with his smart chaise and new dapple-grays, and the Squire had said, "Take Miss Becky home, Sam, and show her their places!" and how she had been ashamed to refuse their kindness, although preferring to walk a thousand times; and how, once in the chaise Sam had been the pink of courtesy, and had begged her to drive over with him to Parson Amory's three miles out of her way, "that Lucy Amory may see you don't disdain my company. For, you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will, without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've told her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scapegrace. And, perhaps, if I mauo her a little jealous you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love; and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Becky Thorne my stock may go up, and I may be 'saved from the burning,' as Parson Amory says."

And Becky had consented. How could she refuse to do a service for such a true lover? So slight a thing, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toil or mercy. Sam Eurtis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the country to-day. Strange how that friendly drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how the simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Kustis' needle work should have determined her fate and devoted her to a life of hardship and the Old Ladies' Home at the end! Talk of trifles! Poor Miss Becky! She remembered that once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with Larry; but pride, or a sort of fine reserve had locked her lips—Larry ought to know that she was above silly flirtations. Once, when they met at Lucy Amory's wedding, when they all went out into the orchard while the bride planted a young tree and the guests looked for four-leaved clovers, she had found herself—whether by accident or design she could not tell—on the grass beside Larry; their fingers met over the same lucky clover, their eyes met above it, and for an instant she had lit on her tongue's end to confess all about the drive and its result, to put pride in her pocket, but just then Neil Amory called to Larry.

"Oh, a horrid spider!—on my arm, Larry! Kill him, quick—do I. Oh—oh—oh! I shall die—I shall faint!" And that was the end of it.

The old orchard, with its fragrant quince bushes, its guarded apple trees, its four-leaved clovers, was a thing of the past, a cotton-mill roared and thundered there all day long, where the birds built and the trees blossomed thirty odd years ago. It no longer blossomed except in Miss Becky's memory. She had turned her thoughts to raising plants when she was left to her own resources, but one cruel winter's night killed all her alms, and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily sowing, had watched with the sick, had been in demand for a temporary housekeeper whenever a tired matron wished an outing; but latterly her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing-

machines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore; she moved more slowly, and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request; added to this, the bank where her little earnings had been growing, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had travelled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry Rogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage to develop his musical genius. He had grown into a famous violinist, playing all over the country to crowded houses, before the finest people in the land. It was a beautiful romance to Miss Becky to read in the *Plymouth Record* about cur "gifted townman;" she seemed to hear the echo of his violin when the wind swept through the pine boughs; she did not blame him because she sat in the shadow, because her life had been colorless. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her, and made a little sunshine in her heart. All of happiness she had ever known he had brought her. Why should she complain? And now she was going to the Old Ladies' Home.

"It isn't exactly what I expected in my youth," she said to the old doctor's widow.

"No; but you'll have a nice room and a bright fire, and the neighbors will drop in to see you and make it home like. Now, there's old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade her to go to the home. She says it's only a genteel almshouse after all; and so she rubs along with what little she can earn and what the neighbors have a mind to send in, and they have to do it mighty gingerly too, just as if they were asking a favor of her. Loy, she doesn't earn her salt."

"I dare say," returned Miss Becky. "Now, if it hadn't been for the rheumatism I could earn my living for years yet, and maybe get something ahead again, but it seems as if the rheumatism laid in wait for the poor and friendless."

"You ought to have married when you were young, Becky," said the doctor's widow, who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair and labored under the impression that she never had a chance—an impression which notions are apt to entertain concerning their single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Dr. Dwight, who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiefly to out some stitches into the widow's wardrobe, which nobody else would do so "reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated for her holding a needle or giving her mind to material details of "seam and gusset and band." But during the visit Miss Becky had been seized with the sharp attack of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wages were exhausted by drugs and doctor's fees. It was at this time that she made up her mind to go into the home on her return to Plymouth.

Mrs. Dwight saw her off at the station. "I hope you'll find the home cosy," she said outside the car window. "It's lucky Parson Amory left you that hundred dollars after all. He might have doubled it."

"Yes, I suppose so," Miss Becky answered meekly. Perhaps she was thinking that if she were Mrs. Dwight no old friend of hers should go begging for a refuge at an almshouse. Perhaps she was thinking of the pretty, comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike.

"Write when you reach Plymouth and let me know how you're suited," said Mrs. Dwight, and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky turned her glance towards. Somebody had taken the seat beside her.

"Your friend was speaking of Parson Amory and Plymouth," he said. "I couldn't help hearing. I was born in Plymouth myself, but I haven't met a soul from there these twenty years. I'm on my way to look up my old friends."

"Twenty years is a long time," answered Becky. "I'm afraid you won't find many of your friends left. You'll hardly know Plymouth."

"I suppose not—I suppose not. Have you lived there long?"

"I've lived there all my days." "Good, I'm hungry for news of the people. Tell me everything you can think of. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close. Where's Miss Nell, married

XMAS GOODS FOR EVERYONE.

An Enormous Stock. × For Value Unsurpassed. × Come and see it

—AT—
THOMSON BROS. BOOKSTORE,
VANCOUVER.

PRESENTATION GOODS,

In Plush, Leather, Wood, Bronze, Brass, Silver. Fine Stationery. Books handsomely bound. All Novelties. Our stock never before so large, and Prices away Down! Down!! Down!!!

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Still hold their own, and we are showing the stock of them. It will not pay you to miss an inspection of our stock. All new goods.

TOYS! TOYS!! TOYS!!

For Children of all ages, Boys and Girls.

FRESH AND NEW.

Thomson Bros. Bookstore,
Vancouver.

or dead? I can see the old place in my mind's eye, and the parsonage under the elms, and and the orchard behind it where Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Becky Thorne wore. By the way, is she alive? Do you know her?"

Miss Becky hesitated an instant.

"Yes," she replied. "I know her—more or less. She's alive."

"And married?"

"Well, no; she never married."

"She must be sixty odd; she was a pretty creature, such—I suppose they are wrinkles now! Where have the years gone? Is her home in the old place still?"

"Her home!" said Miss Becky, flush-

ing a little. "She has none; she is on her way to the Old Ladies' Home."

"To the Old Ladies' Home! Becky Thorne!" he gasped. "And I—"

"You seem to know her pretty well," said Becky, who was beginning to enjoy the incognito.

"I should think so. I've loved Becky Thorne from my cradle; we had a silly quarrel which parted us—such a trifle, when I look back. Do you ever look back, madam?"

The twilight was falling about them; Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark, velvety eyes full upon him with a startled air.

"You?" she said. "You must be Larry Rogers!" Then the color swept to her

cheek in a crimson wave. "Do you know, I never thought you had grown old like myself! Don't you know me? I am Becky Thorne."

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel and they forgot that they were "sixty odd."

"On the way to the Old Ladies' Home," she wrote Mrs. Dwight, "I was persuaded to go to an old gentleman's instead!"

A Good Word for the Red-Headed Girl.

I notice from recent paragraphs and articles that are going the rounds of the press that there are some people who think a red head, when the owner is a female, needs an apology. Never was such a mis-

take made. The red-headed girl is the cutest and most clever of her sex; she is pretty, too. Her skin is always fair and her eyes blue or blue-gray, and she needs no one to take her part; she can do it herself. I have had experience more than most men, and I can say truthfully that for the other half of a courting match nothing can surpass a red-headed girl, except a red-headed widow whose matrimonial experience has not been too prolonged.

Potatoes are advancing in price with a rapidity that causes the economical house-keeper no little anxiety.

There are some lovely little short wraps of shot velvet that are used for dressy visiting and afternoon reception wear.

How Many Apples Did Adam and Eve Eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now, we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16. And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163. Wrong again: what could be more clear than if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total was 893? If Eve 811st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1623? I believe the following to be fair solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total 8938. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056. We think this however not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8081242 keep Eve company—total 8,082,056. All wrong. Eve when she 81812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore when Adam 81814240fy Eve's spirits. Hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.

Knew What He Was Doing.

A bill poster engaged in posting up bills for Thomson Bros. Book store, was standing admiringly at the slather of bills he had posted on a fence, along the top of which appeared in large letters, "Post no Bills, under penalty." Suddenly he felt a hand on his collar—"what do you mean by posting bills on this clean fence!" "Sare," he said, "Thomson Bros. are clane men, and they do a clane trade—why shouldn't I give 'em the clane fence at all."

"Can't you read—don't you see it says, 'Post no Bills, under penalty.'"

"Faith I havn't."

"You havn't—why you forsaken liar, what are these things on the fence?"

"Bills to be sure."

"But what does the reading above there say?"

"'Post no Bills, under penalty,'" and divil a bill have I posted under penalty."

Sure enough he hadn't. There was a long vacant place under penalty unencumbered with the announcement of Thomson Bros. Fine Christmas Stock.

IT BEATS ARITHMETIC.

"Its no good," said Mrs. Hardup to her friend Mrs. Bargainer, "four will not go into three, and I cant get the presents I want to."

"Don't be so sure about that," said Mrs. B.—"Thomson Bros. just beat all arithmetic by their prices, and before you give up buying you try Thomson Bros. Store, and somehow they'll make four go into three and leave something over."



SANTA SMILES,

And So will you when you see our holiday Stock. Instead of laughing in your sleeve you will laugh in your stocking, which won't seem half big enough to hold the gifts you covet.

People with Big Feet

Will be Proud of the fact when they realise the big bargains that will go into the big stocking. We can't spare space to give a list of our stock, and to attempt to judge of our display by samples would be like lying down on one feather to judge how a feather bed would feel. You Can't

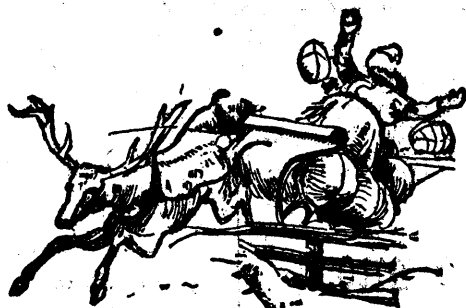
Put the Ocean in a Teacup,

and we can't put a list of goods in an advertising space. Come and see the goods, that's the only way. Feast your eyes upon the array of gifts that are going to make thousands happy. Come? for that is the only way we can convince you that this is no mere

HOLIDAY HULLABALOO,

But an unprecedented opportunity to obtain useful and ornamental gifts at prices that positively cannot be duplicated. The best and biggest stock, the greatest novelties and lowest prices are to be found at

THOMSON BROS.' BOOKSTORE,



SANTA CLAUS & THOMSON BROS.'

Beg to announce to the people of this vicinity that they have gone into partnership for the holiday season, and expect by their joint efforts to

Give Everybody a Good Time.

Do not let anyone deceive you by misrepresentation into believing that Santa Claus is in any way interested in any other stock or store.

This is Santa Claus's Headquarters,

As will be proven by the abundance and variety of our stock and by the liberal way in which customers will be treated. We have in store

A SERIES OF SURPRISES

For those who visit us. GREAT SURPRISES in the variety of our display. GREAT SURPRISES in Christmas novelties. GREAT SURPRISES in Holiday Bargains, and above all else,

OUR PRICES ARE SURPRISES

So surprisingly low that they offer the greatest inducement possible to those who know what a bargain is

Thomson Bros. Bookstore.

A Large and Peculiar Fish.

A party of gentlemen who have just returned from up the Inlet report the discovery of a new and peculiar fish, weighing from 10 to 50 pounds, with saw back, a shovel bill and green eyes, the most peculiar feature being a full set of teeth, a side pocket like an opossum in which was found a copy of the new book, robert elsmere, which is just now agitating the English reading public the world over and which had recently been bought at thomson bros. book store,

A little off on grammar, but all right on Fancy Goods, "say Maria," he said, bursting into the house. I haven't saw anything nke those Fancy Goods at Thomson Bros. for quality."

"John. I wish you wouldn't say 'I hayent saw'—it is such bad grammar."

"Darn the grammar," said John—"what I'm after is good Groods, and Thomson Bros. have 'em."

Pit-a-Pat.

A San Francisco editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes his heart goes "Pity Pat.."

Very Wrong of Them.

"Ye pays no more attention to me," said Patrick to his children, "than if I was a dumb baste talking to yez."

Be Careful.

The following was lately overheard between an Irishman and her son:—"Mother, may ye may child, if ye don' go near the water; but if ye come home drowned, ye'll get killed."

A new stock hardly needs to be labelled "new:" it speaks for itself. Nothing is more annoying than to find a reputed new stock largely made up of resurrected goods that have gone through several holiday seasons "bobbing up serenely from below" with each recurring year. We don't do that kind of business. Our prices, for one thing, do not leave many goods to carry over, and we sell those for what they are and for prices corresponding. Those who make purchases from our stock will find that novelty is one of its strongly marked features; new things that will bring a smile of pleasure to the veteran Christmas campaigner. If there is anything new under the December sun, we have it, sure. If you want nice, new goods at prices that do not mar the purchaser's pleas'ure by painful suggestions of extravagance; if you want the best of everything and everything of the best come and see us.

Bothered.

Patrick responded to an advertisement of "An American wanted as coachman?" "Are you an American?" asked the gentleman. "Oi am, sir," "Where were you born?" "In Oireland, sorr—County Cork." "County Cork, eh?" mused the gentleman. "How is it you are an American, when you were born in Ireland?" "Faix, sir," said Patrick, "I'm bothered about that same meself, sorr."



WE'RE JUST COMING OUT

with an entirely new stock—carefully chosen, cheaply bought, and comprising a full line of

Fine Xmas Goods.

**We Will Sell
These Goods for Nothing**

less than our plain price and our only price, for we are **ONE PRICE** traders. But you will do well to bear in mind that

**OUR ONE PRICE
IS ONE PRICE LESS**

than the price of similar goods in any of the mark-it-on-to-take-it-off-if-we-have-to stores. We propose to give the very best and the very most for the least possible price and

We'll Save You Something
on every trade you make with us.

Now,

YOU DON'T WANT TO WAIT
till you are ready to buy. Come and see the goods. Come and get acquainted with the methods of

**THOMSON BROS.'
ONE PRICE STORE.**

The Holiday Season is always suggestive of brightness and beauty, and those suggestive features are particularly emphasized by our stock and store. Everything is new, and has that peculiar attractiveness that only belongs to articles fresh from the manufactory. You would know it was holiday time if you were to stroll into our store like some newly-awakened Rip Van Winkle who had not seen an almanac for twenty years. You would know it at a glance. Everything betokens the time of gifts and gladness. Those who want to be thoroughly permeated by the Christmas atmosphere and to feel in thorough sympathy with the season should make us a visit and take a look at our display; it is one of the sights of the season.

GEORGE POPS THE QUESTION.

George, (sitting in close proximity to his Dulcinea on the smallest sofa in the room)—
"Arabella, I er—er—came to ask you if you will accept er—er—an invitation to go and look over Thomson Bros' Christmas stock. That is I er—er I would say, Arabella, I shall never be happy until you er—er—have seen

THOSE BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS.

I don't know how to describe my feelings when I look on your er—er—enjoyment. artistic novelties, and I want to throw myself upon my er—er—resources and those of

THOMSON BROS.'

and beg you to take me for your er—er—your er—escort whenever you require one. That is I can't say er—er—what I want you to know, that my attentions er—er—mean er—that er—er—

THOMSON BROS.'

HAVE THE LOVLIEST THINGS.

I'm d-d—er done up if I can say anything, Arabella, but go to.

THOMSON BROS.' BOOKSTORE,



A Friendly Loan.

An Irishwoman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant when the apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning. The woman replied:

"Perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I haven't got one at all, at all."

ONE feature of our Christmas stock is that there is something for everybody; something for everybody's taste; something for everybody's purse; something for everybody's fancy. Almost everybody has to practise a little economy in Christmas buying to make the gifts go round, and we are here to help everybody, do just that thing. The variety we show makes it impossible for anyone to fail of satisfaction in the stock we are showing. Buyers like, naturally enough, to trade where they can have a good wide choice, and such buyers will find in our stock everything they can desire. Come and look at the stock for yourselves, and remember that next to selling, it is our great pleasure to show goods. As we cannot have everything in sight, ask for what you want if you don't see it. **THOMSON BROS.'**

Oh, come, have you seen "Paradise Lost" at Thomson Bros.' Book Store? Paradise Lost? It seemed to me more like Paradise found! everything looked so beautiful.

Miss Shoppr—I wonder what books I can give Miss Antique? She takes to books, and Thomson Bros., the Booksellers, have almost everything. Miss Caustic—Well I think what she would appreciate most would be something in the way of "Lover"—certainly Lever would not be appropriate.

WE WANT THE WORLD POSTED

on our methods of doing business. They are not common, they are unique, but they are founded on strict business philosophy? Most merchants take care of Number One and their care stops there.

**We Take
NUMBER 2
Into Partnership with No 1**

and we make the interests of Number Two of equal importance with our own. With all this we aim to be the leaders in low prices, and we are ready to

Paint The Earth Red

With the statement that

We Will Not be Undersold

the best prices, (best for Number Two remember) and we invite you to test us and see if our word is not good right down to the dotlet on the I

THOMSON BROS. BOOKSTORE-

We Are The

Holiday Hustlers.

We want to get into the Good graces of the public, and we are bound to get there if the intelligent public knows B from a bull's foot, or a bargain from a last year's bird's nest. We are bound to satisfy you.

Read Our Guarantee.

Good Goods, always.
Undeviating Politeness.
All Goods as Represented.
Reasonable Prices.
A Choice Stock
No Underhand Methods.
Truth at any Cost
Every Customer a Friend.
Every Article a Bargain.

-The Man Murders truth who says he can beat this guarantee. On this basis we mean to build our Record. No flub dub or flap doodle in ours, but a square deal for every dollar.

**THOMSON BROS.'
BOOKSTORE.**

