



Lullaby.

Sleep, mother's flower of heaven,
Sleep, little rose of mine!
Haloed with gold more precious
Than gleams on eastern shrine,
Looking with eyes of sapphire
On a world that seems all divine.

Fain would I follow thee, sweetheart,
Into the world of dreams,
Catch the bright shimmer of heaven
That on thy vision gleams,
Share thy white soul's wanderings
On banks of perfumed streams.

Only to thee comes the summons;
Mother must vigil keep,
Stand at the gate of dreamland
Guarding thy slumbers deep.
Sleep, little flower of heaven,
Sleep, mother's rose-bud, sleep!

Mother Songs

By Eunice Tietjens.

Mother's Christmas.

Little, white soul in my keeping, mine to guard and mine to sway,
Little heart so pure and tender, (May God keep it so alway!)
Baby mine, we must rejoice, for to-day is Christmas day

Christmas is the day of babies, is the best day of the year,
When the whole glad world rejoices for the Christ Child that is here,
And a mother's heart lies trembling with a wondrous joy- and fear.

The Little Woes

Hush, baby sonling! Mother will banish
All of the little woes.
To the Land of Nowhere they will vanish
Where the little shadow goes.

Where the little shadow runs to hide him
When the brave, gold sunshine glows.
All the little woes shall run beside him,
For mother, mother knows!

Waking Song.

Wake, mother's baby, so warm and wee
Soft and sleepy, so easy to see;
Rub pink fists in rose-lidded eyes
And tell old Sand Man it's time to arise!

The Careless Angel.

Babykin, babykin, dear little mite,
Are you a mortal or are you a sprite?
Surely the angel to whom you were given
Lost your real label: "A Cherub From Heaven."

BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

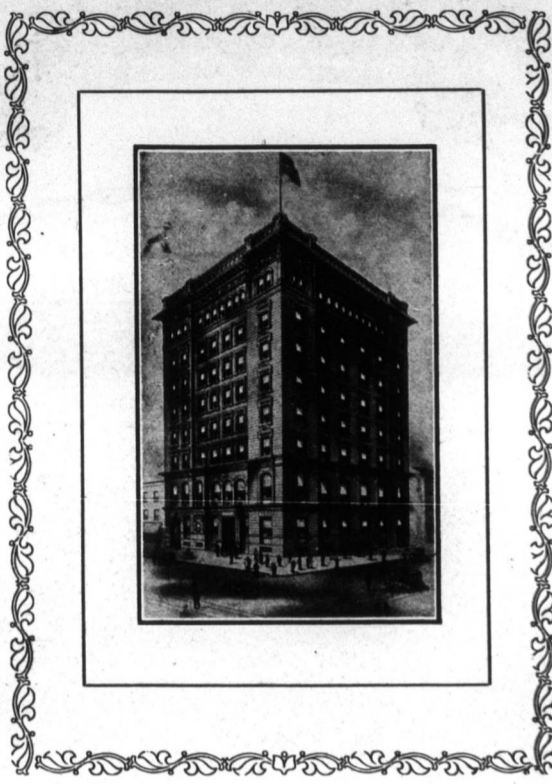
Paid-up Capital, \$2,500,000 Reserve and Undivided Profits, \$2,903,665 Total Assets \$39,332,760

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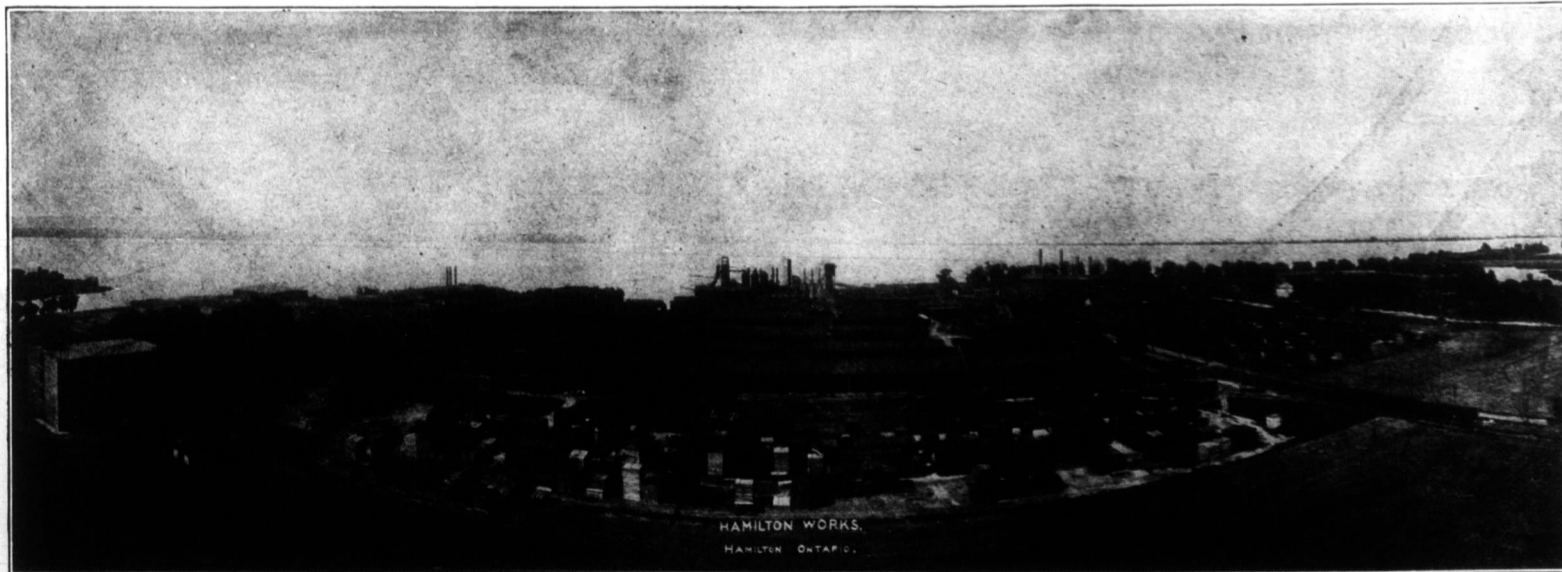
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The International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

HAMILTON, ONTARIO



THE thriving, growing city of Hamilton was chosen as the Dominion headquarters for the Canadian branch of the International Harvester Company. This Company is incorporated regularly under the laws of this country, and is known officially as "International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited."

Its directors, with a keen insight into the future development of the great unformed regions of our North, built their plant on an aggressive scale, and the Company's works at Hamilton is the largest plant on British soil devoted exclusively to the manufacture of harvesting machines, seeding machines and tillage implements. The area of its real estate is over 117 acres, its floor area of buildings is over 773,000 square feet, and its actual capacity is 89,500 machines. The average number of its employees—so far as possible native Canadian sons of Hamilton and vicinity—for last year was 1600. Although these men are often taken on as very raw material from the point of view of mechanical skill, it is not long before they become experts in the management of certain forms of machinery. The location of this plant in Hamilton is a striking testimony to the availability of Canadian towns as a site for other American corporations eager to share in the growing business of Canada.

Strategically placed within hailing distance of the Grand Trunk, the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo, and the Canadian Pacific Railroads; and at the same time, with huge warehouses and docks on Lake Ontario, it commands every facility for transporting its raw material to the works and later on getting its manufactured product quickly and cheaply into the hands of the consumer.

The welcome accorded the Company by the people of Hamilton

when they first realized that they were to become the center of this industry, has become a national welcome. This is shown by the support and patronage given them throughout the land. The representatives of the company were quick to catch the spirit of the Maple Leaf. They realized that Canada was for Canadians and every town in which they made their headquarters they enriched not only by swelling the salary list of the neighborhood, but more substantially by erecting large fireproof warehouses, salesrooms and office buildings.

The International Harvester Company of America has twelve (12) Canadian Agencies in all, each employing a force of salesmen, experts and clerks. These agencies are an integral part of the business life of the towns and the general agents in charge are invariably well to do, public spirited men. The twelve agencies are as follows: Brandon, Manitoba, J. C. Hyndman, General Agent; Calgary, Alberta, J. A. Brockbank, General Agent; Edmonton, Alberta, W. J. McCallum, General Agent; Hamilton, Ontario, F. E. Breckenridge, General Agent; London, Ontario, J. A. McConvery, General Agent; Montreal, Quebec, H. A. Bordeau, General Agent; Ottawa, Ontario, A. T. Lane, General Agent; Regina, Saskatchewan, W. P. Wells, General Agent; St. John, N. B., J. P. Lynch, General Agent; Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, R. H. Potter, General Agent; Winnipeg, Manitoba, M. J. Rodney, General Agent; Yorkton, Saskatchewan, John A. Tanner, General Agent.

The Western farmer with his big farms and his wealth, realizes the absolute necessity of being able to secure modern labor saving farm machines if he is to compete in the world's markets with the fertile lands of Argentine and the cheap labor of Russia and India. Handicapped as he is every year by a total inability to provide

himself with sufficient help at harvest time, he has given a welcome to that company which more than any single influence has helped make the farmers of the sister republic the greatest corn and wheat producers in the world. Each year as new land is opened up and the available hands for agricultural purposes grow less in old territories, the demand for machines to take the place of this departing help is growing keener and keener. It is demonstrated vividly by the response of the old time farmers for newer and better methods of intensive farming. The manure spreader, once scoffed at as a luxury, is now accepted as a source of profit. The disc harrow, once a rare implement and seldom used, is now doubling the productivity of many formerly arid tracts. The gasoline engine, once considered valuable only to the man who worked with machines, is now a farm necessity. It is used in separating the cream, turning the washer, grinding the feed, sawing the wood, sharpening the tools, pumping the water, in fact, so useful and economical have these small engines shown themselves to be that they have been dubbed by the farmers themselves as a second hired man who never sleeps and who eats only when he is working. Even the old time faithful horse is losing cast and where he once pulled the plow and drew the heavy loads to market, he is being superseded by huge gasoline tractors capable of plowing from one to three acres per hour, and hauling as high as fifteen (15) tons at one time. These are, nowadays, as much actual farm essentials as the spade and hoe were fifty years ago, and the firm which manufacture these commodities is rightly considered a benefit to the land in which it settles.

International gasoline tractors go to the farmer figuratively decorated with the medals of France, Canada and the United States.

During the past year these tractors have swept all before them in actual field tests to determine which engine of these nations really stood first in economy of operation, in effectiveness of power, and in variety of practical usefulness. At Winnipeg and Brandon they proved that a 15 H. P. International gasoline tractor could plow an acre in an hour and a quarter on a gallon and a half of gasoline; that a 20 H. P. International gasoline tractor could plow over two acres in less than two hours, on less than two and a half gallons of gasoline. They also proved that they were the only ones in the contest who could do this. At Amiens, France, they turned the current of prejudice against tractor plowing to a spirit of enthusiasm for it. One year ago at Bourges, France, continental tractors made an object failure of a similar contest and the French farmer believed such plowing impracticable. The International tractor stood every test required of it and convinced all Europe.

The enthusiasm and cheering with which the Manitoba farmers watched the many victories scored by this Company in the International tractor contests held at Manitoba and Brandon this year gives some evidence of the feeling of the consumer toward the manufacturer. As a corporation, the company has stood pre-eminent for the cleanliness and openness of its dealings.

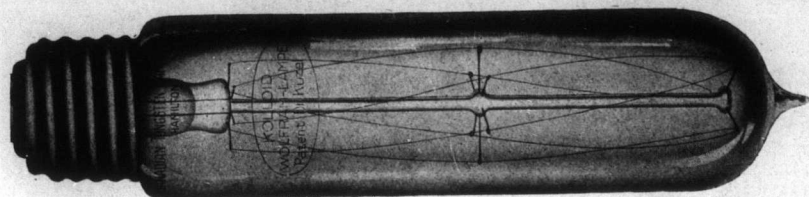
The International Harvester Company of America is a firm believer in publicity, advertising liberally in the Canadian papers; it works hand in hand with the experimental stations employed in improving the knowledge and welfare of the farmers, and, so far as it is possible, it strives to uphold the wish of its president, Cyrus H. McCormick, that it maintain its hitherto stainless record as a corporation with a conscience.

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(Registered Trade Mark.)

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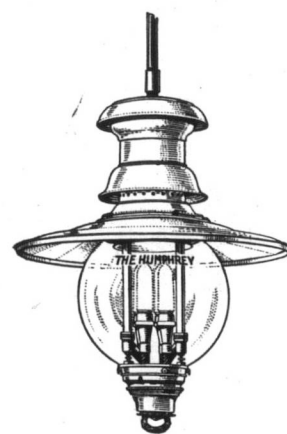
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Begin This Christmas



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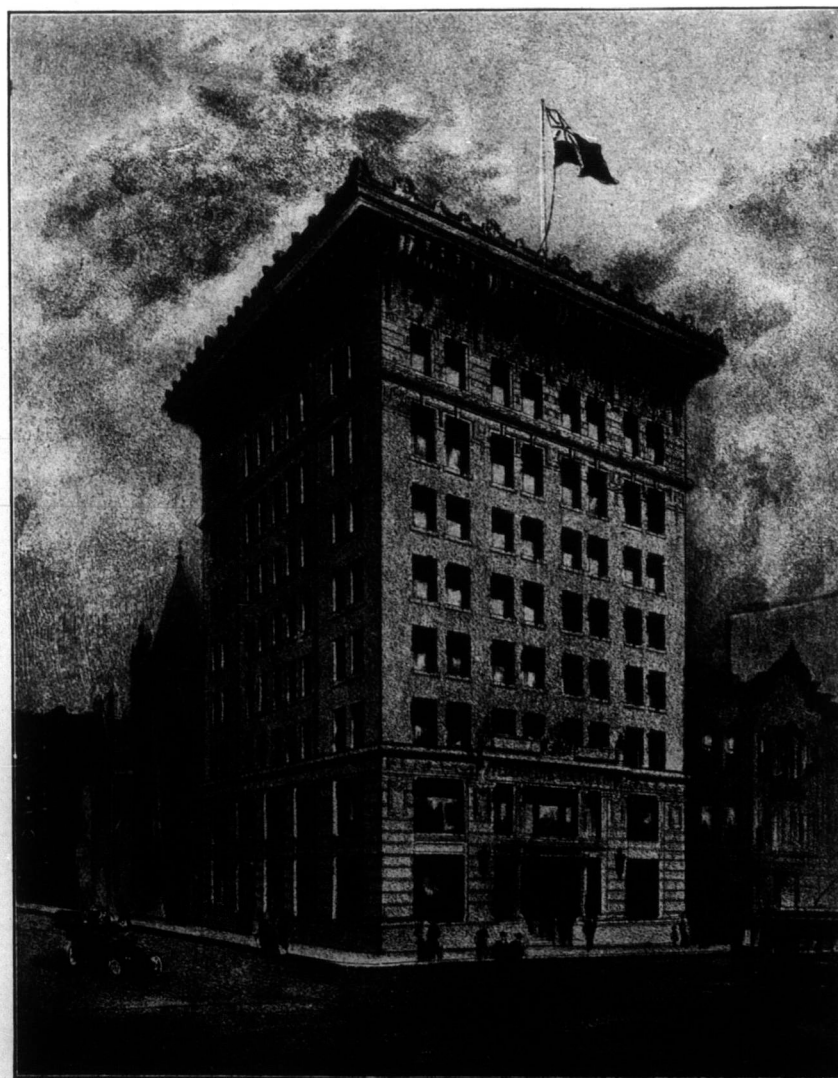
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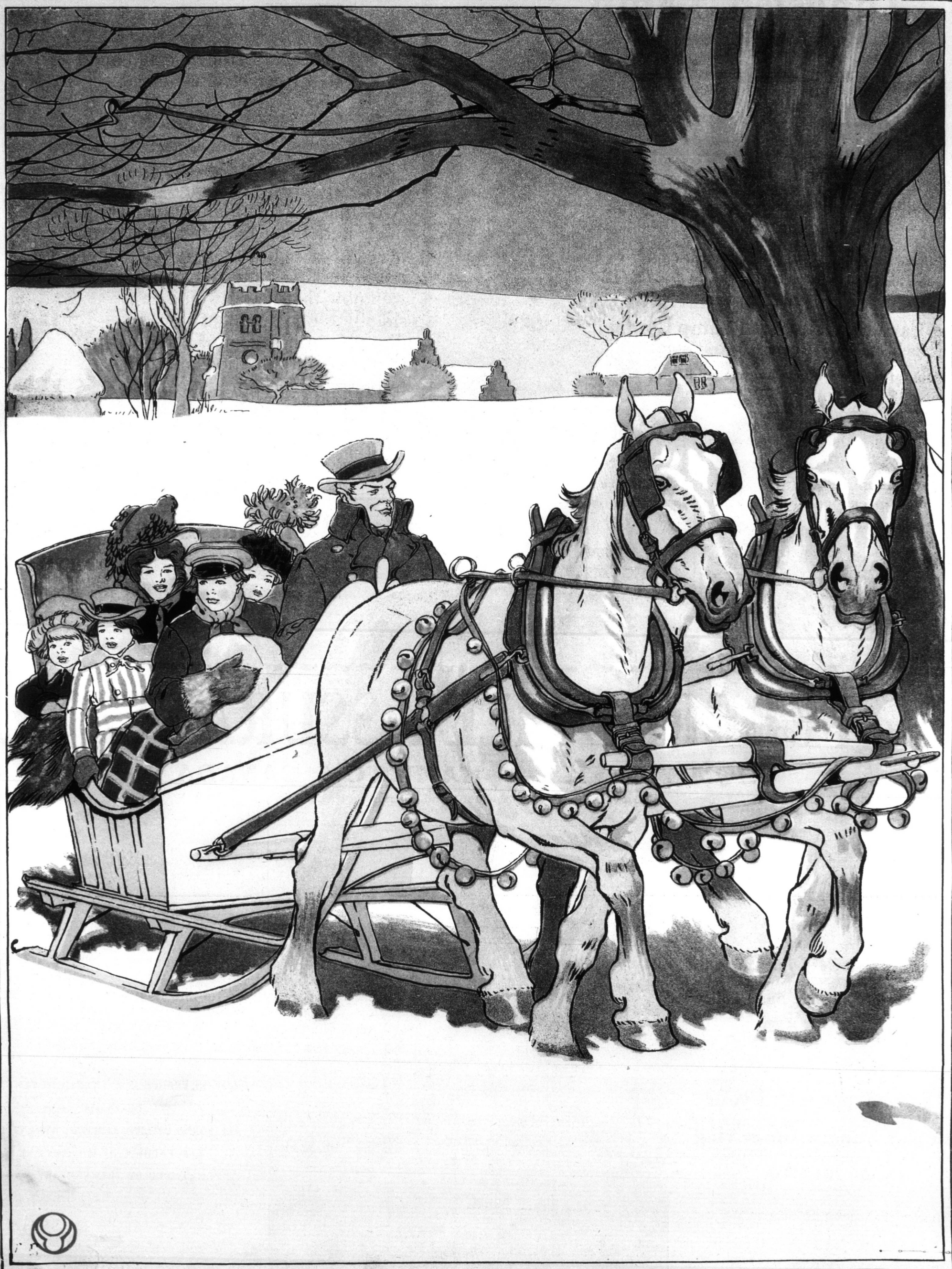
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GOING TO GRANDMA'S FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Drawn by Edward Penfield.



THE CHRISTMAS FAIRYLAND

(By Charles Battell Loomis.)

Old Mark Duncan was always a kindly man and no one ever appealed to him for help in vain.

At twenty-five years he was a promising farmer in Connecticut; five years later he was a more promising farmer out West, and ten years later he was a railroad man, and so rich that no one, not even he, knew the extent of his riches.

Wealthy and kindly was he, but not imaginative. Very practical and hard-headed and soft-hearted, which is a good deal better than being hard-hearted and soft-headed.

But his wife, who had been a school teacher in Connecticut before he married her, while as kindly as he, was much given to day dreams; and when a son came to them he partook of the kindness of both parents and the imagination of his mother.

Most successful westerners come to New York sooner or later. The Duncans were no exception, it so happening that they arrived in December of the year 1906. While their palace was building they stayed at a hyphenated hotel on Fifth avenue.

Oliver Wolcott Duncan was just 21, but as his father was not in society and did not care to be, the young man did not have a party in his honor.

Instead of that, he decided to convert Madison Square into a fairyland on Christmas eve for the benefit of such of the poor of New York as cared to come to the festivities.

The Mayor of New York at that time was a man of a very gay and sympathetic nature, and when Oliver told him what he intended to do was delighted and assured him that he would aid him by every means in his power.

Old Mark may have thought the idea foolish, but he did not say so, and as the money was to be expended for people who had had little joy in their lives, Mr. Duncan told the young man to go ahead and spend all he wanted short of paving the square with gold blocks.

As for Mrs. Duncan, she was delighted with the idea and gave Oliver all the help in her power, suggesting many of the best features and acting with the enthusiasm of a young girl.

Many of the poor of New York enjoyed the wonderful spectacle, but you may get a better idea of it if I follow the fortunes of Jimmy McKenna, who lived on Cherry street and who first heard of what was to be done when a gilded wagon, drawn by six milk white horses passed by his home.

Seated in the chariot was a very noble-looking personage, who looked as if his ancestors had been princes for seven generations. His name was Tommy Scanlon.

He distributes pretty cars with a picture on one side of Santa Claus trying to climb into the top of Madison Square tower, and on the other an invitation to every child under 12 to come to Fairyland opposite the Flatiron building at any time from 7 to 12 Christmas eve.

Jimmy wanted his mother to go up with him, but Fairyland was a word not in her dictionary, and while she was glad to have him go and take little Nelly, she stayed behind.

It was a bracing winter evening, and the city was still decorated with ice crystals that a storm had left behind when it passed over the land.

There was a goodish crowd steering for Fairyland, and Jimmy found it hard to obtain even standing room for his little sister on the electric car that carried them up.

The air was filled with shouts of approval as each carload was emptied at the square. The inexhaustible purse of the Duncans had indeed made it a fairyland—although the ice storm had contributed much of the glitter and splendor.

There must have been a million tiny incandescent lights on the ends of the branches of the many trees in Madison Square, and I verily believe that the sun would have been blinded by the glare if he had not gone to be long since.

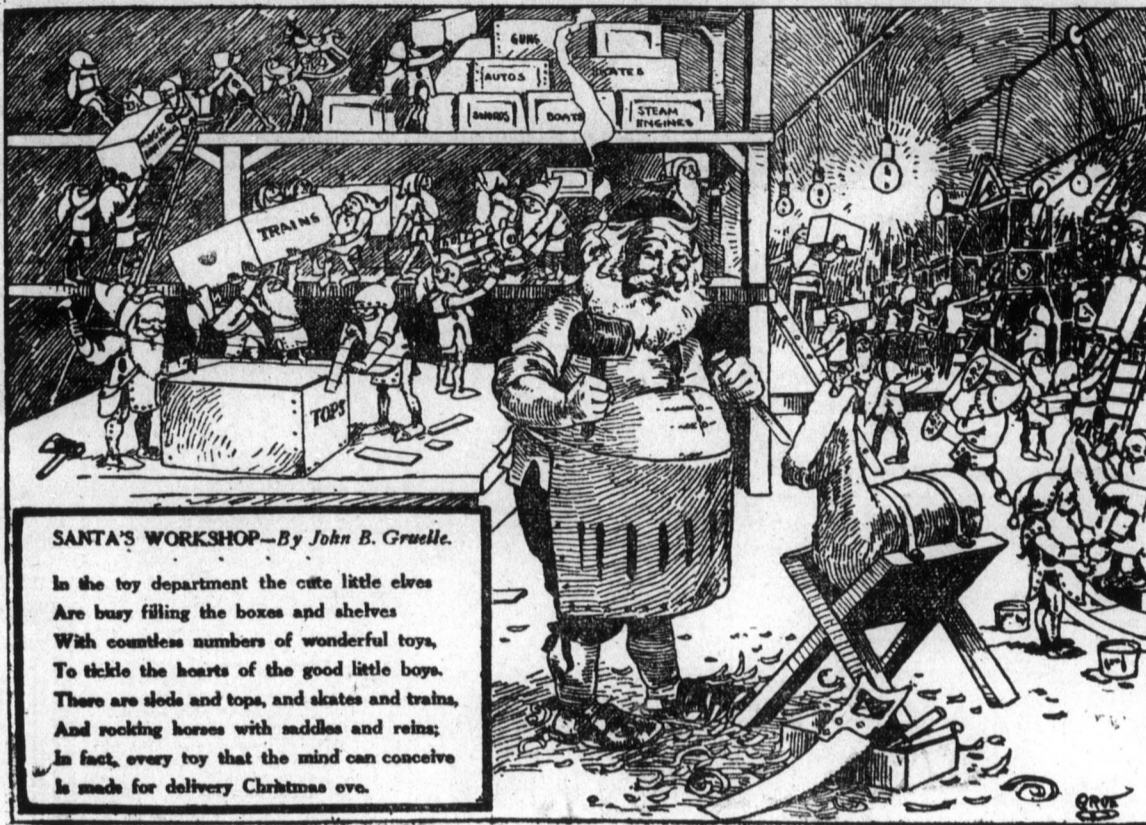
Gaping mouthed children wandered here and there, trying to see all there was to be seen and to do all there was to do.

The first thing that caught the children's eyes was the apparatus for coasting that Oliver had caused to be built. It was an inclined plane running around all four sides of the square and covered with well packed snow.

Jimmy and his sister went to the door of admission, and, seeing a man in a very gorgeous uniform standing there, the boy said:

"Does it cost anything to coast?"

"No, indeed," said the man; "we pay you to go up in the elevator and you can take the sled home with you."

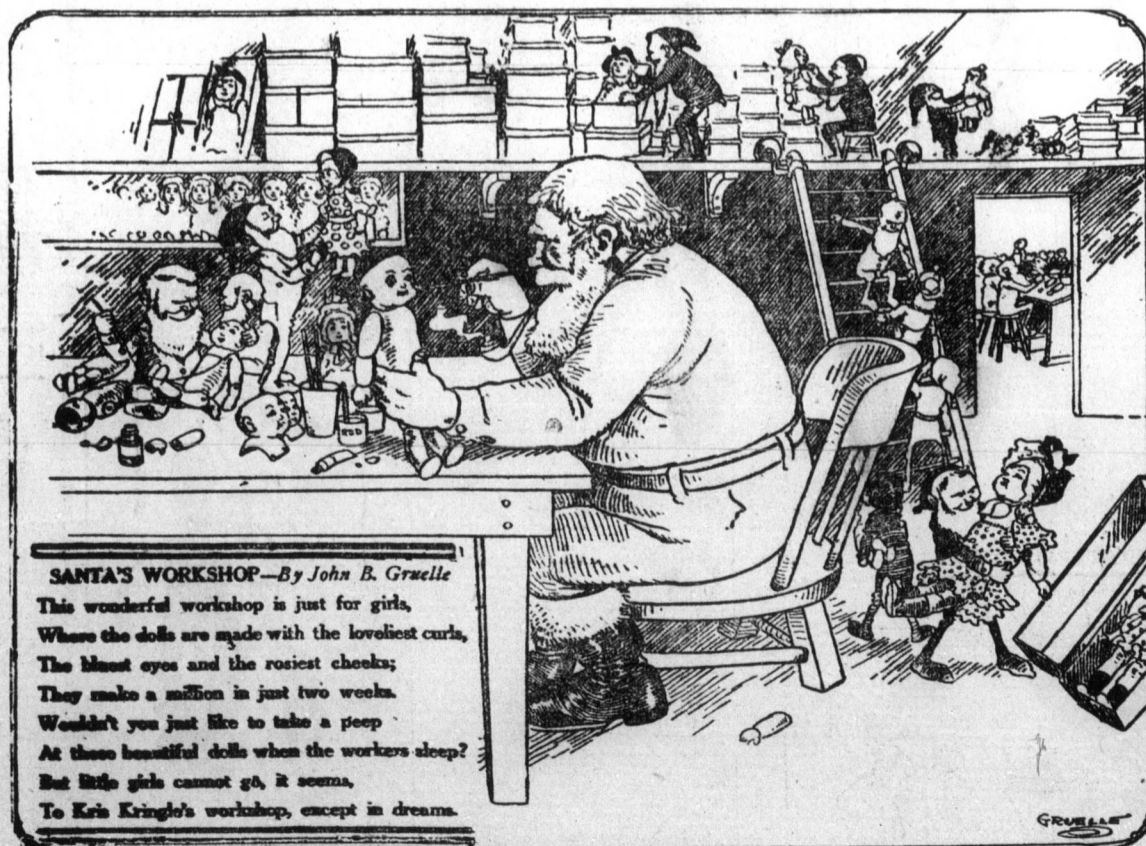


SANTA'S WORKSHOP—By John B. Gruelle.

In the toy department the cute little elves Are busy filling the boxes and shelves With countless numbers of wonderful toys, To tickle the hearts of the good little boys. There are sleds and tops, and skates and trains, And rocking horses with saddles and reins; In fact, every toy that the mind can conceive Is made for delivery Christmas eve.

COMPLIMENTS TO OUR MANY READERS

The Times wishes all its readers and friends a very Merry Christmas. May health and happiness and prosperity be theirs. May they be able to look back without regret and to look forward with hope. We go through this world only once, and let it be our resolve to endeavor to leave it better than we found it.



SANTA'S WORKSHOP—By John B. Gruelle

This wonderful workshop is just for girls, Where the dolls are made with the loveliest curls, The bluest eyes and the rosiest cheeks; They make a million in just two weeks. Wouldn't you just like to take a peep At these beautiful dolls when the workers sleep? But little girls cannot go, it seems, To Kris Kringle's workshop, except in dreams.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

the speedy, turning four sharp corners, but meeting with no accident. Almost before they knew it they had passed out into the street and entered the park again, this time seeing straight ahead of them a wonderful fountain that spouted seven different kinds of sea water.

No one could drink at this fountain unless he was provided with a silver cup, so the big Santa Claus said who stood by its side, but he smiled as he said it, and handed to each child who came forward a very pretty silver cup with "Merry Christmas, 1906," engraved on it.

Jimmy and Nelly were so thirsty from their swift ride that they did not stop to examine their cups, but drank eagerly an copiously of the various flavors.

When they had quenched their thirst (for the time being) they became aware of an enormous barrel, at least 20 feet high and 10 feet in circumference, which stood to the right of the fountain. From its top hung many ropes, and walking around and around it was another Santa Claus, inviting any boy who wished to climb up the rope and take what he saw.

Nelly wanted to climb up, but Jimmy told her he'd grab for two when he got there. He had one good pocket in his jacket, with no hole in it worth mentioning.

He took hold of the rope and went up hand over hand, and the sight that met his eyes almost made him lose his hold. The finest candies that Oliver could get in New York were in that barrel, and by means of an ingenious piece of mechanism the contents kept rising to the top so as to be within reach of the eager paws that were clutching on all sides.

From time to time the supply was replenished, and I would not dare say how many thousand pounds of candy were put in and then grabbed out of that barrel by soiled little hands.

Jimmy wished he might hold on by his chin and so use both hands, but he was not gymnast enough for that, so he had to content himself by making big clutches with his right hand and filling his pockets before his strength gave out.

Not far from the barrel there was a flapjack, on top of which was a caak; and those boys who could climb were invited to do so by Oliver himself, who, with his mother, was enjoying the gay scene that the park presented.

In order to prevent confusion a companion flapjack had been placed very near the other, so that as soon as a boy had helped himself to the contents of the cask he could slide down and make way for others.

Jimmy had no idea what was in the cask, but he shined up, telling little Nelly not to cry, for he'd be back soon.

"Jimmy'll be all killed," said she, her lips quivering; but Mrs. Duncan, who was standing by, patted her on the head and said:

"No, Jimmy will come down by the other pole, and will bring something for you, I'm sure."

When Jimmy put his hand into the cask, he did so with perfect confidence, although there might have been crabs or spiders in it. But it was not crabs, but eagles that were in the cask; gold eagles, and Jimmy, supposing by the feel of them that they were quarters, gladly clutched a whole handful.

When he rejoined Nelly, he was a little disappointed.

"Dey're counterfeit," said he, for he had never before seen any gold money.

But when Mrs. Duncan explained to him that each coin was worth forty quarters, he immediately wanted to climb up again. Oliver hated to refuse him, but there were crowds of children waiting their turn, so he said:

"Have you been to get your squirrels?"

"No! Where?" said Jimmy, hastily putting his money in the lining of his hat.

"Over by the Saint Gaudens statue of Farragut," said Oliver; and Jimmy, taking his little sister's hand, threaded his way to where there was a huge gilded cage containing numberless gray squirrels.

"Give us a squoll," said Jimmy, eagerly, to the gaily attired attendant, who, bowing low, said:

"It shall be as you wish."

Then he opened a door in the cage and drew out a silver gray squirrel.

"One for Nelly, too," said Jimmy, never forgetful.

"It looks like a rat, only its tail is swelled," said Nelly, putting her squirrel's head in her mouth.

The little animals were as tame as kittens; and indeed they had nothing to fear from the McKennas, who loved animals, and who had once made a pet of a rat.

While they were petting the squirrels, they heard music away up above them, and on asking a superb young prince in a cocked hat where it was, they were told that it came from the fairy orchestra.

"I can't see," said Nelly, with a tinge of wail in her voice. She was fearful of losing some phase of this wonderful fairyland.

"Oh, I see it, I see it!" shouted Jimmy. "Look, Nelly, up in der tree. Little fellers. Gosh can't dey play!"

The "littie fellers" were dressed up to represent fairies, and not one of them was more than 15 years old; but they

(Continued on Page 42.)

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CHARLES A. DOBSON, Agent.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS TOILET

"Well, is it any bigger?" inquired Mr. Bixby, as he leaned back from the table at the conclusion of a scrappy, girl's-day-out sort of dinner.

Mrs. Bixby did not immediately respond, and eight-year-old Jimmy, human question mark, recognized a conversational opening.

"Is what any bigger, papa?" he asked.

"It's half past 7, James," said his father. "High time for you to tackle that example you missed at school this morning. Go to school."

And James, though he might have liked to argue the question, went; for only yesterday Mary, the new girl, had reminded him that Santa Claus sometimes forgot to come to boys that were disobedient. To be sure there was a family rumor that his bachelor Uncle Simon, who was just about right in everything, did not believe in the whiskered saint, but with the practical test of the matter so near at hand the wise little Jimmie was taking no chances.

Mrs. Bixby, however, had no need to ask what her husband had meant by his question. He had given up his table lectures on the theory and practice of domestic management long ago, and the confusion caused in his mind by the swift, yet never-ending procession of serving maids through the Bixby establishment had reduced him finally to a unceremonious silence. Nevertheless, his wife knew that his inquiry referred to the pompadour of that new girl, Mary. It was a thorn in both their sides.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bixby, when the echoes of James' departure had died away, "whether it is any bigger or not, but she hasn't come in yet. This isn't her regular afternoon out, you know, but she seems to have an enormous number of friends to get presents for, and I let her go downtown to do some Christmas shopping. Her hair was all right when she left, but so it was the last time she went out; yet when she came back, you remember, she had to stoop to get under the curtain poles in the dining-room."

"Well, perhaps it takes a visit to an expert hairdresser, and if it never happens except on her days off it will not be so bad."

"No, especially as she hardly ever comes in until bedtime except for these holiday trips. But you can't tell. If she were to learn to build it up herself and should appear in it next week when Henry and his wife are here for dinner I would die of mortification. And suppose she should wear it Christmas day?"

"She didn't have 'em much when she first came, either, did she?"

"No, not above the average normal size. But, do you know, the last big one she had looked a little crooked to me, and I fancied then that she had been practicing on making them herself." Mrs. Bixby was now at the hysterical half-way point between irritation and amusement.

"Can't you tell her?" suggested Mr. Bixby, "gently, yet firmly, 'that there's a limit to—'"

"Yes, but it would probably be equivalent to giving her notice. Shall I do that?"

Thus, as the result of his first venture in domestic suggestion in the last nine years, Mrs. Bixby found the problem suddenly put up to him. "I'd certainly hate to see her go," he finally said. "She seems really fond of James and the baby, and they of her; and she's the first girl in the lot's see—the last."

"The last eleven."

"That hasn't really disliked them, isn't she?"

"Yes, the first since Martha Rice. And Mary really loves them. Yesterday morning when I came down a little early I overheard her and James sounding each other as to what they wanted for Christmas, and at the end of a long cross-examination he finally made Mary admit that Santa Claus was not the only one who gave presents."

"Yes; and she makes delicious soup; almost as good as that girl we had just before the baby was—"

But here Mr. Bixby was relieved of further responsibility concerning the problem by a ring at the doorbell and the descent, pell mell, from the upper regions, of Jimmie, who for the last week had been on the watch for all mysterious bundles that came into the house.

Mrs. Bixby opened the door and re-

vealed Mary under the largest pompadour she had yet appeared in.

"Let me see your bundles, Mary," cried Jimmy, making a dash at her. "Let me see what you've got."

But Mary, embarrassed, perhaps, by the frowning glance of Mrs. Bixby, dodged past him and hurried to the kitchen, dropping, as she went, the one small bundle she had been carrying.

Jimmie pounced upon this before his mother could stop him, but it turned out to be only a yard or so of some sort of cloth. His mother took it with her as she moved toward the kitchen again, closing the door not too gently behind her. Mr. Bixby, who had come out into the hall, knew by the firmness of his wife's step that the robbery of the pompadour had been taken out of his hands.

"Papa," began the disappointed Jimmie, by way of stating off further struggle with that vexatious example, "is Uncle Simon an agnostic?"

"Why, no, child. Where did you ever get hold of that big word?"

"Oh, I heard the minister talking about agnostics and unbelievers when he was here the other day to get stuff for that Christmas box for the heathen. I'm awful glad Uncle Simon ain't one 'cause then he must believe in Santa Claus."

Meanwhile, out in the kitchen Mrs. Bixby was saying, after severe contemplation of Mary's coiffure: "Mary, I'm sure, if you could see yourself you would see that that huge pompadour is unbecoming."

Mary had removed her hat and now broke into smiles. "I don't need to see myself, ma'am," she said. "I'm that ashamed! Do you think Mr. Bixby noticed it? Coming home in the car there was a young fellow I know was laughing at me. I can't stand it another minute!"

She began to fumble with her hair as she talked and finally drew from within the towering structure a little toy locomotive and a train of tin cars. She put them on the table and then produced from the same region a rubber doll and a baby's rattle.

"For the children," she explained, as she reached up again. "Jimmie was watching the doctor so lately I didn't know how else to get 'em in."

Whereupon Mrs. Bixby sat down in the nearest chair and had her hysterics after all, and Christmas morning, when the presents were distributed, the paper-mache cigar case, which was Mary's present to Mr. Bixby, was found to have tangled around it a long hair that was not his wife's.

John D. Ruiz.

way up there at the north pole, if it's not Mrs. Santa?

And when Santa's hammer slips, while he is working on some little boy's sled, who is it that ties the fingle for him if it is not Mrs. Santa Claus?

And when Santa Claus gets a letter from some little fellow who wants a nice, warm pair of stockings, or who wants a woollen cap, who is it that knits them? Santa Claus can't, for although he is a "master of all trades," he never learned the gentle art of knitting stockings. Mrs. Santa Claus knows how, of course. She will sit down, and knit dozens of pairs of stockings and mittens after her dinner's over. You know she has lots of time between meals; they only come about once a week up there, for the days are a whole month long. Just think of it! And there Santa only eats three meals a day.

Although we would all like to visit Santa Claus and see his wonderful palace of ice, south of the north pole, and his beautiful workshops, and meet his gentle wife, I am a bit afraid we would not like to stay many days if the meals only came once a week. But with Santa Claus it is different; he is used to it by this time, for he has lived way up there ever since there were little boys in the world; and then he always eats enough at one meal to do him until the next.

There is something about Mrs. Santa Claus that you will like when you know her better. Her jovial smile and old-fashioned ways seem to make one like her better.

I've just tried to show you that although Santa Claus is a nice fellow and we like to have him come to see us once a year, it isn't quite fair that you should forget "dear Mrs. Santa Claus," for without her you couldn't have any Santa, and without Santa Claus, I just shiver to think of it, there would be no Christmas!

So when we write to Kris Kringle and after you've asked him for everything you want, you'll make his old heart feel glad and you'll stand a greater chance of getting your gifts if you'll only say: "And now, dear Santa, please remember me to Mrs. Santa Claus, and please bring her with you when you come, on the night before Christmas, for I would like to meet you both. I've always been asleep when you came before, but I won't be this time; and please don't forget my chu-chu cars, for your dear little friend."

Christmas Child.

A New Malady.

It was Christmas Day, and the candy lion had been waiting—oh, so patiently—for Mary to finish her dinner. Much against her baby wishes had she been obliged to swallow the last of her bread. When her mother insisted on her finishing her "milk the small face looked up in desperation as she lisped, "Mozzer, if I eat any more food I will be humpback in my stomach, like grandpa!"—Lippincott's.

Only Two Realities.

Billy—So yer didn't get nuthin' but a jackknife and a sled for Christmas?
 Tommy—Yes, dat's all I got worth speakin' of. Dere wuz a suit of clothes, and an ooceroo, and a hat or two, and some underclothes, and a book of poems, and some stockin's and gloves, and some collars and cuffs, and a few other things like dat, not worth speakin' of.—Men and Women.



THE ARTLESS ANSWER.

The Legend of the Mistletoe..

By Virginia Belmont

Balder the beautiful, God of the summer sun, fairest of all the Gods! Light from his forehead beamed, runes were upon his tongue, as on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air bound were by magic spell never to do him harm. Even the planets and stones all save the Mistletoe, The sacred Mistletoe."

There are some customs which seem to survive almost indefinitely the lapse of centuries. The Mistletoe, which reappears every Christmas, was a sacred plant as far back as the days of the Persians, an object of worship in Persia and India. It evokes memories of the ancient Gauls of the second groves, and the Druids, whose priests were said to have sprung from the Magi, and all that belongs to a vanished religion. In the days of the Druids, the festival of the cutting of the Mistletoe took place in the month of March, on the sixth day of the moon. The tenth of March at that period was New Year's Day, and as the festival required the full light of the moon, it was held as near New Year's Day as the moon would allow. The Druids claimed that the Gods loved the oak above all other trees. It was the tree of the Thunderer in Scandinavian mythology, of Jupiter among the Greeks, of Perun, who is the Jove of the Slavonic nations. On the day appointed for the festival of cutting the sacred plant, a procession was formed. Two white bulls being led, were fastened, by their horns, to the trunk of a white oak. A Druid climbed the leafless branches of the tree, and with a golden sickle cut the sprays of Mistletoe. Beneath the stately oak was a circle of Druid priestesses in white robes, their hair confined by golden crescents; they held their snowy veils outspread to catch the excess sprays as they fell from the oak, for they were never permitted to touch the ground. Religious rites were then performed and the two white bulls were sacrificed. The sprays of Mistletoe were carefully preserved and used in many ways. They were placed over doors to bring good fortune to keep off evil spirits. They were also used in various decoctions to cure many maladies, for great healing power was ascribed to the plant.

Bacon says that the Mistletoe which grew upon oaks was counted very medicinal, and the Druids considered it a remedy for any kind of poison.

In some parts of Germany the children still run about the streets at Christmastide, knocking at doors and windows with hammers, and shouting "Gut heil, Gut heil!" These words are plainly equivalent to the Druidical name of the Mistletoe, used by Pliney when he speaks of it as "All heal." It played an important part in the life of the Gauls; a remnant of this still seems to exist in France, for the peasant boys still use the expression "An gui i'an neuf" as a New Year's greeting. The ceremony of decorating churches with evergreen boughs is of great antiquity and was observed in many countries hundreds of years ago, just as we still find a similar custom observed in the East at New Year, showing us that the origin of the observance is the same in each case. It was esteemed a sacred plant among the Normans and the Celtic bards, the harpers of Scotland and Wales held it in great reverence. Perhaps the Mistletoe was taken as a symbol of the New Year on account of its clusters of green leaves growing upon bare trees, and giving them the appearance of having renewed their foliage. In Brittany, it is called "Herbe de la Croix," because it was believed that from its wood the cross was made; though it was degraded from a stately forest tree in consequence of this fact.

But before we hear of the Mistletoe of the Druids, we meet with the plant in the beautiful legend of the death of Balder, from the association with which it doubtless derived its sanctity. The Apollo, or Day god of the Norsemen, bore the name of Balder the Good. He was beloved alike of gods and men. In him the Norsemen honored all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good. He was the spirit of activity, joy and light, without the brightness of his presence, Asgard, the abode of the gods, of Odin, of Thor, of Freyja, would have been dull and barren. Great trouble, therefore, fell on the gods in Valhalla, when Balder, in the twelfth year of his life, was visited by terrific dreams, threatening him with deadly peril. It seems that he did not possess the immortality which the Greeks attributed to their mythic divinities. Therefore, the gods of Valhalla determined to use all their magic arts to preserve to themselves and to men their favorite deity. The mythology of ancient Scandinavia included a principle or power of evil called Loki, whose chief aim was to do mischief and mar the happiness of the gods. Of all the deities, Loki hated most the God of Light, Balder's mother, Freyja, resolved to exact an oath from all created things that they would not hurt him. The goddess mother met with a ready response from earth, air, fire, water, stones, diseases, beasts, birds, insects and poisons, and from trees and flowers. One thing alone escaped her spells. They grew on the eastern side of the Valhalla an ancient oak, attached to which, rooted in its gnarled branches, she perceived a tiny plant, a soft green, insignificant thing with pearly white berries. It seemed so powerless to do harm, that she passed it by. Alas! from all ages came the warning, that nothing is insignificant. After the spell had been laid on all creation, not to hurt Balder, the gods were wont to test this immunity from harm, by getting him to stand on the plains of Asgard as a target at which they hurled darts and stones. They were struck at him with swords and by the axes. The spell worked well; Balder was ever unhurt, and it came to be an honor paid him, when his invulnerability was thus tested. One day the gods were assembled, when Loki, hovering near unseen, gazed upon the singular spectacle. He beheld the bright-haired Balder standing in a circle formed by the deities of Valhalla. Odin stood gazing at the sport, while Thor threw his mighty hammer at Balder, which rebounded without injury to the youthful god. In his

turn each god hurled missiles at Balder, who stood smiling at them, erect and unharmed. What could it mean? Loki determined to find out. So changing his shape to that of a fair and queenly woman, he hastened to the dwelling of Freyja. The goddess received her visitor graciously and inquired whence she came. "From the plain where the gods are making a target of Balder, without hurting him," replied the false guest.

"Aye," said Freyja, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all things, that they will not harm him."

"What!" exclaimed the guest, "have all things sworn to spare him?"

"All things," replied Freyja, "except one little shrub that grows upon an oak on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called the Mistletoe. I thought it too young and too feeble to crave an oath from it."

A secret joy thrilled through the false maiden as she heard these words, and hastening from Freyja's dwelling as soon as she could, she flew to the spot where grew the fatal parasite. Then, resuming his proper shape, Loki cut off the Mistletoe and hastened back to the plains of Asgard. He found the gods still at their singular amusement. The blind god Hodur, the god of brute strength, was standing alone to one side. In the Norse mythology he signified Night, as Balder signified Day.

"Why dost thou not throw something at Balder?" asked Loki.

"Because," answered Hodur, "I cannot see, and I have nothing to throw."

"Come, then," said Loki, "do as the glee-shook the earth and caused earthquakes. There Loki will remain till Ragnarok, the twilight of the world, when the gods, the Earth and all the dwellers therein will be destroyed by the powers of evil, the companions of Loki, Only Odin, the All Father, will remain and gather around him on the plains where Asgard once stood, the gods regenerate and purified by fire, and then a new and better world will arise, in which Balder will come again with his unconscious slayer, Hodur, and all evil will cease, and light and darkness will dwell together in unity.

After the final purification by suffering and fire and the regeneration to which the Northmen looked as the means of the ultimate adjustment of good and evil, and from which they did not exempt even their gods, the influence of good was to prevail. Balder would reappear, radiant, beautiful, joyous as before; and Loki, the spirit of evil, be no more heard of.

A CHRISTMAS VAMPIRE.

A fool! there was, and he made a gift, (Even as you or I.) He bought it with taste and care and thrift (For a lady his friends thought rather swift) And when he gave it, the lady sniffed, (Even as you or I.) Oh, the judgment and taste and time we waste On the gifts at Christmastide; Which we give to the lady who isn't pleased (And now we know she could never be pleased And never be satisfied.) A fool there was, and he gave his cheque (Even as you or I.) For a necklace of pearls without a fleck, (And it didn't the least suit the lady's neck) And she never thanked him a single speck! (Even as you or I.) Oh, the chink we lose and the think we lose. On the things we buy with pride, To give to the lady who never is pleased. (And now we know she can never be pleased And never be satisfied.) The fool was fleeced to his last red cent, (Even as you or I.) She threw him aside, when his gold was spent, (And nobody cared where the lady went.) And the fool gave way to loud lament, (Even as you or I.) And it wasn't the loss, and it wasn't the dress The reason that same fool cried; It was coming to know that she never was pleased (Seeing at last she could never be pleased And never be satisfied.) —Carolyn Wells, in December Smart Set.

YULETIDE IN SHETLAND.

Curious Customs in the Island Where The Ponies Come From.

The festival of Yule, as it is well known, dates back to prehistoric times, when men worshipped nature rather than nature's God.

The inhabitants of the Shetland Isles are descended from Norsemen, who were zealous in religious belief, and "Yule" then meant a season of great importance. The "Gammel Norsk Hjul" signi-

fic, literally, "wheel," and the festival so called was held in honor of the sun at the winter solstice—wheeling round toward the equator. The return of the sun formed an important period of the year as being the beginning of renewed life in nature, which only could be revived by the light and warmth of the ascending orb.

The course of the sun was observed in all things as far as possible. Everything was turned from left to right—the boat was so turned on the water, the corn stacks so built in course, the mill so turned in grinding and the wheel in spinning—in fact, everything went with the sun, even the round of the drinking horn.

Many superstitions included in nature worship had full scope at the "Hjul" time—more modern "Yule"—when a

vast multitude of "trows," or fairy folk, who at that season were not only active, but maliciously disposed, had to be propitiated.

To give the fairy folk no opportunity of playing tricks, the fishing gear and spinning wheel taken out of gear and its integral parts laid aside, and everything suspended from ceiling or walls lifted down, as if left in their usual places the ubiquitous elves were supposed to set all going against the sun's motion, which of course would be an serious trouble. The time of Yule, and still is, rigidly observed as being a time of rest from all manual labor—Madame.

Some medicine is so that we can't even forget to take

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HEARD AT THE SHOW.

"My father is rich now, and it has turned his head."

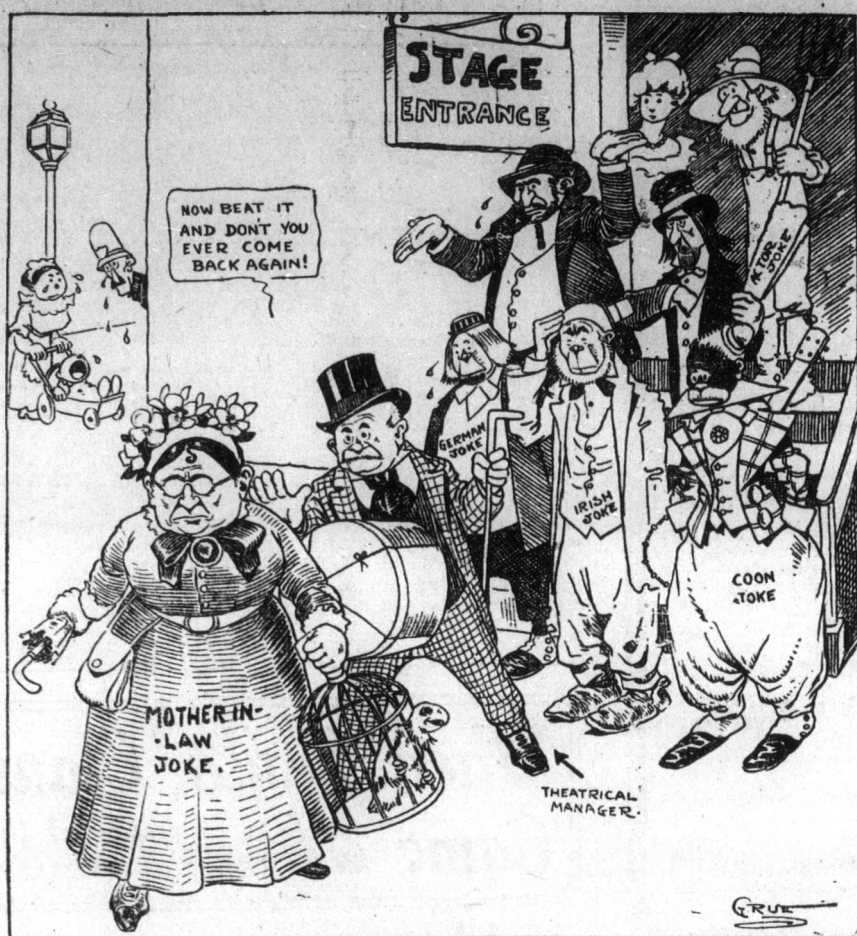
"How does it affect him?"

"Now he doesn't spill soup on his shirt bosom when he eats."

HERE'S WHERE YOU LAUGH



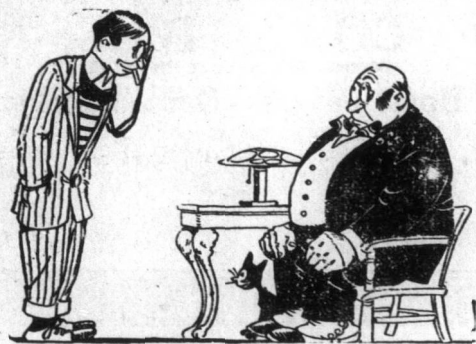
THE ARTLESS ANSWER.



ALAS, WE KNEW HER WELL.
The vaudeville syndicates have put a ban on mother-in-law Jokes.



OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE.



MAKING GREAT PROGRESS.

"How are you doing in higher mathematics at college, my boy?"
Bully, pop; I'm almost ready to advance into railroad time tables."



AND THEY SAY THE ENGLISH HAVE NO HUMOR!

The Conversationalist (to well known authoress): I am so delighted to meet you—it was only the other day—I saw something of yours—about something or other—in some paper!—London Sketch.

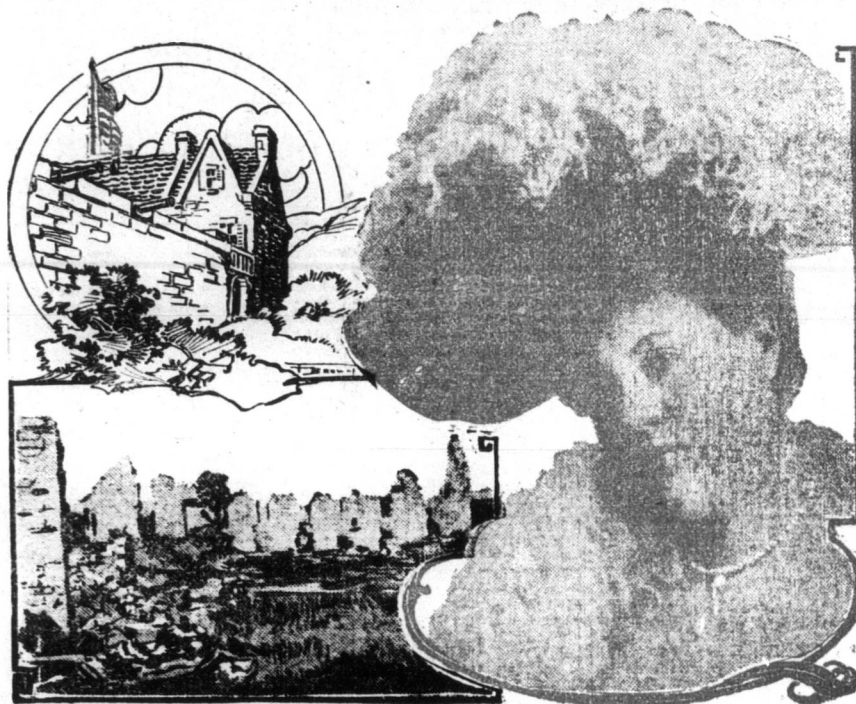


PARADOXICAL ECONOMY.

"My brother did a funny thing."
"What was it?"
"Hired a balloon so he could have his office out of the high-rent district."



MR. JELLYFISH.



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Picture shows historic Ft. Ticonderoga, as it is to-day, and Mrs. S. H. P. Pell, New York society woman who will restore it to its former condition, as in the days before the revolution.



JUST KIDS.

By T. S. Allen.

"Wat yer got to do is ter stand up ter him!"
"Aw, how kin I, when he keeps knockin' me down?"



By Fred Schaefer.

My name? Tommy Jones. Go to school? Pop. I live right over yonder where my daddy's got a shop. But here is where I play the most—more fellows are around. Do I get along with them? Well, I've never found a kiddo in the whole blame push yours truly couldn't lick. You don't know who I am, I guess. I'm leader of the clique. And ain't afraid of nothing. Huh? The snark? Cut out. That line of talk, I don't understand what it's about.

What kind of life I lead and what I'd love to do? I'd like to be a midshipman upon the stormy sea. I'd tackle pirates hand to hand, a smile upon my lips. And wade right through them in their gore upon their rakish ships. Or, in a diving suit go down with only a keen-edged blade To battle with an octopus until I had it slayed— Am I as brave as that at night without some scary spells? Mister, I just wish you'd try and talk of something else.

Indians? Yep, I'd love to have a chance like Buffalo Bill. You'd never get through counting all the redskins I would kill. I'd even let the rascals take and load me down with chains And torture me bound to a stake upon the arid plains. I'd show them I was full of spunk—suddenly tear free, And dot the prairie with the dead as far as you could see! Huh? How'd I like to face a graveyard in the dark? Nix. The thing might get me then. What thing? The snark.



WAKENING PA THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.



END OF A BARNYARD SCANDAL.

Duck—Isn't that one of your former wives?
Rooster—Yep, that's one.
Duck—What makes her so stuck up?
Rooster—Court just awarded her alimony, and custody of the eggs.



BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

"I tell you, the women certainly do appreciate 'Black Knight' Stove Polish. They are tired of the watery liquids and hard bricks, that mess up hands and clothes. They are sick of stove polishes that shine only after a weary rub, rub, rub that tires arms and back. They like the brilliant, lasting polish that 'Black Knight' gives—they like the ease with which it shines—and they certainly do like the big box that they get for 10c. Have you tried 'Black Knight'?"

If your dealer does not handle it, send 10c. for a big can, sent postpaid.
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BY FRED SCHAEFER.

Wilfred J., a little boy, was asked if he loved to have his papa or his mamma better.

"Oh, yes," responded the artless child, "I love to have them better, but I did not know they were sick."

A demure 3-year-old who had been putting muck on the cat was reproved by her mother, who said, "If you do that, kitty will not wish to play with you any more."

"Oh," replied Mildred, "for that matter, I wouldn't wish to play with her either after she was all stinky."

Meeting 5-year-old Archibald, a friend of the family exclaimed, "What a big boy you are getting—almost big enough for papa's trousers."

"Shucks," retorted the juvenile; "you forget that at our house mamma wears the trousers."

A small boy of 5 was seen playing in the dirt, and a gentleman paused and inquired, "Well, my little man, are you making mud pies?"

"No," answered the tot, molding another wad of wet sand in the shape of a cookie, "I'm bringing flies off my grandmother's face with a curry-comb."

Aunt Matilda was visiting us last summer, and complained of the heat. What was our amusement when Mabel, aetad 4½, piped up, "Why, how can you fib so, auntie? Pap says you are a perfect frost."

Mamma was working in the kitchen one day, and Little Brother asked her what she was making.

"Hoghead cheese," smiled mamma. "Do you want some?"

"No," replied Little Brother; "what I want in this safety pin taken out of my hair, it hurts me."

All of us laughed fit to kill.

For the first time in his life little Vernon saw pumpernickel bread on the table.

"How much was that a loaf?" he asked.

"Ten cents," was father's reply.

"Then they ought to call it pumper-dime bread," giggled the adolescent wag.

One afternoon 4-year-old Waldo was sent to the grocery with a dollar bill to get an onion, and was warned to be careful of the change. Returning, he was asked by his mother, "I hope you did not lose the change?"

"No, indeed," was his laughing reply; "it is safe. I swallowed it."

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mother seemed so singularly joyous and happy.

In the evening it was all explained. Santa Claus was Uncle Tom, who had come home. He had been saved in a most miraculous way when the ship was lost, and had been living for years with the people on the Arctic coast. The terrible sufferings he had undergone had turned his hair and beard white. At last a vessel came, and he was able to get away. He went a long voyage with that ship, visiting strange ports in the Far East, and had just reached Montreal a few days before when he met Louis Perrault, who had told him about the palace. He had brought the reindeer and the boat with him, so he planned the surprise just as described, but bound Louis over to secrecy.

"Just before bedtime on that Christmas night Bessie asked him the name of the King of the country in which he had lived.

"His name in our language is King Frost, my dear," was the reply, "and he said, with an air of sadness: 'I don't think I will return to his country any more, now that you have got a palace for me here.'"

Wigg—Miss Caustique says she is very fond of young Saphedde. Wagg—Why, I thought she was a man-hater. Wigg—So she is. I suppose that's why she likes Saphedde.

When Santa Claus Came and Took Possession of His Ice Palace--BY J. HADDON TAYLOR

The most wonderful, the most delightful, the happiest and the best Christmas we ever had was when Santa Claus really came in person and stayed with us the whole of Christmas Day.

"The good old tutelary saint who presides over the festive season had come to us before, as he has come since, but he stayed in the big stores all day and when he brought his nice gifts it was in the night while we were asleep, and he was always gone before it was time to get up. His visits invariably made us glad, but we felt we should like to see him and tell him how we liked him."

"The year he came was long, long ago, when we were all very young. I was ten, George was seven, and Bessie was five. Bessie was the dearest little thing then you ever saw, with long curls and chubby face and cheeks like pink blossoms. We were not at all surprised that Santa Claus should have lifted her up in his arms and caressed her, nor did it seem astonishing that he should have said as mother was when she was a little girl, for it was quite natural he would know what mother was like then, because he used to come just the same when she was little, although mother had told us she had never seen him."

"The year he came, which we called Santa's year, we were still living on the farm at St. Constant, but father's business in Montreal was growing bigger and bigger, and he said we would soon have to come into the city to live, except in the summer time. We might not be on the farm another winter, and so we would have an ice palace—a real palace with tower and battlements and gardens and terraces."

"Uncle Tom had then been gone ten years and had ceased to give trouble about him, for mother said he must have been dead long ago or we should have heard from him or from the ship. We children had not known Uncle Sam personally, for he left on the whaler the year I was born, but we knew of him just as if we had grown up with him by hearing father and mother talk about him, and his wonderful exploits and hairbreadth escapes on the water. Ever since I remember father and mother used to talk about Uncle Tom, and they would grow very sad as the years passed over and he never came back. Once mother said, 'Surely he must be drowned in the ice on the Greenland or perhaps the Norwegian coast.' And so we gradually came to the conclusion that poor uncle must have perished—that he and all the others who went down the St. Lawrence one fair summer day on a whaling expedition to the Greenland seas in the good ship Bonsecours must be lost."

"Well, so many years had gone by without tidings or message from Uncle Tom that we had ceased to mourn for him, and had accepted his loss as part of the appointed order of things, but being the eldest, I knew that there might be some chance of his coming back, which could never be filled, for she had said to me that until she married father her brother Tom had been all the world to her. There was nothing to damp the joy or ardor of us young folks at all events, as we saw our ice palace grow up under our hands all ready for Christmas day. And such a gorgeous palace it was! White walls and pillars like pure marble. We could never have done it all ourselves—well not like that anyway—but it happened that Louis Perrault, who had become an architect, was on the farm that winter—the Perraults were next ours—and he designed it for us, and told us how to build it."

Louis was just recovering from typhoid fever, and in those days there were no convalescent homes, so he came to pick up strength on the farm, and as he had nothing else to do he took a great interest and delight in helping us. So it came that we had a palace of rare beauty, with arches and domes and decorative features, with rooms and everything as real as a palace could be. There was just one thing wanting to fill our cup of joy to the brim as we realized more and more the splendor of our palace. It was far too grand, we considered for anybody but Santa Claus, and oh how ardently we wished we had a real Santa Claus to take possession of it! If he would only come himself this year, bringing his gifts, of course, wouldn't we feel that we had done something for Santa as we too him over the palace and told him that it was his.

"We told Louis Perrault just what

Christmas Princess That Came to Her Own

(By M. H. Smith.)

Once upon a time there was a little fairy Princess. You would not have called her a Princess, for she did not live in a palace, nor wear a golden crown, nor have a troop of pages to hold up her long satin train as Princesses have been accustomed to do since time began.

To tell the truth, she didn't even know that she was a Princess herself—much less a fairy one.

For ages before, a wise old fairy godmother, called Dame Nature, had decreed that all the children of the royal family should pass the early years of their lives disguised as ugly crawling things, so that they might grow up untouched by the flattery and falsity of the court circle.

The little Princess, of course, knew nothing of all this. A maple leaf had been her only cradle and she lived contentedly, eating of the juicy leaves and basking in the warm sunshine.

There were no looking glasses to reflect her ugliness, and her older brothers and sisters had long come into their inheritance and gave her no thought.

She might have lived thus, who knows how long, if one day the spirit of adventure had not whispered in her ear.

"Silly one," he said, "you know nothing of the beautiful bright world that lies spread out just below you. The way is easy. Why do you fear?"

And the spirit poised on rainbow wings beckoned her to follow.

The temptation answered the longing in her heart and she could not resist.

Soon she was slowly making her way down to the slim green branches to the stouter brown ones, till she reached the broad trunk highway that ran straight to the laud of her desire.

Now she had been warned again and again never to leave the maple tree. But the spice of danger was only an added pleasure to the naughty little Princess, and she made her way fearfully through a pleasant forest of grass blades, till she came to a great level desert of flagstones.

It was smooth, smooth and easy to travel upon, and she knew not the peril of passing feet.

Suddenly a great giant—so it seemed to her—came striding by. "Light what a horrid, ugly caterpillar," said a loud voice. "Wait till I kick off the sidewalk."

And a large foot was lifted and the poor little Princess caught up bodily, tossed high in the air, to fall all bruised and shaken on the friendly grass.

Here she lay, terrified and suffering for many hours, till Dame Nature at last took pity on her and came to her help.

A touch of the magic wand soon dispelled the pain, but alas! could not heal her wounded pride.

"Only an ugly caterpillar! Must I always be only an ugly caterpillar?" she moaned. "Oh, why was I born?"

Again the good godmother brought healing. She said that the time had come when the little Princess might safely be told her destiny. So she related the story of the enchantment, and promised her that if she would be patient and, above all, obedient, she should surely one day come into her rightful inheritance as a Princess should.

"But what must I do, dear godmother?" she asked.

"Wait and I will tell you. Go back now to your maple tree and rest and refresh yourself, for you'll soon need all your strength."

It was a humble and penitent little Princess that found her way slowly up the trunk highway to her old home among the maple branches, and a much saddened and sobered little caterpillar watched anxiously from day to day for the coming of her deliverer.

Meanwhile the nights began to get long and cold, and the leaves put on their gorgeous autumn burial robes.

Then suddenly Dame Nature appeared.

"Come, little Princess, your time is at hand," she said kindly. "Now you must

pay very careful attention and do just as I tell you.

"First, you'll need a good stout leaf with a good strong stem. Yes, that one will do. Now roll the edges of the leaf together and sew them fast."

"But what shall I sew them with?" asked the Princess.

"Wait a bit and I'll show you," said Dame Nature, and she took the little Princess under the chin with the magic wand and out flowed the long silky thread.

Then she showed her how to catch the thread with her caterpillar feet, and wind it around and around the stem of the leaf till it was fastened tightly to the branch.

"Now you must line the inside," said her instructor, and in went the little caterpillar and began weaving busily. In a marvelously short time the little house had heavy silken hangings on every wall.

"Now draw together the open end," commanded Dame Nature.

This done, the good fairy touched the little home with her magic wand. The little caterpillar Princess felt her green gown splitting down the back, and she wiggled out of it, feeling very queer and drowsy, for somehow her legs seemed to have vanished with her dress. But before she could wonder further she sank into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Outside the wind blew colder and colder, the leaves fell faster and faster, and Jack Frost began biting harder and harder, till all the green things turned brown and died beneath his rough touch. Then the snow came and wrapped them in its fleecy blanket, and the ring of sleigh bells sounded through the air.

But where was the little Princess all this time? For many days after her long sleep began she swung to and fro in her snug little cradle. Then one day a small boy walking through the wood spied her.

"Gee! I believe that is a new cocoon," he exclaimed. "Guess I'll take it home and see if anything will come out of it."

So he carefully broke off the branch and carried his treasure home and put it away in a warm place on the nursery mantel.

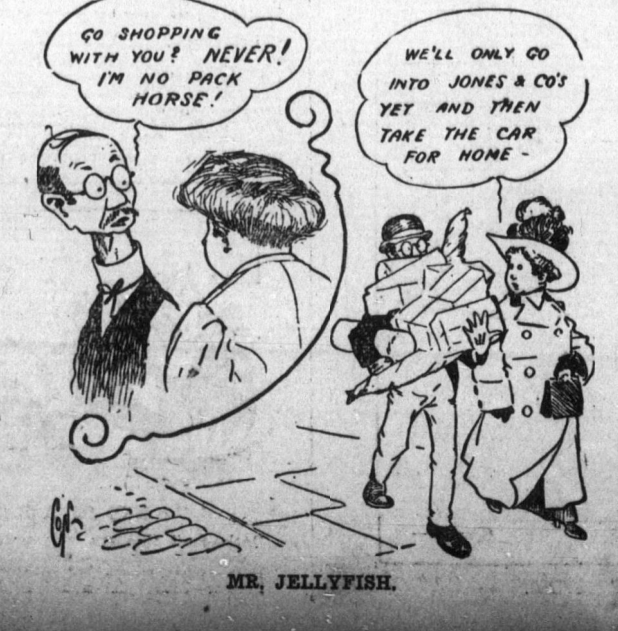
There it lay as the months slipped by. Thanksgiving came with its store of good things, and December with its promise of Christmas.

Still the little Princess slept on. Would the good fairy never come to waken her from her long sleep?

One day a bustle of excitement ran through the house. Mysterious packages found their way to the nursery and busy fingers tucked them away out of sight. Little feet pattered outside the locked door and inquisitive eyes vainly endeavored to peep through the keyhole.

If the little Princess only could have wakened, what a tale she might have told. Alas! she still slumbered peacefully in her snug little home on the mantel shelf.

How could she know that a ruddy little Santa Claus nodded one side of her and a big baby doll smiled saucily on



The Oldest Trust on the Continent

Hudson Bay Company Planned in Hard -ship, Built up by Toil, Has Reaped Millions

THOSE who look upon trusts as modern growths may be surprised to learn that one of the most powerful on the North American continent is 86 years old. This is the Hudson Bay Company, which probably furnished the muff, collar or the fur overcoat which you are wearing this winter. It is the continent's oldest trust.

Age isn't the chief distinction of this trust, however. It can claim, what no other trust can, that it has made a nation; for it would be difficult to exaggerate the Hudson Bay Company's part in creating modern Canada. Many of the great Dominion cities of today have developed from trading posts established by the fur company many years ago.

In the forming of this trust and its development tragedy and romance run riot. The killing of rival traders in close encounter, in duels and in pitched battles; the accidental death of many a man while engaged in his perilous work; the hardship of life in isolated sections, to some of which mail, even at this day, goes only once a year; the commercial romances connected with bay-tree growth of cities in the wilderness—these things might, if inanimate objects could speak, be told by

Canada, he exacted as payment only two elk and two black beavers annually, and this only when he should happen to be within the territories granted. If kings and parliaments of this day only had a sense of humor!

The fates ordained that these Englishmen, invested with unlimited powers by their government, were not to have things all their own way. The French could appreciate furs, too. In 1677 the company of New France was founded.

It is unnecessary to go into the merits of the French and English contentions. Both seriously claimed the territory. Things dragged along until, in 1682, Sieur D'Iberville headed a hostile expedition, which captured three of the Hudson Bay Company's five forts and several of its vessels.

For a century warfare interfered with the commercial

A Furrer of the Early Days.



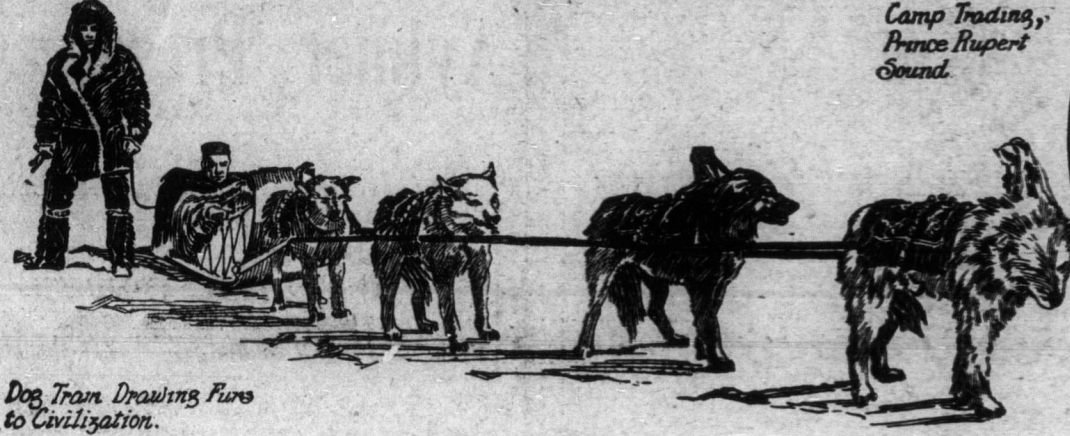
Racing in Canoes to Sell Furs



Camp Trading, Prince Rupert Sound.



Another Mode of Transportation—Moose in Shafts



Dog Team Drawing Furs to Civilization.

the fur which drapes feminine shoulders or is exposed for sale in the store window.

Before the Hudson Bay Company absorbed its rival and formed the first trust of the continent its stirring history had already extended over a century and a half, and for a long time enjoyed a monopoly of the rich fur field.

IF THE Hudson Bay Company had not absorbed the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, in 1821, thus forming America's first trust, it is perhaps not too much to say that Canada for many years thereafter, perhaps almost to the present, would have been little more than a chain of towns and cities along the St. Lawrence and around Lake Ontario, and a group of semi-isolated maritime provinces.

Not long ago a Toronto writer expressed this opinion, and found none to dispute it. It is not in itself an excuse for the existence of a corporation, as such, although it speaks volumes for the enterprise of this particular trust.

Misled by its name, many people have thought the company's original scope of operation was only in the Hudson Bay district, when, as a matter of fact, it extended from ocean to ocean, and from the latitude of Alaska south as far as the Great Lakes—a country hardly smaller than the whole of Europe. This immense region was populated by about 160,000 Indians, half-breeds and Eskimos.

Only twenty years after the landing of the English at what is now Jamestown, Va.—to be exact, in 1607—the nucleus of the Hudson Bay Company had its birth in a trading post which a Frenchman named Du Pont set up at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers. He sold merchandise to the Indians and received furs in return.

Then came the French Fur Company, a few years later, and in 1668, an expedition outfitted by Prince Rupert, of England, the first to penetrate the Hudson Bay country.

Two years later a company was chartered by King Charles II. Less than forty years ago this company sold to the Dominion Government for \$1,500,000 its territorial rights to certain lands, but retained its trading privileges.

What a romantic story of commerce these less than 60 years have written on the snow-clad topography of British Columbia! And how much more tragic than that recorded may be that which is not known!

ONCE RULED THE NORTH

The Hudson Bay Company is not today what it was before the Dominion Government became a strongly organized force. Once it was the ruler of the North; its factors exercised the power of feudal barons, declared war and made peace. No other enterprise on this continent has had such a colorful career.

One of its wars—the one which ended in the consolidation—lasted over forty years! Both the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company realized that further fighting would mean destruction to both, and so, in 1713, "for mutual protection," did what many oil companies, railroad lines, rubber factories, tanneries, sugar refineries and other industries have found it to their advantage to do since then. They consolidated.

And why shouldn't the history of the Hudson Bay Company have been a romance of commerce, when in its very foundation existed such a quaint strain of humor and court atmosphere as one might expect to find in a scene of King Arthur's day?

Witness the fact that when the liberal old English monarch ceded to the stock company of noblemen and gentry, including Prince Rupert, the valuable lands in

side of the Hudson Bay country, and in 1713 the French admiral, La Perouse, captured Fort Prince of Wales. This was on Cape Prince of Wales, on the coast of Alaska, just south of the Arctic Circle. Today that old fort stands, just as the conqueror left it after he had destroyed it, perhaps the most imposing ruin on the continent.

All the time the English had been living comfortably in their seaside quarters, never venturing into the forest, content to let the Indians bring them what furs they would, the more adaptable Frenchman was making his way into the recesses of the forest, living with the Indians, gaining their confidence first, their skins afterward.

It was not long before the Hudson Bay Company managers realized that the pick of the furs was going overland to Montreal on the backs of French carriers.

In this connection, the year, 1774, and the place, Fort Cumberland, on the Saskatchewan river, are important. It was then and there that the French and English traders first met. This was the beginning of that second war, not between the nations, but between man and man, which lasted over forty years.

HAND-TO-HAND BATTLES

At the present day the only thing in this country that can be compared with that struggle is the sheep feud of the Northwest, in which shots have been taken at shepherds at sight and the sheep driven over cliffs to death.

In these battles up in the Canadian wilds guns were freely used. When it so happened that the combatants got close enough together, knives were brought into play. Pistols were seldom used—this would have been too mild.

Stirred to commercial competition, the Hudson Bay Company for a time paid the highest prices to the Indians, thus securing the pick of their furs; but the Frenchman, so it is recorded, got around this by introducing sawdust. And, in order to offer a formidable front to the English, the French traders in 1778 organized into the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal. Soon this company overshadowed its rival.

Instead of paying salaries to its men, as its rival did, the Northwest permitted them to work on commission, or to acquire partnership in the business, and so in a few years it was making annual profits of \$200,000, which in ten years jumped to \$200,000.

The principal "Northwesters," as partners in the Northwest Company were called, formed an exclusive aristocracy in Montreal and Quebec, living in lordly style, yet preserving associations with the superintendents of their trading posts, joining them in pleasures, dangers, mishaps and novel adventures.

When they ascended the streams, it was in magnificent barges, decked with red furs, with every luxury at hand, carrying with them their cooks and barbers—like sovereigns making a progress.

Colonists came from Great Britain; their coming spurred the French Northwesters on to acts of intimidation and violence. At this time Lord Selkirk acquired a controlling interest in the Hudson Bay Company and determined to punish the pertinacious rival.

Where they established a fort, he placed one. Every method that artifice, fraud or violence could suggest was adopted to get the skins from the Indians, who cared not who got them so long as the money and sawdust were sufficient.

What wars were tried to gain the upper hand in this odd rivalry! Once the Hudson Bay people, on the pretense of making friends, got up a grand ball with the Northwesters as their guests, and while the merriment was on, a few agents slipped out to meet a company of Indians when the scouts had reported as headed for the town. When, next day, the Northwesters learned of the Indians' approach, they found them all gloriously drunk and not a skin left.

Another time, two trading parties met in the woods. The Northwesters prepared a fire and a mound of earth.

Then, while the others drank, they poured their liquor on the ground.

Finally, when every Hudson Bay man was helplessly drunk, the Northwesters bound them to their sleds, turned the dogs toward the Hudson Bay camp, and then hurried on to the Indian camp. This time they had the skins all to themselves.

Ports were attacked, burned and the settlers and officials made prisoners and terribly maltreated. In vain did the Governor-General of Canada exhort and threaten. These bloody scenes led up to a frightful battle at Fort George, the post of the Hudson Bay people, in which seven men and three officers of the company, including Governor Semple, fell, pierced by bullets.

Officers and men on both sides were hired with a view to their fighting qualities; prices were sent so high and sawdust flowed so plentifully that the trade was ruined.

Such was the condition when, in 1821, the cooler heads of both companies got together and formed the first trust on the continent. Like those of today, it was for mutual preservation.

Then, talk of your captains of industry of the present day! How small most of them seem beside a young Scotchman who, simply on account of his business acumen, was singled out among all the residents of British Columbia to be head of the new trust and Governor of Rupert's Land, as the fur country was called.

This man was George Simpson—Sir George he afterwards became, for he was knighted because of the wonderful ability he displayed in his new position. For forty years he remained at the helm, and his reign was one of peace and prosperity.

ward became, for he was knighted because of the wonderful ability he displayed in his new position. For forty years he remained at the helm, and his reign was one of peace and prosperity.

When, in 1858, the Hudson Bay Company was induced by the Canadian Government to part with all but about one-twentieth of the immense tract of land in its grant, the money recompense was \$1,860,000.

This ended the romantic, thrilling side of the company's history; it thenceforth became simply a very prosperous corporation, with capital swollen to \$10,000,000, competition and enormous dividends assured.

MANY VIOLENT DEATHS

As indicating the perilous lives of the hunters and half-breeds in those early days, it is recorded that of those Northwesters who assisted in the killing of Governor Semple and his nineteen associates, sixty-five died violent deaths.

First, a Frenchman dropped dead while crossing the ice on the river, his son was stabbed by a comrade, his wife was shot, and his children were burned; Big Head his brother, was shot by an Indian; Coutonohah dropped dead at a dance; Batooh was mysteriously shot; Lavign was drowned.

Fraser was run through the body by a Frenchman in Paris; Baptiste Morale, while drunk, was thrown into a fire by inebriate companions; another died drunk on a road; Duplois was impaled on a pitchfork; Gardaple was scalped by Indians; another was gored to death by a buffalo, and still another shot by mistake in a buffalo hunt.

And so on down the list—there are fact and fate for every one of the sixty-five cases.

But, while some people prefer to consider this a punishment for what they term "the massacre," it is perhaps no more than an illustration of the dangers attending the fur-hunting business on every hand.

Today all is changed. Those places which the old school geography designated as trading posts have become prosperous cities, some of them with department stores as elegant and comprehensive as those found in the largest American and British cities.

For instance, near the head offices of the Hudson Bay Company, at the point where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, one may now see the principal stores of the city of Winnipeg, which is likened to Whiteley's Necessity Store in London, where you may buy a house or anything belonging to or around a house.

TRANSFORMED THE WILDERNESS

The great retail emporium of Victoria is the Hudson Bay Company's store, and in Calgary, the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping place is the Hudson Bay store.

Since the opening of the Northwest Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the Dominion Government about two years ago, the boom has been continuous. The country is becoming one of the most prosperous and up-to-date in America. And yet today, as two centuries ago, the Hudson Bay Company is the greatest of fur trading corporations, and fur trading is today a principle source of its profits.

As in the early days, the Indians come now to the stores with their pack of skins on their backs, to be traded for tobacco, sugar, corn, cooking utensils, lodge furnishings and money.

And today, as of yore, the scouts and agents of the company penetrate to the homes of the more isolated tribes, buy up their skins and "tote" them to the trading post on their backs or by dog team. But they are not the picturesque old fellows with tomahawk and moccasins and muskets and quaint accoutrements; they are prosaically looking individuals.

Like the commonplace, present-day cowboy on the ranch, they have become simply ghosts of vanished romances.

The National Fight on the "Tipping" Evil!



WHO has not firmly resolved to abandon, once for all, the pernicious habit of tipping, only to stealthily haul over a piece of silver the very first time thereafter he was served by hotel waiter or Pullman car attendant!

Who has not squirmed and protested—mentally, of course—when sandwiched by this highway-man-like relic of barbarism! Why, in France, according to a statistician, annual tips given aggregate nearly \$75,000,000, over \$30,000,000 of this being handed out in Paris alone.

Rejoice, then, and be exceedingly glad, ye weak-kneed victims who have been impotent or afraid to protest yourselves; long-suffering humanity is crowding to sweep the evil out of existence forever from the land.

THE MOVEMENT against tipping is assuming proportions. Following the example of Missouri, where the House of Representatives has passed a bill making tipping a punishable offense, the Legislature of Pennsylvania has asked to take action on a bill presented by Representative James L. Adams, which makes tipping an offense punishable with a fine of \$20 or sixty days in jail.

A similar measure applying to the District of Columbia was recently introduced in the National House of Representatives. Further, in order to carry the crusade into every State, an Anti-Tipping Club has been formed by the traveling men of Rochester, N. Y., who are organizing branches in other cities.

The tipping habit, following the natural course of things, in time may embrace all the trades which serve the public. It will be perfectly natural after a while, perhaps, to tip the butcher's driver who carries meat, the man who delivers bread from the baker, and the confectioner maker, wherever he may be; the street car motorman who stops for you at the crossing; the street cleaner who removes the dirt from before your house; the postman who brings your mail; the telephone operator who answers your call, and the newspaper reporter who writes up your political meetings.

Why not? Is there any reason why you should be continually snubbed by persons in certain occupations, while others, who serve you as well, if not better, receive no gratuities? Isn't the whole tipping habit the most foolish that ever enchained man?

An extension of the evil will not come to pass, however, nor will the evil itself continue, if the Rochester Anti-Tipping Society and Congressman Murphy, of Missouri, succeed in their crusade. If the influence of Tubbs, of Missouri, shall prevail.

Mr. Tubbs actually had an anti-tipping bill passed by the Missouri House of Representatives, and he hopes to see it become a law of that State.

The lower house of the Legislature of Missouri recently passed a bill introduced by Mr. Tubbs which provides for the fining and imprisonment of those giving and receiving tips.

When a similar bill was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington by Mr. Murphy, of Missouri, the hotel patrons of the city hailed it with thoughtless enthusiasm, and there was great rejoicing in the astral plane. Women smiled graciously upon Mr. Murphy and a warm feeling began to burn in the heart of every man who lived in a hotel.

And among the waiters—uproar. Indignation meetings, pantomime exercises in the dining-rooms, the "postman" who brings your mail; the telephone operator who answers your call, and the newspaper reporter who writes up your political meetings.

Persons wishing mushrooms on their steak and possessing a taste for pate de foie gras or quails on toast, with sauces of foreign languages, continued to tip and to deprecate the attempt to stop the ill-gotten gains of the dining-room barons when importuned.

As a fact, nowhere has the tipping evil reached such proportions as in the national capital. The tariff exacted by the waiters is generally 10 per cent. of the bill on trays checked, but on small bills of, say, several dollars, 25 per cent. If the bill was less than a dollar, the waiter expected the change.

In the so-called family hotels the tip for each man is \$5 a week and a dollar for each other member of the family. At a family table where sits a father, a wife

and two daughters, the honorarium expected is \$5 weekly.

Every time a piece of baggage is to be removed the head porter gets 25 to 50 cents; elevator boys get 25 to 50 cents a week. For bellboys the schedule of tips runs like this: Bringing in bags, 25 cents; pitcher of water, 10 cents; drink in rooms, 25 to 50 cents; brushing coats, 10 cents; stationery, 10 cents. Twenty per cent. of the money spent in Washington is said to go in tips.

Since the tipping evil in Missouri has been given such a blow as the success of the Tubbs bill in one session of the Legislature—two years ago a similar bill failed of reiteration—a great improvement has been noticed.

For one thing, hotel proprietors have raised the wages of their employes. Instead of paying to hold jobs in some hotels, the waiters are now on the salary plan.

Porters at the railroad stations, when offered a tip, smile gratefully and refuse. For bellboys the schedule of tips runs like this: Bringing in bags, 25 cents; pitcher of water, 10 cents; drink in rooms, 25 to 50 cents; brushing coats, 10 cents; stationery, 10 cents. Twenty per cent. of the money spent in Washington is said to go in tips.

Who is Tubbs? He's the man whose lips cried, "Curse these tyrannical tips! Who hurled the thunder of eloquence against those avaricious genies who seen their duty and who done it—When you had but Your tip upon it."

"What shall I tip a waiter?" writes a correspondent. "I have been giving 10 per cent. of my bill. But recently in New York, when I gave a waiter a 10-cent tip on a \$2 bill for two, he refused it, and rushed to the head waiter, pointing at me and making faces and signs and grimaces."

"Whenever I enter a barber shop," writes another in distress, "I tip the barber 10 cents. He refuses to take it, usually gives the boy who cuts my hair 5 cents. Sometimes when I hesitate he holds on to my coat and continues to brush. I have to drag him with me to the door, where he gives a parting glance. When I fail to pay him I have an oppressed feeling. What shall I do? Shall I change barber shops?"

"I went to Atlantic last summer for a week," writes another, "and made up my mind to give no tips. Since then I have been a nervous wreck. I feel ashamed of myself whenever I look at one of those clean, smooth-shaved waiters. Not only did I suffer from physical distress, but the mental humiliation has left an indelible impression on my mind. I am convinced no one man can beat down the evil by himself."

Statistics show that hotel employes are the cheapest-paid people in the country. A canvass made by the State Labor Department of Michigan among 946 hotels in seventy-nine counties showed an average wage of 85 cents for a day or 85 hours.

Traveling men most keenly feel the necessity of keeping open their purse strings. But an organization as that of the Rochester drummers may solve the burning question.

A CHRISTMAS MEDAL

(By J. Alvin Dean.)

As darkness was settling rapidly over one of the humblest tenement districts of New York City John Sinclair climbed the front steps leading to the most insignificant looking building of the neighborhood and inserting his key was wont to turn the lock when the door flew open, disclosing Mrs. Hickey, the landlady, very red in the face and grasping her hands on her apron. She gazed at him by the sleeve and pulled him into the parlor before he could say a word.

"For the land sakes, Mr. John," she ejaculated, "what's ever goin' to happen to you? I be a-cleanin' up my kitchen a bit, it bein' about noon, an' all to an' that there comes an awful knockin' at the

good-natured grin. "Sweetheart send you something?"

"Yes, tell us about it," added the red-headed man who sat at the end of the table. "We've heard all about you gettin' a big package to-day, and we've been betting nickels to dimes that it's this, that or the other thing. We'll all be—"

"Ho! Hi tell ye," interrupted Mulkins, who sat opposite the speaker. "Hi don't be carin' so blamed much what's hisside th' bloomin' thing as Hi'd like to know who's the gel, anyhow! Hi didn't know ye had a lady friend; leastways, ye never tol' me about hit!"

"Limp it, Mulkins," interposed the first speaker, "you're always daffy when

he be askin' fer ye. Then I be tellin' him that ye be not at home an' he gives me one o' them dirty yello' telegraphy message things. Well, I be puttin' my name down on th' book that he be havin', just like he be tellin' me, an' off he goes. I be knowin' that ye'd be wantin' me to be openin' it so I'd be sendin' fur ye as it be needin' fur it. Well, I open it an' cuddin't be readin' it without me specs. So I be gettin' them, an'—

"Here, ye can be readin' it fur yerself!"

After a short search in the expansive bosom of her dress Mrs. Hickey produced a very crumpled yellow envelope and handed it to Sinclair. With all eyes fastened upon him in breathless attention, he drew forth the small sheet of the Western Union Telegraph Company's communication and silently scanned the following:

"Take dinner with me to-morrow at 5. Cab will call."

Betty.

John leaped back in his chair and breathed so heavily that the sound of his crunching teeth and clattering table utensils suddenly ceased. Eyes rolled and jaws fell apart in astonishment. "Reddy" muttered an oath under his breath and Mulkins choked on his last mouthful. The strained silence was soon broken, however, by the irrepressible landlady:

"Oh, come now, Mr. John! There be no use of bein' scart like that. It be an invitin' to a good dinner, now, an' a much finer dinner than I be havin', I suspects. Though ef I do be sayin' it, I be havin' a mighty fine one to-morrow—a mighty fine one. Still, ye can be havin' one again, an' there be nothin' like ye havin' a change even ef ye don't be needin' one!"

For reply John straightened himself in his chair and made an attack upon the steaming dish that had been placed before him. He was too much occupied with his own thoughts to give much attention to his companions, who with jests and witty sallies about the "girl" endeavored to stimulate his flagging interest.

The meal well over, John arose, pushed his chair back to the table and with a half-hearted tone of voice said:

"Come on, boys; I've promised to let you in on this package business and now's the time to go after it!"

Mulkins and "Reddy" started to their feet, but there was a stern cry of "Sit down, you fools!" and Smith from the head of the table called out: "Leave him alone!" He had better unback this parcel himself. It's probably got something in it that he don't want us to see. At any rate, there's no use of buttin' in where you're not needed."

With a look of earnest thanks Sinclair walked out of the room and they could hear him climbing the stairs and shortly afterward enter the room directly overhead. Then for nearly an hour the group of men at the table discussed and argued upon the probable contents of the big package. They expected every moment to hear Sinclair's voice summoning them to his room to examine the present. But as time passed on and not a sound was heard uneasiness began to

any longer! We don't know what's goin' on up there and we'd better find out! Come on!" And striding out of the room he was followed by the others.

Up the stairs and across the hall to the closed door rushed the impetuous leader, with the other young men at his heels. With a push and a kick the door flew open and in they stumbled. Sinclair was lying face downward on the bed, perfectly still! On the little table at the window stood an exquisitely painted medallion of large size, framed in a heavy circle of velvet gold. A human head, life size, was dimly outlined by a mass of tumbled dark hair and a face of surpassing beauty and sweetness looked frankly up at the astonished intruders.

"Gad! It's th' lady!" gasped Mulkins.

Since poor papa died I'm worth over a million. So there, now!" And the blushing Betty nestled closer within the loving arms.

"You're not worth a penny more to me than if you didn't have a cent."

"Oh, yes, I am. What did you think of that medallion? Wasn't I good to get it made for you, and here it is sweet!"

"It's not half as sweet as you are. Why, you're sweeter'n-sweeter'n-sweet- than—"

"Oh, please don't, donnie!"

"Bad case in there!" blazed the indomitable Jem of the box through his set teeth.

"Blamed lucky dog!" retorted his stalwart partner in livery, through his pressed lips.

A DOG SANTA CLAUS.

A Pretty Story of New Hampshire Life Many Years Ago.

(Helen M. Richardson in December St. Nicholas.)

Many years ago, in the State of New Hampshire, there lived two young girls named Dolly and Prue. They were great friends. They went to the same school, attended the same church and Sunday school, and during the summer were almost constantly together.

But in the winter a whole week would sometimes go by without their seeing each other. They lived on the banks of the same river, but on opposite sides of it. And during that season of the year the river was at times swollen very high at places where in summer the little girls could often cross safely by jumping from one stone to another.

Dolly and Prue used to think it great sport to cross it in that way; in fact, they did not mind it if there was considerable water in the river, for that only made it more exciting. In winter when the river was frozen solid they could walk across it on the ice, and those were happy times for these two little friends. But the current at that point was very strong, and it was usually after Christmas before the children were allowed to venture on it.

Now, on this Christmas that I am going to tell you about, Prue had made Dolly a pretty white apron for a Christmas present. Her mother had cut it out, but Prue had done every stitch of the sewing herself, and her mother assured her that she had done very neatly. There had been a great deal of rain all through the fall, and Roaring River was swollen very high, so that there seemed no way of getting the gift to her friend except by the road, a distance of more than three miles.

"Why don't you, let Duke take it across?" suggested Prue's brother, Ralph. "He enjoys nothing better than a swim in the river, and he likes to carry things, you know."

At first Ralph's proposition was laughed at by both Prue and her mother. The idea of letting a dog swim across that leaping, dancing water with an apron in his mouth!—for usually that was Duke's way of carrying packages.

"I don't believe I want to send Dolly such a wet Christmas present as that would be," Prue rejoined, with a toss of her head.

But when her brother produced some rubber cloth that had been used on a camping expedition and offered to cut off a small piece for Prue's benefit, she decided that boys were sometimes wiser than girls, and joyfully accepted his aid.

On Christmas morning the apron was carefully wrapped in the oilcloth, with a string tied tightly around it, and this was fastened to Duke's collar, and the dog led to the bank of the river, which was leaping in little waves, instead of lying placid and serene as on summer days. He enjoyed a swim, however, even if he did have to struggle against odds for it. So when Prue led him by his collar with the words: "In old boy! Carry my Christmas present to Dolly!" with one straining wrench he freed himself and leaped bravely into the turbulent water.

Prue watched him until he reached the other shore; saw him shake the water from his tawny sides and then dash up the bank. Then she wandered slowly along the shore, waiting to weel come him on his return journey.

Half an hour passed before a sharp bark from across the river announced that Duke was on his homeward way. Prue was with him and waver her handkerchief at the little friend, and Prue waved her back, while Duke plunged into the water again and was soon dancing around his little mistress, shaking the water from his body until Prue laughingly declared that she might about as well have swum across herself, she was so wet.

But Duke was uneasy, and fawned persistently around Prue until she discovered that he still had, tied to his collar, the bundle with which he had started.

"Why, Duke! what made you bring it back again?" she cried in a tone of vexation.

"Open it! open it!" the dog's impatient tail seemed to be insisting as it wildly lashed the air.

Eager-eyed, he watched his little mistress as she untied the string. And when out from the protecting folds of the oilcloth covering there fell a pretty neck chain made of beads and a pair of warm mittens, gifts from Dolly and her mother for Prue herself, Duke barked joyously, which was the dog way of saying:

"I hope you see now that I am a dog that can be trusted."

Prue, fair, but no longer young, still fondly cherishes the necklace that Duke brought to her on that Christmas morning so long ago.

But there is another little Prue that once in a while is allowed to wear the precious chain around her own neck, and who often wishes that she had a dog as brave and faithful as her grandmother's dog Duke.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM.

Do the picturesque contortions of the bowler effect the ball after delivery?

The others merely acquiesced with nods. Know a whole bunch of girls when you came from. You're too good to be a 'not to'."

"I suppose that's a compliment. But you're away off, old man. The only girl on account of her excessive plumpness Mrs. Hickey was the last to follow the daring leader, and it took her nearly five minutes to recover sufficient breath to elbow her way to the bed. Here Dig Smith, contrary to his rough vocation of freight "rustling," had passed a brotherly arm around Sinclair and was endeavoring to find out what it was all about. The latter's face bore tear stains and he blushed like a boy who hated to be caught crying when he saw Mrs. Hickey enter the room. She, in turn, comprehended the situation at a glance and contrary to her usual custom departed without a word. Returning a few minutes later with a small-sized flask and a little pot of hot water she forced down the young man's protesting throat a whisky concoction which instantly livened him up. But in reply to the many questions put to him Sinclair merely pointed to the beautiful medallion upon the table and then at the white card which inclined against the golden frame.

"Thine—at last!—Betty," it read.

Although unused to situations of delicacy, the young men of Mrs. Hickey's establishment were, nevertheless, possessed of that true gentlemanly instinct which forbade a too extreme questioning after facts. Consequently, with muttered apologies for their abrupt intrusion and hearty expressions of sympathy for Sinclair, they trooped out of the room, the good landlady bringing up the rear.

Christmas morning dawned with a bright sun piercing the city haze and even penetrating to the depths of the rumbling streets and turning to glitter the lazy shift of flake and frost. And a true Christmas feeling had dawned within the heart of John Sinclair, expanding and warming it until he fairly radiated good cheer. Thus with happiness in every stride and with the day free from office grind, Sinclair made his way into the street for a morning walk. Then back to his room, a friendly chat with the "boys," a bit of lunch, a half hour spent in getting "some clothes on," and he stationed himself in the parlor to wait for the cab. To himself he kept saying:

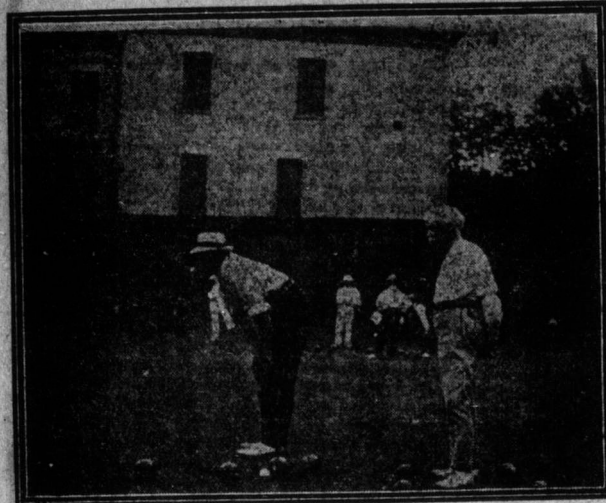
"Betty is wise. She's a coy little thing! She will have things arranged just so. She didn't give me any address and there isn't any chance to see her until she's ready—just like her! Wonder what she's doing here in New York? Probably those mines have—Gee! there's the rig!" John raced into the hall, threw on his overcoat, caught his hat from the hall tree, nearly ran over the smiling Mrs. Hickey and dashed down the front steps.

There were two men on the box of the stylish berouche. One of these quickly dropped to the ground and managed to throw open the carriage door just as John lurled himself inside. The door slammed, the carriage began to move, and then—

"Gracious sakes, John! if you don't stop I'll have to call for help. Why, I won't be fit for dinner. You've kissed me too much already!"

"Darling, I could just eat you alive!" fairly shouted the ardent youth.

"You'd better not, though, or you'll since poor papa died I'm worth over a



TOO LIGHT; TOO LIGHT!
A lawn bowling scene at Thistle Rink, in the Times Trophy series.

front door. I be all scart at the first, for I be thinkin' that somethin' be a-happenin'. But I gets m'self together and goes to th' door. Well, you know, I opens the door and there be standin' one of them little byes what runs all over the whole town with packages an' th' such. He has on some nice bl' clothes with gold buttons all down th' front. Though I be a-thinkin' that they be brass instid of gold. Anyhow, as I be a-sayin', there he stands as big as life, an' he says to me real perlit like: 'Bega yer pardon, leddy, but does de 'onorable' Jo'n Sinclair live her?' Then he grins at me like all git out! An' I luffs at him, 'cause it ain't every little one like him that can say it up so green like. Well, I tell him that he'll just leave the package and go, and he says that he couldn't walk carry. An' I must say, it be plum' past me how them big men down in them stores can send sech little chappies out with sech big, heavy packages, and be havin' any good feelin' in themself's fur so doin'. But up he comes and lays the package, all puffin' at me feet. Then he says: 'It's dood' heavy! You'se gott'er be a-wful careful of thet packages. De boss, he say to m' he break me neck if Ah break de thing, an' he store do it.' Well, I tell the bye to wait. I goes into the kitchen an' I takes one o' them seed cakes, you kno' the kind I mean. I be mighty proud o' them, an' Mr. John. Well, I takes one o' them cakes an' gives it to the chappie, an' off he goes a-whistlin' like sin'. Then Mrs. Hickey took the first perceptible breath since she had begun to talk.

This brief lapse gave John Sinclair time to clear his throat and venture the question: "What of the package? What did you do with it?"

"Why, sure'n I tuk it right upstairs fur mesel', not a-waitin' fur ye to lug it up when ye come home as I k'ow many a leddy wud!" But it be so powerful heavy that I be thinkin' I might be lettin' it drop twict. But I didn't. Well, I gets it to th' room. It be kind o' hardfee lin', just like it may be a dish or somethin' sech. But what a man like ye be wantin' with dishes be more'n I can see! But just as I be gettin' it on th' table I tears th' paper a bit; I does it mistakenly, an' it seems to be no more'n a glass dish. Leastways, it's somethin' glass, an' so must be a dish. 'Cause there ain't no glass usin' roundish shapes cep'tin' fur dishes, as near as I be knowin' of. But the thing be plum' past me, I be a thinkin'!" Whereupon, having delivered herself of all that she knew Mrs. Hickey leaped back in her chair with a sigh of sech evident relief that Sinclair smiled in spite of himself. Then he hastened to give his views.

"I think that my wonderful package which is so round and hard and weighs a whole lot will turn out to be something from the boys at the office. You know they all seem to like me awful well, and this is Christmas eve, and we don't have to work to-morrow. It's a holiday, you know. But I'm most starved and it must be time to eat, as it's as dark as a pocket outside."

"Sur, Mr. John! Now ye be a runnin' up to your room, an' be right down. I'll be havin' supper all ready fur ye. But ye better be lookin' in the package to see what them office byes be givin' ye. It's something awful nice, I be sur' thinkin'."

Sinclair acted upon his landlady's suggestion and made his way hurriedly up the stairs. Once in the room he lighted the gas jet and glanced in the direction of the table upon which rested the package. There it was, large and plate shaped. Moving to the table, he lifted the package to ascertain its weight and muttered: "Mighty heavy! No wonder it was a load for the kid!" Then removing his coat upon the bed he began to remove the outer wrappings of heavy brown paper. Underneath the outer covering was a thick layer of brilliant blue tissue and he was about to tear this off when he heard Mrs. Hickey call to him from the foot of the stairs. Not wishing to delay here, he left the partially unpacked object upon the table and made his way to the dining room, where, beaming with good will and expectancy, Mrs. Hickey was awaiting him.

About the table were seated the other seven young men composing the "private boarding establishment."

"Dear you've got a present, Sinclair," ventured one of the boarders, with a

you talk about girls. It's none of our business who it is. But you ought to let us know what's in the package, Sinclair."

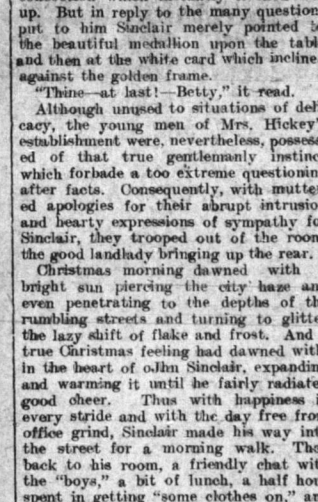
"If you'll just give me about a minute to explain you'll be saving your breath; to supper before I got the thing unwrapped. So I don't know any more about it than you do." John stopped talking, took a swallow of water and continued: "If you'll let me eat a bite of supper in peace I'll take the whole outfit of you upstairs and let you watch me unwrap that package. Then you'll know just as much about it as I do."

"But Hi be thinkin' ye might fell we little who the leddy is, anyhow," whined Mulkins. "Hit won't be hurtin' no one, an' we'll all be bloomin' glad to 'ear."

"I don't know. Wish I did. I don't know a girl in the whole burg, outside the stenographers in the office. They

creep over those at the table. What could it mean? Was there anything particularly significant or threatening about the package? Did a simple invitation to dinner, although sent in a telegram, hold any dark meaning? These unexpressed thoughts having become pretty general, it was not long until the nervous individuals of the group began to pace up and down the dining-room and the adjacent parlor, while the more conservative ones merely twirled their thumbs or moved restlessly in their chairs. Still there was no sound overhead. Finally, when those who had been walking back and forth resumed their seats such an ominous calm pervaded the house that it seemed as though the nervous tension of the watchers must soon give way. Thrice sixty measured ticks of the mantel clock had alone broken the silence when suddenly springing to his feet Smith shouted: "Hang it! I can't stand this

COMIN' A WE E BIT STRONG!
Lawn bowling scene at the Victoria Rink in club tournament.



COMIN' A WE E BIT STRONG!
Lawn bowling scene at the Victoria Rink in club tournament.

wouldn't be sending me anything. It's the boys down at the office, I tol' you."

"She wouldn't have to live right here in New York, would she?" questioned that I ever knew or that I ever cared a rap for west west. The Lord knows where, I bet she's dead or has a man and six children."

"Beastly shame for ye," ejaculated Mulkins. "Didn't ye 'ave a likin' for her?"

"Did I? Why, I'd have given my— but—hang it! You see, her mother died a while before I came to the city and then the old man pulled up stakes and hiked out for the west. He had some mining interests somewhere. Of course, I made a strong pull for the girl to stay. Wanted to marry her and all that. But, Lord! I was too young. Just got out of school. I didn't make much of a cruller on the old gentleman, anyway. My folks passed away, then I struck out. I've always had it in mind to hunt her up when I make my pile, but it looks like all day for me. Twenty per—don't cut any figure in little old New York, you know. Still, I liked the girl, and I know that she wasn't so sour on me."

"Ye don't want to be so beastly down in yer luck," consoled the little Englishman. "Ye likely'll take a turn for the better most any time."

Further discourse was stopped by the appearance of Mrs. Hickey bearing a steaming dish above her head. She placed it in front of "Reddy," and with an imperious wave of her hand said:

"There, me byes, if I do be sayin' it meself, thet's as fine a Laermick puddin' as ever ye be eatin'. I be thinkin' that I be lettin' ye taste it till to-morrow, then bein' Christmas, ye kno' But bein' that Mr. John won't be eatin' with us to-morrow I be thinkin' I'll be givin' ye some to-night."

"I'll not be eating with you to-morrow!" exclaimed John Sinclair in surprise. "Why, where will I be eating? You're not going to chase me out, are you?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the landlady, her homely face transformed with good humor. "No, I be not throwin' ye out, but it's eatin' ye'll be with the one that sent th' package. I be clean forgetful of tellin' ye. After the little chappie goes off this mornin' by an' by there comes another one of them little fellers an'

ONE? N O, TWO!
A scene at the Tournament of Victoria Lawn Bowling Club.

Henry Gladstone's Courtship.

Mrs. Gladstone is well known to be wrapped up in her husband and his career. He was 47 when he first met Miss Paget. He became Home Secretary soon after their marriage, and though he is in print perhaps the most abused man in the Government he has to those who know him personally both charm and humor, a "glad eye" and a delightful singing voice. He has an extreme reverence for his father's memory and gave to his wife for her engagement ring the same great emerald circle that the "G. O. M." gave to his wife when they became engaged.—From the Bystander.

THE SILVER BIRCH.
Back from the highway, my lady of dreams,
Murmurs a roundelay tender:
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so stately and slender!

Silvery white where the loose shadows brood,
White where the starlight is streaming,
Silvery white through your virginal mood,
Silvery white through your veil and your hood—
Yes, with your singing and dreaming!

You, with a cloak of the loveliest green
Draping your willowous eve;
You, with the breath of the forest, I ween,
Mosses and briars with lilacs between,
Haunts of the poet and lover!

Back from the highway, my lady of dreams,
Murmurs a roundelay tender:
Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so white and so slender!

—Jean Stewart, in the December Canadian Magazine.

—THE—

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ESTABLISHED 1864
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General Manager, E. F. Hobden.

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TOTAL DEPOSITS	\$46,000,000
TOTAL ASSETS	\$63,000,000

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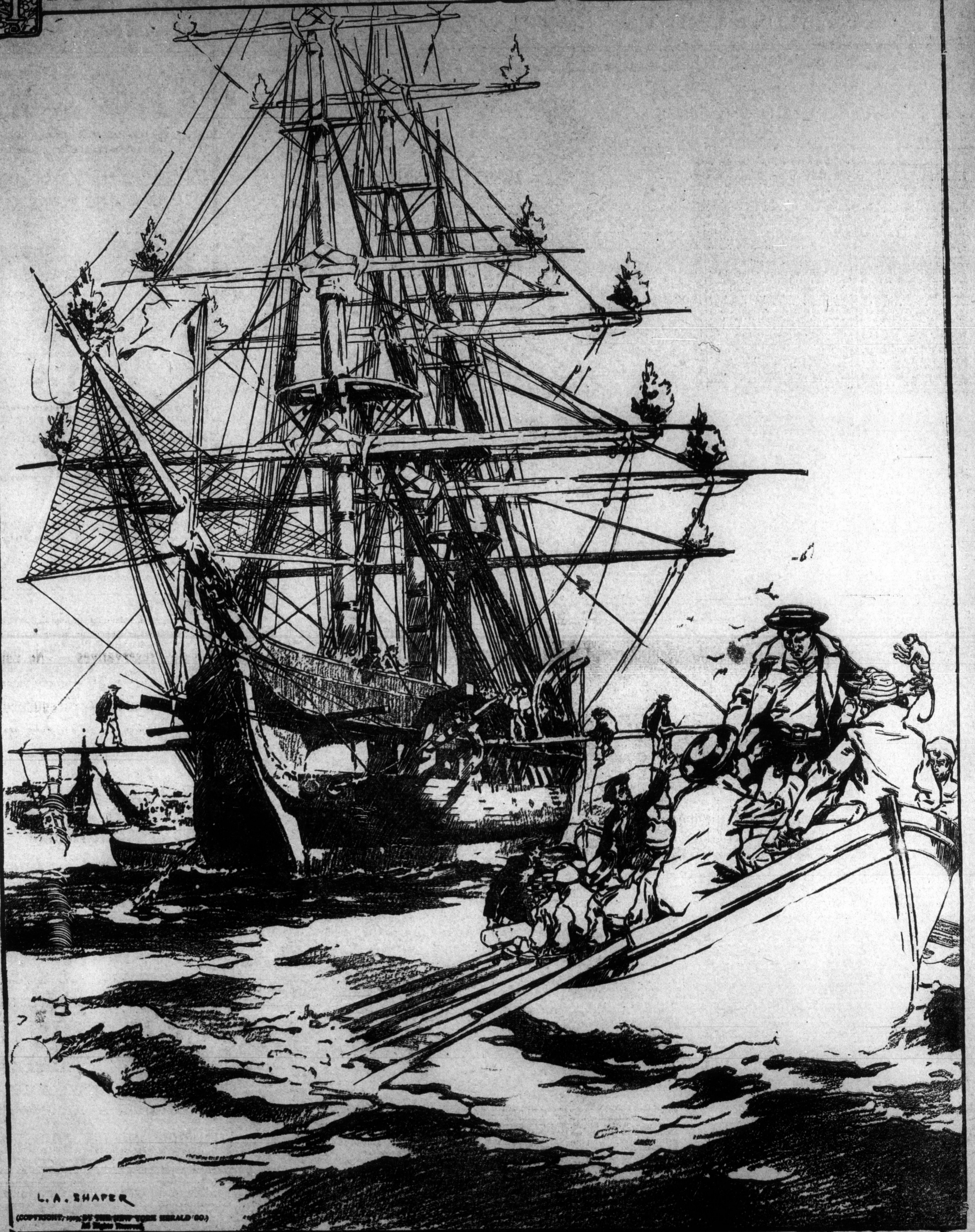
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Silence and fragrance, and flowers and streams,
These do you sing of, my lady of dreams,
Standing so stately and slender!

CHRISTMASTIDE ON FIFTH AVENUE.
Free-Frost of silk and of satin,
Tulle and velvet and furs,
There on the curb a swart Latin
Proff'ring his busts, connoisseur,
Fustier and fustier and dimples,
Toppot and mottled ankles slim—
A foreigner vending his samples?
Who has a consolet for him?

Rhythms of feet on the paving,
Thresholds that eddy and stream:
Perfume and scousous craving,
Carnival, a-titant and fair,
Varnish and cushion and gleam,
Free-draw of silk and of satin,
A rose purple-clad and full-fed—
Crushed by the hurrying tread.

Windows with luxury sagging,
Thresholds that eddy and stream:
Equipped lined and in waiting,
Varnish and cushion and gleam,
Free-draw of silk and of satin,
Toppot by swalkin' enticed—
At the merge the snags face of the Lotta
Fustierly proff'ring Christ.
—Edwin J. Sals, in December Smart Set.

THE OLD NAVY IN PORT FOR CHRISTMAS



L. A. SHAPER

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Drawn by L. A. Shaper



BRITAIN'S GRIM, GREY GUARDIANS

From "The Imperial Press Conference," by John W. Deffeo, Editor, Winnipeg Free Press.

The Atlantic and Home Fleets, anchored side by side in the waters of the Solent, gave the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference a sight unequalled in history...

A few minutes later, we rounded Spithead and there before us in the sheltered waters between the shore and the Isle of Wight lay Britain's first defence—the grim, grey, menacing warders of the sea!

IN SEVEN LONG PARALLEL LINES, the first three nearest the shore, comparatively short, made up of destroyers; then four great rows of mighty ships stretching out miles to sea.

The ship of the fifth line was the Dreadnought, the first product of the naval revolution; the King Edward, hopelessly shorn of the primacy it gloried in just four years ago, headed the next line; while the outer row was topped by the Prince of Wales, still further in eclipse.

GREAT SEA POWER.

Here were, first, the cruisers of the Dreadnought type—the Invincible, the Inflexible, the Indomitable. What names these are! How they speak of Britain's confidence in her sea-deeds!

BATTERIES OF 12 INCH GUNS;

and their broadside is equal to that of the Dreadnought in range, and but little inferior in weight. As for gunnery results the Indomitable recently, while steaming high rate of speed, hit a moving target one mile out of eighteen, at a distance of nearly five miles.

DIVERS OF THEM!

The seventy submarines of the British navy—more than the combined submarine fleets of all the other navies in the world—would, in a war with any continental power, be enormously efficient weapons, not only of defence but of attack.

THE DEADLY DESTROYERS.

These followed the attack of the torpedo boats—the destroyers. In readiness for them the great steel arms which lay slantwise along the side of the Dreadnought swung out carrying with them a great net of woven steel.

cal in the way the torpedoes attended to business. They leaped from the torpedo tubes as though they were sentient things rejoicing in their mission and came racing through the water, straight and swift as an arrow to its mark.

THE MODERN SHIPS.

There were, all told, one hundred and forty-four ships in the fleet, assembled for our inspection—twenty-four battleships, sixteen armored cruisers, eight other cruisers, four scouts, forty-eight destroyers, thirty-five submarines and nine auxiliaries.

THE OLDEST SHIP

In the review was the Albion, launched just eleven years ago. It is already marked to pass immediately into special reserve, the first to be retired from the dignity of being sold to the shipbreakers, which will be its early fate.

THE DREADNOUGHT IDEA.

The idea behind the Dreadnought, which has thus revolutionized naval architecture, is that of having all the guns on the ship of equal calibre and range. In the King Edward, there is a varied assortment of guns, ranging from 12 to 13-inch, each of them requiring the close attention of specialists in crow's, all working in confined spaces.

STILL IMPROVING.

The Dreadnought model has been improved in subsequent ships of the same class. The Superb, the last ship of this class to join the fleet, has a greater displacement and is in every respect a superior ship; while the Neptune, upon whose sides the armorers were at work as we drove through the dockyards at Portsmouth, will make a still greater advance.

BRITISH PRE-EMINENCE.

That the British navy, as it stands at present, is enormously superior to any other navy in existence, is not really a matter of dispute. At the moment Germany has not a single ship in commission which could cope with the cruisers of the Dreadnought type, let alone the battleships themselves.

ning the ships, Great Britain has a lead which Germany cannot possibly hope to overtake for many years. In destroyers and in submarines, which, in an Anglo-German naval war, would be able, owing to the short distances, to play an important role, the disparity in strength is overwhelmingly in favor of Great Britain.

KEEPING THE PEACE—WHAT IT COSTS.

The first remarkable fact which is revealed is that this year the seven leading naval powers are spending upwards of £120,000,000 on their preparations for ensuring peace on the world's seas.

COST AND TONNAGE.

A simple calculation gives the following as the tonnage of the vessels completed and the cost of new construction during the present century:

GREAT BRITISH NAVAL BATTLES.

Some of the Many Achievements of the Days of the Wooden Walls of England.

Like leviathans afloat. Lay their bulwarks on the brine; While the sign of battle flew From the lofty British line.

CAPTURE OF GIBRALTAR.

The capture of this stronghold by Sir George Rooke on the 23rd of July, 1704, was another brilliant achievement of the British navy, and one that has had a lasting influence on the destinies of the nation.

LATER NAVAL BATTLES.

In what may be called modern wars we have had, among others, the Russian war, with the operations by the navy in the Black Sea and the Baltic, including the bombardment of Sebastopol, during which many deeds of daring were done by our seamen.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

The German peril and the building up of a great navy by Germany have led many to believe that at no distant day the British empire will challenge the supremacy of the seven seas, and many are the forebodings of some as to the outcome of such a gigantic struggle.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Spanish fleets. Of his death the narrative says: "The battle was soon at its height; an hour and a quarter had passed, and Nelson, with Captain Hardy by his side, continued pacing the quarter-deck—a space about 25 feet in length, bounded forward by the companion ladder and aft by the wheel—and giving his orders with the utmost composure amid the hail of bullets.

THE TWENTY-TWO YEARS WAR.

The following is an abstract of Britain's gains and losses between 1803 and 1815 in the hostilities with various nations: Commencing with the rupture with France in May, 1803—French, 26 ships of the line and 15 frigates captured, and nine ships of the line and 16 frigates destroyed.

FINANCIAL PLANS.

The Australian fleet unit should form part of the Eastern fleet of the Empire, and be composed of similar units of the Royal Navy to be known as the China and East Indies units respectively and the Australian unit.

AN OTTAWA EDITOR

Who Saw the British Fleet With the Other Canadian Editors.

Mr. P. D. Ross, managing editor of the Ottawa Journal, addressed the Brockville Club recently on the subject of "A Canadian in England." Speaking of the naval display at Spithead, Mr. Ross said: "The most wonderful sight I have ever seen was the naval display at Spithead.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH COMPARED WITH GERMANY AND FRANCE.

Table comparing British, German, and French naval strength in terms of battleships, cruisers, and submarines.

FOOTGEAR GIFTS.

They're in favor. And there's great range. They begin with mere mules. They end with riding boots. Mules are in leather, silk and lace.

SOME PRACTICAL GIFTS.

Consider gloves! How about velvets? Sachets are acceptable. Handbags are always good. Knitted coats are temptations.

HE WOULD GET AWAY.

Wife—Dearest, if you and I were thrown on a desert island, what would you do? Husband—Thank heaven, I can swim. —Flegende Blätter.

ATLANTIC AND HOME FLEETS, AS SEEN BY A CANADIAN NEWSPAPER MAN THIS YEAR IN THE SOLENT.

Atlantic and Home Fleets, anchored side by side in the waters of the Solent, gave the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference a sight unequalled in history...

NAVAL DEFENCE CONFERENCE.

Australia, New Zealand and Canada Would Form Fleet Units With Home Seamen and Officers.

The official British report of the Imperial Defence Conference contains the correspondence between Great Britain and Australia and New Zealand, which was not contained in the Canadian blue book.

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"THE GIFT OF LOVE"

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY MARY E. WILKINS

"I sort of hate to leave you alone," said Julia.

Caroline, fair and delicate, with a middle-aged fairness and delicacy as fine in their way as those of youth, looked up at her sister with her faint, gentle smile. She never smiled broadly, and almost never laughed. She was one of those women in whom extreme tenderness and sentiment exclude the sense of the ridiculous. There is always in humor at least a faint suggestion of cruelty, and a laugh and a jeer are nearly related. Caroline Willis had never in her whole life seen anything ridiculous in other people, she was so tenderly inclined toward all. She had a kindly, for instance, been disposed to weep rather than laugh when she had seen anyone fall down.

"I don't mind in the least being left alone," she said to her sister.

"You don't seem to mind much of anything," returned Julia and her tone was inexplicably cross.

"I haven't much to complain of with all you do for me," replied Caroline. "I should be very wicked to complain."

"I don't see as you have either," said Julia, and again her tone was cross.

"Here you have a good home and everything you need, and if I do say it as shouldn't, I have always looked out for you more as if I had been your mother than your sister."

"Yes, you always have," said Caroline lovingly. She was sitting in a soft-cushioned rocking-chair beside a window, on the sill of which stood a row of blooming plants, mostly geraniums! The earthen pots which held the plants were carefully covered with green crepe paper. Caroline had some embroidery work in her hands. She was embroidering a wreath of violets on a centrepiece of white linen for a Christmas present.

"Still," said Julia, "I sort of hate to leave you alone when you have such a lovely home."

"I think my old is much better," said Caroline, "and it isn't as if you were going far, or were to be away long."

"I know it," asserted Julia, "and I don't honestly see how I can get out of it, that's a fact."

"Of course you can't."

"Here I've been one of the head ones about getting up the tree, and this afternoon, when there is so much to be done, to back out wouldn't seem just right."

"Of course you must go," said Caroline, "and I don't mind a bit. I shall sit here and work on my centrepiece until you get back."

"Mind, you don't stir out of this warm room."

"No, I won't Julia."

"Don't you dare step foot out in the kitchen to get supper. I shall be back by half-past five at the very latest, and there isn't much to do to get supper-to-night anyway. I thought we would have some cream toast. I can toast the bread in here."

"Yes, you can."

"Mind, you don't stir."

"No, I won't," Julia's words.

Julia was a short, stout woman with a firm, florid face. She had been called pretty in her youth, and was considered good-looking now, although by some the character showing in her face was esteemed too imperative. She tied on her bonnet before the old-fashioned looking-glass which hung between the sitting room and the parlor, and went out. Caroline watched her trudging down the snowy road, then she took another stitch on her embroidery with a gentle sigh, not so much of sadness as of acquiescence.

When Julia entered the church vestry, she noticed the spicy fragrance of evergreen and Yr balsam, one girl whispered to another, "Oh, dear, here comes Miss Julia Willis, and now the bossing begins."

"She can't boss me very much," returned the other girl, who had a face of Julia's type. "I don't have much to say to her, nor she to me. She knows I don't like her. I have never forgiven her for what she did about my brother, though it all happened when I was nothing but a child, and I can hardly remember it."

"I suppose she did break off the match between your brother John and her sister Caroline," said the other girl.

"Break it off! I should say she did, and poor John went away to California, and father died without seeing him again, and poor mother has never got over it. Sometimes I think it will shorten her life. I know it shortened father's."

"Does your brother write home?"

"Oh, yes, he writes every week as regular as clock-work. He has done splendidly out there, and he does everything for mother and me. He sends us lots of money and other things, but that doesn't make up to poor mother for losing her only son. I know she dwells on it, and thinks she will die without seeing him, the way father did." The girl took up a sprig of evergreen and tied it to another with a vicious jerk. Her brown eyes cast a sidelong glance of dislike at Julia Willis. "Just hear the way she bosses!" she said. "She thinks she owns this whole church; she always did. There's no sense in putting up that evergreen the way she is telling them to. It looks twice as pretty the way it was before, and she has made them pull it all down."

"That's so," said the other girl.

Julia's rather low, but hard voice of command seemed to fill the whole vestry. Two boys on a step-ladder were anxiously altering the arranging of some garlands, over the arch which surmounted the platform on which the Christmas tree was to stand. Julia was in her element. There was about her something fairly splendid and dominant, on a small scale. The little tuft of velvet roses and the loop of velvet ribbon on her bonnet were as erect as a bird's crest. "People have to be right on the spot to be sure things are done the way they ought to be," she remarked in a triumphant voice to a woman beside her. The woman was a sort of disciple of hers. Julia had a following of weaker feminine souls in the village, who seemed to base their very ideas upon hers.

"I never saw anything like the way they were putting it up," said Julia. "I guess it's lucky I came. But I really didn't know how I was going to. I didn't like to leave Caroline."

"How is Caroline?" asked the other woman, who was tall and slender, and had a way of inclining toward the person whom she was addressing.

"I think she is a little better, but she has a pretty hard cold, and I am always afraid of pneumonia. I don't think Caroline's lungs are any too strong," replied Julia.

"Have you had a doctor?"

"Doctor? No! I always use a medicine which mother used to make out of herbs and rum and molasses. Then I put lard and ginger on her chest at night. I don't think much of doctors," Julia sniffed in a way she had when she said "doctors." It expressed infinite contempt. The other woman sniffed almost, though more mildly. "I guess you are about right," said she.

The two young girls, who were

covertly watching them, noticed the sniffs. "See them turn up their noses!" said one. "Mrs. Watson is just about as bad as Miss Willis."

"Yes, she is. But I don't think Caroline Willis is lovely. I don't wonder your brother fell in love with her."

"He set his life by her."

"Well, I don't wonder."

"She's just as sweet as she can be; and her whole life and my brother's have been ruined just by that woman's selfishness. I declare! sometimes when I look at Miss Julia Willis and think what she has done, I feel fairly wicked. The idea of spoiling two lives, to say nothing of poor mother's and father's, for the sake of one!"

"Miss Julia wasn't in love with your brother?"

"In love with him? No! She was never in love with anyone but herself. She just didn't want Caroline to get married and go off and leave her. I guess it wouldn't have hurt her to live alone. I guess nobody would have molested her." The girl gave a fairly malevolent glance at Julia.

"Your brother must have fairly worshipped her sister," the other girl observed with a sentimental sigh.

In the meantime while Julia was superintending "bossing" as the irreverent young girls called it—the Christmas decorations in the church vestry, Caroline continued to sit by herself at the window embroidering.

She was in a fairly pretty room. There were pieces of fine old mahogany, but the paper and carpet were faded, and so were the handworked roses on the chairs and footstools. On the table between the windows stood a lamp hung about with prisms which caught the afternoon sunlight and sent rainbows wavering over the dull elegance of the room. Beside the lamp books were carefully arranged—old autograph albums and volumes of poetry. Just before Caroline was one book bound in red and gold upon which she occasionally cast a glance. The "brother John," of whom the young girls had talked, had given it to her. It was the one gift that she had kept. There had been others—a pearl spray, a rosewood work box, a shell comb and various other pretty things, but she had returned all these gifts when she was hidden to so by Julia. But somehow Julia had overlooked the book; Julia did not read much. Caroline was quite aware, when she dusted that red and gold book every day, that Julia had forgotten whence it came. She felt guilty, but she could not give it up. Besides, it was so late. It would be ridiculous to send that book of a by-gone age of sentiment, entitled "The Gift of Love," and filled with a compilation of sentimental tales and poems, with some fine steel engravings, to its donor in California. Very probably he too had forgotten all about the poor little book. That reflection used always to sting gently as she bore everything.

Caroline was still very pretty. That afternoon as she sat embroidering she wore a violet-colored gown of soft wool, and her blue eyes took on the color of the gown. She had always taken great care of her hair. Julia did not know why she brushed it so lavishly every night and morning, but it was because John Leavitt, the old lover of her youth, had admired it. She could hear his young ardent voice after all these years—"Isn't a girl in the whole village with such beautiful hair as yours, Caroline?" She still arranged it in the way which he had liked, although it was long out of fashion. However, it suited her thin, delicate face; the loose, soft knot of hair at the back, and the two soft curls on each side shaded

her faintly pink cheeks. Julia wore her own hair in a hard aggressive pompadour. Although not in the least vain, she had a keen eye to the race, and was not to be left behind in any respect if she knew it. "I should think you would do up your hair like other folks, Caroline," she told her sister sometimes. "You would look ten years younger."

"I like it better this way," Caroline would reply, meekly.

"Well, have your own way, you always were set," Julia would answer. "Your hair is a good deal nicer than mine, but the way you do it up nobody would think so." So Julia's hair was ironed gray, and so thin that she was obliged to wear a rat under her firm pompadour.

Caroline had a little girlish trick of putting up one slender white hand to see if her knot of hair was secure and her curls were properly adjusted. She had used to do so, although she was alone, and had resumed her needle when somebody passed the window. She looked and saw a man, a stranger, her heart gave a little leap. She thought of a tramp, but to her swift glimpse the man did not look like a tramp. Then there came a ring at the door. Caroline was all alone in the house. There was no maid. Caroline was very timid, and she was afraid to hide, not to answer the ring at all. Then she reflected that the man had probably seen her, and visions of doors and windows being forced flashed across her mind. She had a fertile imagination for ill.

The bell rang a second time, and Caroline laid her work on the table, rose, shook out her violet skirts carefully and went to the door. She had to traverse the length of an icy entry, and her sister's parting injunction came to her mind. "But I didn't have time to get a shawl," she said to herself. She further reflected that the man was probably a book-agent, and she knew how to answer that. Caroline, through concealing her sorrows, had acquired the habit of harmless concealments in other directions. She was moreover afraid of Julia, and the mere anticipation of a chiding from her was enough to make her ill. She unlocked the front door, feeling as she did so that she ran a frightful risk, but when it was open, she so firmly had the conviction of the book-agent seized upon her, that she said directly, "We don't care to buy any books to-day, thank you."

But the man laughed. "Books?" said he. "I haven't any book. Don't you remember me, Caroline?" Then Caroline, who had been in the man's face, and her own grew white. It was an old experience that had come to her. Her old lover had in reality returned, and she had not known his face at once. It looked strange to her. The boy who took his mad flight westward because of his rejected love, he was still alive and white face like a girl, he was still thin. This man was portly and wore a thick grey beard. His face above his beard was as pale as Caroline's.

"You don't mean to say that you have forgotten me, Caroline?" he asked.

Caroline continued to stare at him, and she suddenly remembered that she seemed to possess her. She saw what had been through what was. She saw the boy in the man. She had the vision of an angel for that which was beneath all externals. She saw John Leavitt in the spirit, as he really was; and she suddenly remembered that she had held it in his heart all his life. Her face flushed pink, then paled again, and John caught her in his arms. "For the Lord's sake let us go in the house, or we'll have all the neighbors at the

windows," he said, with that laugh of his which she remembered so well, and which was still the laugh of a boy, and they passed through the long lane of freezing entry to the warm sitting room. "I knew I would find you alone, dear," he said, as they went. "I knew she" (he placed an emphasis both of humor and indignation on the she) "had gone to the vestry."

He sat down and gathered Caroline in his arms, and she hid his face on his shoulder. He stroked her hair fondly. "Just the same beautiful hair," said he, "and only think how gray I have grown."

Caroline said nothing. She was faint and dizzy with it all.

"Poor little girl!" John said, leaning his head down close to hers. "I suppose I was a brute to come in so suddenly and surprise you so, but mother said she was gone and I couldn't resist the temptation. Oh, Caroline! God alone knows how afraid I was I should come back and find you married to some other man. I don't dare think of what I might have done."

A quiver of delight came over Caroline. Just as she had recognized the true spiritual self in John Leavitt in spite of the external changes that years had brought about, she recognized the true spiritual self which endured despite her faded cheeks. She was in fact just the same young girl whom John Leavitt had held in his arms so many years before. Each saw the other, at it were, in a looking glass of true love. "I was afraid you were married," she whispered after a while.

"Do you think I could ever marry anybody except you?" he asked in return. "Did you?"

"I didn't know."

"Yes, you did know. You knew I never could even think of any other woman as my wife except you."

And it directly seemed to Caroline that he was right. That she did know that he never would. An ineffable bliss took possession of her. The weight of years had rolled from her heart, and the rebound made it lighter than it had ever been in her distant youth. She had never been so happy. She was on a very pinnacle of happiness.

"When did you come?" she whispered.

"I got home about half an hour ago. Then I came right over here." Then after a pause, "Caroline—"

"What, John?"

"This time I am not going to take no for an answer. This time, sister or no sister, you must listen to me."

"It would kill Julia," said Caroline, and she seemed to slip from her heights of happiness. "It would kill her, John."

"Let it kill her, then," said John, with his mouth set. "I have had just about all of this I propose to stand."

"She is my sister," said Caroline.

"I don't care if she is," said John. "This time you must listen to me instead of her. We will live right here in the village. You can see her often, but I rather think it wouldn't do for us all to live together."

"I can't leave Julia all alone after all these years," sobbed Caroline.

"Now, don't cry," dear. I didn't think Julia was afraid of anything, but if she is, I will hire a girl to stay here with her. I have come home with a lot of money, Caroline, though God knows the money is nothing compared with the hope of having you with me at last. I am going to build a new house just the way you like it. But I will hire a good girl to stay with Julia if she is timid."

"Oh, it isn't that!" sobbed Caroline. "Don't know that she is so very timid, but—"

"But, what, my own dear?"

"Oh, John, how can I leave my only sister, the only sister I've got, all alone?"

"She won't be alone if she had a girl, dear."

"Yes, she will in one way. She will be all alone as far as her very own are concerned. Oh, John, I don't believe Julia would ever get married and go off and leave me."

"Did she ever have a chance, tell me that?" asked John, brutally.

"Of course she has had chances; every woman has," replied Caroline, fibbing for the sake of her sister.

"You must have been a pretty brave man, then," returned John, simply, "braver than I. I confess it would take more courage than I've got to marry Julia, and I haven't been called behindhand in bravery where I've been either."

"I can't go and leave her alone after all these years, when she's been so good to me. You don't know how good she has been to me, John, and I haven't been very well, and I have been doing—"

"Poor dear," said John. "Well, I am going to take care of you now. You'll be well enough when you are happy. Confess, you haven't been any too happy, Caroline."

"No, John, but I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? Good Lord, I should think not!" said John, "hasn't that been at the bottom of my heart through thick and thin? No matter what I have been doing—and I have hustled, I tell you that, dear—that thought has never for one minute left me. I have never had you one minute out of mind, and here you are after all these years, just the same little girl."

"Oh, no, John."

"Yes, you are, I tell you. Don't you suppose I've got eyes and can see?" John held off Caroline's blushing face, and looked at it with the most loyal devotion in the world; that devotion of him who loves through years of change and absence, and it was actually for him as if he saw the same little girl-face which he had left. "I didn't expect to find you looking this way," he said. "I had made up my mind to find you changed, and to love you just the same, but you are not changed at all."

"Oh, yes, John."

"No, you are not, I tell you. He fondled with reverent, tender fingers one of the soft curls that shaded her face. "I didn't know but you would have one of those great bumps on top of your head that girls wear nowadays," said he, "but it is all just the same. You have had sense enough to stick to a pretty way of doing up your hair, no matter how other girls did theirs."

"I remembered you liked it this way," said Caroline.

"Of course you did. Caroline, I have a beautiful ring for you at home. I said to myself, maybe when she sees me she won't think so much of me as she used to. I know I have grown stout and gray."

"You are a great deal better looking than when you were a boy," said Caroline; then she added inconsistently, "you look just the same to me as you always did," for at that moment, the gray hairs on her faithful lover's head actually appeared gilded, and his stoutness became the graceful liteness of youth.

"Nonsense," said John Leavitt. "I have changed, but if I don't seem

changed to you, your eyes are the only looking-glass I care about in the world. I wonder what kind of a house you would like."

Then Caroline again remembered Julia. "Oh, John, I can't leave my sister," she sobbed faintly.

"Nonsense you've got to. We have had our lives spoiled long enough."

"I can't."

"You must!"

Suddenly Caroline slipped from John's knees in an absolute frenzy of terror. Her face was pale. If there had been a wild lion on her track, she could not have looked more frightened. "Oh," she whispered, "she's coming now."

"Nonsense, she can't be inough I er work of bossing the Christmas-tree."

"Yes, she said she shouldn't stay late, because she didn't want to leave me alone, and it's after five. That's Julia crossing the street!"

John Leavitt folded his arms across his broad chest coolly. "Let her come," said he.

"Oh, John, I can't, I can't!"

"You can't what, dear?"

"She is crossing the street. I can't have her come in and find you sitting here. I can't."

"It might as well come, first as last, dear."

"It can never come. I can't leave her, and—and—I can't have her come in and find you sitting here. I—I haven't strength enough to stand it, John."

It was quite true that Caroline did not look as if she had much strength. She was white and stood trembling before John, a piteous little figure under the tyranny and terror of a lifetime. John looked at her half amusedly, half pityingly. "Well, what do you want me to do, dear?" he asked. "I can't get out now without Julia's spotting me, that is out of the question. Come Caroline, you are not afraid of Julia with me here to take care of you? What on earth can she do to you?"

"I am—afraid."

Caroline looked around her wildly. By some freak of village architecture, the long, icy cold pantry opened, as in many other houses, out of the sitting room instead of the kitchen. Caroline looked at the pantry door. "Oh, John, go into the pantry," she begged, "go, go!"

John rose laughing, and made one stride across the room into the pantry. He was just in time, for at that moment Julia entered, muffled in her warm winter coat and fur cape. "It feels like snow out," she said. "That was what she said first. Then she sniffed. 'Seems to me I smell something dreadful queer,' she said.

"Maybe it's the geraniums," faltered Caroline.

"Geraniums! Those geraniums don't have any smell at all. Caroline Willis! what is the matter with you? Don't you feel well?"

"I feel a good deal better; I do, honest, Julia."

"You look just as white as a sheet. You don't look nearly as well as when I went away. Are you sure you haven't got a pain in your lungs?"

"I can breathe real deep down. I do feel better, Julia."

"Well, you don't look nearly so well. Julia began removing her outer wraps, still with anxious eyes on her sister, and she sniffed again. "Queer, what is it I smell?" said she.

"Outside with the windows shut down tight? I should think you were crazy!" Caroline, who was not as a rule at

(Continued on page 11.)

Ancient Ceremonies Still Performed in Passover Festivities

There are many ancient ceremonies still observed in celebrating the Passover festival. The observances mentioned in connection with the bondage of the Israelites and their departure from Egypt, as narrated in the Bible, are perpetuated by ancient rites, which date back to the dispersion of the Jews and to the time when they ceased to have a national existence.

The observance of the Passover festival entails many obligations upon the pious Israelite. Attendance at the synagogue service and the prayers said in the family circle are not the only acts of devotion required by the religious authorities. The worshipper is expected to follow many Biblical and rabbinical commands even in his preparation for the festival. Many of the most interesting of these ceremonies are not in the synagogue service, but are observed by the members of the household only in the privacy of their homes. Each of them bears a greater or lesser significance in keeping alive every detail concerning the history of the Passover.

On the evening preceding the eve of Passover an interesting ceremony is observed by the very pious, which is highly characteristic of the conscientious endeavor of the strict Hebrew to observe literally the commandment that there shall not be any bread or "hameitz" in his house. A search is made by the master of the house for any leaven that may have been overlooked in the general cleaning. He examines every closet and every nook and corner thereof, gathering anything that he finds suspicious or decidedly leavened. This he burns the next morning and before the noon hour.

IMPORTANT DOMESTIC SERVICE.

This ceremony is not as generally observed as Hagadan or "Seder," which is the principal and all important domestic service. It is an exceedingly interesting ceremony, full of pathetic and historical reminiscences, and is held on the first two nights of the Passover, and as a family and social prayer meeting.

When the family and guests have been seated around the festive table, which is profusely decorated with fruits, flowers and ornaments, the master of the house

recites an introductory prayer in Hebrew and a welcome to the guests, but before he commences the recital of the narrative of the departure from Egypt the youngest child at table asks of the assembly:

"Why is this night observed differently from any other? On this evening only unleavened bread is eaten, only bitter herbs are now spread before us, and we are all sitting differently from our usual custom, and are in reclining positions."

These questions are asked to introduce the narrative and are answered by the master of the house in the service which follows. He proclaims "that it is incumbent upon him so to do because the Bible declares that every person in every generation shall look upon himself as if he himself had actually gone forth from Egypt," and it directs that each father shall tell his son thereof and say: "This is done because of that which the Lord did for me when I went forth from Egypt."

With each portion of the narrative recited by the master of the house object lessons are exhibited. The bone of a lamb which had previously been roasted over the fire and which is among the paraphernalia is shown to all present to recall to the audience that the first-born of the Hebrews were spared when that of the Egyptians were killed, for it will be remembered that among the most dramatic episodes mentioned in the Bible was the killing of the lamb at the exodus of the Israelites and the sprinkling of its blood upon the door posts of their houses, and this ceremony is a reminder thereof.

Another dish at table of which all partake is the "Haroset," a mixture of fruit, herbs and almonds made into a paste resembling and of the consistency of mortar. This is eaten in commemoration of the severity of the life in Egypt. The quotation from Exodus is recited, "That the Egyptians embittered their lives with cruel bondage and in mortar

and brick, for all labor was inflicted upon them with rigor."

The reason for eating unleavened bread is explained to be in commemoration of the haste with which the Israelites departed from Egypt, when there was not sufficient time given for the dough to leaven, for it is narrated in Exodus that "they baked unleavened cakes of dough because they were thrust out of Egypt, and were not allowed to tarry."

It is well known that the Israelite never wears in his expectation of the coming of the Messiah to lead his people back to Jerusalem. An ancient legend teaches him to expect His return on Passover night. At one period of the service the door is opened with great ceremony, and with the hope that, at that moment, He may enter therein. Throughout the service a wineglass has been filled for His welcome, and His spiritual presence is supposed to be with the worshippers.

The inquiry of the youngest person at

table concerning the reclining posture there taken is demanded because many are seated in reclining or comfortable easy chairs and because those who observe the custom with great precision lounge on pillows as a mark of grandeur and freedom. This Oriental mode of sitting while eating and drinking is true to the custom of Eastern nations, who always recline while at rest and take their meals lazily and with great languor.

The service of the "Hagadah" occupies a full evening, but it is not alone a religious and serious ceremony. Between the first and second parts thereof a bountiful repast is partaken of, and few Jews are so poor that they have not arranged a great feast for the festival. No Jew is ever refused admittance to the household of another co-religionist if unable to provide the festival meal for himself.

PRAISE OFFERING SERVICE.

When the different ceremonies have been concluded, a repast partaken of,

and a praise offering service recited, it is not until a late hour that the festivities are ended and the guests depart for their respective homes.

During the week of the festival nothing leavened is eaten. The orthodox Hebrews deny themselves all viands which are not carefully and specially prepared. Many articles of food and all gaseous liquors, such as champagne and beer, are prohibited, and great care is exercised in the purchase of such food as may be eaten, and it is selected from the stores where contact with bread or leaven of any kind is impossible.

Those of the synagogue who call themselves reformed Jews have gradually discarded the ceremonial observances, but the Orthodox Jew believes in following the strict text of the commandments, and that punishment will be allotted to those who fail to observe them. The reformers claim that the observance of Passover is limited to the synagogue service and the eating of a

few "matzo's." They do not, however, abstain from eating bread during the week and assert that the prohibition thereof does not apply to the present time.

The synagogue services in the orthodox and reformed places of worship are not marked by any ceremonial observances different from those of the regular Sabbath services, and many visitors of other creeds are disappointed when they ask at the different synagogues and temples at what hour the lamb will be sacrificed and are informed that no such rites are observed.

The Passover festival is not considered otherwise than a happy and glorious occasion among the Hebrews. The synagogues are crowded to overflowing, and it is observed by more than half a million of the Jewish inhabitants of New York.

Christmas in Guam.

Christmas was celebrated in Guam last year in as true American style as the possibilities of the situation would permit. Great interest was taken by the Americans in celebrations for the native children. A number of entertainments were provided. A feature was a floating Christmas tree, magnificently decorated, which was drawn through the streets of Agaña paraded by six plumed mules with costumed outriders and preceded by a native band and from which Santa Claus distributed abundance of good cheer.

Bogus Antique Flags.

A London tourist is warning the world that the Swiss meet the desire of travelers from England and this country for one class of antiquities by manufacturing the Swiss flag of a hundred years ago so that it looks ancient enough to enthral and deceive the tourist collector. A new flag is made to look like a centenarian by a process which includes fading the colors in the sun, bespattering it with tallow and laying it in the granary, where the mice soon give it a tattered appearance. Finally it is exposed to the rays of the sun and mounted on a worn-out broken staff.—From Vogue.



"CHOOFER" LUBB'S WEAKNESS GETS HIM IN BAD.

Christmas Greetings

Wedding Cakes Christmas Cakes Birthday Cakes and Plum Puddings



ALL our own make and intended for people who must have the best. We spare nothing to attain perfection. Our **CHOCOLATES** and **CREAM BON BONS** combine the greatest of purity and freshness, rarely equalled and never excelled. Handsome boxes and baskets filled with the daintiest and richest of confections.

JAMES CRAWFORD, Confectioner
34 KING STREET WEST

THE GIFT OF LOVE

A Christmas Story
By
MARY E. WILKINS

(Continued from page 10.)

all subtle, was seized with an inspiration. "I can smell the fir balsam on your clothes," said she, "real strong." That diverted Julia for the time from the odor of tobacco from the clothes of John Leavitt that had permeated the room. "Well, I suppose you do," said she; "you notice it almost before you open the vestry door. It seems as if it was stronger than usual this year." "Maybe the fir balsam is sweeter some years than others," remarked Caroline, following up her advantage. "Maybe it is," said Julia, taking off her wraps, and going with them into the entry. "It's queer," she said returning, "but I can smell that same smell out in the entry. The baker-boy didn't come here by the front door, the way I've told him not to, did he, Caroline?" "No."

"I wouldn't have had you go out in that entry for anything, let alone his impudence in coming to the front door; it's as cold as the north pole out there," Julia looked at the clock. "Merely! It's half-past five," said she. "I must get supper," Julia looked sharply at her. "I don't care what you say," she declared, "you look about ready to drop."

"I am all right," Caroline replied, faintly. "You don't look all right. Well, maybe you'll feel better after you've had a good hearty cup of tea."

ed since you had your cold the way you are coughing now." Julia made a stride toward the entry where she had deposited her wraps. Caroline continued to cough. Indeed, it was quite true that now she could not stop. Julia thrust her arms into the sleeves of her coat. "I'd cough down to the cellar while I was about it, if I were you," she said, and again her voice was full of the utmost love and anxiety, and yet with a certain anger. She tied the strings of her bonnet with a jerk. "I hate to have you go," Caroline managed to wheeze out, and that was hypocritical, and later on she prayed to be forgiven. Then she continued to cough, while Julia went out of the door, closing it after her with a bang. Immediately after the door closed the pantry door opened and John Leavitt appeared. He looked anxious, for he had not altogether understood Caroline's manoeuvres. Caroline could not stop coughing immediately, but she cast a reassuring glance at John. "It's not so bad—as it sounds," she gasped out presently. "But if—Julia hadn't gone—she, she—would have gone into the—pantry, and—found—you."

"Oh," said John, but he still regarded Caroline with loving concern. She managed to stop coughing. "I know I was wicked," she said, "but I let the cough—come, when I suppose I might, if I had tried hard, have—stopped it, for I couldn't have Julia go in the pantry, and find you."

"You had better go now, I guess," Caroline said anxiously. "It isn't far to the doctor's, and she may be right back." "Well, I am coming again, and she has got to make up her mind to it," said John. Caroline began to weep again. "Oh, dear," she said, half-strangled between her sobs and her cough. "I never can leave her, I never can. You don't know how good she has been to me, you don't, John." "She hasn't been any better to you than I would have been if I had been given the chance," said John. "I can't leave her."

"No," replied Caroline meekly, "I am going out again, I've got to, but I am not going far, and I shall not be long. I will lock the front door, and take the key. You won't be afraid?" "No," replied Caroline meekly, "I won't be afraid, Julia."

misery that John had been there and had gone away again forever to attempt any reply. She sat still, looking at the frozen landscape fast disappearing in the night. "After a while it will be over with me, just as this day will be over for the world," thought she, "and then it will not matter whether it has been a winter or a summer day."

"I thought you would like it; you didn't have a real nice pin," Julia said, and there was a wistful accent in her voice. "I do like it, and it is lovely, Julia," said Caroline. Caroline remembered a brooch; one of John Leavitt's returned presents. That had been a cluster of pearl grapes with gold leaves, on onyx, and even this gift which Julia had planned for her pleasure hurt her.

her voice had never been more imperious. Then she went out. Caroline, left alone, continued to sit in her rocking-chair. After a while tears commenced to roll slowly down her delicate cheeks. She was conscious of no anger or rebellion against fate or her sister, who had been in a way her fate, but she was realizing the sharp pain in her heart; it had been benumbed at first.

Julia was not gone long. It was scarcely half an hour before Caroline heard the key turn in the lock of the front door. She wiped her eyes and straightened herself. Then Julia came in with John Leavitt. He stalked behind Julia, beaming, but his face was working with emotion, which he tried to restrain. Julia was very pale. She looked at her sister as she had never looked before.

How Jack and Betty Doubled Their Good Time One Christmas Morning. (Katherine Williams in December St. Nicholas.) Last Christmas morning Betty and Jack found their stockings hanging in front of the fireplace. Santa Claus had not forgotten them—in fact, their stockings looked bigger and fatter and fuller than ever before. Leaning against the mantelpiece at the foot of Betty's stocking was a big, jolly "Teddy bear," and Betty clasped him in her arms with joy.

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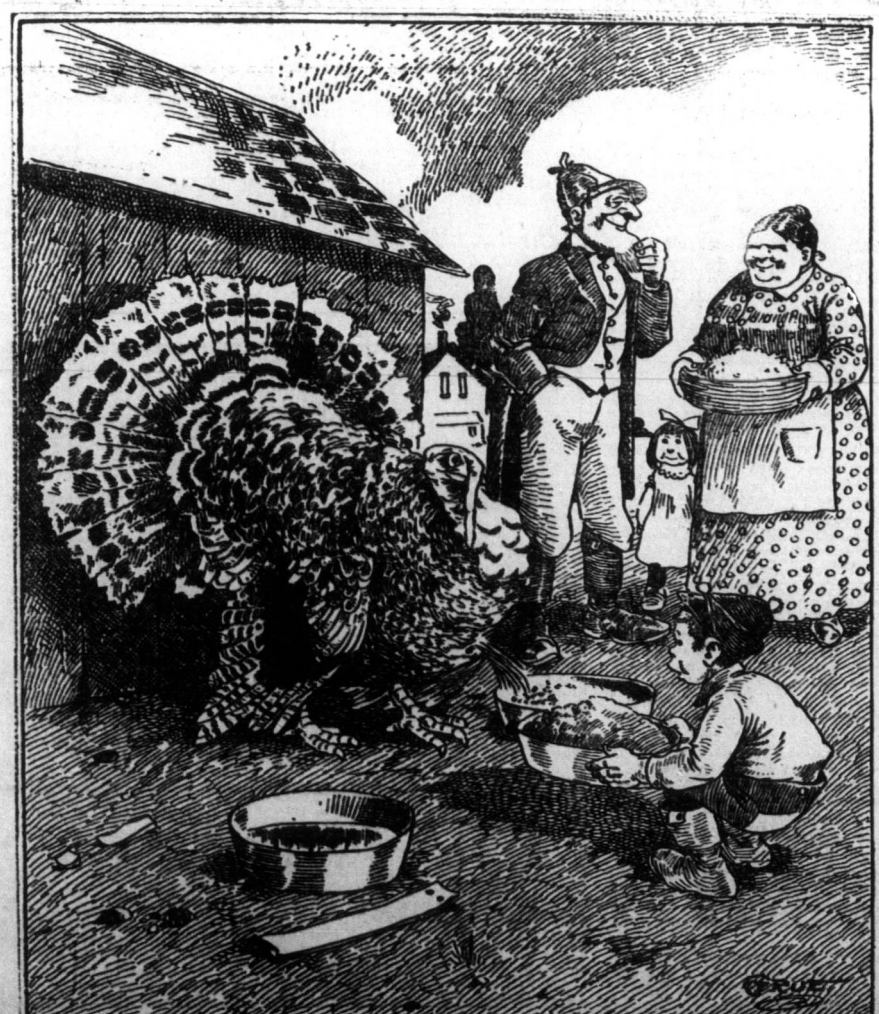
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THERE IS A REASON.

The Turk—These are the nicest people I ever saw. They are giving me all the grub I want.

Miss Letty's Christmas Card

"I wonder if it would be very forward? But, after all, he's only a boy, and he need never know who sent it. Of course, I need not name; I can just send it in an envelope. Yes, that is what I will do." And with a little flush of excitement on her thin face, Miss Letty slowly and carefully addressed a large envelope in a small, pointed handwriting to "Reginald Smyth, Esq., 40 Morton Crescent, S. W."

No. 40 Morton Crescent was where Miss Letty lived herself, and where she had lived for nearly ten years. She had two small rooms on the third floor, furnished simply and plainly, in which she spent the greater part of her days and nights. She never went away, and when she went out it was either on some mysterious errand to a large shop in the West End or on a visit to one or other of the wretched little homes where she was always hailed with a shout of welcome as "our Miss Letty!"

For Miss Letty was poor, and Miss Letty was an old maid. And these two facts will tell more about her than I could in a whole chapter. Besides there was very little else to tell about Miss Letty. She gave very little trouble, for she prepared her own simple breakfast the tea, and Mrs. Wheeler, the landlady, sent up her dinner from her own meal for a very small sum every day. There

But at last her visions of his pathetic loneliness conquered her maiden shyness, and with a flush that only the old brown teapot say, she slipped the card inside the addressed envelope, and dipping a thin white forefinger in a saucer of water, she courageously sealed it up.

Then she put on her old worn fur-lined cloak and second-best hat, and going furtively down the stairs, and though the very walls were holding up their heads in shame at her, she slipped out of the front door, round the corner, and, with a little gasp and a last anxious look around to see that no one was watching, she pushed the envelope inside the sturdy scarlet pillar.

But for all her care, Reginald Smyth knew the next morning whence the Christmas card had come.

For when Mrs. Wheeler went up to take him his midday meal, he showed her the men and the maidens dancing.

"Mrs. Wheeler," he said, solemnly, "I believe you've fallen in love with me, for all your pretense that you're an old married woman, for you're the only woman in London who knows where I am."

"Get along with you, Mr. Smyth!" said Mrs. Wheeler, with a broad grin on

Wheeler she must do him a favor. She must go upstairs and tell Miss Letty there was a sick boy in the house. "Be sure you say I'm only a boy," he impressed on Mrs. Wheeler—and that she would only be doing her plain and Christian duty if she were to come downstairs and talk to him.

"Well, I'll go, sir," said Mrs. Wheeler, dubiously, "but I don't believe she'll come. She's as shy and timid as a mouse."

"She must come. You tell her I'm a good little boy who wants—who wants to know how to knit socks! I'm sure she must be a kind old thing to have thought of sending me that card."

Mrs. Wheeler must have done her commission well, for an hour later there was a timid knock at the door and a very nervous, very trembling, very rosy Miss Letty appeared in answer to an eager

thought Reggie quickly to himself as he stood up, and, with the aid of a stick, hobbled from his couch to meet her.

"I say, this is awfully good of you, Miss Letty," he said, holding out his hand. "You see, Mrs. Wheeler has told me your name. I'm so horribly lonely, and I'm so sick of counting the roses up the wall and along the wall, and I thought if you weren't very busy you might give up just a little time to me as it's Christmas Day, you know."

"I'm only too pleased," said Miss Letty, in a flutter, succumbing instantly to the boyish charm of the eager white face. "I—I was rather lonely myself, but you see I've grown used to it. I've had ten Christmasmas quite alone now."

"By Jove! have you? This is my first, and I feel ready to talk to the chair leg!" I say, Miss Letty, sit down

savage, and I wasn't quite sure I was ready to apologize."

"Oh, Mr. Smyth," said Miss Letty, looking at him earnestly, "write to him at once—to-night if you can. You—forgive me—you are so young, you don't know what terrible things may happen just from letting a misunderstanding go on. Why, a whole life may be wrecked and ruined."

The soft voice shook, and the little thin face quivered.

Reggie looked at her curiously. And then he got up and hobbled to the chair close beside hers in the circle of the firelight.

"You said that as if you know a sad story that had come about through a misunderstanding. Won't you tell me about it?" Then, as he saw her hesitate, he put out his hand boyishly, and

known, or so it seemed to her, but who had one great fault, a wild and hasty temper. He was a doctor, and he gave up the greater part of his time to working for love, pure love, among the very poorest of the large town where the girl lived. They met first in one of those dreary little homes, and—grew to love the girl—he said he loved her from the first time he saw her; while to her he was a king, almost a god, and she worshipped him. Then one day he told her he was leaving that town, and was going to another a long way off, where he had taken a practice. And he asked her to marry him and go with him to his new life. And she said no.

"Good gracious! whatever for?" burst in Reggie.

Miss Letty's voice was very low. "Because she knew that if she left her father he would be utterly lonely and unhappy. And then the man said that he should be lonely and unhappy too, and that he should go to her father and ask him if he would let her sacrifice her life for him. And then the girl grew frightened, for she knew what her father would say—that she must not think of him, but must do what was best for herself. Oh, it was very foolish, but the girl was very young, and

you come about eight, and promise to put on this same pretty dress?"

"Yes, yes, I will if you wish it. Shall you really wear me? You—you don't know how nice it is to think that someone does. It is like old days. Again, good night."

The following evening it was Reggie who was flushed and nervous, and who hopped about the room with a stick like a cat on hot bricks.

"Eight o'clock! Why ever doesn't she come?" She must be here!

There was a knock at the door, and Miss Letty entered.

"Ah! there you are! I'm so glad to see you. Now, may I look at you? Yes, that is really a very pretty frock, but your hair! Oh, Miss Letty, it's just as if you'd scraped it back! And you've such lovely golden hair. Couldn't you—couldn't you make it a lot looser and more careless-like in front?"

"You funny boy!" laughed Miss Letty. She had put on the gray silk with the soft old face, and had fastened a bunch of violets at her breast, and her lips were smiling in anticipation of another pleasant evening. "I will pull it loose if you like, though I shall only make it look



WRECK OF OLD PIER AT THE BEACH.

was always a great deal of white work about, and little pieces of lace and embroidery, but these had to do with the mysterious errands to the West End shop.

It was Christmas Eve and Miss Letty had just finished her tea and bread-and-butter. There was a tiny red cake in the cupboard, but that was being kept for Christmas Day. It was cold, and the bright little fire had burned rather low in the grate, so Miss Letty drew a soft old shawl closer round her shoulders, while she debated in her own mind as to whether she should or should not send a Christmas card to the young lodger downstairs.

She knew from Mrs. Wheeler that he was young, not more than twenty, that he had been laid up with a sprained ankle for nearly all the fortnight he had been there, and that he seemed very lonely and friendless.

"Poor young thing!" she said to herself, "perhaps he has no home and mother, and it will be lonely and dreary for him. Perhaps he used to have Christmas presents and Christmas cards, and perhaps he will miss it this year if he has none."

And she made up quite a romantic little story about Mr. Reginald Smyth on the first floor downstairs—a story that was quite unjustified by facts.

She had spent a whole twopenny for a card with a picture of men and maidens in old-world dress dancing a minuet in an oak-paneled hall. But when she had brought it home, she could not make up her mind whether it could be thought forward to send a card to a stranger without even knowing him by

her red, good-natured face, for she had indeed fallen a victim to Reggie's sunny smile and boyish, coaxing ways, that won over every woman he met.

"It's all very well to say 'Get along with you' but I'm sure that you must have sent me this very pretty Christmas card."

"What card are you talking about? Lord bless my soul! I ain't got time or money to spend on such rubbish."

"Well, if you didn't send it, who did? There is no name on the inside, but it's certainly a woman's writing on the envelope, and it bears the London post-mark."

"Let me see. Well—laws a-mussy! if that ain't Miss Letty's writing!"

"Miss Letty—who's she?"

"An old maid—a poor, little, quiet, good-natured body as lives upstairs. She's heard me talk of you—but fancy her sending you that!"

"Oh, you won't tell her I know who it was, will you?" said Reggie, who had a womanly horror of hurting another's feelings. "She evidently did not want me to know, or she would have put her name inside. Promise you won't let her know I've found out."

And Mrs. Wheeler promised, with a rough, homely slip of puttin' g's fresh bandage on the sprained ankle the while.

It was the dullest, loneliest Christmas Reginald Smyth had ever spent, and he wasn't used to being dull or lonely. After he had finished tea he began to think he couldn't endure himself any longer, and that even a cat or a canary would be better fun to talk to than nothing. And then he had a brilliant idea.

He rang the bell and told Mrs.

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Is a sign you read at dangerous railway crossings

DANGER TO CHILDREN

Are you giving your children DIRTY MILK WHICH WOULD CAUSE DISEASE? If so, why? Don't take chances on dirty milk when you can get PURE, CLEAN MILK from

THE PURE MILK COMPANY

181 JOHN STREET NORTH

Read the Story of PURE MILK

Our milk comes from the farms of the best and most intelligent dairymen in the County of Wentworth, who deliver to us in CLEAN CANS, PURE MILK from CLEAN COWS kept in CLEAN, WHITEWASHED STABLES and given the best of food and water. All are inspected by our inspector.

The most eminent authorities declare that milk should be pasteurized. We PASTEURIZE ALL OUR MILK, to kill any disease germ which might exist and thereby protect your children.

If you want to feel ABSOLUTELY SAFE get PURE, CLEAN, WHOLESOME MILK that has been PASTEURIZED and bottled in STERILIZED bottles, into which street dust cannot enter as it does into open-mouthed cans.

You will find ABSOLUTELY NO SEDIMENT in our milk. If you are not getting P. M. C. MILK examine what you do get and note the sediment which settles in the bottom of your pitcher or bottle.

We invite ONE and ALL to visit our dairy and see for themselves how careful we are.

Don't forget to telephone your CHRISTMAS ICE CREAM ORDER EARLY.

Wishing you a MERRY CHRISTMAS, we remain yours for HEALTH,

The PURE MILK COMPANY, Ltd.

"Come in." She had put on her very best frock, a soft gray silk that had been made in the days when she was young and had more money than she had now, and a piece of rare lace, soft and yellow with age, at her neck. She had not had such an interesting event in her life for over ten years as a visit to a young man, and the unwonted excitement had brought a flush that resembled that of youth on her soft, downy cheek.

"She isn't a bit like an old maid,"

"Now, you sit by the fire and let's talk." And in a few minutes the quiet little woman of forty years and the eager young lady of twenty summers were laughing and talking as Miss Letty had not laughed and talked for years. She even found courage to tell him of how she had sent him the Christmas card.

Confidence begets confidence, and it was not long before she heard the secret of Reginald's lonely Christmas, and, as she listened, the soft blue eyes filled with glistening tears. It was all so foolish and so young, and yet so pregnant with possibilities of future misery and last misunderstanding. "Just a quarrel with the governor"—a quarrel in which Reggie, however, acknowledged that he now thought he was in the wrong.

"You know, the old dad's got an awful temper at times—and so've I," he admitted candidly. "And as we live alone together, for my mother died when I was a kid, we're bound to get on each other's nerves at times. Well, this time we had an awful row, about—a girl," looking up at Miss Letty from under quizzically raised eyebrows, "and I bounced out of the house and told the governor I shouldn't go back. But, of course, I knew I should, and pretty soon—and so did he. I came up to London and took rooms here, and then wrote and told the dad I should stay and have a good time for a bit. He wrote back—you've no idea what a polite letter it was!—to say he was glad that I should be having a good time, and he should be pleased to welcome me back in time for Christmas, or the New Year, or any time I liked, but to stay as long as I felt inclined."

"It—it sounds like a very kind letter," said Miss Letty.

"Ye—es, I suppose it was," said Reggie. "But the very day I got it I sprained my ankle and have been laid up ever since, so I've not had much of a good time."

"But why didn't you write and tell your father, and then perhaps he would have come and spent Christmas here, as you couldn't go to him?"

"I might have done it, but I know it would have been very hard for him to leave his practice just now, and besides, you see I was still feeling a bit

just touched her knee. "Please, it's Christmas night, you know, and the very time for stories. See, I'll turn the light down, and we'll tell tales in the dark."

But it was some seconds after the lamp had been turned down, and the only light in the room was the long, flickering gleams and golden sparkle of the fire, before Miss Letty spoke, and then her voice trembled sadly.

"I will tell you the story of a misunderstanding that ended—very unhappily for one person, just to try and persuade you to write to your father at once. It was many, many years ago, and—and a girl was living with her father in—in a large town in the north. He was a clergyman, and very poor and very unhappy, because the wife he loved as his own soul died when the girl was fifteen. She wasn't a bit clever or good really, but she gave up all her life and all her thoughts to helping her father in his hard and often depressing work, and to making his home as bright as she could. And then one day she met a man, the best and noblest she had ever

thought self-sacrifice the most beautiful thing in the world. And she told her lover that he must not do that—as she loved her father best; and as she had to choose between them she chose her father."

"But did she really love her father best, Miss Letty?" Reggie's eyes were shining, and his voice shook with eagerness.

"Didn't I tell you she just worshipped the other man? But she let him go away thinking she did not care for him. And the next thing she heard of him was that he was married—though whether happily or unhappily she never knew, for she never saw him again."

"And did she ever regret what she had done?"

"Aye, bitterly. Her father died a year afterward, and she was left alone in the world. For eight or nine years she lived with an old invalid aunt and looked after her, and when she died she came to London, where she has been very lonely and very poor ever since. And she was wrong to let her lover go away, believing a lie."

Reggie put his hand on hers for a moment.

"Perhaps it is not too late for her now I know that—I mean the girl knows happiness even now?" His voice was very low and gentle.

"Too late?" with a little pathetic laugh. "Didn't I tell you he married nearly twenty years ago, and the girl is a plain old maid?"

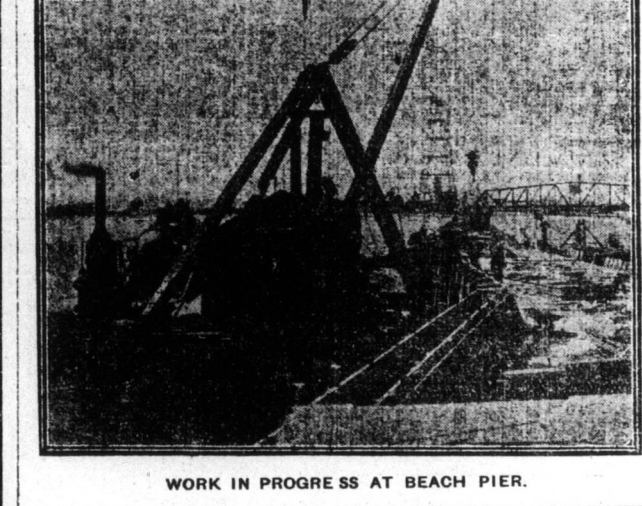
"That she isn't—I mean I don't see why she should be. Do you know, I once heard of a story very like that before, only it was a man's story. It was the story of a man who loved a woman, and she refused him, though he had thought she loved him. And then in a foolish fit of pique he married, and he did his best to make his wife happy. But he never succeeded, for he never really loved her. And then when she died he tried to find his first love, but could not trace her."

"Ah, but there are not many men faithful like that. Now, I must go away. I had no idea it was so late. Good night, Mr. Smyth. And you will write?"

"I will write to-night, Miss Letty, or rather, I will write in the morning."

"Oh! I am so glad."

"But if I write, will you come and spend to-morrow evening with me? Will



WORK IN PROGRESS AT BEACH PIER.

untidily, and shall probably have to go and do my hair again."

And she went to the glass and pulled out little bits of the soft golden hair that was almost as beautiful and rich as it had been twenty years ago, till it fell into tiny curls and waves over the white forehead, while Reggie watched her anxiously.

"Why, you look utterly different! You must promise me never to scratch it back like that again. Now, will you read me something?"

"Read? Of course, if you wish. What shall I read?"

Miss Letty's voice had a note of disappointment. She would much rather have talked.

"Will you read me the news? Sit here, then you'll get the light on the paper."

He pulled out a chair which was in full view of the door, but from which its occupant could not see the door without turning her head. And Miss Letty obediently sat down and began to read a long, uninteresting leader, of which Reggie did not hear one single word. His ears were straining for the sound of a step on the stairs and the opening of the door.

He had not to wait and listen long. In about five minutes there was a step outside and the door opened gently. Miss Letty did not hear either, so neither stopped her reading nor turned her head.

A tall, grizzled man stood in the doorway, as if petrified, with his hand still on the knob, and his dark eyes fixed on the little gray-clad figure, with the lamp-light shining on its ruffled golden head.

"Letty!"

The paper fell from Miss Letty's nerveless hand and her face was the color of chalk.

"Robert!"

There was a quick click of the door as it closed behind Reggie, who had not been seen or noticed by his father, who had come all the way from a Yorkshire town to see him. But Reggie was not hurt of amored. His boyish face glowed as he rubbed his hands and whispered to himself, as he limped up and down the passage:

"I wonder how long they'll keep me out here!"

On the other side of the door a man was holding a woman's trembling hands

(Continued on Page 11.)

thought self-sacrifice the most beautiful thing in the world. And she told her lover that he must not do that—as she loved her father best; and as she had to choose between them she chose her father."

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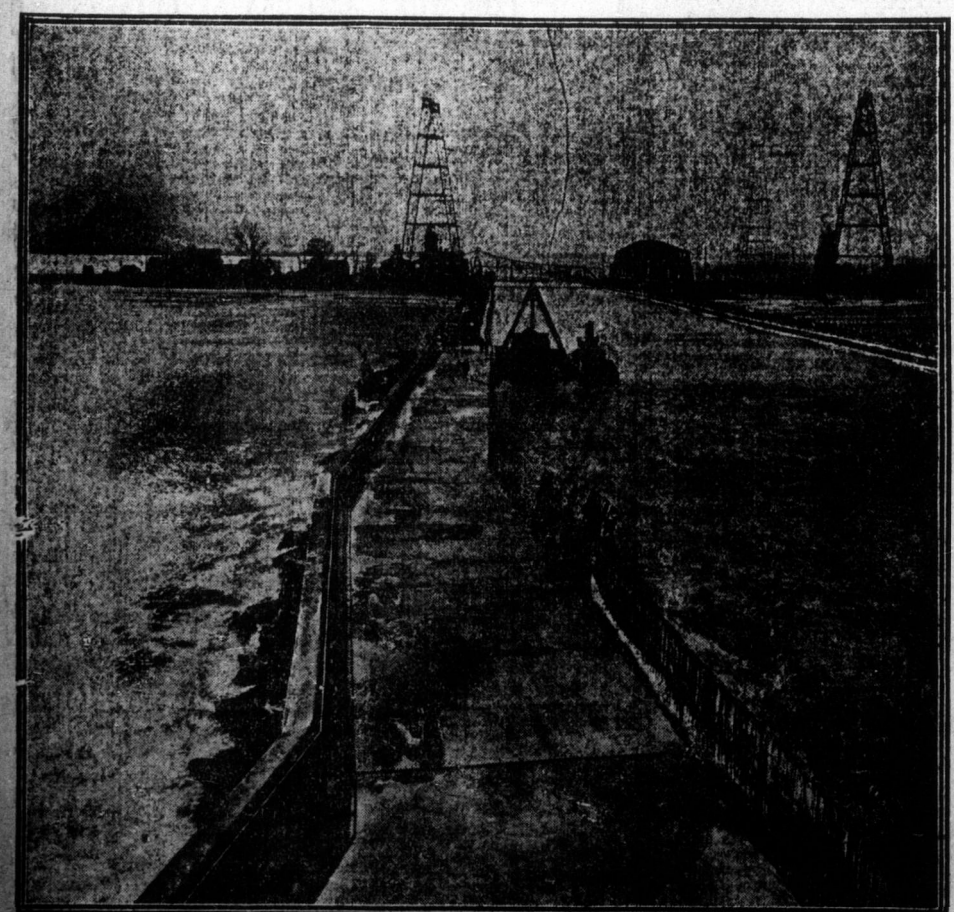
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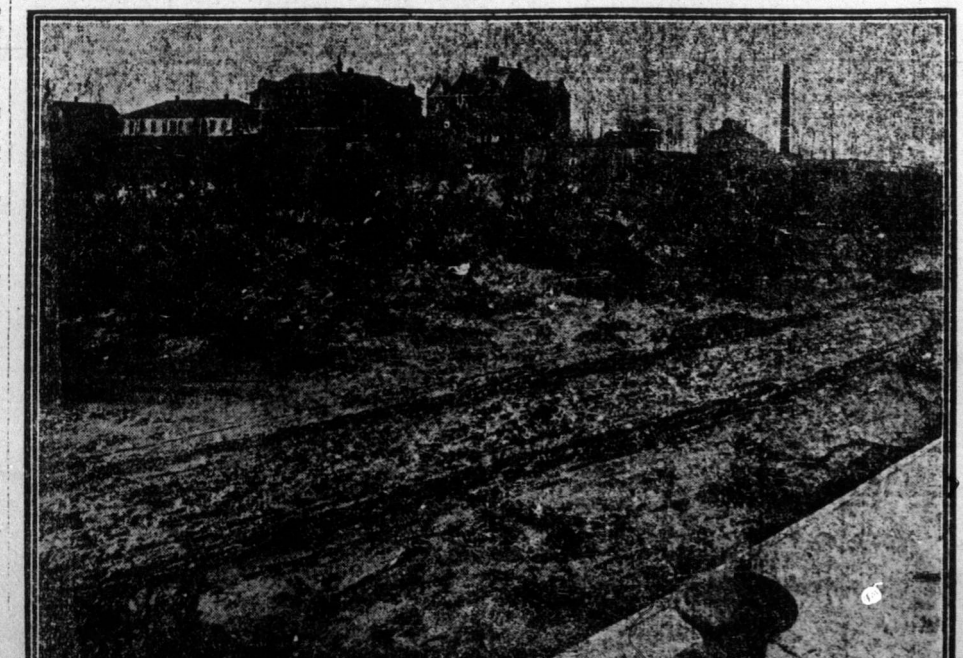
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"But if I write, will you come and spend to-morrow evening with me? Will



VIEW OF THE NEW PIER AT THE BEACH. Showing finished cement work and temporary cribbing.



VIEW OF NORTH END IMPROVEMENT WORK. Showing a bit of the revetment wall and filling behind where a disease-breeding swamp used to be. Home for Incurables, House of Refuge and old Power House in background.

THE CITY COUNCIL AND ITS WORK

BIG QUESTIONS HANDLED BY ALDERMEN THIS YEAR.

A Peep at Your Civic Representatives and Their Work.

Here are some of the big matters this year's council dealt with:
The Power Question—This was temporarily settled last month when the council voted to make a contract with the Hydro Commission for a supply of a thousand horse-power.

The Waterworks By-law—This provides for the metering of all large consumers and reduces the bath and closet rates, the first step in the direction of relief to the householder who pays the shot.

Civic Finances—Abolished overdrafts and saved the city many thousands of dollars by beginning the reorganization of civic departments.

Annexation—Annexed the large district east of Sherman avenue, putting an end to the constant friction between the city and Barton township over water and sewer connections.

Reorganization of Civic Departments—Began the work of shaking up civic departments and inaugurated a policy of economy, reducing the number of ward foremen and dispensing with the services of cement foremen.

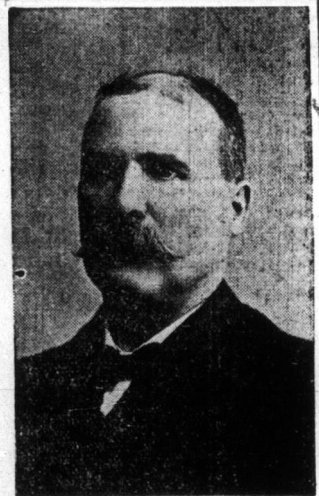
Street Railway Work—Ended the long drawn-out struggle with the Street Railway Company for an improved system, getting the company to lay new tracks on James and Barton streets, the first step in a complete new system.

New Road Work—In connection with the Street Railway Company's reconstruction the city laid new permanent pavements on Barton and James streets and fixed up side streets with the macadam off James and Barton streets.

License Reduction—The council reduced the number of licenses the License Commissioners are authorized to issue from 75 to 68.

Library Building—The council voted to retain the old Library building as a civic convention hall, the city paying the debentures and the Library Board the interest.

Coal Oil Inlet—The city has succeeded in getting a ruling from Hon. Frank Cochrane that the inlet water lots are Crown lands. This settles an old and very troublesome question.



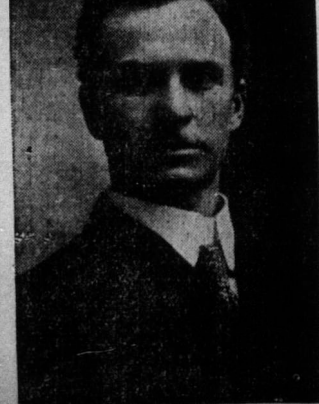
ALD. JOHN ALLAN.

The record of the Council of 1909 has been one of achievement, and one that should contain much of interest to the ratepayers who have been clamoring for a business administration of civic affairs.

This year's Council is a body that deserves to have its name inscribed on the roll of fame if for no other reason than the fact that it has managed to clear the year without an overdraft, a seemingly impossible feat for aldermanic boards that have held office for many years.

Without any display of fireworks and with fewer meetings than the Councils of the past two years have been in the habit of holding, the aldermen this year have cleared up a lot of important business, including many big questions that have dragged along for years.

As no less than eight members of the present Council are candidates for the Board of Control, while the balance will seek re-election as aldermen, a refer-



ALD. W. H. COOPER.

ence to their municipal experience, and their hobbies in the Council should of interest.

MAYOR McLAREN. A business man is Mayor McLaren, and a man of unwavering determination once he marks out his course. The influences that tried to make him wilt on the power question were not long in discovering that.

When he was elected last January by the largest majority Hamilton ever rolled up for a mayoralty candidate, the slogan he chose for his campaign was this:

"Administration of civic affairs is business, not politics."

His own election demonstrated what business methods accomplish. His private organization the Tories treated as a joke until the ballots were counted. Just how effective that organization was is shown by the fact that every polling sub-division, with one exception, gave him a majority. It was the hardest smash the "Tammany ring" in Hamilton ever got.

The minute he stepped into office, Mayor McLaren infused business methods into civic affairs. His first move was to sign the death warrant of "pull" which had always been a big factor in the municipal system under the old regime.

With the Council at his back he declared war against overdrafts and made good his promise that there would be no deficit at the end of 1909.

Working with a special committee he got the street railway tangle straightened out and re-construction work under way. This also resulted in the construction of permanent pavements on James and Barton streets. Next year the balance of the system will be re-built and new asphalt roads laid on the streets where the tracks are.

Years of warring under the old regime got the city nothing. Business methods practically got Hamilton a new street railway system in a few months.

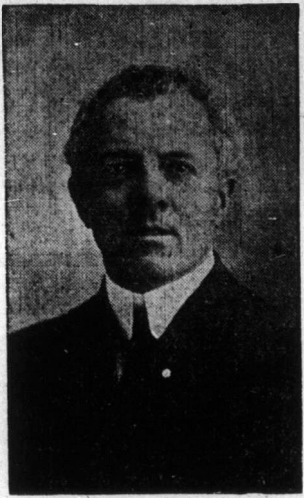
After fighting the Cataract Company at every turn for months, he jumped in at the opportune minute and made a bargain with the Cataract company, which even the Hydro aldermen in the Council admitted was the best proposition the city ever had placed before it. It guaranteed the city, small power users, large manufacturers and private house customers power at ten per cent. less than the Hydro-Electric no matter how low that figure might be. A campaign of misrepresentation based on prejudice defeated this by-law last June.

The Mayor took a prominent part in the great parks scheme. The result was that the Parks Board acquired property along the mountain brow and face which probably could not be purchased for four times the money to-day.

The annexation deal by which the city took in the district east of Sherman avenue to Ottawa street, is another bit of business to the credit of Mayor McLaren and this year's Council. In most of the previous annexation deals the city got the worst of it. When the annexation talk began this year Mayor McLaren declared himself opposed to concessions, and the Council backed him up. It was the best annexation deal the city has made yet, and as a result the corporation will save many thousands of dollars.

The improvement of the police force is another matter that his worship has very strongly agitated for, and doubtless next year more will be heard of it.

The rearrangement of civic departments so that the construction work may be done on a more economical basis is another improvement that the Mayor had the support of a large majority of the Council in. The first move made in this direction was to secure a new city engineer. The promised shake-up will take place just as soon as the new



ALD. CHAS. W. GARDNER.

Board of Control settles down to business.

Whether the Mayor has made good his promise to give Hamilton a business administration the electors can judge for themselves.

Certainly no man who has occupied the position of chief magistrate in recent years has spent more time on the

He has religiously followed that policy since.

Whenever there is a difference of opinion about questions his advice always is this, "Gentlemen, it's a business proposition. What would you do if it was your business?"

There is one thing that even the Mayor's enemies will give him credit for, and that is the firm hand he has maintained in upholding the dignity of the Council. When he stepped into office he announced that efforts to stampede the aldermen by demonstrations from the back benches would not be tolerated. Just to show that he meant what he said he had a small squad of uniformed police there the first night there was a possibility of an outbreak. He has never had occasion since to take that precaution.

A SILENT QUARTETTE.

Aldermen Applegath, Ryan, Gardner and Guy are the "silent men" of the Council. None of them has ever been known to make a speech of any length in the Council chamber. Once Ald. Ryan created a stir by charging that the Board of Works discriminated politically in engaging teams. This quartette seem content to listen attentively to the discussion and let their votes do the talking.

Ald. Ryan believes in persevering. He had more than one shy at the aldermanic game before he was elected. Ward 6 returned him last year. He just nosed out ex-Ald. Howard. He will be a candidate again this year.

This is Ald. Applegath's first year in municipal life. The Tory machine backed him last year, and Ward 3 elected him. He will trust himself to the tender mercies of the electors of the same ward again.

From Ward 1 comes Ald. Guy. This is his second year in the Council. Although Ald. Guy never has much to say at Council or committee meetings he is a good worker. As Chairman of the Harbor Committee this year he has done a lot of valuable work. He is particularly interested at present in seeing the filling in of the reclamation wall completed and a new slip built.

CHARLIE'S A HUSTLER.

Ald. Gardner will be an odd-on favorite

A GRIST OF IMPORTANT BUSINESS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Big Schemes That Will Engage The Attention of 1910 Council.

Here are some of the big matters that next year's council will tackle:

The Union Station—It is expected that the scheme for the big union station, which took definite shape this year when the T. H. & B. bought up property for the site, will be in shape to proceed with. The question of subways for James and John streets and the closing of Hughson street will be interesting features.

Reorganization of Civic Departments—City Engineer Macallum, since last May, has been quietly working on a scheme for the reorganization of civic departments, which will include the amalgamation of a number of them. He will make a number of important recommendations to the new Board of Control.

License Reduction—This is problematical. It depends on the success of the temperance people in the election a majority of reduction candidates to the council. The plan is to reduce the number of licenses to 50.

Street Railway Work—The company has promised to lay new rails on practically the balance of the system, with the exception of the line from Sherman avenue to the Jockey Club on Barton street.

New Road Work—Permanent pavements will be constructed on all the streets where new tracks are laid. It is estimated that this work will cost about \$200,000.

Work in the Annex—The engineer's department is mapping out a comprehensive plan for sewerage and water systems in the annex.

New Appointments—The council will probably be called upon to deal with the question of appointing a purchasing agent, a plumbing inspector, a new assessor and two more health inspectors.

The Power Question—This matter, which was temporarily settled last month is sure to bob up again late next year. The question then will be whether the city will continue taking a thousand horsepower or go in for the whole scheme.

Street Railway Extensions—Providing the plan for re-building the present system goes through without a hitch next year's council will be called upon in the fall of 1910 to take up with the company the question of street railway extensions in 1911.

New Erie-Ontario Canal—It would be a great boon for Hamilton if the Dominion Government could be induced to build it on the route the city proposes. It will be for next year's council to look after the matter.

The aldermen and controllers will have a big programme of important business to handle next year. The controllers, who will be paid salaries of \$1,200 a year, will probably have to bear the brunt of it, for the new system of administering civic affairs promises to lighten the committee work considerably.

The number of committees have been reduced; the fact that the Board of Control will be responsible for all expenditure and carrying into effect work sanctioned by the Council dispensing with the necessity of as many committees as previously.

Everyone admits that the success of the new system depends solely on the type of men who are elected to the Board of Control. If a poor class of men are elected the controller experiment is likely to prove very costly for the city. The fact that there will be four controllers, and twenty-one aldermen promises to prove very cumbersome. It is expected that the people in January will vote to reduce the number of aldermen from each ward to two.

LICENSE REDUCTION.

Will the temperance element in next year's Council be strong enough to limit the number of liquor licenses in Hamilton from 68 to 50? The present by-law allows the former number, but before annexation brought in the two race track hotels, there were only 65 licensed places. Undoubtedly the reduction question will be the first important matter the new Council will be called upon to deal with, although it depends entirely on the success of the Citizens' Campaign Committee as to what motion will be made before the Council. If the temperance people have a safe majority they will demand that eighteen licenses be cut off. If they succeed in electing a number of aldermen they will demand in any event a division on the question. The temperance leaders are quite satisfied, however, that they will have no difficulty in capturing the Council. They point out that they are much better organized than they were a year ago, and the fact that they met with such success there will gather many votes for them this year.

Although the Council has power to cut down the number of licenses, it is up to the License Commissioners to name the hotels that shall be put out of business.

This year the temperance ticket will be represented in every ward. Last year it was not, or the officers of the campaign committee say, they would have had a sure majority in the Council.

REORGANIZATION.

Another question that will come up early in the year will be that of reorganization. City Engineer Macallum since he has been on the job this year has been carefully figuring out a plan, and he makes no secret of the fact that he will make a number of important recommendations to the new Board of Control. It will provide for the carrying out of all construction work under one department, and will endeavor to avoid overlapping at present. It is believed that under the new system a great deal of trouble that has been caused by tearing up newly paved streets to install water or sewer pipes will be avoided.

NEW OFFICIALS.

This year there is all kinds of talk of new officials to be appointed. Probably by the time the Board of Control and Council are ready to act, the aldermen and controllers' enthusiasm in this respect will have cooled. About the most



ALD. GEO. H. LEES.

important position, if it is created, is that of purchasing agent. It is believed that a big saving could be made if a purchasing agent was employed to buy all city stores and to carefully cheque them up as they come in and go out. The Mayor and the City Engineer admit that a purchasing agent might be a very useful official if the right man could be secured, but they point out that it is a job that demands a thoroughly qualified man. It is a question the new Council will settle.

The Board of Health says it must have two new inspectors. The Board of Control will recommend the men and the Council will appoint them. There are about a score of applications for the position already.

There will have to be at least one new assessor. The department has long been overtaxed with work, and the addition of the new annex district makes it absolutely necessary that a new man shall be appointed, the first thing next year.

(Continued on page 16.)



JOHN I. McLAREN, Mayor

of office. The Mayor seldom misses a committee meeting, and is generally always found at the sessions of the independent boards of which he is a member ex-officio.

When he first entered the Council three years ago, a candidate of the Board of Trade, he evinced the keenest desire to get a thorough grasp of every question with which the Council dealt.

in the Board of Control race. He plunged into the municipal whirl in 1907, making a phenomenal run for a new man. Last year he headed the poll under the election at large system, and this year was top man in Ward 5.

After serving in the ranks for two years and getting an insight into things Ald. Gardner took hold of the Markets Committee this year, a body which conducts its business with commendable despatch, and which has something to show for the money it has spent.

Although Ald. Gardner does little talking, he is a hustler. The City Hall officials say that more work has been done around that building since he became Chairman than was done for many years previously. Many of the offices have been improved, new desks purchased, the interior of the building touched up, and, last, but not least, the windows are always shining. The police stations, weigh scales and markets have all been repaired and improved.

Ald. Gardner's pet hobby since he entered the Council has been to get better and increased cell accommodation at No. 3 Station. He kept hammering away at this until the committee this year decided to submit a \$50,000 by-law in January.

STICKLER FOR DETAIL.

Ald. Lees, another aspirant for the Board of Control, has had wide experience in municipal affairs. Years ago he served as an alderman, and returned to the Council in 1907 as one of the three Board of Trade candidates. As a temperance candidate he went down to defeat in 1908, and with the same backing was returned this year. He is a keen business man, his knowledge of financial matters making him a valuable man on the Finance Committee.

Above all things he is a stickler for

run on that ticket for the Board of Control.

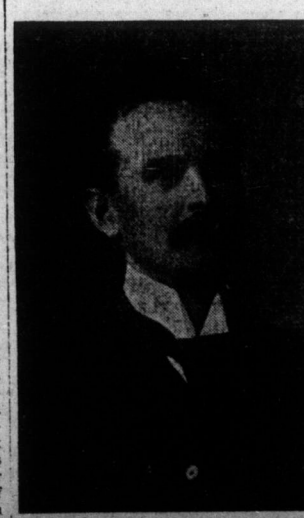
CLARK AND SWEENEY.

Ald. Clark and Sweeney, who came up smiling this year after rebuffing the concentrated attack made on them by the Hydro clique, are seasoned campaigners. Both have had several years of municipal experience. Ward 4 returned Ald. Clark this year, while Ald. Sweeney represents Ward 5.

(Continued on page 16.)



ALD. A. J. WRIGHT.



ALD. HUGH SWEENEY.

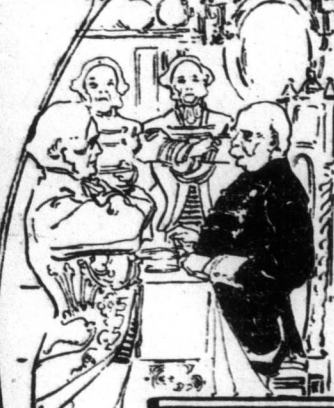
The Intricate Task of Feeding an Emperor



Where all Hands are Tasted to Prevent Poisoning



The Ordinary Kitchen in Emperor Francis Joseph's Palace



A Kitchen Just to Make Ice Creams and Sherbets



Eight Employees Necessary to Bake the Court Cakes



The Great Kitchen for Festival Occasions

From the days of Maria Theresa, whose splendid entertainments amazed the courts of Europe, the imperial kitchens of Vienna have been regarded as holding first place among their kind.

The capacity of this culinary plant—over several plants, as there is one connected with each imperial palace—may be judged from the fact that one kitchen, recently abandoned and converted into a riding school, contained copper ware alone that weighed nearly a ton.

Until recently at state dinners and court balls a large detachment of soldiers would carry the courses of the meal, in specially made vessels, from the kitchen to the door of the dining hall.

Such service is no longer necessary, as the new kitchens are located immediately beneath the state dining rooms. A system of electric elevators transfers food and plate more speedily and with greater satisfaction than would be possible by hand.

Most interesting, perhaps, of the new culinary arrangements is the mundliche, or tasting kitchen, as it might be called; which is directly beneath the Emperor's private dining room.

Here the meals for the private family—in fact, all of gatherings of fewer than thirty persons—are prepared. The cook in this division are supposed to be especially acquainted with the imperial tastes.

A FOOD CENSOR.

Before each meal is served, a high official of the household enters the kitchen and carefully tastes every dish. This is intended, not only to guard against attempts of poisoning, but to insure palatable preparation of the food.

It is well known that the aged Emperor pays little attention to table joys. His tastes are simple. A strong soup, a juicy bit of beef, with a few ordinary vegetables and a glass of beer constitute his usual dinner. It is not uncommon for him to scarcely touch anything, ordering the table cleared almost as soon as the meal is served.

To this private kitchen is attached the pastry department and the department in which ice cream and sherbets are made. When the Emperor's daughter-in-law, widow of the late Crown Prince, and her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, made their homes at the palace, dainties from these departments were in demand every day, but of late the pastry and confection makers have not been kept busy, except upon special occasions.

The other important apartments are the ordinary palace kitchen, where meals are prepared for the general household outside the imperial family, and the great plant needed to provide refreshments upon festival occasions, great banquets and balls, so frequent at the Austrian court.

At a court dinner from 200 to 400 guests may be present, at the palace balls supper is often served to 2000. So well ordered is the service, however, that a meal of almost any size can be served at comparatively short notice.

In the roast room of the great festival kitchen the ancient spit is still employed. There are six systems of ovens. Four ovens occupy part of the pastry room, in one section of which eight experts do nothing but make cake.

Here, too, is what is termed the old kitchen, the principal function of which is to prepare the refreshing consommé served in the morning hours of formal balls.

Being made from beef, veal, mutton, hare, chicken, quail and vegetables, and requiring at least eight hours for its preparation, the extent of the kitchen outfit devoted to this soup alone is apparent.

When the late Emperor and personal charge of domestic affairs the candy kitchen was an important adjunct to the culinary industry at the palace; but of late not so much attention has been paid to it, although the confections and set pieces manufactured there are still wonders of art in their way.

These immense kitchens, with their corps of chefs, cooks and helpers, entail only a part of the cares that rest upon the shoulders of the master of the household—usually an official of rank who is related to the imperial family.

There are great storerooms, vaults for wines, linen lockers and strong rooms for the valuable china, silver and gold ware, all of which must be carefully looked after.

One large room is set apart for the

storage of the imperial silver, which is infinite in variety and incalculable in value. Another apartment holds the big collection of rare and valuable porcelain and the imperial service of solid gold.

This gold service is among the most beautiful and elaborate ever designed. It is used only when foreign visitors of royal or princely rank are the guests of the Emperor.

Originally it was intended to meet the needs of only eighty diners, but a few years ago a hundred additional gold plates were added. As each plate weighs something over two pounds, the value of the gorgeous service may be imagined.

Not an item of food from the imperial table is taken back to the kitchen or the storerooms. Whatever is left becomes the property of the servants. Very often entire dishes are removed untouched, bottles of wine are taken away uncorked. In this way the butlers and waiters not only fare as sumptuously as royalty, but their families also flourish on a princely food.

One of the most exclusive regal establishments in Europe is that of the Grand Duke of Baden, at Carlsruhe, Germany. The Grand Duchess was a sister of the present Emperor's grand father, and her methods of management are followed to a great extent at the courts of both Berlin and Vienna.

In this kitchen, in addition to the chefs and cooks, there are always four or six apprentices, whose term of service is four years. There are always plenty of volunteers for this service from members of the highly respectable families. Although no wage is paid them, the prestige derived is so great as to be eagerly sought, as it insures profitable employment almost anywhere, especially in the big restaurants and hotels of the cities.

The lives of employees in the royal kitchen are exceedingly pleasant. Each gets his bottle of wine and his beer at every meal, and is otherwise treated with great consideration. When the family is staying at one of its summer homes in the country, the servants are permitted to fish in the preserves and to enjoy many other liberties.

Even the unstarved apprentices fare pretty well in a financial way, as

nearly all visitors give liberal tips. Such tips are deposited with a trusted official of the household, and at the end of the year the total sum is divided among the employees. One visitor to the palace of the Grand Duke of Baden gave \$1200 to this fund.

Each afternoon the chief steward confers with the official in charge of the household, and the menus for the next day's meals are made up. Early the next morning the steward gives this to the chef who is on duty for the day, and he at once makes his requisitions for supplies.

Only one hour a day is the store-room kept open, so that should the chef neglect or forget to provide himself with everything needed during that time, he must supply the deficiency from his own pocket.

It is the duty of the chef to see that all required dishes are properly prepared; and that suitable wines are sent in with the courses. There is a master of the wine cellar and ten assistants. These men do nothing but buy wine, bottle, label, age and serve on demand.

While the members of a royal family may be few in number, there are always a great many others who receive their meals in the palace.

In the palace of the Grand Duke of Baden, for instance, approximately 200 persons are fed every day. In addition, there are more than forty employed about the stables and grounds who live in their own cottages.

This grand local establishment is no means as large as that maintained by either the Emperor or the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Similar dining-room arrangements are maintained by the Grand Duke of Austria and the Grand Duke of Baden. The tables of both are served by men who have long worn the palace livery and have learned discretion.

Nearly every royal palace is under the care of a master of the house, whose title varies at different places. He has the supervision of all the servants and of every detail of household economy.

If a carriage is to be sent for a visitor, he attends to it; should the gardens need special attention, he gives the proper direction. When there is to be a great entertainment or state function, he sees to the decorations and arrangements. He is a man of importance in the household and not infrequently the bearer of a title.

THE WAY SHERRY WINE IS MADE.

Few of those who delight in the mellow flavor and the stimulating warmth of sherry wine know how the product is prepared on the sunny, vine-clad hills of Spain.

Between the middle of September and the last of October the sherry vintage occurs. The grapes are cut and left in the sun for two or three days, being covered at night to protect them from the dew.

All the bunches are gone over and carefully sorted; the good grapes being tossed into large, square wooden troughs, where men, bare legged, and wearing heavy shoes, with projecting iron nails, tramp them out.

Into an adjoining vat the liquid runs, while the residue of skins, stems and pips is put into another trough, and, after water is added, the mass is crushed with a wooden press. The pulp is used for fertilizer and to feed hogs.

The liquid obtained is run into butts and barrels, which are then stored away in cellars. Each barrel has a tin funnel inserted in the bung-hole to permit circulation of air. In each barrel a vacuum taking the space of about four gallons of fluid must be left in order to allow the wine to ferment without overflowing.

After the fermenting period of about two months, the clear liquid is transferred to other barrels, carefully, so as not to disturb the sediment at the bottom. The barrels for the ultimate reception of the wine must be of white oak, perfectly clean and smoked with sulphur to prevent dampness. The barrels are then stored and carefully classified by experts and a name given to the wine in the different butts.

Different kind of wines are obtained from the same grapes, grown in the same vineyard. Some of the wines are so bad that they are sold as vinegar or burned as alcohol.

Alcohol of 95 degrees must be mixed with wine, at the rate of twelve pints to eighty-five gallons for each degree of strength required.

WHERE GANGS OF WOMEN TILL the FIELD.



Big Gangs Work Under the Direction of a Gang Master

In certain parts of Eastern England women and girls perform nearly all of the field labor. In sections of Norfolk, Cambridge and Lincoln counties particularly—vast stretches of reclaimed marshland—such gangs may be seen hard at work every day.

It is generally accepted there that a girl must enter a field gang as soon as she leaves school. Indeed, she is reared to regard such labor as her ultimate goal, and rarely thinks of qualifying herself for domestic service.

While still an infant the average "fen" girl is drawn to the field in her perambulator and left to sleep in a shady corner while her mother works. As soon as she is able physically and has passed a certain period in school, she hires herself to a gangmaster. For a greater part of each year after that she toils eight hours a day. Even marriage oftentimes does not interrupt this hopeless routine.



Little Girl of Eight Plodding in the Field

So common has become the practice of women working in the fields that the English Parliament, a number of years ago, felt compelled to devise legislation regulating it.

Each group of workers, or gang, is now in charge of a duly licensed gangmaster. He cannot employ any child under the age of 8 years; women must not be employed in the same gang with men.

The fact that such regulations are on the English statute books indicates how general the custom is there.

It has been continually inveighed against, has been accused of destroying both the domesticity and the morals of village life; and yet gangs of women workers are seen as frequently now as before.

Many of the married women go into the fields only at the busiest seasons. Most of the gangs are composed of girls between 13 and 18 years of age.

This is one of the evils of the system, as girls who toil in such gangs usually become coarse in thought and speech.

Sometimes ago the wife of a gangmaster discussed the future of her daughter, who was about to leave school.

"She shall never do a day's work on the land," the mother declared. "I'll get her a nice servant's even if she does lose a penny there."



After the Days Work She Prepares the Family Dinner

EVILS ARE APPARENT.

"But," it was remarked, "your husband is the gangmaster."

"Yes," was the reply, "that's just it. He says he has heard more wickedness during the two years he has had the gang than in all his life before. Many a time he has declared that no daughter of his should go to work upon the land."

It is a peculiar system that fosters the employment of women in agriculture. When a farmer desires to have a certain piece of land worked, he makes a contract with an agricultural gangmaster. The latter brings his laborers, performs the work, and is paid a stipulated sum.

The gangmaster alone appoints the tasks, oversees them, and pays his laborers.

As an instance of the cost of such work, it is stated that one landowner in Cambridgeshire paid a gangmaster \$4.50 an acre to clear his ground of carrot. Each girl received 50 cents a day. It is sometimes the case that girls receive from 60 to 75 cents a day.

Out of such wages they must board and clothe themselves. If they live at home they are expected to contribute to the family revenue.

In many districts it is customary for women and girls to supplement the regular tilling of crops by work on fruit farms. During the strawberry and other small fruit seasons nearly the entire female population of a community is busy before the sun is up.

During the summer it is customary for a woman to lock up her house at half-past five in the morning and remain in the fields until evening. During that time her small children are practically homeless when not at school.

Naturally, disorder, uncleanness and household neglect result. At night the mother returns, too weary to do more than prepare a hasty meal for the little ones. House cleaning and laundry work are postponed until a rainy day precludes labor in the field.

Children more than 28 years of age may be employed in the gangs. Usually they work through the

summer and fall, and return to school. In December, by which time, probably, they have forgotten about all they had learned the previous winter.

STAGNANT MENTALLY.

In this dreary round their mental stagnation becomes pitiful. They grow to be literally "of the earth, earthy."

Reading little, they take scarcely any interest in topics that reach beyond the fields with which they are familiar.

Early marriages are common among such girls. Usually they take their home or in her neighborhood.

Reading little, they take scarcely any interest in topics that reach beyond the fields with which they are familiar.

When employed in the fields, women wear a loose dress, thick shoes, a large cotton bonnet and a stout apron, tied so as to prevent it from flapping in the wind.

While the sight is always pathetic to the eyes of one taught to reverence womanhood, there is also a certain picturesqueness in a long line of feminine workers, moving slowly and precisely across the fields, plowing hoe or fork in rhythmic unison.

AFTER THE STORM.

"A canopy had been adjusted to a church in a small town," related the swain man, "and everything, so far as we were concerned, was in readiness for the evening wedding ceremony."

In the afternoon a severe wind-storm came up and threw the long stretch of canvas out of alignment. Sooner a young man approached and ardently applied himself to the work of readjustment.

"He needed assistance, and the first pedestrian who came along was easily impressed into service."

"Here's a dollar for your trouble," said the man generously, "as he attempted to press a coin into the other's hand."

"It is you who should be paid for your unsolicited service," interposed the assistant as he returned the money. "A pastor of this church, I am very grateful to you."

"As the bridegroom-to-be in the case," laughed the young man, graciously, "I'll make it all right with you later."

They would add more to the family revenue. One would imagine that so much fresh air and active exercise would result in healthy, rosy-cheeked, bright eyed workers.

It has been found, however, that such labor usually induces anaemia. The damp soil that saturates shoes and stockings, and unsatisfactory meals, hastily eaten undermine the constitutions of the girls.

One nearly always finds the girl pale, heavy-eyed and sullen. She may be muscular, but not physically strong.

When employed in the fields, women wear a loose dress, thick shoes, a large cotton bonnet and a stout apron, tied so as to prevent it from flapping in the wind.

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lined with white satin and was to be worn over any sort of thin white skirt, or with one of black mousseline de soie mounted over white. A little lace-trimmed blouse or gaiter was to be worn under it. I thought it a comfortable and chic little toilette for tea or some dinner. I see most of the well-known people in Paris wearing quite short coats this year, with rounded fronts, or else Russian coats, short and belted, with the material. The long coats are reserved for furry garments, evening coats, or what may be called "opera" coats. By the way Sadow has invented a new corset which is having a distinct success, especially with the ladies of the stage, who are persuaded it gives them an extra touch of willowiness and grace. I am told it is the one thing needed in the corset line, hygienic, comfortable and becoming. Those who are stout find it makes their figures more shapeless, and those who are thin find it gives roundness and grace of line and curve. So, what more can Eve's daughters ask, except to copy their ancestors and wear none at all! There are some new hat pins "for the safety of the public," which should be made general, for they have protected points, with pretty little covers in the shape of acorns, cockle-shells, flowers, birds, butterflies, and even little teddy bears. Another novelty to be seen in the Paris shops is the tea-cozy made with dolls' heads and bodies down the waist, like the pincushions you sometimes see. These tea-cozies are lovely, the dolls are in Saxe, or Sevres china, very fine and exquisitely tinted, and they are dressed in second empire flounced and festooned and crinolined skirts, which are set out and wadded and all stitched and made to keep the tepid warm. I saw some dressed in apple-green brocade and in rose du Barry, canary, Sevres blue, etc. the low-pointed bodies had jewelled and GALOONED STOMACHERS,

with tiny scraps of real lace and really the little ladies looked most charming to have as a quiet companion at the table. In the way of Christmas literature I invested in a charming present for the young mother of a family, who has a nestful of cherubs. It is Hilda McFall's "Beautiful Children immortalized by the Masters." A really delicious collection of pictures of children from those of the Bible down to Sargent's "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose." The letter press is bright, in the style of McFall's fascinating little pen-sketch of Whistler. There are little sketches in sympathetic language of the artists, whose works are beautifully reproduced, giving an insight into their lives and characters which is most interesting. I recommend the book to all lovers of children and art. Those who are interested in Maria Edgeworth and her Circle, and Jane Austen and hers, should get the two delightful books about them by Constance Hill. They make good winter reading, and are so refreshing, quaint and "old world" in all they tell of the dear old days of those English worthies. They are published by John Lane in such pretty editions. For stories to tell in "the children's hour," let me recommend a little volume containing fifty odd stories called "In the Children's Garden," by Lily Schofield, just the thing for a home kindergarten. I must also mention a gentleman doing their Christmas shopping and ordering their season's garments now, for they say they expect presently to be so busy canvassing for their husbands and other relatives, that they will have no time to think of themselves. Besides, they want the loveliest clothes they can find to make a good impression in constitution and extra credit. The streets are full, and so are the hotels and tea saloons. I have met one or two English women in real coal-steel bonnets, but I do not see the French taking to them. I thought one pretty woman quite a picture in a long terra cotta coat, with a bonnet in a pale tone, tied under the chin and having a pipet of shadoli tips sticking up in it, but it took courage to do it, and in Paris.

At present nothing is so fashionable in the way of veils as those in Chantilly lace, black or colored, with large patterns on various sorts of fancy meshes. They are worn stretched over the face, and are quite becoming, if a little like the small masks one associates with fancy dress. It is quite an art to arrange them so as not to have a bit of pattern tipping the nose, or blocking out one eye. That is, to leave blank spaces to show the features. Few white lace veils are seen now. A young bride of my acquaintance appeared one evening lately in a charming tea gown of white gauze, mounted over satin and worked in a large pattern of raised chrysanthemums in various shades of white and ivory chenille and thick silk. The work shone as if in silver, and the edges of the fairy frock were trimmed with white marabout. There were long hanging sleeves, caught up at the inner arm with passementerie, and the same fastened the loose garment at the throat. She had another dragonfly-blue gauze gown, with iridescent embroidery and fringe, like the little Fiji shells you see at Liberty's, and with this she wore a ribbon in metallic tissue, the same shade round her head. But I must not wander any longer in Fashionland, for you will be too busy preparing for Christmas to read me. So this will go, with a host of good wishes to the readers of the Times from their faithful

NEWEST UMBRELLAS

have very long slender handles, some in dark shades to match the dress, the handles in stone or enamel with little gold designs running up them are the most chic. The newest fans are tiny articles with a motto or sonnet on them. They are quite plain with cedar or violet wood sticks, and are either in empire green silk, ivory parchment, or even white paper. A phrase or sentence is lightly embroidered, or traced on them in Indian ink. I saw one on which Rostand had written some charming verses from "La Princesse Lointaine," and another belonging to a comtesse who has heaps of literary and artistic friends, was simply scrawled over with famous signatures and words of sentiment. Old valuable fans are for the shop cases or windows, I see many wearing the little old-fashioned crosses you may still pick up in Normandy and in curio shops, hanging from old platinum chains. They seem to be liked better than more fanciful pendants, and they are to be a popular New Year's present. The new style of hairdressing may not require the services of three slaves at a time as in the old Roman days, but all the help of postiches is difficult to arrive at the correct effect, there are plenty of pretty combs and pins and prongs to keep the turban twists in place, but there must be a well arranged foundation upon which to fix the "turban" of hair. It is a pretty "young looking" coiffure when well done, and funny enough suits English and French faces equally well, a style which is not found once in a blue moon. There is a great rage for short skirts, and I have seen some regular evening dresses with no trains whatever; tunics are very general, short or long, straight all round, or in fanciful evolutions and curves. Some of the new cuirass bodices are really like short tunics, they however demand a slim and well made figure to show them off, and should be in rich material, or much ornamented. An original idea which I saw at a "great" house was to have velvet skirts banded with a wide piece of black cloth, I noted this on blue, that new rich raven's wing blue called "corbeau," which is all the rage, and it looked very effective.

TO WEAR AS A TEAGOWN

I saw a charming black thick ottoman silk coat made loose rather like a Louis XV. persane; the half length basque was cutaway in front and swallow-tailed at the back; the sleeves were somewhat Japaneseque and slit up almost all the way from elbow to shoulder to show the inner arm; the whole garment was

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WRITE FOR SAMPLE BOOKS.

Leaves From Chanteclair's Paris Note-Book

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

Can twelve months have flown away since we welcomed Christmas day? Christmas cards in countless hosts flocking in by all the posts, Christmas berries, white and red, wreathing rafters overhead. Christmas ghosts in Christmas numbers, haunting our uneasy slumbers. Christmas turkeys, puddings, pies, geese of alderman size. Christmas chilblains on our toes, Christmas joys and Christmas woes, seem to shout with might and main, "Hullo! here we are again!"

Yes; there is a distinct feeling of Christmas in the Paris air, for which the shops are perhaps more responsible than the weather, though the touches of snow and ice in the streets are another reminder, dirty snow and ice, not like you have in beautiful Canada at this festive season, or that you ought to have if you live up to your reputation! Wherever your eyes turn in "gay Paris" you see signs of Christmas, all the shops are full of gifts, useful and useless, but all novel and tempting. Of course the Jour de l'An is our great day over here, but everything is now being prepared to welcome the new baby, 1910, so it comes to much the same thing. Just now it is another infant we are in the midst of welcoming, for really King Manuel is a mere boy, and such a charming boy! He is like a schoolboy home for the holidays: like Kipling's hero he may say when he gets home, "I've taken my fun where I've found it," and in England he enjoyed everything to the full, whether it was a question of ceremony, or of "fooling" the public, and running around incognito in a common taxi, shopping and having a good time. I am told that his boyish admiration for Queen Alexandra was undisguised. He preferred her company to that of all the other ladies, young and lovely, whom he met, and kissed her in public on the smallest pretense, to her evident amusement. There has been great talk about his coming over to choose a Queen Consort, and of course Princess Alexandra of Hesse, as she seems now to be called, was hit upon, chiefly because she was of a suitable age. As a matter of fact, the princess royal and the Queen of Portugal have always been fast friends, so that is something in favor of the alliance, and another advantage is that Lady Alexandra Duff is remarkably like Queen Alexandra in appearance—tall, slight, with the same sweet serious eyes and sympathetic smile. So—the beautiful granddaughter of a still more beautiful grandmother—to alter the generation of the proverb, may likely be chosen to grace the throne of Portugal; it is quite complimentary to "us" to see how many foreign potentates of this age have preferred English princesses to any other nationality. Of course it does not surprise us!

Great birthday gatherings are taking place at Sandringham this month, where little Prince Olaf, of Norway, is making himself quite at home; he is a regular "hardy Norseman," and such a plucky mite, always ready to do the same things as his elder cousins; he is a great pet with his grandparents, and looked charming and elf-like when I last saw him in a bright scarlet get-up, smiling and bowing to everyone who seemed friendly. We are feeling sorry for the poor Queen of Spain, who has come over at the urgent begging of her young brother Leopold, who is seriously ill; he has never been strong, and an attack of grippe has had dire consequences. I have heard of him from friends who have seen a god deal of him in Egypt, where he has had to winter each year, and all say that he is a most charming, plucky little

THE LITTLE FELLOW

greatly enjoyed some races they had with the English and American men who were in the hotel. Paris is very gay at present with all sorts of interesting visitors. There is Sir Ernest Shackleton, over whom a great fuss has been made. There is no shadow of doubt as to his reputation as a trustworthy Pole-seeker, and he has such a genial, humorous manner, with a great gift for saying the right thing at the right moment, that he has won great laurels among the French. Numa Bey is quite another story. He may almost be called a Parisian, for he dresses and behaves like one. I was amused at his appearing on the Grand Boulevards with a most chic little cane which had a small crab in old silver crawling up it, and a few days later its duplicate appeared in a shop window labelled "the Numa Bey walking-stick. No doubt, the fair Parisiennes will invest in it for their walks abroad!" At the theatres there are some delightful new pieces, a Greek comedy at Comte Laparcerie's "house" being a series of the most perfect classic tableaux imaginable; the diaphanous dresses are daring, but so absolutely artistic, and the scenery most pictorial. Then, almost as fine in scenic effects is the "Maison des Dansees," with the marvelous color and the weird, wild life of Spain; Polaire is the moving spirit of the dance, and is absolutely fascinating, whilst some quite new Parisian toilettes are displayed by a visitor from Paris who returns to her old haunts in Madrid and finds herself, as a Paris star, fêted and flattered to her heart's content. In "La Petite Choumignotte," with Martine Regnier as leading lady, there are some charming dresses, the one I loved most was in raspberry red voile with silk embroidery, and little turned-down muslin embroidered collar and cuffs, one of the latest fashions for those whose necks are soft and white enough to suit it, with this she wears a grey tulle toque with some silver embroidery, and one soft, great rose with leaves, the finishing touch being the dainty grey shoes and stockings recalling the hat. Then she wears a dress of pink silk voile, entirely pleated, and encrusted with lace worked in pink silk and tiny steel beads. It was a pretty idea for any girl, I thought. There were

PRETTY DRESSES

in the audience, too. I admired a bride near me in a quaint dress of black mousseline de soie with a bodice of real white lace veiled in black. A wide rose satin corselet belt embroidered in silver gave the gay little note it needed, and in the pretty chestnut hair was a braid of skunk with some upreared agate's in the tone of the fur. She was delicious in her wrap of black frisson velvet, edged with skunk, and lined with rose satin all puffed at the edges. A couple of pretty Americans at the theatre were attracting a good deal of notice, and did not seem to object to being stared at; one was in very bright, rich red satin and chiffon, with a coat to match lined with sable; as she was in a box, she kept on her hat of black fine Chantilly lace with silverettes, the last evening soft, pretty shadows on her face. She was like a picture of the Early Victorian school. Her companion was in black chiffon with little sleeves and low yoke of dull gold lace, the lace veiled in chiffon. Then her hat was chic to a degree, silky, long-haired black felt, edged round the uneven brim with a little roll of skunk, and in one of the curves, over her left eyebrow, nestled a large, old-gold dahlia. There is

THE COLORS OF FLOWERS.

How They Alter by Cultivation—Some Familiar Instances.

In general all the flowers of the same species in the wild state have the same color. For example, all plants of crowfoot or buttercup and dandelion have yellow flowers. In a few species different colors are found. For example, the flowers of the milkwort may be blue, violet, red or white. Much greater variation is shown by cultivated plants. In these the variation of color of the flowers appeared long ago, but in recent years many new colors have been produced which had either not hitherto been observed or which if they did appear occasionally were not selected for preservation and development. The floriculturists of the present day, says the Luschuska, carefully observe and endeavor to fix every new shade, even if it is not particularly beautiful, for the desideratum is novelty, and there is no telling what will please popular taste. A species of primrose in the wild state always has lemon yellow flowers, which vary only slightly in tint. Cultivation has produced both lighter and darker shades, but until recently no color but yellow. Hence it was the more surprising when, a few years ago, a pure blue variety was produced, which has since retained its general color, but has developed all shades, from the palest sky blue to the deep blue of the cornflower. The Chinese primrose, when cultivated in the garden, bore until recently only red and white flowers. In this species also other colors have lately been produced, not only violet, but also blue, though not so pure a blue as that of the species first mentioned. Another example is offered by the gladiolus, which formerly bore only white and red flowers, but has recently developed a blue flowering variety. A case of a somewhat different character is presented by the asters, which have long shown a great variety of colors, but in which recently a great many new shades have been produced, including some which would not at one time have been considered beautiful; for example, copper color. Very numerous, on the other hand, are the species which have long shown great variation in color and have recently developed many new shades, with the exception of blue. Especially conspicuous is the dahlia, which is now found in every color except blue, although many propagators are making earnest efforts to produce a blue dahlia, which would bring great profit to its originator. A blue carnation would be equally valuable, but it has not yet been produced, although the colors of carnations have lately been enriched by many new shades. The new varieties of canna also show great diversity of color, including almost pure white and a beautiful light pink, but a blue canna has not yet appeared. In the begonia not only blue is lacking, but also shades of red and violet. Finally we may mention the variety of poppy called the Shirley, which is greatly admired for its play of color. Here, however, the colors range only from white to rose and vermilion. Blue and violet colors are completely wanting, and so is yellow, which is very common in the begonia. Finally there are species which, notwithstanding many years of cultivation, have shown little variation in the color of their flowers or have produced only new shades but not new colors. Among these are the fuchsias, which show only

Miss Letty's Christmas Card

(Continued from Page 12.)

—where is the lad? Ah, there you are, you rascal! So this was a deep-laid plot. Come and help me tell Letty that we both want her—always."

"Miss Letty, you can't say no. Remember, I know a certain story about a girl—but there, I'll spare your blushes. Don't pay any attention to her if she tries to wiggle away, dad. But if you can't persuade her to take you, I shall have a good try on my own account. You made the first advances, Miss Letty, you know you did! You sent a Christmas card to a strange young—"

"That'll do, lad. Letty, you haven't answered me yet. I am waiting, dear."

Miss Letty's face wandered from the grave, worn face, turned expectantly and a little anxiously toward her, to the eager young one, and back again, while a tremulous smile flickered across her gentle, blushing face. Then she impulsively put out a hand to each.

"Oh, to be wanted again! How can I ever thank you both? To think that that Christmas card should have brought me such unspeakable happiness! Oh, I thank God for His great goodness to me."

various shades of red. A blue or a yellow fuchsia would be a curiosity. Another example is furnished by Cyclamen persicum, in which merely the shade of the original blue color has been slightly altered by cultivation, and by the marigold, the colors of which vary only from yellow and orange to brown.

The fellow who is satisfied to wait for something to turn up gets used to being turned down.

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BEAUTIFUL VINE VALE FARM.

Showing the standard bred pacing mare Fannie Hayward and her colt by Arbuteskan, 2:09. Fannie Hayward is owned by Mr. Andrew Baxter, while the foal is owned by Mr. T. Thomas S. Dewey. The snap was taken by Mr. Frank James.

A GRASSROOTS OF IMPORTANT BUSINESS FOR NEXT YEAR.

(Continued from page 13.)

THE UNION STATION.

So far the city has not had any official communication about the new union station...

NEW RAILWAYS.

In this connection it is interesting to note the new railways that will enter the city next year...

The new Hamilton, Waterloo & Guelpch Railway, which Hamilton has been waiting for so patiently...

THE NEW CANAL. Talking of schemes for "boosting" Hamilton, that new Erie-Ontario canal project sounds about the best advanced...

THE POWER QUESTION.

No one expected for a minute when the Council voted last month to make a contract with the Hydro Commission...

STREET RAILWAY EXTENSIONS. Another matter that will be up for consideration late next year will be the extension of the street railway...

WORK IN THE ANNEX. The City Engineer's department has been busy mapping out a plan for the improvements in the new annex...

There is at least one man in the council, but ambition burns fiercely in...

hearty support of Brantford, Selkirk and the people who live along the line of the proposed survey.

WORK IN THE CITY. The immense amount of work to be done in the city will probably make it necessary for the city to engage some expert assistance...

Table listing estimated costs for various streets: John street, King to Barton, \$9,810.00; Hughson street, Rebecca to Gore, 868.00; Locke street, Main to Herkimer, 26,074.20; etc.

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ALD. FORTH. Alderman FORTH, another first year man, elected on the reduction ticket in Ward 3 last January...

A TEMPERANCE LEADER. From Ward 1 comes Ald. Morris, who has been mixed up in municipal affairs before...

A FURNACE OF AMBITION. With a few feet of the reporters' table in the council chamber sits Ald. Hopkins. It is his first year in the council, but ambition burns fiercely in...

the portly doctor's breast, and he impresses one with the fact that he yearns for the time when he will adorn the Mayor's chair.

ALD. MORRIS. Another temperance representative is Ald. Robson, of Ward 7. Mr. Robson, although he does not do a great deal of talking in the Council...

ALD. FARMER. Ald. Farmer, representing Ward 2, is spending his second year in the Council. He presides over the Court House Committee and has been a very active member...

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been a very strong Hydro supporter. He had charge of the committee which revised the new waterworks by-law.

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B-Y-LAW.

For raising \$200,000 for permanent roadways. Whereas it is desirable and necessary to substitute permanent asphalt pavements for certain worn-out roadways...

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Two little stockings. Two little stockings hung side by side. Close to the fireplace, broad and wide.

NOTICE TO LEASEHOLDERS. A leaseholder who is entitled to vote on this by-law is one who has a lease of property in the City of Hamilton...

It Might Have Been. A hundred years ago Central New York was a forest, and a fine one.

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BIG QUESTIONS HANDLED BY ALDERMEN THIS YEAR.

(Continued from page 13.)

Serving two years as Chairman of the Board of Works, succeeding T. J. Stewart after the latter was elected Mayor, Ald. Sweeney was all through the power...

THE FINANCE MINISTER. On the strength of the city's financial showing this year Ald. Peregrine is deserving of a place on the Board of Control next year.

NORTH END MEN. Aldermen Jutten and Wright are protagonists of the North End Improvement Society, or rather, they were when the society was in the heyday of its glory.

Alderman Jutten has always taken an active interest in the bay front. As chairman of the Sewers Committee for the last two years he has been one of the hustlers in the council.

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little more ambitious, and came a cropper at the first hurdle. Some one noised it around that a conspiracy was being hatched by which Ald. Clark was to be deprived of the chairmanship of the Fire and Water Committees.

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ell who never rises to speak unless he has something to say, and then he always makes it short. He is Ald. Milne from ward 1, one of the most capable aldermen in this year's council.

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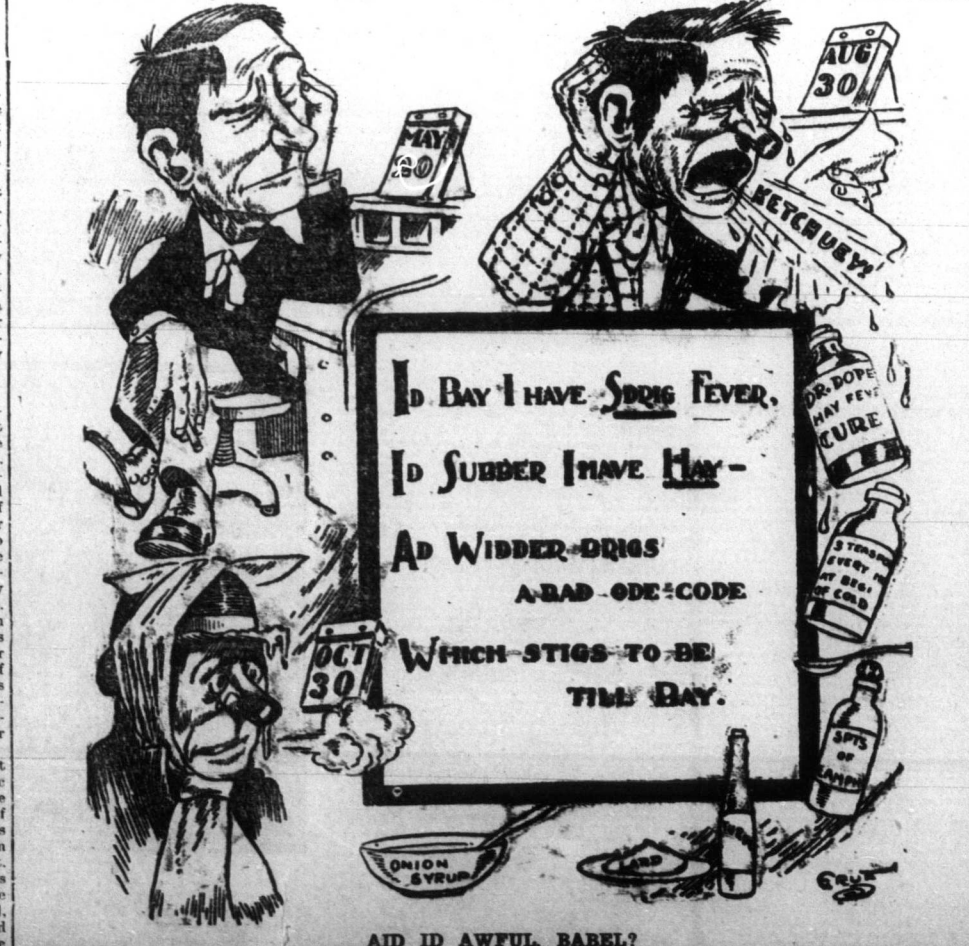
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Robert Harper

Largo, New Greenhouse
Cor. Wellington and
King Wm. Sts.

Floral Tributes, Potted
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We had 35 Marine Engines on
the bay last spring. Help make
it 50 this spring.

BOAT MOTORS
GUARANTEE MOTOR CO.
BAY ST. N. HAMILTON CANADA.
LOW PRICE, GOOD QUALITY, FREE CATALOG.

Snowing.

Feathering the willows,
Drifting in the hedges,
Piling down pillows
On the mountain ledges;

Bordering the streamlet
Where the sedges shiver,
Wafting on a dreamlet
To the drowsy river;

Weaving robes of ermine
For the perished roses,
Soft as couch of mermaid,
When the deep reposes;

Speaking in a whisper
Mystical and olden,
Silver-throated lisper
With a language golden;

Dancing like a fairy,
Vanishing, returning,
Till the spirits airy
Set the woods a-yearning.
—L. T. Weeks, in The Century.

The Crime of 1909.

First Detective—I succeeded in fasten-
ing a crime on a beautiful woman this
morning.

Second Detective—Aha!
First Detective—Buttoned my wife's
dress up the back.—Browning's Maga-
zine.

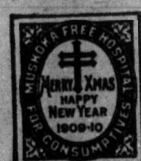
Highest Viaduct.

The highest viaduct in the world was
opened to traffic recently by M. Viviani,
the French Minister of Labor. It is
situated at Fades, on the Orleans rail-
way system, in the Puy-de-Dome depart-
ment, between the stations of Lapey-
rouse and Volvic. The viaduct is 1412-4
yards above the River Sioule. It has
taken eight years to build and has cost
about \$800,000.

Argentine's Wheat.

The wheat business of Argentina is
growing more rapidly than that of any
other country.

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NEEDY
CONSUMPTIVES

THE net proceeds from stamps sold
will be used for the extension of
the work of the Muskoka Free
Hospital for Consumptives. The avail-
able beds were trebled as the result of
last year's Stamp Campaign.

BUY THEM. USE THEM.
HELP THE GOOD WORK ALONG.
THE BEST INVESTMENT
YOU EVER MADE.
ONE CENT EACH.

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refused admission to the Muskoka Free
Hospital for Consumptives because of
his or her inability to pay.

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Sanitarium Association, 347 King St.
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ished and stamps mailed promptly on
receipt of orders.

THE ROMANCE OF OTTO IVES

A Story From Real Life by Ethel M. Chapman



INDOUBTEDLY
the village of
Ancaster is fam-
ous for its tradi-
tions, and none
of these are more
worthy of record
than the story of
Otto Ives. It is
not for the in-
trinsic value of
such appealing
narratives that
we repeat them,
but to remind
the prosaic work-
a-day world,
that there is
more romance
and pathos
in the actual lives
of the subbing,
struggling, variant
masses of human-
ity about us, than
is stored in all
the volumes of fic-
tion in our language;
and to recall what
the noblest of our
men and women
have sacrificed for
the one divine pas-
sion that Heaven
has sent to make
life here endurable.

One of the oldest, and most promi-
nent figures of this picturesque little
spot is the English church. Tall, steep-
roofed, gray and rugged it stands, an
ivy-bearded patriarch among its lichen-
draped gravestones; and it is about one
of these that our story centres. It is
an ancient, weather-worn, five ablated
figure, leaning as if in sympathy to
the dust beneath it. Its upper surface
is inscribed:
"Sacred to the Memory of Otto Ives,
late of Monmouth, England,
who died in the year of 1835,
at the age of 34 years."

The introductory facts of the story
are brief. At the age of nineteen, Otto
Ives was a grave, reserved youth, of
fine physique, and manly in appearance,
a good soldier, and possessed of pub-
lic opinion. We can see how repulsive
the prospect of a life of luxurious idleness
on his father's estate, with no
chance for adventure or progress, would
appear to such a nature; so it is not
surprising to learn that when the war
broke out in 1820, and England called
for men to go and rescue the suffering
Greek Christians from the Turks, he
immediately enlisted and sailed for
Greece. We can imagine too, the mingled
pride and disappointment of a mother
who had, perhaps, treasured dreams
of seeing her son settle down into a self-
satisfied political life, the darling of
society, and her own present comfort
in her waning years. Perhaps, even now,
she had visions of seeing him return
bearing his stars, and ablaze with the
glories of war, to be hereafter a hero
in the eyes of his companions; but from
the world's point of view, Fate often
plays strange tricks in the lives of even
the most promising.

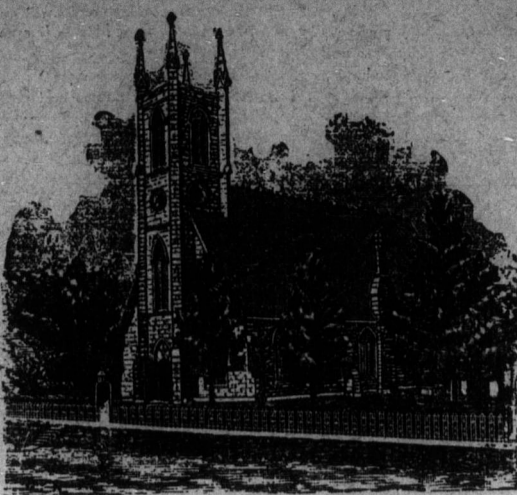
The uprising was soon quelled, and
the English soldiers were quartered on
a little island in the Aegean Sea. Their
fighting had been fierce and strenuous,
their supplies had been meagre, and the
warm climate, though famed for its
languorous balminess, was no friendly
agent to their long marches. Ives had
been sabred through the wrist, and the
wound, though slight, was likely to
cause serious results, in his exhausted
physical condition. He was beginning to
realize this, as he strolled away from
the camp in the early morning, before
his companions were awake. It was all
over now. There was nothing left but to
go back—back to a life that was a mere
round of empty conventionalities. The
lines of Arnold, kept running through
his mind:
"Most men eddy about,
Chatter, and love, and hate,
Gather and squander,
Are raised aloft, are hurled to the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving nothing.
They perish, and no one asks
Who, or what they have been
More than we ask what waves
In the inner solitude, wild
Of the midmost ocean have swelled,
Foamed for a moment and gone."

There are such moments, in many
young lives, when it seems that there
is nothing in life worth hoping for, and
it requires only the warm sunlight of
sympathy, and love to pour into the
shadowed but fertile heart, and bring
forth the bright blossoms of hopeful
endeavor. But Ives has been reared in an
atmosphere of semi-frigid regularity
and propriety, where no one suffered
their emotions to rise above a normal
temperature.

The governor of the island had his
villa near the quarters, and the soldier
passed the gates and heard the cool
splashing of the fountains within, the
burning fever in his wrist compelled him
to enter slowly, and awkwardly he bathed
ed the wound, and began to replace the
soiled bandages, when a low, musical
voice at his elbow interrupted him. The
words were Greek, he did not know one
syllable; but the modest dignity, and
womanly sympathy of their tones were
unmistakable. He turned and beheld
the governor's daughter.

The young soldier had seen many wo-
men; but they were not like the Gre-
cian girl that stood before him, a slim,
straight figure, with the noblest of souls
glowing in the eloquent dark eyes.
There may have been an absence of the
artificial culture and polish of English
women, but culture would have seemed
sacrilege where there was that womanly
dignity of carriage, that sweet purity of
brow and mouth, that graceful deftness
of movement. There was no hesitating,
no foolish embarrassment, but with an
earnest friendliness, she offered to help
him out of his difficulty, and with the
quick impulse of the south shredded her
sash into ribbons, and bound the wound
comfortably and securely. A look of re-
lief passed over the patient's features,
caused not so much by the physical
change, as by the sudden enlarging of
his life's horizon. There was something
real after all. He thanked her, and
left; but he is to be wondered at that he
passed that way again?

The meetings became more and more
frequent, and the development is only
natural. When a young man who de-
tests the emptiness of worldly customs,
and a woman of the finest and tenderest
fibre of beautiful womanhood, together,
day after day, watch the crimson sun-
set in the Aegean, and the transparent
vapor revealing the purple mountains,
when they hear the waves incessantly
caressing the white shore, it is hard
for him to consider whether she be Jew
or Gentile, and the woman—well, it is



ANCASTER ANGLICAN CHURCH AND BURYING GROUND.

different; a woman doesn't consider. So
the lovers were betrothed. I discredited
the tradition that this was affected by
means of an interpreter, for though the
soldier knew no word of Greek and the
maid could pronounce no syllable of
English, it was a sad thing for love, if
in his endless journeyings about this
crazy old world he had to be ever borne
on the crude currents of language.

However, Ives went to interview the
Governor. At first the old officer was
too astonished to find vent for his feel-
ings. Then his anger surged forth as
the lava from Vesuvius, completely
burying all the rationality of his intel-
lect.

"Heathen dog," he shrieked, "You
come here and impose on my hospitality,
then you wish to carry my daughter
away. My beautiful, only child you wish
to take from her father and her sunny
home to your cold, ugly country, and your
colder-blooded people. To your church
you wish to take her, and let her lose
her happiness, and her very soul forever."

So deeply offended at what he consid-
ered an insult to his daughter's caste,
was the father, that Ives was given a
few hours to leave the island. He dare
not urge the girl to leave her home un-
der such conditions, lest she yield and
afterwards be unhappy in the strikingly
contrasted English environment; he dare
not trust himself to see her for fear he
be not strong enough to be silent, and
he could not go without explaining, or
she might doubt his faith. These argu-
ments, I suppose, passed through his
mind, but meanwhile the all-controlling
feelings knew they must at least bid
her farewell, and of course these con-
quered. It is needless to add the result.
When nothing, save the fitful light from
the crater of the distant Vesuvius illu-
minated the water, a boat sped over the
Aegean, bearing Otto Ives and his bride
to England.

I suppose no one can realize just what
it meant to the Grecian girl to leave
her beautiful country, her home and
people, for a land of strangers, and new
customs; but it is not every nature that
can realize the truth that:
"There is a comfort in the strength of
love;
'Twill make a thing endurable which
else,
Would overset the brain, or break the
heart."

Ives himself must have been a little
doubtful about the results of this wild
launch, but the love and confidence of

with the storms and frosts of many
years and darkly shaded by tall hem-
locks, our imagination flies to a vision-
ary grave on a sunny island of Greece,
a grave where a warmer air smiles, and
the falling waters murmur all year
long. And we wonder, after all, when
worldly honor and achievement, glory
and pride are laid in the dust, and noth-
ing lives but that diviner consciousness,
that centre of all emotion, if it were
not better to let it have its way here.

SANTA CLAUS' YEAR OFF.

I know all the children will be dis-
tressed to hear that old St. Nick is sick,
and will not be here this year. They
will wonder how I found it out. Well,
while I was busily engaged in my office
late at night, seeing what I could get
for the many children, good and bad,
making out my lists, suddenly the lights
grew dim and looking up I saw a very
funny dwarfish-looking old man. He
was all drawn and wrinkled, and red-
whiskered and bald, and he wore large
green spectacles. Taking long, sliding
steps, he was soon at my side. Said I:
"Well!" Said he: "I am a Santa Claus
young son Jim. I have come to repre-
sent him, and am told that you can give
me the names of all the children, good
and bad, and all that they should have,
and bad, and all that they should have.
So astonished was I that I could do
nothing but stare, although, having seen
St. Nick very often, no family likeness
could I trace; but I asked if he would
not tarry, so I could have a few words
with him and find out if he were really
a son or only an impostor."
Soon he brought out a tray and from a
very greasy bag produced all things that
could be of any use—
To both old and young, of any tongue—
Japanese, Chinese, Russian, all
Indian, American and Spanish dolls,
Woolly dogs, "Ted" bears, balls and
hats.
Everything longed for by bad and lass.
"Now," says he, "what do you think:
Am I his son, or a mere hoodwink?"
I turned, and, asking him his age, he
puckered up his wrinkled face and re-
plied:
"Years twelve hundred and nine."
Then he asked if I did not think it was
getting time for him to help St. Nicholas
out, for the good old man "was getting
stout and near twenty centuries had
rounded out."
Thinking all he said was true, from my
desk a list I drew of children small, large,
good and bad, and a mighty list, too, I
laid.
Bowling, he bade me adieu, from my of-
fice he quickly flew.
And the lights burned brightly.
Keeper of the list for Santa Claus.

The Old Story

Last of the dying year,
With withered leaf and eere,
The dear Christ month is here,
Holding a day so dear,
Day of the Heavenly name,
When to earth heaven came,
When to her wondering eyes,
Opened the midnight skies,
When on her ravished ear,
Fell angel voices clear,
When glory shone around,
Making it holy ground,
Oh, story sweet and true,
Ever old and ever new,
Christmas, we welcome thee,
With thy deep mystery,
Meaning of which we pray,
Show to our hearts to-day,
A. LAURENCE THOMSON.

A BACKLOT CIRCUS.

Every day for two weeks after the
real circus had shown in the small town
every youngster in the neighborhood had
been practising for the circus they were
to have in Chester Morris' back lot.
Many mothers had wondered whence
came so many bumped heads and black
and blue spots which ordinarily would
have been wept about, but now were
borne with stoical silence.
Billy Thomas' mother, on hearing an
unusual commotion in the cow's stable
one day, had rushed out, only to find
her small son ruefully sitting on the
floor nursing a bumped and bleeding
nose, while bossy's eyes were looking
wild.
When questioned, Billy refused
to explain, for what could a mere wo-
man be expected to know how necessary
it was to turn somersaults on bossie's
back in preparation for the grand cir-
cus?
It had rained the night before, but
the morning of the circus dawned bright
and pleasant. A short time after break-
fast were over the back fence seats of
the pasture were selling rapidly to eag-
er youngsters for two cents each.
Slim girls, with prim pigtails and
huge bows smiled in blissful happiness
as their heroes came on the field. Fat
roly-poly girls were trying their very
best to balance themselves on the fence,
and the boys were sitting on the top,
with their toes twisted under the lower
board.
Only one girl, Doty Fair, had been in-
vited to join the circus. She had a pony
and was to be the bareback rider. Ches-
ter was to be master of affairs. An un-
cle, who was cavalry officer in the army,
had given him a pony and taught him
how to ride and jump. Besides, Ches-
ter was the only possessor of a pair of
really truly riding breeches.
As they came riding grandly into the
pasture, shouts resounded from the back
fence audience. Chester was leading, fol-
lowed by Doty, resplendent in a ruf-
fled lace curtain of her mother's. Billy,
as he did not own a pony, was to be
discouraged-looking clown was racing
madly after a bawling cow, who was
frightening everybody out of her way.
That afternoon the performers count-
ed the money from the fence receipts,
and wondered if the circus paid, after
all.
Chester did his part well. Doty did
some wonderful contortion work in or-
der to stay on the pony's back. She got
along very nicely till the clown and his
unmanageable cow came tearing across
her path. When the pony shied, fell and
rolled in the slippery mud, landing Doty,
laced curtain and all, in a puddle of mud

Children at Christmas

(By Arthur Stringer.)

We watched the trooping children play
About the old house, once so gray
And still. Then da-kiness fell,
And one by one they said farewell,
The music and the laughter stopped,
The play was done, the curtain dropped,
The waning lamp of mirth burned low
With each last cry across the snow,
And we, Old Friend, were left alone!
What was it lost, that we had known!

Old Friend and True, must even we
Find nevermore what used to be?
Man lives by change; through ebb and flow
The new lives come, the old lives go;
We lose and gain, yet year by year
The aging heart grows more austere.
It may be that the strain and stress
Of our mad times tempt joylessness;
It may be that our feverish days
Forget the old more genial ways;
It may be, too, the ashes of
Dead hopes and dreams have smothered love!
But plain it stands, no more we hold
Earth's fond good-fellowship of old!

Yet thanks to one small spark, Old Friend,
As down the Dusk of Things we trend,
Age shall not strip our very heart
Of all its old congenial art!
Aye, thanks to each small voice and light
That lent its youth to us to-night,
And thanks to that strange fugitive
Enduring Love by which we live,
Thro' childlike eyes and childlike act
We yet shall hold our youth intact!
And thanks to one still jovial day
We still, Old Friend, shall make our way
By thought and Mem'ry through the snow
To Youth, and that lost Long Ago,
Where Laughter holding both his side
Made all our days seem Christmas tides!

THE CHRISTMAS FLORIST
Plants and Flowers

What is a more acceptable gift for a lady than a
pretty potted plant or some beautiful flowers! We are
showing potted ferns, flowering plants and palms, also
special hampers and baskets of plants and cut flowers.
All the rarest and loveliest cut flowers for Christ-
mas can best be ordered at

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Springstead's
Christmas Cakes

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gantly equipped. Contains 40 rooms. Lighted through-
out with electricity, gas, etc. Hot and cold water. Choice
wines and liquors served from elegant buffet. Hotel com-
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We wish to extend to the citizens of Hamilton and sur-
rounding district our hearty Christmas Greetings and thank
them for the liberal patronage with which we have been fa-
vored during the past year.

Our methods which are FIRST QUALITY, LOW PRICES,
PROMPT and COURTEOUS TREATMENT, will continue and
if you are not already a customer of ours, we want you to
give us a trial.

We make a specialty of Poultry Supplies and can fill
your orders promptly.
Telephones 2055, 2056.

The JAMES DUNLOP CO., Limited
127, 129, 131 John Street South.

and water. That frightened poor bossy
still more, as she wasn't used to being a
circus performer, and her bellowing
brought older people to the scene.
Nobody could scold—the sight was too
funny! A wet, bedraggled Doty was
limping about leading a muddied pony.
A discouraged-looking clown was racing
madly after a bawling cow, who was
frightening everybody out of her way.
That afternoon the performers count-
ed the money from the fence receipts,
and wondered if the circus paid, after
all.
The Telephone Might Have Saved
Caesar's Life.
Julius Caesar missed a great deal in
not knowing the telephone, or at least
not using it if he knew it. One can
imagine complete catastrophe attending
his catastrophic endeavoring, but
without avail, to get an instrument in-
stalled at the capitol and at the palace.
"I am instructed by the Emperor to say
that he does not desire these barbarian
novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison
need not call again with his magicians'
apparatus." A signal blunder! We can
imagine what would have happened.
"Halloo! 1287 Fiber. Is it thou, Ar-
temidorus! I understand thou rangest me
up this morning. What? Details of a
plot? Go not to the Senate to-day!
Beware of Brutus! Go not near Casca!
Right; and I thank thee, Artemidorus.
I will have an extra guard put on in-
stantly and the conspirators arrested."
And so, although Artemidorus was un-
able to give his warning in the street,
he gave it over the telephone, and Cas-
sar's valuable life, and with it the for-
tune of Rome, was saved.—Edison
"I've Had Thought of It" is the pas-
sage Strand.

OIL'S PRODUCTS

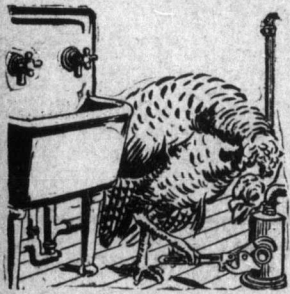
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HAMILTON - - - Phone 1236

Wouldn't It Be Awful



if your plumbing should be out of order on Christmas day. Suppose you have us look over it now. There may be some little thing wrong that would break out on the great feast day and spoil all your pleasure. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Have us do a little preventive plumbing.

Hot Water Heating

Steam Fitting

Gas Fixtures of all Kinds

Gas Heaters

Gas Globes and Mantles

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119 King St. W. Phone 2068

Extends the Season's Greetings to all and wishes his many customers a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

Peerless High Grade Knit Underwear

For Men, Women and Children

Perfect Fitting, Soft and Elastic, Perfection of Finish

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU Peerless Brand

THE PEERLESS UNDERWEAR CO.
HAMILTON - - - ONTARIO

BRITISH FARMS.

Results of a Year's Operation of the Small Holdings Act.

It is officially declared that the small holdings act of 1908 has given a great stimulus to the provision of small holdings by private land owners direct. The result of the first year's work for the country at large since the act came into operation has been that 23,285 applications have been received by county councils for 373,601 acres; that 13,202 applications have been approved provisionally as suitable; that the estimated quantity of land required for the suitable applicants is 185,098 acres; that 21,417

acres have been purchased, and 10,071 acres leased; that the land acquired will provide for about 1,500 of the applications; and that of 504 of them were in actual possession of their holdings on December 31, 1908. Out of the approved applicants about 34 per cent. were agricultural laborers. It is estimated that at the end of September of this year not less than 50,000 acres was obtained, but few of the applicants desire to purchase their holdings. Out of 23,285 applications received during the year only 629 or 2.7 per cent. expressed a desire to purchase. No doubt considerable land has been supplied by land owners direct, but by through the intervention of county

councils, stimulated by the provisions of the act. During 1908 there were in Devon and Cornwall 722 applications for 12,271 acres. The councils purchased 440 acres and leased 120 acres. In the southwest of England there are large areas of crown lands once under cultivation but now neglected that will doubtless be brought back in the near future to suitable and profitable husbandry by the hands of the people. From Daily Consular and Trade Reports. The woman who marries a widower always feel like going to a spiritualist medium to get a few pointers from the first wife.

Oh, Kids! Listen! Old Santa Is Up To Fine New Tricks

The Dear Old Fellow Has Invented a Lot of Splendid Toys for This Christmas, 'Cause Peary and Cook Both Saw 'Em and Say So.

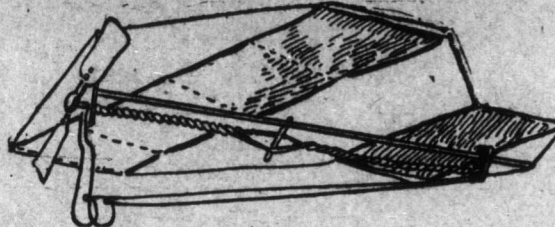
Now every little boy and girl who is expecting to find some pretty things or dandy toys in their stockings on next Christmas morning—and 'twill only be a short time until that glorious day will be here—can open wide their eyes and listen!

Dr. Cook and Commander Peary, who, as you know, have just returned from the north pole, of course saw old St. Nicholas 'way up there and got well acquainted with him.

They both say that he was looking well, but he was dreadfully busy and couldn't talk very long. He gave them both a little peep into his big toy workshop. And what do you think they saw? Well, they saw just tons and bushels of lovely dolls and wagons and fire engines and patrol wagons and little houses and fuzzy cats and old toy cows with bells on and sets of dishes and tops and all sorts of other jimeracking things.

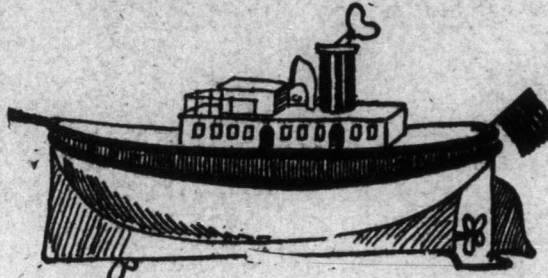
Dr. Cook says that Santa told him he was going to give away every blessed toy to good boys and girls. Peary says that when he called on Santa the old fellow said he was thinking of using an airship to get his toys onto the roofs of houses this year, because his reindeer had such a big load that he was afraid they couldn't pull it.

The explorers won't tell of all the things they saw in the shop, but Dr. Cook says he did see a lot of little airships like this:



They are made of silk and wire, and they really fly through the air. The propeller wheel is made to go around like lightning by a piece of twisted rubber or a spring.

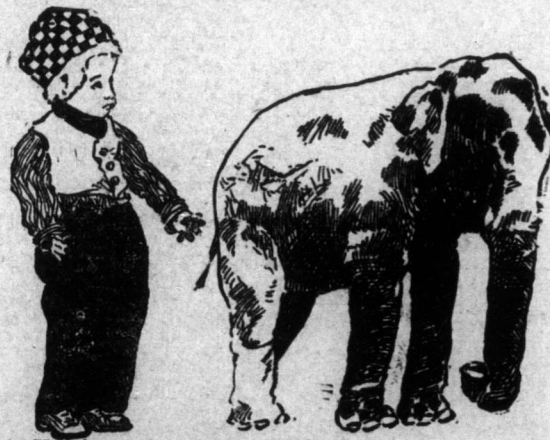
Peary says he saw a little steamboat that really floats, and is also driven by a propeller which is made to go around by a spring. Just like this:



Dr. Cook says that because Teddy Roosevelt is hunting big game in Africa, Santa thought it would be nice to give some of the children lions and tigers and other wild animals. And because Dr. Cook and Peary both got to the pole, Santa has fixed up quite a lot of polar bears. Here's the pictures of a bear and lion:



Peary said he saw a lot of dainty, dimly, darling dolls, but he remembered only one well enough to make a picture of it. It was a funny little Dutch boy with a checkered cap. Peary also saw a fine elephant, very big, and made of leather, with black beads for eyes. He says it didn't have any tusks.



But these are only a few of the things old Santa has for his good children. Say, children, what do you suppose he's going to bring to you?

AN HISTORIC CHRISTMAS BOX

Stoney Creek Patriot Who Had a Hamilton Girl for a Bride

I sat turning the little polished object over and over in my hand, marvelling at the ingenuity of its workmanship. It was a box, about two inches by one inch in dimensions, with a lid fitted into hinges carved in the wood, opposite which was a slightly raised lid by which the lid was opened. The interior was neatly finished, but with the outside surface infinite pains had been taken. It was polished to the smoothness of metal and showed the beautiful grain of the wood.

The chest from which it had been taken stood open beside us, and the lady to whom the treasure belonged rocked to and fro, and to, and fro, the vision of her dim brown eyes turned inward.

I watched her and said nothing, patiently waiting. For after my exclamations of surprise on reading the inscription I had begged her to tell me the story of the box, for I perceived that it had a story.

Then she began: "I was a child, oh, very young, but I remember the day well. It was Christmas, in the year 1857, and the patriots had risen, not against the British Crown, but against the unbecomingly arrogant Family Compact. The forces of the reformers had already been scattered and all men suspected of reform principles had either fled the country or been cast into prison. Mackenzie

had got safely away, but many of his faithful supporters had been less fortunate. To the little village of Stoney Creek, below Hamilton, where we lived, orders had repeatedly come to my father from the Tory officials to join the troops called out to suppress the patriot rising. He was a young veteran of the war of 1812, for, although a Quaker, he had shouldered his rifle to repel the American invasion. But he received the orders of the Tories with absolute immobility, and I remember hearing him say to my mother that he would rather lose his right arm than raise it against the patriot cause. He was prudent, however, and kept his own counsel abroad. Others of our family had been less so, having openly declared in favor of responsible Government, and even written to that effect in Mackenzie's paper, the Constitution.

For this, which spelled abominable treason in the ears of the Family Compact, our cousins were thrown into prison and they languished there, with many others, the sick and the well huddled together, gentlemen and serving men, indiscriminately, on this Christmas Day of which I speak.

"The roads and fields were almost bare of snow. It lay along the fences and powdered the grassy footpaths, but the highway ran dark and muddy past

the house. Early in the morning the red-coats began moving from Hamilton to Toronto, cavalry, foot and artillery, and we children who had never seen such a sight before stood fascinated before the windows. All day the spectacle went on, the bridles jingling, the cannon rattling, the infantry tramping.

"It was a sorrowful Christmas for us, for our mother feared that our father might be compelled to volunteer. We had hung our stockings as usual, and had gratefully eaten the little cakes and sweets with which our mother had stuffed them. Our dolls we made ourselves, and toys were unknown to us.

"When evening closed in we gathered about the fireplace and then there came a knock at the door, and I remember as a dream the greeting that passed between my father and the traveller, who was passing on horseback, and stopped to deliver a package at our house.

"When it was opened I saw that little box you hold in your hand for the first time. Folded tightly within it was a sheet of paper, written on both sides. It was a letter smuggled out of the prison from my father's cousin in his bride, a young girl of seventeen who had been left alone in Hamilton. It advised her to close their house and seek refuge with her mother, for though it spoke hopefully of his ultimate release, he would likely have to be tried by the Tories. So closely she watched that the message was sent through my father.

"It was all very sad. The little box he had made himself with a pocket-knife, bending his mind to the task as a prevention against madness. It stands for hours of torment, days of doubt and fear, weeks of heavy sorrow, months of despair."

The inscription reads: "To my wife, Prison, Toronto, Christmas, 1837. The voice of Fate calls."

I sat turning the little polished box over and over in my hand, but now my tears were falling freely upon it. Pharos.

First Actor—An audience of deadheads is always cold. Second Actor—Yes, but think how hot the deadheads would be if they had to pay.

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J. H. Springstead
99 John Street South

MARTHY MINTER'S XMAS PRESENT.

Got the notion in my head That it would be kind of pleasant, Somebody a Christmas present. When the time came round to give

No! my pa, and not my ma, I give them one every winter; But the nicest girl I know, An' her name is Marthy Minter.

Marthy's got a double chin, For she's as fat as me, or fatter; Red cheeks with some dimples in, An' she lifts if you look at her.

Hair is just the nicest red, Gee! she has a cloud of it, Only when she braids it down, Guess she's awful proud of it.

Up an' asked me in the class, What I really thought of it, All that I could think to say, Was: "You've got a lot of it."

Thought a comb of turtle shell Was about the proper caper, (Same as ma wears everyday), All wrapped up in tissue paper.

With a card so nice and neat, "Bobby Bennett Sends His Love With This Comb to Marthy Minter."

I had forty-seven cents, For I'd been just awful savin', So I bought my ma a case, An' my pa a mug for shavin'.

Then put all that I had left In that turtle comb, an' sent her; That's another 'em! she came in With a picture book I'd lent her.

My' her face looked queer an' big When I got a good look at her; After ma took off her hair I could tell what was the matter.

Red hair rolled up in a bob— Just as slick as ma's, or slicker— An' my back-comb stuck on top. "Pa," we both began to snicker.

"Marthy," says I, "throw that thing Far's you can out of the window, Slick it in the stove an' burn Each tooth in it to a cinder."

And I clawed the hair pins out Till the comb fell on her shoulder, But she hung fast to the comb, Said "You'd do when she got older."

An' we had such lots of fun, Ma called out: "What in the matter, 'Nobis!'" says I, "Marthy laughs If you poke your finger at her."



The DAY of CONFLICT

THE DAY OF THE DUEL
(A True Story)



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"AND when we pulled him out of the thicket he was as 'ick with burrs as a cushion with pins," laughed Merrick. "Seldou have I seen a sorrier sight. He stood there ruefully plucking the clinging things from him. But it would have taken half a day to get them all loose. He looked for all the world like a fat countryman clad in a rusty plough coat."

The company laughed loud and long. It was in a condition for easy laughter and the picture summoned up by the speaker was much to its liking in the prevailing mood.

"There is a catastrophe for a horseman such as Hook would have us believe he is," remarked Barrow. "Why, since he came on furlough a week ago we have heard nothing but how he clung to the saddle during some mischance or rode so many leagues without dismounting, or tamed a fiery mount that had been despaired of by the most masterful."

"Oh, 'tis naught to the discredit of the gallant Major," said Merrick. "Who has not been unhorsed at some time on a hot chase? I did not say that he cut a most laughable figure."

"And well it serves him," persisted Barrow, while smile and murmur applauded. "No doubt Major Hook is a most fearless and worthy officer. But it strikes me as most fitting that put upon his easy boasts he should have had a fall. Right well would I have liked to see it."

"It was well worth the viewing, so neatly and completely he was transformed," said Dick North. "What did not add to his peace of mind was that Elizabeth Winn rode close behind him and was a witness to his discomfiture. Elizabeth asked him politely if he was hurt and in making answer he fussed and fumed like a man with a hundred bee stings upon him."

Another shout greeted this additional bit of color. "There you have given his real wound," said Barrow. "Elizabeth saw the fall? I'll wager he was in fighting temper at that. It is hard enough that he should plunge into a thicket of thorns, but that he should suffer such misfortune under his lady's eye was the very maliciousness of evil fate."

"Let us call him Sir Burr or My Lord Thistle, or some such title that shall serve to remind him of the matter," broke in Clinton Wright. "For myself, I have found his large mouthfuls of self-praise most difficult to endure."

"It would not be well to carry the joke too far," said Merrick, who was some years older than the rest of the company. "He is, after all, a man well respected and reported. Moreover, he is the guest of the Merriwells, and I would not have him say that the folk of Queen Anne county lack in hospitality."

But Wright pounded his pewter mug upon the table. "It has never been said, nor should it ever be, that the folk of Queen Anne county lack in spirit, either," he said. "He comes here, a salon soldier, and swings the high head above us mightily. I have no quarrel with the man, but I must confess that I should like to lower his pride a bit."

Barrow led the applause at this assertion, and it was plain that no great love for Major Hook held the hearts of the young, hard riding, harder drinking aristocrats of the neighborhood.

Merrick, who was more cautious, already regretted the success of his tale and sought to turn the current aside.

Elizabeth Winn.

"Come, Master Clinton, I think I see where the shoe pinches. Perhaps, now, Miss Elizabeth has given the brave Major a trifle too much of her attention to suit you, eh?"

"What Miss Elizabeth chooses to give ear or time to is none of my interest," said Clinton, stoutly, flushing a little at the ready laugh that went around the table at his expense. "If she prefers," he added, with a sneer, "to ride each morning with an escort who may be dropped into any way-side bush it is her privilege. The point is that the fellow has proved himself empty and ridiculous in his speech and that we need no longer swallow it."

Such was his statement, but as he was riding over to town the following morning he gave apparent proof of a more complicated attitude toward the visitor. For on the road he passed Major Hook on his bay mare cantering by the side of Elizabeth Winn, and he frowned angrily. Hook answered his stiff salute quite as stiffly and the girl responded with a pleasant nod.

The brevity of her greeting spurred some thought in him, for a short distance beyond them he pulled up sharply in a cloud of dust, wheeled and charged in pursuit. "Oh, Miss Winn," he called, with another and still stiffer acknowledgment of the claims of Hook, "may I have a word with you?"

She glanced at him in some surprise at the request, but Major Hook instantly drew off to one side. "What is it, Clinton?" she asked, with asperity.

"I only wanted to know whether you are willing to accompany me to the Partons' dance to-night?" he answered, switching his boot weaselly.

"What a silly boy you are, Clinton," she answered, with reddened cheeks, "to stop me on the road and intrude such a question. I said I would go with you full two weeks ago!"

"I thought you might have changed your mind," he answered, sulkily, looking away.

"Did you? Well, had you made many such exhibitions as this in the meanwhile I might very well have done so. However, I suppose it is too late now." With a quick turn she darted brought her back to him and a moment later was once more at the side of Major Hook, leaving Clinton in a very unpleasant frame of mind to take what comfort he might from her parting phrase.

He resumed his course at a mad gallop as the most available means of relieving the somewhat confused but none the less painful emotions that he now carried with him. For more than a year he had been



ELIZABETH CAUGHT CLINTON IN HER ARMS AND PILLOWED HIS HEAD AGAINST HER BREST.

the accepted and favored cavalier of Elizabeth Winn. In some mysterious way quite beyond his power of analysis he seemed to have lost all his ground within the last week. Love had suffered and pride had been struck a shrewd cut but a moment before. All this was intensely galling, and but one fact was now clear before him. Major Hook was the sole cause of it all. He had decided that during the recent incident Elizabeth had her own version of the situation which she confided to her sister while they were preparing for the dance that evening.

"I hope Clinton will wear that new black suit of his," said Hetty, pensively, after important matters of rosettes and slippers and lace had been settled. "It adds three years to his age, I declare, and adds wonderfully in distinction and dignity." "I am not greatly interested in what Clinton wears," returned Elizabeth, tartly.

A Presumptuous Boy.

"Well! Here is news indeed!" exclaimed the elder. "What is wrong now between you and Clinton?" "I know of nothing that is right," said Elizabeth. "He is an ill-natured and most presumptuous boy. I regret that I should have allowed myself to be seen so much in his company. He has become quite unbearable."

"Marvels and marvels! What has he been up to?" "Why, it is his manner since Major Hook has been here. I am in no way bound to Clinton Wright. I can recall no authority that he holds upon my actions. In some fond and stupid mood he took a bitter dislike to the Major and has been most rude in treatment of him whenever we have chanced to be together.

"Nor is that all. Last night, while sitting in an inn with certain companions he uttered most discourteous remarks concerning Major Hook. There was a mishap in the hunt, as you may have heard; such a one as any rider is likely to have, and Clinton made it the basis for stirring comment. It was all repeated to me."

"Then it was true that the gallant Major went scrambling in a brier bush?" asked Hetty, slyly. Elizabeth's clear blue eyes snapped. "What then? An accident in the field is nothing for horsemen, or horsewomen either, to laugh at."

"Perhaps he never had time to acquire skill in handling horses, being occupied with military matters," suggested Hetty, with an artless air.

"I have never known you so ill-natured, Hetty," said her sister, with some warmth. "Major Hook is a man and a soldier. He saw service during the late war with Great Britain, and if he never took part in an engagement it was not because he did not do his duty and follow orders. He surely proved his courage as truly as most of our friends who stayed at home."

"But what has this to do with Clinton? He was too young to make even a picture soldier, so you cannot hold him at a disadvantage there."

"Too young! There is the phrase, Hetty, he is a witful and a wayward child. He lacks true restraint and poise. I wonder at myself that I should have been so long in discovering it. He talks ill behind the back of a gentleman who is eminently his superior in all things that make for merit. That argues that he is not only a booby, but something cowardly. I am determined to call our friendship to an end."

"Elizabeth, you are wrong," said Hetty, decisively, turning her dark eyes upon her sister with a resolution as great as the younger had shown. "I know nothing to the discredit of Major Hook, but Clinton is

a spirited and a lovable and a mettlesome boy. Boy he is, I grant, and he is a boy with whom we have grown up. He loves you and I am not ready to say you do not love him. Surely, a week ago there was little doubt of it. You have allowed the attentions of an older man, a stranger to our people and our community, to turn your head. I can see the trace of his own suggestions in your words. You will be sorry if you allow this new fancy to interpose a permanent obstacle between you and Clinton."

"Heigh-ho," said Elizabeth, who had suddenly regained her composure. "That is quite enough for once, Hetty." "Very well," answered Hetty. "But unless this affair has gone further than I think I am fairly sure how you would choose if instant choice lay between them."

"You may be sure of one thing. I should never choose one who was not manly and courageous and worthy," said Elizabeth. "And I'll leave you to guess who that may be."

The Lash of Words.

If Clinton had been bewildered and hurt by the change in Elizabeth, he was rendered quite desperate and hopeless by her treatment of him while they were together in the coach on the way to the dance. She answered him shortly, and when he strove to overcome her capriciousness she opposed so many startling defences to his overtures that he found his sole safety in retreat and silence.

"I take this most unkindly of you, Elizabeth," he said, as the swaying vehicle was taking up to the Parton door.

"Take it as you like, Clinton," she answered, "and if there is any matter I particularly detest it is to hear a white lie."

He jumped at the lash of words and said no more. Once inside he kept out of her way as much as possible, nursing his bitterness. In courtesy he could do no less than go through a minuet with her and he paced the steps in some fashion. After that, though he was conscious that his new black suit became him remarkably, he culked in the background and would not accept the silk comfort offered him by kindler maids. Meanwhile she danced frequently with Hook.

It was worse when he took her home. He sought his own corner of the coach and gloomed, trying to banish from his mind the insistent thought of her soft, filmy draperies that touched his hand, the pressure of her shoulder when a lurch threw her toward him. For a moment, before they reached her home, he thought she had relented. She made some casual remark and he answered eagerly. But his tone seemed to bring back all her irritation and he subsided in despair.

One of his negro servants had ridden his favorite horse as an escort, and after the Winn mansion was reached he ordered the coach home empty and swung himself into the saddle. He made the distance to the inn at a reckless pace and set himself to a bout with the brown ale in petulant resolve to drown his troubles.

But even here, it seemed, his evil genius must follow. He was no more than well settled with a group of congenial youngsters than Major Hook entered the place with Merrick. He arose immediately and left the inn. Out in the cool night air once more, he was undecided whether to bowal his lot to the stars or err at random with his sorrow. Starting off through a field, he forced through a growth of dried and cracking bushes. Smoothing his stockings after the encounter, he discovered that he had accumulated a number of burrs that clung tenaciously to the silk. As he began to remove them a madcap notion seized him, a humor such as an underbred schoolboy might

fall in with. His present store of temper found a sudden relief and he gathered the burrs until he held a ball of them as large as his fist. Then he returned to the inn.

The company was seated as usual about the huge round table, where pipes and tankards were served, Clinton took up his stand at the fireplace, where he leaned carelessly. In this position he was directly back of Major Hook, who was holding forth eloquently on some subject of politics and had taken no notice of his entrance. Peeling off one of the burrs from the ball, Clinton shot it with a flick of his forefinger and it lodged on Hook's back. No one was watching and the Major was unconscious of the tiny impact. Clinton continued to shoot his harmless missiles until they had gathered like a swarm of insects between Hook's shoulders. He took much satisfaction from the result, but it was necessary that the victim should be informed.

"Oh, Major Hook, he said carelessly, "your servant has neglected to remove all the traces of your misadventure from your clothing, I perceive." Hook turned around with a frown.

"Did you address me, sir?" "I said it was evident your servant took small pains with your attire. You still bear with you the marks of your late accident on the hunting field."

A Lesson in Breeding.

In turning the gallant Major had brought his back to the company so that the layer of burrs was presented to general view. No open comment upon his mishap had yet been made, but those who bore some little ill will against him found an opportunity here to let him know that they understood the full value of the joke. The ripple of laughter left Hook white and furious. Putting up a hand, he discovered the malicious trick that had been played upon him. He left the table and walked over to Clinton, riding whip in hand.

"There are some pranks that call for a lesson in breeding," he said tensely, and reaching out a hand he caught Clinton by the shoulder.

The company fell instantly silent and Merrick and others started from their places. "By your leave, Major," said Merrick hastily, with a courteous and deprecatory gesture. "I trust you will not allow your very natural indignation to run to extremes. Clinton has been guilty of a most thoughtless and unworthy offence. I am certain that he will render all necessary apologies."

The falling of Hook's hand upon his shoulder had an effect upon Clinton's petulant passion as sudden as the sweep of an icy shower upon a heated runner. He stood erect, facing Hook quietly, aware of the childishness and bad taste of his affront. He saw immediately that it should be his part as a gentleman to make full apology. But while Merrick was speaking Hook's whip was curling in the air. "The boy needs a switching," cried the Major.

"Stop! Don't strike!" shouted several, and Merrick leaped forward just too late to intercept the stinging blow about Clinton's neck and shoulders.

"Now he's gone it," breathed North, for he had a swift glimpse of Clinton's blazing eyes. The last minute had wrought its transformation in the immature youth. Under that stroke the years of boyhood fell away and he felt and knew the power of manhood, ready, controlled and firm. He threw off Hook's grasp with a slight effort and stepped back, speaking in low, even tones.

"That will do, Major Hook," he said. "I was quite ready to make the proper reparation. Your response to my heedlessness is, of course, such as makes any

further discussion unnecessary. It is now my turn to demand satisfaction."

Hook looked the figure of his opponent up and down scornfully. "What?" he cried. "You have the assurance to consider yourself entitled to a greeting?" He laughed. "Here's a crowning rocket to a clearing at the table and threw the contents into Hook's face. The lucky, my youthful friend, that I did not dust your jacket more thoroughly."

"Will you fight?" asked Clinton, steadily.

"I do not fight with children," said Hook.

"Then perhaps that will make you," said Clinton. Before any member of the surprised group could make a move he picked up a standard roll of ale from the table and threw the contents into Hook's face. The next instant the company had divided, half swarming about each belligerent. Hook, spluttering and wrathful, was forced from the inn and Clinton was held there until the other had been escorted to a safe distance.

"You'll have your hands full, Clinton," said Barrow, shaking his head.

The Day of Conflict.

"I sincerely hope so," returned Clinton. "Will you act for me, Tom?"

And Barrow, who had not quite adjusted himself to this new Clinton Wright, made haste to consent.

The mutual feeling of the adversaries would not permit the matter to rest over night. Within an hour Merrick came riding back as Hook's representative, bearing a formal challenge and personality most chagrined over the affair. He, too, had failed to gauge the full importance of the change in Clinton and undertook to berate him for his impetuosity. Clinton stopped him sharply.

"I will ask you to remember, Mr. Merrick," he said, "that your business is to confer with Mr. North. I am quite capable of censoring my own actions whenever occasion arises." Merrick stared at him a moment and then decided that he had best hold his peace.

Just at daybreak on November 15, 1816, Clinton and his second led the inn and rode to a clearing at the top of a low hill some two miles distant, which had been chosen as the place of meeting. They arrived to find Hook, Merrick and a surgeon of the neighborhood waiting for them. The ground was quickly paced and marked, the pistols loaded and the two men took up their positions.

They were placed ten feet apart. Hook had donned his uniform and made a handsome martial figure as he stood waiting for the word. Clinton still wore the black suit in which he had attended the dance, as it seemed to him, ages ago. He was perfectly calm, his brain was abnormally clear and he concentrated his thought with purposeful intensity upon the right breast of his enemy. To Barrow and Merrick he was a total stranger. To Hook he was an impudent, presuming lad who must be taught his manners. Within himself he rejoiced in his new found strength.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" came the grave voice of Merrick.

"I am ready," said Clinton.

"Ready," said Hook.

"Present!" Both duellists raised their weapons to a level. There was nothing to choose between them in steadiness and deliberation of aim.

"Fire! One!"

The pistols spoke with a single voice. Clinton held his arm extended a moment, then he dropped it with a groan and sank to the ground. Hook, for a moment, remained erect at his mark.

Barrow and the surgeon hurried to the wounded man and found that the bullet had passed through his side. He was in great pain, but retained full possession of his faculties.

"Barrow," he said, faintly, "I demand another shot."

"Impossible, Clinton," returned his second, bending over him. "You are not able to go further with the affair."

"I demand another shot, Barrow," repeated Clinton fiercely. "Carry that message to Hook. My proposal is that we be placed side by side on the ground while we fire again."

Barrow had no choice but to carry the request of his principal to Merrick, who communicated it to Hook. After some minutes Barrow came back with the answer.

"Hook is willing to give you another shot if you are able to stand. Very properly, I think, he refuses to fall in with your suggestion of fighting a prostrate foe."

"Barrow," said Clinton, "feel in my coat pocket." Barrow obeyed and drew out a large bandana handkerchief. "There is a stout sapling just back of us," continued Clinton. "You and the surgeon must prop me against it and secure me in an upright position with that handkerchief. I'll have another shot at any cost."

"But, Clinton," said Barrow, aghast, "this is unheard of. You are mad."

"Damn you," said Clinton, weakly, "have I got to fight you too? Do what I tell you."

Barrow dared offer no further objection and, with the assistance of the surgeon, dragged his principal to the tree. By passing the handkerchief under Clinton's arms they were able to support him, but leaning half hanging, so that his feet touched the ground. Hook watched these preparations with a frown. He had given his answer with the full belief that his adversary would be unable to meet the conditions. But it was too late to draw back now.

Hook's position was changed so that he stood ten feet from the tree and the weapon were facing each other. Clinton was not a reassuring figure to face. Pale, with drawn, distorted features and blazing eyes, he glared upon his opponent with a terrible look of hate and despairing resolve. They eyed each other a moment with lowered pistols. Then the signal came again.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Ready," they answered.

"Present!" Up came the pistols, barrels flashing in the new risen sun.

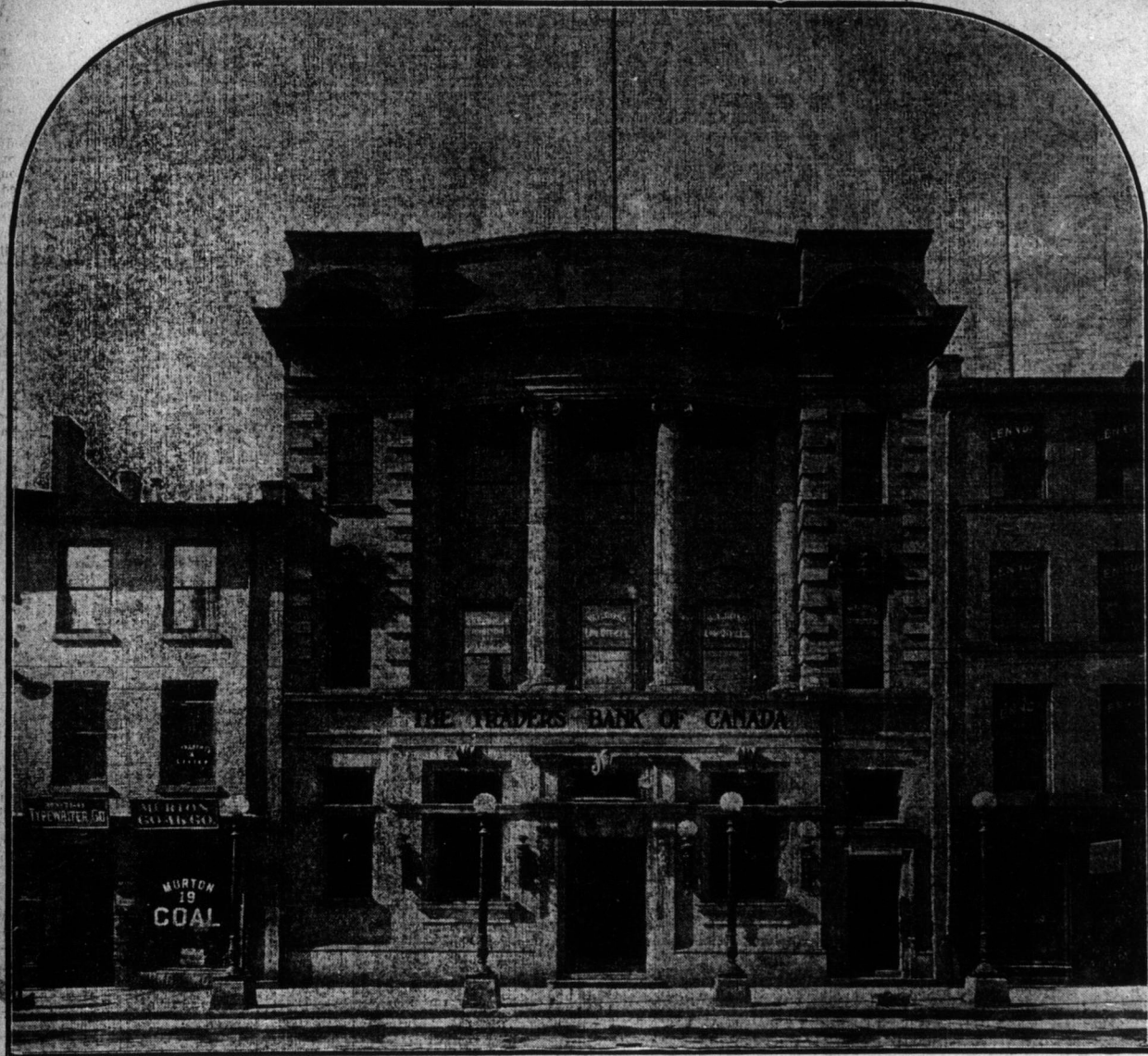
"Fire!" There was no delay this time. Merrick had no more than started the word when a sharp double explosion rang out. Hook spun on his heel and dropped instantly. Clinton, peering eagerly through the smoke, caught a glimpse of the fallen man. Then his limbs relaxed, the pistol slipped from his grasp and he sank fainting against his support.

At that instant a shrill cry startled the three spectators. They looked to see a horsewoman dash out of the woods and into the open space. It was Elizabeth Winn. She threw herself from her horse and stood, wide eyed and panting, looking from one to other of the adversaries. The surgeon had just availed Clinton's handkerchief and was lowering him, limp and unconscious, to the ground. Elizabeth hesitated a moment, then, with another cry, ran forward, caught Clinton in her arms and pillowed his head against her breast.

The lives of both men hung in the balance for days. Ultimately both recovered. Major Hook returned to the army as soon as he was able to travel. About a month after his departure Clinton Wright and Elizabeth Winn were married.

"THE SIGN OF HONOR"—NEXT WEEK

The Traders Bank of Canada, Hamilton



Extends to the people of Hamilton and the surrounding country hearty greetings and wishes for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

During the year 1909, as in previous years, the Traders Bank has tried to give its customers the best Banking service obtainable. The year has been an exceedingly successful one—many new Branches of the Traders have been opened up and the dividend to the Bank's shareholders has been increased to 8 per cent.

Courtesy and consideration can always be counted upon by all the Bank's customers. Clients are invited to consult the Bank's officers at all times with regard to Banking subjects and any business matters in which the Bank can legitimately engage.

The Traders Bank is equipped with every facility known to up-to-date Banking. Amongst other features the following are placed at the disposal of patrons.

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21 and 23 King Street West Cor. Barton and Wentworth Streets
 A. B. ORD, Manager J. A. LAIRD, Manager
 Market Branch—W. C. LANNIN, Manager

Sentiments For Christmas

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.
 —Tusser.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
 East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
 Sing the song of great joy that the angels began
 Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!

Hark! joining in chorus
 The Heavens bend o'er us!
 The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.
 —Whittie.

At Christmas-tide the open hand
 Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
 And none are left to grieve alone,
 For love is heaven and claims its own.
 —Margaret Sangster

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
 Who wreathed in his diadem
 The yellow crocus for the gem
 Of his authority.
 —Longfellow.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
 you and me,
 As He died to make men holy, let us die
 to make men free.
 —Julia Ward Howe.

Christ—the one great Word
 Worth all languages in earth or Heaven.
 —Bailey.

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
 —Sir Walter Scott.

No trumpet blast profaned
 The hour in which the Prince of Peace
 was born;
 No bloody streamlet stained
 Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
 But o'er the peaceful plain,
 The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.
 —William Cullen Bryant.

Why should I wish you "Merry Christmas!"
 My wish can bring no joy—or yours.
 Joy ever comes unsought,
 —Nixon Waterman.

As fragrance comes to him who gathers flowers
 Upon the path he treads,
 Go, gather flowers of kindness!
 Be Christly.
 Enact the brother's part,
 Give as the Christ has given,
 Asking no favor in return.
 Make merry some sad heart,
 And, then unwished, enjoy
 A Merry Christmas!

The spirit of Christmas, the unselfish selfishness of giving happiness and taking it, the desire to do good if it is only for a day and only to one's own and the beggar at one's gate, is the true source of improvement. The spirit of good will to men will do more to reform the world than the laws and wars.

EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

A homeless stranger amongst us came
 To the land of sin and mourning.
 He walked in a path of sorrow and shame,
 Through insult and hate and scorn.
 A man of sorrow, of toils, of tears,
 An outcast man, and a lonely.
 But He smiled on me, and through endless years
 Him must I love, Him only.

To all the readers, A Merry Christmas. To you who are lonely and sad may the Christmas spirit comfort and cheer you. To you whose sorrows are living ones may the spirit of Christmas bring you hope. To the poor ones of the earth may the Christmas bring some measure of prosperity. May it bring to one and all peace and happiness, and may we remember that the gifts that to our breasts we fold are brightened by our losses; the sweetest joys a heart can hold grow up between its crosses; and on life's pathway many a mile is made more glad and cheery because, for just a little while, the way seemed dark and dreary.
 —Nixon Waterman.

Faith and hope are two great virtues; but those who have not love are nothing; they are like sterile plants that the sun never shines upon.—Francoise-Louise de la Valliere.

THE CHILDREN ARE COMING.
 There comes to me, over the drifted snow,
 The music of jingling bells,
 And my pulses thrill, and my heart beats high.
 For I now what the sound foretells;
 My glad lips utter but one refrain—
 "Over and over they say—
 "The children are coming, are coming home,
 And to-morrow is Christmas day!"

Their final challenge found me out,
 When Christmas came, with mantling snow.
 Why should an eager lover doubt
 The message of the mistletoe?
 For all the aid of Yuletide cheer
 That brought this happy thing to pass,
 I'll burn a candle all the year,
 Before your shrine, Saint Nicholas.
 —Robert Gilbert Welsh.

You are coming, Christmas, laden with affection's store, to show
 That God's custom of old kindness is not yet in dust laid low;
 At this time of reconciling, at this time to feasting dear,
 May the present light and gladness slay the memory of the tear!

If children of a larger growth
 Could have a Christmas tree
 From Father Time, one gift alone
 Would be enough for me—
 Let others take the gems and gold,
 And trifles light and vain,
 But give me back my old belief
 In Santa Claus again!

If there be good in that I wrought,
 Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
 Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
 I know through Thee, the blame in mine.
 —Rudyard Kipling.

CHRISTMAS.
 And well our Christmas sires of old
 Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd,
 And brought blythe Christmas back again,
 With all its hospitable train,
 Domestic and religious rite,
 Gave honor to the holy night
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung.
 —Sir Walter Scott.

MR. JUSTWED GETS A BARGAIN

Even a blind man might have known something was up by the way Mr. J. bustled into the flat a full half hour before his usual time. His very air of assumed nonchalance spoke volumes. In his arms he bore a large, ungainly package wrapped round and round with much string.

"What have you there?" asked Mrs. J., eagerly.
 "What? Oh, this?" replied Mr. J. feigning a sudden realization that he was carrying a package. "To be sure. This is something a man gave me to give to you. No, now don't try to guess his name, for he made me promise not to tell you!"

"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. J., clapping her hands delightedly and with the naive enthusiasm of a child. "What is it? What is it! Do let me see!"

Eagerly she tore off the paper, revealing an odd, brass table lamp, with a beautiful green globe and green fringe.
 "Isn't that just too lovely for anything!" she exclaimed, "I'm just crazy about it!"

"Ah," breathed Homer, "I thought you'd like it. It was a bargain, too!"
 "Oh, you dear, dear dearie!" she exclaimed, ecstatically, "You precious bid thing!"

"Ah-a-a!" breathed Homer-dear again, "you like it?"
 "I do!" cried Mrs. J., "well, I just guess yes!"

At which proper and expected evidence of appreciation of the gift, Homer-dear, thoroughly satisfied, suggested:
 "Let's fix it in place. I want you to see how pretty it is when lighted."
 "Yes, yes, Homer. Right over here on this table. I know it will look splendid. My, wasn't it frightfully expensive?"

Homer-dear smiled—quite a superior smile.
 "Oh, I don't know. I should say it is worth in the neighborhood of ten dollars," he admitted.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. J., "that is a frightful extravagance! But you didn't pay that much for it?"
 "Now, never you mind what I paid for it," objected Mr. J., in that tone that invites further coaxing. "It is worth every cent of ten—yes, even fifteen dollars!"

"Please, pu-lease, tell me how much, Homer-dear!" pleaded Mrs. J. "I think you might!"

Mr. J. Paused for reflection, and Mrs. J. coaxed a little stronger.
 "Well," Mr. J. Justwed gave in finally, "I'll tell you, and you'll be surprised at the price. I tell you it takes a man to recognize a real bargain every time! For the pedestal, globe and lamp two dollars and ninety-eight cents; Wasn't that cheap? And the trimmings—the gas tube and chimney and burner—cost one dollar more. The whole thing complete for three ninety-eight. Can you beat it?"

And Mrs. J. promptly agreed that you couldn't.
 Then Homer-dear started in to fix it in place.
 He adjusted the burner, set fire to it before turning on the gas, as per directions, and put the fringe and green globe in place. He attached the proper end of the long green hose to the pedestal and climbed up on top of the table to fasten the other end to the gas jet. It didn't fit!

"To be sure you," he said. "How stupid of me."
 But the tip wouldn't come off—at least not until Homer-dear had gone all the way down stairs and borrowed a pair of pinchers from the janitor, incidentally giving him 25 cents for the favor.

And to make matters worse, when the tip was off the end of the hose showed nothing to screw in or over the jet.
 "Confound it!" muttered Homer-dear.

Then Mrs. J. had another idea.
 "Here's the tub from the lamp in our bedroom, Homer," she said. "Put this on and maybe we can see what the matter with the new one."
 Picking up the old one, Homer-dear discovered that it had an extra piece of brass, called a "goose neck," that completed the connection between the end of the hose and the gas jet.

"Now isn't it just like those department stores!" he mumbled. "They forget that extra piece. And they told me everything was complete."
 "Oh, never mind," soothed Mrs. J., "I can go downtown to-morrow and tell them about it. They'll make it all right, I'm sure. They're very obliging."
 "Obliging?" rasped Homer-dear. "Sure they are—after you've discovered what they didn't do that they ought to have done."

"Don't let that spoil my surprise," pleaded Mrs. J.; "we'll attach the old hose and light the lamp anyway."
 The old one fitted perfectly and was soon in place.
 Homer-dear struck a match.
 But the burner wouldn't light.
 Homer-dear struck another match.
 But the burner didn't even sputter.

"Demmit!" growled Mr. J., "what in the deuce is the matter now?"
 "Oh, Homer," objected Mrs. J., "you're actually swearing!"

"Well, it's enough to make anyone swear. Here I pay \$3.98—in real money—for a trumped up bargain that isn't worth 30 cents. For two cents I'd throw it in the ash pile."
 "Don't you smell gas escaping?" asked Mrs. J.

Mrs. J. sniffed at the air, then at the lamp.
 There could be no doubt about it. Gas was escaping—and from the pedestal of the lamp.

Mrs. J. took off the globe, the fringe and the burner, and turned the pedestal upside down. Mr. J. was an interested spectator.
 "Oh, I see what the matter," cried Mrs. J., "it's the base for an electric lamp, Homer. You see this hole there—or rather this opening? Well, that's intended for the electric wire to run up into the lamp. Didn't you tell them you wanted a gas lamp? They come in both styles, you know."

"No, I didn't," snapped Mr. J. "Why didn't they ask me which I wanted? I saw this pedestal, liked it and told the girl I would take it. If they had two kinds, why in the dickens didn't she ask me which I wanted? I'm going right to the owner of that store to-morrow and tell him just what I think of such loose business methods."

Mrs. J. agreed that such was the privilege if he cared to do so, but suggested hastily that she herself exchange the pedestal in the morning.
 But that didn't suit Mr. J., not by a whole lot. He'd go down himself right away, or, better still, phone down and tell them to send up another pedestal and a "goose neck."

And while he phoned Mrs. J. retired to the dining room to keep from realizing so vividly that the man talking that way over the phone was really her Homer-dear.

In a surprisingly short time, the new pedestal came. Mr. J. started to "stake it out" of the delivery boy who brought it, but the wise lad kept his mouth shut and grinned until Mr. J. had signed and delivered slip; then he grabbed up the old pedestal and beat it for his wagon outside.

The Mr. J. that fixed the new pedestal was far from an amiable person. Indeed, even an unobtrusive spectator couldn't help but see he was in a tantrum—whatever that is.

At last he had everything in place. He seized a match and struck it viciously. The burner flared up and burned with a fierce white heat. English, was:
 "There we are, Homer," said Mrs. J., cheerfully. "It's all right now, isn't it beautiful?"

"Humph!" growled Homer-dear. "It's about time."
 "I think it's just too lovely for anything!" enthused Mrs. J. "It is such a beautiful color! And such a bargain!"
 Mr. J. sniffed the air. Then he looked at Mrs. J.

"It must be the lamp! It couldn't be anything else!"
 It was—as Homer-dear discovered as soon as he put his nose down to the pedestal.
 Bu-r-r! Whizz-zz! Chewemup!

It would have been merciful had the gas suffocated Mr. J. before he said all that he did say. The gist of his remarks, translated into English, was:
 "Take the blamed old thing out of here and throw it down the elevator shaft. I never want to see it—or any other bargains—again!"

But Mrs. J. went quietly to work on the lamp, with the aid of the janitor, while Homer-dear buried himself in his gronch and the evening paper in the next room.

The stopping of the leakage proved to be simply a matter of tightening the joints of the pipes of the lamp. In a very short while Mrs. J. had it burning merrily away as cheerful and cozy as you please—with never a sign of a leak.

Then Mr. J. was called in to see it. He expressed a grumpy surprise, but guessed the darn old thing would have something the matter with it before the week was out.

The funny thing about the whole thing, is that to this day whenever friends call upon the Justweds, Homer-dear shows them the lamp proudly and draws attention to the fact that his discriminating judgment recognized it at once as a rare bargain!

Salmon Profitable to Indians.
 The Quinault Indians deserve praise for the efficient and far seeing methods adopted in the management of their fisheries. They have learned the lesson taught by their white brethren that if the salmon is to be conserved the fish must be permitted to go up stream to the spawning grounds. This year the Quinaults adopted a rule under which they kept a runway in the stream free from nets and many thousands of "bluebacks" were seen to pass up the stream. Heretofore the nets have been set promiscuously and no attempt was made to conserve the fish.

But even with a runway kept open the Indians enjoyed the greatest catch in the memory of old men of the tribe this year. The 120,000 salmon caught had a value of about \$45,000 and of this sum \$24,000 will go to the heads of thirty families. The rest will go to an Indian family a year.—Tacoma Ledger.

The difference between a cat and a mouse is that one lights on its feet and the other on its head.

A PAGE FOR THE LADIES

This season's evening wraps are big, enveloping, capote affairs that are truly regal in their magnificence. From impromptu furs to unlined nets and chiffons the evening wrap runs the entire gamut of materials. Broadcloth, velvet, broche, silk, ottoman and moire, crepe, all are given some place in the showing of beautiful evening garments for holiday affairs.

Some of the evening wraps have sleeves, and these are generally cut in one with the garment, a seam extending across the shoulders and down the outside of the sleeve in the most barefaced manner. A number are shown in the low draped effect, seemingly tied in at the bottom in sash effect.

The more simple cuts are of the military order, circular and hanging straight with occasionally a slight drapery in the front and at the sides. The tendency is, however, to keep all wraps along the military lines, simple in style. The reversible idea holds strongly in favor of that is, the broadcloth cape with a complete reverse side of satin in contrasting color.

A clever wrap that I saw the other day was a long, loose, reversible coat. It was of a striking chrysope shade



STRIKING SHIRRED HAT.

One of the decided features in the new hats is the large headpiece, which causes them to set down very low over the eyes. In a stiff hat this is most trying, but in the popular shirred hats it is quite becoming. The necessary height is obtained by means of high standing feather trimming.

lined throughout with black, and had huge soft pointed veils weighted by big black tassels. While the color side is worn outside the big revers and front facings show the black, but when a dark or coat is desired one simply turns this gray coat inside out and there is a black soft coat of smart cut, with facings, lining and collar of a becoming color.

Chiffon coat, in which lovely color ed over the softest of taupe crepe de velins of chiffon in different colors, is not a new idea, but there are any number of fascinating models shown along this line. One good looking one was in brown taupe, the smoky gray brown which has been a favorite for some seasons, and which is taupe brown or taupe gray according as the gray or the brown predominates in the mixture.

This taupe chiffon is laid over a soft dull blue chiffon, which harmonizes consistently with it, and the whole is draped over the softest of taupe crepe de charmeuse. Embroideries of self tones and a little dull gold form the trimming. There is a neck finish and big embroidered buttons in taupe velvet.

A smart imported cape shown was in soft black satin, long and ample, and was lined throughout with the popular if hardly beautiful lime green. The cape fastened on the left shoulder with superb ornaments of cut jet, and when fastened showed only an inch band of green around the collarless neck, and down the overlapping front, but when unbuttoned the fronts fell back, showing soft, point



MAKE YOUR HAIR AND YOUR HAT HARMONIZE.

The effect of a becoming hat is oftentimes spoiled by the arrangement of the hair. The hat and the hair seem estranged from each other and their failure to meet in a reasonable degree of intimacy produces a jarring result that destroys the entire appearance of the headgear. Neither the hat nor the hair seem in place, and the woman beneath them is weighed down by a glaring discord.

The hair forms the connecting link between the hat and the face, and its misarrangement may spoil the appearance of both.

Therefore the taste that a woman displays in the selection of her hats will decide whether or not she will look well. See the attached diagram sketch. Here you see the effect of poor judgment in selection and also good judgment. Which will you have? Which will you be?

The New Styles in Vogue in Ladies' Evening Wraps.

ed lapels faced with green and embroidered in green and gold.

Another attractive cape was in rose liberty embroidered in jet, a fine design of the palm branch running over the upper part of the cape, back, shoulders and chest. From the waist line down the satin fell in plain, rippling folds. Big jet buttons fastened the fronts.

Just at the moment women seem to be accepting the various forms of rich brocade with enthusiasm. To be sure, they eye the rich evening gowns in these materials with a little hesitancy and are not quite sure that they like the models made up in brocades combined with plain materials, but when it comes to evening wraps, the approval is more sure and the brocade evening coats are meeting with unqualified approval.

These coats are the natural outcome of the new note in fashionable materials, a note of richness or subdued gorgeousness which does not yet detract from the cult of the soft and the supple. Both manufacturers and dressmakers are doing their best to push forward these rich brocaded cloths, and while all the gaudy, shimmering fabrics are retained, side by side with them one finds wonderful brocades in satin, crepe, velvet, rich moire, failles and gros grains.

All these are light and supple to a degree that would amaze the old time beauties who knew these fabrics in their earlier incarnation. There was a day when the fact that a brocade or a gros grain could stand alone was counted as a surpassing virtue. Now the brocade or gros grain or velvet that does not collapse into the limpest of heaps on the slightest provocation is quite outside the pale of fashion.

Among the extreme evening wraps which I saw recently was one of the Arabian burnous type. This was made of beautiful white silk warp henrietta, which fell in soft, full folds in the most admirable manner. It was a transformation garment, for one of the seemingly plain folds could be drawn over the head in the shape of a hood, and yet when it was not so worn there was no visible evidence of the hood.

Any amount of glittering jet coats are shown, too. They are usually a glittering mass of beads from the throat to the floor. Another clever model among these wraps was of tulle green velvet trimmed with wide bands of embroidery and silk striped gauze. It was large and finished at the ends with huge pompons of elderdown. It was shown on a debutante's costume of white net and was worn loosely about the neck and shoulders.

NECK BOWS MATCH FELT HATS.

(By Mary Bowman.)

Many of the new felt hats for every day use have drapings or folds of colored chiffon velvet or silk. The up-to-date girl is matching this color with tulle bows for her neck.

The tulle is cut in straight strips and folded lengthwise four times to give sufficient thickness to stand out in two square folded tabs. A half yard of tulle cut in two lengthwise will make two bows. Now, not too tight folds are brought over centre.

These are held in the centre by a large brooch, or better yet, by one of the pins with prongs to simulate a buckle. Old cameo gold that have for years been thought too large for the neck, can be turned to account to hold one of the new tulle bows.

While these bows are used with a stiff collar, they are particularly liked to pin to the front of a lingerie blouse that opens up the back.

Do not make the mistake of having the loops too long, as they get "slinky." Their smartness consists in being stiff and tailor made, combined with a pleasing softness given by the material. Five and one-half inches from end to end is a good length.

PHOTOGRAPHIC 'DON'TS' OF EXPERT.

Do you know any task much harder



AN EVENING HEADRESS.

Those who have attended the theatres in New York recently have been struck with the new headresses worn by young girls. Some of them are freaks, and indicate originality in design.

This photograph shows an adaptation of the Salome headress, which really seems to be a combination of the old Dutch headress and that worn by the popular dancer.

than to sit for a photograph? Here are some "don'ts" which were given by an expert artist in this line.

Don't wear bluish white emf shr shr and it was said it was said that the shade except cream color.

Don't wear gray, yellow or tan; black, dark green, blue or red are decidedly the best.

Don't wear stripes, plaids, or checks.

Don't wear silk, satin, or any glossy material. Lace trimmings usually come out clearly.

Don't wear a hat, as they look strange when the style changes.

Don't arrange the hair elaborately; it will give a fixed look. Velvet, or soft woolen goods, take particularly well.

Don't have a profile picture unless you know you possess an extremely good one, and not many can boast of that.

Don't argue about the position. Go to a good photographer and allow him to do the posing, and if you wear glasses don't remove them for the sitting. If you do, the result will be strained and unnatural looking eyes.

After all, try to forget that the photograph is being taken. After all, it only takes a few seconds, and it is the "thought" that is so unpleasant of the act. Just try to be and look natural as possible under such trying circumstances.

RUSSIAN STYLES THE THING.

The madness for everything Russian is growing daily with the designers. It began with the advent of the Czars' dancers in Paris, and it is now accepted as the leading note in every part of fashion.

The fact that we shall see Anna Pavlova, the ballet leader, over here this winter intensifies American interest in these marvellous Russian styles.

The military turbans is the most heralded and the most important. It is swamped on a sea of other turbans, called by half a dozen different names, and leading themselves to a dozen separate styles.

Of these the Urban and the Oriental are possibly the prettiest ones.

The Cossack hat has its place among them, and it will be chosen by the woman who will have her hair done in the most modern and the most fashionable way.

This blouse panders to the demand for extra length in all top garments; it fastens at the left side from shoulder to hem with flat buttons, and is belted in with a broad band of soft patent leather. Sometimes velvet or ribbed silk is preferred.

The belt is loose and drops a line or two below the usual waistline, back and front, showing that the Moyaen Age styles remain with us. The collar is high, if one wishes, but the correct thing is to have a round, rolling one that fits the neckband and does not meet in front. Young girls have the band finished off a trifle low in the neck, and wear a wide Dutch collar of fur as an accessory.

The features that were borrowed directly from the Russian dancers, and that will rule the season, are furs and metal fabrics. The former will triumph in every way the designer can invent.

It will go on street suits, house gowns and ball gowns of the most gauze-like weaves. Whether it is precious or semi-precious, matters not. It must be there, that is all.

Just a few women will walk or dance in the massive metal fabrics designed for house wear will be solved when the social season opens.

Last winter it was silver and gold; this season are added bronze, copper, steel, jet, crystal, and every hue of color or beads. Vestments, pouches, shields, pincettes, and sleeves are those ponderous and massive embroideries.

A LONDON WEDDING.

Miss Muriel Stewart's Bridal and Bridesmaids' Toilets.

(St. James Gazette.)

"Gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls" provide very pleasant subjects for contemplation on these dark November

days. The pretty light gowns of bride and bridesmaids help materially to brighten the gloom of London during the most depressing of months, when everything seems to be painted in greys and drabs, and the evening sets in almost before we have realized the daylight.

A very charming scheme of wedding attire is that chosen for the bride, Miss Muriel Stewart. The softest satin net is the material selected, and this is supplemented with a panther which falls away in front like curtains blown apart, and is fastened to the train on either side with two mammoth buttons composed of massed Roman and baroque pearls. The corsage is fashioned of soft folds of creamy blonde lace, which disappear under a deep corsage of massed Roman and seed pearls and crystals, and with bretelles of the same passing over the shoulders, and two large buttons in front. A stretched guimpe of mousseline de soie is cut round the column of the throat, and edged with a row of pearls, while the sleeves consist of a melange of tucked blonde lace and tulle hooped with bands of pearls.

The long, sweeping train of pearl white satin meteoric springs from the high waist line, and a filmy tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, worn low down over the brow, completes the scheme.

Behind the bride came a charming array of bridesmaids, grouped in pink. Pink is, as a matter of fact, one of the most popular colors for bridesmaids this season.

season, the shade chosen in this instance being a soft apple blossom tint. The gowns are of soft satin with deep hems, and covered with over-dresses of fine crepe, gathered closely round the hips, and brought in panner form over the jugs, each side being caught in a handful of folds, held at the top with a pair of padded satin and fringed with a serried row of pink boules.

The waist is marked with an oblong buckle describing a lattice work of silver thread outlined with a spray of blossoms designed in pink tones, the same being carried all round the waist to form the similitude of a ceinture.

The corsage is gathered on the shoulders and boasts a species of yoke composed of large lattice work silver motifs encrusted with pink topazes, while a medallion of the same hangs over the bust suspended by a silver cord. The sleeves of the gown give place to undersleeves of the blonde lace, while they carry sleeves of pink and white lilies tied with silver cord, and wear hats of black mirror velvet, trimmed with feathery white plumes and birds' heads.

A fascinating gown made for the bride's trousseau is of pale amethyst soft satin, covered with an overdress of dewdrop tulle. This is folded over the bust and caught on the right with a huge snuffbox motif, the petals of which are fashioned of satin and tulle, while the sleeves are of white tulle worked in crystal dewdrops and silver bugles, and hemmed with a fold of amethyst satin. The same lively moderate composes the bill, while long tasselled ends of satin fall from the jugs at the side, and the tines are slit up on one side and sewn with bands of silver and a fringe of silver rain.

For her going away gown Miss Muriel Stewart has chosen a toilette of soft Capri blue cashmere de soie, the panther of which is caught up with two jet buttons, while the corsage of dyed net over silk is worked in scrolls of soutache and scooped out at the neck to show a lace veil outlined with jet beads. The sleeves of net are worked in self-colored soutache, and edged with jet, while they are finished withuffs of ivory lace, the whole being accompanied by a black velvet hat and a velvet coat lined with blue, and supplemented with soft chinchilla furs.

The dresses and coat described above have all been designed and made by Mme. Pavot, 15, Beauchamp Place, S. W.

SMARTEST HATS.

Biornes Are the Latest Chic and Share Favor With the Tricorne.

At the smartest places one sees Napoleon biornes and Louis Quinze tricorne, mostly in velvet—melaine (the soft, beaverlike felt), or short-haired punch (pans) that appears to be trying once again for Fashion's favor. Some of the biornes, turned up smartly in front, are trimmed with a cosette, from which a couple of couteaux feathers re-diate to right and left.

A novelty is a very brad-leaved Rembrandt hat of soft velvet plush. The shape reminds one of the headgear seen in pictures by Van Dyck, Franz Hals and other old Flemish and Dutch painters, but its blackness is relieved nowadays by a marvellous white agrette, somewhat low-lying, stuck boldly through the raised brim just above the left eyebrow, or is affixed by a knot of velvet, a jet ornament or a twist of metallic net. Sometimes the brim is narrowly bordered all round, but more often the velvet felt is left just as the manufacturer fashioned it.

A great many hats built entirely of fur are seen about, and many others simply braided around the crown with a band of ermine, chinchilla, sable or

hemmed back also. A little strip of whalebone of the right length is slipped into the two pockets (the dark band in the picture). This is easily removed when the collar is laundered, leaving the tape to be washed in the collar.

Any little girl who knows how to hem can make this ruching, and any woman will be glad to receive it. A strip of fine muslin the length of the collar band is hemmed on both sides, and a border of narrow lace sewed on either edge. The band is then folded so that one lace edge stands up a little higher than the other, and the gift is complete.

This would be an acceptable gift for either a man or a woman. It is a small cushion made of velvet, stuffed with cotton. It should be just large enough to fit nicely into the hands. It is useful for polishing shoes, or for simply rubbing up an old polish that has become dulled or dusty.

By Eva Dean.

It is very well for the little folk if Christmas can be made to mean giving to them as well as receiving. But asking father for money to buy something is not really giving. If a child can offer a gift that he has made with his own hands, and on which he has spent the thought necessary to fit to its recipient, it will increase many times the pleasure he takes in it, as well as that of the one who receives it. Some suggestions are given here that may help our little readers, especially, we hope, the very tiny ones.

These would be appreciated by any woman because they can be washed without being spoiled, and it is not necessary to rip them in order to iron the waist web. A strip of tape is folded over at the ends and sewed down at both sides of the fold, making two pockets. The raw edge of the tape would better be

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SOME XMAS GIFTS GIRLS CAN MAKE.

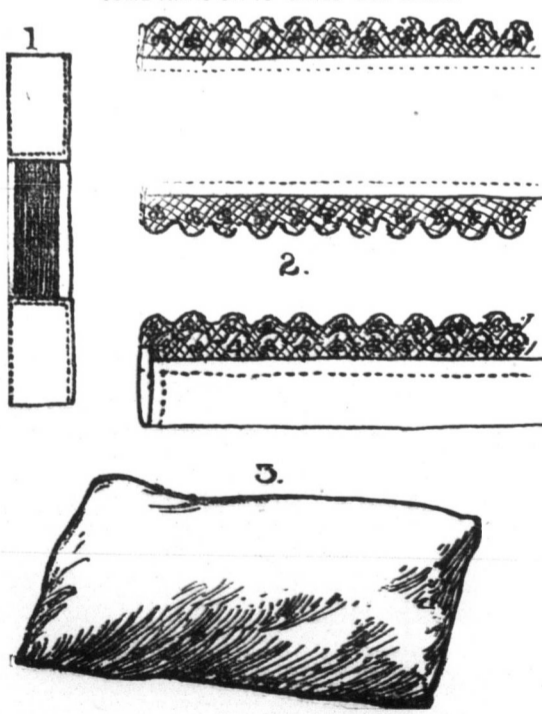


FIGURE 1—COLLAR SUPPORT. FIG. 2—WASHABLE RUCHING. FIG. 3—SHOE POLISHER.

skunk; the sole ornamentation consisting of a pair of large jeweled or artistic pins, with which the hat is fixed on.

Old-fashioned shield brooches, for instance, mounted as hatpins, made capital ornaments for these hats, while antique rhinestone or enamel and brass buttons may be similarly employed with excellent effect. Any old Russian or Hungarian jewelry may also be utilized at present with the now fashionable fur toques that suggest the handsome caps worn by the Hungarian potentates or Makjars.

The headgear of the East is largely called upon by leading milliners to inspire toque models nowadays, and Rajah turbans of silver or gold material, with a dashing fusée aigrette on the side

looks well, but doesn't go. I wouldn't give over \$35 or \$40 for it. I saw one in an antique store here for \$65. Show your house in on Colonia lines you are likely to be looking out for that type of furniture. While I like antiques, I'm not so daffy as to like "any old thing." One must be out of one's senses not to admire that which is at once beautiful, dignified and old.

In Jewelry.

If anybody proposes giving you jewelry, be certain they buy it through me. It's so easy to get the wrong thing. In necklaces, enamel is greatly in vogue. Not by itself, but as a means of enhancing jewels. It is made to harmonize exactly and exquisitely. In popular stones like amethyst, jade, malachite, and lapis lazuli, whatever metal they are set in there is the addition of enamel in coloring tones. Supplementing beauty in this gained and the stones suggest beautiful actresses posed in harmonious stage pictures. Naturally the effect is only bettered when the work is done by a master hand. The design as well as the color must be in harmony. I saw some black opals thus beautified. Of course, these stones are handsome enough of themselves. But I think they are more beautiful with the little surrounding scrolls of enamel. Small diamonds are also added with fine effect.

Some Prospects.

Now for mother! I'm sure she'll be delighted with the French work basket you mention. The gold gimp on those quaint brocade affairs is delightfully and beautifully old-timey. I heard her saying only the other day that she was just about everyting, and had lost her ribbon runner and her emery. Besides, her last work basket is looking seedy.

So aunt purposes sending me the Spanish lace mantilla that grandma bought in Cuba. You needn't have troubled to "sound" me. Any one would be enchanted to have that rich elegant affair in silk lace. You're an angel to be willing to have it go out of your immediate family.

If you didn't have so much silver I'd advise you and yours to give aunt yet more. There are the loveliest things. Pierced and engraved pieces were never handsomer. And the smallest affairs, rather in the trimmer sense, are altogether engaging. If you continue to go on for a season, I'll send you a list of the most desirable ones.

On Monday last we went to hear Grace George. She wore some white dresses as dainty as herself, and the women of her company were also dressed with great splendor. Two frocks in the new Pantin mode were worn. One was of soft black Amazon satin with cream lace upper riggering. I've forgotten the color of the other, but it is also eked out with filmy lace from an inch or so above the waist line.

Ever your loving, Mary.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTIME.

Santa's Helpers.

The great black iron frog that does the work of a steam engine served as a coal scuttle in the daytime lifted up his head and croaked twice at the "coo-coo" bird in the clock. "It's most time for Santa Claus," he said. "You'd better get out and wash him clean down my chimney. The fire is nearly out, and if he steps lively he won't even scorch his fur shoes."

Just then there was a queer jingle-jangle of bells and a soft, slipping sound on the roof. Santa Claus, who had been coming down the chimney, the coal scuttle frog hopped closed and neared into the chimney's depths. "He's coming; I see his feet!"

He croaked excitedly, and pretty Cooco welcomed in her little voice the chubby, smiling Saint Nick, who stepped briskly out of the fireplace.

"Quick, Froggie," Santa cried. "I'm later than I thought. Get the nutcracker this Christmas tree. He put some things on the table that Cooco was to carry to the top of the tree, while Mr. Frog was busy lumbering up his iron points, so he could place some things beneath the tree while Santa filled the stockings."

Froggie, hearing the commotion, waddled in to see what it was all about, but just as he came in Cooco hurried back to her clock to cry out the hour, and Santa's legs disappeared up the chimney, while Froggie toppled back to his place beside the grate and went to sleep.

Puppy, puzzled at seeing everything quiet, went back to bed again and thought he must have been dreaming of hearing queer noises.

VERY QUARRELsome NEIGHBORS.

Names of the parties and Corns and Toes—both were unhappy till the trouble was mediated by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Any corn goes out of business in 24 hours if "Putnam's" is applied—try it.

Worth Knowing.

People who suffer from heat in the hands and feet can obtain speedy and easy relief from the same by putting inside their stockings and gloves a small portion of very fine oatmeal.

After a long walk or ride in the hot sun rub your feet with a little almond oil instead of washing it. Almond oil is excellent for the skin, and used in this way will prevent that burned, uncomfortable feeling that so often follows exposure to the sun. Leave on the oil for ten minutes, and then wipe off with a soft rag. The oil will remove any dirt there may be as well as washing without.

When the collar of linen or batiste becomes slightly soiled, it may be cleaned with a little naphtha or benzine in the same manner as those of silk or satin. With this process the collar does not need pressing. Such waists never look as handsome after they are laundered.

"What is this price they talk so much about?" Just now it is a sale of furs.—Kansas City Journal.

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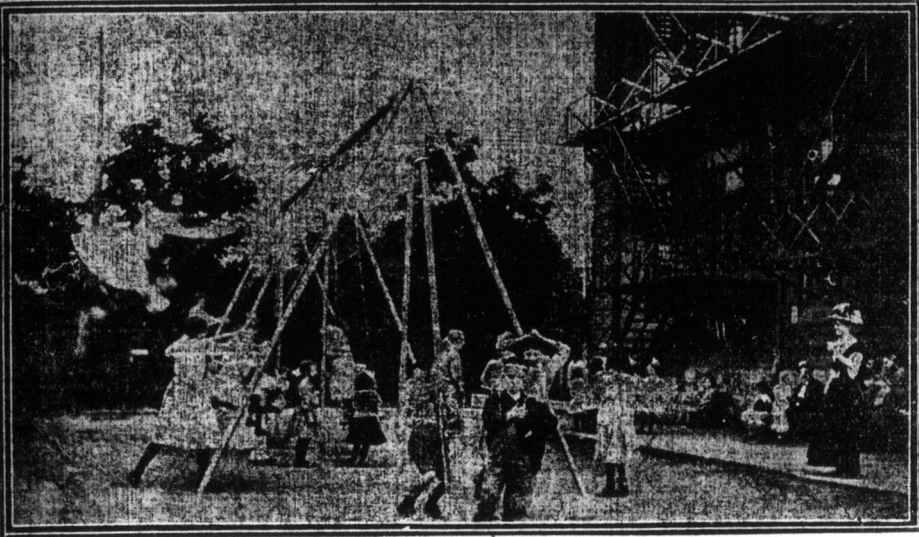
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Thoughts of Playgrounds in Midwinter Holidays

Supervisor Recommends in Favor of Four Districts and a Playground in Each---Suggestions as to Apparatus---High Fences Recommended.



132. Although nothing in an organized way was prepared for the girls, they took part in many games. However, for the girls a sewing-class was started, having an enrollment of seventy-two, an average attendance of forty-five and eight sessions were held, having a total attendance of 360. At the last session, twenty-seven prizes were distributed for the work done. This class was in charge of Miss Powis, Mrs. Blackburn and Miss Kerner.

Every piece of apparatus was well used with possibly the exception of one. The boat-swings for the babies were excellent, the arrangement of the seat being so that it was next to impossible for the little ones to fall out. The sand boxes were a great source of pleasure for the little tots. Children up to eight years had a great liking for the sand. The sand used this year was not of the best and I would recommend only Beach-sand to be used in the future.

The number of see-saws was found to be enough, although seldom used. One good feature was the fact that not one child was hurt, either from falling off or having their fingers crushed, the construction of the see-saws eliminating the danger of accident at the fulcrum of the board. The uprights for the high jump were well patronized, but a pole or pole-vauling would add much to the equipment. The parallel bars, perhaps, is one of the things that could easily have been done without, although it was used a little, but anything along that line needs constant attention to be of value. The swing donated by a friend is hardly the kind for a playground, as it was a constant source of trouble, continually needing repair. The giant stride took well; one fault, that may be remedied, was the handle grasps causing much discomfort to the hands. The large swings were perhaps the most used of any of the appliances, a crowd always being in waiting for a turn. The same fault can be found with the swings as with the giant stride, the grasps causing great blisters to form on the hands of the users. Grasps covered with leather might eliminate this trouble. Provision should be made for children between the ages of 5 and 10 years, for they were too large for the baby swings and too small for the large swings. An intermediate swing with arrangements at the seat for fastening the child in should meet this demand. The baseball and basketball courts were at a premium, and never should be left out of a playground equipment. In choosing apparatus for the equipment of future playgrounds, such things as swings, see-saws, sand boxes could be used in all, but instead of having, say a giant stride in each one, it would be just as well to substitute something different in each one, such as a merry-go-round, shoot-the-shoots, etc.



Scene at the closing of Hamilton's first supervised playgrounds, the last day of the summer holidays.

Scenes like this could be witnessed at any time at the supervised playgrounds at Hess Street School

White bleak December winds whistle through leafless trees and send the snow swirling in the fence corners, the minds of the children, even though preoccupied with thoughts of Santa Claus and Christmas, cards, skates and sleds, hockey and sleigh rides most often turn to the good old summer days spent at the supervised playgrounds at the Hess Street School. Nor are their only minds that are dwelling upon the venture of the Playgrounds Association last summer. The officers of that association are finding time to think over the days to come and to plan for the coming summer. Will their plans result in four supervised playgrounds? That is what Mr. Fryke, who had charge of the Hess street grounds, this year, recommends. His report shows how greatly the children of the northwest part of the city enjoyed the privileges which the association placed at their disposal. An aggregate attendance of 12,272 can fairly be taken to mean that, if his recommendation in favor of four grounds next year is carried out, and the grounds are opened during the whole nine weeks of the summer holidays the aggregate will probably reach 75,000.

A number of suggestions made in the following report are well worthy of consideration:

With the completion of the first season's work of the playground movement, the conviction has come to most of the citizens of Hamilton that it has filled a vacancy and has started to fulfill a work much neglected in the past, and will do much to improve the children of the community socially, physically and morally.

After a delay of three weeks, on account of the necessary apparatus not arriving, the committee of management was able to have the opening of the first supervised playground of the city of Hamilton take place on the afternoon of Monday, July 26th, at 4 o'clock. It was very gratifying to all concerned to view the large crowd of both children and adults, as they gathered to take part in the formal opening of the grounds. With 500 children and 200 adults present, the opening exercises were commenced by a few brief remarks from the president, Mr. R. T. Steele followed by a reply in response to the ladies by Mr. John M. Eastwood, and a few patriotic songs sung by the children, led by Mr. James Johnson, after which the grounds were formally opened by his Worship Mayor McLaren.

All that afternoon the children entered with a vim into the games, while the older people enjoyed the fine programme put on by the 13th Regiment Band and

watched the children at their play. The first day, when the time to close came, the children were hard to manage, but this fault was soon remedied, as next day the ringing of a hand-bell was the signal for dismissal, which the children soon learned to obey.

At first the hours were set from 9 to 11 in the morning, from 2 to 5 in the afternoon, and 7 to 8 in the evening. In a week's time these hours were changed to be from 9:30 to 11 in the morning, 2 to 5 in the afternoon and 6:30 to 8:30 in the evening, the reason of the change being fewer children came in the morning than in the evening. These hours were kept for the remainder of the season.

Most of the time was taken up in the interesting of both girls and boys in organized games, having every available foot of space occupied at the same time. In the second week, baseball and basketball leagues, both senior and junior, were organized. In the senior baseball league four teams participated, making a total of 44 players. In the junior baseball there were four teams with the same number of players, in the senior basketball, four teams comprised the league with twenty-four players and the junior basketball league had three teams with eighteen players. The total number of boys in organized games was

one, such as a merry-go-round, shoot-the-shoots, etc.

Mention ought to be made of the closing day, Saturday, August 28th, when three hundred children gathered to take part in the various games conducted as a closing exercise for the season of 1909. Races and games were entered into by every class of girls and boys with a vim, although no prizes were given for the winners, the afternoon passed very pleasantly and was a fitting wind-up of a very profitable season.

If possible, a sanitary drinking fountain should be installed and a separate place where the children could wash their hands and faces. What was most pleasing was the way in which the children took hold of things and the numbers that came to the grounds day after day. It speaks well for the future of the movement when a perusal of the attendance is gone into. The grand total attendance for the season was 12,272. Of these 2,742 used the privileges in the morning, open 28 mornings; 5,912 came in the afternoon, open 30 afternoons; 3,618 came in the evening, open 20 evenings.

The average attendance was 98 in the morning, 130 in the afternoon, and 181 in the evening, making a total attendance for each day 409.

Four playgrounds ought to be the aim of the Association for next year. The city could be divided into four districts and a playground located as near the centre of each district as possible. I would have every child register in their own district, and a button given to each child to wear, the object being for the purpose of discipline and proper division. For proper supervision a head supervisor should be appointed to take full responsibility, and for each playground two assistants, one man and one lady (having experience with children if possible) could act as instructors. Then arrangements could be made for the organization of both girls and boys in games, drills, marching, etc.

Centres for Districts: Stinson street school; Hess street school; Pictou street school; Barton street school.

If possible, each ground should be enclosed by an eight-foot fence, and have one main gate. I would recommend that the grounds be open only at certain periods, for we must not forget the home duties of the child. Each ground, to be adequate, should at least have 2,500 square yards available space.

Upon examination two of the centres named will be found inadequate, but I would recommend locating future playgrounds as near them as practicable.

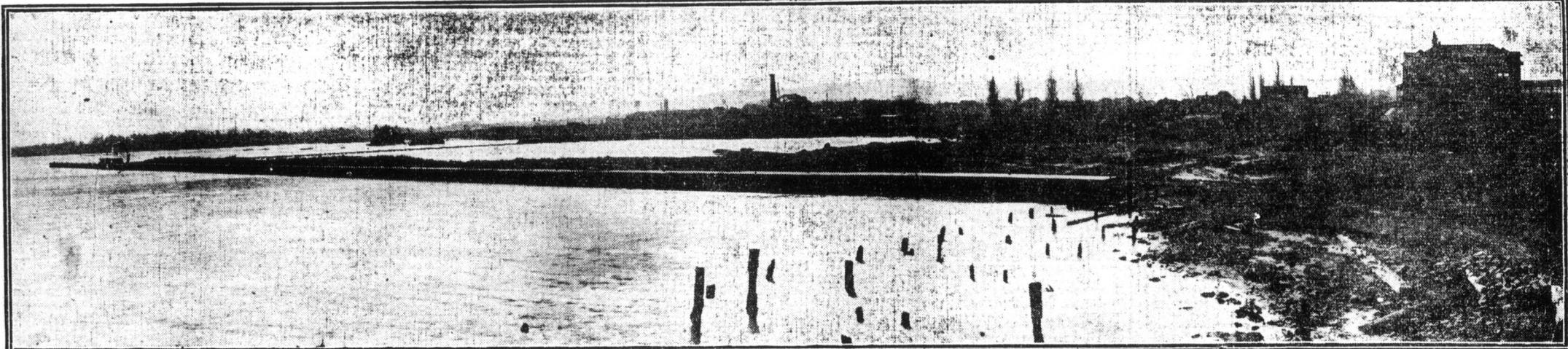
In regard to the apparatus, I see no reason why the different pieces could not be cast in the city, thereby saving duty and freight. As far as I am aware, that particular kind of apparatus is not patented in Canada.

To make the first venture of the Playgrounds Association a success requires the earnest efforts of the officers, who are:

- Honorary President—Mr. Adam Brown.
- President—Mr. R. T. Steele.
- First Vice-President—Mr. J. M. Eastwood.
- Second Vice-President—Mrs. John Crozier.
- Third Vice-President—Mrs. (Dr.) Woolverton.
- Treasurer—Mr. R. K. Hope.
- Secretary—Mr. A. McKenzie.

The officers had the co-operation of the Board of Education, two members of which are on the executive committee. They are Messrs. C. R. McCullough and J. E. Woodell. The other members of the executive are Mrs. W. C. Hawkins, Mrs. C. S. Wilcox, and Messrs. W. M. McLemont, N. D. Galbreath and C. S. Wilcox.

VIEW OF THE NORTH END IMPROVEMENT WORK



Showing the entire length of the retaining wall and the new sewer flume at the end. The city has already done a large amount of filling, reclaiming a large area. At the land end of the wall the extension is to be built, at right angles. In the background are seen the new Home for Incurables, the House of Refuge and the old Street Railway power house.

The Queen's Love of Christmas

By Sarah A. Tooley
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There is no season of the year which appeals to Queen Alexandra so much as Christmas. Her generous, sympathetic nature responds to the Yuletide sentiment with enthusiasm, for it gives her the occasion for exercising her benevolence in many directions, and she rejoices in the joy of others.

"A merry Christmas to you, granny," said the Queen on one occasion to an old cottager at Sandringham.

"I'm feared I'm not likely to feel merrily with the rheumatics in my bones," grumbled the old lady, as she dropped her curtsy with a weebone air.

"But you are going to make it merry for the grandchildren," persisted the royal visitor, with a gracious smile.

"That is what you and I have to do, granny."

The Queen is a woman of simple, homely sentiments, and would never forsake her own fireside to spend Christmas in Egypt or the Riviera. She delights to observe the old traditions, and is as pleased as any of her grandchildren to see the hall decked with holly and mistletoe and the Yule log blazing on the hearth. It is the Queen's love of the good, old-fashioned Christmas which induced the King after his accession to forego the staid, court pageants of the historic Christmas at royal Windsor in favor of continuing to spend the season in Norfolk amongst their friends and retainers.

The Queen has inherited the spirit of Yuletide from her Norse and German ancestors, and it was a joy to her to find that she could continue the traditions in which she had been reared, in the country of her adoption. At the old Gule Palais in Copenhagen she had received visits from Santa Claus long before that delightful person had been introduced into English homes, and when she filled the stockings of her own little

ones Santa was still a stranger to the majority of our boys and girls. The Queen has watched the rise and progress of Santa's popularity in this country with peculiar pleasure, and occasionally emulates the practices of Santa Claus herself.

This reminds me of an incident which occurred the first Christmas after the King's accession. The Queen was confined to her apartments at Marlborough House by indisposition—the court had not then taken up its abode at Buckingham Palace—and was unable to leave London for Sandringham. Instead of repining over the unfortunate circumstances which had spoiled her own Christmas, she began to think over the sufferings and disappointments of others, especially the poor little children condemned to beds of sickness in the hospitals when other boys and girls were enjoying the fun and frolic of the festive season.

Then a happy idea struck the Queen in her invalid's room. She would send parcels of surprise presents to the sick children in the hospitals with which she was most intimately associated. Parcels of toys and sweetmeats were made up under her direction, and a kind message added in her own handwriting. The parcels were despatched in one of the royal omnibuses on the afternoon of Christmas Eve to the various institutions selected by the Queen.

At the Cheyne Home for Incurable Children on Chelsea embankment, a boy in one of the wards was amusing himself on this particular afternoon with a reflector lamp as he lay in his cot by the window. The poor little fellow had been in bed for three years, and it must have cost him some bitter pangs when the handglass revealed merry troops of children passing along the road full of the joy and activity of the festive season. "How nice it must be to be

strong and well!" he thought, and turned sadly from the window. But the sound of wheels stopping before the entrance to the hospital caused him to look again into his handglass, and there he saw reflected a smart-looking omnibus, very different from those which he was accustomed to see plying along the embankment, and a dignified footman was crossing the pavement, carrying a large parcel from the vehicle to the hospital.

The news spread round the ward, and all the children were on the tip-toe of expectancy.

Soon the matron appeared with the tidings that the Queen had been thinking about the little children at Cheyne Hospital, which she had often visited, and had sent them presents for Christmas.

The sick lad at the window forgot the burden of his suffering life. Santa Claus on his white horse, with panniers loaded with gifts, was not more wonderful to his imagination than was Queen Alexandra's Christmas omnibus thus suddenly mirrored before his eyes.

The poor little fellow has since passed away, but to the last he would talk about that memorable afternoon, and generally ended the narrative by saying: "Once when the Queen came to the hospital she said that I was an old friend of hers."

We may recall another occasion on which the Queen proved herself a veritable Santa Claus. It was long ago, when she was Princess of Wales. One evening in December she chanced to see a young seamstress waiting with a parcel of work at Marlborough House. The girl looked troubled and tired, and feeling that there was a sad story behind the girl's face, the Princess took her in to her room that she might examine the garments which she had been making for the royal children. She praised the neatness of the work, and asked the girl

about her home. The young seamstress said she had a great trouble to live, as she had an invalid mother dependent on her earnings, and she could not afford to buy a sewing machine, which would have been a great help in her work. The Princess, who did not reveal her identity, spoke kindly words to the girl, and gave her some fruit and delicacies for her sick mother.

A few days later, on Christmas morning, the girl received a delightful surprise in a beautiful sewing machine, accompanied by the message, "A Christmas gift from Alexandra." Then she knew that the beautiful lady who had spoken to her at Marlborough House was the Princess of Wales herself.

The Queen takes the keenest interest in choosing her Christmas presents, which is a formidable task, considering her lavish generosity in so many directions, and her desire to present her friends and relatives with something entirely fresh and novel each year.

As the Queen cannot go to the shops, the shops have to come to the Queen, and some weeks before Christmas the royal warrant holders display their wares at Buckingham Palace. The articles are arranged in one of the rooms for their Majesties' inspection. The goods are marked in plain figures, so that the royal patrons know exactly what they are ordering. The King makes a rapid survey, and settles his choice in a thoroughly quick and business-like manner. But the Queen enjoys the occupation, and spends many pleasant morning hours in selecting her gifts. Almost every conceivable fancy article finds a place in the Queen's selection, but she is particularly attracted by artistic things and curious things.

Children's toys are a special feature in the novelties display for the Queen's selection as there are an enormous number of little folk, exclusive of her nine

grandchildren, to whom she sends presents. She is very fond of mechanical toys and novel devices, such as the best class of pavement vendors sell, and derives considerable amusement from seeing how the wheels go round, so to speak.

The Queen does not confine her purchases of presents to the articles bought for inspection by the royal tradesmen, as there are many benevolent societies and institutions which she likes to help forward by giving orders. She is also a frequent patron of the Royal School of Art Needlework, which produces such lovely artistic work and novelties suited for gifts, while the technical schools at Sandringham supply the Queen with many beautiful articles.

During the brief stay in London which the Queen makes immediately before Christmas she superintends the preparation of her gifts for despatch to the courts of Europe, for she has personal friends and family connections amongst all the reigning houses. The Queen spends the hours before church in the pleasant occupation of reading her letters and admiring her presents. Then the grandchildren from York cottage arrive with their gifts, and return home with presents from grandpa and grandmamma and Aunt Victoria. Already, however, these merry little folks have emptied a huge stocking at York cottage, which they awoke to find filled with gifts by Santa Claus. The service at Sandringham Church is very bright and homely, and the pretty little building is beautifully decorated, a matter which is always a source of interest and pleasure to the Queen. All the members of the royal family attend the Christmas morning service. The old familiar hymns are sung. Pleasant greetings are exchanged with friends and neighbors as the royal family leaves the church. Their Majesties give a family banquet

to enjoy the pleasure of bestowing her gifts personally upon her old people in the cottages, the school children, and the members of her family and household.

The Queen is a smiling, gracious figure at the annual distribution of beef to the employees on the royal estate, which takes place in the coach house on the day before Christmas, and has a kindly word for everybody as she and her wives file past the King and receive their allotted portion of "prime Norfolk" from a bullock fed on the Wolferton Farm. Gifts of beef and game are sent. "With the King's compliments," to the homes of the aged and infirm; but there are old people in the Alexandra cottages, widows of deceased laborers and people who may be ill, who are the special objects of the Queen's private benevolence, and she never fails to remember a sick child.

Christmas morning brings the royal mounted messengers with bursting post-bags to Sandringham House, and the Queen spends the hours before church in the pleasant occupation of reading her letters and admiring her presents. Then the grandchildren from York cottage arrive with their gifts, and return home with presents from grandpa and grandmamma and Aunt Victoria. Already, however, these merry little folks have emptied a huge stocking at York cottage, which they awoke to find filled with gifts by Santa Claus. The service at Sandringham Church is very bright and homely, and the pretty little building is beautifully decorated, a matter which is always a source of interest and pleasure to the Queen. All the members of the royal family attend the Christmas morning service. The old familiar hymns are sung. Pleasant greetings are exchanged with friends and neighbors as the royal family leaves the church. Their Majesties give a family banquet

in the evening, served with the time-honored menu of turkey, geese, roast beef, ham, and a sucking pig and roast cygnets together with a mackerel plump pudding, carried into the dining room all ablaze by two footmen in scarlet coats and white satin breeches, and served by the King. The special Sandringham mince pie is also in evidence. The Queen's orchestra plays during the meal, and the quaint music of carol singers is heard at intervals. After dinner there are games and merrymaking for the young folks, in which their Majesties and the house party and guests join with great heartiness.

On Boxing Day the Queen distributes the presents from the family Christmas tree to the royal children, and there are festivities arranged for the school children at various centres on the estate, and all get a present from the Queen. During the holidays there is yet another distribution of presents at the Christmas party for the servants. A huge Christmas tree stands in the ball room loaded with charming gifts, and every one of the Sandringham servants and those from York cottage also receive a present from the hands of the Queen, who is assisted by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their elder children. A good deal of merriment is occasioned by the method of distributing the presents. Each guest draws a ticket from a bowl in the servants' hall, and receives a gift from the tree corresponding to the number. It may happen that one of the maids gets cigars and a footman a "fascinator." Exchanges are effected to the satisfaction of everybody.

Star—But why should I marry you, Mr. Manager? Manager—Well, I discovered you, and you know new stars always take the name of the discoverers.—Kansas City Journal.



SUNSET ON GEORGIAN BAY. Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By W. E. Hill.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Last night I stayed awake to see what Santa Claus would bring. I heard a noise above me, and the merry sleigh-bells ring. Perhaps it was a Reindeer's hoof. That made the snow fall from the roof. And then I heard a gentle step. I thought that it was he, The door was softly opened, and my mother peeped to see. If I were sound asleep in bed— Or Santa wouldn't come, she said. I tried to look as if I slept, and shut my eyes up tight. And when I opened them once more, the sun was shining bright. He hadn't made a bit of noise. But filled the stocking full of toys! It bulges here, it sticks out there, and here's a ball, I know; On top there is a Teddy bear. What can be in the hole? I think it has the nicest feel. The hole way down from top to heel. I'm glad it's mother's stocking, for my socks are very small. I wonder how he knew that I was not so big and tall. For everything he brought, I see, Looks just as if he thought of me. —Estelle M. Kerr, in the December Canadian Magazine.

JIMMIE BOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, if you could bring A patent doll to dance and sing, A five-pound box of caramels, A set of reins with silver bells; An elephant that roars and walks, A Brownie doll that laughs and talks, A humming top that I can spin, A deck to keep my treasurers in; A boat or two that I can sail, A dog to bark and wag his tail, A pair of little bantam chicks, A chest of tools, a box of tricks; A scarlet suit of soldier togs, A spear and net for catching frogs, A bicycle and silver watch, A pound or two of butterscotch; A small toy farm with lots of trees, A gun to load with bears and peas, An organ and a music-box, A double set of building-blocks— If you will bring me these, I say, Before the coming Christmas day, I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd be pretty nearly satisfied. —Harper's Young People.



HAMILTON CAMERA CLUB OUTING AT OAKLANDS PARK.

Christmas Eve at Bethlehem

But peaceful was the night, Wherein the Prince of Light His reign of peace upon the earth began. The winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kist, Whispering new joys to the wild ocean. Who now hath quite forgot to rave, While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave. When such music sweet Their hearts and ears did greet As never was by mortal finger strook, Divinely-warbled voice, to wild and answering the stringed noise, As all their souls in blissful rapture took. The air such pleasure loth to lose, With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close. —Milton's "Ode to the Nativity." Bethlehem, the central spot of interest in the Holy Land at Christmastide, is a Christian town in the heart of Mohammedanism, where once a year the Greek Church grants the use of the Grotto of the Nativity to the Latin Church. The ceremonies begin on December 24 by the image of "Bambino" as it is termed in Italy of the youthful Christ being carried from the Basilica of St. Helena to the sacred Grotto of the Nativity, where the traditional spot of Christ's birth is marked by a silver star set in the rocky pavement. The service begins at 10 o'clock in the evening. It opens with the chanting of Psalms, without any musical accompaniment. The Patriarch of Jerusalem is usually present and officiates, but on this occasion he is represented by the Latin Bishop. The interior of the church is most picturesque, for there are only a few chairs, provided for foreign visitors, while the bulk of

the congregation is made up of the Bethlehemite women in their blue dresses, with red frontlets, wearing peaked caps when married and flat caps when single, covered by white veils. As they enter the church they at first kneel down and then sit upon the ground in true Oriental fashion. "In the dimly-lighted church," says one who has seen the services, and writes to the Sphere, "these squatting varicolored figures, with their beautiful faces lit up by fits and starts by flashes of the candles, intent on devotion, seem like so many modern Madonnas come to celebrate the glory of the first Madonna." Precisely at midnight the Pontifical high mass is celebrated, the figure of Christ is brought in a basket and deposited upon the high altar and the procession forms to accompany it to the crypt. As the long, chanting procession winds through the dimly-lighted church there is something weirdly solemn about the ceremony, and as the sacred image passes, various acts of worship are performed by the devout attendants. On the procession moves through the rough-hewn, dimly-lit passages from the Latin church to the Grotto of the Nativity. When the procession of richly-robed ecclesiastics reaches the silver star set in the pavement they pause and stand in a group about the basket which is deposited upon the star. Around the star is the inscription, "Hic de virgine natus est," for this is the spot upon which tradition places the actual birth of Jesus. There the recital of the account of the birth of Jesus as found in the Gospels is slowly recited, and when the passage (Luke ii. 7), "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in

the inn," is read the figure is reverently picked up from the star and carried over to the opposite side of the grotto, where it is put into a rock-cut manger. This concludes the service of Christmas Eve at Bethlehem.

CHRISTKINDEL Christmas on the 'Holy Ghost' Farm

(From the German, by W. Brachvogel. Translated by Louise Waring, for the Evening Post.) The autumn had been unusually long and beautiful; even the second Sunday

in Advent was still mild. The Frau Bauerin of the Holy Ghost farm had deemed it wise to take one more outing before winter should set in earnest, and had walked down into the valley to attend mass. On her way back she took the heat so oppressive that she took off her heavy jacket. Suddenly towards evening an icy wind began to whistle through the pine tops, driving cloud upon cloud until the distant hills were covered with a greenish misty veil. The following morning a leaden sky hung colorless over the valley. At last the snow began to fall with pitiless fury; the storm shook the giant trees and made them groan. In the night the storm had abated, the stars came out triumphant, and it turned icy cold. As the sun came climbing over the mountains, the scene was one of dazzling shimmering beauty, the snow reflecting a sea of prismatic colors. On the farm everything was life and bustle; in spite of the Sabbath, all hands, young and old, were put to work, even the Frau Bauerin took a shovel and began to open a path leading to the barn. All the snow must be cleared away before the freeze which was sure to come should set in the winding road leading down into the valley must be opened in order to make an easy descent to church for the midnight mass. The Frau Bauerin had that morning got up in the very worst of humors; she scolded the servants and found fault with everything. Old Randel, a half-deaf woman who ate the bread of charity at the farm, and who had just come over from a neighboring village, muttered as she sat herself behind the green-tiled stove and began to spin. "Light! she must have got out of bed left foot first!" On seeing old Randel, the Bauerin began to rummage in a large heavy oak linen chest. Her heart was wont to leap with pride at the sight of these snowy homespun treasures, tied with red tapes, and piled in stacks; but this day her heart was heavy. The Frau Bauerin was of medium height, plump and ruddy, an energetic, and bright, intelligent eyes. "You here, Randel!" she said, while taking out a pile of sheets. "What are you doing?" mumbled the old woman, somewhat startled, for she feared that her turn for a scolding had come. "Did you not have a dream-book?" asked the Bauerin, without turning. "Why? Have you had a dream?" answered Randel, dropping the thread she was spinning. "Yes, something very strange."

"Nonsense! Tell me what it was." This was a fine morsel for old Randel, and the thought of something uncanny animated her stolid countenance. The Bauerin put down her pile of sheets, and came nearer the stove. "I know my teeth are not strong enough to bite iron, and yet I dreamed that while biting into a piece of black bread two of them dropped out." Old Randel shook her head ominously, and said: "Teeth! Two teeth! I fear this forbodes evil." "Who fetch me the dream book?" urged the other. Randel rose clumsily and went out. The Bauerin, half-frightened and half-defiantly, while her eyes wandered restlessly around the rooms, muttered: "I was afraid it meant no good; something awful is going to happen to me." Then her thoughts travelled across the valley to the opposite hillside, where, in an old little house, lived her only daughter, Resi. It was for this child that the buxom widow had up to this time remained obdurate to many a worthy suitor, fearing that by a second marriage the property might become entangled and Resi's interests jeopardized. All these points had been fully weighed in the widow's thrifty mind. But one day, Wastl, a handsome young wheelwright, came to work on the farm, and all was over; a few days sufficed to shatter all the hopes she had cherished for her child's future. Resi declared she would have Wastl, or none other, and her head being as strong as her mother's, the latter had to yield that is, she said: "If you cannot give him up, then marry him; but hence forth you and I part." She had stuck to her word these two years. The last time they had met was at church, some three months before. Resi had made a timid attempt to speak to her mother, but the latter had coolly turned her back. Even the kind old parish priest's exhortations were fruitless in the village that Resi was soon less. In vain he urged the stern woman to forgive her child. She would not acknowledge to herself how cruelly she suffered through this separation. At times when the natural, tender instincts struggled to assert themselves, she would silence them mercilessly by sheer force of her iron will. That day at church Resi had looked ailing, so pale and thin, with dark rings under her eyes. She never was a strong child. What if she were suffering from deprivation now at this time when she needed special care? Old Rachel had to be a mother. Randel returned, bringing a much-



SCENE NEAR ANCASTER. Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By James Gadsby.

Christmas is Coming

It's a long time to Christmas, isn't it? Let's see, how many weeks is it? And how many presents must you have ready? If you began today and took care of two presents a week you would still have five to buy in the last scramble! Well, then, it isn't so long till Christmas.

clever, indeed, are the women who spend their idle moments during the summer in making many of the Christmas presents they expect to give to their friends. It is safe to say that the gifts these women must buy will be purchased long before the mad rush is on—the mad rush of those poor, deluded females who fondly imagine that because they start out at the last moment they will be able to buy the "very latest thing" in Christmas novelties. Begin right now, you who haven't given this matter a thought, and make some of the many dainty little gifts that even those who are not especially handy with the needle can fashion with just a little outlay of time. These things cost so little of actual money, yet they are valued by the recipient much more highly than costly, shop-bought gifts. Practical gifts are always appreciated. For grandmother, a sewing case is ever welcome. Take a piece of cretonne six by twelve inches and line it with plain color, binding the edges with same; then fold it into an envelope shape with a clasp or tie with a ribbon. The inside spaces divide into small pockets for needles, pins, bodkins, thread, thimble and scissors. For a busy mother, nothing is more acceptable than a generous-sized stocking bag. Make just like any laundry bag, of linen or cretonne, with the words "Stockings" embroidered on it. Girls will appreciate a pretty dresser cover, made of three dainty handkerchiefs joined together by left-overs of Valenciennes insertion, with a ruffle of lace, which makes as dainty a dresser cover as could be desired, and is not expensive. Or a cover for a light party dress to protect it from dust is much liked, made of two widths of cretonne sewed together, 45 inches long, gathered on a string at the top and buttoned down the front; looks like a cape, and covers the dress without crushing it. Mother would be very thankful for six cheesecloth dusters neatly hemmed by hand. The college boy or girl would like sofa pillows and cushions of all kinds, slippers, robes, and afghans; handkerchiefs with initials or monogram. Make father or brother a cream-color-

ed wool alpaca shirt all by hand. Use small flat pearl buttons. Run the placket on the sleeve to the elbow. Buttons and buttonholes the full length. Don't leave the pocket off. It is much prettier to put two rows of stitching on the plackets and pocket. When you select your pattern, give the size of the collar they wear, and your pattern fits. One living in the city could get remnants that I would make handsome shirts, as it only requires two and one-half yards, 42 inches wide, or three yards 36 inches. There never was a man who didn't enjoy having a match scratcher handy when he wanted to light his pipe. Take a heavy card, seven by nine inches, either white or cream, gild the edge by putting on gold paint in little irregular splashes; also gild a clay pipe to hold matches, tie diagonally across the centre of card by punching two holes close to

DEPOSED.

I useter be "it" at Christmas. The whole darned thing was me. But it ain't that way no longer. For we've got a baby-see! An' it happens that I ain't in 'em Around the Christmas tree. Of course I do get some presents. The same I useter get. If I didn't well, if I didn't. There'd be a kick you bet. An' we have the tree and fixin' 'em. The same we useter, yet— It's "Baby! Oh, see, see, baby!" "Dese baby like it? There!" "No, baby mustn't tear!" "Let babkins have it, washin' 'em. Till a feller wants to wear." They give him a pe more stuffin' He'll ever, ever use. An' what do you think 'em my stuff? He always has to choose! An' I have to hand it over. For "baby" to abuse. He's played with my truly engine An' put it on the bum! An' he sat on my book 'em tujins. An' struck a hole in my drum. An' it ain't such fun at Christmas. Since that there baby come

But they needn't think they can "Sant" 'em like they've "Sant" 'em. For I'm aagin to tell 'em. There ain't no Santy-gee! An' noble he'll think he'd rather go back to heaven, 'proct' 'em. —Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's. Suspension Bridge of Roots. The natives of the more uncivilized regions of the globe display considerable ingenuity in making use of such things as are to be found in the immediate neighborhood of their homes. A remarkable suspension bridge spans the River Rupunuma, in Central Peru, says the Wide World Magazine. The "ropes" of this bridge are composed of pine roots and vines, while the "planks" are made of branches. In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this "vegetable bridge" were to take it into its head one day to start growing! Sorry Afterward. No man ever got the better of his wife in an argument without regretting it. —Smart Set.



THE CLOCK TOWER, BERNE. Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By D. A. Souter.



FIRST GLIMPSE OF LAND. Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By D.A. Souter.

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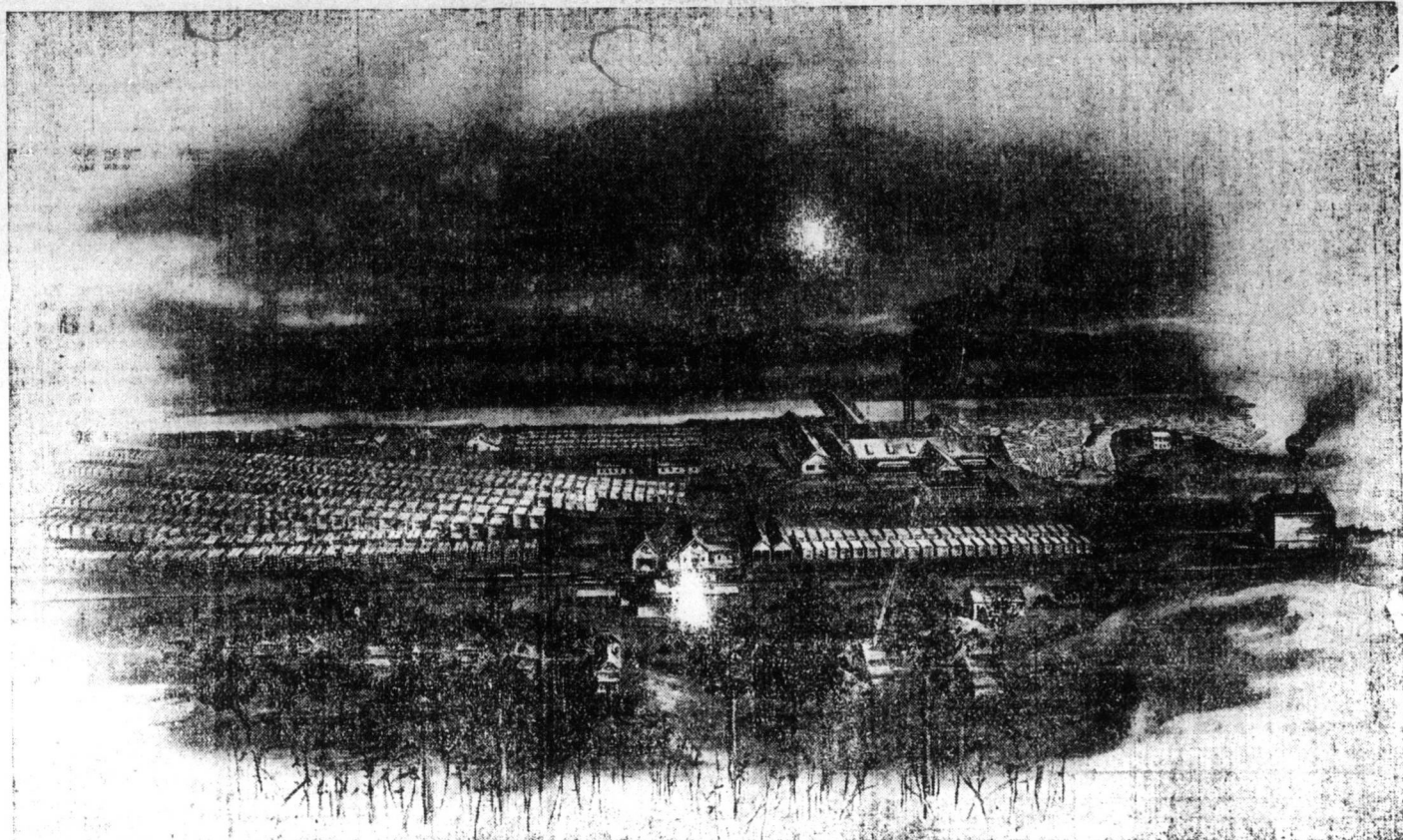
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KOOSJE

(By John Strange Winter.)
 UNDER the name of Koosje Van Kampen, she lived in Utrecht, that most quaint of cities, the Venice of the north. She lived in the house of a professor, who dwelt on the Minister's most aristocratic part of that wonderful city, and once or twice every week you might have seen her, if you had been there to see, busily engaged in washing the red tile and blue slate pathway in front of the professor's house. You would have seen that she was very pleasant to look at, this Koosje, very comely and clean, whether she happened to be very busy or whether it had been Sunday, and with her very best gown as she was out for promenade in the Baan after duly going to service. It was not likely that such a treasure could remain long unnoticed and unsought after. Servants in the Netherlands are not so good but that they might be better, and most people know what a treasure Prof. van Dijk had in his Koosje. However, as the professor conscientiously raised her wages from time to time Koosje never thought of leaving him. But there is one bribe no woman can resist—the bribe that is offered by love. As Prof. van Dijk had expected and feared, that brick ere long was held out to Koosje, and Koosje was too weak to resist it. Not that she had intended to tell him at first. She was only three and twenty, and though Jan van der Welde was as fine a fellow as could be seen in Utrecht and had good wages and something put by, Koosje was by no means inclined to rush headlong into matrimony with undue hurry. It was more pleasant to live in the professor's good house to have delightful walks in arm with Jan under the trees in the Baan or around the Singels, parting under the stars with many a lingering word and promise to meet again. It was during one of those very partings that the professor suddenly became aware as he walked placidly home of the change that had come into Koosje's life. However, Koosje told him blushing that she did not wish to leave him just at present. So he did not trouble himself about the matter. He was a wise man, this old authority on osteology, and quoted oftentimes, "Sufficiency into the day is the evil thereof." So the courtship sped smoothly on. Koosje had been on an errand for the professor, one that had kept her out of doors some time, and it happened that the night was bitterly cold. The cold indeed was fearful. The girl had delivered her message and ran on through Oude Kerkhoff as fast as her feet could carry her when just as she turned the corner into the Domplein, a fierce gust of wind, accompanied by a blinding shower of rain, assailed her. Her foot caught against something soft and heavy, and she fell. "Bless us!" she ejaculated blankly. "What fool has left a bundle on the path on such a night—pitch dark,

with half the lamps out and rain and mist enough to blind one?" She gathered herself up, rubbing elbows and knees vigorously, casting the while dark glances at the obnoxious bundle which had caused the disaster. Just then the wind was lulled. The lamp close at hand gave out a steady light, which shed its rays through the fog upon Koosje and the bundle, from which came a faint moan. Quickly she drew nearer, when she perceived that what she had believed to be a bundle was indeed a woman, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. Koosje tried to lift her and struggled on for a few steps that lay between her and the professor's house. "Oh, professor!" she gasped out, but between her struggle with the elements and her race down the passage her breath was utterly gone. The professor looked up from his book and his tea tray in surprise. "What is the matter, Koosje?" he asked, regarding her gravely over his spectacles. "There's a woman outside—dying!" she panted, "I fell over her." "You had better try to get her in, then," said the old gentleman, in quite a relieved tone. "You and Dorteje must bring her in, dear, dear! Poor soul! But it is a dreadful night." The old gentleman shivered as he spoke and drew a little nearer to the tall white porcelain stove. He wondered why he should have every luxury and this poor creature should be dying in the street amid the wind and the rain. It was all very unequal. It was very odd, the professor argued, leaning his back against the tall, warm stove. It was very odd indeed. His reverie was, however, broken by the abrupt re-entrance of Koosje, who this time was a little less breathless than she had been before. "We have got her into the kitchen, professor," she announced. "She is a child, a mere baby, and so pretty! She has opened her eyes and spoken." "Give her some soup and wine—hot," said the professor without stirring. "But what you mean?" she asked. The professor hesitated. He hated attending in cases of illness, though he was properly a qualified doctor and in emergency would lay his prejudice aside. "Or shall I run across for the good Dr. Smith?" Koosje asked. "He would come in a minute, only it is such a night!" At that moment a fierce just than before rattled at the casements and the professor laid aside his spectacles. He followed his housekeeper down the chilly, marble flagged passage into the kitchen. In an armchair before the opened stove sat the rescued girl—a slight, golden haired thing, with wistful blue eyes and a frightened air. Every moment she caught her breath in a half hysterical sob, while violent shivers shook her from head to foot. The professor went and looked at her over his spectacles, as if she had been some curious specimen of his favorite study. But at the same time he kept at a respectful distance from her. "Give her some soup and wine," he said at length, putting his hands under the tails of his long dressing gown of flowered cashmere—"some soup and wine, hot, and put her to bed." "Is she then to remain for the night?" Koosje asked, a little surprised.

"Well, you had better let Koosje put you to bed, and we will see what can be done for you in the morning." "Am I to make up a bed?" Koosje asked, following him along the passage. The professor wheeled around and faced her. "She had better sleep in the guest room," he said, thoughtfully, regardless of the cold which struck to his slippery feet from the marble floor. "That is the only room which does not contain specimens that would probably frighten the poor child. I am very much afraid, Koosje," he concluded, doubtfully, "that she is a lady, and what we are to do with a lady I can't think." With that the old gentleman shuffled off to his own room, and Koosje turned back to her kitchen. In the narrow matters assumed a somewhat different aspect. Gertrude Van Floote proved to be not exactly a gentleman. It is true that her father had been a well-to-do man for his station in life and had very much spoiled and indulged his one motherless child. Yet her education was so slight that she could do little more than read and write, besides speaking a little English, which she had picked up from the yachtmen frequenting her native town. The professor found she had been but a distant relative of the Mevrouw Baake to seek, whom she had come to Utrecht, and that she had no kinsfolk upon whom she could depend, a fact which accounted for the profusion of her jewelry, all her golden trinkets having descended to her as heirlooms. "I can be your servant, mynheer," she suggested. "Indeed, I am a very useful girl, as you will find if you will but try me." Now, as a rule, the professor vigorously set his face against admitting young servants into his house. They broke his china, they disarranged his bones, they meddled with his papers, and made general havoc. So, in truth, he was not very willing to have Gertrude Van Floote as a permanent member of his household, and he said so. Koosje had taken a fancy to the girl, and, having an eye to her own departure at no very distant date—for she had been betrothed more than two years—she pleaded so hard to keep her, promising to train her in all the professor's ways, to teach her the value of old china and osteologic specimens, that eventually, with a good deal of grumbling, the old gentleman gave way and, being a wise as well as an old gentleman, went back to his studies, dismissing Koosje and the girl alike from his thoughts. Just at first Truide, poor child, was charmed. She put away her specimens, ornaments, and some blue frocks and black skirts were purchased for her. Her box, which she had left at the station, supplied all that was necessary for Sunday. It was great fun. For a whole week this young person danced about the rambling house, playing at being a servant. Then she began to grow a little weary of it all. She had been accustomed, of course, to performing such offices as all Dutch ladies fulfill the care of china, of linen, the dusting of rooms and the like, but she had done the mas a mistress, not as an underling. And that was not the worst. It was when it came to her pretty foot having to be thrust into klompen and her having to take a pail and syringe and mop and clean the windows and the pathway and the front of the house the game of maid servant began to assume a very different aspect. When, after having been as free as air to come and go as she chose, she was only permitted to attend services on Sundays and to take an hour's promenade with Dorteje, who was dull and heavy and stupid, she began to feel positively desperate, and the result of it was that when Jan van der Welde came to see Koosje, Miss Truide, from sheer longing for excitement and change, began to make eyes at him. Just at first Koosje noticed nothing. She herself was of so faithful a nature that an idea, a suspicion, of Jan's faithlessness never entered her mind. When the girl laughed and blushed and dimpled and smiled, when she cast her great blue eyes at the big, young fellow, Koosje only thought how pretty she was and it was just a thousand pities she had not been born a great lady. And thus weeks slipped over. Never very demonstrative herself, Koosje saw nothing. Dorteje for her part, saw a great deal. But Dorteje was a woman of few words, one who quite believed in the saying, "If speech is silver, silver is silence." So she held her peace. Well, in the end there came what the French call un denouement—what we, in forcible modern English would call a smash—and it happened thus: It was one evening toward the summer that Koosje's eyes were suddenly opened and she became aware of the free and easy familiarity of Truide's manner toward her betrothed lover, Jan. "Leave the kitchen!" she said, in a tone of authority. But it happened that at the very instant she spoke Jan was furtively holding Truide's fingers under the cover of the table cloth, and when on hearing the sharp words the girl would have snatched them away he, with true masculine instinct of opposition, held them fast.

"What do you mean by speaking to her like that?" he demanded, an angry flush overspreading his dark face. "What is the maid to you?" Koosje asked, indignantly. "Maybe more than you are," he retorted, in answer to which Koosje deliberately marched out of the kitchen, leaving them alone. As she went along the passage the professor's bell sounded and Koosje, being close to the door, went abruptly in. The professor looked up in mild astonishment, quickly enough changed to dismay as he caught sight of Koosje's face. "How now, my good Koosje? What is the trouble?" he asked gently. "It's just like this, professor," cried Koosje, settling her arms akimbo and speaking in a high pitched, shrill voice, "you and I have been warming a viper in our bosoms, and, viper-like, she has turned around and bitten me." "Is it Truide?" "Truide," she affirmed absently. "Yes, it is Truide, who but for me would be dead now of longer and cold or worse. And she has been making love to that great fool Jan van der Welde, great oaf that he is, after all I have done for her, after me dragging her in out of the cold and rain, after all I have taught her. Serves me right for being so soft hearted! I'll be wiser next time after I fall over a bundle and leave it where I find it." "No, no, Koosje. Don't say that," the old gentleman remonstrated, gently. "After all, it may be but a blessing in disguise. God sends all our trials for some good and wise purpose." "Ah!" sniffed Koosje scornfully. "This oaf, as I must say you justly term him, for you are a good, clever woman, Koosje, as I can testify after the experience of years has proven that he can be false; he has shown that he is for of a truth, that poor, pretty child would make a sad wife for a poor man!" "It is better you should know it now than at some future date, when—when there might be other ties to make the knowledge more bitter to you. What are you going to do—punish her or turn her out or what?" "I shall let him marry her," replied Koosje, with a portentous nod. Fifteen years had passed away. The old professor of osteology had passed away with them, and in the large house on the Domplein lived a baron, with half a dozen noisy, happy, healthy children. There was a new race of neat maids, clad in the same neat livery of blue and black who scoured and cleaned, just as Koosje and Dorteje had done in the old professor's day. What had become of Dorteje Peenboom? Jay. But on the left hand of the busy, bustling, picturesque Oude Graacht, there was a handsome shop filled with all manner of cakes, sweetened confections and lippers, from which to behold one or another to a customer. In that shop was a handsome, prosperous, middle-aged woman, well dressed and well mannered, no longer Professor van Dijk's Koosje, but the Dorteje van Kampen. Yes, Koosje had come to be a prosperous tradeswoman of good position, respected by all. But she was Koosje van Kampen still. The romance which had come to be so disastrous and abrupt an end had satisfied her for life. I must tell you that at the time of Jan's "brideless" after the first flush of rage was over, Koosje declared to show any sign of grief or regret. She was very proud, this Netherlands servant maid, far to offend to let those by whom she was surrounded imagine she was wearing the willow for the faithless Jan, and when Dorteje, on the day of the wedding, remarked that for her part she had always considered Koosje remarkably cool on the subject of matrimony, Koosje, with a careless outburst of her hands, pained uppermost, answered that she was right. Very soon after their marriage Jan and his young wife left Utrecht for Arnhem, where Jan had promises of higher wages, and thus they passed, as Koosje thought, completely out of her life. "I don't wish to hear anything more about them, if you please," she said, severely and emphatically to Dorteje. But not so. In time the professor died, leaving Koosje the large legacy with which she set up the handsome shop in the Oude Graacht, and several years ago it happened one day that Koosje was sitting in her shop sewing. In the large inner room a party of ladies and offi-

(Continued on Page 40.)

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VOL. LII.

HAMILTON, CANADA, SATURDAY DECEMBER 18, 1909.

NO. 298.

BROKAW HAS HIS INNINGS.

Wife Rests Her Case For Separation and \$60,000 Alimony.

Guest Asserts Hostess, While Angry, Spouted Like a Horse.

Mrs. Brokaw Admits She Used Rather Bad Word.

New York, Dec. 17.—Mrs. Mary Blair Brokaw, the plaintiff, rested her case to-day at Mineola, L. I., where she is suing for separation from her husband, W. Gould Brokaw, with alimony of \$60,000, and the defence opened. Mrs. Brokaw has been her own principal witness, and there is speculation if her husband is to play a part equally prominent for the defence.

"We cannot say yet," said John F. McIntyre, her counsel. "He may take the stand in his own behalf later."

Prospects for a reconciliation between husband and wife brightened for a moment to-day when Mr. McIntyre tendered Mrs. Brokaw an invitation to the next New Year's cake walk at High Point, N. C., the Brokaw southern country place. Brokaw smiled and his wife hid her face in her furs, but during recess he defined his position as one of frank hostility.

"Mrs. Brokaw," he said, "has rejected my advances often enough. I am going to fight this suit to a finish."

Mrs. H. Bramwell Gilbert, Brokaw's sister, testified in his behalf, that he and his wife were a "sweet, tender, solicitous and loving couple." She said Brokaw was not a drinking man.

Mrs. Brokaw had refused to admit her use of a profane adjective as applied to a servant's berth in which she said her husband had made her sleep while crossing the Atlantic, unless Mr. Gilbert would swear she never said it.

"Coming around the ship's deck, I met the plaintiff face to face. I lifted my hat and she exclaimed, 'I'll be damned if I occupy that berth,'" testified Gilbert to-day.

As he repeated the debatable adjective Mr. Gilbert looked at the plaintiff. She reddened her head and smiled. So did Justice Putnam as she made good her word.

A crack with a wild story of heated witnesses threw a momentary flutter into the court decorum during the afternoon session. Officers led him away, while counsel for both sides agreed that his charges were baseless.

Henry Knox, who was at the Brokaw place at High Point in the fall of 1908, said that all the while he was on the estate the Brokaws were apparently very happy and affectionate. Everything was lovely until after the New Year's party last. Then he noticed a slight estrangement.

Knox said that the first quarrel he knew of occurred in the presence of a large party of guests at the dinner table. Later that night, he said, Brokaw and she went up to Mrs. Brokaw's room and found that she had locked herself in. It was only after long persuasion that Mr. Brokaw got her to unlock the door. Knox declared that although he had seen a number of serious quarrels, he had never seen Mr. Brokaw become violent toward his wife.

It developed that the incident Knox described when Mrs. Brokaw locked herself in her room was on the night of her attempt to commit suicide. When Brokaw learned of the attempt he "wringing his hands, and clutching his hair," Knox declared and moaned.

"What an idiot to try to do that! Oh, Harry, women can be such fools!"

It was Mrs. Brokaw who started the quarrel, Knox testified. "They locked horns on everything. If Billy said a vegetable on the table was a turnip Mary would declare he saw a fly. They were perfectly ridiculous."

Asked to describe their speech, Knox replied:

"That's hard. Everything was chaotic—a perfect mess. Mrs. Brokaw was exorbitant. Her conversation was jerky and fluttering. Did you ever see a horse spook his nose into a barrel of flour spluttering it in every direction?" he queried.

The answer drew forth an uproar and Mrs. Brokaw lowered her head to conceal a smile.

Testimony about the annual cake-walk at High Point drew an invitation for Mrs. Brokaw to attend one there. When Mr. Baldwin wanted to know more about these affairs, Mr. McIntyre said:

"Oh, there was nothing terrible about them. There will be another one this New Year's, and Mr. Baldwin and the plaintiff are invited to attend. Mrs. Brokaw turned to his wife with a smile of assent, but she buried her face in her fox stole and wouldn't meet her husband's eye."

All Ready

For a big day's business, the whole staff have for many days and nights been busy parceling up goods and getting ready for the rush. Extra rigs and extra help have been provided. We assure you prompt delivery. It's impossible in this limited space to tell you of the many tempting things we have provided for you. We would simply ask that if possible you pay us a visit. We feel sure you will appreciate our endeavor. Kindly favor us as early as possible.—Bain & Adams.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES.

To rent at \$2 a year and upwards, for the storing of deeds, bonds, stocks, wills, silver and other valuables. TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

Moving Pictures at Y.M.C.A.

Another splendid three hour program from 2 to 5, this afternoon and from 7 to 10, this evening, nominal prices.

Commercial Travellers

Certificates for 1910 are now being issued at the office of John Lennox & Co., King street east.

OBITUARY.

Death of Mrs. Sanders—Two Old People Gone.

Mrs. Jane Sanders died early this morning at her residence in Barton, after an illness of five days with pneumonia and pleurisy. She was a native of Scotland and had resided in Barton for a number of years. She was highly respected and leaves a host of friends who will regret her death. Besides her husband, she leaves two brothers, William McGill, Barton, and Anthony McGill, Ottawa. The funeral will take place on Monday at 2 p. m. to Burkholder's burying grounds.

At the age of 78 years Agnes Twitchell, widow of Captain F. D. Twitchell, died in Toronto at her son's residence, 420 Huron street, this morning. She was formerly a resident of this city. The funeral will take place on Monday from the T. H. & B. station to Hamilton cemetery.

James Kerr, a retired merchant of Bright, Ont., passed away yesterday at his residence here, 362 Herkimer street, where he had resided for the past five years. He was 75 years of age, and had been failing in health for two years. He leaves a widow and a grown-up family of eight sons and four daughters. The funeral will take place on Monday at 3 p. m. to Hamilton cemetery.

REDUCTION OF LICENSES.

To the Editor of the Times:

The assertion is made that Hamilton is a drunken city. It is said that there are too many hotels, and that if fifteen of these hotels were closed they would reduce the drunkenness to a minimum.

Now, sir, Hamilton is not a drunken city; and those who make the assertion are slandering the place, and, to the extent of their ability, doing injury to its business. I am on the streets of our city at all hours of the day and evening, and I very seldom meet a man who gives evidence of gross intoxication. I affirm that Hamilton is as sober and respectable as any city in the Dominion of Canada. It is certainly much more sober than any city in the Dominion of Canada. It is certainly much more sober than any city in the Dominion of Canada.

It cannot be denied that on Saturday nights and Sundays there is a good deal of drinking, and there is probably more drunkenness than there is during all the rest of the week. Why? Because men who know that they cannot get liquor at the hotels provide themselves with flasks or bottles of whiskey, and then they drink more than they would drink if the bar rooms were open. The man with a flask in his pocket meets his friend on the street and gives him a drink. They get drunk direct from the bottle the undiluted liquor; they do not realize how much they are drinking; and the raw stuff is much more harmful than the regulated drink they would take if they were in a bar room, and if they were to drink liquor usual with water. If there is more drunkenness on Saturday nights than on other nights it is not because the bar rooms are open, but because they are closed.

The Rev. Mr. Small is reported to have said on Tuesday evening that the licensed hotels in Hamilton "are open twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week." There is not a fair minded man or woman in the city of Hamilton who believes that to be true. The law is well enforced in this city. The license is not a mere right and honor, but a burden, earnestly desirous of enforcing the law. They would take away the licenses of those who keep open illegally as Mr. Small says they do. The inspector and the police are actively on the watch for those who keep open during prohibited hours. The government has special agents at work throughout the provinces whose business it is to detect and bring to justice those who break the law. And the cases in which the law is broken are very few. I challenge Mr. Small to name one house which is kept open one night after eleven o'clock or on Sunday.

It is all very clever for Mr. Small, who has not a dollar at stake in Hamilton, and who cares nothing for its reputation, to come here and defame our city, for the sake of the money he gets. He is here to-day, and in a short time he will be in some other place in his own country—the United States—and he does not care how much Hamilton may suffer in reputation or in business because of his slanderous utterances. But it is different with those who live here, who desire to have a good reputation, who have property here, and who pay taxes here. I do not think many business men in Hamilton, or many of those who are striving to build up the greater Hamilton will thank the gentleman from the South for his libels upon our city.

The assertion, or the assumption, that if fifteen licenses were cut off it is unreasonable. The man who wants liquor will get it; and if his accustomed place is closed he will go to another place. If there were only fifty hotels, where now there are sixty-five, the only effect upon the sale would be that the fifty would do all the business, and would make more money than they now make. The only qualification to be made to that remark is that possibly more men would buy bottles and take liquor home to be consumed there; or that more men would be encouraged to open "blind pigs" and sell illegally. The consumption of liquor would not be lessened, but the revenue of the city would be reduced, and property owners would have to pay more taxes to make up the deficiency.

Hamiltonian.

Our Display

Of hand-painted China is distinctive in the great number of odd pieces it contains. Usual pieces of artistic merit will be found in this department, and the selection of a pleasing gift may easily be made by those wishing either an inexpensive or a costly and elaborate article. Klein & Binkley, 35, 37 James street north.

The Five Greatest Original Forests of the United States

The five greatest original forests of the United States covered 850,000,000 acres and contained 52,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

BAD FOR LICENSE-HOLDERS; BAD FOR REDUCTIONISTS.

Issuing of "Warehouse" Liquor Licenses in Hamilton is Going to Bring Trouble From Both Sides.

Trouble is brewing in Hamilton over the latest scheme of the Provincial License Department (which means Sir James Pliny, et al.) over the recent active measures to promote drunkenness among foreigners in this city.

Attention was first called to the existing state of things by the Times on Wednesday, when it pointed out that W. L. Ross, K. C., secretary of the Conservative Association in Hamilton, when acting as crown prosecutor in a case in which a foreigner was charged with a breach of the liquor act, asked that the case be withdrawn.

Magistrate Scott was surprised at such a request being made by the crown prosecutor, and said that if such a thing was allowed the police would no longer take any interest in assisting the license commissioner to enforce the liquor law.

License Inspector James Sturdy was the most surprised man in the court room. He and two policemen had gone to the foreigner's house and confiscated dozens of bottles of liquor, and he thought he had a strong case, then why should the crown prosecutor, without even consulting him, ask to have it withdrawn?

He refused to be a party to such a proposition, and Magistrate Jeits ordered that the case proceed the next day.

Then was the time to do some digging. A Times reporter did it, and learned that some months ago the License Department had gone over the heads of the Hamilton License Commissioners and had issued a license to one Scarrone, an Italian, who acts sometimes as interpreter, and has a lot of weight with the foreign element, to sell liquor.

For months the people of Hamilton have been wondering where the foreigners obtained the enormous quantities of liquor they were consuming. Drunkenness, stabbings and brawls have been disgracedly common. As the Times said at the time of the exposure, the story of that license would make great reading. But that story will not be told, if the Tory machine in Hamilton can prevent it.

The hotel men and liquor store keepers are up in arms, so to speak, over it. They pay high license fees and are subject to the license commissioner and the license inspector. They say the man who is not under the commissioner at all is doing the business—and what a business.

The temperance people pronounce it a scandal. Here is the Premier of Ontario talking about promoting sobriety and his license department in Toronto going over the heads of the license commissioners to promote drunkenness among a class of citizens who are quick to use the knife and revolver when under the influence.

The Times is informed by a prominent Tory who is in the liquor business that the scandalous thing was engineered by the inner ring of the Tory machine in Hamilton.

The bad feature as seen by the temperance people is that the license department at Toronto has the power (and is evidently quite willing to use it) to upset all their efforts. They may work until they secure a reduction of licenses, and the department has only to issue more "warehouse" licenses to more than offset all the good that has been done.

Yesterday, at a meeting of the temperance people, the matter was called to their attention. Surprise was expressed that such a thing could be possible. It will be taken up at the first general meeting. The temperance people realize that two or three "warehouse" licenses of that sort can do more to promote drunkenness and crime than all they can do to reduce license fees, which will accomplish in the opposite direction.

IS LISTED.

Harry England's Name Adorns the New Indian Roll.

Be it known that Harry England, Burlington street east, is on the revised Indian list. He is what might be termed an inveterate. Last night, in company with William Smith, 21 Sincoe street east, he was engaged in a battle in which a third party, Lindsay, by name, was also mixed up. Smith and England were fined \$3 each at Police Court this morning.

The Magistrate told England that he was on the Indian list, but England said he did not know. In view of his ignorance of that fact he was allowed to go on payment of the aforementioned fine, but with the warning that if he comes up for drunkenness again it will be a heavy fine or jail for him.

Lindsay, who broke windows in his cell, was fined \$3.

Soaked through and through, old William Sullivan was charged with being drunk. He goes to Ogilvie's for a few days to dry out, as he appeared to be on the verge of the delirium tremens. The case of Freeman and Freeman, in which Charles Freeman sought to have an order for maintaining his wife annulled, was again up for hearing, and was laid over till Monday to allow his wife to look up the law. A lot of evidence was given, tinged with a flavor of Divorce Court evidence, accusing Mrs. Freeman, of Misconduct with a man named Sullivan.

C. W. Bell appeared for Mrs. Freeman and J. C. Gauld for Mr. Freeman.

MARKET FOR CHRISTMAS.

On the Whole It Was Rather Disappointing To-day.

Turkeys 23 to 25 Cents—Fine Showing of Meats.

Better Markets Are Looked For During Next Week.

The arrival of a large number of Christmas trees on Central Market this morning made it appear very cheerful and Christmasy. They were being sold at all prices, from 15 to 75 cents, according to size. The attendance was not as large as would be expected for the last Saturday market before Christmas, but it is likely that the number of both vendors and shoppers will be large at Tuesday's and Thursday's markets. Turkeys were among the main objects of interest this morning. Of course turkeys always are interesting things at Christmas time, but they were especially so to-day because of their price. Until a few days ago they had not gone below 22 cents a pound, but to-day the general price asked was 23 to 25 cents, although the supply was large.

"Yes," said one of the large fowl dealers, "the prices of fowl this morning are very high, but I expect that they will come down before next Saturday."

Spring chickens were also dear, ranging in price from 85 cents to \$1.35 per pair. Quite a number of geese were offered at from 10 to 12 cents per pound. Although there was a good supply of Christmas beef in the market, the prices were raised 50 cents a hundredweight. The new price, 8 to 9 cents per pound, will likely be the Christmas price.

The farmers' arena this morning was the scene of busy trading that it had been for the past few Saturdays. No doubt on Tuesday and Thursday a large amount of small vegetables and apples will be offered.

There was a large amount of butter on sale, but that did not affect the price, it being all the way from 28 to 32 cents a pound. The supply of fresh laid eggs was not extra large. The price, in most cases, was 50 cents per dozen. Storage eggs could be had for from 30 to 35 cents. The dealers think that these prices will rule during Christmas and New Year.

The market as a whole, in attendance and offerings, was a disappointment to many of the produce dealers.

OVER A HORSE.

Action Against Street Railway in the County Court.

At yesterday afternoon's session of the County Court the only case taken up was that of Sanders vs. Hamilton Street Railway, for damages for the death of a horse. The evidence took up the entire afternoon and the case was not rested with the jury until the hour had approached for adjournment.

A. Sanders, the plaintiff, said he was a peddler and on the day when the accident happened, was driving along Princess street, crossing the tracks at the corner of Birch avenue, when the car, which had previously been hidden by a high board fence, struck his horse. The first intimation he had of the approaching car was the ringing of the bell by the motorman, but that had not been done quickly enough to enable him to get across and his horse struck the horse behind the shoulder, inflicting wounds of such a nature that it later contracted congestion of the lungs and died.

Dr. Baker, veterinary, said the horse when he examined it was suffering from congestion of the lungs which it was possible might have been caused by its having been struck or otherwise.

Mr. McRoberts said the cause of the accident had not been so much the high board fence as the brakes, which were hard to control. The car was an old one which was only used on rush occasions.

M. J. O'Reilly, for the defence, asked that the case be non-suited as it had not been proven that the car was under the direction of the Street Railway Company, but rather under that of the Radial Company, who had a mutual agreement.

"Yes, and if we had brought the suit against them you would have contended the Street Railway was responsible by means of your mutual agreement," said W. S. McBarnay, acting for the plaintiff.

JUROR WAS LATE.

Robert Burns, one of the petit jurors at the County Court sitting, who was on the jury trying a case yesterday afternoon, narrowly escaped having to part with \$25 for delaying the jury by not being present at the appointed time. After a wait of about 15 minutes, the jurors filed into the room, but Burns was still missing. When the list was called, he failed to respond.

When Judge Snider's attention was called to the matter by the Court Clerk he ordered that the missing juror be notified and if he failed to appear within a short time a fine of \$25 was to be imposed upon him. The message was delivered over the telephone, and although he is a long distance away, he made quick time and saved his money.

FOR NEW YEAR

Methodists Planning For Active Work in Near Future.

A representative gathering of Methodists was held last evening for the purpose of discussing a number of questions of interest to the denomination as a whole in this city. All the churches were represented. One of the matters dealt with was the holding of joint revival meetings early in the year. On motion of Mr. S. F. Lazear, K. C., and Rev. Dr. Smith, a committee was appointed to consider the question and report at a meeting to be held immediately after the holidays.

The work of the Methodist Social Union was also discussed, also the matter of extending church effort in the suburban sections. The discussion was informal, but at the meeting in January something definite will be presented.

STIFF FIGHT

Being Put Up to Clear John Taglierino Next Week.

That the trial of John Taglierino on Tuesday will be of a very interesting nature is apparent. The defence is taking every possible step to clear the prisoner, their latest step being to secure an order for the appearance of Colombo and Spazzano, who were recently sentenced to Penitentiary for ten years on the Black Hand charges. F. Morrison, of Staughton, O'Heir and Morrison, yesterday afternoon applied to Judge Snider for the order, and it was granted.

The reason why Wolf was not also included has not been made known. Taglierino is alleged to have written the letters which were sent to witnesses asking for money, but it was stated that another one of the prisoners posted it.

\$45,000 SUIT

Begun by O. D. Peat Against United Electric Company.

O. D. Peat, of the firm of Lees, Hobson & Stephens, has started action against the United Electric Company, Toronto, on a promissory note for \$45,544.06. It is understood that Mr. Peat is acting for a client.

ON MONDAY.

T. J. Stewart Promises to Give His Answer Then.

T. J. Stewart, who is being urged by the Hydro clique to oppose Mayor McLaren, returned from Ottawa to-day. "Have you made up your mind yet what you are going to do?" he was asked.

"I will not discuss the matter to-day," was the reply. "I have just returned from Ottawa. I will make a statement on Monday."

Mr. Stewart has not been presented yet with the petitions which have been circulated. The committee will wait on him to-day.

The Best Gifts For Men.

Meerschaum pipes, tobacco pouches, calabash pipes, cigar cases, briar pipes, cases, Humidor, Turkish Hookahs, tobacco jars, and cigars in small boxes. Make a selection at peace's cigar store, 107 King street east.

JURISDICTION EXTENDED.

Fishery Inspector Kerr received authority this morning from the Department of Game and Fisheries, extending his right to prosecute in a much larger area than heretofore.

By doing nothing we learn to do ill.—Watts.

GET SOME RUDE JOLTS.

Even Staunch Hydro Men Balk at the Petitions.

Will Income Tax Delinquents be Disfranchised.

May Re-open Matter of Bird Company's Switch.

Severe rebuts in quarters least expected have been met with by the Hydro agitators who are circulating the petitions urging J. J. Stewart to oppose Mayor McLaren, and as a result the prospects of a Majority contest are fading rapidly. Although members of the Hydro committee declare that the petitions are being largely signed, some of them were forced to admit that their hopes had been rudely jolted by men whose support they had expected. For instance, Aid. T. S. Morris refused to sign the petition. Mr. Morris has been one of the most consistent supporters of Niagara power in this year's Council. This is only one of many instances where the people handing the petitions were told point blank that the movement to oppose the Mayor would get a cold reception. "I don't believe there are more than three men in the Council who would sign the petition," said the Mayor.

The question of whether there is going to be a fight will probably be definitely answered by Monday. Mr. Stewart returns from Ottawa today. He will be presented with the petitions tonight. Opinion is divided in municipal circles as to what his answer will be. One thing is certain: If Stewart is out of Mayor McLaren is almost sure of being re-elected by acclamation. The City Hall refuses to treat seriously the report that Aid. Wright or Dr. Hopkins will run. It is a well known fact that Stewart some weeks ago expressed the opinion that if a contract of any kind was made and motors for Hydro power ordered there was little chance of anyone having a show against Mayor McLaren.

The Council will hold a special meeting on Monday night to award the contracts for pumps and electrical equipment. The Fire and Water Committee yesterday afternoon unanimously recommended the Council to accept the Westinghouse Company's tender for two Hydro motors and transformers, at \$16,824, and the McDougall Company's offer of \$7,220 for the pumps for the Beach plant, the equipment of course to be subject to the approval of the City Engineer. Aid. Lees moved the motion, which was seconded by Aid. Gardner. The Sewers Committee is meeting to-day to accept the Westinghouse Company's tender of \$4,000 for the pumps, motors and other equipment for the annex disposal plant.

People who are in arrears with their income tax may be disfranchised and prevented from voting in the municipal election. This has never been done here before, but the Municipal Act requires the tax collector, before the end of the year, to prepare an alphabetical and sworn list of all in arrears for income tax up to Dec. 14. Tax Collector Kerr will likely take the matter up with the City Solicitor.

A report reached the City Hall to-day that L. F. Stephens, acting for clients who own property in the vicinity, would make an effort to get the Dominion Railway Commission to re-open the matter of the switch to the F. W. Bird factory over the Beach road. It is said he contends the matter was closed up without his clients having an opportunity of being heard. Mr. Stephens to-day refused to discuss the matter. This is the switch over which the company threatened to remove its plant from Hamilton unless the city met its demands. The Railway Commission decided to make an order for the switch, but it has not been issued yet.

During the past week thirty-nine cases of measles, eight of diphtheria and one of chickenpox were reported at the health department.

The Man In Overalls

Remember the poor. Don't wait another day. Buy them Christmas trees or bearing. Give gifts to those who cannot give. The churches will be open to-morrow. Make it Peregrine for Controller. Buy early and often. Now, girls, give mother a hand. From the way some people are talking

5 More Shopping Days Before Christmas



You would think they went to school with Santa Claus.

The parole system has been a failure as far as Toronto is concerned. It never should have got out.

Dr. Hopkins now admits that what Ex-Mayor Stewart is suffering from is exaggerated Ego. Of course, that accounts for his swollen head.

Stuart street gets the transmission line, the lightning express to the other world.

I am willing to vote for Aid. Geo. H. Milne and ex-Aid. Kirkpatrick with my eyes shut. No matter what ticket they are on.

I hear that Alf Wright is hedging on the Dreadnought question. He wants to put it to a vote of the people. That's on a par with Jim Miller's objections to a Canadian attaché at Washington. He thinks there are too many Canadians in the States already.

It puzzles me to know how the Herald can talk about the Christmas spirit, and good will to men, and all that sort of stuff, when it is known to be carrying around a razor to slice up the Mayor.

That's right. Hang back to the last moment. Lots of time to buy all your want. Of course, you'll be sorry after. But when the time to holler comes, don't blame me.

There'll be some fine Christmas music to-morrow week. I've been listening.

How we are all to get a turkey each is another problem.

I have received a complimentary ticket and invitation from the Winnipeg Free Press to take a look through its astronomical telescope at Halley's comet some time next April. The scope is planted on the roof of the Free Press building, and will be in use between 7 p. m. and midnight (weather permitting) any old evening in that month. Thanks awfully. But I think I will be content to view it from the mountain top.

This is our Christmas number. How do you like it?

Compliments of the season go with it.

Only five buying days.

IS WELL AND TRULY LAID.

Interesting Ceremony at Herkimer Baptist Church.

Pastor McDiarmid Tells of the Position of Church.

All the Ministers of Baptist Churches Present.

In the presence of a representative gathering of ministers and members of the Baptist and other churches of the city, the corner stone of the new Herkimer Baptist Church, corner of Locke street and Stanley avenue, was laid at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon by T. E. Best, who, as a student, was the first pastor of the church. Before the ceremony took place, Rev. H. McDiarmid, the present pastor, gave an address. The occasion, he said, showed a marked progress in the enterprise to which the congregation had looked forward for four years. While the new church was not a large one, it was well within their financial means. It would have a seating capacity of 400, and when completed would serve the double purpose of church and Bible school. In building the new church, he said, they had not failed to consider the future, for in the vacant property to their east there was sufficient space for the erection of a more commodious and up-to-date church edifice, when circumstances justified the expenditure. "We trust," said the speaker, "that the future will justify our actions in making this building another centre of influence for God's kingdom in the moulding of character of the surrounding community in accordance with the principles as exemplified by our Lord in His life and teachings."

Mr. Best, with a few appropriate remarks, then laid the stone.

"This," he said, holding up the bottle, which contained a recent copy of the Canadian Baptist, the last annual report of the church and its various organizations, and some copies of a valuable souvenir to the future generations. "The laying of a corner stone of a church, to him, was associated with the great foundation, laid by Jesus Christ. The presence of some of the old members brought back fond recollections of his early connection with the church. Concluding he officially declared the stone laid, and wished the church and its pastor great success in their new enterprise."

Among those present were Rev. H. Edgar Allen, Rev. James Braeken, Rev. T. McLachlan, Rev. W. Quarrington, Rev. T. De Courcy Rayner, and Rev. C. E. Burrell.

37 JOINED.

Many New Communicants at St. Andrew's Church.

Preparatory services were held in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church last evening. Rev. S. H. Gray, of Knox Church, Dundas, preached a thoughtful sermon from the episode of the woman of Samara at the well. His theme was spiritual religion, dwelling particularly on the imminence of God. Rev. Mr. Wilson, the pastor, welcomed thirty-seven new members to the church, 16 by certificate and 21 by profession of faith. They were addressed by the pastor, given communion cards and formally received by the elders. St. Andrew's Church is now the second largest Presbyterian congregation in Hamilton, and is still growing.

A FRIEND FROM HOME.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, DEC. 20, 1909

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT NEXT WEEK TILL 10 P. M.

Our Grand List of Practical Christmas Gifts

For Monday's Selling

At Reduced Prices

COME AND SAVE

Shop Early Monday Morning and Avoid the Rush in Toyland

- 5 dozen boxes Nine Pins, regular 35c, for 25c
2 dozen Dolls' Houses and Stables, regular \$1.00, for 75c
Good Strong Drums, each 25, 35, 50, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25
Automatic Tracks and Trains, regu \$3.50
Red Table with 2 chairs, splendid value \$2.00
Red Rockers for children 40c
Chairs for children 25c
Red Rockers for dolls, regular 25c, for 15c
Good, Strong Folding Tables, each \$1.50
Dolls' Folding Cradles, regular 15c, for 10c
Dolls' Wicker Buggies 25c to \$3.50
Automobiles, each \$3.50 to \$5.00

Great Price Saving in Ladies' Hand Bags

Ladies' Real Leather Hand Bags, leather covered or nickel frame; some with coin purses, single or 2-strap handles. Worth \$1.50, sale price \$1.00

Music Cases

Full stock of Music Cases, in black seal, velvet, crocodile, in brown, green, nickel trimmings. Prices from \$1.75 to \$2.75

Hand Bags \$2.00

Ladies' Black Seal Hand Bags, brass trimmed, leather covered frame, small coin purse and leather lined, single strap handle. Worth \$2.50, Monday sale price \$2.00

See our assortment of Hand Bags, in Russian real seal, velvet, crocodile, alligator, patent leather, fancy leather and Morocco, also a full line of Beaded Purse; prices \$1.50 to \$20.00

Jewelry Dept. All Aglow With Christmas Jewelry and Novelties

Gold-plated Necklets, with colored stones, nice fine chain, with clasp at back, in boxes. Regular \$1.50, Monday \$1.25

Cuff Pins 15c Pair

Gold-plated Cuff Pins, different colored stones, heart shape, diamond shape etc., the very latest fad. 15c pair

Beads 10c

Beads, in all colors, in boxes, sizes vary, large in centre and get smaller towards clasp. Special for Monday \$1.00

Jewel Cases

See our large assortment of Silver, Oxidized and Gold Jewel Cases, all shapes and pink and blue padded lining, nothing makes a more acceptable gift, prices from \$1.00 to \$5.00

Boxed Frillings 25c Box

Pretty frillings of cords, net, frills, etc., in dainty Christmas gift box, 6 1/2 in all, about one gross, to clear, Monday \$2.50 box

Belting 38c Belt Length

Beautiful Belting, all the newest shades and patterns, in 3 1/2 yard length, in pretty gift box. Don't miss this opportunity; only 38c, regularly 75c

Fancy Collars 25c, Regular 50c

Fancy Collars, made of lace, insertion, chiffon, ribbon, put up in lovely boxes, regularly 50c, Monday 25c

Hankkerchiefs, 2 for 25c

200 dozen Swiss Embroidery Hankkerchiefs, plain and scalloped edge, a box given with every 25c worth, Monday \$2.00

Twenty-Five Semi-Made French Lace Robes at \$12.75, Worth \$25 to \$35

Monday will be the time to procure a beautiful Dress for evening and afternoon wear. Twenty-five only, all French Robes, semi made, in latest effects, various styles, in white, black and a few colors, including a few embroidered filet, Renaissance and Dattenburg. The regular values of these robes run from \$25.00 to \$35.00. Clearing sale price on Monday \$12.75

Practical Christmas Gifts From Toilet Goods Department

Collar Boxes, nicely lined, celluloid and imitation leather cover. Monday \$1.00, regularly \$1.50

Shaving Sets \$1.25

Shaving Sets, mug, brush and mirror, satin lined, imitation alligator covered box; a very nice gift for gents; Monday \$1.25

Ebony Mirrors

Warranted Plate Glass Ebony Mirrors, for stand or hand mirror, prices \$2.00 to \$4.00

Manicure and Toilet Sets

Manicure and Toilet Sets, in beautiful satin lined cases, some with silver plate for initials. Prices range from 50c to \$25.00

Perfume 25c Box

French Perfume, different odors to choose from; regular 35c, Monday 25c box

Birthday Books, Poems, Children's Books

Birthday Books, nicely bound, with gilt edges and worth 40c; on sale Monday \$25c

Children's Books

Children's Books, nicely bound and by good authors. Some books as follows: Up in the Clouds, Pilgrim's Progress, The Gorilla Hunters, the Pansy Books, Oliver Twist; Monday 25c each

Padded Poems 79c

Padded Poems, Morocco bound and gilt edges, by good poets, such as Shelley, Wordsworth, Burns, Mrs. Browning, Whittier; regular \$1.00, for 79c

A Great Sale of 25c Books

A new shipment of beautifully bound Books, by good authors, all good books and worth 50c; Monday about 150 to clear for only 25c

Now's the Time to Buy Your Christmas Waists and Silk Undershirts

Third Floor. \$5 Eiderdown Robes for \$3.25 \$5 Silk Waists for \$2.49

We will put on sale Monday morning from nine till one o'clock, five dozen only of Eiderdown Bath Robes, in cardinal and grey, and all sizes, trimmed collar and cuffs, silk girdle, worth regular \$5, green, sizes 36 to 40, worth regular \$4.50, Monday's sale price \$3.25

\$5 Silk Undershirts for \$3.98

Black and colored Chiffon Taffeta Silk Undershirts, made with deep circular flounce, daintily tucked, wide width, Messaline dust frill, worth regular \$5.50, Monday's sale price \$3.98

R. MCKAY & CO.

Saved From the Sea

"You promised that before and utterly failed," Christine said, firmly, though her whole form trembled under his hands and gaze. "I can not, will not change my decision, or hear you more."

Now, indeed, this man's passions and ruthlessness were roused with almost uncontrolled force.

"Then, by heaven! you shall change it, and listen to me; here on my heart, as surely as you must yield to my strength, so, my darling—"

He suddenly dropped his hands to take her in his arms once more and wrap her in his soft, warm, caressing arms, she lay helpless, breathless, powerless to offer the slightest resistance to that clasp of the passionate kisses he pressed again and again on brow, and cheek, and lips.

"So—so—why force me to be cruel! You are mine by all laws of heaven and man. Sweetheart, wife, you can not say no to me like this, with my lips to yours to plead!" With a sudden change of manner he laid his lips to hers again, warm, clinging, tender, as the rich mellow tones sunk to the very softest music of intense supplication. "It will not be for long. No cloud of shame shall overshadow the quiet home where my darling shall reign. I have found you after six long years, and now how can we ever part? It is too much to live under. Tell me you love me still, Christine—tell me you still love only me!"

"Husband, you know it," she sobbed, burying her face in his bosom. "I loved you once and forever better than life, but you are wringing my very heart out. Do you think it is nothing to me to refuse your prayer where there is no happiness for me save at your side? But I must be strong for your sake. Don't make it harder—loose your clasp; don't kiss me and tempt me with the persuasive music of your loved voice. In pity, spare me!"

"Then why resist?" came the templer's softest whisper in her ear; and the clasp that had loosened a little drew close again. "My beautiful one, my heart's dearest, yield, then! I freed one hand to raise her face, gazing down into her eyes with the look that only the woman loved over sees in a man's eyes—'yield, then, to me, wife!'"

"Had his power triumphed, that she held her very breath? In that moment of fierce temptation and agonized strife, the woman's heart failed her—her very love was at once her weakness and her strength. For one second she had almost yielded her arms, closely about her husband's neck.

"Heaven help me! I dare not—for your dear sake!"

She was suddenly shaken from head to foot with a tempest of convulsive sobs, and clung to him as if in terror he would desert her. In an outburst of the gentlest anger, such as possibly she had once or twice experienced of old; but, if ever she had, it came not now.

All that was best in St. Maur's strong, inexpressible nature was roused, and for the time—though only for the time—he gave back from this point—vanquished.

His deepest love was stirred to the core, and he folded the slender, quivering form yet closer to his breast, and strove, with tenderest caresses and endearing words, to soothe and calm the tempest which had indeed almost startled him.

"Let the question rest at present, my own darling!" he whispered, at last, as quite still and exhausted, she let him place her on the fallen lounge beside him, still and exhausted, she let him place her on the fallen lounge beside him, still within his sheltering arm. "Only one thing I will ask now—one promise which you will surely not refuse your husband."

"I will refuse nothing I can possibly give, dear Frederick!" The low, sweet voice was unsteady yet. "What is the promise?"

"That you will sometimes meet me in secret," he said, earnestly, stroking the soft, curling locks. "You start, but we must—oh, Christine, we must! There is so much yet to say, to learn; meeting in society is but the stone for bread. Your own heart must plead for mine in this dear one promise."

"I promise, Frederick!"

There was a flash of triumph as well as joy in St. Maur's handsome eyes as he stooped and kissed the lips that had so pledged him.

"Dearest—thanks! When do you go back to town, then?"

"I think on Saturday. We can not meet again down here, Frederick. I could not escape—today was a mere chance; and now I must be returning."

St. Maur's brow darkened as he rose; but he cleared again as Christine laid her hand on his lips, half smiling.

"No, no, husband—no word or frown of jealousy! Tell me your address, for we can write; only you must write in a disguised hand if you are likely to know the Cliffords."

"I shall. I mean to do so, through the Addison's," was the answer. "I shall leave here to-morrow, then, since I may not see you again. I can take your part of the way back now, but we must say our farewell here, so, my darling—my recovered treasure!"

Once more a close embrace, a long, lingering kiss, and they turned together from the wood, wherein, after long conditions, they had been so strangely reunited—yet parted still!

CHAPTER IX.

Yes, for the time—and only for the time—had St. Maur given way, apparently vanquished; but he never for a moment dreamed of really yielding, or that his young wife would be able for long to resist him; he had gained one great vantage ground, he thought—opportunity.

She had promised to meet him secretly—not once, but many times, and in that concession had she not surely sounded the note of her own defeat and final surrender at discretion to his will, as she had done eight years ago; only then his victory over the mere girl had been literally "veni, vidi, vici."

But now the woman, in all the development of her rich forces, in the very strength of her confessed love, had met his assured advance at once with a stern indictment and an uncompromising repulse that were utterly unexpected on his part.

But to such a man the repulse and difficulty offered only roused yet further his deepest admiration and determination to win—it only intensified the old love that had deepened with every remorseful year of separation, and freer it anew with all the passion and zest of novelty—a strange wondrous assembly!

"Meet her again—yes! and soon!" he mused, mentally, as that night's train days.

THE MODERN METHOD OF BUYING TEA

is to be sure of highest quality and value by insisting on getting

BLACK, MIXED OR NATURAL GREEN

for it ensures complete satisfaction. Black, Mixed or Natural Green in sealed lead packets only—never in bulk.

CHRISTKINDEL

Christmas on the 'Holy Ghost' Farm.

(Continued from Page 23.)

worn little book, and, leisurely turning over its tattered and begrimed pages she read, or rather spelled, a number of words beginning with "I." "I have it, here it is—'tooth!'" Give me the book, and snatching it from Randal she read: 'Tooth—to lose a tooth denotes a death in the family.' She turned pale and the book dropped from her hands.

Old Randal sat with her hands in her lap, shaking her head and looking as lance at the Bauerin, while she dreamily repeated: "A death in the family." After a pause she added: "God forbid that it should be."

"What?" asked Bauerin, who had partly regained her usual composure. "I mean Resi," answered the old Syster.

"Hush!" cried the Bauerin in an angry tone. "I don't care what the dream-book says. The other night when I dreamt that my forest was on fire, nothing happened, though the dream-book had it that this means the loss of all one's possessions." With that she gave the book a kick and sent it under the table. But this defiance neither silenced Old Randal nor did it quiet the rebellious beating of her heart.

After dinner the Bauerin opened a huge chest from which she took her Sunday jacket, with its costly silver lace.

Randal still sat behind the stove, where she usually took a nap after her frugal but substantial meal, but on this occasion she felt no desire to sleep. She kept watching the Bauerin out of the corner of her eye.

"What if it should be Resi after all!" she crooned.

The Bauerin opened her mouth to utter an unavailing retort, but remained silent.

"I mean that you are taking a great responsibility, Resi is your child—and to think that it might be—"

"Don't bother me!" almost yelled the Bauerin. "I mean to do as I like, and will not be dictated to. I don't want to hear anything about Resi or Jim. I didn't drive them off, now let them lie on the bed they made for themselves."

Randal muttered timidly: "I was only thinking of the consequences; the awful remorse and reproaches in case you were too late. Wastl is a fine fellow, and I'll say—and I live to be a hundred—"

raising her hands in deprecation and coming forward. "Don't say things which you may have to repent for the rest of your life."

The Bauerin stared at Randal, then, nodding her head, she said: "You are right, one should not say such things."

The day seemed endless, the Bauerin wandered aimlessly through the house unable to settle down to any work. She tried to persuade herself that dreams and dream-books might after all be liable to mistakes, but at heart she felt that by her which nothing but certainty can allay. Would night ever come? Resi and Wastl would surely be at midnight mass, and that she would raise her hands in deprecation and coming forward. "Don't say things which you may have to repent for the rest of your life."

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RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Christmas and New Year Excursions

Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit, Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

AT SINGLE FARE Good going Dec. 24th and 25th, 1909, returning until Dec. 27th, 1909. Also good going Dec. 31st, 1909, and Jan. 1st, 1910, returning until Jan. 3rd, 1910.

AT FARE AND ONE THIRD Good going Dec. 21st to Dec. 25th, inclusive. Also good going Dec. 28th, 1909, to Jan. 1st, 1910, returning until Jan. 3rd, 1910.

Secure tickets and further information from Chas. E. Morgan, city ticket agent; W. G. Webster, depot agent.



CHRISTMAS RATES

SINGLE FARE FARE AND ONE-THIRD Dec. 24th, 25th, Dec. 21 to 25, Dec. 27th, also Dec. 28 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 3rd. BETWEEN ALL STATIONS IN CANADA, PORT ARTHUR AND EAST. City Ticket Office, corner King and James Streets. W. J. GRANT, Agent.

T., H. & B. RY. Christmas and New Year Holidays

One way first class fare going Dec. 24 and 25, returning to and including Dec. 27; also good Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, returning to and including Jan. 3, and at ONE AND ONE THIRD first class fare going Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, also Dec. 28, 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, returning to and including Jan. 5, 1910.

STEAMSHIPS

C. P. R. STEAMERS

FROM WEST FROM LIVERPOOL Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jun. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jul. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Sep. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jun. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jul. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Sep. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4,

THE HAMILTON TIMES

SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1909.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Only five more buying days till Christmas. Day by day the Times has striven to impress upon its readers the advantage of early buying of Christmas goods.

If so, you are to be congratulated. If by thoughtlessness or pressure of circumstances you have deferred your buying till now, it behooves you to act promptly in your own interest.

Study carefully the advertising announcements in the Times. All the best caterers to the public use its columns to invite trade. The dealers who address you through it are the cream of the trade.

Don't refrain from giving Christmas gifts because you have not a long purse. The trifle given with love outweighs the costly "duty" present.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE MERCHANTS BANK.

The annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Merchants Bank of Canada was held this week at the head office in Montreal, and from the statements submitted it was seen that the Bank had had another year of great prosperity.

Mr. Holden, the able general manager of the Bank, who, by the way, is a former Hamiltonian, referred to the business situation in the Dominion, especially in the West, from which he has recently returned, and where the Bank has had a branch in Winnipeg since 1872.

A BELATED CONFESSION.

It is my opinion that it would be advisable to use 2,200 volt motors with step-down transformers, in preference to 13,200 volt motors directly connected with the transmission line.

oughly expose them. That is why they strive desperately to rivet on the city the fetters of monopoly before the fraud is demonstrated.

THE PATH OF PEACE.

Hon. Joseph B. Moore, of the Supreme Court of Michigan, delivered a notable address on "International Arbitration" the other day in Detroit.

In deploring the barbarity and waste of war, Justice Moore noted that the war of the United States rebellion cost the North alone not less than \$5,000,000,000, and the lives of 300,000 of its bravest citizens.

He does not despair. Intelligence is on the side of peace; and the most highly civilized nations are more and more settling international disputes by arbitration.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Herald's piteous appeal to T. J. Stewart to come forward and become its instrument of spite against Mayor McLaren is almost enough to move the heart of a graven image.

Perhaps when Whitney reads the evidence in the fishery case he may for very shame's sake restore Corey's nets and compensate him for the trouble brought by the persecution to which he was subjected by the department.

Beware the "one-idea" candidates—the men who are ready to enter the Council bound hand and foot to some party or clique for the sake of promised votes!

shore with the intention of confiscating his nets. So far, well. But who can read the evidence and the arguments without feeling that Corey has been hardly used? Kerr himself wrote the department urging the return of the nets.

The New York Herald is exhibiting an effusive regard for Canadians just now since it established an agency at Ottawa. Recently it has been active in urging the establishment of a Canadian consular service.

New South Wales, out of patience with the parties to the disastrous coal strike there, has passed a bill with the object of imprisoning those who cause strikes or lock-outs.

In the French Chamber of Deputies the other day the rate of duty on agricultural implements from the United States was increased by fixing the maximum rate on machines of more than 400 kilograms (881.6 lbs.) weight at 15%.

Lord Northcliffe is posing as a veritable walking encyclopedia of Canadian information, which he is dealing out in huge chunks to Englishmen.

According to recent cables, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has issued a manifesto (or at least one has been issued in his name) pleading for the masses to uphold the Lords and their privileges and vote for protection.

At Christmas play and make good cheer.—Tusser.

BABY BOY HAD ITCHING HUMOR

Which Broke Out in Different Places—Nothing Would Help Him—Mother Almost in Despair—Skin Quickly Healed Without a Scar and Trouble Has Never Returned

SINCE USING CUTICURA MOTHER GIVES IT PRAISE

"Several months ago, my little boy, now two and a half years old, began to break out with itching sores. I tried all the remedies I could get, but nothing would help him. One evening I read a testimonial from a lady who had cured her little boy with Cuticura. I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and after using them three times, the sores commenced to heal.

ITCHING TORMENTS

From little patches of eczema, tetter, milk crust, psoriasis, etc., on the skin, scalp, or hands of infants, children, or adults are instantly relieved and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, assisted, when necessary, by mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent.

A Useful Christmas Gift. The Automatic Eye-Glass Chain. We have an excellent assortment in Enamel, Gunmetal, Silver, Gold-filled. Prices 50c to \$2.50. All fully guaranteed. GLOBE OPTICAL CO. I. B. ROUSE, prop. 111 King East

Our Exchanges

HAD TO. (Toronto Globe.) Leopard! has left both his money and his reputation behind.

THE GRAND. (Brantford Courier.) Brantford has a fine asset in the Grand River if his nibs was properly regulated.

OBEYING THE DOCTOR. (Boston Transcript.) Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starched things.

THEME WITH VARIATIONS. (Exchange.) Mary had a little lamb. 'Tis fleece is white and curly. She bought it when, some weeks ago, she did her shopping early.

THE REASON. (Buffalo Express.) "I should like to be married before Christmas," he said. "No," she answered, "I couldn't get ready in time. But if you just want someone to do your shopping, I might help you out."

SURE. (Toronto News.) Do Canadians realize what it would mean to have their trade routes interfered with and their exports cut off for want of naval protection?

ASK THE FARMERS. (London Advertiser.) Mr. W. F. Maclennan advises Canada to spend ten or twenty million dollars at once in Dreadnoughts. He might change his mind if he circled the farmers of South York on the subject.

CHANCE FOR STRATEGY. (Boston Globe.) She—Don't you think woman's suffrage would be a fine thing? He—I know I could always persuade my wife to vote as I wanted by telling her I intended voting the other way.

A FIRE ESCAPE. (Toronto Star.) The Gibson band of commercial travelers aim at placing a Bible in every room in every hotel. This is in line with the Government regulations, which demand that all places of the kind shall be amply provided with fire escapes.

THREE FIFTHS CLAUSE. (Brantford Expositor.) This principle of bare majority vote runs all through our legislation affecting municipal and parliamentary institutions, and should not be departed from.

A TIME WASTER. (Washington Star.) "I saw you standing under the mistletoe with Mr. Hibrow." "Yes," answered the good-looking girl.

ESTABLISHED 1840. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. STEINWAY THE WORLD RENOWNED PIANO. SOLE AGENCY NORDHEIMER & SONS

The approaching Yuletide marks the seventieth anniversary of the Nordheimer Piano & Music Co. Limited. Never in the history of our business have we more fully enjoyed the confidence of our musical friends than at the present time.

Nordheimer and Steinway Pianos

are Pianos that have been growing steadily and surely in merit and favor. The name NORDHEIMER has been associated with the highest class and best productions, both in Pianos, Music and musical merchandise generally.

Warcrooms 18 King Street West. LOUIS E. EAGER, Manager. "What he said seemed to annoy you." "It did. He insisted on explaining that the plant is not the real mistletoe of old England, but a variety with an even more difficult Latin name."

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR AT HAND. DO YOUR BUYING NOW. Now that Christmas is drawing near, it is time for you to bestir yourself if you want to appear at your best on that happy day. Come out at once and replenish your wardrobe with some of the handsome garments we are showing.

LAKEWOOD

NEW JERSEY

The Out-of-Door Resort in the Pines

Deep in the majestic pine forests where you are truly "next to nature" and sheltered from the discomforts of the changeable and disagreeable winter weather, you will find the most fascinating conditions of resort life. All the season's out-of-door sports, dry, invigorating climate, pure water, schools and churches of every denomination, picturesque country, indoor pastimes and social entertainments of every kind. Season until June.

ONLY ONE HOUR AND 30 MINUTES FROM NEW YORK CITY
via the fast express trains of the CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY

- The Hotels and Boarding Houses**
- Laurel House** Capacity 75. A. J. Murphy, Mgr.
 - Barlett Inn** Capacity 75. C. M. Bartlett, Prop.
 - The Lexington** Capacity 100. A. S. Larrabee, Prop.
 - The Carasajo** Capacity 50. E. Switzer, Prop.
 - The Towers** Capacity 75. M. A. Nowlan, Prop.
 - Broadrick Cottage** Capacity 20. S. G. Webb, Prop.
 - Hovey Cottage** Capacity 20. Mrs. O. C. Hovey.
 - The Pines** Capacity 25. M. Bainbridge, Prop.
 - The Pinemere** Capacity 25. Mrs. L. H. Sykes, Prop.
- Laurel in the Pines**
- Oak Court** Capacity 40. Frank Sebute, Mgr.
 - Palmer House** Capacity 100. Arnold & Spangenberg, Props.
 - Bertram Cottage** Capacity 20. R. L. Bertram, Prop.
 - Beechwood Villa** Capacity 50. M. A. Paul, Prop.
 - Seton Inn** Capacity 20. J. M. Craig, M. D., Res. Phys.
 - Imperial** Capacity 20. E. Reynolds, Prop.
 - Brookside** Capacity 20. Annie E. Linehan.

ENJOYED A SOCIAL EVENT

To Mark Completion of Addition to Factory.

John McPherson Shoe Company Has a Celebration.

Cordial Relations Between Company and Employees Shown.

There is harmony that is more pleasing than harmony in music—it is harmony between employer and employees.

A very pleasing example of it was exhibited last night when Mr. W. D. Long, president of the John McPherson Shoe Company, gave an "At Home" to all the employees and a large number of other guests.

The object of the pleasant function was to celebrate the opening of the new addition of the factory.

Decorated with all the national colors, the third floor presented a beautiful sight and when the 500 guests sat down to enjoy the first part of the enjoyable programme, which was made of songs, etc., the spectacle was a brilliant one indeed.

In the front row sat a lady of queenly appearance who is the pilot of a great deal of good and noble work—a dynamo of practical charity and generosity—Mrs. P. D. Crerar.

Immediately the programme started the night continued to be filled with music, and what cares or troubles could stay where such an atmosphere of happiness was?

J. J. Gimblett, chairman of the committee of entertainment, gave a short address in which he spoke of the friendly relations existing between employers and employees.

The following musical programme was then given: Piano solo, Miss Murray; song, F. H. Braid; duet, Misses Davis and Skiddy; song, P. Hill; songs, Arthur Kilby, piano solo, J. L. Cherrier; song, Miss Lavis; song, J. E. Chamberlain; song, Miss A. Jones; song, W. E. Thorne; J. L. Cherrier, accompanist.

Then Lomas' orchestra commenced playing irresistible waltzes and quick-ly the chairs were cleared away and soon strong young arms were around sylph-like waists and the minutes were danced away.

Dancing was called to a halt for a time and all adjourned to the fourth floor, where H. J. O'Neil, caterer, had arranged tables at all angles to seat the 500.

The toast list was: "The King"—"God Save the King." "The Firm We Work For"—Responded to by Mr. Long, Mr. W. S. Duffield, Mr. A. A. McPherson.

"Heads of Departments"—Responded to by A. Braid, A. Holmes, J. Smith, H. Pearson.

"City of Hamilton"—Responded to by Mayor McLaren.

"Employees"—Responded to by W. Anstey, oldest employee.

"The Ladies"—Responded to by E. W. A. O'Dell.

After the banquet the guests adjourned to the third floor again and tripped the light fantastic till early morning.

Among the principal guests of the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mayor and Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. M. A. Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Duffield, W. D. Long, W. W. O'Dell and Miss O'Dell, C. B. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harper, W. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Neligan, Mr. and Mrs. Armer, Mr. and Mrs. Spence, all of Hamilton; E. D. Pretty, A. Langers, S. G. Amoro, H. K. Hayward, Alfred Hair, representatives of the Shoe Machine Company of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. R. Bolter, W. J. Ross, of Toronto.

The committee of undefatigable workers that helped to make the evening a success were: Miss Hope, Miss Perry, Mrs. Epps, Miss Gardiner, Mrs. Brown, Miss McMahon, C. Robertson, J. Larmour, W. R. Glass, J. Webb, T. A. Best, J. J. Gimblett, W. Ausbey, L. Robertson, F. Roach, A. W. Charlesworth, W. C. Thorne, J. Lee, W. Cooper, J. Tomlin.

The growth of the McPherson Company has been remarkable. In 1855 the business was started; in 1892 the present factory was erected; in 1904 it was enlarged; from 1855 to 1897 the company was known as the "John McPherson & Company." Then it was reorganized, but the old name was retained and the following are the directors: W. D. Long, president; John Penman, vice-president; W. S. Duffield, secretary-treasurer; Jas. A. McPherson, superintendent; directors, W. D. Long, John Penman, P. D. Crerar, W. S. Duffield, Jas. A. McPherson.

The firm employs 14 travellers and 475 factory and office hands and the present addition to the factory will require increased help.

The pay roll last year amounted to over \$100,000. The increase in the business has quadrupled in the last few years and the goods are sold all over the world.

The total floor space of the entire factory is 98,848 feet.

Ton of Hymn and Prayer Books.

Cloke & Son have just received a timely Christmas shipment of over \$2,000 worth of the new English Church hymn and prayer books. This places Cloke & Son in an unrivalled position for the last days of Christmas shopping, as no more appropriate or useful gift could be chosen than one of the new hymn books, which so many of the Episcopal churches in this city have adopted. Books all the way from 6c to \$0.

OPENING OF NEW MISSION.

The new Mission Church, opposite the Jockey Club, which is in connection with St. Philip's Church, will be dedicated tomorrow afternoon by Bishop DuMoulin, assisted by Archdeacon Clark and the rector, Rev. C. B. Kenrick. There will also be services in the morning and evening, conducted, respectively, by Victor Spencer, student in charge, and the rector.

Evidently frozen to death, Thos. Ryan passing since Sunday, was yesterday afternoon found by Wellington Wallace, dead, near a stray stack on the Graham farm, in Raleigh.

Society

Mrs. Grantham, James street south, is giving a dance for her youngest daughter, Miss Helen Grantham, on Friday evening, Dec. 31st.

A very jolly dinner and bridge party was given at the Jockey Club on Monday evening, among those present being Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Champ, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gartshore, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick, Miss Muriel Hoodless, Miss Gartshore, Mr. and Mrs. James Gillard, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Bann, Mr. J. G. Osborne, Mr. John Gartshore, Mr. Murton.

The Misses Gillies have returned from England and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. James Gillies, Barton street.

Mr. Richard McLaren, whose marriage to Miss Bella Moore takes place very soon, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, Charlton avenue.

Mrs. Charles Murton entertained at the tea hour on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Travers Lucas, Prince Rupert, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, "Rowanhurst."

Mrs. F. F. Dalley, "Arlow House," gave an at-home on Wednesday afternoon, when she received in a becoming group of grey voile, with Irish lace and touches of black Miss Marie Dalley, who assisted in receiving, wore shell pink brocade. The tea table, set in the dining-room, was arranged with a mass of pink begonias, centering a lace square on the polished mahogany. Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Heurner Mullen, Mrs. J. H. Her-ring and Mrs. Wallace poured the tea and coffee, assisted by Miss Maud Martin, Miss Marjorie Hillman, Miss Violet Grant, Miss Elsie Forbes, Miss McLeath, Miss Guan, Miss Well, Miss Horning, Miss Agnes Climie, Miss Evans. Among those present were Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Southam, Mrs. Hillman, Mrs. Gillard, Mrs. Greening, Mrs. H. H. Champ, Mrs. Fred Walker, Mrs. Collinson, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. John Gaud, Mrs. Leather, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. P. H. Alexander, Mrs. Alex. Zimmerman, Mrs. McLagan, Mrs. Lazier, Mrs. Oliver Clark, Mrs. Forneret, Mrs. Robert Pringle, Mrs. Almon Abbott, Mrs. Charles Powis, Mrs. Balfour, Miss Balfour, Mrs. Lazier, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. W. J. Champ, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Mrs. J. J. Dean, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Garland, Mrs. W. J. Grant, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. M. S. Glasco, Mrs. Kenneth Bethune, Mrs. George F. Glasco, Mrs. Sydney Mewburn, Mrs. David Thompson, Mrs. Insole, Mrs. Holton, Mrs. Brent, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Harry Greening, Mrs. C. F. Washington, Mrs. George Fearman, Mrs. James Gillard, Mrs. Acres, Mrs. McIlwraith, Miss Barbor, Mrs. Mark Holton, Miss Snieg, Mrs. J. D. Ferguson, Mrs. Aldous, Mrs. Libbett, Mrs. Thomas Hobson, Miss Cotter, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. D. B. Pratt, Miss Clark, Miss Harris.

Miss Belle Charlton has returned from a visit to London.

Mrs. C. S. Scott and Mrs. D. R. Dewar have sent out cards for a dance at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday, December 30th.

Mrs. F. B. Greening is spending the holidays in New York.

Mrs. W. R. Davis is in Chicago visiting her daughter, Mrs. McCohn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Scott entertained at dinner on Thursday evening.

Miss Hattie Greening has returned from Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. King, Toronto, is visiting Mrs. Thomas Barnes, Carrick Lodge.

Messrs. George and R. K. Hope entertained the members of the choir of Central Presbyterian Church last evening at their home, 43 Duke street. C. Percival Garratt, musical director of the church, had charge of the programme. Those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Miss Stares, Miss Whitehead, Miss Gartshore, Miss Easton, Mrs. Carrie Trear and Messrs. A. L. Gartshore and C. Gibson. Mr. Garratt played for his second number an original composition entitled "Dewdrops," a symphony from nature, expressive of the awakening of spring when the first glint of the morning sun welcomes the return of day so bright and fair, the bridal of the earth and sky. After hearing this composition played the first time at the Caledon Club by Mr. Garratt, the name of the composition was happily suggested by Mr. Hope, to whom it has been dedicated by the composer. Dainty refreshments were served, and a most enjoyable evening ended all too quickly.

Mrs. Thos. Heath, 213 Emerald street, will receive at Mrs. F. G. Heath's, 369 Wilson street, on Tuesday from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and 8 till 10 at night, before leaving next day for her new home in Saskatoon.

Mrs. Carey of Herkimer street, has returned home, after a visit to Cobourg, Ont.

Mrs. James Robert Moodie, "Blink Bonnie," has issued invitations for a dance in honor of her daughter, Miss Irene (not out), and debutante friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sutherland will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday, Dec. 28, and will be "at home" from 4 to 6, at "Dun-robin."

Mrs. North Storms, 410 Broad avenue, Chicago, returned here on Tuesday evening, after spending a few days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Tinsley, Hilton street.

Miss Grace Crooks, of this city, was bridesmaid at the marriage of Miss May Simpson and Mrs. F. C. Jewett, of New Brunswick, at Campbellford.

Mrs. A. E. Wickies will receive on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

Ernest Glenon, a G. T. R. brakeman, living at Sarnia Tunnel, fell from a through freight at Ridout street, London, on Friday night, and was instantly killed, his head and one arm being cut off.

MONDAY SHEA'S The Store for Hosiery

The Store for Practical Gifts

THE "USEFUL-EVERY-DAY" KIND

Swell Mantles at Less Than Elsewhere Prices

Nothing gives greater pleasure or more genuine lasting satisfaction when taken out of its tissue paper wrappings on Christmas morning than a swell cloth or fur-lined mantle, and no place can you get such values and styles combined than in The Shea store. Special sale all next week.

- \$10.00 Coats for \$5.95
- \$15 to \$18 Coats for \$10.00
- \$25.00 Coats for \$15.00
- \$20.00 Caracul Coats \$15.00
- Fur-lined Mantles \$40, for \$25
- \$12.50 Coats for \$7.50
- \$20.00 Coats for \$12.50
- \$30.00 Coats for \$18.50
- \$25.00 Caracul Coats \$17.00
- Fur-lined Mantles, \$50, for \$35

Girls' Coat Sale is a Wonder

Hundreds of them at actual 1/2 prices. Coats that are perfect in every way and up to date in style, purchased for spot cash at 50c on the \$, on sale all next week at these cut prices.

- \$3.00 Coats for \$1.50
- \$7.00 Coats for \$3.95
- \$4.00 Coats for \$1.95
- \$10.00 Coats for \$4.95

Rich Fur Muffs One-Third or More Off

Nearly 200 of them bought at a sweeping reduction from a large manufacturing furrier. Beautiful rich mink marmot, not the common kind, but rich silky pelts with heavy underfur. Not a faulty one in the lot. On sale in time to make beautiful, rich gifts. A score of styles, both "Rug" and Empire shapes.

- \$8 and \$9 Muffs for \$5.00
- \$12.50 Muffs for \$6.95
- \$18 Muffs for \$10.00
- \$10.00 Muffs for \$5.95
- \$13.50 Muffs for \$7.50
- \$20.00 Muffs for \$12.00

Women's Swell Belts, Worth 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, for 50c

Made of silk and elastic, in black and colors, beautiful silk and Dresden webbing, with handsome buckles, all newest designs, worth 75c, \$1 and \$1.25, for 50c.

Women's High-class Belts, silk, elastic, beaded, sequin, etc., etc., black silk and all the good colors, at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up to \$3.50

Swell Neckwear at Less Than Wholesale

Hundreds of new and dainty colors and Jabots, in every possible style and shade, as well as hundreds of samples; no two alike, that go at near half price, worth 25c to \$3.00, on sale all next week at, each 15, 25, 50c up to \$1.95

Gift Umbrellas for Women or for Men

The best steel rod paragon frames, covered with the very best silk and gloria cloths, an elegant array of handles; natural partridge wood and furs, gun metal, horn, ivory, white and dark kapearl, etc., sterling and gold-mounted, and all priced at most extraordinary low prices, each \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.50, \$3.00 up to \$5.00

NOW BUY THE PIANO AND BUY THE BEST

We have always realized the fact that the only piano that will give its buyers entire satisfaction and give its makers hope for great demand is the piano that is best every way.

The Newcombe Has No Superior

We realize that the purchase of a piano is not a frequent occurrence to you, that you buy for a lifetime of satisfaction, that's why we employ only the best workmen, and use only the best materials. And our reputation strongly bears out the fact that

The Newcombe is Best

Best in construction. Best in action. Best in tone. Best in finish. Best in value.

Give her a Newcombe Piano, and it will prove a source of never-ending pleasure and delight.

HAMILTON M. SHELDRIK & SON, WAREROOMS: 12 Hughson Street North.

NEWCOMBE PIANO CO. LIMITED CANADA

WAGSTAFFE'S MINCEMEAT YE OLD PLUM PUDDING

Wagstaff's Fine Old English Mince-meat, the best that money can buy.

ASK YOUR GROCER

WAGSTAFFE'S MINCEMEAT

STANLEY MILLS & CO., Limited

Saturday, December 18th, 1909

Sensible Gifts For the Man

- Men's Neckwear . . . 25c to 75c
- Mufflers 30c to \$1.50
- Legal Document Box . . . \$5.00
- Field or Marine Glasses . . . \$4.25
- Chevalier French Field Glasses . . . \$7.50
- Marchand Fine Field Glasses \$8.50
- Fur-lined Gloves . . . \$2.00 and \$3.00
- Lamair's Day or Night Glasses . . . \$15.75
- Eastman's Flexo Kodaks . . . \$5.00
- Suspenders, in gift box . . . 50c to \$1.00
- Dress Shirts . . . \$1.00 and \$1.25
- Pyjamas . . . \$1.25 to \$1.75
- Fur-lined Gloves . . . \$2.00 and \$3.00
- Men's Armbands . . . 25 to 75c
- Embroidered and Plain Hose . . . 25 to 30c
- No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak \$10
- No. 1 A Folding Kodak . . . \$12
- House Coats . . . \$5.00 to \$11.00
- Coat Sweaters . . . \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Men's Umbrellas . . . 85c to \$5.00
- Mic-Mac Hockey Sticks . . . 50c
- Ebony Shaving Sets \$1.50 to \$3.00
- Military Hair Brushes 75c to \$4.50
- Hat Brushes . . . 75c to \$1.50
- Professional Boxing Gloves \$4.00
- Special Hockey Skates . . . \$2.75
- Skaters' Fringed Gauntlet Gloves . . . \$1.50
- Club Bags . . . \$1.50 to \$13.00
- House Slippers . . . \$1.00 to \$2.00
- Suit Cases . . . \$1.50 to \$18.00
- Cuff Links . . . 50c to \$2.00
- Solid Gold Cuff Links \$2 to \$4
- Men's Charms . . . 50c to \$2.25
- Black Silk Fob . . . \$1.50 to \$2.75
- Handkerchiefs of all kinds . . . 25c
- Men's Gloves . . . 50c to \$2.50

Gifts That Would Please Any Woman's Heart

- Marmot Muffs . . . \$5.00 to \$12.00
- Marmot Neck Pieces \$5.00 to \$18
- Persian Lamb Neck Pieces . . . \$7.50 to \$16.50
- Persian Lamb Muffs \$15.00 to \$25
- Mink Stoles . . . \$35 to \$90
- Mink Muffs . . . \$25.00 to \$67.50
- Alaska Sable Neck Pieces . . . \$10.00 to \$22.50
- Alaska Sable Muffs . . . \$12.50 to \$20.00
- Grey Lamb Neck Pieces . . . \$4.00 to \$12.50
- Grey Lamb Muffs \$5.00 to \$5.50
- White Thibet Sets \$6.50 to \$16.50
- Lace Waists . . . \$3.49 to \$12.50
- Silk Waists . . . \$3.49 to \$8.50
- Bath Robes . . . \$2.50 to \$7.50
- Aprons . . . 25c to \$1.00
- Corset Covers . . . 25c to \$1.50
- Gowns . . . 75c to \$3.50
- White Skirts . . . \$1.00 to \$7.50
- Cashmere Gloves . . . 25 to 50c
- Wool Mittens . . . 35 to 50c
- Walking Gloves . . . 25 to 50c
- Empress Kid Gloves . . . \$1.25
- Cowboy Gloves . . . \$1.75 and \$2.00
- Chiffon Motor Veils . . . \$1.00
- Dainty Net Veils . . . 50 and 75c
- Women's Collars . . . 25c to \$3.00
- Jabots . . . 25c to \$5.00
- Stocks . . . \$2.50 to 25c
- Fancy Combs . . . \$1.25 to \$3.50
- Barrettes, set . . . \$1.25 to \$2.50
- Fancy Ties . . . 25 to 50c
- Fancy Belts . . . 20c to \$2.50
- Lace Yokes . . . \$1.00 to \$1.00
- Handkerchief Bags . . . 75c to \$1.00
- Coat Hangers, trimmed . . . 75c
- Tooth Brush Bags . . . 25c
- Fancy Mufflers . . . \$1.50

Stanley Mills & Co., Limited

AT FINCH BROS' Saturday, Dec. 18, 1909

Store Open To-night Until 10 p. m. --- Come!

Note: For the convenience of those who cannot shop throughout the day next week, this store will be open each evening until Christmas, till the clock strikes 10. The coming week will be busy shopping days, but it is certain we can serve you better in the early morning hours, so remember 8.30 a. m. attendance is best.

Next Week This Store Will be Open Every Evening Until 10 p. m. Come Early

Christmas Tidings In a store such as ours the holiday season merely adds zest—but presents no problems. Our readiness to meet the rush of the remaining busy days is but another proof of the exceptional facilities of an exceptional store. We have filled up many gaps left by recent selling, and now all lines of Gift Merchandise are at their best. Finish up your shopping Monday—start early.

Open 8.30 a.m. Finch Bros. Close 10 p.m.

Christmas Groceries and Liquors

- GROCERY SPECIALS**
- 3 lbs. Large Prunes . . . 25c
 - 3 lbs. Mince Meat . . . 25c
 - Art Jelly Powder, 2 pkgs for 5c
 - Cream Cheese, per pot . . . 10c
 - Sage and Savory, per pkg. . . 5c
 - Mixed Nuts, per lb. . . 15c
 - Royal Mixed Candies, 3 lbs. 25c
 - Seeded Raisins, per lb. . . 10c
 - 2 lbs. Mixed Peel . . . 25c
 - Poultry Dressing, per pkg. . . 10c
 - Large Sweet Oranges, per dozen . . . 20 and 25c
- LIQUOR SPECIALS**
- 1,000 bottles of Native Port, per bottle . . . 25c
 - 5-year-old Native Port, quart . . . 25c
 - Special Sherry, per quart . . . 25c
 - Walker's Imperial, bottle . . . 75c
 - Maple Leaf Whiskey, Imperial quart bottle . . . 85c
 - Old Claret, per quart . . . 25c
 - Holland Gin, quart bottle . . . 90c
 - Regal Lager: Pints 75c a dozen; quarts . . . \$1.00
 - Grant's, Labatt's, Carling's and Sierman's bottled Ale and Porter always in stock. Lager, Ale and Porter in kegs.
 - Irish, Scotch and Canadian Whiskey, in bottle and wood.
 - Telephone orders promptly filled.
 - Liquors—Export Lager, per case, 2 dozen . . . \$1.35
- J. J. WALSH Grocer and Liquor Dealer James and Picton Streets. Phone 2434

Fire Destroyed a Dwelling a Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Dec. 17.—This morning Ida and Thomas, children of Mr. Sydney Masters, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the little home of the family at 296 Arnold avenue. The mother had left the house to call on a neighbor, and after an absence of only five minutes returned to find the structure in flames. Realizing at once the danger to the children, she rushed madly toward the front door, but collapsed from shock on the sidewalk before she reached the house. The children were on a cot upstairs when found, and had apparently rushed there when the fire broke out downstairs. Lieut. Cupiss and Foreman Mitchell, of the fire department, entered the house as soon as the fire brigade arrived, but found only the burned bodies of the children. Both were fully dressed and their hands and faces were badly burned.

TWO PERISH.

The Retail Merchants' Association of Canada is applying to Parliament for an act of incorporation, which power to establish Dominion, Provincial, local or section executives.

Winnipeg, Dec. 17.—This morning Ida and Thomas, children of Mr. Sydney Masters, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the little home of the family at 296 Arnold avenue. The mother had left the house to call on a neighbor, and after

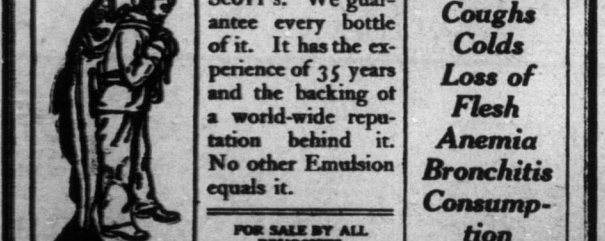
Scott's Emulsion

IS THE ONLY EMULSION IMITATED

If there was any other Emulsion as good as Scott's—Scott's would not be the one imitated. As it is, there are hundreds and thousands of imitations, their makers claiming great things for them; but the fact remains that Scott's is far and away the best, as is proven by a world-wide record and test of 35 years.

Doctors have tested it, millions of people have tested it, and more of it is sold to-day than any and all other Emulsions combined; that's evidence of superiority, isn't it?

Scott's Emulsion will do more for you per dollar spent than any other preparation at half its cost.

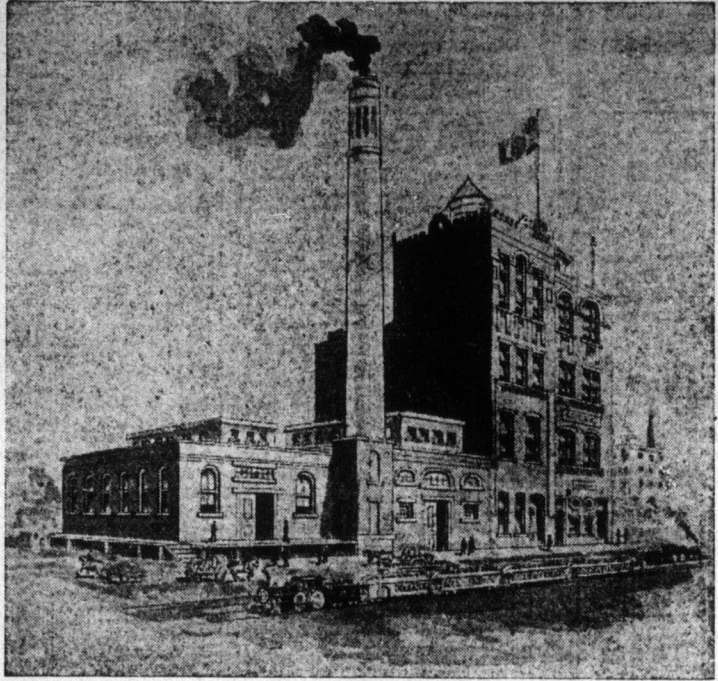


Be sure to get Scott's. We guarantee every bottle of it. It has the experience of 35 years and the backing of a world-wide reputation behind it. No other Emulsion equals it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
SCOTT & BOWNE, 126 Wellington St., W., TORONTO

FOR Coughs Colds Loss of Flesh Anemia Bronchitis Consumption

THE PEOPLE'S BREWERY LIMITED



HEREWITH presents an exact likeness of the magnificent brewing plant now nearing completion at the junction of Trolley Street and the Grand Trunk. This is one of the first breweries established in Canada to be operated on the co-operative plan. There are over one hundred in the States now operating under this plan, and all are successful to a high degree. The People's Brewery will be modern, sanitary and up-to-date in every particular, and for completeness will be the equal to any brewery in North America. Breweries are the largest dividend earners in the industrial world, and are the safest investment obtainable. Nearly all this Company's stock has been sold to hundreds of co-operators, profit sharers and joint owners. The subscription list also contains enough hotel men in and around Hamilton to guarantee the Company an immediate market for over two-thirds of their output without the heavy selling or advertising cost most companies have to endure.

The buildings are of brick, steel and concrete. The equipment will be of the very latest design obtainable and all conclusive to making the very highest quality of goods at the very lowest cost. The field we have to operate in, our shipping facilities and the co-operation our stockholders are bound to give us, assure a large return to stockholders on their investment.

The Company has a few more shares to place among those who will do as other owners do viz: boom, boost, advertise and talk the business. Shares \$100.00 each, payable \$10.00 per share monthly.

If Interested, Call or Write **FRED. A. LEE, Secy.-Treas.** Provident and Loan Building Hamilton Telephone 410

Where To Buy

Our large stock is at your disposal and you are assured here of courteous treatment whether you buy or not.

A Few Things to Buy

- Pearl Pendants and Brooches, all prices.
 - Gold Cuff Links, \$2.75 to \$7.00.
 - Gold and Gold-filled Necklets, \$1.00 to \$16.00.
 - Gold and Gold-filled Lockets, \$1.00 to \$9.00.
 - Gold and Gold-filled Scarf Pins, 20c to \$10.00.
 - Ebony Brushes and Mirrors, \$1.00 to \$4.50.
 - Ebony Sets in leather cases, \$2.00 to \$8.00.
 - Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas, \$3 to \$12. This is a good line with us.
 - Walking Canes, 75c to \$5.
- We also carry Cut Glass and Silverware, Sterling Silver Spoons and Fancy Pieces and many other lines. If you have not seen our stock this season it will pay you to do so. You are welcome.

F. Claringbowl
Jeweler and Optician.
22 MacNab t. North

COUPLE SHOT.

Found in Room at Winnipeg With Bullets in Head.

Winnipeg, Dec. 17.—Developments to-day in the mysterious case in which Miss McLean and her lover, G. Emmett, were found last night in his room at their boarding house with bullet wounds in the head, indicate that after a dispute he had attempted to murder her and then commit suicide. Four shots were fired, one of which pierced the girl's skull over the temple, inflicting a dangerous but not fatal wound. Both are now in the hospital, but will recover, and both will likely be arrested until the matter is thoroughly sifted. At present they refuse to discuss it, but have asked to see each other. They were to have been married next month.

ON THE SUBJECT OF GIFTS.

Standing in the foremost ranks of worthy and lasting presents is furniture. It is so useful, durable and handsome that it takes a place in a home, filled by nothing else. It is not a question of a large expenditure, as many of the most useful and delightful pieces are within the reach of all. Handsome dinner gongs, foot rests, rugs, etc., are to be had at very low prices, and make splendid gifts. For years the name "Hoodless" has stood for the best in furniture, and they are still leaders. The warerooms are filled with fine things, and the low prices are a great convincing feature.

DEAR EGGS.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—An advance of four cents a dozen was made in the price of eggs by members of the butter and egg board yesterday, bringing the price of fresh laid eggs to a point not maintained in years at this season. Cold weather and bad country roads, impeding the movement of supplies, were given as reasons.

GRITS AT ONE.

Canadian Navy Manned and Officer by Canadians.

The Premier Will Continue to Represent Quebec East.

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—The House of Commons adjourned to-night for the Christmas holidays, after a brief session, the feature of which was the announcement by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he had elected to sit for Quebec East and to vacate the Ottawa seat. The announcement preceded the resumption of the debate on the budget, which was continued by Messrs. Sinclair and Currie (N. Simcoe), and adjourned on motion of Mr. Schell.

Mr. Sinclair, in an effective speech, took Mr. Foster sharply to task for condemning the Government for what the member for North Toronto himself had done when in the position of Finance Minister. Commenting upon Mr. W. F. Maclean's pronouncement on naval defence, Mr. Sinclair hinted that the Opposition were not quite such a happy family in that regard as the Liberal party. "We are standing as one man behind our chief on that question," he declared. "We stand for a Canadian navy, manned by Canadian seamen, officered, as far as possible, by Canadians, and absolutely controlled by the Government of Canada. There is no discussion on our ranks, but I wonder whether Mr. Maclean can say as much for the men who sit beside him?"

Major Currie occupied the remainder of the session with a speech which lasted over two hours, and which touched upon almost every subject which could claim a remote connection with the budget. He criticized the Government's methods of keeping accounts and their financial system generally, discussed the various schools of political economy from Adam Smith downward, set forth his own ideas of protection, and strongly urged a uniform tariff. Incidentally, he contradicted his colleague, Dr. Spruille, who had dwelt upon the disastrous effects of the British preference, by declaring that there was really no preference at all.

The one question upon which Major Currie had nothing to say was that of naval defence. "We will announce our policy when the Government produce their bill," was his answer to Mr. Sinclair.

The debate will be resumed after the holidays by Mr. Schell.

Hon. Mr. Brodeur, referring to the loss of the *Bessemer*, said in Lake Erie, stated that the vessel, being of United States register, was not subject to the inspection clause of the Canadian shipping act. The harbor of Port Stanley was provided with two lights to guide vessels, but there were no fog alarms, and these were rather used as indications of danger, and were difficult to operate in winter.

Mr. Turfitt introduced two bills, one to enable South Africa veterans or their substitutes, who find that the land they have located is worthless, to select another half section. The other bill seems to make a similar provision in the case of homesteaders.

Major Currie introduced a bill to amend the Manitoba grain act by providing for the weighing of grain when it leaves the terminal elevators as well as when it enters, so as to insure the detection of leakage.

Steamship Arrivals.

December 17.—
Bostonian—At Manchester, from Boston.
Adriatic—At Southampton, from New York.
Reina d'Italia—At Naples, from New York.
Yves—At New York, from Bremen.
Tunislan—At Halifax, from Liverpool.
Dec. 18.
Philadelphia—At New York, from Southampton.
John Kummer, a farm hand, is in jail in Detroit, and Tip Blanchard, a fellow-employee on the same farm, had his head swathed in bandages. Both live near the scene of the recent fatal shooting of Samuel Morley, the London, Ont., man, by Bertha Leitzau, who was acquitted this week of the charge of murder. Kummer upheld the jury's finding and Blanchard disagreed. During the quarrel Kummer hit Blanchard a severe blow on the head with his shoe.
J. P. Morgan & Co. has acquired control of the Quebec Morning Chronicle in Indiana and Ohio.

HARD STUDY-EYE-STRAIN



OUR GLASSES BRING RELIEF

TAIT-BROWN

Oculists—Opticians—

No charge for consultation.

Glasses as low as 50c.

OPEN EVENINGS, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY.

48 James North

GIRLS DOPED.

Charge on Which Two Men Are Held at Kingston.

Kingston, Dec. 17.—Magistrate Farrell to-day committed Frank Redden and Herbert Stanford for trial on a charge of supplying liquor to two girls for immoral purposes. Bail was fixed at \$1,000 each.

The girls went out to Collins Bay with the men for a drive, and were served with two glasses of whiskey. They claim the whiskey was doped, as they did not know anything until police raided a building on Clarence street, where they were found with the men.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The annual meeting of Court Pride of Barton, No. 433, I. O. F., was well attended. The election of officers for 1910 was held, and resulted as follows:
Dr. F. E. Woolverton, C. R.
W. E. McDougall, P. C. R.
C. R. Burns, V. C. R.
W. T. Hinke, Orator.
W. T. Cooper, P. S.
E. O. Zimmerman, Treasurer.
J. M. Peterson, R. S. and C. D.
J. H. Lees, S. W.
G. G. Cooper, J. W.
A. B. Griffin, S. B.
W. Hopkins, J. B.
Dr. Woolverton, Physician.
W. E. McDougall and C. G. Cooper, Auditors.
Dr. Woolverton and J. M. Peterson, Trustees.

OUT OF WORK.

Lowell, Mass., Dec. 18.—In accordance with the curtailment policy adopted by the cotton mills of New England, the Tremont and Suffolk mills of this city closed to-day. They will reopen on Dec. 27. The shut-down throws 3,300 operators out of employment for the week.
Mr. J. J. Proctor, for many years editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle, died on Friday night.

LABOR MEN.

Will Question Hon. W. L. King About His Vote.

The regular meeting of the Trades and Labor Council was held last evening in the Labor Hall. In the absence of the president and the vice-president, the chair was occupied by Charles Meaden. The credentials from the new organization of Stationary Engineers were received and their delegates accepted. A communication from Samuel Barker, M. P., was read, in which he promised to support the co-operative society bill. It was decided to communicate with Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King and request his reasons for the action he took on the technical school question when it was before Parliament. A donation of \$10 was made to the Infant Home. The committee which was appointed to investigate and report on the question of the building of a Labor Temple here did not have their report ready. The Council decided to endorse the organization of a union label league. An expression of sympathy was passed to the relatives and friends of the late T. Fisher, sixth vice-president of the International Painters and Decorators Union.
It was announced that Wm. Barrett would run in Ward 7 and H. J. Halford in Ward 6.

RIGHT HOUSE.

Here is the Place For All Kinds of Santa Claus Goods.

Christmas shoppers will find The Right House the right place to purchase holiday presents. The store is stocked with almost everything in this line that one can wish. There are toys, men's wear, ladies' and children's garments, fancy goods, etc.—just as their ad. says they have—in the best quality and at the lowest prices. The store is one of the best for shopping in, it being well lighted and roomy, with attentive and civil clerks. The time for shopping is growing short, and early shopping is advisable. Notwithstanding the heavy sales of the past few weeks, the stock is still pretty complete, and buyers will find it to their advantage not to pass The Right House.

BRADSTREET'S TRADE REVIEW

Her Commerce and Influence in the Near East Growing Fast.

Perhaps it is not generally known how remarkably Italy's commerce in the near east has grown within recent years. In 1900 her exports to Turkey were valued at about \$7,500,000, and her imports from the same country at about \$5,000,000. Four years later exports had nearly doubled and imports had increased by \$2,500,000.

This development of commerce along the routes once dominated by the Venetian republic is said to be due in large part to the initiative of the present King and according to the Atlantic Monthly has brought with it renewed prosperity to the ancient and glorious commercial city.

Nor is the eastward activity confined to trade and industry. It is well known that many inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast, though Austrian subjects, are Italian in race, language and sympathies.

Powerful unofficial organizations, like the Dante Society, are busily promoting the Italian language and culture throughout the rejuvenated Turkish empire. It is even asserted that the consequence of improved relations between Quirinal and Vatican religious orders, especially the Franciscans, have eagerly taken up this Italian propaganda.

Considerable mystery surrounds the death of Lyman Ferguson, aged 19, whose body was found lodged against the ice in the river at the foot of Third street, Detroit. The young man was a son of Captain James Ferguson, of the Ferry Company, residing in this city, and had been sailing the lakes all summer, returning home for the winter on Tuesday last.

In contracts for supplies to the Toronto Isolation Hospital the prices for bread and meat were very much lower than are being charged to householders.

Mrs. Thomas Hunt, of Osogodo, was killed at the Dillon Crossing, about two miles from her home, on Friday. The horse which she was driving took fright and ran in front of a C. P. R. train. Death was instantaneous.

MORE RAILROADS.

St. John's, Nfld., Dec. 18.—The extension of railroads in the colony will be the principal business to come before the next Legislature. Parliament will convene on Jan. 20 under Premier Morris.

Natural Gas Goods

SOME BARGAINS

THAT ARE BARGAINS

For the Balance of the Month

On account of getting ready for stocktaking, stock must be reduced at once.

See our Portable Reading Lamps—they make a practical Christmas present.

BERMINGHAM

20 John St. South

TELEPHONE 1989

ITALY'S NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Her Commerce and Influence in the Near East Growing Fast.

Perhaps it is not generally known how remarkably Italy's commerce in the near east has grown within recent years. In 1900 her exports to Turkey were valued at about \$7,500,000, and her imports from the same country at about \$5,000,000. Four years later exports had nearly doubled and imports had increased by \$2,500,000.

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TEN ARRESTS.

Police Rounding Up Receivers of Alleged Stolen Ore.

Millions of Dollars of Ore Said to be Taken.

THE MEN ARRESTED.
John E. Wilkinson, president of J. E. Wilkinson Company, Limited, gold refiners, charged with receiving stolen ore.
Alexander Littlejohn, alias MacFarlane, miner, charged with receiving and illegally selling.
Nicholas Zozotz, Austrian, miner, charged with receiving.
Dnytas Andras, Austrian, miner, charged with receiving.
Jacob Cohen, 78 Agnes street, Hebrew, charged with receiving.
Morris Rodchinsky, 93 1/2 Elizabeth street, Hebrew, charged with receiving.
William Jansen, Cobalt, Finlander, charged with illegally selling.
Jaaka Heikkila, Cobalt, Finlander, charged with illegally selling.

ARRESTED IN COBALT.

G. McGale.
N. A. Van Winkel.
Toronto, Dec. 18.—Practically ever since silver mines have been operated in Cobalt the mine owners have continually noticed indications of leakage of ore, and an official of one of the mines stated that the total sum of this leakage from all the mines amounted to approximately a million dollars. As far as can be discovered from the books of the J. E. Wilkinson Company, whose president was arrested, the police claim that the dealings of that company have amounted annually to in the neighborhood of half a million dollars.

Littlejohn, Zozotz and Andras were in the Police Court yesterday morning. Wilkinson, through his lawyer, Mr. James Hales, pleaded not guilty. He was remanded to December 24, and his bail of \$20,000 was renewed. The others, who were represented by Mr. T. C. Robinson, made the same plea, and were remanded to the same date. Littlejohn was charged with receiving and selling stolen ore from the Crown Reserve and Kerr Lake Mining Companies, and the others with receiving ore from the Nipissing mine. The only one of the accused bailed out so far is Wilkinson.

HONORED HER.

Ladies of Three Branches Surprise Mrs. W. G. Davis.

About forty members of the Stoney Creek, Bartonville and Van Wagner's Beach branches of the W. A., accompanied by Mrs. Leather, president of the W. A. of the Diocese of Niagara, and Miss Slater, corresponding secretary, met at the rectory at Stoney Creek, and on behalf of the members of the three branches Mrs. Leather presented a life membership and gold badge, also a beautiful bouquet of roses and carnations to Mrs. (Rev.) W. G. Davis. They all arrived in the nature of a surprise party. Mrs. Davis managed to express her thanks to all for their kindness in so honoring her in this way, as nothing could have given her greater pleasure.

Rev. Mr. Davis also thanked them for their expression of affection for Mrs. Davis, and hoped all would continue to be devoted workers in the W. A.

Mrs. Leather, in presenting the gift, said she was pleased to convey to all the greetings of the other members of the board, who regretted their inability to be present, and she also said that she knew of no one who was more worthy of the honor of a life membership. All then joined in singing missionary hymns.

At the close of the proceedings a beautiful supply of refreshments, which were taken by the members, were served and a very happy social hour was spent.

There is now no fear for the safety of the Ashtabula, but the work of salvaging is difficult, and may not be accomplished for many weeks. The crew has reached the shore through the efforts of the Port Stanley life-boat crew, and is now supplied with an abundance of provisions. The men will remain in the boat.

Christmas List

Peebles, 213 King East

- Children's Solid Gold Rings, 65c, 75c, \$1.00.
- Ladies' Nice Solid Gold Rings, \$1.00.
- Special value Ladies' Gold Rings, \$1.75.
- Heavy Solid Gold Rings, \$2.50.
- Ebony Tooth Brushes and Nail Files, 35c.
- Tooth Brushes and Nail Files, sterling silver handles, 40c.
- Ebony Hair, Cloth and Hat Brushes, \$1.75.
- Souvenir Maple Leaf Brooches, 25, 50, 75c.
- Silver Thimbles, 25, 50c.
- Braacelet Watches, warranted, \$2.50.
- Watches that will keep time, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.
- A very satisfactory Watch for \$5.00.
- Ladies' Gold Filled American Watch, \$6.50.
- Ladies' Gold Filled Waltham Watches, \$8.50.
- Gentlemen's Gold Filled Walthams, \$10.00.
- A good Alarm Clock, 80c.
- Reliable 8-Day Striking Clock, \$3.00.
- Good Black Mantel Clocks at \$6.00.
- Fountain Pens, \$1.00.
- Waterman Fountain Pens, \$2.50.
- Full line at lowest prices.

THE JEWELER AND RELIABLE REPAIRER.

Peebles, the Jeweler

And Reliable Repairer 213 King East

COMPANION COURT IDEAL.

Last evening there was a large attendance at the regular meeting of Companion Court Ideal, Independent Order of Foresters. A pleasant feature of the evening was a visit by Bro. C. H. Merryfield, of London, superintendent of field work, who delivered an interesting address. Many pleasing references were made to the work of the retiring chief ranger of the court, Comp. L. Paterson. The retirement of Companion Searis, recording secretary, will be a decided loss to the court. During her two years of office she has proven herself eminently qualified for the responsible duties connected with the position. The election of officers resulted as follows:
Comp. E. Mills, C. R.
Comp. L. Paterson, P. C. R.
Comp. E. Allardyce, V. C. R.
Comp. E. Kirkpatrick, R. S.
Comp. E. Allardyce, F. S.
Comp. A. Anderson, Treasurer.
Comp. E. Cole, Orator.
Comp. L. Mallon, S. W.
Comp. E. Mills, J. W.
Comp. H. Jones, S. B.
Comp. A. Holmes, J. B.
Comp. M. Post, Court Deputy.
Dr. Cody, Physician.
Comp. Ethel Searis, Pianist.
Comps. Mintz and A. Holmes, Auditors.
Comps. A. Holmes and L. Paterson, Trustees.

"Forty years ago I swiped a bottle of ink of this size from you while you were unpacking a case on the street," said a citizen to Thomas McCauley, a Kingston book seller, on Friday. "I have felt the remorse all these years, but could never before muster courage to confess my act and make restitution." He asked the price, 50 cents, and paid it over. The money, with an amount equal to it, will go to the Salvation Army to help the Christmas cause.
John Mesci, who was found guilty of murdering George Thorburn, Barbara Thorburn and Mrs. McNiven, formerly of Ontario, on November 4, near Quill Lake, Sask., was sentenced on Friday to be hanged on March 10th at Prince Albert.

TO-MORROW IN CITY CHURCHES

ANGLOICAN
Christ's Church Cathedral.
James St. North between Robert and Barton.

Church of St. Thomas.
Corner of Main street east and West avenue.

Church of St. Peter.
Corner Main street and Sanford avenue.

BAPTIST
James Street Baptist Church.
S. W. corner James and Jackson streets.

Victoria Avenue Baptist Church.
Corner Victoria avenue and Evans street.

CONGREGATIONAL
First Congregational Church.
Corner Cannon and Hughes streets.

MEN'S OWN P.S.A. BROTHERHOOD
Every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the First Congregational Church.

CHRISTADELPHIAN
CHRISTADELPHIANS
C.O.O.F. Hall, 67 James street north.

EBENEZER HALL.
Cor. Barton and Ruth Sts., just east of Sherman avenue.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN
Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church.
(All services in English.)

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Jackson and MacNab Streets.
Services—Sunday at 11 a. m. and Wednesday 8 p. m.

GOSPEL TABERNACLE
Park and Merrick Streets.
P. W. Philpott, pastor.

METHODIST
Centenary Methodist Church.
Rev. J. V. Smith, D. D., pastor. Residence, 177 James street south.

American Monkeys.
The whole simian family is divided by naturalists into two main groups.

use its hand as a drinking cup, to avoid dipping, it is supposed, its luxuriant beard in the water.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH.
John Street North.
Pastors—L. Tovell, D.D., and I. Couch, M. A., B.D.

Emerald Street Methodist Church.
Corner of Wilson street.
Rev. Dr. Williamson, pastor. Residence, 71 Emerald street north.

First Methodist Church.
Corner King and Wellington streets.
Rev. H. B. Lancaster, pastor. Residence, 275 King street north.

Ryerson Methodist Church.
Main street, just east of Sherman avenue.
Rev. G. Sinclair Applebath, pastor.

Simcoe Street Methodist Church.
Corner Simcoe and John streets.
Rev. H. B. Christie, pastor. Residence, 315 John street north.

Zion Tabernacle.
Corner Pearl and Napier streets.
Rev. Arthur H. Goring, B. A., pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN
Central Presbyterian Church.
Corner Caroline street and Charlton avenue.

Erskine Presbyterian Church.
Pearl street, near King.
Rev. S. B. Russell, pastor, residence, 48 Bay street south.

MacNab Street Presbyterian Church.
Corner MacNab and Hunter streets.
Rev. Beverley Ketchen, M. A., pastor.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.
Corner Barton street and Smith avenue.
Pastor, Rev. J. A. Wilson, B. A., residence, 245 p. m.—Sunday School.

St. Giles' Presbyterian Church.
Corner Hobson avenue and Main street.
Rev. J. B. Paulin, M. A., pastor.

St. James' Presbyterian Church.
Corner Locke and Herkimer streets.
Pastor, Rev. J. MacLachlan, B. A., 201 Locke street south.

St. John Presbyterian Church.
Corner King and Emerald streets.
Rev. John Young, M. A., pastor. Residence, 72 Emerald street south.

St. Paul's Presbyterian Church.
N. W. corner James and Jackson streets.
Pastor, Rev. D. R. Drummond, B. D., 41 Duke street north.

Westminster Presbyterian.
Minister: Rev. J. Roy VanWyck, B. A. 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.—The minister will preach.

UNITARIAN
Unity Church.
Main street, near Walnut.
Rev. W. Dejos Smith, minister. Residence, 657 Main street east.

The New BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE And PRAYER BOOK 'Large shipment of over \$2,000.00 just received.

A more appropriate Christmas gift could not be thought of. Easy to select and very useful, and prices place them within the reach of all. From 6c to \$9.00 CLOKE & SON Hamilton Bible House 16 KING ST. WEST

GRIMSBY AND BEAMSVILLE. Whole New Council Needed in the Latter Place. Factory By-law to be Voted on at Elections. Social and Personal Events of the Fruit District.

GrimsbY, Dec. 18.—S. A. and Mrs. Whitaker, Montreal, were here during the week on a visit to their parents.

Wednesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. S. E. Cole, of Hamilton. The tea table was pretty with holly, carnations and red shaded candles.

Both the Presbyterian and Methodist Church Sunday schools are putting in diligent rehearsals for their Christmas entertainment next week.

The skating rink is being flooded, and should the cold weather continue will be open for business next week.

After three years, the Provincial report was finally adopted at Monday night's meeting of the council.

The Atelier. The atelier, the house of special quality in ladies' tailoring, 20-22 King street west, invites you to the store during the Christmas week.

How Will This Do? We can solve the problem for you as to Christmas presents.

The Right House "Merry Xmas, Gentlemen, I'm Bringing in A Right House Christmas Gift For You!" Wise is the wife and "canny," the mother, sister or sweetheart who decides to get "his" Christmas gift at Hamilton's Home of Quality, The Right House.

MEN'S CHRISTMAS GLOVES—Mocha and buck, with specially selected strong silk linings; grey or brown; a good fitting, long wearing quality; a pair \$2.00 to \$3.50.

REINDEER GLOVES AT \$2.50—Seamless, Lined Reindeer Gloves, a splendid cold weather friend of Perrin's Gloves, which will wear wonderfully well.

MEN'S CHRISTMAS NECKWEAR—Beautiful silk and knitted novelties in an immense assortment of the season's latest styles.

MEN'S CHRISTMAS SOCKS—Silk embroidered English designers, pretty figured and stripe designs in red, white or blue on black or colored grounds.

MEN'S CHRISTMAS MUFFLERS—Black and rich colored effects, in plain weaves or rich quiet designs, making a superb array for Christmas choosing.

Knitted Scarfs, Silk Squares, Dress Skirt Protectors, Phoenix and Bradley Mufflers and also shaped styles.

IN TRENCH. Boys of Highland Company Give Unique Supper. The shelter trench squad of H Company of the Ninety-first Regiment of Canadian Highlanders.

The toast of "Our Visitors" was responded to by Capt. Linton, A Company, and A. M. S. I. Smith.

The toast of "The Grave Diggers," as Capt. Moodie called them, was responded to by Sergt. Pickett and the "Company Piper."

FOR BEAUTY. Fine Entertainment at Y.M.C.A. Last Evening. The health and beauty lecture last evening at Association Hall was largely attended and proved to be something out of the ordinary.

Dainties For Christmas. For fine Christmas confectionery and fruit of all kinds, Mr. J. Moffat, 441 Barton street east, appeals to the east end people especially to call and see his great assortment of Christmas stock.

A PARTING GIFT. Mr. W. F. Lester, who is severing his connections with the Canadian Westinghouse Company, after eight years of service.

ON MEXICO. Fine Address by Mr. W. A. Child Last Evening. A large and attentive audience heard the lecture last night by W. A. Child, Ph. B. M. A., on "A Plantation in a Tropical Forest."

Another excellent feature of the programme was the Y. W. C. A. team of girls, who gave an exhibition of the various drills used in their new gymnasium.

DR. SMALL Gave Another of His Course of Temperance Lectures. Dr. Sam Small gave another lecture last night under the auspices of the Citizens' League Campaign Committee.

INTERNATIONAL LODGE. At the meeting of International Lodge I. O. G. T., held in the C. O. F. hall last evening, two candidates were initiated, and two propositions for membership were received.

Next Friday the programme will consist of selections appropriate to the season.

THE MERCHANTS' BANK REPORT OF THE 46th ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS

The annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Merchants' Bank of Canada was held on Wednesday, December 18th, at the head offices, 205 St. James street, Montreal.

Mr. J. M. Kilbourn, Secretary of the Bank, was appointed Secretary of the meeting, and read the notice calling the meeting.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read, after which the President presented the report of the Directors, as follows:

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT. The Directors have pleasure in submitting the report of the Merchants' Bank of Canada covering the year's business up to the close of books on 30th November, for the information and approval of the Shareholders.

The net profits amount to \$831,159.57, equal to 13.85 per cent. upon the capital, as against \$738,597.19 or 12.30 per cent. for the previous year. We hope you will consider this a good return, and from present indications we feel safe in saying that the outlook is promising for equally good results covering the next twelve months.

The past year's earnings have been dealt with as follows: After paying the usual dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. we have written down our bank premises \$100,000, and credited \$50,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund, leaving a balance to be dealt with of \$201,159.57.

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H. MONTAGU ALLAN, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending 30th November, 1909.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Net Profits, Dividend, and Balance brought forward.

THE STATEMENT. The Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1909, was read as follows:

LIABILITIES. 1. To the Public. 1909. 1908.

Notes in Circulation \$ 4,740,478 00

Deposits at Call \$19,220,454 53

Deposits subject to notice (accrued interest to date included) 28,987,961 64

Deposits by other Banks in Canada 1,263,178 76

Balance due to Agents in Great Britain 49,471,594 93

Balance due to Agents in the United States and elsewhere 711,330 93

Dividend No. 89 352,661 33

Dividends unclaimed 120,000 00

2. To the Stockholders. Capital Paid up \$ 6,000,000 00

Reserve Fund 4,500,000 00

Balance of Profits carried forward 102,157 51

ASSETS. Gold and Silver Coin on hand \$1,569,822 57

Notes on hand 3,777,958 50

Notes and Cheques of other Banks 3,223,191 96

Balances due by other Banks in Canada 4,796 95

Balances due Banks and Agents in the United States 119,854 10

Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks in Canada \$4,863,775 42

Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks elsewhere than in Canada 9,504,602 87

Domestic and Provincial Government Securities 13,368,378 29

Municipal, Railway and other Debentures 5,835,520 08

Time Loans on Bonds and Stocks in United States \$1,371,804 71

Current Loans and Discounts (less Rebate of Interest Received) 34,819,043 68

Loans to other Banks, secured 36,190,838 39

Loans and Discounts overdue (less fully provided for) 337,817 87

Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation 240,000 00

Mortgages and other Securities, the property of the Bank 48,134 87

Real Estate 40,794 44

Bank Premises and Furniture 1,227,047 30

Other Assets 34,134 30

\$66,800,151 70

\$56,598,625 77

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

THE DIRECTORS. It was moved by Mr. A. Haig Sims, seconded by Mr. M. S. Foley, that Messrs. C. E. Black and D. Kinghorn be appointed Scrutineers for the election of Directors about to take place, and that they proceed to take votes immediately; that the ballot shall close at 3 p. m., but if an interval of ten minutes elapse without a vote being tendered the ballot shall close immediately. Carried.

Moved by Mr. A. Piddington, seconded by Mr. G. Durnford, that the Scrutineers cast one ballot in favor of the following persons as Directors:

Sir H. MONTAGU ALLAN, Mr. JONATHAN HODGSON, Mr. THOMAS LONG, Mr. C. F. SMITH, Mr. HUGH A. ALLAN, Mr. C. M. HAYS, Mr. A. ALEX. BARNET, Mr. F. ORR LEWIS, Mr. K. W. BLACKWELL.

This was unanimously adopted, and the Scrutineers accordingly reported that the Board of Directors had been unanimously re-elected.

THE CAPITAL STOCK. It was also moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, that:

"Inasmuch as it is expedient that the capital stock of the Bank should be increased from six million dollars to ten million dollars, that for that purpose the following by-law be, and the same is, hereby adopted as by-law No. X. (Ten) of the by-laws of the Bank:

BY-LAW NO. X. "The capital stock of the Bank is hereby increased from six million dollars to ten million dollars by the creation of forty thousand new shares of the par value of one hundred dollars each."

It was then moved by Mr. A. Haig Sims, seconded by Mr. G. F. C.

Smith, that a vote of thanks be tendered the President and Directors for their able services during the past year. Also that a vote of thanks be tendered the General Manager, Mr. Hebbden, and his staff for the loyal manner in which they have worked to further the interests of the Bank. (Hear, hear.) This motion was unanimously carried, with applause.

The meeting then adjourned. At a subsequent special meeting of the Board of Directors the following officers were re-elected: President, Sir H. Montagu Allan; Vice-President, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson.

LEOPOLD'S WILL. Funeral Simple and Attended by Household and Staff.

Premier in the Chamber of Deputies Delivers Eulogy.

Brussels, Dec. 17.—King Leopold's will, which was filed to-day, contains the following: "I die in the Catholic religion, and I ask pardon for the faults I have or may have committed. I leave the 15,000,000 francs (\$3,000,000) which I received from my father to my children, and I ask that my funeral shall be simple and held at 7 o'clock in the morning and shall be attended by the members of my household and staff."

In the Belgian Chamber of Deputies to-day, M. Schollaert, the Prime Minister, delivered an eulogy on King Leopold. He declared that the late monarch had devoted himself entirely to the greatness and prosperity of the country, and had aggrandized and lifted Belgium up among the nations.

Belgium, he said, was grateful and would not forget. The King had given an immense impulse to the resources of the country in all directions, and had bestowed on it a colonial empire where Belgium fulfilled all the duties of a great work of civilization. The Prime Minister concluded as follows: "Our devotion to Leopold will be transferred to the heir to the throne. You will be able under his guidance to pursue the glorious work of the reign which has just come to an end."

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 17.—A tragedy occurred at eight o'clock this morning at the residence of Hon. Joseph Prefontaine, ex-M. P. P. for Assiniboia, four miles north of Elhi, when his residence was destroyed by fire. His seven-year-old son perished, his son, George, was frightfully burned, and his wife and the body of his aged mother, which was awaiting burial in the house, was cremated. Eighteen neighbors, who were asleep in the residence at the time, narrowly escaped death in the flames.

Mrs. Prefontaine, one of the very early pioneers of Manitoba, nearly 80 years of age, expired yesterday. The body was prepared for burial. The ceremony was to have occurred to-day. Candles surrounded the bier, and it was from one of these that the flames were communicated to the mourning articles around the casket.

THE BESSEMER. The Car Ferry Lies Twelve Miles From Conneaut.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 17.—The tug Reed, working at a point in Lake Erie about twelve miles off Conneaut harbor late this afternoon discovered the wreck of the ill-fated car ferry Bessemer No. 2, which went down in the storm of Dec. 7 last, carrying with her 33 souls. All that remains above the water to mark the resting-place of the vessel and the tomb of her crew is the top of a small spar projecting a few inches above the surface. Even this cannot be seen in rough water.

Of the 33 persons aboard the Bessemer when she foundered, nine have already been recovered in a yawl boat, frozen to death, so that it is probable the remaining 24 are entombed at the bottom of Lake Erie. This much is known, that the suddenness with which the vessel went down precludes the possibility of any of the engineers or firemen getting out of the ship's hold, while others were probably asleep in their bunks at the moment the Bessemer plunged beneath the waves. All must have perished like rats in a trap.

NOW INCORPORATED. Hamilton Ferry Co. No Longer in Experimental Stage.

The Hamilton Ferry Co., which was organized last season by Woodman Bros. has been incorporated into a stock company and is now in a position to meet any demands likely to be made upon it in the way of accommodating the travelling public. The way the people of Hamilton and surrounding districts patronized the venture shows conclusively that Hamilton's magnificent bay is appreciated. The beautiful shore across the bay, with its Oakland Park, fine views, available sites for summer residences, good fishing, boating, etc., is bound to be taken advantage of now that the Ferry Co., too, has made good. A big season's business shows that the people appreciate this new steamboat service, and next year the company promises many important changes, which will add to the comfort of pleasure seekers. Already they are booking excursions.

Nice For Christmas. What is more suitable to give a friend for Christmas than one of Benson, Johnson Co.'s (8 John street north) sectional bookcases. Call and see them; also a large supply of office supplies at 8 John street north, telephone 214.

Christmas Presents. Thompson's art store, 63 and 70 King street east, has everything for Christmas in the line of pyrography outfits; also a superior line of new art brass work, tools and supplies for doing this work, such as bead frames, candle shade holders, polish lacquer, etc. See his artist color boxes from 25c to 96c.

SUN FIRE

The oldest Insurance Office in the world FOUNDED A.D. 1710 BI-CENTENARY 1910 HOME OFFICE: LONDON, ENGLAND Canadian Branch, Sun Building, Toronto, H. M. Blackburn, Manager. Thos. Cochran, E. M. Faulkner, Jno. Harvey, R. A. Milne, T. H. P. Carpenter (Hamilton Agents).

THE SOVEREIGN FIRE "A Policy That Insures and Pays" Assets \$761,529.90

MARKETS AND FINANCE

Saturday, Dec. 18.—Central Market this morning was not the scene of busy trading that had been expected. The meat market was fairly well stocked, and the only change was a raise of 50 cents in the price of Christmas beef. Eggs, in the dairy produce market, were a little firmer, the price being 45 to 50 cents for fresh laid and 30 to 35 cents for storage ones. Turkeys were in fair demand at from 22 to 25 cents per pound. The price of spring chickens was raised considerably, from 85 cents to \$1.35 being the price asked. The offering of small vegetables was small. Hay took a drop this morning of 50 cents per ton. Other produce was steady and prices unchanged.

The current prices this morning were: Dairies. Cooking Butter 23 to 23 1/2

Butter, washed 18 1/2 to 19 1/2

Butter, unwashed 18 to 18 1/2

Butter, extra 18 1/2 to 19

Butter, standard 18 1/2 to 19

Butter, new laid 35 to 40

Eggs, cooking 35 to 40

Eggs, fresh laid 45 to 50

Eggs, storage 30 to 35

Poultry. Chickens, pair 90 to 1 1/4

Spring chicken 85 to 1 1/2

Turkeys, large, each 2 1/2 to 3

Ducks, pair 1 1/2 to 1 3/4

Geese, lb. 10 to 12

Fruits. Grapes, basket 1 1/2 to 2

Outlets, basket 1 1/2 to 2

Walnuts, bushel 1 1/2 to 2

Apples, snow, bushel 1 1/2 to 2

Greening, bushel 1 1/2 to 2

Vegetables, Etc. Celery, dozen 40 to 50

Lettuce, per bunch 10 to 15

Parley, dozen 40 to 50

Spinach, basket 10 to 15

Carrots, basket 10 to 15

Peas, basket 10 to 15

Beans, basket 10 to 15

Summer squash, each 10 to 15

Winter squash, each 10 to 15

Pumpkins, each 10 to 15

Smoked Meats. Beef, suet, demand small, prices steady

Wool, pound, unwashed 12 to 13

Bacon, sides, lb. 15 to 16

Bacon, backs, lb. 15 to 16

Hams, lb. 15 to 16

Shoulders, lb. 15 to 16

Loins, lb. 15 to 16

Boilons, lb. 15 to 16

Pork sausage, lb. 15 to 16

New England ham, lb. 15 to 16

Mushrooms, quart 15 to 20

Flowers. Pinks, 100 15 to 20

Roses, dozen 15 to 20

Rubber plants 15 to 20

Christmas trees 15 to 20

Meats. Christmas beef 8 1/2 to 9 1/2

Beef, No. 2, per cwt. 5 1/2 to 6 1/2

Mutton, per cwt. 8 1/2 to 9 1/2

Dressed hogs, lb. 10 1/2 to 11 1/2

Veal, per cwt. 9 1/2 to 10 1/2

Spring lamb, per lb. 11 to 12

Fish. Salmon Trout 15 to 16

White fish 15 to 16

Halibut, lb. 15 to 16

Cod, lb. 15 to 16

Perch, lb. 15 to 16

Smoked salmon 15 to 16

Lake Erie herring, lb. 15 to 16

Sunels, 2 lb. 15 to 16

Pickled 15 to 16

Mackerel 15 to 16

Oysters, each 15 to 16

Hiaddock, lb. 15 to 16

Kiostered Herrin N. 2 for 10

The Hide Market. Calf skins, No. 1, lb. 18 to 19

Wheat, No. 2, per cwt. 14 to 15

Calf Skins, each 1 1/2 to 2

Horse hides 1 1/2 to 2

Crucians, No. 2, per lb. 14 to 15

Hides, No. 2, per lb. 14 to 15

Hides, flat 15 to 16

Samb skins 1 1/2 to 2

Grain Market. Barley, No. 2, per cwt. 55 to 60

Oats, No. 2, per cwt. 38 to 40

Rye, No. 2, per cwt. 55 to 60

Crucians, No. 2, per cwt. 55 to 60

Chopona corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4

Corn 50 to 60

Peas 15 to 16

Hay and Wood. Straw, per ton 9 1/2 to 10 1/2

Hay, per ton 14 1/2 to 15 1/2

Toronto Markets. There were about 800 bushels of grain received on the street to-day. Wheat firmer, 100 bushels of fall-selling at

THE MOLSONS BANK

Incorporated 1855. Capital Paid Up - - - \$3,500,000 Reserve - - - - - \$3,500,000 Has 71 Branches in Canada, and Agents and Correspondents in all the Principal Cities in the World. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT at all Branches. Interest allowed at highest current rate Hamilton Branches - - Spectator Building and Market Square Open usual banking hours W. S. CONNOLLY, Market Branch also open Saturday evenings. Manager.

Reduced Price OF Improved Gurney Range

A Remarkable Offer, Good Xmas Week. We ask you to compare the Crown Prince with any other range from a standpoint of design, construction, and especially price. We know in advance the result, for no one can afford to shut their eyes to this excellent Range at such a money-saving figure.

To those who ask, How is it possible? Our answer is simply this—The immense quantity recently manufactured of this special design greatly reduced the cost of production, and it is this saving that we now pass along to you.

When inspecting the Crown Prince ask the salesman to explain. The removable nickel—the patent grate bars—the large fire-box—the divided flue strip—and the perfect damper system.

And remember—We guarantee every part of it. The price with reservoir added is \$24.50. The price with reservoir and high shelf is \$27.50.

Gurney Foundry Co's 16-18 Macnab St. N.

Amusements. The three-act comedy, "The Arrival of Kitty," was presented before a small audience at the Grand Opera House last evening. The show has been here several times, and this, coupled with the fact that the cast is but mediocre, explains the small attendance. However, it was an appreciative audience, and the entertainment was received with applause.

With the exception of Jennie Farron, in the role of Jane, niece of Col. Bell, who is the possessor of a good voice, the individual members of the company did not display too much dramatic power. Hal Johnson, as Billy Brown, gave a rather clever female impersonation, and Nona Sterling did not disgrace the part of Suzette.

"GAMBLING WITH DEATH." A great dramatic film, will be the feature at the Savoy on Monday and Tuesday next week. It is a thrilling incident from the period of the French Revolution, a pathetic story full of intense situations, with rapid and thrilling action. Correct settings and costume make it a production of the silent drama that will vie with any production of the living stage in swaying the emotions of an audience.

HARMONIC SOCIETY. A musical critic, who heard a rehearsal of the Harmonic Society this week, says it is the best chorus he has heard in Hamilton in twenty-four years, and he is an old stager, and knows what he is talking about. In the opening number of "Carmen," there will be 280 people on the stage when the curtain goes up. In the operatic chorus, "Hark, Noble Chief," the orchestra plays a polonaise against the chorus. The 150th Psalm, by Saint Saens, has never been given in public. Hamilton has the honor of producing it for the first time. Cincinnati has its second production, later in the season, and it will be given in London, England, after Easter. It is for double chorus, and is sublime in its majesty and beauty. It is illustrated by the orchestra. For instance, they sing, "Praise Him with Strings," and the strings play an interlude. The brass instruments, organ and harp do the same illustrative work. Each verse of the Psalm is sung, and then followed by the orchestra, the last verse being the only one accompanied by the orchestra. Several requests have been made for extra solos by Ernest T. Martin.

Imports of Champagne into the United States From Jan. 1st to Dec. 1st, 1909. Cassin, G. H. Munn & Co. 116,195

Moet & Chandon 81,316

Vve Clicquot 69,020

Krug & Greno 57,628

Ruinart pere & fils 29,886

Louis Roederer 21,889

Pol Roger 14,565

Piper Heidsieck 8,027

Dry Monopole 7,701

Duc de Montebello 6,237

Various other imports 58,469

Grand Total 481,778

Compiled from United States Custom House records.

For selling liquor in a local option township H. C. Fuller, proprietor of the hotel at Collins Bay, was fined \$200 and costs.

For Christmas Cakes. Mr. J. W. Ball's, 305 King street east, successor to the late E. W. Bateman, is one of the best headquarters for Christmas cakes that can be found in the city. Mr. Ball, since taking hold of this business, has made a huge success of it. He offers a great assortment of all kinds of small-cakes and large ones. Kindly give him a call during Christmas week.

EARRINGS. Are very fashionable just now and every lady should have a pair. We have them in pearls, corals and jet for pierced or unpierced ears. Call and see them.

F. CLARINGBOW Jeweler and Optician, 22 Macnab Street North.

GRAFT IN OXFORD. Judge Finkle's Report Condemns Mr. Buchanan.

Woodstock, Dec. 17.—Judge Finkle to-day submitted to the Oxford County Council his report on the recent investigation held before him into the charges of graft in connection with the county roads improvement. He said he could not accept the evidence of James Vance that he paid Chas. Sutherland, then Reeve of East Zorra, a member of the County Council, \$50 to sign the bridge contract, in view of the contradictory evidence. As to the charge made against Mr. M. T. Buchanan, former Reeve of Ingersoll and county councillor, by Jas. L. Thayer, of Aylmer, agent for the Case Threshing Machine Company, that he paid Buchanan \$340 for his influence in getting for the Case company the contracts for two steam road rollers, the judge said he accepted Th



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Mr. Merchant — Show your goods to the best advantage.
Miss Purchaser — Insist on knowing what you buy.
Good light helps both the merchant and his customers.
The best light is **ELECTRIC LIGHT.**



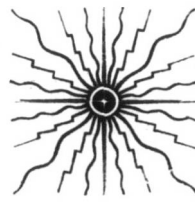
Good work needs good light.
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**The Dominion Power & Transmission
Company, Limited**
**WISHES YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR**



READ IN COMFORT.
Don't strain your eyes.
Your eyesight is too precious to take chances with. When you read you want the best light and that light is **ELECTRIC LIGHT.**



If it isn't Electric, it isn't modern.
Visit our display room.
When you want anything Electrical, telephone No. 3301.
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Electricity everywhere for everything in Hamilton.

THE DOMINION POWER & TRANSMISSION COMPANY, LIMITED

Special Sale of Fine Furs

This sale includes one of the finest assortments of Furs in this city, at prices that will be an eye opener as far as low prices are concerned. Don't miss it. It will pay you to see us before buying your furs elsewhere.

Men's Muskrat Lined Coats, with Persian lamb collars, for only	\$40
Natural Mink Rug Muff for only	\$22
Isabella Fox Set, extra fine, for	\$30
Canadian Mink Throw for only	\$15
Isabella Opossum, large set, for	\$12
Marmot Set for only	\$10
American Sable, large Cape, for	\$10
Black Lynx, extra fine, Set, for	\$40
Marmot Capelines, large sizes, for	\$10
Black Persian Lamb Sets for	\$15
White Thibet, large set, for	\$10
Grey Lamb Children's Collars, for	\$3.00
White Thibet Children's Sets for	\$5.00

And more than 50 different kinds of furs to choose from.

The Dominion Housefurnishing Co.
Complete Home Furnishers and Clothiers
118-120 James St. N. **OPEN EVENINGS**
And Your Credit is Good

J. Walter Gage

REAL ESTATE

EAST HAMILTON REALTY A SPECIALTY

Persons interested in the purchase or sale of houses or lands in the eastern section of the city will do well to consult with this office.

CHANCERY CHAMBERS
Corner Main and Hughson Streets

1910 Announcement

HOT GALVANIZING

We are installing a **HOT GALVANIZING PLANT** in connection with our plant and will be ready for business early in 1910.

We make **SHEET METAL STAMPINGS** of all kinds **DIES, TOOLS, ETC.** and are pleased to estimate on your requirements.

ACME STAMPING & TOOL WORKS, Limited.
HAMILTON, ONT.

HAMILTON LEATHER WASHER WORKS

292 and 294 East Avenue North

All sizes. Carriage Washers made of best oak tanned leather.

All sizes Tap and Hose Washers.

Also Hot Water Washers in Aluminum and Fibre.

JOSEPH BERLINGHOFF, Proprietor.
Telephone 2781

HAMILTON SAUERKRAUT WORKS

Oldest dealers in Hamilton. Wholesale and Retail

SAUERKRAUT

In pails, firkins, kegs, half barrels and barrels.

292 and 294 East Avenue North
Telephone 2781

We Cure Men

Dr. Linn
Buffalo Medical Clinic
No. 203 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

THE WORLD'S ACKNOWLEDGED SPECIALISTS in Private, Nervous and Chronic Diseases.

Edward of Wales to be Sent on a Prolonged Cruise.

New York, Dec. 17.—The Herald has received the following from London: During the course of next year Prince Edward of Wales is to have his first cruise of service with the fleet abroad. This will be following the usual custom which lays it down that a portion of the last term of a cadet at Dartmouth shall

LLOYD-GEORGE ON THE TARIFF.

Chamberlain in Pamphlet Adopts New Election Cry.

Six Canadians in the British Campaign.

Tories Now Declare They Will Tax All Foodstuffs.

London, Dec. 17.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who again has been selected as a candidate for the House of Commons by his Birmingham constituency, has written the preface of a political pamphlet, in which he strongly supports the position of the House of Lords in rejecting the budget. He declares that, uncontrolled, the House of Commons would be a great public danger, and he advocates tariff reform as the only alternative of the budget. As an election cry, Mr. Chamberlain, in the preface, adopts the following:—"Abolition of Cobdenism, not of the House of Lords."

Mr. Lloyd-George, addressing a meeting at Walworth to-day, said:—"Neither the colonies nor foreigners will buy our goods except for two reasons, either their quality is better or the price cheaper for the same quality. They are not buying them because they love us. You go to the colonies with any article wherever it comes from, French, Russian, German, American, and if it is a better article for a cheaper price they are not going to buy the British article, which is inferior at a bigger price. They would be fools if they did. That is not the way to do business. Our goods are beating them all, and we are able to put them in every market of the world more cheaply than any other country."

CANADIANS IN THE FIGHT.

Conservatives.
Sir Gilbert Parker, seeking re-election to the constituency of Gravesend, Donald MacMaster, K.C., former member for Glengarry, in Canada, contesting Chertsey.

Liberals.
Joseph Martin, ex-member of three Canadian Legislatures, who is running in St. Pancras, London, Hamar Greenwood, late member for York, who is asking for re-election.

TAX FOOD STUFFS.

London, Dec. 17. (Globe Cable).—Leaders of the tariff reform propaganda in their speeches are now announcing that they intend, if the election results in the defeat of the present Government, to tax all foodstuffs and all manufactures, colonial or foreign. They have been very vocal in their denunciation of the position owing to the insistent demands for an unequivocal statement as to the revenue side of their proposals.

Not only are they now frankly stating these views, but they are making appeals for the support of the workmen on the strength of them, particularly those having relation to the tax on manufactures. In brief, they propose a tax of two and a half per cent. on all colonial foodstuffs and a tax of five per cent. on foreign foodstuffs. All colonial manufactures, it is proposed, shall be taxed five per cent. and all foreign manufactures ten per cent.

John Burns (President of the Local Government Board), at a mass meeting in Battersea to-night, denounced the proposals as a "tax on the poor." He stated that there was one factory in Battersea employing 800 men working for foreign goods into more finished products. That factory, he declared, would be compelled to close within a few weeks after the adoption of such a tariff. This did not apply to one constituency alone; similar conditions existed all over the United Kingdom.

Mr. Burns also took advanced ground on the liquor question. His language was strong and incapable of any misunderstanding. Not only did he express his own personal views, but he plainly pledged the Government to do everything possible to lessen the evil of intemperance and to curb the power of the liquor interests.

STEWART LYON.

GOOD SPORT; GOOD HEALTH.

Pleasant and Elevating Surroundings at H. B. & A. C.

The Hamilton Bowling and Athletic Club is now recognized as one of the foremost institutions of its kind in America. It is commended upon everywhere as to its high standard, and the splendid good it is accomplishing with the men of this city. Free from everything objectionable, it is a spot where both sexes can thoroughly enjoy themselves and derive benefits from the healthful and exhilarating sports and pastimes which it promotes. The club has in its premises 18 bowling alleys, equipped with the latest up-to-date improvements; 16 billiard and pool tables and their accessories, which are second to none in the country; a restaurant, cafe, reading rooms and parlors, which make it possible to spend a pleasant evening in many ways.

The new private alleys, which have been installed in the basement are being used by members for parties, and the fair sex, of which the club now has a membership of 200, are enjoying the game immensely, and some of them bid fair to make as good bowlers as the men.

The membership fee being only \$1 per year, puts the club privileges within the reach of everyone and the men of Hamilton, and each of them should join the organization and help along the good work in the interest of Hamilton's future men. The operating expenses of such a club are necessarily large, but the directors do not spare any expense in their anxiety to give the best service possible. It is a good work they have done for the city, and Hamilton's citizens should support it. The exercise is good, the fun is the best ever, and you meet people there at all times with whom it is a pleasure to associate.

New Idea Hot Water Heating



NEW IDEA ROUND BOILER
Some Hamilton Buildings heated with the "New Idea" System are:
Dominion Bank
Bank of Montreal (Branch)
St. Lawrence Church
All Saints' Church
Robt. Duncan & Co's. Store
Commercial Hotel

When considering the question of heating, do not fail to investigate the "New Idea." It is the most practical, common-sense heating apparatus made. Send for booklet of this new style system; it possesses a number of exclusive advantages—the following are some of them:

THIN WATERWAYS—QUICK RESULTS.
Based on the well-known fact that an inch of water in a vessel will boil more quickly than two inches, the waterways of the New Idea have been made thin. The fire-pot surface has been made unusually large by the introduction of overhanging arms, thus giving increased direct heating surface. The result is that the New Idea is quick to respond and able to maintain a high temperature with a minimum amount of fuel.

CENTRAL WATER POST—REDUCED FRICTION.
In the old-fashioned type of boiler the water post was placed at the back of the boiler, the water heated in one section travelled horizontally to the water-post, then ascended and travelled horizontally into the next section, and so on throughout the boiler. In the New Idea the water-post is in the centre of the boiler—the natural place for it—hot water is always hottest at the centre and naturally travels upward instead of horizontally. Thus the New Idea has free circulation and less friction. In the old-fashioned boiler it took nearly as much heating power to circulate the water as it did to heat it. In the New Idea, friction being eliminated, a saving of coal is effected.

If you are interested in a Heating System that will keep all of the house warm all the time—
One that will do it with less fuel and less attention, a system that may be purchased from a local Company, who have been making heating and cooking goods in Hamilton for 66 years.

Ask for booklet descriptive of the "New Idea" Boiler.

GURNEY, TILDEN & CO., LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS
JOHN AND REBECCA STREETS

MODERN SHOE WAREHOUSE.

Head of Big Hamilton Business
Owns Building Where He Started as Boy.

Hamilton has always been known throughout Canada as a great shoe town, not only from the manufacturing end of the business, but also as a distributing centre for the very necessary adjunct to the costumes of civilization. An event of exceptional importance in the shoe trade was the recent acquisition of the Knox building on King street east and its entire remodeling by the wholesale shoe firm of John Lennox & Co. Few Hamilton merchants are better known throughout the length and breadth of Canada than John Lennox, and the marvelous success that has attended his business career, of which Hamilton has always been the headquarters, makes the story of that career as interesting as those of the many young men who have sought and found fortune in the far-off plains or mountains of the glorious west. In the early seventies, as a lad of 12, Mr. Lennox entered the service of Kerr, Brown & Mackenzie, as a junior, in the same big building which he now owns and occupies for his immense shoe business. Even at this early age he gave promise of being a hustler, and as he had plenty of ambition and no lack of energy he sought to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of the business, and soon became a decidedly useful lad. His advancement was so rapid that at an exceptionally early age he was made a traveller for the big house whose name was almost a household word from the Maritime Provinces to the head of the great lakes. Mr. Lennox was probably the youngest man who ever went out on the road from this city, but youth was no bar to his progress. Even at this early stage of his business experience his interest was keenest for the shoe line, and in 1876 he became identified as a traveller with the wholesale shoe business carried on by Wm. Griffith, of which J. C. Macklin, who had retired from the firm of Kerr, Brown & Co., was the financial backer. About seventeen years ago, after building up a reputation second to none as a commercial traveller, Mr. Lennox retired from the Griffith firm and established the firm of John Lennox & Co., occupying the big premises that had been for years the old home of the old firms of John Garrett & Co. and Orr, Harvey & Co., concerns which were for years in the forefront of the wholesale shoe business of Canada. These premises had long been too small for the growing needs of the Lennox business, when this year the head of the firm bought the Knox building on King street, where he had started his business career as a lad. The new home of the Lennox Company has long been recognized as one of the finest sites for a wholesale business in the city. The interior of the big building has been entirely remodelled and brought up to date in every way for the expeditious handling of an immense volume of business. The offices and sample rooms are among the most elegantly appointed in the country, and the fact that the president, the genius of the big establishment commenced his business life as a lad in the same building furnishes an object lesson

PRIEST KILLED.

Fatal Accident to Brother Michael of Toronto.

Toronto, Dec. 18.—Turning quickly in parting from a friend on the corner of Arthur street and Euclid avenue, Brother Michael Reilly, of the Order of Christian Brothers, 28 McDonnell Square, walked in front of a west-bound Dundas car, No. 1298, was struck down and almost instantly killed at about 8 o'clock last evening. Brother Michael of the same order, who was with him was also knocked down, receiving comparatively slight injuries about the shoulder and head.

Brother Michael had been for about seven years principal of St. Francis Separate School, Manning avenue, and taught the fourth class in that school. The car, which was driven by Mortimer Frank Gorman, of 45 Perth avenue, was moving rapidly, and because that corner is not usually a stopping place it went on about five yards before coming to a stop, after having struck the two Brothers.

Brother Michael was struck above the left temple and the skull was broken. He was removed immediately to the drug store of J. W. Struettiers at 207 Euclid avenue, and breathed for a few minutes before expiring. Dr. Alexander McKay, of 203 Euclid avenue, was summoned, but all attempts to save the life of the Brother were unavailing.

Brother Michael's family name was Reilly, and his home was at Osceola, in the county of Renfrew, where a brother is now living. He was about thirty-two years of age, and had been in the Order of Christian Brothers for about fourteen years.

FINE SHOWING

Of Elegant Furniture at Thomson's Large Warehouse.

Did you ever visit Mr. Alex. Thomson's furniture warehouses at the corner of Bay and Merrick streets? This is a question often asked among the women shoppers, and by not a few men who appreciate good things. It is simply astonishing to see the number of acceptable Christmas gifts on sale, and to observe the prices. From collar to garter, each floor is crowded with all kinds of pieces of furniture, bedroom sets, chiffoniers, card tables, rockers, dining room sets and couches. In the basement there are thousands of dollars' worth of brass and iron beds, which Mr. Thomson bought some time ago at a snip. He has found a great demand for them, as people like them for their hygienic value and appearance. No gift is more practical, and certainly one would go miles to see such a selection. Year by year Mr. Thomson has been adding to his stock, and a young man who is anxious to give his mother something nice will find it at Thomson's. One suggestion which has caught the fancy of some is a writing desk made in mahogany, Cressian walnut and oak, and in very handsome designs. Several are made from special drawings by skilled artists, and are the finest product of expert furniture makers. Just to the east of the warehouses is a large factory, where Mr. Thomson makes a large portion of his furniture, and does all kinds of repairing for citizens. Upholstering is a line which receives consideration by him, and some of the finest work has been turned out in this thriving department, by experienced men.

BROTHER MATTHEW ALSO INJURED, BUT NOT SEVERELY.

Brother Matthew also injured, but not severely.

Brother Matthew's injuries were not so serious. He was taken, while still unconscious, in a cab to St. Michael's Hospital, where he was attended by Dr. Scott. The doctor found that no bones were broken, and that the patient was suffering chiefly from the shock. When spoken to last evening he could remember nothing after having left the boys' rank. Brother Matthew comes from near Owen Sound.

Rev. Dr. Sinclair, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, who was in charge of the Presbyterian church in Dawson City for a considerable period, lectured in his church on Friday night on the morality conditions in the far north. He positively denied the charge of gross immorality there, maintaining that Dawson is just as moral as Winnipeg, and probably more so. That city had been greatly misrepresented.

In the County Court at Cobourg, before Judge Benson and a jury, Dr. Stinson, of Cobourg, was acquitted on a charge of performing a criminal operation.

D., L. & W. SCRANTON COAL

Clean, Dry and Bright
The MAGEE-WALTON CO., Ltd.
506 Bank of Hamilton Building.
Telephone 338.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.

Company, Financial, Press and Advertisers' Agents
30 Fleet St., London, Eng. Canadian Branch a Specialty

FUNERAL REFORM

Plain and becoming funerals for adults conducted at low as \$10. Furnishings and outfit for the very best. Courteous service and personal attendance.
IRA GREEN, prop., Green Bros. King and Catherine Streets.
Office Tel. 20; Residence Tel. 27.

CUTLERY

Everything in Cutlery for Xmas gifts, including a complete stock of Razors, Scissors, Knives, Carving Sets, etc.
E. TAYLOR
Phone 2541. 11 MacNab Street North

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big G for unsatisfactory discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not subject to relapse. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 2 bottles for \$1.75. Circular sent on request.

NORTH END GARAGE

Automobile repairs at reasonable prices.
Best rate for winter overhauling and storage.

REID GASOLINE ENGINE CO.

469 Bay Street North
Phone 875



CHRISTMAS SHOES

Shoes or Slippers make a very appropriate and acceptable Christmas present for man, woman or child. Our range of fine Slippers and Shoes has been carefully selected—and we have a splendid assortment of "Fireside Slippers" for Men. Buy now; the rush is on.
J. D. CLIMIE 30 and 32 KING ST. WEST
Store open evenings until 9 o'clock.

PULLMAN AUTOMATIC VENTILATORS

Admit FRESH AIR and extract FOUL AIR without draught.
Can be FITTED TO ANY WINDOW.
Write for prices.
WM. STEWART & CO.,
Saturday Night Building, Toronto.

It is Easy

To select your Christmas present from our large stock of new styles and best quality. Rings, Lockets, Neckties, Ladies' and Gent's Watch Chains, Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Fancy Black Clocks \$5.00 up, Boys' Silver Watches \$5.00 up, Wedding Rings, Marriage Licenses. Open till 10.

E. K. KISS, English Jeweler

91 John Street South

Plumbing and Heating Contractor

GEORGE C. ELLICOTT
Phone 2088 119 King W.

THE HAMILTON MILLING CO.

Magnificent wheat, good power and up to date mill, enables us to offer you **Peacemaker Flour** (blended), **White Rose Flour** (all Ontario), **Great West Flour** (all Manitoba), **Reses Flour**.

D., L. & W. SCRANTON COAL

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The MAGEE-WALTON CO., Ltd.
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FUNERAL REFORM

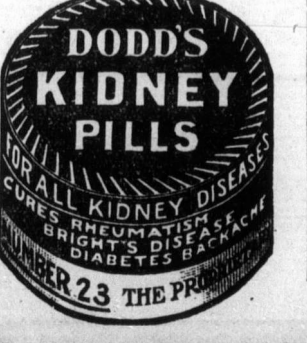
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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE
No. 23 THE PRINCE OF WALES BUILDING



XMAS GIFTS

Nothing for Gift Purposes is So Suitable as Hoodless Furniture. Nothing Else So Exactly Expresses in Enduring Form the Sentiment Connected With the Season

Come and see the display, examine inside and out, note finish, the care and attention given to every detail and you will see why our furniture has gained its reputation for fine quality—then note prices.

Special Low Prices on Holiday Goods

- 30 MORRIS CHAIRS—The most complete line, in regard to prices, designs and coverings we have been able to get together. A great leader; solid oak frame, genuine Spanish leather cushions \$16.75
Others from \$7.00 to \$30.00
- Rockers and Arm Chairs**
- Full Spring Seat, No. 1 leather, high back, quartered oak ROCKERS \$10.00
- Quartered oak, saddle seat ROCKERS \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 up
- PARLOR ROCKERS, polished mahogany, fine silk plush upholstery \$7.00
- Wire Back Upholstered EASY CHAIRS, fine quality, tapestry covering, soft and luxurious, at \$15.00 and \$18.00
- IS THERE a Piano in the home of your loved ones, or in the home of one you would remember with a specially nice gift? Then a handsome Music Cabinet is "just the thing." Or a Phonograph Cabinet, if the possessor of a phonograph or graphophone.
- POLISHED MAHOGANY CABINET, sliding trays for music, mirror back \$12.50
Others from \$4.50 to \$30.00
- Phonograph Record Cabinets**
- These are made for either disk or cylinder records, holding from 40 to 100. Now is the time to get one, as we have cut the prices very low.
- QUARTERED OAK CABINETS, regular \$20.00, now \$16.00
- SOLID MAHOGANY CABINETS, regular \$28.00, now \$23.50
- Card Tables**
- Early English or Golden Oak and Mahogany. Square, round, oblong—any shape you want.
- Cloth topped or polished; solid reversible or hinged, pedestal or leg base. Prices \$3.50 to \$30

STORE WILL BE OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK

The J. Hoodless Furniture Co., Limited
61-63-65 King Street West

CHRISTMAS MEANS WORK.

This is Probably Exemplified Best in Postoffice.

Surprisingly Large Number of Letters Addressed to Santa Claus

Large Amount of Money Sent to European Countries.

Christmas is coming, and with it the trials and troubles for the clerks at the post office. They know that the biggest mail period of the twelve months is at hand, and through their trained and careful hands must pass thousands of expressions of love and good will. The postmaster adjusts his glasses and rubs his forehead, the assistant postmaster looks out over his desk over the basket and bag littered floor of the sorting room and sighs, the clerks lump their backs and try to make their hands move a little faster. The parcels begin to come. The sorter can spot a Christmas parcel a mile away. They do not have to see a holly stamp pasted on it, nor do they take note of its shape or size. They just know by instinct that this is a handkerchief for grandmother, from Sarah, and that one is a bottle of perfume from Tommy to his sweetheart. But the letter that never fails to bring a smile to the face of the sorter, it is the one that is addressed to Santa Claus. These letters are picked out and distributed by men who have the faces and forms of men and the hearts of children. They come in stacks every year, and Santa Claus must have a rare time reading them all and taking note of the requests. None of these letters, however, go astray as, by order of his most gracious majesty, the King, all letters of this nature are handed over to one of Santa's chief clerks. Many of the letters that are being sent to Santa Claus this month are addressed to his north pole residence. This is a mistake. Since Dr. Cook and Commander Peary brought the pole into disrepute by their wrangling Santa Claus has given up his polar residence for the time being and is now residing in Hamilton.

Many of the Santa Claus letters are posted in the various boxes throughout the city, but not a few of them are brought to the post office personally by their authors, who take no chances on their being side-tracked. Last Tuesday a little boy aged about five years, visited the post office, clutching in one hand a crumpled letter. The letter was addressed to "Mr. Santa Claus, North Pole."

"Let mother post it for you, dear."

"Oh no. That letter was a bit of personal business between him and Santa Claus and he intended to deal with it himself. Therefore he had to be lifted up until he could reach the slot for the letters. But this slot business in itself was suspicious and had to be investigated. He peeped into the hole very carefully, then more manfully, and finally he gazed for a long time. Reassured, apparently, he dropped the letter into the slot and was lowered to the floor.

The clerk at the inquiry wicket also has his troubles.

"Pardon me, have you seen anything yet of a parcel for Mr. James Brown?"

The speaker, perhaps a tall, lean individual, leans his elbows across the inquiry ledge, and fixes his query at the clerk on the other side.

"No," replies the clerk; "we haven't seen anything of such a parcel."

The long, lean individual turns dolefully away. But he comes back the next day and the next and the next. In fact, he proceeds to pester the clerk until the latter has his arms ready as soon as he sees the man coming.

It is this way every Christmas. The anxious inquirer is one of the recognized postoffice bores. Sometimes he accepts his disappointment with a smile and a shrug, or he may blame somebody. Sometimes he is really deserving of sympathy. He may be some poor knocking about, stranded miles from home, among strangers. Perhaps he has sufficient faith in some one at home to expect confidently that they will remember him. The tragedies, the sorrows, the bitter disappointments behind many of these anxious inquirers would fill many pages. But of these the postoffice clerks bother not. How could they? Before them lies a stack of mail, incoming and outgoing, like a pyramid.

In the money order department there has been a big demand for foreign money orders from the Italians, Poles, Russians and people of other European nationalities living in the city. Every Saturday afternoon and evening in December before Christmas a line of them can be seen outside the money order wicket, waiting in their turn to send money abroad to their relatives and friends. This business amounts to thousands of dollars every Christmas season.

Christmas comes on Saturday this year, and this will enable the postal authorities to make a better job of the distribution. Extra men will help on the delivery work on Christmas morning, and on the following Monday morning so that all the mail, so far as possible, may be distributed promptly.

Canada Screw Co. Limited

Manufacturers of
Wood Screws, Tacks, Wire Nails

Also
Machine Screws, Bright Wire Goods, Iron and Copper Rivets and Burrs, Stove, Sink, Sleigh Shoe and Tire Bolts, Wing Boot Calks, Corrugated Fasteners, Staples, Wire, Bright, Coppered and Tinned in Coils and Cut to Length.

Toronto Hamilton Montreal

TRADE IS BOOMING.

November Figures Over Seventy-Three Millions.

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—The trade figures of the Dominion for the month of November show another large jump, both in imports and exports, as compared with November of last year, the imports increasing by no less than \$10,827,690, or nearly 40 per cent. over last year, and the exports increasing by \$3,643,489, or about ten per cent. For the first eight months of the current fiscal year the total trade has been \$429,959,213, an increase of \$62,037,372 over the corresponding eight months of 1908. Of this increase \$45,289,998 was in imports and \$14,970,238 in exports of domestic products.

The total trade for November was \$73,151,731, and for the eight months the total trade was \$459,959,213. Imports for November totalled \$35,434,539, and for the eight months \$240,108,431. Exports of domestic products for November totalled \$35,315,713, or practically equal to the value of the imports. Exports of domestic products for the eight months totalled \$183,050,727.

The total customs revenue for eight months has been \$38,998,476, an increase of \$8,210,069. For the last month the increase of customs revenue was \$1,422,617, the largest increase in any one month within the last two years.

A CRISMAS GIFT WORTH WHILE

A Timely Suggestion Sure to be Appreciated.

What more appropriate Christmas present—what more novel and unique gift could you make than "Salada" tea? It will be appreciated three times a day as long as it lasts. The garden freshness and native purity of the finest Ceylon tea is perfectly preserved by "Salada" packets. We will send by express prepaid to any address 5, 10, 20 or 30 pounds of "Salada" tea in original cases upon receipt of the price and the name of your grocer. Be sure and state whether black, mixed or green tea is desired. The finest quality of "Salada" is sold at 60c per pound, and other grades at 50c, 40c and 30c per pound. Write direct to the "Salada" Tea Co., 32 Yonge street, Toronto.

For Dad and the Boys.

See Christmas presents in razors at Griffin's drug store, 32 James street north. Largest and most complete stock in city. In safety razors, the Gillette, Auto-Strap, Witeh, Boker's, Gem Junior, Enders, Ever Ready, Shavwell and others. In regular razors, the Carbo-Magnetic, Barbers' King, King Shaver, Champion King Cutter, Diamond Edge, Johnson, Griffin and many others.

MAYOR REVIEWS HIS FIRST YEAR.

Deals Fearlessly With the Power Question and All Other Municipal Subjects.

Questions That Have Been Settled and Improvements and Large Savings Made.

The Council of 1909, with a controllable expenditure of \$621,000, will finish the year with a small surplus.

The Council of 1908, with a controllable expenditure of \$601,900, finished the year with an overdraft of \$70,182, thus using \$53,542 more than the Council of this year.

The Council of 1907, with a controllable expenditure of \$652,807, finished the year with an overdraft of \$42,095, thus using \$73,132 more than the Council of this year.

These are some of the most striking statements in a circular letter and pamphlet issued by Mayor McLaren, and which will be in the hands of every elector in Hamilton by to-night.

Facts make the most effective ammunition, and the broadside fired by His Worship to-day should silence the critics of this year's administration.

In his open letter to the ratepayers, he declares that the confidence reposed in him at the last election, as shown by the large vote, made him more resolute than ever to devote his whole time and efforts to the city's service.

"Civil government is business; not politics," the Mayor's slogan during his campaign, and his motto during his term of office, heads the letter, which says in part:

"With a desire to show you the difference in results between constructive business methods, and noisy, destructive and wasteful methods, when your money was spent without proper results and with nothing to show but unfulfilled promises, I enclose you herewith a pamphlet which I hope you will kindly take the time to read. I would respectfully ask you to vote for those men who have done quiet, careful and effective work for the building up of the city, rather than for those whose policy is all talk and no work.

As I have pointed out, all the serious problems that have unsettled the city for several years have been solved, and would it not be well now to pull together and make 1910 the banner year in the history of the industrial movement and progress of Hamilton?"

THE COUNCIL'S RECORD.

The pamphlet comprehensively reviews

the work of the year and contains a wealth of information that should set thoughtful people thinking. From it the following extracts are taken:

Settled the following long-standing questions:

- Power contract.
- Street Railway improvements.
- Board of Control.
- Garth street bridge.
- Barton annexation.
- Re-arrangement of City Engineer's Department.
- Combined Board of Works, Water and Sewers in one Works Department.
- For the first time since 1901 finished the year without an overdraft.
- Laid more permanent roadway than in any year in city's history.
- Saved \$15,693 on estimated cost of pavement on James and Barton streets.
- Laid asphalt 30 per cent. cheaper than previous Council.
- Saved \$10,000 by re-arrangement of city foremen.
- Laid twice as much macadam work as in 1908, and 29 per cent. cheaper.
- Laid cement walks cheaper than in the city's history.
- Secured the Otis-Fensom's immense new plant.

THE POWER QUESTION.

One of the most interesting subjects dealt with is the power question. The Mayor in a clear cut statement defends the course he has pursued.

"I am neither a Cataract nor Hydro-Electric man," he says. "I am a Hamilton man, with an eye first and all to the city's interests."

Declaring that his idea was to protect the people from being overcharged, and that he had that thought in mind in every step taken in the power negotiations, his worship declares that in the contract voted down last June the city secured the elements of competition, and protection, and control of the rates of the local company.

Touching on the defeat of the by-law he says:

"Owing, I am convinced, partly to the apathy of the ratepayers, and partly to the misrepresentations and false claims made by those who opposed the local contract, the by-law was defeated by the narrow margin of 185 votes. I say 'apathy of the ratepayers' advisedly, as out of 9,500 voters on the list only 3,471 cast their votes on the power question."

In concluding his argument on the power question, he says:

If it should turn out, as a result of investigations and surveys now being made, that it is possible to bring the new Welland Canal close to Hamilton,

would not this have a great bearing on the power question in Hamilton? It seems to me that it is not possible to over-estimate the advantages that might result if such a desirable thing could be brought about.

BIG SAVINGS.

Reviewing the street railway negotiations he points out that the asphalt work was done for 94.5c per yard, or about 30 per cent. cheaper than in previous years, leaving a balance of \$13,603, out of the \$125,000 appropriation for the Barton, James and Herkimer street work.

The re-arrangement of civic foremen saved \$10,000.

The Mayor defends the re-organization of the engineer's department, and believes the savings show justified the Council's course.

Twice as much macadam work was done as in 1907, at a saving of about 20 per cent.

The cement walk work shows a saving of fully 7 cents a foot.

The roadway repairs show an expenditure of \$38,715.

The work of the Parks Board in acquiring new properties is reviewed, and the Mayor points out that the most necessary thing in this line now is a large playground in the northeast end of the city, as near as possible to the closely built district in No. 7 ward.

OTHER MATTERS.

The water rates question, the proposed trunk sewer in the west end, and the good roads by-law to be voted on in January are dealt with. The settlement of the annexation question is also reviewed.

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

His Worship expresses satisfaction with the industrial development and refers to the new factory buildings and additions.

The approximate value of the eleven new factory buildings erected is \$90,300. The approximate value of the additions to 33 factory buildings is \$110,450.

CIVIC FINANCES.

Under this heading His Worship points out that the overdrafts for the years 1902-1908 inclusive amounted to the vast sum of \$284,859.62.

It might be of interest to enumerate them separately:

1902	\$ 9,327 77
1903	15,054 03
1904	32,532 63
1905	59,735 87
1906	35,163 03
1907	42,095 28
1908	70,182 11

He defends the raising of the tax rate on the ground that the levying of another mill enabled the Council to meet the estimates and provide a most careful supervision over disbursements.

The uncontrollable expenditure—money for the most part allotted to the independent boards—together with interest on debentures, had been increasing at a formidable rate. From \$378,931 in 1902 it had increased in 1909 to \$648,000. By increasing the tax rate one mill, and with the additional revenue by reason of the increase in assessment, the council was able to provide for \$648,000 uncontrollable expenditure and \$621,000 controllable expenditure.

Mrs. Sharrrett, the Apostolic Delegate in Canada, will leave shortly for Rome to present to His Holiness the decrees of the first Plenary Council of Canada. There are also a number of important Church appointments to be made with which Mrs. Sharrrett's mission is also concerned.

RELIEVE Neuralgia

TAKE ONE OF THESE LITTLE TABLETS AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

"I have awful spells of Neuralgia and have doctored a great deal without getting much benefit. For the last two years I have been taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and they always relieve me. I have been so bad with Neuralgia that I sometimes thought I would go crazy. Sometimes it is necessary to take two of them, but never more, and they are sure to relieve me." MRS. FERRIER, 2434 Lynn St., Lincoln, Neb.

Sold by druggists everywhere, who are authorized to return price of first package if they fail to benefit. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

S. G. Buskard MACHINIST and ENGINEER

GAS IRONS, GASOLINE ENGINES, ETC.

THE "BUSKARD" TUBELESS GAS IRON

MADE IN CANADA.

THE "BUSKARD" ATMOSPHERIC

FOR HAND AND MACHINE. FOR TAILORS, CLOAKMAKERS, MANUFACTURERS OF SKIRTS, SHIRT WAISTS, SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, ETC.,

BUSKARD'S No. 2 PRESSING MACHINE

THE IDEAL GARMENT MAKERS' MACHINE WITH ADJUSTABLE HEAD AND A REGULATING pressure of 1 pound to 1,000 pounds.

IRONING MADE EASY

Cost per day, 10 hours, 2c, which brings the expense far below that of the electric or any other method.

This iron gives a continuous heat at a minimum cost.

An iron grate is provided at slight extra expense for BOILING and LIGHT COOKING PURPOSES.

36 and 38 Rebecca St. Hamilton - Phone 1908

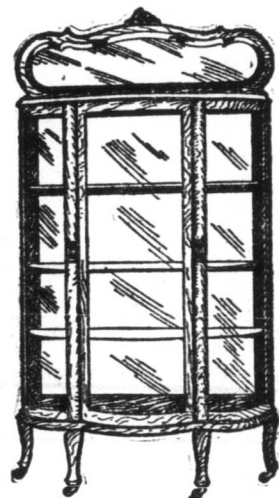
USEFUL PRESENTS



Furniture--The Ideal Christmas Gift--Now In Great Variety and at Prices to Suit Every Purse. Dependable Quality, New Designs, Moderate Prices

These Things and the Prompt and Courteous Attention of Our Salespeople Mark the Advantages Offered the Customers

Come to WALKER'S and See What a Dollar or Two Will Do



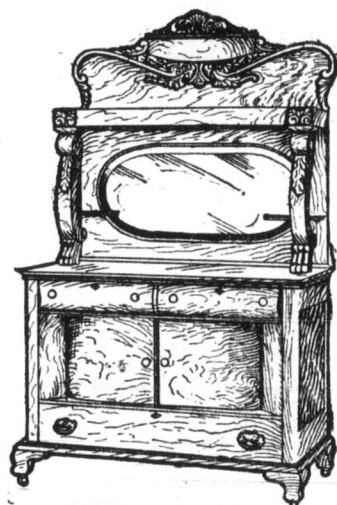
China Cabinets

Beautiful China Cabinet, same as cut, quartered, sawed, polished oak, bent glass door and sides, heavy British plate mirror in back, beautifully shaped mirror on top, hand carved claw feet. Regular price \$49.50. Special **\$38.75**



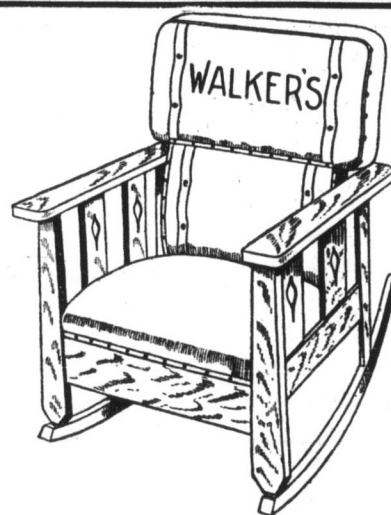
Special Rockers

150 Fancy Rockers, same as cut, massive quartered sawed oak frame, highly polished, finished in golden or early English, upholstered with Walker's Boston leather, spring seat and upholstered back. Three different styles. Special **\$5.35**



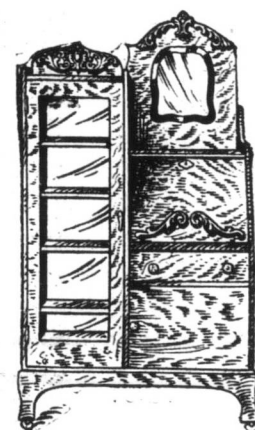
Sideboards

A Beautiful Sideboard would be a suitable gift for your wife, a quartered oak, same as cut, is our special; only three left. Regular \$47.50. Special **\$40.75**



Special Rockers

325 of Walker's special design, same as cut, with quartered sawed oak frame, highly polished, upholstered, spring seat and back, in early English or golden oak, upholstered with Walker's Boston leathers; two different styles. Special **\$4.55**



Secretary Bookcases

2 Beautiful Secretary Bookcases, solid quartered sawed oak, holds one hundred or more books, large size writing surface and beautiful shaped mirror above. Reg. \$26.50. Special **\$19.25**

Parlor Rockers

- 10 Beautiful Parlor Rockers, finished in mahogany or quartered oak, polished, very massive. Regular \$7.50. Special **\$5.25**
- 12 Beautiful Parlor Rockers, quartered oak or mahogany finish, highly polished, bent spindle sides, roll seats and large panel back. Regular \$12.50. Special **\$9.75**
- 75 Beautiful Parlor Rockers, in oak, elm and mahogany finish, with solid or cobbler seat to clear out. Regular \$4 to \$5.50. Special **\$2.75**
- 5 Large Arm Chairs and Rockers, with mahogany finished frame, upholstered back, spring seat and large arms, upholstered with Walker's Boston leather. Regular \$21. Special **\$15.85**

Parlor Cabinets

- 2 Parlor Cabinets, in mahogany finish, seven mirrors, bent glass door on small cabinet, stand 5 foot 6 inches. Regular \$38. Special **\$31.25**
- 1 only Parlor Cabinet, to fit in corner, mahogany finished, large bent glass door and mirror back. A very beautiful cabinet. Regular \$32.50. Special **\$27.75**
- 2 only Parlor Cabinets, mahogany finished, mirror on top and mirror in little cabinet, 4 foot 6 inches high, neat design. Regular \$16.00. Special **\$13.75**
- 1 only Parlor Cabinet, mahogany finish, one mirror on top, stands 4 feet 6 inches, with shelves for fancy china. Regular \$13.00. Special **\$7.75**

Parlor Suites

- 1 only Parlor Suite, 5 piece, solid oak frame, upholstered in the best green Verona covering, plush banded, nicely carved frame and highly polished. Regular \$44.00. Special **\$34.50**
- 3 Sample Parlor Suites, 3 piece, mahogany finished frames, upholstered in silks and Verona covering; as they are sample seats and we have only one of each, the regular price was \$55.00 to \$60.00. Special **\$37.00**
- 10 Parlor Suites, 5 pieces, mahogany finished frames, upholstered spring seat, in green checked velours. Regular \$37.50. Special **\$28.90**
- 5 Different 3 piece Parlor Suites, mahogany finished frames, loose cushions. Regular \$42.50. Special **\$34.75**

Parlor Tables

- 24 Beautiful Square Center Tables, with small shelf underneath, in surface golden oak finish. Regular \$3.00. Special **\$2.25**
- 10 Beautiful Center Tables, shaped top, turned legs, a very neat design, in mahogany polished. Regular \$3.75. Special **3.00**
- 1 only Solid Mahogany Center Table, round, carved claw feet, highly polished, only one. Regular \$21.00. Special **15.50**
- 18 Small Center Tables, in oak or mahogany, suitable for setting a small plant on. Regular \$3.50. Special **2.65**
- 1 only Solid Mahogany Center Table, shaped top, French legs, beautifully carved. Regular \$18.75. Special **14.50**

Dining Room

- 6 Sets of Quartered Oak Dining Room Chairs, one arm and five small carved claw feet, upholstered leather seats. Regular \$26.50. Special **19.75**
- 1 only Buffet, in solid quarter cut oak, with long mirror on top, hand carvings, claw feet, large linen drawer. Regular \$106.00. Special **82.00**
- 1 Round Pedestal Extension Table, in quartered oak, highly polished, extends 8 feet, hand carved claw pedestal, the top being 48 x 48 and massive in appearance. Regular \$61.00. Special **48.50**
- 1 Beautiful Dining Room Suite, including chairs, table, buffet, china cabinet and dinner wagon, all in quartered golden oak, making a complete room to match. Regular \$180.00. Special **135.00**
- 1 only Combination Cabinet, in quartered oak, polished, with lead and coppered bevelled glass doors; a very useful and handsome piece of furniture for the dining room. Regular \$85.00. Special **78.00**

CREDIT IS YOUR PURSE



Morris Chairs

- 12 only Morris Chairs, selected quartered oak frames, upholstered in red, green and brown check velour, the famous "Cook" cushions, with spring seat and back. Regular \$11.00. Special **8.25**
- 12 only Morris Chairs, selected quartered oak, massive frames, upholstered in green and red, reversible cushions. Regular \$11.50. Special **8.75**
- 8 only Morris Rockers, selected quartered oak frames, in checked and figured velours, loose cushions, also "Cook" attachment. Regular \$12.50. Special **9.75**
- 1 only Morris Chair, quartered oak frame, early English finish, laced loose cushions, a wonderful value. Regular \$20.00. Special **14.75**
- 5 only Morris Chairs, quartered oak frame, polished, hand carvings on front post, reversible loose cushions. Regular \$16.00. Special **12.00**
- 3 only Sample Morris Chairs, in quartered oak frames, early English finish, in Boston leather. Regular \$20.00 and \$22.00. Special **17.25**

The Frank E. Walker Company, Limited

Canada's Greatest Instalment Furniture, Carpet and Stove Store

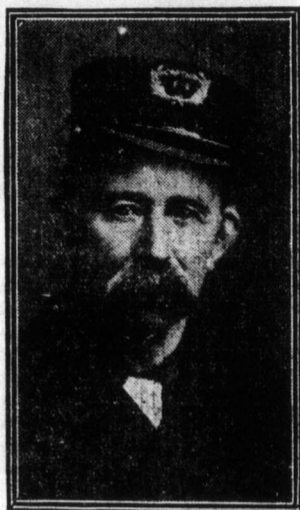
EAST KING STREET, CORNER CATHARINE STREET

Open Evenings

Open Evenings

THIRTY YEARS' GOOD RECORD OF HAMILTON FIRE DEPARTMENT

It Has Always Been the Pride of the City. Chief Ten Eyck and His Staff of Officers. Some of the Largest Fires of Past Years. Men Who Have Fallen at the Post of Duty.



THOMAS BROADBENT, Captain of Bay Street Company.

When the Christmas bells rang out their merry peals thirty years ago, Hamilton had a pretty crude means for fighting fires.

Progress is one of the watchwords of the twentieth century. Exemplification of the fact can be seen on every hand, and Hamilton is in the vanguard of the onward march.

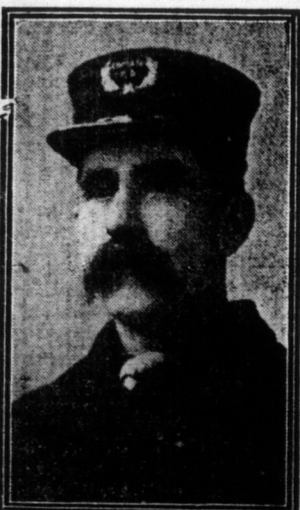
A succession of fires prior to 1879, when the fire department was changed from a volunteer brigade to a paid organization, led the city to realize that if the hearth and home were to be preserved, an efficient aggregation of fire fighters was absolutely essential, so in 1879 the foundation of the present department was laid.

Much is heard these days about certain occupations being risky or dangerous, but it is a question of degree, and it is an occupation under the sun that is fraught with more danger than that of a fireman.

When the turkey's nice dark brown anatomy is put on the table on Christmas day, Chief Ten Eyck and his sixty-nine men may have been directly or indirectly responsible for cheating that malignant monster, fire, from working its ravages in the home, and thus helped to make the Christmas cheer doubly appreciated.

So before this brief account of the progress Hamilton's fire department has made in the last thirty years is written, here's to wish the fire fighters a very merry Christmas, and, in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless them, every one."

On Jan. 14, 1879, the late Chief A. W. Aitchison was appointed chief of the fire department, and immediately began to make plans for a complete reorganization. At that time there was but one station. That was where the Central station is to-day, on Hughson street north.



FREDERICK DAUBERVILLE, Captain of Sophia Street Company.

There were rules to be observed, and failure to comply with those rules affected that meagre pay. For instance, each time they failed to respond to a call they were fined 50 cents, with the result that when pay day came around, which was the first of each month, frequently some of the boys had very little pay to draw.

Besides the Central station, there were seven outlying stations, used merely for keeping a supply of spare hose in (fire hose, of course). This hose was kept on two-wheeled reels, which could be hitched to a horse rig.

The equipment at the Central station consisted of two two-wheeled one-horse reels, each of which carried 400 feet of hose; one two-horse hook and ladder truck and a supply wagon, which also did duty as the chief's "buggy."

In 1880 a two-horse four-wheeled horse reel was bought from the Silsby Fire Engine Company, of Seneca Falls, N. Y. It was considered to be one of the most up to date pieces of apparatus in the western world.

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WALLACE T. JAMES, First Assistant Chief, Hamilton Fire Department.

fell the honor of taking charge of that station with four men under him. The usefulness of that hose wagon was plainly seen, so in the same year another one was bought from E. McGrath, of Hamilton, and was put in commission at the Bay street station.



portance to make the year memorable in the British empire, besides the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee, for a new innovation to the city's fire fighting machines was added in the shape of a chemical engine, purchased from William Morrison, of Toronto.

Something else of importance also happened in the year 1887. The present hose and bell tower at the Central station was erected. Mr. C. Cripps did the brick and mason work, and the late Mr. R. Press did the wood work.

Then came a cry from the north end of the city for a fire station in that district, so in January of 1890, John street station was opened, and equipped with a combination chemical engine and hose wagon, with the necessary hose, tools, etc., attached, in charge of station foreman J. Farrell and four men.

Buildings and apparatus were destined to be increased even more, for when December's bleak winds began to blow in 1898, a new combination wagon was added to the Central Station. That was built under the direct supervision of the late Chief Aitchison, by Filcroft & Strickland, of this city.

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The year of 1902 opened with another sign of material growth of the Fire Department by the opening of Sophia street station, on January 1st. It was supplied with a hose wagon, and all the accompanying necessities. C. Harper, F. Peacock and W. Warwick were appointed to look after that sub-station.

One of the first recommendations the present chief put before the Fire and Water Committee, after his appointment, was to build an addition to the Central Fire station. The addition he claimed was an absolute necessity.

No rapid has been the growth of the city in the east end, that a fire station there was imperative, and on June of this year, Hamilton's up-to-date fire station, on Sanford avenue, was opened, equipped with one hose wagon, with a full complement of hose and appliances, and one hook and ladder truck, in short, all the 101 essentials, to a thoroughly up-to-date fire station. The vet-

up the ladder of promotion a little higher and reached the position of second assistant chief. In 1905 he shared promotional honors with Chief Ten Eyck, for on April 25th he was appointed first assistant chief.

Robert Aitchison joined the ranks on January 25th, 1890. Before July 12th



ROBERT AITCHISON, Second Assistant Chief, Hamilton Fire Department.

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ed relieving station foreman. This year, when honors were being passed around, he was given the captaincy of the Central station.

H. Walsh joined the department in 1888 and this year was made captain. T. Wadsworth became a captain nine years after he joined the department. He joined in 1890, and this year was promoted to a captaincy of Victoria avenue station.

THE LIEUTENANTS. The following were promoted lieutenants on the dates stated: William Seal, to Bay street station, June 1, 1909.

John Smith, to Central Annex station June 1, 1909.

William Voelker, to Victoria avenue station, June 1, 1909.

William Warwick, to Central station, June 1, 1909.

James Hotrum, to King William street station, June 1, 1909.

Matthew Britain, to Sanford avenue station, September 12, 1909.

John Woods, to John street station, September 17, 1909.

Alex. Henderson, to Sophia street station, November 15, 1909.

The present strength of the depart-



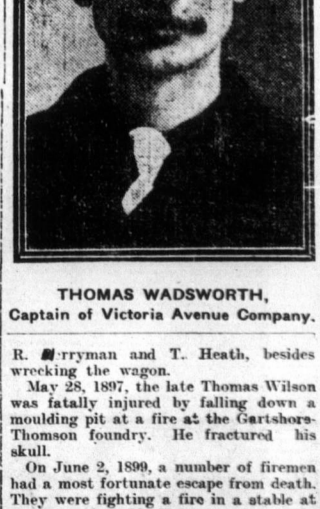
GEORGE FORBES, Captain of Central Annex Company.

ment is made up as follows: One chief, two assistant chiefs, eight captains, eight lieutenants, two engineers of steam fire engines and 49 privates. Since Chief Ten Eyck has been in command 18 men have been added to the department. He contends that to ably fight fires plenty of men are essential.

DEATHS WHILE ON DUTY. As an example of the hazard of a fireman's calling, following is a list of deaths and serious accidents that have occurred while the men have been on duty: February 23, 1891, Jerry Thomas was killed by falling down the hose tower.

October 24, 1892, W. E. Miner died from injuries received by being thrown off a hook and ladder truck and run over, while returning from a chimney fire at 45 Davenport street, on October 19, of the same year.

November 19, 1894, a collision between a chemical wagon and a street car at the corner of Barton and Hughson streets resulted in injuring R. Aitchison.



THOMAS WADSWORTH, Captain of Victoria Avenue Company.

R. Barryman and T. Heath, besides wrecking the wagon. May 28, 1897, the late Thomas Wilson was fatally injured by falling down a moulding pit at a fire at the Gartshore-Thomson foundry. He fractured his skull.



S. G. BREWSTER, Captain of Sanford Avenue Companies.

fire at Kerr & Coombes' foundry, in the same accident R. Wilson and R. Cameron were seriously injured.

A shadow was cast over the entire city on April 5, 1905, when the late Chief A. W. Aitchison died from injuries received in an accident in which chemical engine No. 3 and his buggy figured. The tongue of the engine caught the wheel of the buggy, throwing him out against Sir John A. Macdonald's monument. The department was responding to a grass fire at the head of West avenue. The fire was caused by boys playing with matches. Their indiscretion caused a great loss to the city.

October 4, 1903, A. G. Heath, while cycling along York street to his duty, was knocked over by a street car and instantly killed. January 20, 1908, Roy Green was accidentally killed by a wall falling on him while he was fighting a fire in the street railway car sheds at the corner of Herkimer and Locke streets.

SOME NOTABLE FIRES. During the last thirty years the loss caused by fire in the city has run into the millions of dollars.

August 1, 1879, was the date of the date of the famous MacNab fire, which consumed the magnificent block where the Post Office now stands; loss \$128,625 and several lives.

May 14, 1881, brick round house of the N. & N. W. Railway. Loss \$25,500. May 27, 1881, Burrows, Stewart & Milne's foundry. Loss \$60,000.

Aug. 6, 1882, Triton Printing Company's building, James street north. Loss \$26,000. Dec. 29, 1882, Burrow, Stewart & Milne's foundry. Loss \$22,577.

Jan. 23, 1884, Spector Printing Co., corner Market and MacNab streets. Loss \$20,648. March 14, 1884, Wm. Osborne's mail house, Barton street and Northern Railway. Loss \$19,051.

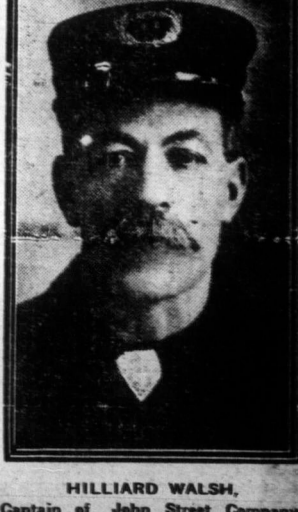
June 13, 1885, F. W. Feerman's pork packing factory, Rebecca street. Loss \$32,365. When the alarm was rung in for this fire the firemen and policemen were holding a united picnic in Dundurn Park, and it was abruptly broken up.

Dec. 12, 1885, Zostand's warehouse and wharf, foot of MacNab street; loss, \$11,800. That was believed to be the work of an incendiary. Dec. 23, 1885, R. O. MacKay's wharf and storehouse; loss, \$15,900. Also said to be incendiary.

May 6, 1886, Copp Bros' stove foundry, corner York and Bay streets. Loss, \$25,796. May 22, 1886, Frame drill hall, James street north; loss, \$12,000.

June 12, 1886, The city isolation hospital, a frame building, was burned. Loss \$4,000. It was prophesied if the city built it, it would be burned down. Nov. 23, 1888, Osborne, Killey & Co's machine shop. Loss, \$34,199.

Jan. 6, 1892, Wauzer sewing machine (Continued on Page 42.)



HILLIARD WALSH, Captain of John Street Company.

The Quiet Hour

For Thoughtful People

When? From dust of dead men's bones, And sodden ways of sin; From tears and widows' groans, Where greed is gathered in.

Who? Within the bulwarks strong One of commanding might Inspires the lofty song Of a crew who works for right.

Whither? Bright is the Golden Shore, The land has been surveyed; 'Tis better on before, They eat the living bread.

Why? 'Tis my Lord's command, I dare not disobey; Did He not leave the strand To show the joyful way?

Land Ho! This is the cry that cheers, It helps us all along; To-morrow! Good-bye tears! Hail to the Land of Song.

H. T. Miller.

PRAYER.
Almighty and most merciful God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, be pleased with all Thy giving, to bestow upon us the grace of thankfulness. It is from heaven that our blessings flow; help us then, constantly to look upward, and may the incense of praise arise to God from hearts upon whose altar burns the flame of love. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift, in us never forgot the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that through His poverty might become rich. For His dear sake, help us to manifest the same spirit of self-denial in our relations with our fellow men. And may we learn, not only from the teaching of Jesus, but from our own experience, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Amen.

THE WAY OF LIFE AND PEACE.

(Written for The Times.)
The Lord's commandments are the rules of orderly life. They are given as much for man's guidance and well-being as are the laws of Nature. Moses instructed the people that they were most strictly to keep the divine commands, for "they are your life." They could not succeed or realize human happiness and lasting peace on any other lines of conduct. They were to cherish an supreme love and reverence for the Lord God their Creator, who had brought them into existence, and upon whose "word" they momentarily depended. His name was to be held in sacred honor, His worship was to be regularly offered on the Sabbath day. Parents were to be respected and loved. They were to hold in constant regard the lives and good name of those about them, to cherish wholesome affections and thoughts, to be pure in word and deed, to hold the property of their neighbor in respect, to bear witness only to the truth, and to discourage and cast out of their minds all envious thoughts and covetous dispositions.

It is very remarkable people should have considered that these commandments were given for any other purpose than to be of use and blessing to man wherever it should become happily known. It is strange that men should have regarded these laws as revealed only as a kind of test or trial, to find out if men would obey them or not; that it is not abundantly evident that these commandments are the essential conditions of human happiness and peace. It is clear that if man would realize any good end or object he must observe the true method or law by means of which that end can be attained. This truth applies to both the physical and spiritual planes of man's activities. The artist, the physician, the mechanic realize this fact full well. In matters of the mind or of the spiritual, the body things are just the same. No person can come into possession of orderly, moral and intellectual states unless he obeys the methods or laws of mind. The ten commandments are the rules of God, which He has revealed to make it possible and easy for man to come into the possession and enjoyment of spiritual life and peace, hence it is written, "O, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea," (1st. 48-18).

The blessing of peace promised to those who hearken to the Lord's commandments is a peace which is far from being a mere absence of war. It is a state calculated to foster the growth of all that is excellent and good, as is the case when a nation is at peace with itself and surrounding peoples. It is not a time of sluggishness and idleness. It is then that commerce can be developed, that business may be increased, agriculture can thrive, that education can be advanced, and prosperity be realized. The people have leisure afforded to acquire wisdom and to devote themselves to social reforms, to the cultivation of religious and spiritual duties, and to the acquirement of all the qualities which constitute a nation. Therefore every lover of mankind must devoutly pray for and labor to attain and preserve a state of peace, and he should heartily support those movements in the nation which tend to peace and the removal of the causes of war. The reduction of armaments of war is one of those movements which every Christian should strenuously advocate and assist by tongue and vote and personal example.—Helper.

GRACE OF GIVING.

(Presbyterian.)
If you are a Christian you recognize that everything which you possess belongs to Christ. He wishes you to spend part of it on yourself and your family, and to give part of it to others, and to devote part of it to His cause and His Church. What portion you ought to give away depends on two conditions: The first is, how much margin you have left, after absolutely necessary expenses are paid. The Jewish rule of tithes, which is found in so many other religions of the ancient world, must not be made into a rigid standard for Christians. For a man with \$5 a week, one-tenth may be too much to give away; for a man with \$50 a week, one-tenth is generally too little. The second condition is this: how fond you are growing of your money. As soon as a man's savings cause him to stumble, it is time to begin to cut them off and cast them

from him into the treasury of God's poor. Let us beware of judging our neighbors by their subscriptions. The most liberal and generous Christian will shrink from letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth. You may see his name down for an average donation; you never know that he sent another and perhaps still larger gift anonymously. But let us judge ourselves in this matter of giving very faithfully and sternly. The more reluctant we find ourselves to part with money, the more imperative becomes the duty of giving it away.

"This grace," which is the grace of the widow's mite, is nothing less than the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. St. Paul invokes the Incarnation itself as a motive and an appeal to liberality. For he knew from experience that "the supreme motives are needed on the most ordinary occasions." The hope of souls is to live in the presence of the very highest things." As Bishop Gore points out, it is not the metaphysics of the Incarnation that St. Paul is here concerned with, with its ethics. Every poor, needy, suffering human creature represents the lot which Jesus Christ elected to share, when He emptied and impoverished Himself that we might be filled with all the fullness of God.

It requires no small measure of Christian grace to give money away graciously. Even from liberal donors and benefactors a gift seldom comes which is altogether cheerful and quiet and modest, quite unattended with egotism or self-display. And it is especially difficult to give money without wounding the self-respect of him who receives it, to give so that it you were in the recipient's place; you would not feel humiliated. Yet the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ included this; not even the publicans and sinners ever felt that He was patronizing them. And as we follow the example of His unsearchable poverty, we learn how in our acts of giving every gladly to choose the lowest place.

TWAIN.

(H. T. Miller.)
They twain shall be one flesh,
Matt. 19. 5.

He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit. Marriage to be complete must be double. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, dress it, adorn it, endow it, it is only that. After an extensive survey we have only arrived at a study of animated nature. Like two marbles on the floor, touching each other only on the slightest part of the circumference, comes in contact. Looking into the fruit basket after a lapse of time, one seems to gather but little fruit. Falling in love often make people rush past considerations of reason and conscience, a new world dawns upon the sight full of rapture and despair, baffling control and beggaring description.

There are unions and unions, but without a well grounded congeniality the deeper union of hearts never take place. From flesh to spirit there is a wonderful reach, with as many gradations as there are steps in Jacob's ladder. What breaking of fresh ground, what going back to repair the old track, how flesh finds room for spirit, how spirit creeps along the track, climbs up into the coach, puts its hand on the lever and command the road! Happy the union where the spirit grows and the flesh is brought into subjection. Here we are in the very precincts of God. This is His institution. If He is not worshipped, feared, and served, the place is a house but not a home.

A young couple set up housekeeping, in the evening before retiring, the wife put the Bible on the table and said, "John, read a chapter, you shall pray with me, and I will pray with you, God will forgive the grammar, there's millions in it." Is this a rare occurrence? Not so rare as you think, we could wish it was always so.

Marriage to be complete must be double. "I in them and they in me." The two spirits must be blest by the Father of spirits. "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye, through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live."

"Thy home is with the humble, Lord! Thy lodging is in childlike hearts, Thou makest there Thy rest."

Dear comforter! eternal Dove!
-If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways

AFTER BETHLEHEM.

(By Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B. D., formerly pastor of James Street Baptist Church.)

Man is in many ways a child of his circumstances, but he has a wistful craving for the Infinite. This is shown in many ways, some of which we do not always stop to analyze. Ruskin raises the question why "the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flakes of scarlet clouds burning like watchfires in the green sky of the horizon" arouse a deeper feeling than other lights that may be more perfect, such as the glittering of the cascade or the flash of light from the birch tree, and he answers the question by saying that it is the sense of infinity aroused by the sunset that gives it its charm. We are children of a larger world than is constituted by this earth, and the far call of the pounding waves of infinity can be heard within our hearts when we pause and give them opportunity to assert themselves.

When Christ stepped into our lives at Bethlehem, He did not create the thirst for the Infinite, but undertook more adequately to satisfy it. A bridge was constructed that could carry us safely across, for the Centre of Infinity then came to plant Himself where we could see Him, and to interpret to us the Infinite in terms of the finite, which are the only terms with which we can make a beginning. And thus the harmony that has ever been in eternal spheres, but which until now had come to us only in snatches like the far-off whistle of a bird in the woods was brought to where we could attentively listen to it, and be ravished by its music. To live on this side the birth of Christ has therefore, vaster implications than many of us take time to realize.

From whatever side we view the birth of Jesus we carry away a rich harvest. The poetry of it is the most fascinating of all poetry. We cannot think of the still, calm night and the watching shepherds—two heard at intervals the muffled bleats of the sleeping sheep and then saw the shining light and heard the seraphic chorus of the angel-band, without having the springs of our poetic imagination deeply stirred. The little town of Bethlehem has sweeter poetry than the majestic heights of Olympus, and we never tire of thinking how "above its deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by." Or if we look at it from the historical side, there is much to satisfy the mind and the heart, because "the hopes and fears of all the years" were met in the shepherds' town of sacred memories on that wonderful night. The sweep of history before the first Christmas and the flow of events since then show that wonderful and complex weaving of fact and of purpose that make the student of history feel that God's hand is here. A new stage in the upward revelation of God's will and in the forward march of His coming kingdom, was reached when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

When we look at it from the philosophic standpoint we gain an altogether new view of the relation of the finite and the infinite, for here "God is manifest in the flesh." A new answer is given to the questions "Whence?" "Whither?" and "Why?" that philosophy has ever been asking. An entirely new starting point for thought is provided for us at the manger where the Babe lay because there was no room in the inn.

Especially does Bethlehem throw light on the religious question, "How can I find God?" "How can I know God?" "How can I be reconciled to God?" "How can I serve God?"—these are after all the deepest and vastly the most important questions that men can ever ask, and to them no answer is given like that of Bethlehem. For God is there that we may find Him, and He Himself shows how we may be reconciled to Him.

No one who has ever spent a Christmas in Germany can have failed to carry away a sweet memory of the childlike acceptance of Christmas that has deep down in that nation's heart. As the people gather around their simple Christmas trees and sing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," one wonders why we cannot always be young in thought and in hope. A mediæval saint with a heavy shadow on his heart wrote: "The world is growing older." There is a fascination about his words, and to some extent a fascination about the thought he expresses. But that from the Christian standpoint can never be the last word, for to those who stand around the manger at Bethlehem there is a deeper sense in which it is true that "the world is growing younger." With the Holy Babe to cheer us, we may always have a "bright morning face."

The Sunday School Lesson

LESSON XII.—DEC. 19, 1909.

Review.—Read Rom. 1: 1-7, 13-16.

Summary.—Lesson I. Topic: Paul at Jerusalem. As soon as Paul reached Jerusalem he conferred with the elders of the church; he then entered into the temple and purified himself, according to the ceremonial law. Jews from Ephesus saw him in the women's court with strangers and supposed he had taken a Gentile into the temple and thus polluted it; they stirred up a mob against Paul for the purpose of taking his life; Paul was rescued by Roman soldiers, and afterward, while standing on the stairs delivered an address to the assembled throng.

II. Topic: Paul before the Sanhedrin. Place: Caesarea. At the close of the address delivered on the stairs the mob was again stirred against Paul; Lysias, the Roman captain, was about to scourge him, when he learned that Paul was a Roman citizen; after this a conspiracy was made against Paul by the Jews, forty of them binding themselves together under a curse that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed him; the plot was discovered, and Lysias sent Paul with a strong military escort to Caesarea.

III. Topic: Paul's trial before Felix. Place: Caesarea. Jews came from Jerusalem and accused Paul; the charges were sedition, heresy, sacrilege; Paul's defense was clear and unanswerable; his charges could not be proved; Paul refused to be a Christian; after certain days Paul spoke before Felix and his wife, Drusilla; reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Felix trembled; hoped that money would be given him that he might release Paul.

IV. Topic: Paul, a prisoner, preaching. Place: Caesarea. After Paul had been in prison two years he was called before Festus, the new governor of Judea, and King Agrippa to make his defense; Paul had appealed to Rome, and Festus desired to frame a charge against him; Paul's address deeply impressed Festus and Agrippa, and they decided that if he had not appealed to Rome, he might have been released; but his appeal was allowed to stand, and arrangements were made to send him to the imperial city.

V. Topic: Paul embarked for Rome. Place: The Mediterranean Sea, between Caesarea and Malta. They landed at Fair Havens on the island of Crete during the stormy season; Paul advised them to winter here, but Julius, the centurion, who had charge, decided to sail for Phenice, a more commodious port of Crete; on the way a hurricane

VI. Topic: Paul shipwrecked at Malta. The sailors despaired of their lives; Paul encouraged them; they abandoned the ship and escaped to Malta; Paul performed many miracles on the island and the people honored him and his companions with many honors.

VII. Topic: Paul's completed journey. Place: Rome. In the spring Paul and the others with him were taken to Puteoli, near Naples. The apostle then went to Rome; called the Jews together; explained why he was there a prisoner, and preached Christ.

VIII. Topic: Paul's retrospect. Place: Written in Macedonia. Paul tells of his sufferings and trials; tells of his revelations; glories in infirmities that the power of Christ might rest upon him.

IX. Topic: The gospel exemplified. Place: Written at Corinth. Paul teaches self-denial; says we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ; that we should not cause any one to stumble; we are told that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"; we are to follow after peace and seek to edify others.

X. Topic: True benevolence. Place: Written in Macedonia. Paul urges liberality; tells us Christ became poor for our sakes; that we should give willingly; we should give according to our means; our gifts are accepted by God when given as we are able.

XI. Topic: Paul's message to Timothy. Place: Written at Rome. Paul charged Timothy to be faithful as a minister, and to preach the word; called attention to the fact that the time would come "when sound doctrine would not be endured; Timothy was told to watch, endure and labor; Paul declared he was ready to die and that the time of his departure

was near at hand; said there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness; a crown is promised to all who love Christ's appearing; Paul expresses his trust in the Lord to deliver from evil.

Points worthy of notice.—1. Paul had an affectionate nature. He loved intensely. His greetings and farewells show great warmth and ardor. 2. He was sympathetic. He wept with those that wept and carried the burdens of the church upon his heart. 3. He was an indefatigable worker. Men do not cite die of overwork. Worry kills more people than work. 4. Paul had a persevering spirit. When his course of action was once decided upon, nothing was allowed to hinder him. He overcame difficulties that would have discouraged ordinary men, and pressed on to victory. 5. Paul was a man of prayer. Some of his best writings are prayers for the church. Eph. 3, 14-21; Col. 1, 10-11 are examples. 6. He was an exceedingly humble man, putting himself less than the least of all saints. 7. He was also bold and courageous. Whether he was facing Elymas at Paphos, or the mobs at Lystra and Jerusalem, or wild beasts at Ephesus, or governors and kings at Caesarea, or the emperor at Rome, he was the same undaunted, courageous man. 8. Paul was resigned to God's will. Like St. Paul he could say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." There was no controversy between him and God, but whatever God did was at once acknowledged as right. 9. Paul had great faith in the Lord. God was real to him.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.
Paul's Deliverance.

"Paul's career was evidently guided by God. The sustaining power of divine presence is manifest in all his utterances before his enemies. His bearing is like that of a king. After the scene before the Sanhedrin, Paul's spirit sank into discouragement and despondency. Immured in a Roman barrack, separated from his friends while protected from his enemies, it is no wonder that even his heroic soul felt the shadows resting heavily. But the Lord, ever sustaining and guiding, mercifully vouchsafed a personal visitation and a revelation of His will. The traces of religion is shown us by Saint Paul. It only deserves the name of a sincere faith when it urges us to strive daily that we may become righteous, devout and holy before God, and free from stain in the eyes of our fellow-men. Such striving will make us faithful and fearless, as was Paul."

I. Deliverance from angry men (chap. 21). "The Jews of Asia refused to give careful, candid thought to Paul's teachings, but judged them by their own narrow standards. They mingled fact and falsehood." They saw one thing and thought another. They cruelly and maliciously, under the guise of religion, sought to kill an innocent man, but God delivered him.

II. Deliverance from conspiracy (chap. 23). Forty men bound to stab or slap Paul was a formidable adversary. But God can use one young man, and the apostle was delivered and sent on his way rejoicing.

III. Deliverance through obedience (chap. 26). Paul "was disobedient to the heavenly vision" (v. 19), is the great secret, from the human side, of all his marvelous deliverances. On the other hand Agrippa was disobedient to the heavenly vision. He knew Paul had spoken the truth. He was convinced that to be a Christian was right; that to know and love and serve Christ was sensible. But he turned away from Christ and His representative and looked, perhaps, at the voluptuous Bernice at his side; perhaps, at the station and power he might have to lay down; and, perhaps, at the taunts, jeers and neglect that might follow him if he became one of the despised, persecuted people. Poor, foolish Agrippa!

IV. Deliverance from shipwreck (chap. 27). Every voyage to the heavenly country has something of hardship and peril. Often the sun shines and the south winds blow softly (v. 13), but sometimes the storms come and the winds are contrary (vs. 4, 7), or tempestuous (vs. 14, 18, 27). If we would meet life's tempests bravely and land at last and obtain "an abundant entrance" (1 Pet. 1, 7), let us fear not (v. 24), believe God (v. 25), be of good cheer (vs. 22, 25, 36), sacrifice the less for the greater (v. 38), and save others (vs. 43).

V. Deliverance from death (chap. 28.) Paul was a prisoner in Rome for two years and was then liberated and went on a fourth missionary journey.

VI. Deliverance and a crown (2 Tim. 4, 1-18). "The crown of righteousness" is for "them that love his appearing," but how can they love that which they know nothing about? To love the Bible and to love what it reveals we must believe the Bible, read the Bible, study the Bible, mark the Bible, pray over the Bible, obey the Bible, then shall we find all scripture profitable along every line. The Bible will indeed prove a guide, a sword, a light, a mirror, a laver, a seed, and we shall be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works, and be able to fight the good fight of faith" and know that for us is waiting a crown of righteousness.

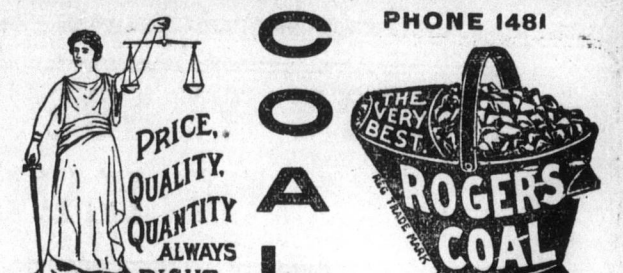
CHRISTMAS CORSETS.
Are they possible?
Are they very possible.
Are they acceptable?
Mothers, please take notice.
Daughter would like a "beauty."
A fine extra pair for fine wear.
The materials range to the finest silk.
Or perhaps one of general wear would be best.
One of the long best models is a very safe choice.
No doubt it may be fitted after Christmas if there's any line wrong.

What Did He Mean?
Actress.—Ah, I know you never flatter. Come, tell me, did you think my Juliet good?
Dramatic Critic.—Good—my dear lady. Good's not the word!—M. A. P.

The Young Idea.
Papa.—Don't be afraid of that dog, Eddie. Haven't you heard that a barking dog seldom bites?
Little Eddie.—Yes, papa; but perhaps the dog hasn't heard it.—Chicago News.

Bobbs'—They tell me Lazius is leading a double life. Slobbs.—Well, I don't see that he is doing the work of two men.

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HOW BOBBY GOT HIS ENGINE.
My, but Bobby was rich! He was conscious all the while of the whole quarter which he had in his coat pocket as he climbed on the street car. He had earned this quarter swapping snow off the front sidewalk for a fender, and his mother had given him two car tickets and allowed him to journey downtown all by himself to spend that quarter. Every now and then while he was on his way he slipped his hand down in his pocket to see if his wealth was still there.

All the afternoon he wandered about looking at windows with their array of Christmas toys, and strolled down aisles lined with dolls, engines, wagons and wonderful tracks, with freight and passenger trains. There were so many things he wanted, and his 25 cents wouldn't go round. At last in front of the 5 and 10 cent store he paused, and had fully decided on buying a tin engine in the window when he spied a small boy crying beside him. He soon learned that Little Claus always forgot to come to his home, and that he did want that pretty toy engine so badly. Bobby thought a minute, then set his little chin resolutely.



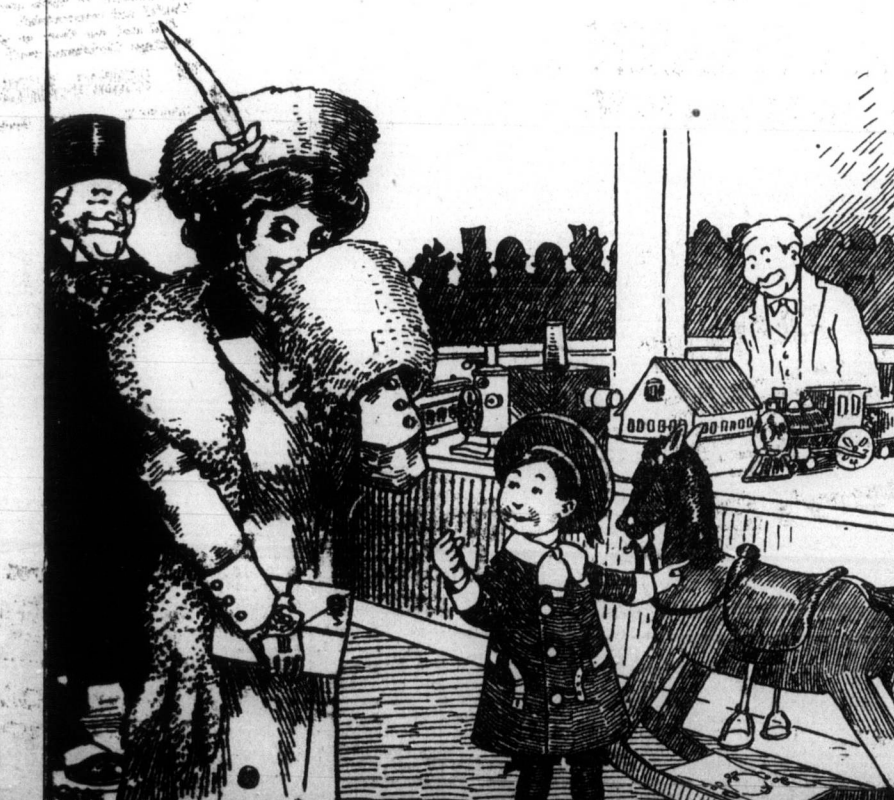
"Come in the store with me," he said, "and you can help me spend my quarter. Maybe we can get that engine."

It was a happy Bobby who sat at the supper table that night. In answer to his father's questions as to what he had bought with his quarter, he told about the poor little boy and his delight at being given an engine.

And Bobby was surprised to find an engine beside his stocking Christmas morning.

For Lovers.
Don't think that absence alone makes the heart grow fonder. Presents have been known to have the same effect.
Don't be satisfied with the background. Always make yourself the center-point of his or her thoughts.
Don't forget the little courtesies and thoughtful attentions. They count as much as, or even more than, the big things.
Don't be too affectionate. The account at the Bank of Love is soon overdrawn if one tries to cash all one's checks at the beginning. Try to live on the interest rather than the principal.
Don't let a woman see that you are jealous of her. It will make her so proud that she may eventually give you serious reason for it.
Don't talk only of subjects that interest you. Remember that he or she may have interests of his or her own.
Don't break your word. A promise that is kept weighs more than a bunch of flowers that is sent later.
Don't stop trying to please him or her. If you stop, someone else may begin.

Wanted.
By a lover, a thermometer for testing the warmth of a girl's heart.
By an old maid, a sprig of mistletoe and a man to put up the same.
By a little boy, a stocking that will hold a holed. Said stocking must be delivered before Christmas, eve, or will be of no use.
By a parent, a pair of goggles that will prevent children from seeing Santa Claus while the latter is filling stockings.
By a minister, a pair of Christmas slippers that will fit.—Judge.



LOOK, SIS! WITH THAT 10 CENTS PAPA GAVE ME I'M GOIN G TO BUY YOU THIS LOVELY HOBBY HORSE AND A TRAIN OF CARS.

UNS ELFISH SUGGESTION, OF COURSE.

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Entire Change of Programme
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H. TREBILCOCK
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We have a very superior line of these goods. Be
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Tools and supplies for doing this work, such as Bead
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Largest stock of beautiful Leather Goods for gifts, including
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Be sure and call at the "Old Reliable" Leather Goods store be-
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Open evenings. 77 MacNab Street North.

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At the Hinman-Atkinson Millinery
Parlors. For children, Hats and Bon-
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Full stock of supplies.
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CROWN POINT GROCERY
This business was started three years ago when Crown Point was
in its infancy, and it is today the leading store in that locality.
A full line of Groceries is carried. The stock includes Christmas
Provisions and Fruits in abundance, and there is a Meat Market in
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CROWN POINT POSTOFFICE
This store is the Crown Point Post-office, the proprietor being
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Corner Barton Street and Kensington Avenue

Love in Work
If you put love into your work you get better results. Men
who make photographs and would rather plow corn don't turn out
finished pictures.
We love our work. Our pictures show it. It pays you to have
us take them.
Come Christmas Day and bring your family for sitting, open
all day, also New Year's.
R. G. HARKNESS
Successor to Morrow.
79 1/2 King street east, opposite Post-office.

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COMPLIMENTS of the SEASON**
Business is good at
**Sheldrick & Son's Piano
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See the big Newcombe sign. The
Newcombe Piano Always to the Front.
See our rewards.

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See Our Grand Display of
Evening Capes. High Class
Tailored American Waists.
E. A. BARTMANN
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Useful and ornamental.
Call and see them or phone 214 Open
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Headquarters for
CHRISTMAS CAKES
All sizes. Better than you could make your-
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Figs, Dates, Nuts, Cakes, Ice Cream, etc.
J. MOFFAT
Taffies and Ice Cream, Retail and Wholesale.
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4 STORES SMITH'S 4 STORES
Christmas and New Year wants.
We have gone to great expense this year to have a
stock that is second to none in quality, and our prices
are down to the ground. No need for east-end residents
to go up-town. Call and see our—
Toys and Dolls
Hand-painted China
Ladies' and Children's Wear
Fancy Christmas Gifts for all.
Confectionery—
Choice line always on hand.
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"HIS" PRESENT
What shall it be and where to buy
it—these are the important questions.
You'll find the best answer to both at
Newberry's. Fine Men's Furnishings in
the most correct new styles, and a plea-
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NOW FOR 1910

The Coming of Aunt Polly

By Amy F. Wilkinson

Aunt Polly lived way out in Western Canada, in a little place called Pincher Creek, situated in the foothills of the Rockies, one of the prettiest places in the world, at least Aunt Polly said so, for she kept continually writing for father to come out there and buy a ranch; but Dad never saw it that way, and so we didn't go.

We, that is, our family, lived rather back from anywhere, our nearest city being fifteen miles away. We were all brought up on the farm, and I, being a girl, and the youngest, was the only one whose education was advanced further than the section school, which was two miles away, in the village. The boys left school early to help father, and afterwards, to take up land for themselves. But I started to speak of Aunt Polly, and must go back to my text.

We had never seen her in the flesh, though an enlarged picture of her hung in the parlor, rather gruesome, it is true, in sombre black and white; and had our youthful hearts not been gladdened ever since we could remember by the arrival of a bulky parcel, which she sent as regularly as Christmas came, we might never have learned to think and speak in the affectionate way which we always used in relation to Aunt Polly.

As she lived all alone (with the exception of hired help) on the ranch, her husband having been dead for twenty years, there had always been some speculation amongst us girls as to the probability of her inviting one or other of us out to live with her. We knew quite well that Aunt Polly was "well off" while we had always been miserably poor, and dreadfully ambitious, like our mother, who was Aunt Polly's sister.

I, myself, had a great passion for travel, and would have loved to have gone out West to teach; but I think either Lavinia, who was a dressmaker, or Bess, who was the stay and backbone of our house, and whose reputation for capability and good management was well known in our neighborhood, would have suited Aunt Polly better than I, who worked for love and duty and a very modest stipend in the section school.

However, at the time of which I write, none of us had ever gone to Pincher Creek, although I was in my twenty-first year, and Bess, the eldest, was nearly thirty. Mother had died two years before, and though Bess had taken her work for years, there was still that vacant place, which no one else can ever fill—in the same way.

The two boys had left to make homes of their own, and we girls were still "unappropriated blessings," although that was not Jamie Allan's fault, and this brings me to the point of my story. Jamie was our beau. I say our, for he had courted us all, each in the same way, beginning with Bess years before, and ending with me quite recently at the time of my narrative. We did not feel at all hurt at the impartiality of Jamie's affections. He was never

known to bestow his attentions outside of the family, and we had reason to know the heart which beat underneath the somewhat crude exterior was one of sterling worth.

I, for my part, could never see why Lavinia did not take him. As for Bess, she would never have left father, and I—well, I had other visions.

Jamie certainly needed a wife, though the house, where he lived all alone since his mother's death, had the reputation of being "as neat as a pin."

But he did not marry, though he was getting on in the forties, and I don't know what we should have done if he had, for when father's rheumatism served him so badly, it was Jamie who went for the doctor; it was Jamie who lent a hand at harvest and threshing, besides doing a hundred little services which only a good neighbor can.

So, when I reached home that evening from school, it was no surprise to see Jamie's team of colts stamping outside of our gate, and, on going in, to greet Jamie himself, rubbing his hands over the stove, with his overcoat and muffler still on.

In a moment I saw that he had brought something important from the mails, for Lavinia had laid down her big cutting scissors and was reading over Bess' shoulder.

"Good gracious, Madge!" they both cried. "What news do you think Jamie has brought from the mail?"

"News!" I said, going up to examine the envelope. "Why, it's from Aunt Polly!"

"No less!" said Bess.

"Well, I suppose she's asked me out to Pincher Creek," said I, saying the most unlikely thing I could think of.

"You! No, indeed! Aunt Polly's coming here!"

"Dear, yes, she'll be here to-morrow evening, and no stove up in the spare-room, and just think of the parlor, it's so shabby, and Aunt Polly must be used to nice things—really, girls, I wish she had given us more time!"

"See here, Bess," said I. "Aunt Polly never tasted better cooking than yours, any way. I'm jolly glad she's coming! Let's have a jig, Lavinia!"

And Viny and I executed a "jig" to the greatest amusement of Jamie. I think we all hailed the event of Aunt Polly with delight, for though ours was a friendly neighborhood, it was seldom we made time to enjoy the blessings of sociability, and Aunt Polly's coming would serve to break somewhat the monotony of our hard work-a-day lives.

"Wa!," said Jamie, after the fun had subsided, "A'm thinkin' A'll gang home noo, an' see tae the chores."

We thanked him, and he went off, red muffer wound tight around his neck, for the wind was keen. I wished, as Jamie went out, that Lavinia had taken him—he was such a good fellow.

Father had a bad spell of sciatica that night, after he came in from chores, and the news of Aunt Polly's coming did not seem to brighten him up much. He wanted Bess ever with him; he always thought so much of Bess, especially since mother died. He lay on the lounge for nearly an hour after supper, when she got him off to bed, doctoring him up with hot applications and warm sympathy, until he was soon resting easier.

Then we girls set around the fire, and talked low, for fear of disturbing daddy, about Aunt Polly. Lavinia's busy needle flew in and out of one of the dresses she

had promised for that week. Bess had snatched up an antimacassar, which had never been finished, and I worked feverishly on a sofa cushion, destined to decorate our shabby parlor.

"See here, girls!" said Bess, "we must make Aunt Polly comfortable in every way. We ought to keep the parlor stove going all the time she's here, and have the Dawson girls in a good deal. I dare say she'll need cheering up, and you might practice up that new piece of yours on the melodeon, Madge."

"Yes, and we'll have Len Wright come in with his violin, and Jamie to take a hand at whist, and, oh, yes, Bess, we'll have tureky, with oyster stuffing."

Lavinia remembered some pink ribbons that would do to tie back the curtains, and ran off to get them.

So we talked and planned until nearly twelve, and then went off to take a squint at Aunt Polly in the chilly parlor, Bess holding up the light and letting its rays fall on the enlarged picture of a photo taken twenty years before, when Aunt Polly was still in her young womanhood.

Next morning, being Saturday, we were up bright and early, to get the milking done, as father could not leave his bed. Lavinia and I tripped out, with our skirts tucked up and our heavy boots on, into a white world, and it was still snowing quietly, and packing nicely.

"We'll have a jolly sleigh-ride," Viny, I said, and we both felt like young chicks just out. I never like getting up cold mornings, but to-day it seemed different, excitement was in the air, and we milked our two pairs each, and brought them to the house, just in time to see Jamie coming in on his way from the factory.

Bess made him take a good hot cup of coffee.

"A'm thinkin' mebbe ye'll need a lift wi' the stove," he said, and promised to call back on his way from the village.

"It continued snowing all day, and it would have been hard work getting round to feed the cattle, but Jamie helped us, and, in fact, bridged over so many domestic gaps that day that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to see him riding off in the cutter to the city to meet Aunt Polly's train. I was to have gone, too, but we agreed it would be better not to crowd the sleigh in case Aunt Polly brought a deal of baggage."

"Be sure and get the right woman!" Bess called out after Jamie, "and don't get lost in the snow!"

"Just to think," said she, dropping down into the easy-chair for the first time that day, "that Aunt Polly should come now, when poor mother is gone, and dad so ill, and the boys hundreds of miles away."

"If it were not for Jamie," said I, with a knowing look at Lavinia.

"Jamie's an angel!" said Lavinia, and we all laughed and blessed him in our secret hearts.

Aunt Polly saw us through the flakes of a blinding snowstorm, but we couldn't see much of her, for it was evident that Jamie had taken our warnings literally, and had used all the wraps we had loaded him with for Aunt Polly's protection.

She laughed and laughed while we helped her to peel off, and get down to the real woman!

And what a woman!

A beaming face, which was one great

ray of sunshine, with eyes full of goodness and truth. She looked forty, or thereabouts, but she must have been fifty. Ample she was in figure, and "as neat as a pin."

Oh, how glad we were that she had come! Dad got out of his bed, lame back and all, and sat in his big easy-chair all day Sunday. She told us stories of her life out west, of her joys and difficulties, which seemed to have been equally divided, and we got a glimpse of the great broad country she had just left.

Then, the Tuesday night following, the neighbors came.

There were the Dawsons, the McTavishes, the Fowlers, Taylors, and McRees, Len Wright and Jamie, of course. We had enough for two sets, and Len played the fiddle. How we swung to our places, to the tune of the "Jolly Dutchman," and Len's deep voice rang out:

"The first two gen'men cross over,
 An' by your ladies stand,
 The rest two gen'men cross over,
 An' take her by the hand."

An' on your pardners all,
 Swing the left-hand lady,
 An' turn, an' face the wall!"

The rafters of the old kitchen fairly shook with the mirth. Jamie took Aunt Polly through the Laners, and Sir Roger de Coverly, and we had Old Dan Tucker to wind up with.

Then we popped corn, and ate apples, and cracked nuts, in the good old-fashioned way. Jamie lent himself to the hilarity of the occasion, and sang a song which took us back to the burns

and braes of his native land. He had a splendid voice in song. Then it was time to get the rigs and say "good-night." In a few minutes the sounds of the sleigh bells had died away.

"Girls," said Aunt Polly, next morning, "let's give Jamie a surprise."

"Dad got out of his bed, lame back and all, and sat in his big easy-chair all day Sunday. She told us stories of her life out west, of her joys and difficulties, which seemed to have been equally divided, and we got a glimpse of the great broad country she had just left."

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"CHOOFER" LUBB'S WEAKNESS GETS HIM IN BAD.

"I was stepping to one side of the road, when I heard Jamie's voice—only there was something new in it, but I didn't think of that till afterwards, for as I turned and looked, behold! there was quite near. I was pretty glad to think of getting a lift that night, for I was tired, and wanted to see Bess.

"Goodness me! Aunt Polly!" I said, and I hadn't sense enough to get into that rig, but stood nearly knee-deep in snow looking at them.

"You missed the train!"

If she had, Aunt Polly scarcely looked disappointed. Her face was radiant.

"Lost it for a wee while," said Jamie, that tuneful lit still in his voice. "Jump in, Madge!"

Even then, as I clambered into the sleigh, and onto Aunt Polly's lap, the meaning of it all did not dawn upon me.

Aunt Polly put her arms around me. "You may call him Uncle Jamie now, Madge," she cried. And we drove home.

When life is a joke it is usually at some other fellow's expense.

THANKS TO CITIZENS

The HAMILTON FERRY CO. wishes to thank its many patrons for their kind support last season.

Owing largely to the liberal patronage accorded to us in our initial season, the venture is no longer an experiment but an accomplished fact.

Good business can be confidently looked for when the steamboat season opens again, and the management will strive to merit your continued encouragement.

HAMILTON FERRY CO.

Foot of John Street

Telephone 1294

Thirty Years' Good Record

(Continued from Page 37.)

factory on Barton street east; loss, \$28,539.

Sept. 7, 1892—Diamond Glass Co's factory, MacNab street north; loss \$11,763.

Dec. 20—Ontario Box Company, Main street; loss \$0,060.

May 3, 1893—Grant-Lottridge Brewing Company, Bay and Mulberry streets; loss \$40,779.

Nov. 21, 1893—Bertram's hardware store, King street west; loss \$47,400.

June 2, 1895—F. W. Fearman's pork factory, Robeson street; loss \$19,500.

April 4, 1897—Bertram's hardware store, King street west; loss \$25,565.

Aug. 19, 1897—Hamilton & Toronto Sewer Pipe Co., 420 Jackson street west; loss \$11,652.

Oct. 2, 1897—Hamilton Coffee and Spice Mills, 51 Main street east. Loss, \$19,000.

Oct. 20, 1897—Howell Lithographing Company, James street north; loss \$15,353.

Feb. 13, 1898—Rolling Mill, Queen street north, loss, \$21,247.

May 19, 1898—G. N. W. Telegraph office, Canadian Express office, G. T. R. Freight Office, and J. Osborne's grocery, James street south, loss \$36,448.

Dec. 17, 1898—Hamilton and Toronto Sewer Pipe Co., and T. Lawry & Sons, pork factory, Wentworth street north. Loss, \$28,957.

May 4, 1899—Semmens & Erel's factory and warehouse, loss \$10,479.

July 14, 1899—Burrow, Stewart & Milne's factory, Cannon street east. Loss \$32,545.

Aug. 20, 1899—There were 10 different buildings on fire at the same time several factories sustained heavy loss, among them, Ontario Box Co., total loss \$33,069.

Feb. 5, 1900—F. A. Carpenter's hardware, loss \$18,584.

April 11, 1901—A number of buildings on John street. Total loss \$38,918.

May 24, 1901—Stanley Mills & Co., loss \$18,826.

Sept. 25, 1901—Chadwick Bros., brass foundry, 193 King street east; loss \$14,378.

July 10, 1902—T. H. Pratt & Co., James street north, loss \$75,350.

July 11, 1902, Brennan's planing mill, King William street, loss \$30,604.

Sept. 14, 1902—John E. Brown's warehouse, MacNab street north. Loss \$14,821.

Jan. 9, 1903, Stanley Mills & Co. Loss \$94,417.

July 31, 1903—Ontario Tack Co., loss \$63,000.

Nov. 12, 1903, Hamilton Brass Manufacturing Co., James street north; loss \$27,370.

May 9, 1904—Semmens & Erel, Floren Incubary streets; loss \$11,417.

Sept. 13, 1904—Ontario Lantern Company, Cannon and Ashley streets; loss \$42,000.

Sept. 17, 1904—Hamilton Steel & Iron Co., Queen street north; loss, \$15,500.

Oct. 4, 1904—T. H. & B. car shops, Garth street; loss, \$15,488.

March 9, 1905—Greening Wire Co., Napier street; loss, \$18,416.

March 8, 1905—Meakins & Sons' brush factory, King street east; loss \$58,000.

April 26, 1906—Sewer Pipe Works; loss, \$45,441.

June 21, 1906—Central Presbyterian Church, corner Jackson and MacNab streets; loss, \$20,900.

Nov. 1, 1906—T. H. & B. repair shops, Garth street; loss \$9,880.

Collins and Perkins were severely hurt at that fire. Perkins died as a result of injuries.

Nov. 22, 1907—Burrow, Stewart & Milne's foundry, Cannon street east; loss, \$23,712.

Jan. 18, 1908—McLaren's Coffee & Spice Mill and Duncan Lithographic Co., MacNab street south; loss \$41,284.

Jan. 20, 1908—Street Railway Co. car sheds, corner Herkimer and Locke street west; loss \$15,542.

May 22, 1909—Coppiey, Noyes & Randall, Merrick street; loss \$22,243.

May 24, 1909, the fire department were called out to nine separate alarms. The total loss for the day was \$2,372.

July 19, 1909—Slater Shoe Store, King street west; loss \$15,542.

Sept. 1, 1909—Savoy Theatre; loss \$19,700.

tains, would make it possible to get to a fire, if small, and put it out, before the swiftest horses could get there.

Then an automobile buggy would be of inestimable value to the Chief, and if Hamilton department is to maintain its supremacy as a great fire fighting organization, and march in the vanguard of progress, those things must come quickly.

Vancouver has about nine pieces of automobile apparatus.

An imperative need is a thoroughly up-to-date fire alarm system.

Then a new Central fire station is required. The present building is certainly not a good advertisement for the city.

It is often asked what would happen if a fire broke out in the King William street station, and got good hold, for the fire alarm system is not in a fire-proof apartment.

Hamilton's fire department is not in a very good position to fight a fire in such buildings as the Bank of Hamilton for the simple reason they have not the apparatus. The department cannot boast of a modern aerial ladder. The nearest approach to that is an extension ladder. However, the Chief is hoping these necessities, like the tide, will roll in eventually. Like the police, the department has had their district increased by the annexation of Crown Point.

DIVERS DUTIES.

To describe the one hundred and one details of what the duties of the department are would fill a book.

For instance, every time a street is blocked the drivers must know, and they must also learn where obstructions are on the streets. Then the condition of the roads must be watched. Firemen must cultivate the habit of sleeping with one eye open, for the alarm of fire comes at any minute, and they must answer it. No time is granted them to indulge in the Christmas festivities. The only privilege they are granted is an hour and half for dinner on Christmas and New Year's Day.

Don't be envious of a fireman's life, to put it in the parlance of the street. It is not all beer and skittles. It must be said, however, that the men of the Hamilton department strive to make the best of their calling, and to bring honor to their city, not only by their great fire fighting ability, but by their own personal conduct and deportment.

WHERE CHIEFS ARE MADE.

When other cities are looking for chiefs for their fire departments it is from Hamilton they usually choose their men. To come here for a chief is the greatest compliment that can be paid to the department, and speaks volumes for the training the men are given.

Hamilton has the goods for more chiefs. If any city wants one let them come forward with the invitation.

Following are men promoted to chiefships from Hamilton fire department in recent years:

Lawrence Clark, appointed Chief of London, Ont., fire department, March 4, 1904.

William A. Gilbert, appointed Chief of Saskatoon, Sask., fire department April 23, 1909.

Archie Cameron, appointed Chief of Fort William, Ont., fire department May 14, 1909.

Alfred S. Kappelle, appointed Chief of Cobalt fire department September 10, 1909.

Thomas E. Heath, appointed Chief of Saskatoon, Sask., fire department October 22, 1909. William Gilbert resigned owing to ill health.

CAUSES OF FIRES.

In discussing the causes of fires Chief Ten Eyek maintains that carelessness and ignorance are responsible for fully half. Electric wiring by incompetent men also causes many blazes, and the slinging of electric wires over pipes calls the department out many times.

By the exercise of a little more thought the fire record could be greatly minimized. Everybody should try to exercise precaution where there is danger of fire occurring easily, and thus help to bring more cheer as Christmas comes round every year.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

The five great original forests of the United States covered 850,000,000 acres and contained 52,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

Three out of every hundred thousand people in England and Wales are sentenced to penal servitude every year.

LAKEWOOD

NEW JERSEY.
NATURE'S HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT IN THE PINES

STAY in Lakewood, whether for health or pleasure, can never grow tiresome. During the season, which lasts from October till June, there is offered, in its turn, opportunity for enjoying every outdoor sport—golf, boating, tennis, motor driving, as well as the round of indoor affairs that are always to be found at a fashionable and up-to-date resort.

The roads are perfect, the scenery magnificent, and a ride to Lakewood Farms, just a few miles out of town, the largest poultry raising organization in the world, where thousands of little chicks are being hatched every day, is a treat for both young and old.

Reached via THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY. Only one hour and thirty minutes ride from New York City, via fast express trains, from West 23rd and Liberty St. Ferries.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES FOR ALL CLASSES.

Laurel House
Laurel in the Pines
Capacity 25. A. J. Murphy, Mgr.
Bartlett Inn
Capacity 60. Frank F. Smithe, Mgr.
Oak Court
Capacity 75. C. M. Bartlett, prop.
The Lexington
Capacity 100. A. S. Larrabee, Prop.
The Carasajo
Capacity 100. E. Switzer, Prop.
The Towers, formerly Wisley
Capacity 75. M. A. Nowlan, prop.
Brodrick Cottage
Capacity 25. S. G. Webb, Prop.
Hovey Cottage
Capacity 10. Mrs. O. C. Hovey.
The Pines
Capacity 25. M. Balmbridge, Prop.
Brookside Cottage
Capacity 10. Annie E. Incehan, Cap. 20. Mrs. L. H. Sykes.

Palmer House
Capacity 100. Arnholt & Spangenberg, props.
Palmer House
Capacity 100. C. Palmer Cleaver, Prop.; Louis N. Moss, Mgr.
Bertram Cottage
Capacity 20. R. L. Bertram, Prop.
Beechwood Villa
Capacity 50. M. A. Paul, Prop.
Hornelands Sanitarium
Capacity 50. M. D. Res. Phys.
Seton Inn
Capacity 10. Mrs. O. C. Hovey.
Arnes J. O'Geran, Mgr.
Pinemere
Capacity 30. E. Reynolds, Prop.

The above houses will furnish further information regarding Lakewood, Rates, etc., upon application.

Hamilton Incubator Co.

Limited
Corner of Emerald and Shaw Streets, HAMILTON,
manufacturers of

Incubators and Brooders

Hamilton Kitchen Cabinets

and the

Jones Patent Hay and Grain Unloader

Write us for catalogues, prices and terms.
Telephone 418.

Magnificent Wheat, Good Power and Up to Date Mill, Enable Us to Offer You

PEACEMAKER FLOUR (blended)
WHITE ROSE FLOUR (all Ontario)
GREAT WEST FLOUR (all Manitoba)
ROSES FLOUR

Give us a trial order and you will not regret it. Remember, we grind nothing but the best wheat which we get direct from the West and Ontario farmers. All kinds of feed on hand.

The HAMILTON MILLING CO.

Corner Market and Park Streets.
Phone 1517.

Canadian Meter Co.

LIMITED.
MANUFACTURERS OF

Natural and Artificial Gas METERS

Caroline Street North—HAMILTON—Telephone 1974

KEEPING HOUSE BY ELECTRICITY.

The 1910 housekeeper may operate and govern her household by just the turn of a switch. Just a turn of the thumb and forefinger will revolutionize the old way of doing things in the home. Follow the "new" house-keeper from morning until night, and at the end of the day she will tell you that life really is a joy for her compared to a period of no more than ten years ago, when it required a match to light the stove and the gas, it required coal to cook the meals, it meant smoke and smudge, dirt and dust.

To-day there is not a department in the modern household, from the laundry to the drawing room, that is not improved with devices electrical that save time and labor, that make the home brighter and cleaner, and that provide comfort and enjoyment that the reign of oil, gas and coal never knew, and probably never anticipated until the electrical inventor began his work.

A turn of a switch and the water is heated for the bath, the current is on for the vibratory machine and the irons are heated for curling the hair.

BREAKFAST DONE TO A TURN.

A turn of a switch and the broiler or toaster is ready for the breakfast, the percolator sizzles for the coffee, the oven is ready for the biscuits, and the water is heated to wash the dishes.

A turn of a switch and the work in the laundry is made a pleasure instead of a drudge. The washing is done by a motor, the clothes are motor wrung, the flat irons are heated and, in cases of emergency, the clothes are dried with an electric fan.

A turn of a switch and the pneumatic cleaning machine is placed in operation, the carpets and rugs are dustless by being relieved of their dirt, the corners and crevices are cleaned, the wall papers and tapestries are dusted, the mattresses and couches are renovated, the windows are washed and dried and once or twice a month all signs of moths are driven out of the clothes in the closets and bureau drawers.

MUSIC BY "THE MASTERS."

A turn of a switch and the sewing machine hums, while baby sleeps; hubby's and baby's stockings are darned by electricity, their clothes mended by electricity. No more backaches from treading the sewing machine.

At a turn of a switch Mozart, Strauss, Mendelssohn or Verdi cheers the evening from the electric piano—not the one so familiar to the patrons of nickel-odeons, but the higher grade made for the home.

A turn of a switch and it's slumber time. The home is made safe by automatic burglar alarms—an absolute protection against the night prowler and robber. A turn of a switch and the heat is controlled—no chance for the home to burn up from smoldering fires.

In fact, there are a thousand and one appliances and devices electrical for the household which not only add to the comfort and convenience of house-keeping, but save time and labor, make the home healthy and happy, give longer life to the mother who bears the responsibility of keeping the home neat and clean and who often unconsciously offers a prayer of deliverance when she "turns the switch."—By Anna Markeson in Chicago Tribune.

ALMOST TOO CRUEL.

De Laney Nicoll, the New York lawyer, said at a dinner, apropos of a certain legal decision:

"It was a cruel blow—as cruel as that which a Bayside crook served on a tramp."

"This filthy tramp, knocking at the kitchen door, whined:

"I'm terrible hungry, lady. Could ye gimme a small wedge o' fresh pie?"

"We're just out of pie," said the cook.

"But here's a cake for ye."

"And she handed the tramp a cake of soap."

WEALTH IN MANCHURIA.

Enormous Natural Resources Which Have Not Yet Been Developed.

To describe fully the natural resources of Manchuria would be a task of considerable magnitude, for the area is big and the resources varied.

The mountains and hills of the east and southeast are rich with minerals. Coal abounds in many places, and forty-three mines are now in operation in Fengtien province.

What the output of coal might be under proper management no one can say, declares the American Review of Reviews for native mining is most crude and rich veins are merely scratched.

Silver, lead, gold, platinum, asbestos, antimony and iron mines have been located in great number, and are awaiting the touch of development to swell the business of the country.

In all probability gold supplies for a new monetary scheme in China could be taken from the mines of Manchuria, thus making practical the possibility of China's release from the present evils of a fluctuating silver currency.

About the head waters of the Sungari and Yalu rivers are magnificent virgin forests of pine, walnut and ash. Some lumbering is carried on by the Chinese, but the methods are so crude and wasteful and the cost of getting lumber out so high that timbers and dimension stuff cannot compete with Oregon pine in the large markets.

The mineral and forest wealth of Manchuria, however, is insignificant compared to the almost boundless wealth of the soil. Thousands of square miles of deep, brown, loamy soil exist, the fields stretching away to the horizon or to the background of a rugged mountain dotted here and there with the mud houses of the farmer and creating in the mind as nothing else can the impression of vast wealth.

From this wonderfully fertile soil the native farmer takes bountiful crops by methods that would soon bankrupt the American farmer. He keeps no live stock except a few pigs and ponies, and therefore has very little manure to put on his land. He grows no grass crops and he knows almost nothing about soil tillage.

He sows his seeds, and the fertile, loamy soils give up their products almost unaided by the skill or mechanical genius of man. About the centres of life the fields are small and the farmer grows garden truck and potatoes, but in the interior the universal crops are koaling (sorghum), soy beans and millet.

The koaling and millet are the staple foods of the people, just as rice is the staple food of Japan and South China, and the soy beans are the "money crop" of the country—cooking and lighting oil being expressed from the seeds and the residue being shipped to Japan to fertilize the rice fields. The bean cake shipments from Newchwang, Dalny and Antung in 1908 amounted to 515,198 tons; beans, 239,228 tons; bean oil, 1,930 tons; having a total value of \$15,916,649 (United States gold).

In the hilly region of southeastern Manchuria Indian corn is the staple crop and staple food of the people. Peaches, apricots, pears and crab apples grow wild in the hills, and only a few Chinese are engaged in fruit culture, although the demand for fruit is great, and carloads of oranges and pears are shipped in from Japan and South China.

In Kirin province in the north considerable tobacco is grown, and considering the native methods of growing and curing the quality is most excellent. Tobacco experts believe that this region could produce tobacco of equal quality with Virginia tobacco if the crop was properly grown and cured. Wheat is grown in considerable quantity in the north, as well as buckwheat and hemp.

The growing of silk cocoons on the native coaks that cover the hills of southeastern Manchuria is an agricultural industry of considerable size, the trees being cut back every few years in order to furnish new growth for the silkworms. The cocoons are shipped to Chefoo in China and to Japan, where the spinning and weaving of pongee silks are done.

Her Soft Spot.

Beldina, crying bitterly, was coming down the street of a certain southern city with her feet bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter with your feet, Beldina?" asked a former mistress.

"Miss Jones, dat good-fo'-nothin' nigger of mine done hit me on de head wid a club while I was standin' on de hard stone sidewalk."—Harper's Magazine.

WARE.
(Jewish Ledger.)

Thompson—Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?

Jones (hesitatingly)—What should I do?

Fabrics looking like silk are made from wool.

The thickness of a razor edge has been reckoned at about one-millionth of an inch.

— TRY —

Will J. Lord

For Your Xmas Roast Beef

Dealer in Beef, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Lard and Poultry

50. 51 and 52 Market Hall, HAMILTON

Prompt attention given to all orders

Phone 2587

Are You Building?

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will erect you a modern brick house complete. We furnish you with plans and estimates. Let us talk it over. Thorough satisfaction guaranteed.

W. A. Stevens

York and Dundurn Streets. Telephone 1990.

Hamilton's Reliable Skin and Scalp Specialist,

Superfluous hair and other facial blemishes permanently removed.

LLEWELLYN

10 1/2 King West.

The Old World and the New.

False hair was worn in Egypt 5,000 years before our era, says Prof. Waldstein; and he added that in explorations in Greece, he had come across a perfect set of false teeth, made very much on the same plan as our dentists adopt to-day, and gold-filled, although dating to the fourth century, B. C. In the same country ladies' perfume boxes, containing scented and rouge, have been found. Razors also have been found, those used by the Greeks and Romans being crescent-shaped.

In the south of France there is a concrete arch bridge, known as the Pont du Gard, which was erected in 56 B. C. It is composed of alternate layers of large and small stones, gravel, etc., and of cementitious materials. Vitruvius describes the materials and methods in use before the Christian era; and other writers accurately describe the ancient method of using boards laid on edge and filling the space between with cement and all sorts of small and large stones mingled together.

KNOW THE TEST.
(Ally Sloper.)

Sport—How can you tell a young partridge from an old one?

Kid—By the teeth, sir.

Sport—You little idiot! A partridge hasn't any teeth.

Kid—No; but I have.

The Message to Santa Claus



"Now we'll write to Santa Claus," said Gerie, pen in hand. As by her elbow, Tom, her brother, took his anxious stand.

"One letter will have room enough for what we both demand."

Then Tom commenced to name his wants, and this is what he said: "Put down a pair of roller skates—ball bearing ones; a sled; a electric engine, sword 'n' gun—gun that shoots real lead."

"Got all of those? Well, add a drum, a knife or two, And box of—What? That won't leave room for you?"

"I'm sorry, Sis, but you lose out. I'm only half way through."

FATAL TRAIN COLLISION.

St. Louis Special Crashes Into Switch Engine.

Three Trainmen Killed and Two Fatally Injured.

Two Women Hurt in Another Wreck in Illinois.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 18.—Three trainmen were killed, two other trainmen probably fatally injured and a dozen or more passengers slightly hurt when train No. 1, known as the St. Louis special, running an hour late over the Lake Shore tracks into this city, crashed into a switch engine on a cross-over early this morning.

The dead: S. P. Adams, Buffalo, engineer on passenger train, died at St. Clair Hospital; Frank Watson, switchman on a yard engine, killed outright; G. Franks, Collingwood, switchman of yard locomotive.

Probably fatally injured: Wm. J. Burns, Cleveland, engineer of yard locomotive; Jacob Perrier, Collingwood, fireman on yard engine. They were taken to a hospital.

The passenger train was running at high speed, and the cars were piled in a mass of wreckage.

The intense cold added to the sufferings of the injured, and made the work of the rescuers particularly hard.

Train No. 1 is a fast through train for Cincinnati and St. Louis. It left New York at 10.30 on Friday morning.

ANOTHER WRECK.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—Train No. 52 on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, the Oriental Limited, was wrecked at 4.30 this morning at Western Springs, Ill., near Chicago, three sleeping cars rolling down an embankment. No person was killed. Two women passengers were the worst injured. One of them suffered a broken leg, and the other a broken arm. Other passengers were hurt from cuts from broken glass and were bruised and shaken up.

WILL REIGN AS ALBERT I.

Belgium's New King Workingman's Friend and Socialist.

Leopold Wanted His Funeral to be Private.

That Morganatic Marriage With Baroness Vaughan.

Brussels, Dec. 18.—King Leopold in his will declared that he possessed but \$3,000,000, which he left to his children. His Majesty expressed the desire that no autopsy be performed and said that "apart from my nephew, Prince Albert, and the members of my household I forbid any one to attend my funeral. My papers shall be destroyed or handed to Prince Albert." Baron Goffinet, who was private Secretary to King Leopold, has been appointed executor of the will of the late King.

Albert, the new King, will take the name of Albert I.

FRIEND OF WORKINGMEN.

Paris, Dec. 18.—An intimate friend of Prince Albert told the Matin's Brussels correspondent that the new Belgian king's ambition would be to be useful to the working man. He is, in the good sense of the word, a Socialist. He is an enthusiastic student on social question and will astonish the world, according to the correspondent, with his modern tolerance. "Albert will be king of a Republican monarchy," said the Matin's informant, "or, if you prefer, 'President of a monarchy I call republic.'"

BARONESS VAUGHAN.

Paris, Dec. 18.—A special despatch to the Figaro from Brussels says that Baron Goffinet, private Secretary to the late King of Belgium, denied the report that a civil marriage was performed at the deathbed of Leopold, but he admitted that a secret marriage probably occurred recently although the King never specifically informed his intimate friends of such a marriage. Should this be the case, however, it would have no legal standing in Belgium and no complications are feared.

Baron Goffinet said further that Baroness Vaughan would bring her children to Balin Court to-day, but would return immediately to Brussels where she would be allowed to remain unless her presence provoked a scandal.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

Rome, Dec. 18.—It was stated officially to-day that the Vatican had nothing to do with the morganatic marriage of the late King Leopold and Baroness Vaughan.

POET MISSING.

Wm. Watson and Bride Disappear From Hotel.

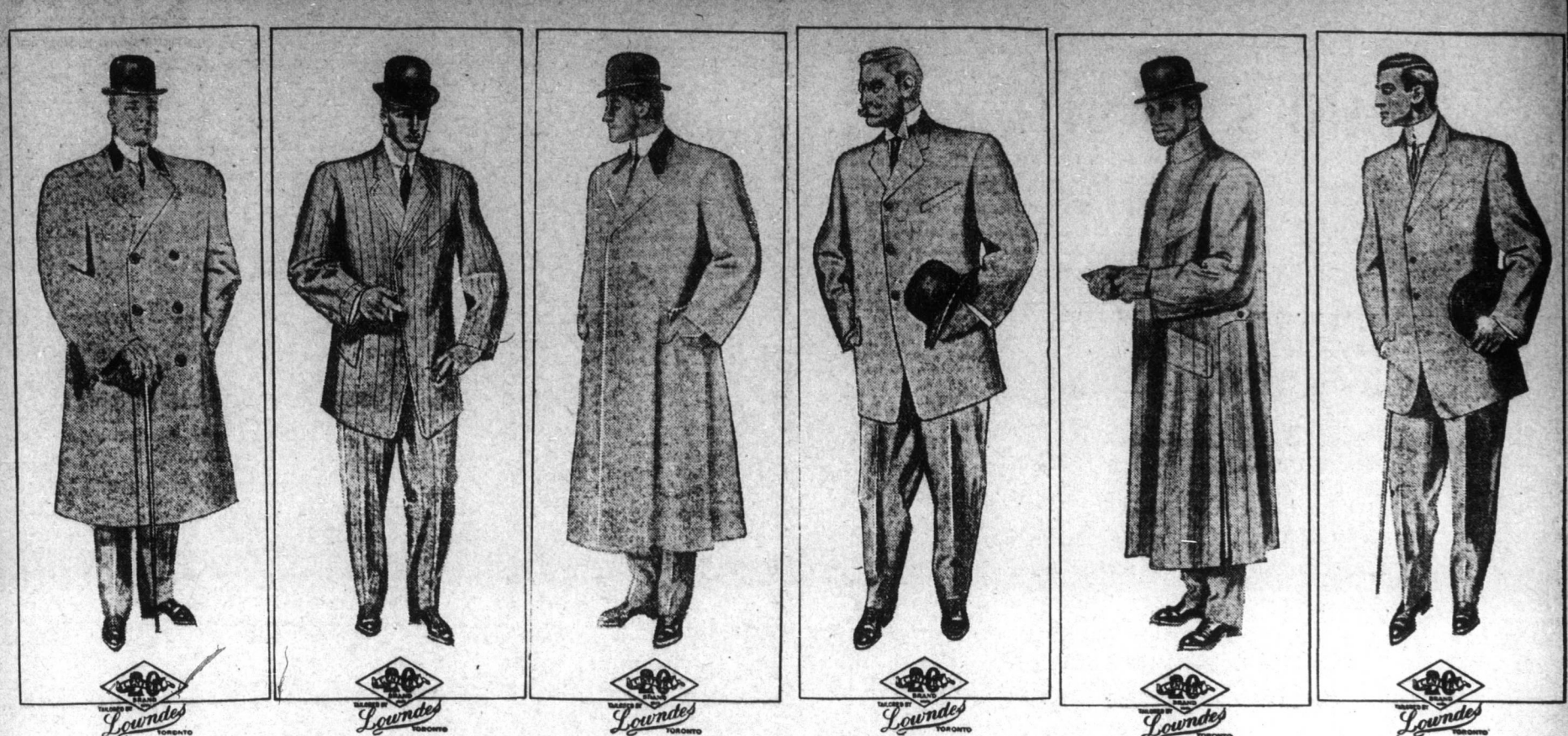
New York, Dec. 18.—Wm. Watson, the English poet and his pretty Irish bride have disappeared, and beyond the fact that they have left the hotel where they registered upon their arrival here a few weeks ago, none of their friends here know what has become of them.

It is said that the poet was annoyed by the spotlight of publicity which his explanation identifying Mrs. and Miss Aquil, wife and daughter of the British Premier, as the persons attacked in his poem, centered upon him.

Basketball.

The first big championship game will be held at the Y. M. C. A. on Christ as night, when the fast London Y. M. C. A. team will meet the local five.

Mr. E. Sovereign, an old Hamilton boy, now in charge of the physical work at London, says his boys will give Hamilton a fast game. The reserve team plan is now open at the Y. M. C. A. office.



GOOD CLOTHES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Whether you visit the old folks or stay at home for the Christmas and New Year's holidays you will wish to be as well dressed as your pocket can afford. You can pay too little, too much or buy 20th Century Brand clothes and get the maximum of style, value and service at the lowest price these essentials can be purchased for. Our stock is complete and we can outfit you for any occasion that may arise during the festive season.

Begg & Shannon Sole Agents 40 - 44 North James Street

The School Gardens of Clinton Township

(By J. A. Sinclair.)
"And they have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends."

Not many years ago, years that could be counted on the fingers of one hand, black and devoid of coloring were the areas surrounding the township schools in the central township of those comprising the garden district of Canada.

A magic hand was one day passed over a little of ground, about an acre in extent, adjoining the best-equipped township school in all the land, and lo! from the fairy touch grew up a little garden, redolent with the perfume of flowers, artistic in its landscape touches—a beautiful spot to meditate on the labor of children's hands and the secret workings of children's brains, prompted by the good, the beautiful, and the true.

To the Rittenhouse School of Clinton belongs the premier honors in inaugurating an ideal children's garden. It is a model of perfection, and, in the pleasant summer weather, days that only the Niagara peninsula knows, when the sun smiles through the leafy haze of orchard and vineyard, odorless is the ether with ripening fruit and that dim, sweet peace that passes all understanding.

On this first little Eden, the casual visitor should then feast his eye, and if he knows not the truth, would hardly hesitate to say that professional artist had schemed and worried over its many and devious arrangements.

The graceful arbors with their trellis of vines, the bright green borders of lettuce and the ever-varying colors of the foliage, the tall castor beans, the pansies—and what in the flower world have these children not experimented with?

"Here are cool mosses, deep,
And through the moss the evils creep."
Each scholar has his individual plot. Here is a star, there a diamond, one has tried his ingenuity at a circular bed, another at a triangle. The little paths, made solely, one would think, for nothing but the daintiest of small feet, divide the many plots on every side so that the most minute examinations of them may be made. Spades, hoes, rakes, trowels, wheelbarrows, watering cans, large and small, are always at the children's command in the tool house. Selection of flowers and vegetables, also the arrangements of them in the beds is nearly always left to the pupil's artistic mind. They are given a stated period each day under supervision, to carry out the details of their imagination, and here, indeed, is the competition most keen.

There are the vegetable plots, too, where every minute experiment is carried on. The idea of the young gardener here is to get such perfection from the growth of these as to be ready to exhibit his or her skill on the show tables of the yearly autumn fair, always held in connection with this school, and which has during the past couple of years excelled in the quality and size of the exhibits, many of the so-called

agricultural society exhibitions. One of the pretty arbors in the school garden at the Rittenhouse last summer, was the planning and construction of its pupils. The writer was much interested in watching the boys at this work, with their hammers, saws and level, one bright morning, that, seen a month later, was a bower of climbing gourds and wild cucumber vines, adding just the necessary touch to their many other features of landscape work. So much for the Rittenhouse school. Not to be outdone by its near neighbor, another institution hardly three miles away undertook the instruction of horticulture for its pupils two years ago. Half an acre of ground was purchased in proximity to the school at a cost of \$500, this amount being subscribed by the residents of the section, and while not yet quite in appearance and lay-out to the standard being set by the Rittenhouse, this school has made excellent progress with its little gardens. So cheerily have the children entered into the work here that even throughout the holidays many of them gave their plots unstinted labor, much time being spent by them in the long summer evenings weeding and watering the growing things in an effort to keep in touch with their friends at the south.

establishing horticultural classes in their midst will be the sore lack of qualified instructors in this branch of the work. At the present time such teachers are few and far between.

The schools of Clinton now engaged in horticulture are very fortunate in having at their heads master minds who have been acquainted with the work from infancy, being native to the district where fruits and flowers are so much in evidence. Should school gardens be instrumental in holding the boys nearer the old farm, the fondest hopes of this and any other district that makes this school system a feature of education, will be realized. To Clinton Township, in the County of Lincoln, be given the palm for everything that may come forth from these experiments of little children's hands in the future years.

CHURCHES TO-MORROW.

Special Services and Special Music.

In Central Church Dr. Lyle will preach at the morning service, and Mr. Sedgewick in the evening.

In Gospel Tabernacle Pastor Philpott will preach morning and evening. Seats free; hymns provided.

The subject of discourse by the minister of Unity Church to-morrow evening will be "The Fellowship of Heretics."

The Rev. T. McLachlan, of St. James' Presbyterian Church, will preach to-morrow, both morning and evening. Seats free. All welcome.

In Erskine Presbyterian Church Rev. S. Burnside Russell will speak in the evening on "Municipal Duty." This is especially for men.

At First Congregational Church Rev. Dr. Braithwaite, of the Northern Church, Toronto, will preach at both services.

Rev. Dr. Benson, of St. Catharines, preaches at Charlton Avenue Methodist Church both morning and evening to-morrow.

The Rev. H. T. Archbold will preach at the morning service in Christ's Church Cathedral to-morrow, and Canon Almon Abbott, M. A., in the evening.

The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be dispensed in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at the morning service. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Wilson, will preach both morning and evening.

At Simcoe Street Methodist Church the pastor, Rev. H. B. Christie will preach at both services. The evening service will be devoted to the issues of the temperance campaign.

In Ryerson Methodist Church Mr. A. L. Boyd will preach in the morning and Rev. Dr. Tovell at the evening service. The pastor, Rev. C. S. Applegate, is conducting Sunday school anniversary services in Caledonia.

At the Church of St. Peter, on Sunday evening, Miss Edith Taylor, soprano soloist, will sing. The choir will sing a new setting of the old hymn, "Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing," in anthem form.

Rev. J. Roy VanWyck will preach at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. in the Westminster Presbyterian Church. The communion of the Lord's Supper will be administered at 11 a. m. and the Men's Society will attend in a body at 7 p. m.

At Central Methodist Church Rev. I. Tovell, D. D., will occupy the pulpit in the morning. In the evening Rev. Isaac

Couch, M. A., B. D., will preach on "The Ethics of Business." Attractive singing. Visitors welcomed.

At MacNab Street Presbyterian Church the Rev. Beverly Ketchen, M. A., the pastor, will preach morning and evening. The topics of both sermons are timely, namely, "Public Duty" and "Christian Worldliness."

Rev. J. V. Smith will occupy the pulpit of Centenary Church to-morrow, his morning subject being "Hiding and hunting," and the evening "The World Without and the World Within." Appropriate musical services by the choir. After the evening service Mr. Hewlett will play several organ selections.

In First Methodist Church the pastor, Rev. E. K. Lanesley, will preach at both services to-morrow. His morning subject will be "Forbearance," and his evening subject, "A Battle Fought, a Victory Won, Alone." Appropriate music will be rendered by the choir, under the direction of Wilfrid V. Oaten.

Rev. Sam Small, D. D., will preach in Emerald Street Methodist Church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Williamson will preach in the evening. The subject will be "The Bar-room or the Boy: Which Will You Vote For?" Choice music. Organ recital at 6.45.

At James Street Baptist Church Rev. Dr. Hooper will preach in the morning. Subject, "Waters to Swim In;" anthem, "Holy Art Thou;" anthem, "O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow." In the evening Rev. Sam Small will speak on temperance; anthem, "Come Ye Disconsolate;" solo, "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own," Miss G. Stafford.

In Knox Church at the morning service the pastor will speak on "The Widow and the Oil," and in the evening on "The Crime of Unconcern." At 3 o'clock Mr. Mitchell will speak to men only on "The Choosing of Our Life's Work," in connection with his monthly series on "Crucial Epochs in Life." All men not otherwise engaged are cordially invited. The male quartette will sing Lowry's "God Save the People" at the close of the evening sermon.

In Victoria Avenue Baptist Church the pastor will preach the fifth sermon of the series on the Lord's prayer, entitled "The Coming Kingdom," at the morning service. In the evening the pastor will preach a special sermon to Hamilton District, R. T. of T., and in so doing will begin a series of ten sermons on the Ten Commandments, taking as the first topic "Twentieth Century Gods."

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Master Donnelly, the boy preacher, will speak at the mass meeting for men at 1.15 Sunday afternoon in the Crystal Palace Theatre. All men cordially invited.

Bible class for men at 10. Young Men's Bible Study Club 3 p. m. Any young man who would like to take singing lessons should attend the class on Tuesday evening led by Prof. A. J. Stone.

No more valuable Christmas boxes can be secured for young men or boys than a year's membership. The Checker Club has decided to meet regularly for practice on Thursday evenings. The club will welcome any young man.

JUNIORS Y. M. C. A. The Juniors' Club met last night. The principal feature was the reading of

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the official paper, "The Shorter," by the new editor, Mr. Chas. Burns.

The evangelistic band will meet to-morrow morning at 10 in the senior lecture room.

Hamilton Boys' Club Union will hold a meeting for boys to-morrow at 4.15 in the boys' parlors. Mr. Frank McIlroy will lead.

The Bible training class held Monday evenings at 8 o'clock in the boys' room under the auspices of the Boys' Club Union is open to all.

A ticket in the Y. M. C. A. makes a good Christmas gift for a boy.

EAST HAMILTON Y. M. C. A. Song service Sunday afternoon will be addressed by a good speaker. Special music. Everybody cordially invited.

EUGENIE III.

Widow of Napoleon III. Seriously Ill at Cape Martin.

New York, Dec. 18.—A Monte Carlo cable despatch says that the ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, is seriously ill at her villa, Cyros, at Cape Martin. Eugenie is 83 years old, but her interest in affairs remains unusually active. She never speaks of her health, and seems to strive to keep her mind any thought of the inevitable.

COOK RECORDS.

Copenhagen, Dec. 18.—The consistory of the University of Copenhagen at a secret session to-day received a preliminary report covering the first stage of the work of the committee which is examining the north polar records of Dr. Frederick A. Cook. An excited discussion followed. The committee has not completed its investigation.



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VICTORIA CURLING CLUB ARRANGES TWENTY RINKS

To Play For the Cunningham Trophy—For Club Championship—Tarkard Rinks Also Chosen.

At a meeting of the skips of the Victoria Curling Club, the following rinks were chosen to compete for the club trophy, which was presented by Mr. A. M. Cunningham for annual competition amongst players of the club. A. M. Cunningham and R. W. Hunt were appointed tankard skips.

- W. A. Howell, S. H. Alexander, T. Cook, T. B. Christie, Geo. E. Price, Geo. Stevenson, G. F. James, skip, W. F. Miller, skip. Geo. Case, A. Stewart, H. Marshall, Geo. Moore, H. F. Burkholder, L. Johnston, F. W. Gayfer, J. R. Jamieson, T. Kilvington, skip, R. A. Milne, skip. Alex. Stewart, G. Kuntz, J. R. Marshall, A. E. Lord, C. O. Nichol, J. E. Frid, W. White, F. R. Hubert, F. F. Macpherson, sk, R. C. Ripley, skip. J. H. Schrader, H. Taylor, T. Patterson, W. E. Skelton, Dr. Overholt, J. W. McAllister, E. J. Wilson, J. Simpson, G. C. Martin, skip, G. Shambrook, sk. A. M. Ewing, Fred Oliver, Alex. Watt, Court Thomson, F. Shannon, C. E. Thomson, W. Anderson, H. E. Hawkins, Peter Smith, skip, W. P. Thomson, skip. W. H. Magill, J. A. Freeman, Dr. Johnston, C. Kilgour, W. Langhorn, B. L. Simpson, R. R. Simpson, skip, Dr. Hilder, J. B. Turner, skip.

local clubs have been very successful. The representatives of the Hamilton Swimming Club in the Dominion championships succeeded in winning two of the events. In the championship of Wentworth county races the local clubs made a clean sweep of every event. The police have sprung into prominence in swimming circles, and since the organizing of their club hardly an event has been run off without a representative of the force competing. In most of the events their showing was good. The good swimmers have become divided because of the two new clubs, the Beaver Club and the Police Club, but it is thought that it will have a tendency to enlighten the interest and give a tone of friendly rivalry to the contests. Altogether the past season has been a remarkable one for swimming, but the coming one promises to surpass it. Soccer has taken a firm hold in Hamilton. The season just closed has been a remarkable one considering the new talent that has been worked into the game. The brand of ball played has been raised to a high standard, unsurpassed in Canada. The Westinghouse again demonstrated their superiority over the other teams, although the Independent Labor team gave them a hard run. The Independent Labor team was only organized this year, but by consistent practice developed into the second best team in the Senior Hamilton League. The other teams have also showed improvement, but the old favorite teams have not made such a creditable showing this year as in previous years, but, however, the outlook for the next year is promising and the soccer fans are assured of the best of football at next season's games.

PALLADIUM THINKS GAME ALLRIGHT.

Canadian Rules Basis For Reformed Football.

The Whole Sporting World Interested.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 18.—The opinion of W. F. Gareton, the graduate advisor of athletics at Harvard, that Canadian football or any part of it is of little use to makers of the rules of the game as played in the United States, is not held by any of the men in New Haven, who are students of football. The papers here editorially have commented hopefully on the proposed change in the playing rules, and all are optimistic concerning the future of the game. This attitude is not only taken by the daily press in this home of good football, but by the Yale News, the official undergraduate organ of the university. The football players, trainers and coaches are convinced that the Herald's interest in having a demonstration of the Canadian game here will bear fruit before next fall.

In an editorial to-day the Palladium says: "Public disapproval of modern football has waxed so warm that it is very apparent that the time has come for a modification of the rules. Last Saturday, through the effort of the New York Herald, a football game was played in New York by Canadian Rugby enthusiasts. It was played under the regulations of the game as in vogue in Canada. Football experts from all over the country were invited to be present, and one has only to read their comment of the play to see the possibility of the maintenance of snappy football with the liability of accidents reduced to a minimum. "From what we understand, the Canadian game should be the basis for our reformed football, and it is more than likely that it will be. It must be gratifying to the Herald to have found the football experts of the country singing in unison the praises of the contest last Saturday, and it is rather remarkable in view of all the important changes the Rules Committee has made from time to time in this country that it left it to a newspaper to point out the suggestions for a cleaner game which have been available in Canada. The whole sporting world interested itself in the game of Canadian football as well as those who have well intended purposes of seeing the American game modified. If the Canadian game is looked upon in the future in the pleasant light it was last Saturday we may hope for its adoption in this country in whole or to such an extent as will serve the purpose of bringing the American game to the point of safety."

Gossip and Comment

Highfield senior Rugby football team, a group picture of which is printed in this issue, has the unique record of having gone through the entire season without losing a game. They played quite a large number of games, and scored, in the aggregate, an enormous majority over their opponents. Highfield boys played clean, snappy football, hard with-out being rough, and won respect wherever they went. They upheld the reputation of their school in a fine, manly way. The Cincinnati story that the Latonia track will be sold to a real estate syndicate is a hardy annual. It has appeared about this time every year for the last decade. Recent despatches from the capital would indicate that the Ottawa Football Club has decided to tie the official cap on King Clancy. It is likely that Morty Walsh, who coached Queen's last season, will step into Clancy's shoes. When Bobby Kerr goes to Buffalo to compete in the 74th Regiment indoor meet on New Year's Eve he will take with him Eddie Farrell and Charlie Morgan, two very promising Hamilton youngsters. For a place that is so live a sporting centre in other seasons, it is a remarkable thing that Hamilton people will have no knowledge of the national winter game except what they read in the newspapers of the doings of outside clubs. Hockey appears to have no existence there, and to be quite unknown to the population of the Ambitious City, while in Toronto we have no rink room

for all the clubs that want to play.—Toronto Globe.

The past year has been one of the most successful for the swimming clubs in the history of the sport in this city. Not only has the public taken an interest in the sport in an enthusiastic way, but the prize competitions have also been more numerous, the result being the bringing forward of some good men. In the matter of championships the

"Your methods," said the indignant official, "were simply highway robbery. "Again you wrong me," answered the sugar importer. "They were low-weight robbery."—Washington Star. Newlywed—"Don't you think, dear, if I were to smoke it would spoil your curtains?" Wifey—"You are certainly the most thoughtful husband. It wouldn't do the curtains any good." Newlywed—"Then, dearie, take the curtains down."—Kansas City Journal. It is to be hoped that when the moving pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson fight are taken they will both look pleasant.

MY HARDEST AND BEST FIGHT WAS WITH BIG HANK GRIFFEN.

—Jack Johnson

(By Jack Johnson, Heavyweight Champion of the World.) One of the hardest battles and one which I consider of the best in my career in the prize ring, I fought against Hank Griffen, a colored man, at Oakland, Cal., in 1902. We went 15 rounds, the decision going to me. Griffen was a man about six feet four inches in height, and at that time he had the longest reach of any man in the boxing game. If he were fighting to-day he would outreach any man in the business. This same Griffen fought Jim Jeffries 17 rounds of hard milling, and afterward Jeffries acknowledged that if it had not been for Billy Gallagher, Griffen might have been hailed as the winner. Griffen had an awkward punch and one that carried plenty of steam with it. It would puzzle the best of them to get away from that punch, and, combined with Griffen's ability to take punishment and keep on fighting made him a dangerous man for any fighter to monkey with. In that fight Griffen and I fought toe to toe, give and take, and I want to say right here that I had to travel my best



JACK JOHNSON.

fight, like the first one, was a hard battle that went 20 rounds, and I was declared the winner. In this fight I was able to avoid that punch of Griffen's, which had bothered me so much in the first fight. At that time I was not as well developed, nor did I have the physique I now have, and it is probable that men who in the earlier days gave me considerable trouble, would not bother me so much now. Among the battles I have on my record is one with Jack Jeffries, brother of the man I am now signed to fight. I beat Jack Jeffries just the same as I intend to beat Jim Jeffries when we meet. HARDEST AND BEST. Monday the Daily Times will publish on this page the second story by Jas. J. Jeffries, in which he tells of his fight with that piece of rawhide, Tom Sharkey. Jeffries explains how he was forced to wage a one-handed battle against the sailor champion and how he out-generated Sharkey.



HIGHFIELD SCHOOL SENIOR RUGBY TEAM. Top row—M. A. Vallance, A. A. Young, S. F. Grassett, H. A. Colquhoun, D. H. Storms, A. L. Carpen ter, E. S. Heynolds, W. F. Hay. Second row—G. M. Matteson, C. B. Tinning, Mr. R. B. Ferris, H. A. Higgins, Capt; Mr. J. H. Colli nson, G. K. Fraser. Bottom row—G. H. Hay, J. A. Grant, J. A. Turner.

Ladies Choose Wisely Who Choose Here. New Vertilide Stripe Tie 48 Colors 50c. What little we can say about our Xmas gifts compared with what is at the store is like the man who, wishing to sell his house, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen. The Greatest Growing Clothing, Furnishing & Hat Store in Hamilton. Better buy for a Man where He buys for Himself. That's here in the majority of cases. Furnishings of sterling worth—in standard styles—the enduring kind—at LOWEST PRICES.

CHRISTMAS NECKWEAR—To please a man seek another man's advice when you buy Christmas ties. Just inside our door you will find a tie department conducted by men who know what men are "fussy" about—and the up-to-date lines that men themselves flock to. Finest English, French and Vienna and American Neckwear, in prices that range up to \$1.50 and slope down to beautiful silk ties, each in a pretty presentation box. 50c. FOUR-IN-HAND, open-end, reversible or French bat Ties, also band and shield Tecks, in the finest of silks and the popular crochet weaves. Endless variety of cross stripes, plain colors and novelty effects at 50c. SILK SCARFS—Also handsome Folded Squares, in the newest ideas from London. Hand-some stripes in vertical, cross or long bias effects. Handsome brocaded silk and satins. Every original foreign idea, at 75c and \$1.00. SILK MUFFLERS—The large square or the long reefers, in prettiest patterns, self-brocaded, Barathe, Peau de Crepe and Peau de Soie Silks. Prices range from \$3.00 down to 50c. FULL DRESS SHIELDS—Every conceivable idea in style and shape, made of finest silks, with plain white, fancy brocaded or self silk lining. Prices range from \$3.50 down to 50c. KNITTED MUFFLERS—With full fashioned neck, and other makes in various styles, all highly mercerized worsteds, in various colors and sizes, 50c. MEN'S SUSPENDERS—No need of going anywhere else to get the best kinds. This is the most highly specialized store in town. We have the suspenders that men buy for themselves—the kind they like best, in silks, lises and webs. Some men take combination sets. We have these, too. Our holiday Suspender specialty comes in fine web with nickel trimmings, hand-somely boxed, at 50c. COMBINATION SETS—A pair of Lisle Suspenders, nicely trimmed, in plain or fancy colors, with a pair of arm bands and garters to match, all handsomely boxed, 75c. COMBINATION SETS—Here's something finer, in prettily brocaded silk ribbon, all shades, with fine kid ends and gold-plated buckles—Suspenders, Arm Bands and Garters, all for \$1.00 to \$1.50. AMERICAN SHIRTS—Something a little different in pattern and cut. Custom makers would charge you double our prices. Our own importations, at \$2.50. MONARCH AND STAR SHIRTS—Special holiday shipment, including everything that's new in pleated or plain negligee as well as semi-stiff pleats, priced \$1.00. MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS—Lines for Christmas that we will be glad to have you examine in a most critical manner. Manufacturers have co-operated with us by giving us limited quantities of superior goods to sell at special prices. Silks in white, fancy or initial forms, Linses, French Lawns and Cambries—white, fancy and initialed, in endless assortment. Special Handkerchiefs in linen, finished cambrics with handsome initials at 25c up. PURE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS—New and novel, a white pure Silk Handkerchief with border in contrasting color and hand embroidered colored silk initial to match the border. Something elegant for 50c to \$1.00. CHRISTMAS GLOVES—Quality first, and then low prices. That's why men come here for their own gloves. That's why women are safe in selecting Christmas Gloves for men here. Gloves for every occasion—evening dress gloves, gauntlet gloves for automobiling, etc. Every renowned maker is represented, Dent's, Fowne's, Perrin's. Fur Gloves as high as \$4.00. Cap-skin, Mocha and Pique, as low as \$1.00 and up to \$2.50. FOWNE'S GLOVES—Known to everybody as the best English Gloves made at a popular price. Why not get a pair in tan or grey, with short or long fingers, at \$1.50. Boys' Pyjamas and Men's Dressing Gowns and Smoking Jackets, Night Shirts, in fact everything you ask for.

Winter Suits and Overcoats

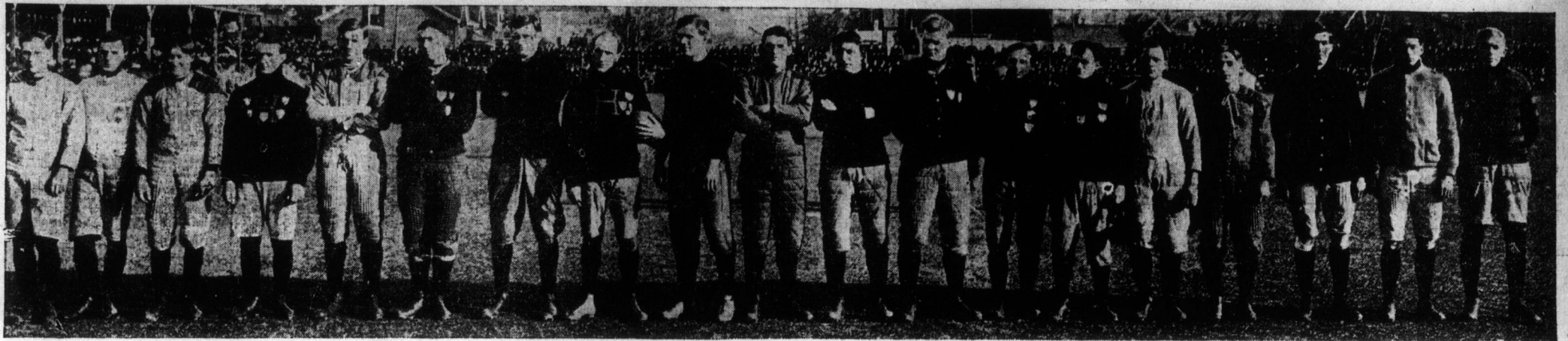
A lively programme in our Men's Department, with new lines of men's clothing marked \$9.95 and \$14.95, holding the centre of the stage. We want you to bring with you when you come \$15, \$20 or \$22 when you come to buy—for the money you have left after paying for the Suit or Overgarment you pick out will represent your saving. You can count it over and say: "This is what it means to buy at The 2 T's."

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MEN'S OVERCOATS. Fancy and conservative at these attractive prices. Table after table of them and not one in the pile that doesn't measure up to \$15.00, \$20 and \$22 price-mark. THE CLOTHS—Rough woven Cheviots, Soft Worsteds, Tweeds, Worsted and Cheviot mixtures, Velour, Kerseys, Cashmeres, Thibets, etc. THE COLORS—Grey in solid shades, two tones and variegated color mixtures, Oxfords, dark mixtures and black. WEAVES—Broad diagonals, wide wales, diamond, new herringbone and novelty weaves. STYLES—Chesterfields, oversacks, full length and the new auto collar coat. FINISH—Shapely shoulders, snug-fitting collars, smooth-lying lapels, full box backs, semi-fitted backs, all woollens, thoroughly shrunken, standard canvas and inter-linings and linings fine in quality and durable in texture. At \$9.95 and \$14.95 that are as sure \$15 and \$20 values as a bank note bearing the Dominion Government seal, and some others worth \$22. SUITS—In rough cheviots, smooth cheviots, worsted and cheviot mixtures, tweeds, worsteds, velours, cashmeres and serges, all at \$9.95 and \$14.95. SUITS—In grey stripings, cross bar effects, tone shades, wide wales, diagonal weaves and various interminglings that are both pleasing and distinctive, all at \$9.95 and \$14.95. All these hand-tailored garments in styles that stamp the wearer as an up-to-date dresser, the type of clothing that is retiring the tapeline from the tailoring business, ready for immediate service, with a whole winter ahead in which to wear them, at \$9.95 and \$14.95.

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THE JUNGLE KINGS



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—MARRIOTT, LYON, KID SMITH, MOORE, BRAMER, WIGLE, BARRON, SIMPSON, ISBISTER, BETHUNE, CRAIG, GRAY, LOFTUS, AWREY, PFEIFFER, BURTON, HARVEY, GEO. SMITH, TURNER.

FEW CITIES HAVE MORE reason to be proud of its athletes than Hamilton, and yet it can not be said that the year just closing has been the most successful enjoyed by local sportsmen. In football, a line of endeavor in which Hamilton has led for some seasons back, neither senior, intermediate or junior championships have been brought to this city, and that possibly, has been the hardest blow of all. The citizens of this city support no other sport as they do football, and the Jungle Kings may rightly be called Hamilton's pet athletes. While Ottawa won the championship of the Inter-Provincial League, unprejudiced experts all over Canada were of the opinion that the Tigers taking the season's form into consideration, were the best team in the "Big Four." The exhibition game in New York last Saturday, in which the Jungle Kings defeated the Rough Riders by a score of 11 to 6, proves that this opinion was not far from the truth. The Tigers and Rough Riders are the two famous Rugby Clubs of the Canadian gridiron, and for years their teams have been considered the big fourteen of the country. This year they fought for the second time in succession, for the Inter-Provincial championship, the privilege of meeting Varsity for the Canadian honors and the Grey Cup. Had the Jungle Kings won this year and landed the Grey Cup for the first year it was competed for it would have been a fitting climax to their reputation as the greatest and

The above is a record to be proud of and Hamilton can boast one of the best junior teams in the country. The Alerts lost only one game during the season, the final, and Walter Howell, the energetic manager and backer, is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his efforts, and the high state of efficiency to which his team has been brought. Rugby experts who saw them play this year were delighted with the punting, tackling and bucking ability shown, and the majority of them called the Alerts to win the junior Dominion championship.

ROWING CAME TO THE FRONT during the past summer, and the Hamilton Rowing Club had the most successful season since its inauguration. At the Royal Canadian Henley, the National regatta at Detroit and other regattas the club scored notable triumphs. The 1909 Henley created an epoch in the history of the Hamilton Rowing Club, and in years to come the older members of the club will be able to turn back the hands of time and tell with pride how the H. R. C. crew of 1909 broke two records at the Royal Canadian Henley, the only records lowered at the regatta. In the junior four-oared race the Hamilton crew covered the course with the turn in nine minutes and nine seconds, lowering the record by ten seconds, and in the working boat fours Hamilton crews finished first and second, both within the record, and the first one breaking it by several seconds.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the Hamilton Rowing Club this season was the capturing of the intermediate championship at the National regatta at Detroit with the crew composed of Pilgrim, Skelley, Sloan and Mahoney. They completely outclassed their American opponents, and finished the race with a lead of several lengths. There can be no doubt that the success which attended the efforts of the H. R. C. this season will lend the proper impetus to the club, and make it what it really should be, one of the largest and most popular clubs in Hamilton. Rowing is one of the grandest sports in the world, and no more exciting race can be seen than a contest between three well trained and stalwart crews, exerting themselves to the utmost, and skimming over the water at a pace that leaves fast gasoline launches and steam tugs hopelessly in the rear.

The Ottawa, Argonaut, Don, Detroit and other rowing clubs who competed at the Henley this year all had professional coaches, men who have lived and spent in racing and training for racing. These men are, with their crews, every night for months before a race explaining every secret in the art of rowing, and not only that, but arranging them generally, like a guardian angel. Hamilton, without any of these advantages, entered the contests and came off as well as any who competed there.

The success that attended the H. R. C. augurs well for some fine sport next season, and the officers of the club have hopes of having suitable club quarters by the time the bay is out of the grasp of Jack Frost.

RUGBY, FOOT RACING AND HORSE RACING are the three outdoor sports that thrive best in this city. The thoroughbreds have many ardent followers and supporters in Hamilton, and the Hamilton Jockey Club's meetings last year and fall were record breakers in the point of attendance and the quality of the racing. A good class of men is at the head of the organization, and "the sport of kings" is kept cleaner here than in many centres—it is almost on a par with the sport provided by the premier racing organization, the Ontario Jockey Club.

THE YEAR OF 1909 HAS BEEN one of the most successful in the history of the Hamilton Riding and Cross-Country Club. The hunting season has been unusually long, the last run being held no later than Dec. 4. It is seldom that the ground is free of frost as late date, but not only has the going been good, but Old Sol has smiled from a clear sky on the riders on their weekly steepchases. More beautiful courses than those laid out by Huntsman Yeo could not be desired, and this season's riders have been pleasurable events, every one. Fortunately, no accident worth mentioning has occurred, and very few points were thrown. The annual point to point races were as successful as any

ever held in the past, and several new riders were brought out, one of whom, Glover Applegate, won the novice race. Several new members have been taken into the club during the past year, and financially and otherwise it is in a most prosperous and satisfactory condition.

Cross country riding, one of the best of sports, is gaining in popularity in this city, as evidenced by the increasing number of riders who took advantage of the opportunity to take in the runs as the season advanced, and, no doubt, next year will see many more learn to sit over the jumps.

WITH THE CLOSE OF THE FOOTBALL season of 1909 the time has come to pick an all-star team, to be composed of the best players in the Inter-Provincial and Inter-Collegiate Leagues. These selections are made of players who have done the best and most consistent work this season.

In making these choices the playing of every man who has shown exceptional football ability has been considered, and the players are placed in positions where their ability can be utilized to the limits. Naturally some will be dissatisfied with the selections, but the intention is to be as impartial as possible.

A team of this kind must be composed of players proficient in every department of the game. There must be players who have shown exceptional ability in making passes, short or long, and with a great degree of accuracy and speed. There also must be men who can hit the line, run the ends, and take part in combination passing plays. The wing men must be active and fast, possessing the ability to get down the field under punts, and who are able to tackle with the deadly effect of the outside men. A quarter must be selected who is sure in his passing, making every attempt safe, no matter whether the pass be long or short.

Consideration in this selection is the submerging of the individual ability into team play. Any player who has shown exceptional form during the year and who has not worked for the best interests of the team and followed the direction of the captain is not considered.



DR. W. G. THOMPSON, President of the Tiger Football Club.

Team play is one of the most important points of the game, and it is firmly believed that the players who have been picked for this team would sacrifice their individual ability for the good of the team.

In picking this fourteen the playing of every man in every game, important or unimportant, has been watched closely and conclusions drawn accordingly. No player has been picked because of exceptional form in one game, but the selections have been made for consistent

and is a good dodger and tackler. While Tommy Stinson is a sensational player, he is not sure with his hands, and consequently cannot be given the place. This is Smith's first year in senior company, and with a little more experience he should develop into one of the best full backs the game has ever produced.

The fight for the centre position is between Ben Simpson, of the Tigers, and Jack Williams, of the Rough Riders. Both are exceptionally good men, but Simpson gets the call, as Williams lacks his brilliancy when the score is a few points against him, and lacks a good tackle. The Tiger captain is recognized as the best punter in Canada, and his ability to kick close to the scrimmage has won his praise in both this country and the United States. Ben always places his kicks to best advantage, and can boot equally well with either foot.

The selection for left half is between Art Moore, Tigers, and Smirke Lawson, Toronto Varsity. Both are famous for long runs through broken fields, and both are considered stars on their respective teams. There is little to choose between the men, but as Lawson is much heavier, and therefore very valuable to his team as a line plunger, he is given the preference. Galt, of Varsity, is chosen to hold down the right half position.

Foulds, Varsity, and Awrey, Tigers, come up for discussion for the quarter-back position. Both have about everything that good quarters need. Awrey handles the ball well, gives his signals quickly and clearly, and is a good line plunger and tackler. Foulds has these virtues to about the same extent, but is a little more expert in making long passes, and so is selected.

Don Lyon is picked for left outside wing of this fourteen. Don's qualities as an end man are too well known for lengthy comment. Although he did not play during the early portion of the year on account of the accident to his wrist,

the field wonderfully fast and is a deadly tackler.

In the scrimmage, Bramer, Tigers; Kennedy, Ottawa, and Ritchie, Varsity, are favorites. These three have been playing consistent ball all season, and from here look to be the best.

For the other four wing men no better selection could be made than to take what is popularly called "the big four" of the Tigers, Wigle, Isbister, Barron and Gray. All weigh over two hundred pounds, and are fast and aggressive. Wigle is conceded to be the best line plunger in Canada, and Bob Isbister is the best tackling wing man in the country. Barron is a great blocker, and has lots of heart to play a losing game. Jack Gray is one of the strongest men who played football in Canada this year, and is a good line plunger.

Such a team would be strong in every department of the game. With Simpson and Smith to punt and kick goals from the field, Lawson and Moore for combination passing plays behind the line, Wigle, Gray and Isbister to advance the ball on bucks through the line, and Lyon and Stronach to nail the opposing backs in their tracks after received punts, it is hard to figure a stronger honorary fourteen.

"**SHOULD CANADA SEND A TEAM** to the Olympic games in 1912?" Although it is looking a little way ahead, there seems to be little doubt that Canada ought to be represented by a first class team at the next Olympiad. And this can very easily be brought about if the matter is taken in hand and properly considered at an early date by the athletic governing body in the Dominion.

The formation of a common union of the athletic bodies of Canada will facilitate the work of arranging for a team that shall be representative of Canada's athletic strength from coast to coast.

The Canadian team that represented us at the games in 1908 did admirably in every respect. Although the Canadian competitors did not make the showing that had been anticipated, it must be remembered that the conditions were mostly new to them and that the competitions brought out the world's best athletes. All our men showed good class and put up a splendid fight in everything they entered.

The games unearthed a splendid Canadian sprinter in Robert Kerr, of this city, who has since become famous throughout the sporting world. Kerr's running, together with his personal popularity, due to his conduct on and off the track, did much to create in the old country a feeling of deeper interest in Canadian sporting matters.

The committee in charge of the 1908 Olympiad felt that, as many promising Canadian athletes as possible should be sent in order that Canada might be able to build up from them a team for future Olympiads.

Were a Canadian team not sent over to the 1912 meeting, much of the experience gained in 1908 would be lost. The object in sending such a representative team, however, can be achieved and a company of athletes well fitted to be representatives of the Dominion can be sent to the coming meet in 1912.

One plan that our athletes would do well to adopt all over the country is that of specializing in one or two events. Our American competitors have always made a great point of this. If we are to win a majority of our entries next time, our young athletes must start at once, finding their events and devoting their energies to attaining the highest possible standard of excellence. Many of our best athletes are ruined by an attempt to be a first-class all-round man, and this in ninety cases out of a hundred results in their dropping to mediocrity in a number of events. How much better to be able to match yourself with the world's best men in one or possibly two events.

Again, the athletes must be made to realize that everything will be done to aid them to prepare themselves for 1912. In track athletics, as in rugby and other matches, it is good for the men to receive both moral and financial support. Interest might be kept awake by the holding of track meets in the spring and summer at the various large centres, with the final in a prominent city early in the fall.

Let us look even beyond the year 1912 and work for the time when Canada can, in her turn have the great Olympiad held in one of her great cities. We have splendid material in this country, magnificent types of young men, who if trained carefully, during the next three years, could hold their own in track events with any they might be called upon to meet. The Canadian Olympic team of 1908, while they did not win a great many events, showed the world that they were made of the right stuff, exhibiting throughout the whole series of games a splendid sportsmanship that won them many friends.

Agreeing with the expressed opinions of many experts throughout the country, the writer believes that the Canadian Olympic team of 1912 should not be so large as that of 1908. Not that it was a mistake to send so large a team before many of our best athletes in the next few years will be developed from the very men who went through the last games at London. Undoubtedly, the committee deemed it wise to give our best young athletes a chance to compete against the world's best to thereby gain very valuable experience which we all trust shall stand them in good stead in 1912.

The writer was very pleased indeed to hear of the joining of the two bodies that control Canadian athletics, the C. A. A. U. and Federation.

This union in itself will tend to develop a higher class of athlete in the country. From now on special meets should be arranged, say four times a year, at four Canadian centres, where, working with this object always in view, a final team could be selected, which would do credit and bring glory to our Dominion at 1912 Olympiad.

E. L. C. Pereira, Honorary Secretary of the Canadian Olympic Team.

Probovis of the Blowfly.
The hairs on the probovis of the blowfly can be conveniently observed with moderately high-power lenses, and have long been in use as test objects by microscopists. In a recent microscopical publication Mr. Nelson describes these interesting objects. There are, it appears, two different kinds of hairs on the probovis of this fly. One set consists of minute curved and spinous hairs, which protect the very delicate upper surface of the sucker while the insect is feeding. Another set of hairs, soft and pliable, is found on the rostrum and other larger hairs are to be seen both on the rostrum and maxillary palps. Round the edge of the sutural disc, again, are a set of tubular hairs with sides flattened. To detect and distinguish these four kinds of hairs should form an interesting study for microscopists. The probovis of the blowfly, it may be noted, is an erectile organ. When in repose it is folded and flattened, but when about to be used it is stiffened by the injection of air into its cavities. The tubular hairs round the sutural disc are erected by the same supply of air, and thus serve to protect the organ.

Up-State Horse Trading.
A correspondent of the Journal who attended the horse traders' convention at Monterey on Saturday says it was a great event. The supply of trading stock was large and in good condition. Each trader was at his best. Horses changed hands often—some of them at frequent intervals. The star feature of the day was the frequency with which a certain horse described as a "quiet animal," warranted not to kick, and which was located "in the pasture" on a certain farm was swapped off. Sometimes the "horse in the pasture" brought its swapper "good boot"; then perhaps the new owner soon "caught on" and was glad to give a few dollars to induce some friend to become the owner of the animal. After the convention adjourned the man to whom the "horse in the pasture" fell in the final deal of the day went to the pasture on his way home and found that his new possession had been dead for several days.—From the Corning Journal.

Many who want to clean up the world are more anxious to hang out their neighbor's wash than to do their own.—Henry F. Cope.



JAMES THOMPSON, President of the Hamilton Riding and Cross Country Club.

most popular club in Canada. Unfortunately, the Tigers put rather a crippled team on the field, and they were defeated by a score of 13 to 8. Hamilton-Ottawa rivalry on the gridiron dates back since 1896, and has been growing stronger each year. In the past three years the teams have met nine times, and the Tigers have been victorious in five games, each team winning three home games and one on neutral grounds and the local boys winning the rubber in New York last Saturday.

From a financial standpoint the season just past has been as successful as last year, when the Jungle Terror won the Dominion championship. However, this is small satisfaction in view of the fact that they were beaten by an inferior team.

Looking into the future there are football fans who take it upon themselves to say that next year's team will be one of the best that has ever represented Hamilton. It is true that the men brought out this year, and those who have played senior for the first time, have made enviable names for themselves, and aided by a year's experience they should prove sensations next season. No one denies that George Smith is the most promising youth brought to light this year, and already he has gained the reputation of being the surest and fastest fullback playing on the Canadian gridiron. Norman Bramer, the athletic policeman, has proved another of the season's finds, and as a scrimmager has few peers. He plays the game in deadly earnest, and is wonderfully fast for a big man. His forte is gathering in loose balls. For the first time "Punk" Thompson took part in a senior game at New York. He made good without any trouble, and for speed and tackling ability, he is second only to Don Lyon.

ALERTS, JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



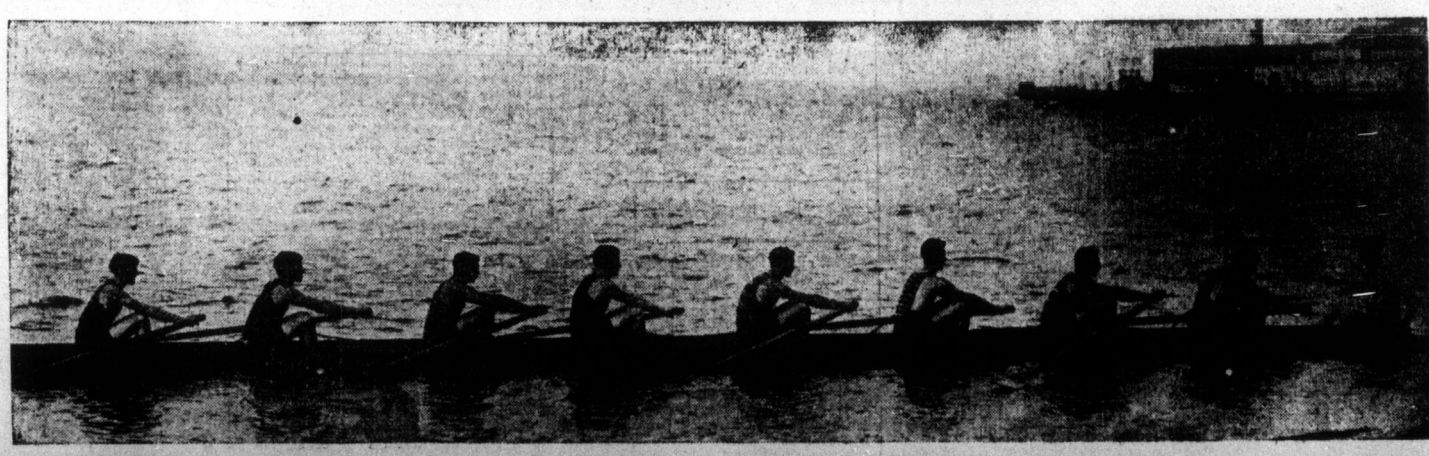
Reading from left to right, bottom row—Moodie, McCarthy, Havers, Laing, Muirhead, Snyder, Somerville. Second row—Cherrier, Carr, Walter Howell, manager; Spence, Graham, Ireland, captain; Sheridan, trainer. Top row—G. Fickley, Bleakley, Tyce and C. Fickley.

A kicker must be chosen who has the faculty of getting his kicks away when hard pressed and place them in such a way that the defensive backs will have trouble in getting to them at the same time kicking them to a point in the field where his teammates will have a chance of "getting" the opposing backs. He must be able to size up the situation and make his kicks long or short, according to the defence. He must be able to kick high and far, or short and low and unless he can do all these things he cannot be considered for this team.

Another point to be taken into consideration in all the contests. In some instances it has been found difficult to discriminate between players, and in these cases Hamilton men have been favored. George Smith, of the Tigers, is by far the best full back in this section, and Tommy Stinson, of Montreal, is the only man in Canada who could give him a run for the position. The local man gets the call on account of his superior ball handling abilities. In all the games that he has taken part in this year Smith has easily outplayed his opponents and has been a tower of strength on the defensive. He has the speed, punts well,

his work during the later part of the season and in previous years was enough to convince anyone with knowledge of the game that he could not be left out of a selection of this kind. Lyon is considered the best tackler in Canada, and is about the speediest end in the country.

HAMILTON ROWING CLUB EIGHT



C. ATHAWES W. CLARK G. SINCLAIR E. HOGG C. PILGRIM E. SKELLEY GEO. SLOAN JACK MAHONEY D. CAMERON

Total.....136	Total.....20
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CHRISTMAS MORNING!

How many of the gifts of last Christmas morning are in evidence now—or of the year before? How many of the gifts of this Christmas morning will be in evidence when another year is gone?
Of all good gifts at this good time—the gift of lasting value is a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

SELF-PLAYING PIANO

Picture the delight of Christmas morning over this great gift—a delight which will grow greater day by day.

Can any gift be more sensible than this—the greatest of all piano players? Can any gift possibly give better returns out of the amount invested for years to come?

Never will you realize what this instrument really is until you have sat before it, your favorite melody pouring from the strings.

Do this now—in our salesrooms—till you feel the charm and power of it all. Then repeat it—on Christmas morning in your own home.

The expense is much less than you probably expect. Let us discuss it with you. Let us send you our fine book on the subject AT ONCE.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

HAMILTON SALESROOMS: 127 KING STREET EAST
F. LUNN, MANAGER OPPOSITE TERMINAL STATION

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA



The fact that the Egar Choir is likely to disband at the end of this season has impelled its members and committee to devote all their energies in an effort to make it the banner season of the organization. No effort or expense has been spared in maturing what is to prove the greatest musical festival ever offered the citizens of this city. In Hamilton's musical history it will stand as the high-water mark of accomplishment by a choir, which has gained general recognition as second only to the Mendelssohn Choir. In no Canadian city, other than Toronto, has anything been attempted as pretentious in size and merit.

Two of the first orchestras on the continent have been engaged to assist in the event. Buffalo has long been famous for its instrumentalists, while the sudden rise to eminence of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under its gifted leader, Frank Welsman, has been a much discussed topic in the development of musical Canada. The appearance of two rival orchestras on the same platform will likely find each doing its best.

Musical lovers in this city will be delighted to know that George Fox, who is so well and favorably known here, has been engaged for the choir concert at Central Methodist Church on Thursday, Jan. 13. This will be Mr. Fox's first appearance in this city for over a year.

Associated with him on the programme will be Miss Irene Bastedo, the well-known reader, Mrs. J. Paskin Macdonald, Miss Bertha Carey, Mr. Charles Williams, and Mr. R. W. Crooks. The choir will render several pleasing numbers.

The New York Clipper has in preparation a series of articles on "Notable Players of the Past and Present," beginning with Edwin Forrest and continuing down to the present time. These articles will give the professional career of all the notable stars in the profession, mentioning the important plays in which they have appeared, etc., and when completed will make a record which will be valuable and interesting to all persons interested in theatricals, both in and

out of the profession. The first installment will appear on Jan. 1.

Jesse L. Lasky, manager of numerous vaudeville successes, was married on Tuesday, Dec. 7, to Bessie Ida Ginsberg, a non-professional of Roxbury, Mass. The ceremony was performed at the Tuilleries Hotel, Boston, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Lasky went to Atlantic City, where they will spend a short honeymoon before going to New York to live.

When Harry Lauder appeared last season in Toronto at Massey Hall he made a new high mark for concert receipts even in the great auditorium where Caruso, Paderewski, Melba, the Sherefield and Mendelssohn Choirs have drawn many thousands of dollars. His only appearance in Ontario will be one entire week beginning Dec. 20, with six matinee and six evening performances at Massey Hall. Mr. Lauder has added many new songs to his already extensive repertoire, the most popular of which is perhaps "Bounding Over the Bounding Main," describing his voyage to the South Pole with Lieut. Shackleton. The "Bobbie Burns" of singers will be assisted by an admirable vaudeville concert company.

Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 21, the cheap Christmas rates will be in force, and will enable residents of this city to go to Toronto for Harry Lauder and any necessary shopping. Seats can be secured by writing the Manager, Massey Hall.

The attraction announced for production at the Grand on Monday evening, Dec. 27, is the latest English musical comedy success, "King of Cadonia," a play which enjoyed a run of two years at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. Marguerite Clark is at the head of the big company, presenting this latest of musical comedies. This production will also serve to bring to notice one of the most brilliant composers in Sydney Jones who wrote the music of "King of Cadonia," as it will be remembered that it was his delightful music that made "The Geisha," "San Toy," "An Artist's Model," "The Gaiety Girl" and "A Greek Slave," the great successes that were both in this country and abroad. Every report has it that the score he has written for "King of Cadonia" is in every way worthy, and on a direct par with his earlier efforts.

The story of "King of Cadonia" takes place in a mythical kingdom where its monarch is king over an unruly populace. A great deal of the fun comes from the fact that while the king in fear of assassination remains confined in his palace, the Duke of Alasia the heir presumptive, lives in daily fear that he may be called to the throne.

One of the best companies engaged in the presentation of musical comedy have been assembled for this play, it is said, as in addition to Marguerite Clark, the supporting cast reveals the names of many well known players in William Norris, Clark Palmer, William Danforth, Robert Dempster, Zella Sears, Melville Stewart and others. A large beauty chorus composed of sixty attractive young women is one of the features of this production.

There is said to be a strong moral in Bertha Galland's new play, "The Return of Eve," yet the story is not a preachy one, but the development of a problem. The moral is that those who are pure and wholesome in mind will withstand the shame and temptations of the world and retain their sincerity even though the world proves unkind. Lee Wilson Dodd, who wrote the play, took for his theme the idea of two children, raised without worldly knowledge on a vast Virginia estate, where they knew no one save a gentle old tutor. Being rich, it has been provided that they are to

very strongly to playgoers of all ages. It is a sincere and effective play that maintains throughout a high level of merit and popularity. Mr. Pape has accomplished a most worthy object—he has made "The Prince Chap" wonderfully human, deftly relieving the more serious situations with delightful and welcome comedy. As the play requires the finest artists for its portrayal, not being a piece merely for one clever star with inappreciate associates, Mr. Cook has carefully and thoughtfully chosen each member of his organization for special fitness and ability and the resulting cast is indeed one of remarkable uniformity and exceptional strength. A play more beautiful than "The Prince Chap," it is said, has never been written. It has strong and gripping dramatic moments—is teeming with heart interest, abounds in comedy, and throughout is sweetly tender and human. To-day it stands as a masterpiece, one that will live on for years in popularity and drawing power. In the excellent cast are Elvia Bates, Helen and Beryl Pullman, Bert Walter, Allan Dinehart, Mabel Acker, Evelyn Ferguson, Charles W. Johnson, Robert Garrick and George Thompson.

This cosy little theatre continues to do a land office business, but this fact is easily accounted for when you consider the show they are presenting for the small admission charged. The management, always aiming to give patrons their money's worth, have continually enlarged the programme until now they give two feature vaudeville acts, two illustrated songs and 3,500 feet of the latest moving picture series, none of which has ever been shown in this city before.



MARGUERITE CLARK, In "King of Cadonia," Coming to the Grand.

enter New York society when of age. From woodland simplicity to worldly sham and pretence is a long step and soon Adam tires of it. Eve, however, is at first entranced and believes in the pretensions of those who really seek her for selfish motives. In a flash she is shown that her wealth is the incentive which leads those around her to deceive and mislead her. Returning to her forest home, she finds Adam again, and the zeal happiness that she missed in the world of society. Miss Galland's role in this play runs all the way from brilliant comedy to serious dramatic work. The play is strong in heart interest, and its comedy is said to be delightful. Bertha Galland will present "The Return of Eve" for the first time in this city after her long run on Broadway. The engagement at the Grand will be Christmas, matinee and night, seats for which go on sale next Tuesday.

There is something in Edward Pape's delightful play, "The Prince Chap," which will be seen at the Grand Friday evening, December 31st, and New Year's matinee and night, that gets close to the heart. The picture it draws of child life in dingy studio surroundings appeals

The fact that the Red Mill has been enlarged twice since its opening is sufficient proof that its attractiveness is recognized and appreciated by the citizens of Hamilton. The vaudeville attractions booked for Christmas week are the best that money can secure and include Ed Vinton and his dog, Zeno and Zoo, contortionists; Archie Clark, novelty musician; and Melvin's Midget animal circus, which, along with new songs and new pictures, will make one of the strongest shows of the season.



Lola Merrill and Frau Otto, in thpretty little play "After the Shower," at Bennett's next week.

At the Grand

All readers of Geo. Barr McCutcheon's "Granstark," should see it in dramatized form at the Grand this afternoon and evening. The production is said to be a magnificent one and the company like "The Prisoner of Zenda," a delightful romance.

"The Time, the Place and the Girl," the delightful musical comedy seen here the season before last is to be offered at the Grand on Monday night. The jingles of its tuneful melodies are said to be just as fresh as ever, the pretty dances and dashing choruses are as breezy to-day as when they were seen here before. One reason why H. H. Frazer's musical comedy is said to be such

At the Red Mill

This cosy little theatre continues to do a land office business, but this fact is easily accounted for when you consider the show they are presenting for the small admission charged. The management, always aiming to give patrons their money's worth, have continually enlarged the programme until now they give two feature vaudeville acts, two illustrated songs and 3,500 feet of the latest moving picture series, none of which has ever been shown in this city before.

An Ideal Christmas Present

IS SOMETHING IN MUSIC

A Few Suggestions
Violin, Bow and Case, \$7.00.
Mandolin and Case, \$9.50.
Guitar and Case, \$12.00.
Banjo and Case, \$15.00.
Music Stands, 75c, \$1.25, \$2.25, \$3.50.
Music Rolls and Satchels, \$1.25 to \$7.00.

THE GIFT OF GIFTS

WOULD BE A

MASON & RISCH



Easy terms of payment.
Inspection invited. Open evenings.

E. J. WILSON

117 KING STREET EAST

which give one the impression that their jaws are made of iron.

Munro and Mack, black-face comedians, and the moving pictures will complete the show.

At the Savoy

At the Savoy next week entertainment in keeping with the holiday season will be presented for the holiday crowds. A number of Christmas subjects have been secured and in addition to the four thousand feet of film shown at each performance pleasing vaudeville specialties and attractive illustrated songs will contribute to the enjoyment. The superb acting, stage management, mounting and photography of the Pathe pictures, which have been attracting so much attention at the Savoy. A number of the Pathe films will be featured on the three bills to be presented next week. The programme at the popular Merrick street house as a rule generally contains a film of educational value. This is a feature that the moving picture men at present are paying particular attention to, and as fully eighty per cent of our knowledge is due to the sensations and perceptions produced by our means, it can easily be seen how the introduction of moving pictures has greatly increased the possibilities of the enlargement of the sum of knowledge gained by the visual sense. The second of the series of notable Biblical pictures, "The Life of Moses," produced under the direction of Rev. Madison C. Peters, the eminent New York divine, will be seen here shortly. The first film, which was shown here recently, attracted a great deal of interest, and was generally conceded to be one of the finest films submitted yet for the approval of Hamilton patrons.

IN NEW WAREHOUSE.

Mr. Harris Siderski, dealer in paper, stock, rags, metal, rubbers, etc., 21 Walnut street north is now in his new and commodious building, the construction of which was necessary to cope with a constantly increasing business. Mr. Siderski has been in Hamilton many years, and by honorable dealing has a reputation worth any man's striving for. He began in a small way, and is well known in the province. His new warehouse will give plenty of space for all purposes. His announcement appears in this issue.

During these days of commercial and industrial advancement of our city life, our old established and reliable firms are often lost sight of. But though they are not in the limelight, they carry on their work in a quiet way, and are none the less keeping step with the times, and also have the welfare at heart of the community whom they serve. Such is that long established fruit firm of Dixon Brothers, who have been in business for the past 37 years, having begun on John street south in the Sanford block, and advanced with the growth of the city and country until to-day they are one of the largest and best known firms in their business. They have the reputation of being one of the most reliable and largest apple packers and shippers in Ontario, and when they put their brand upon any barrels it can be relied upon as being fully up to grade and properly packed; and not only is this so on this side of the Atlantic, but in Great Britain and Germany, where they are equally as well known for their reliable packing. They believe in handling the best goods that it is possible to obtain at all times, especially in the fresh fruit business. It is only the finest that proves satisfactory and profitable. They believe also in placing a fair margin upon their goods and standing by it, so that all may be treated alike. Owing to the great difference in the quality of green fruits, being packed always in three grades, the dealers do not give their buying the care and attention they should by visiting their place of business to compare and inspect for themselves, but rely upon the traveller, thinking that there is only one grade, and any difference in price is only a matter of margin of profit.

The firm that has stood the battle and breeze for the past 37 years should be the firm to enjoy the greatest confidence.

"I don't like Jagsby and his wife. They are always running other people down," "Not Jagsby. She I know, is a great gossip, but he seldom talks." "He owns an auto, though." Baltimore American.



BERTHA GALLAND, In "The Return of Eve," at the Grand on Christmas Day.



Scene from "The Time, the Place and the Girl," at the Grand Monday evening.