

CANADA.

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Meddelande.

Alldenstund "Canada" blifvit ett offer för den kringliga fraktraffen, hvilket omtentigtjort vår plan om tidningens utgiftning samt försenadt den under de senaste tre veckorna, samt allidenstund det med våra nuvarande arbetskräfter är oss omöjligt att få ut tidningen annor lunda, hafva vi i detta nummer infört engelsk sättning, på det att "Canada" änyo måtte kunna presentera sig i skapligt skick.

UTGIFVAREN.

Prenumerations skulder

Å "Canada" torde inbetalas med det störaste. Vi hafva mottagit många "rek" de senaste veckorna med prenumeration i förskott för 1903, för hvilket vi äro tackssamma. Vi hafva med dagens post utsandt räkningar till alla dem, som hafva i skuld för längre tid än detta år och bo på de platser, där våra agenter ej kunna träffa dem. Skulle ni hafva inansigt sig, vilja vi genast räta det.

Vi anhållt att räkningen om möjligt betalas före nyåret enar vi då hafva stora betainingar att möta.

Högaktningfullt
UTGIFVAREN.

Venezuela bråket.

Hvarken till krigsförklaring eller fredlig uppgörelse har man änu kommit. Stormakterna blokerade kusten, sänka krigsfartyg, samt grusa en del sjöfästningar.

President Castro har förnekat makternas ersättningsanspråk, men naturligtvis ej vägat framkasta någon krigsförklaring. Befolkningen är upprörd, men några blodiga våldståg har ännu ej förekommit. Om president Castro afträdde från sitt embe hade vore det möjligt, att hanskjuta tvisten till skiljedom.

Onkel Sam, som hittills hållit sig lugn i stormen, har funnit sig föranlåten att säga ett ord i saken, och har hafva afåtit en protest till Tyskland för att blokaden hindrat "onkelns" handelsfartyg. Minister Hays not innehåller ett uttryck af missnöje med att den "fredliga" blokaden ens satts i gång.

Venezuela, liksom alla öfriga af de syd-amerikanska staterna, har till en stor del blifvit exploateradt af utländska bolag, hvilka bearbeta dess grufvor eller bygga järnvägar. När så revolution uppstår mot regeringen är polisskydd det ej tillräckligt att skydda egendomen, och så äro de utländska bolagen genast framme med, att genom sina lands ministrar utkräva ersättningsanspråk för under revolutionen hållna skador. Under sådana förhållanden måste man vara genomtyrd af spansk fåfanga för det är ju att komma ur askan i elden. På 70 år har landet ej haft mindre än 104 revolutioner. Italien har också afsandt krigsskepp till Venezuela för att bevaka sina intressen.

Canada-Nyheter.

Premiär ministrarna i Canadas provinser sammanträffa till konferens denna vecka i Quebec.

Efter kakan. Ej mindre än 32 ansökningar hade inkommit till en sekretärebefattningen i Calgary.

Vacker julpresent. Järnvägshogen har utsandt cirkular, att frakten på spennål skall höjas från alla punkter väster om Montreal.

Krogarna stängda önska nykterhetsvännerna i Ontario med anledning af den majoritet de erhöllo i senaste valet.

En hästjulf i Ottawa dömdes till fem års straffarbete, tre år för stöld af djuret och två år för det han bytit bort detsamma.

Ett indianband af Hiasko stammen säges vara ute på krigssträt i Yukon distriktet. En del våldsbråder hafva rapporterats, ehuru ej bestyrkta.

Ett skeppsvarf, som skall kosta en million dollars, skall af C. P. R. anläggas vid Windsor, Ont., hvarest bolaget skall bygga sina båtar.

Sörjd och saknad är en auktionist och hästskojare i Portage la Prairie, som härom dagen gjorde sig osynlig för att få fram en \$17,000 skulder i relief.

Ett emigrationssyndikat har bildats i London, England, hvilket har ha forskaffat sig två millioner acres af land i New Ontario med ändamål att införa dit brittiska settlare.

Manitoba hvetet uppköpes nu allmänt af mjölbolagen i Minneapolis. Washburn-Cross bolaget har i dagarna beställt en million bushel hvete af Northern Elevator Co'y. Hvetet skall förmalas i särskild kvarn.

För brutit äktenskapslöfte har pastor Geoghegan i Hamilton, Ont., blifvit ständ. Han råkade nämligen gifta sig härom dagen. Hvarför följa ej prästerna Pauli exempel, när det är så många kvintimmer efter dem?

En orsak till hvete blokaden. Minister Rodgers förklarade härom dagen i en intervju i Montreal att en af orsakerna till hvete blokaden var, att farmarna behöfva 48 timmar att lasta en vagn, under det elevatorerna göra det på 20 minuter. Harligt!

Millioner i silke. Härom dagen passerade två tåg, lastade med silke, på väg till New York. Lasten är värderad till 2 millioner dollars. C. P. R. har transporterat denna last ända från Japan.

Eldsprutande berg i Yukon. Vulkan Santford 300 milsydvest från Dawson City, fågelvägen. För tre veckor sedan bolmade rök och aska ur densamma. I såväl Alaska som i öfre Yukon finnas många slumrande vulkaner, hvilka allt emellanåt låta höra af sig.

Amerikanerne strömma in till Territorierna med en ifver, som skulle det vara fråga om att muta in guldländ. Härom dagen foro ej mindre än 70 stycken upp till Prince Albert för att se öfver land hvilket de ämna köpa. Hvar och en synes angelagen att att vara först.

När Mr Roblin i somras påstod, att någon trafikblockad ej skulle uppstå i år, var gubben Greenway fardigt att "betta" ett af sina fullblodsdyr mot en utsvulten katt, att nordvästern skulle få upplefva den svåraste blokad den någonsin haft. Gubbarne ha olika kännedom om sakerna.

De stora stälverken vi Soo vore uppstängda förliden vecka, emedan alla beställningar utförts, och 600 man blifvo arbetslösa. Emellertid fick bolaget en stor order på räls från dominionregeringen samt en Ontario bana, och detta kommer att hålla järnbruket i värksamhet för en lång tid.

I Brandon hafva provinzens Young Conservatives haft sitt årsmöte. Mr Roblin och Dr Roche M. P. från Minedosa höllo valde lga tal mot liber dernas usla styrelse. Mr Roblin förkunnade, att på grund af jordbrukets utveckling i Manitoba det vore regeringens beslut att anlagga en landbruksskola.

Mr Roche var i svnerhet missnöjd med regeringens immigrationspolitik, allidenstund i statistiken visar att 2,000 färre jrländare invandrat än under den förra regionen.

Dominion regeringen har slopat ej mindre än tre provinslagar, nämligen British Columbias "Coal Mines regulation" och en lag om invandring, samt Territorial församlingens "Act Respecting Foreign Companies". Dessa lagar hafva befunnits ej harmoniera med landets grundlag eller och ingripit på federal lagstiftningen.

12 millioner dollars förlust på börsmarknaden. Denna oerhörda förlust led härom dagen Lake Superior bolaget, hvilken äger två tusen kvadrat mil malm land i Canada, och hvares hufvudman den bekante industrigigaren Clergue är. Emellertid är bolaget så lidit ty deras stora anläggningar äro skuldfria, och en bankfirma har redan åttagit sig att ansvara för krediten.

Vrakspillror af den så pitäligt försvunne ängaren Bannockburn, har påträffats. Man håller före att ängaren brast itu och därför sjönk så hastigt. En annan ängare iakttag den förolyckade kort före olyckan troligen ägde rum. Kaptenen såg den i sin kikare men när han en stund, efter att hafva spanat på andra håll af sjön, tittade efter den igen stod den ej mer att upptäcka, men han fäste sig ej vid det, enar dimma rådde för tillfället.

Mul- och klöfsjukan, som nbrutit i New Englandstaterna, har föranledt äkerbruksminister Fishers att vidtaga energiska åtgärder för skyddande af den Canadiska boskapen. All boskap från Staterna examineras grundligt, och gränsen bevakas omsorgsfullt. Som följd häraf kan kreatursexporten till England pågå obehindradt. Man har försökt påstå, att sjukdomen kommit från Alberta, men detta har vederlagts af veterinärerna.

Alberta synes vara, som fräsen lyder, ett land med obegränsade tillgångar. Ej nog med dess bördiga jordmän och kolfalt, man har också upptäckt oljebrunnar, hvilka bearbetas med godt resultat. I township 1 i sydvästra hörnet af provinsen, har Rocky Mountain Developing Co. en oljebrunn, som under sept. gaf 300 tunnor olja om dagen. Bolaget har kapitaliserats med en half million dollars, och moderna värk för oljans pumpande i dagen och raffinering skola anläggas.

En inbrottsjulf som häktades i Moose Jaw för stöld af en päls, och nu aftjänar 12 månaders fängelse i Regina, misstänktes vara en

prof missdådare från Massachusetts. Nyårsdagen 1897 blef en farmare Newton i Brockfield jämte sin hustru och dotter brutalt mördade. Drängen, hvilken påstås vara den i Moose Jaw häktade, försvann och påträffades aldrig, men stött hela tiden efterlyst. Drängen hette Mueller och den nu häktade kallar sig Mulvey. Han har blifvit fotograferad och kortet sändts till polisen i Brockfield.

Tågolyckor. I fredags morse inträffade en svår järnvägsolycka vid Virden station, i det vestgönde expressen, som just stod i begrepp att afgå, blef påkörd af frakttåget no 547, hvilket körde in på stationen från väster. Båda eldarna på lokomotiven blifvo skadade samt posttjänstemannen. Lokomotiven blifvo illa tilltygda de.

Flere ursparningar med frakttåg hafva ägt rum. Vid Shoal Lake ursparade natten till söndags ett frakttåg, hvarvid lokomotivet rände in i Randalls spannmålsmagasin.

Reciprocitetsrörelsen i Förenta Staterna har en kraftig förspråkare i kongressman Lind. Den na rörelses anhängare hade nyligen konvent i Detroit, Mich., då framstående amerikanska och canadiska politici diskuterade saken. Mr Lind sade sig ej kunna se mera skal för Canadas afspärning med en tull mur än för Unionens stater. Canada skilljer sig ovsäntligt från Förenta Staterna, och gränslinien mellan de båda landen är mera konsigjord än någonting annat. Hade det ej varit för kortsyntheten hos New Englands statsman hade Canada och Förenta Staterna i kommersiellt afseende varit ett rike.

Förestår en splittring i det konservativa partiet? Ett rykte att det det konservativa partiet i Ottawa parlamentet beslutit uppsätta remedialbilen på sitt program, spökar. När Mr Borden partiets ledare, var i Winnipeg, aflade han besök hos den katolska ärkebiskopen i St. Boniface, och där påstas man ha gjort en öfverenskommelse, hvari partiet skall hjälpa katolikerna i Manitoba. Ärkebiskopen tillkännagaf helt nyligen sex skal, hvarför ej Manitoba skollag vore till katolikernas b-lätnhet. Högsta chefen för den antikatolska ordern orangemännan, Dr Sproule, är en af de förmästa stöttepinne inom det konservativa partiet, och han kommer naturligtvis att bryta sig lös, om något dylikt företages, och draga en hel del kamrater med sig. Men som det liberala partiets hufvudstyrka ligger Quebec, måste det stora anfallat koncentreras på denna punkt, så det är ej så otroligt, att det ligger en grund för ryktet.

C. P. R:s byggnadsplaner. M. Wm. Whyte, assistant till presidenten, samt Mr F. T. Griffin, bolagets land commissioner, hafva varit i Montreal och framlagt förslag till utvidgningsarbeten för C. P. R. i västra Canada. Bland annat skall laggas dubbel spår mellan Winnipeg och Fort William bibanor utsträckas genom de områden, där C. P. R. landet är beläget. Det viktigaste byggnadsföretaget torde blifva banan, som skall byggas från Prince Albert västerut till Wetaskiwin.

Denna bana har under sommaren utsökats, och kommer att gifva ett stort uppsving åt norra

Alberta. För Wetaskiwin kommer banan att blifva af stor betydelse. De många landsmän, som slagit sig ned i dessa trakter och brutit bygd, torde nu kunna se framtiden an med stora förhoppningar, när de se huru järnvägarne börja kampa med hvarandra om företaget i dessa trakter.

Hon Thos. Greenway, ledaren af provinzens liberala parti, gaf i tisdags afton ett föredrag å Young Men's Liberal Club, hvilket gaf ett ampelt vittnesbörd om den gamle parti ledarens vigör. Talet utgjorde en nedgörande kritik öfver Roblin regeringens misslyckade försök att lösa de problem, som uppstått i och med provinzens raska utveckling. Han dväljde hufvudsakligen på transportationsfrågan, och visade, att den 20 oktober hade hvete handlarne uppköpt all den hvete, som järnvägarne kunde utföra denna säsong, samt att de därefter bjödo farmarna priser enligt majkursen. Det hjälpte föga, att nya bibanor byggas, eller om Grand Trunk komme hit. Hvad som behöfdes vore utlopp till exporthamnarne, till Duluth eller Hudsons Bay samt C. P. R. dubbelspår till Fort William. Detta ansåg han vara lösningen af den nuvarande situationen. Mr Greenway har ett kvarsekel tillhört Manitobapolitiken, och därför är han en auktoritet i alla saker, som tillhöra provinsen. De uttalanden han gjort i mer än en sak har tiden gifvit rätt. Icke underligt därför att han blef varmt hyllad af sina partivänner.

NORDBOR I CANADA.

Scandinavia. Möten, fäster, ba ler och auktioner m. m. smått och godt ha de senaste dagarna aflöst hvareandra, och litet hvar har varit i rörelse nästan både natt och dag.

Snö, hvilken förra vintern var en mycket efterlångtad vara, synes i vinter blifva nästan lika långt aflägsen. Visserligen har litet af den varat kommit, men långt ifrån nog.

Den 13 dennes vore några vänner till Mr J. A. Sjögren samlade i hans hem för att uppvakta honom på hans födelsedag, men största öfverraskningen blef, när hans sväger Mr P. L. Wiader med familj inträdde, kommande direkt från Sverige.

Från Wetaskiwin meddelas. Stud. A. E. Erikson från Worthington, Minn., hvilken af Minn. konf. blifvit kallad till pastor P. Almgrens medhjelpare, har anländt och börjat verksamheten. Vi tillönska honom trefnad och Guds välsignelse i arbetet.

Utlandet.

Förenta Staterna. Senaten har fattat ett beslut om att anslå 4 millioner dollars för Union station i Washington.

Förenta Staterna fortfar att införa tackjärn och kol från England.

New Yorks stadsfullmäktige hafva anslagit J250,000 för inköp af kol till stadens fattige.

Tyskland. Krupp och hans arbetare, i stor skala hafva Friedrich Alfred Krupp och hans far sört för firmans tjänstemän och arbetare, skriver "Nene Freie Presse" vidare. Hos Krupp finnas omkring 4,000 bostäder för tjänstemän och arbetare, på från ett till sju och ända flera rum, hyran uppgår i medeltal till 40 å 50 mark pr rum. Det finnes vidare en konsumtionsförening för de Kruppska arbetarna, hvilka därigenom kunna erhålla af

la sina lfsmedel af bästa kvalitet. Först köptes dessa för partipensio, men nu för detaljpris, men dock så att den erhållna vinsten återbetas till arbetarna. En pensionskassa, till hvilken firmans årligen lösnar en half million mark, betalar ålderstigna arbetare pensioner, utgörande 40 till 70 p. ocent af deras årsförtjänst, ånkepensioner på 50 procent af männens pension, samt mindre pensioner å faderlösa barn. År 1897 utbetalades sålunda 800,000 mark. Från 1885 till 1897 växte antalet Kruppska pensionstagare från 240 till 1,920. Af de 3,700 Kruppska arbetarebeständarna bytte under åren 1887-1891 knappt tre procent årligen hyresgäster. Denna omständighet visar tydligt, att Kruppska firmans disponerar en betydlig stam fasta arbetare.

Hård vinter i Europa. Kallt på kontinenten är det fortfarande, och spädornarna om en hård vinter synes skola besannas, att döma af alla de underrättelser, som löpa från utlandet.

I Köbenhavn ha tärnor och mäsar redan tagit sin tillflykt Örstedsparkens bassäng, hvilket anses som tecken till att vintern skall bli synnerligt hård.

Från Tyskland meddelas angående vädret: På dammarna i Thiergartner i Berlin har man redan god skridskois. Floden Oder är tillfrusen öfver en stor del af sitt lopp, medan Spree och dess biflöder ännu hålla sig öppna. I Bremen ligger snö på Weser, och det sachsisk-böhmiska ångfartygsbolaget i Dresden har på grund af driftbildning inställt all trafik å Elben. I Breslau hvilat sedan i tisdags att fartygen måste anlata bogserångare. I Frankfurt am Main snöar det.

De senast anlända franska tidningarna innehålla en rad telegram från Saint Etienne, Lyon, Privat, Dijon och flere andra städer, i hvilka det framgår, att det är på alla dessa platser natten mellan måndag och tisdag samt sista natten på tisdagen har det varit mycket starkt, och landet har ett fullständigt vinterligt utseende. I London Sannier var det i tisdags 10 grader kallt, och snöfallet var så starkt, att bantågerna blifvo försenade. Telegram från Angers i mellersta Frankrike hvarje slags fartygstrafik, under Oder är fullständigt betäckt med is. Hamnen i Swinemunde har spräts med driftis, så meddelas, att flere personer frusit ihjäl och att snö ligger: 8 till 10 centimeter djup.

Älven i Ryssland är det utomordentligt kall, och sjöfarten på Volga har inställt. I Odessa är det tio grader kallt. I Triest falla också våldiga snömassor. Trafiken på gatorna är lifsfarlig och talrika olycksfall anmälas, medan förbindelsen med kringliggande orter är afbruten. I Böhmen har man på landsvägarna funnit flere personer ihjälfrusna.

I England var det på torsdagen vackert, kallt väder och termometern i London os tankar visade 5 å 6 grader Celsius.

I Schweiz rådde på tisdagen ett starkt snöfall, och snön ligger nu tre fot hög på fjällen. Turisterna roa sig med skridsko- och kulkåkning.

Öfver rivieran och norra Italien har det snöat starkt, och vägarne äro nästan ofarbara. Venedig presenterar sig i vinterdräkt, all trafik på kanalerna har stannat, och kölden är intensiv.

Brefvada. "Gröngöling" är välkommen att för redaktionen "egenhändigt visa framfötterna".

A. L. Något säkrare medel mot skallighet än purkanna vi icke.

Valkyrians Julnummer till salu å vårt kontor. Pris 100. Ett mycket nummer.

CHRISTMAS IN MODERN BETHLEHEM

By Evangeline Ben-Oliel

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ABOUT nineteen hundred and two years ago, in the reign of Caesar Augustus, the little town of Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem, was crowded with visitors at about this time of the year, all coming to be taxed in their native country. In a cave, below the principal inn or khan of the town, where the oxen were usually kept, a gentle Jewish maid bent lovingly over her Babe. A light from heaven illumined the rude manger where He peacefully lay and shed a brilliant radiance over the scene.

Several hundred years later the pious Empress Helena of Rome visited Palestine and discovered this grotto in Bethlehem, which had served as a humble shelter for the Christ Child. She was convinced that this was the very place which had been hallowed by the nativity, and thereupon wished to mark the spot for all time. She had a magnificent church built over the site, so that Christians from generation to generation might worship there. The remains of that beautiful building are still to be seen in the city of Bethlehem.

It is a strange fact that, though Bethlehem was pre-eminently a city belonging to the Jews in the days of David and of Ruth, not one Jew is to

be found among its inhabitants today, and the dwellers can in no way claim to be descended from that race, though some travelers think they see a resemblance in their appearance to the Jewish type. The town which saw the birth of Christ is inhabited almost entirely by Christians. They are a thrifty and industrious people and superior in every way to the other village dwellers round about Jerusalem.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns in Palestine. It has existed as a town for over four thousand years. The houses are built of white limestone and have flat roofs, on which the people spend their summer evenings enjoying the cool air from the mountains. The streets are narrow and irregular, and might better be called lanes, for there is but one real street in Bethlehem. This leads from the country road into the town and terminates in the large open square in front of the Church of the Nativity.

On Christmas eve this square is filled with people dressed in their gayest attire and adorned with all the finery in the way of necklaces, bracelets and coins they possess. Christians

appearance of the "star in the east," with this significant inscription encircling it:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Above the altar twelve lamps are hanging, to represent the twelve apostles. Three steps more lead down to another chapel over the alleged stall in which, according to Latin tradition, the wooden manger was discovered.

On Christmas eve the pilgrims crowd around the church awaiting the hour of opening in order to get good seats to witness the grand ceremony. Every man, woman and child who can possibly come is present. The nave being devoid of any seats, the people sit or kneel on the marble floor, making a curious mass of red fezes and white veils. In silent prayer they await the hour of the service. Meanwhile the strains of the Te Deum softly rise from the great organ.

Presently a procession of bishops and archbishops, attired in their most gorgeous robes, enters the church chanting. They are followed by priests and monks and small boys dressed in scarlet, who constitute the choir. The handsomest church decorations are kept for this yearly service.

The deep, well trained voices of the choir join in singing beautiful anthems, after which there is a great deal of chanting without much variation. Several times during the service the bishops, one after another, absent themselves to reappear in different attire, each of the robes being, if possible, more gorgeous than the last.

At midnight there is a sudden hush in the music and bells in the distance ring the midnight chime. Then, as by magic, a curtain is drawn aside and over the chancel gates a cradle appears to the wondering gaze of the worshippers and within the cradle an image of the babe. The Gloria in Excelsis is sung and the bells continue to peal merrily, announcing to all Bethlehem that it is Christmas day. The "bambino" or image of the babe is now lifted before the eyes of the worshippers, who prostrate themselves on the ground in adoration. The procession of bishops, priests and monks and the pilgrims descends toward the grotto of the manger chanting and waving incense all around it. The chapel being so small only the officiating priest descends into the grotto and the pilgrims gather about the narrow archway and stare with much pomp and circumstance at the manger. The chanting of the priests and the waving of the incense, lay the liturgical scene in the chapel of the

manger, where it remains during Christmas week for devout worshippers to visit. Such is the ceremony held by the Latins on Christmas eve. The Greek church in Palestine celebrates the festival of the nativity one

week later than the Latin church. For these various Christians who worship in the same church at times forget that He whom they all adore came to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men."

MANGER, CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.



THE GIRL AT THE WINDOW

A Christmas Story....

By Lulie Wells Smith

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THE train this Christmas eve slowed up enough to take a single passenger aboard and to allow a girl seated at one of the car windows a better view of the snow covered landscape and the little patchwork of houses about the station. Then it lumbered off again. The new passenger took a seat beside the girl at the window because it was the only vacant one. She continued to gaze at the white fields for a time.

"Merry Christmas! What a mockery!" she thought bitterly. Then she stole a glance at her new companion. His face was hidden by the newspaper he was holding close to his eyes in a vain struggle to read by the fast fading light. When he threw it down in disgust, she leaned forward and asked timidly:

"May I look at it a moment? I want to see if there is any later news about the Pochunk bank robbery."

He handed her the paper and watched her curiously as she bent over it and with eagerness read the first page.

"Did you find out what you wanted to know?" he asked when she handed the paper back to him.

"No, for there is no trace of the thieves or the money yet!" she answered, with a great deal of feeling.

hind. You see, miss, it's very funny. I happen to be the detective in this Pochunk bank case—I reckon you have heard about it—and have been on the track of the leader of that gang since daybreak this morning. Some-how I thought he boarded this train, and when I got on at it—I looked all through for him, but being in company with a lady I didn't size him up till it was too late. I was just coming in from the other car when I saw him dash down the aisle and make a jump while the car was moving, and of course by the time I got to the door the car had gained too much speed for me to jump after him, so I reckon he has given us the slip for good."

The girl sat staring up in the face of her new companion without opening her lips. At last she burst into a hysterical fit of laughing. Suddenly checking herself she lifted the coat and package dropped out of the folds. Slipping off the cover she picked up a roll of bills, and pinned carefully to one of them was a scrap of paper upon which some words had been hurriedly written with a lead pencil:

Please accept as a Christmas present my share in the Pochunk bank raid, which I think will about cover your loss. I used to read Sunday school books once, and in them I remember the thief was



FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS, BETHLEHEM.



PILGRIMS ENTERING BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

be found among its inhabitants today, and the dwellers can in no way claim to be descended from that race, though some travelers think they see a resemblance in their appearance to the Jewish type. The town which saw the birth of Christ is inhabited almost entirely by Christians. They are a thrifty and industrious people and superior in every way to the other village dwellers round about Jerusalem.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns in Palestine. It has existed as a town for over four thousand years. The houses are built of white limestone and have flat roofs, on which the people spend their summer evenings enjoying the cool air from the mountains. The streets are narrow and irregular, and might better be called lanes, for there is but one real street in Bethlehem. This leads from the country road into the town and terminates in the large open square in front of the Church of the Nativity.

On Christmas eve this square is filled with people dressed in their gayest attire and adorned with all the finery in the way of necklaces, bracelets and coins they possess. Christians



A MODERN MADONNA IN BETHLEHEM. From every part of the country gather here on this night—Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts. The enormous collection of joined buildings which the pilgrims are facing and which stands on the edge of the cliff extending along the ridge of the hill from east to west consists of the Church of the Nativity, surrounded by three convents, the Latin, the Greek and the Armenian.

The Church of the Nativity is the oldest in Christendom. It belongs to three sects, each of which has a separate chapel within the main church. The large basilica

appearance of the "star in the east," with this significant inscription encircling it:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

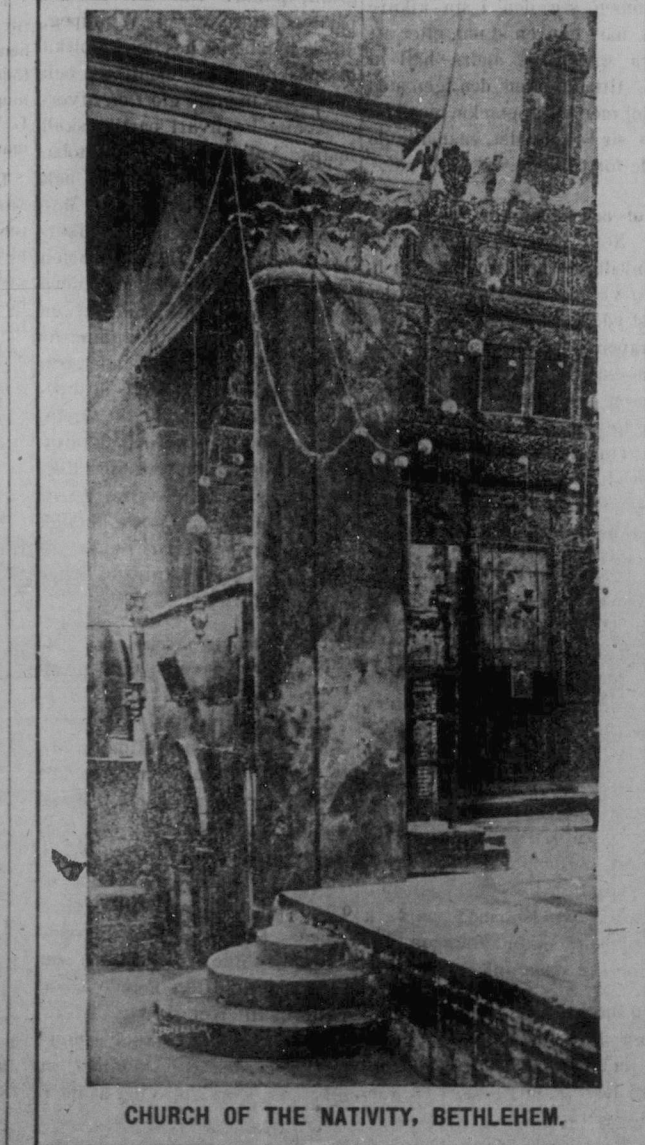
Above the altar twelve lamps are hanging, to represent the twelve apostles. Three steps more lead down to another chapel over the alleged stall in which, according to Latin tradition, the wooden manger was discovered.

On Christmas eve the pilgrims crowd around the church awaiting the hour of opening in order to get good seats to witness the grand ceremony. Every man, woman and child who can possibly come is present. The nave being devoid of any seats, the people sit or kneel on the marble floor, making a curious mass of red fezes and white veils. In silent prayer they await the hour of the service. Meanwhile the strains of the Te Deum softly rise from the great organ.

Presently a procession of bishops and archbishops, attired in their most gorgeous robes, enters the church chanting. They are followed by priests and monks and small boys dressed in scarlet, who constitute the choir. The handsomest church decorations are kept for this yearly service.

The deep, well trained voices of the choir join in singing beautiful anthems, after which there is a great deal of chanting without much variation. Several times during the service the bishops, one after another, absent themselves to reappear in different attire, each of the robes being, if possible, more gorgeous than the last.

At midnight there is a sudden hush in the music and bells in the distance ring the midnight chime. Then, as by magic, a curtain is drawn aside and over the chancel gates a cradle appears to the wondering gaze of the worshippers and within the cradle an image of the babe. The Gloria in Excelsis is sung and the bells continue to peal merrily, announcing to all Bethlehem that it is Christmas day. The "bambino" or image of the babe is now lifted before the eyes of the worshippers, who prostrate themselves on the ground in adoration. The procession of bishops, priests and monks and the pilgrims descends toward the grotto of the manger chanting and waving incense all around it. The chapel being so small only the officiating priest descends into the grotto and the pilgrims gather about the narrow archway and stare with much pomp and circumstance at the manger. The chanting of the priests and the waving of the incense, lay the liturgical scene in the chapel of the



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

week later than the Latin church. For these various Christians who worship in the same church at times forget that He whom they all adore came to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men."

guard throughout the building, for these various Christians who worship in the same church at times forget that He whom they all adore came to bring "peace on earth and good will toward men."

"Did you have any money in the bank?" he asked after a pause.

"Every cent that I own in the world!" she answered, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes and bursting into tears.

"I am sorry." The man spoke with an embarrassment that seemed out of harmony with his rough features. She wiped her eyes and with a little attempt at bravado said:

"Oh, I know I ought not to do this—and of course you do not understand. When the doctors ordered papa out here, he put \$3,000 in that bank, and after he died—it was all I had. Now it is gone, and I, oh, I am so helpless! And here it is Christmas time." She wept afresh, and the man moved uneasily in his seat, lifted his paper and turned the leaves nervously.

In a few minutes she dried her eyes and leaned wearily against the back of her seat. She had not slept for two nights, and soon her eyes closed unconsciously, and she sank heavily against the straight, uncomfortable side of the car. With a sudden lurch of the train she swayed to the right, then back again, and finally fell in a little unconscious heap upon the strong shoulder of her companion. He looked helplessly, hesitatingly, at her a moment, then, quietly moving in his seat, slipped off his coat, made it into a heap and left it beneath her head. The light from above faintly outlined her delicately shaped face against the black coat, her small white hand was thrown in childlike trustfulness above the glistening masses of golden hair.

Bending quickly over the sleeping girl he fumbled a few seconds with the coat under her head, then drew back and pulling his hat over his eyes peered from under the wide brim into the darkness outside. Several shrill whistles came from under the car window, a lantern flashed up and there was a muttered oath. As the car moved off he ran wildly down the aisle.

The noise of the engine increased and the girl opened her eyes. She looked up into the face of the man standing over her and started. "Could he be the same? Was she dreaming? Surely her seat mate did not wear a mustache, yet these seemed to be the same piercing black eyes, the same broad shoulders.

She stared stupidly and thought the mustache must be a vagary. Then her eyes fell on the coat under her head and she faltered:

"Thank you so much for putting it there. I hope you haven't come to your station."

The man smiled knowingly. "Yes, miss, he has passed his station," but for some reason he left his seat be-

always brought to bay by a soft, gentle little woman. That is my case. Thank you for making me do the first decent thing of my life. JACK D.

The detective gave a long drawn out whistle when he read the note.

"He is a bad fellow, but he might be worse!" he commented with a crestfallen sort of smile. "Don't you feel a little proud of the way you handled the most notorious outlaw in the state?"

But the girl did not trust herself to answer. She had turned her face to the window and in the little prayer of thanksgiving she sent out across the wide, wild darkness for her recovered fortune there was a plea for the man who had given it back to her.

SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE.

Since first good Santa Claus set out To make his wintery round, Though sought by many a merry rout, His home has ne'er been found. Each year he brings, with couriers fleet, His choicest gifts and toys. Then hurries on nor stays to meet Our thankful girls and boys. Because of this, black, slush, Some start a foolish chase And try the icy drifts to pass To thank him to his face.



JUST GIVE A HEARTY LAUGH. But ere the frozen fields are crossed, Where winter's blizzards blow, Each little child who starts is lost And buried in the snow. And every year some girls and boys Still keep themselves awake To thank him for his pretty toys—A terrible mistake! For lying wakeful in the cold Just keeps the saint away. And those who do it, I am told, May catch pneu-mo-n-i-a. But now this foolishness must end! You need not tempt your fate. For fullest thanks you now can send By methods up to date. To thank him for his Christmas cheer Just give a hearty laugh. And Santa Claus at once will hear By wireless telegraph.



Christmas



CANADA, THE SWEDISH WEEKLY.

HOW BABOUSHKA FOUND THE CHRIST CHILD

By... JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

Copyright, 1907, By Jeannette H. Walworth

NIGHT was falling fast, and the snow was piled high against the outer walls of the hovel where a poor moujik (peasant) named Katoma lay dying in a little village in far-away Russia.

Katoma knew that he was going to die. It was Christmas eve, but there was no gladness in the season for him. His wife, whom he had loved very dearly, was already gone. For three consecutive years now his crops had failed. A few weeks before the wolves had devoured his last cow. If he had been entirely alone in the world he would have said to death, "Come; thou art welcome!"

But there was one other, his boy Ossip. The idea of death became terrible when he thought of leaving his boy all alone with not a copeck to bless himself with.

When I tell you that it takes 100 copecks to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 90 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Katoma was.

He could not die peacefully for thinking of Ossip's future. His dim eyes turned fondly toward the pillow by his side, which the boy's thick black hair almost covered. Ossip lay motionless in sleep. The sick man put one feeble hand upon his boy's smooth forehead and silently commended him to heaven's care.

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind heaven would raise up one friend for his boy out of the millions of good people this big world swarmed with, Katoma felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away under the frozen sods.

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with these anxious thoughts the door of the hovel opened softly. The moujik turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the beaten earthen floor, was a tall woman with soft brown eyes full of pitying tenderness.

She came close to the bed, on Ossip's side of it, and looking down upon the sleeping child, she muttered: "Perhaps this is the one at last."

Katoma looked at her anxiously. "Whence came you, good mother, and what seek you?"

Across the sleeping boy she answered softly: "I have come for Ossip. They told me in the village that thy days were numbered, and I knew that Ossip would need a friend. I will love and care for him as though he were my very own. I am called Baboushka, and I keep my promises."

Then Katoma, the moujik, died happy, for he knew that Baboushka was a friend to all little children, and when she gathered Ossip close into her motherly arms when the end came the child ceased weeping for his dead father.

When Baboushka and Ossip were well on their way to the old woman's home, in the next village, they heard a pitiful sound of weeping somewhere on the tree shadowed side of the road. The old woman stopped at the sound. "We will go and see who is in trouble, Ossip. Our eyes and ears should always be kept well opened so that no sign of distress may escape us."

Guided by the sound, they came to a stone where, wailing and shivering in the darkness of the winter night, they found a little girl scarcely as large as Ossip, who was nod-asleep upon the ground for his eight years.

name, little one, and what doest thou here alone in the bitter nighttime? At which the child's tears flowed afresh, and between her sobs she told the kind, soft-eyed woman how she had been traveling with a great company of men and women who were leaving their own village to seek a better land across the seas—our own blessed America, I make no doubt—and how, when they had encamped for the night, her aunt, who was the only relative she had in the world, had sent her into the woods to gather fagots to put under their soup kettle, and how she had wandered so far that she had



SEEK TOOK THE CRIPPLED BOY IN HER ARMS. She took the child in her arms and carried him to her home.

not been able to find her way back to the camp, and how she feared the wolves would devour her before any one should come to look for her. Then she told Baboushka that her name was Vasilissa.

Baboushka clasped the little wanderer to her great motherly heart. "That, indeed, the wolves shall not, my dear little Vasilissa. I cannot give thee back to thy aunt, for I know no better than thou dost where this great company of men and women may be camping for the night. But thou shalt go home with Ossip and me. Thou shalt share our fire and our porridge, and all that is mine thou shalt share with Ossip. I can keep the wolves of hunger and cold away, and if thy aunt comes to claim thee she shall find thee rosy and happy."

Then Vasilissa quickly dried her tears, and with her hand clasped in Baboushka's she trudged cheerfully forward until they came to a tiny little cottage set back from the road a short distance. In its one window a lamp was burning brightly.

The window and the lamp belonged to Baboushka's cottage. She pushed its unlocked door open, and the children entered with her into a clean swept, well warmed room.

A large chair was drawn close up to the hearth. As Baboushka entered she glanced eagerly at this chair, and again she muttered under her breath: "I had hoped he might have come while I was out."

"Good mother," Ossip asked, "why do you leave a lighted lamp in the window when you go away?"

"So that," she answered, "should any one go astray in the cold and dark he might find his way to my poor cottage. And now let us see if the bean broth has kept warm all this time. I made it before I left home in the early morning hours so that if any wanderers found their way hither they might not leave my roof hungered."

The bean broth had kept warm. She bade Ossip throw a few more fagots under the pot and set Vasilissa on a stool in the warmest nook. Then she brought three bowls, filled them with the bean broth and put them on the table. Over them she asked a blessing. Before her own wooden spoon had made two journeys from bowl to lip she heard a timid knock at the door. She ran quickly to answer it. A tall, pale lad stood outside. In his arms he carried a small mite of a boy, about whose shoulders was wrapped a worn and soiled woman's shawl.

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS

THE TWO SOLDIERS

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of swirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where trod, or, rather, stumbled, along a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So, if God lived up there, Santa Claus could not be far away. Thus reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home.

"Santa Claus may not come here now mother has gone," the little girl said, "and it must be near Christmas, so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see mother and God."

Little Dorothy paused in her task of sweeping the one room of their home, and putting some potatoes in the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in his old coat, donned her red hood and started out to find Santa Claus.

It chanced that day that one of the mine owners was down from the city on a tour of inspection, and, having seen Dorothy on a previous trip, he had, remembering another little girl who was very happy on Christmas eve, brought down a Christmas box for Dorothy and so strolled along with her father as he started homeward, that he might give it into the hands of the little maiden herself. But when they reached the brown hut Dorothy was not there, and when repeated calls brought no answer the two men, alarmed, started in opposite directions to seek her.

Mr. Golden following the almost obliterated path up the mountain side, where, a mile beyond, he found the little one almost buried in the falling snow, and as he stooped to lift her in his arms she murmured drowsily, seeing the kind face bending over her: "Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

When she opened her wistful, dark eyes again, the same kind face was bending over her as she lay on her cot in the little brown house, her father holding her in his arms, while beside her was the most beautiful doll of which she had ever dreamed, and clasping it close to her heart, little Dorothy asked with reverent joy, the dark eyes filled with overflowing: "Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

It was a brilliant holiday store, the windows and the shelves and the cases ablaze with filigree and through with dolls and dishes and sundries and trains and skates and sleds and hobbyhorses that galloped, and cows that mooed, and mice that ran, and—every thing, absolutely everything, that ever enters the most rapturous Christmas dream.

In the center of the large show windows, fronting upon the gay street, stood two soldiers. They were by all odds the finest soldiers in the store, much superior to the personnel composing the different troops and regiments and companies stationed here and there along the aisles. The pair were made of tin, to be sure; but they were of heroic stature, eight inches tall, richly uniformed in black and yellow, and could be wound up so that they would present arms several times in succession.

The other soldiers, poor things, were compelled to remain the whole time at a "carry" or a "right shoulder" without relief.

Naturally these two soldiers were proud and of aspirations reaching beyond their present narrow quarters. They pined for a wider sphere. As they stood and stared with stern, fixed gaze through the plate glass into the gay street they talked together in toy language, and none, not even the most versatile linguists among the people passing and repassing, knew that they talked.

"Oh, to get away from this eternal guard mount over a lot of frippery!" sighed the one.

"With all my heart!" agreed the other. "The monotony is frightful."

"I'd give half my soldier to receive orders to report to some little boy," continued the first. "Oh, for a change!"

"But the majority of little boys are so rough and careless," responded the second. "I understand they scratch you and bend you and otherwise maltreat you without cause, and soon you're done for. I prefer duty of a more quiet, instructive nature, where I may teach by means of my department rather than by violent action."

"Well, I should enjoy a hard drill and a tussle, I believe," asserted the first.

"Our organism is too fine for such active service, my lad," indulgently corrected the second. "What—scratches and dents? No, no. Give me a post of more elegance, where my uniform will be treated as it deserves."

Christmas day had been over and gone a month when after their separation the two soldiers again encountered one another, but this time in a great heap of rubbish at the city dump, where the dump man had unwittingly thrown them out.

"Hurrah! Hello, old chap!" exclaimed the first soldier delightedly.

"Hello!" returned the second, with rather more reserve. "Goodness! Been through the Seven Years' war?"

Well might he put this query. The other soldier was a perfect wreck. He had lost an arm and a foot, his head was sharply inclined forward upon his chest, he had only one eye, his body was twisted askew, his gun was broken, his cap was missing, his features were battered and distorted, and as for his uniform of black and yellow—there was hardly a spot of paint on him. "I—I've been having me, us, a—announced the first, with a cracked laugh. "But you—why, you evidently found just what you were looking for."

THE TWO SOLDIERS

By EDWIN L. SABIN

bands of a little boy, sure enough, but he wasn't allowed to hurt me. See, I haven't a mark on me." And he exhibited himself proudly.

"True, he was still in dress parade condition. "Thunder and Mars!" chuckled the first. "And look at me! Do you mean to say that you never were stepped on?"

"Oh, no," replied the second. "I didn't lie around on the floor. I was put away just as soon as he was done playing with me. His mother had made him a very orderly little boy."

"So you never stayed out all night in the hall or in the middle of the sitting room?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And did he bite you to see how soft you were?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or drag you about among the chairs with a string?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or sick the terrier on you?"

"Never."

"Or take you to bed with him and roll on you?"

"Never. I was always placed on the shelf in the closet."

THE TWO SOLDIERS

By EDWIN L. SABIN

"Or kick you or whack you or throw you?"

"Never. Watch—I can present arms as well as ever."

"Or kiss you and hug you? With all his might and cry for you when he was sick through eating too much candy?"

"Never. He used to forget me entirely for days and days. Did your boy really do all that to you?"

"Yes, all that and more," answered the battered soldier softly.

"And did he kiss you, you say?" asked the spick and span soldier a bit wistfully.

"Yes; he kicked me and he kissed me," laughed the first.

"And did you enjoy it?" pursued the second curiously.

"I had the time of my life," declared the other. "How did you find things—up to your expectations?"

The spick and span soldier hesitated; then he replied: "Possibly, I can't complain. But—somehow I grew dreadfully envious. I almost longed at times for more excitement, more energy. We got tired of one another. After a day or so we exhausted all our programmes of proper exercises, and he was so cautious of wearing me out that I was laid aside, and—finally, here I am. I don't suppose he even knows that I'm gone."

"Dear me!" mused the other. "I'm glad my little boy was not like yours. Of course there are the knocks; but,

oh, our companionship was sweet! I bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I am carted to the dump. I am old and disfigured and a hack number, and I wanted to go before he would cease to miss me."

TRANSFORMATION

BY ARTHUR WURDICK

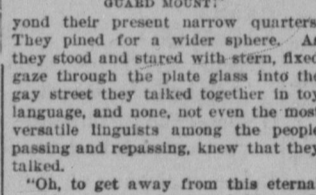
Copyright, 1907, By Arthur Wurdick

Earth was a desert spot. A weary way. Till do the world there dwaged One Christmas day. Then, like the fields made green Then every day till By fusing brook. Hope came and all the world New courage took.

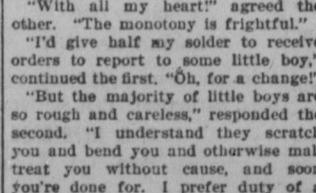
Earth was a gloomy place. A dreary way. Until the Sun arose On Christmas day. Then fled the world's despair. The heart's dread night— A Servant came to earth And there was light!



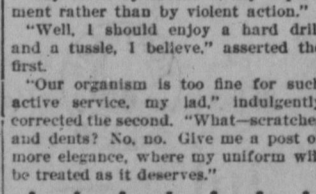
"OH, TO GET AWAY FROM THIS ETERNAL GUARD MOUNT!"



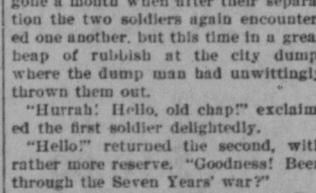
"With all my heart!"



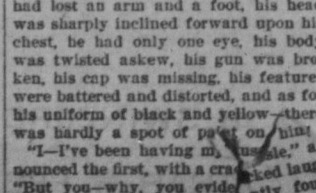
"I'd give half my soldier to receive orders to report to some little boy,"



"Well, I should enjoy a hard drill and a tussle, I believe,"



"Our organism is too fine for such active service, my lad,"



"Hello!" returned the second,



"Well might he put this query. The other soldier was a perfect wreck."



THE VETERANS MEET.

oh, our companionship was sweet! I bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I am carted to the dump. I am old and disfigured and a hack number, and I wanted to go before he would cease to miss me."

"Hi, yi!" soliloquized the veteran, with a sigh and with a chuckle, stifly rolling over on his back. "I'm past repairs, but it was sweet—aye, it was worth it! I—have—had—the—time—of—my—life."

With his one eye he gazed into the debris up at the

Sveriges bygder:

KARLSKRONA. Olyckan i Karlskrona har om natten, då en ung sjöofficer Stael von Holstein ljöt döden, återför i minnet en dylik händelse, som inträffade för 42-48 år sedan utanför Halmstad och hvarvid en ung officer med samma namn dödades.

Underlöjtnanten vid husarregementet konung Carl XV (nu varande Kronprinsens husarregemente) Stael von Holstein hade hemkommit till släktens fideikommiss Vapnö och därundergjort ett besök i Halmstad. Sedan han i vänners lag tillbragt en eller annan timme och skulle rida hem, höll han vad med någon eller några af sällskapet, att han på så och så många minuter skulle vara hemma på Vapnö. Han red ästad, men det blef hans sista ridt. Då han ridit ett stycke, kom en ko gående å landsvägen, och då ryttern af intet vilje låta hindra sig, försökte han, säker i sadeln som han var, säfta öfver kon. Det hände emellertid icke bättre, än att hasten störtade med honom. Han upptogs och fördes in på ett ställe i närheten, där han kort därefter afled. Att olyckan väckte djup förstämning, isynnerhet hos den dödes näraste, säger sig själf. Han är begrafven å Vapnö kyrkogård, där en marmorata utvisar hans graf.

MALMÖ. Förlöfning per vykort. I våras införde en ung flicka i Låberödstrakten i en Malmötidning följande annons: "Vykort besvaras" etc. Från ett 20-tal personer å skilda orter i sö. Sverige kommo svar. Bland dem var det särskildt, skriver Y. A., en landbrukare i Svedalastrakten, som hon mer fäste sig vid, hvarför vykorten snart utbyttes emot bref. Så sände de hvarandra sitt fotografi, och som de båda voro unga och hade ett fördelaktigt utseende, övergick vänskapen till kärlek. Redan innan de personligen trafaffats, hade de lofvat hvarandra kärlek och tro. För ett par månader sedan eklaterades förlöfningen, och på de utskända korten finns en vy af hans vackra gård, deras blifvande hem. Brölloppet skall firas vid jultiden.

ÖSTHAMMAR. Invecklad. Förliden söndag gifte sig mekaniska arbetaren Gustaf Karlsson i Östhammar med en yngre syster till sin styfmoder, hvilken är faderns tredje hustru.

Denna förbindelse erbjuder möjlighet till en hel del inkrånglade släktskapsförhållanden. Far och son äro redan svågrar, och systern äro svågerson på samma gång som den äldre är den yngres svärmor och den yngre är den äldre sonhustru. På samma sätt är äldre Karlsson svarfar för sin svägerska.

För eventuella arfvingar blir det ännu krångligare. Det äldre parets barn bli kusiner till sin fars barnbarn, och det yngre parets barn bli farbror och faster till sina kusiner - många andra möjligheter att förtiga.

ÖSTERSUND. Hjärtlös vrakning. På anmälan af arrendatorn E. Sjölin i Häkafot, Frostvikens socken låtit anställa undersökning rörande trävaruaktiebolaget Kungsgården Mariebergs behandling af arrendatorn Sjölin och hans familj.

Undersökningen resulterade däri, att kommunalnämnden i hvilken sitta bl. a. ortens provinsialläkare och kronolänsmän, hof församlingen i Jamtlands län samt trävaruaktiebolaget och dess ombud, hr Berglund i Torsheden, för deras beteende mot Sjölin.

Nämnden anser, att Berglund utan laga-skäl skiljt Sjölin från arrendet, som han innehafte och ordentligt följort i 8 år.

Inspektora har egenhändigt tagit fönstren ur familjens sofrum, där äfven minderåriga vistades. Familjen led svåraste nöd, då nämnden ingrep.

Arrendet grundade sig på muntligt aftal, och nämnden anser, att ett farligt prejudikat bildas, om slikt ej näpses. Den har ansett sig böra anmäla saken, enär det enligt dess förmenande ej endast galler detta speciella fall, utan huruvida Frostvikens, Jamtlands, ja, hela Norrlands fattiga bolags arrendatorer skola vara alldeles rättlösa, så vida de ej ha juridiskt uppsatta kontrakt, samt framhåller, att saken är en principfråga af största vikt.

Ej höjt priset
på våra tobaksorter. AMBER ROK-TOKBAK, Bobs, Currency Fair Play Tuggtobak äro af storlek och pris som tillförene. Vi hafva utsträckt tiden för novusbootijs till den 1 jan 1901.

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Anmälan göres personligen på Landkontoret i det distrikt, der landet är beläget, eller om homestead-tagaren så önskar, må han, på begäran hos "The Minister of the Interior, Ottawa", "Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg", eller tillder respektiva lokala Landkontoret, erhålla rättighet att låta ett ombud uttaga tillträdelsebeviset för honom. En afgift af \$10.00 erlægges för valdigt tillträde; men har landet förut varit upptaget, erlægges ytterligare en afgift på \$5.00 eller \$10.00 för att beteckna inspektions- eller andra onkostnader.

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- 1) Genom att minst sex månader bygga och bo på landet hvarje år under en termin af minst tre år.
- 2) Om fadren (eller modern, om man nen är död) till en person, som är berättigad att upptaga homestead, bor på en farm i grannskapet af det homestead som af sådan person upptagits, uppfylles, iofsaktyltheten under tiden; 3 enttes erhållande af sådan person genom att vara bo-att hos sin fader eller moder.
- 3) Om en nybyggare har erhållit Patent på sitt första homestead, eller certifikat för utfärdande af sådant Patent återstär af i den ordning, som föreskrives i Dominion Lands Act, samt erhållit tillträde för ett andra homestead, uppfylles skyldigheten under tiden före Patentens erhållande genom att vara bo-att på sitt första homestead.
- 4) Om nybyggaren har sin permanenta bostad på farm, som eges af honom i grannskapet af hans homestead, uppfylles, iofsaktyltheten genom att vara bo-att upp nämnda farm.

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Skall inlämnas vid slutet af de tre åren, till den lokala land agenten, underagenten eller Homestead inspektören. Innan denna begäran inlämnas, måste settlaren gifva sex månaders skriftlig notis till the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa, att han ämnar uttaga patent. När, för settlarens bekvämlighet, Homestead inspektören anlitas, erlægges en extra afgift af \$5.00.

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AF
MARIE SOPHIE SCHWARTZ.

(Forts. fr. föreg. nr.)
Och i detta ögonblick föreföll honom Gerda förtjusande vacker, der hon stod med rodnande kinder och ett vänligt leende på sina läppar; ty det var med oförstådd glädje hon gick sin barnsdomsvan till mötes. Hon glömde för ögonblicket att de voro något mer för hvarandra. Med uppriktig hjertlighet helsade också Ernst sin ungs, intagande fastmöt, så att utbytet af de första helsningarna var innerligt och glädt; men strax derpå låg det hos Gerda ett misslyckadt bemödande att vara det.

Mot aftonen anlande de öfriga medlemmarna af familjen Gratton, samt några andra slagtingar, och dagen derpå firades Gerdas förlöfning med stor bal. Alla ortens notabiliteter hade blifvit der till inbjudna. Paronen insåg nödvändigheten af att omgifva greffe Gratton och hans anhöriga med nöjen och folk, på det icke deras uppmärksamhet skulle utslutas af riktas på Gerda, och det tve tydiga i hennes uppförande falla dem i ögonen.

För Gerda var det alldeles omöjligt att fullkomligt beherska sig. Det ena ögonblicket öfverlemnade hon sig åt en vild, onaturlig glädighet, det andra stordade hon ur rummet med ögonen fyllda af tårar. Sådan hade hon redan första dagen visat sig, och baronen tänkte med förtviflan på de tre veckor, som annu återstodo innan bröllopet. Han sökte gifva hennes uppförande en förklaring i hennes fortfarande barnsliga oskuld, och den tvånglösa uppfostran hon åtnjutit. Ernst, som i friskt minne bibehöllit hennes barnalyne, förundrade sig därför minst.

Efter förlöfningsballet tog det ena lustpartiet det andra vid hand den, och Gerda infördes i hvirveln af för henne alldeles obekanta nöjen, samt öfverlemnade sig besinningslöst åt de nya intrycken, lik den, hvilken i ruset söker glömska och tröst. Baronen lyckades på detta sätt att föra tiden framåt, och ändligen rändades den dagen, som oupplösligt skulle förena de båda unga personerna, som för bara nöjen icke haft tid att vexla ett enda ord af kärlek. Ernst, som var mycket intagen i sin fastmöt, "den lilla vildinnan," såsom afven hans mor kallade henne, sökte visserligen efter ett tillfälle att få göra en ensam promenad eller hafva ett ostört samtal med Gerda; men hon visste så väl att undvika detta, samt baronen att genom tillställningar och främmande, förekomma sådant... att deraf blef intet. Grefve Ernst, som alltid sett människorna och i synnerhet kvinnorna i en något mörk dager, tänkte, då han såg Gerda vid de flesta tillfällen glömma eller alldeles förbigå konversationens och societetslivets fördringar att hon åtminstone vuxit upp fri från all föreställning, samt att hon egde ett rent, oförderfvadt hjerta. Det yra och bejdösa i Gerdas väsende, hvilket, då hon var barn, utgjorde hans plåga, behagade honom derför nu. Likvist hade barnets yrhet varit en själens oförställda yttringar; hvaremot den nu utgjorde en mask, bakom hvilken Gerda gömde ett blodande hjerta.

Vi gå att införa läsaren i den stora praktväningen vid Helene fors på bröllopsdagen, några timmar efter vigseln. Blek, med nä-

tan stela anletsdrag, stod Gerda i den hvita brudskruden och tala de med kyrkoherden. Hennes läppar hade uttalat detta Ja... hvilket för alltid sammankedjade henne vid en man, som hon icke älskade, och hvilken aflägsnade henne ifrån den hon med själ och hjerta tillhörde Gerda tyckte, då hon reste sig upp från brudspällen, att hjertat dött, att det icke mera förmådde att slå. Känslösl, som en bildstod, emottog hon alla omfamningar, lyckönskningar m. m. Ernst hade med förvåning blickat på sin stumma brud. Nu voro ändligen alla dessa tröttnande ceremonier öfverstādna, och Hedberg hade fört Gerda till ett af fönstren, för att ostörd få säga henne några a'lvailiga ord; men just i detta ögonblick körde en lätt resvagn upp till byggningen. Gerda kastade mekaniskt blicken på äkdonet, och i detsamma undföll henne ett utrop af smärta; ty... i vagnen satt... Herman...

"Hvad är det?" frågade greffe Ernst, och skyndade fram till den darrande Gerda.
"Endast en oskicklighet af mig, som hade den olyckan att trampa fru greffinnan på foten; jag ber till sen gånger om ursäkt," ytrade kyrkoherden, och fattade Gerdas hand, den han hårdt tryckte, för att återkalla henne till besinning, samt förde henne derefter ifrån fönstret.

"Hur är det med dig, älskade Gerda?" frågade Ernst, böjde sig ned till henne, och såg forskande på tårarna i de darrande ögonlocken.
I detta ögonblick, då en enda oförsigtig rörelse, ett enda ord kunde blotta det samma förhållandet, i detta viktiga ögonblick ljödo Alvas ord uti Gerdas själ: "Jag skulle i djupet af min själ döja det sår, hvaraf mitt hjerta led." Med en ansträngning, den man icke kunnat vanta af henne, undertryckte Gerda också nu sina känslor och svärde:
"Nu är jag bra igen; men de gjorde mycket ondt."

Ernst kvarstannade hos sin brud.
Kyrkoherden skyndade ned till Herman, för att hindra honom ifrån att visa sig.
Med våldsamt klappande hjerta beredde sig Gerda på att icke kunna öfverleva sitt möte med Herman. Hon kände derför en stor lättnad till själen, när kyrkoherden närmade sig och, då ingen gaf akt på dem, hviskade:
"Han kommer icke upp."
Denna dag, liksom alla andra, hade ett slut. Natten sprider sitt mörker öfver och förlänar hvilat åt människans passioner.

Gerda skickade följande morgon, när hon skulle kläda sig, efter Sigrid, och kysste hjertligt hennes hand.
"Tack, goda Sigrid! Sag mig, har du sett notarien Waldner?"
Gerda darrade på rösten vid uttalande af hans namn.
Sigrid blickade en stund, tigan de på Gerda, liksom hon icke varit säker på huru hon borde handla, men Gerda, som såg hennes tvekan, fattade att föreställning var af nöden, och tillade derför:
"Kära Sigrid, du vet ju huru barnsligt jag höll af honom, och du förstår väl att jag blef ledsen öfver hans sena ankomst i går, som gjorde att han icke kunde bevista mitt bröllop. Jag ville så gärna träffa min forne älskare."

"Det tror jag nog; men nu har han rest igen, för han skulle på tinget. I morse klockan 4 var han uppe hos mig, och då såg han så underligt ut, samt bad mig lemna fru greffinnan detta såsom ursäkt för det han måste resa utan att kunna träffa fru greffinnan, och så för han strax derefter."

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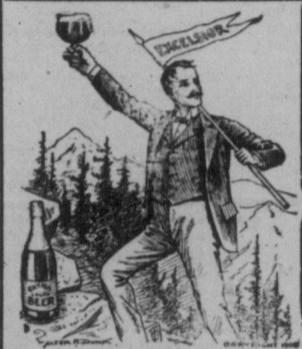
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CANADA PACIFIC JÄRNVAGEN

har utmärkt land till salu i de bästa trakter af Canadas Nordvest. För att förnkla betalningssystemet har bolaget antagit följande: Summan af köpeskillingen och räntan delas i 10 delar enligt följande tabell; den första inbetalningen göres vid köpet och den andra, ifall köparen genast bearbetar sitt land, två år efter köpet, den tredje tre år o. s. v. En person som ej odlar minst 16 acre det första året, är skyldig betala extra ränta det första året. Följande tabell visar de olika betalningarna af 160 acre pr år allt efter landets pris:—

första inbetalningen af			
160 acres a \$3.00 pr acre	\$71.90	och tio årliga inbetalningar af	\$60
do " 3.50 do	83.90	do do	70
do " 4.00 do	95.85	do do	80
do " 4.50 do	107.85	do do	90
do " 5.00 do	119.85	do do	100
do " 5.50 do	131.80	do do	110
do " 5.00 do	143.8	do do	120

Om landet betalas till fullo på en gång gifves 10% rabatt af den summa, som öfverstiger första vanliga inbetalningen 6% ränta räknas förtall en betalning.

OBS! Om ni ej är i tillfälle att köpa land så skrif efter våra pamfletter och böcker som visa eder huru man försäkr sig om ett **HOMESTA** af 160 acres (129 tunnland).

F. T. GRIFFIN

C. P. R. Land Commissioner.

Skandinaviska bref besvaras på samma språk.

VE STRA CANADA

Regeringens sködet rapport för provinsen Manitoba utfärdad den 12 December 1899 innehåller följande intressanta statistik för 1899:

Area under sådd	Medelskörd pr ac.	Summa bushels.
Hvete.....1,629,995	17.13	27,922,280
Hafre.....575,136	38.80	22,318,378
Korn.....182,912	39.4	5,379,156
Hela södesproduktionen.....55,619,764		
Potatis.....19,151	168.5	3,226,896

KREATURSAFVELN.

Af slaktdjur exporterades under året.....12,000 st.
Boskapsuppfödare afslöde under året.....35,000 st.
Totala värdet af mejeriprodukter för året.....\$470,559.09

10,500 farmarbetare anställdes från östern för att arbeta på skördfälten, och behöfvat af arbetskraft blef knappast ändå fyllt.

Beräknade omkostnader på farmhus under året.....\$1,000,000

Land kan köpas i nästan alla delar af provinsen på lätta betalningsvillkor. Priserna vexla från \$2.00 och uppåt.

FRIA HOMESTEAD.

äro annu tillgängliga i många delar af provinsen, såväl som i de närgränsande distrikten i Assiniboia, Alberta och Saskatchewan.

Exkursionsstariffer för nybyggare till Vesta Canada erhållas alla platser i Förenta Staterna tillsammans med alla upplysningar om huru att tillförsäkra sig en FRI FARM i det stora hvete-odlingsbältes om anhållan därom insändes till Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

Skrif till hvilken som helst af Regeringens Agenter i Förenta Staterna eller

Superintendent of Immigration.

Ottawa, Canada

ALLAN LINIEN.

KONZL. POSTANGFARTYGEN.

Turnislan dub. propel. 10,576 tons	Corinthian	6,500 tons
Barbarian do 10,376 "	Pretorian	5,000 "
Ionian do 9,000 "	Parisian	5,500 "

Speciala bekvämligheter för tredje klassens passagerare.

Hytter för 4 och 6. Elektrisk belysning. God och väl lagad mat vid dukade bord.

Slungkläder och matkårl, hvicka rengöras af bolagets uppassare, tillhandahållas fritt.

Billigaste biljettpriiser till och från Amerika. Svensk talande agent möter hvarje till Amerika ankommande angfartyg meddelande behöfliga råd och upplysningar.

Skrif eller besök närmaste Allan Linien agent H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, ELLIS & GROGAN, Calgary, Alta. W. P. F. CUMMINGS, C. P. R. Winnipeg, Man. eller någon annan, af bolagets många agenter.

OBS. ALLA C. P. R. AGENTER I VESTRA DELEN AF CANADA UTFARDA BILJETTER FÖR ALLAN LINIEN.

A CHRISTMAS CRIME

A Yuletide Tale of Two Homes

RIDGEWOOD had a thief! When I, Detective Martinet of the metropolitan secret service, was called out there, I found the town in a state of excitement over the robbery. The principal ones had taken place in the mansion of Colonel Payne, the richest man in Ridgewood. There had been four burglaries at the Payne mansion. The first night silver was taken—small pieces consisting of spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives. The second night a small rocking chair disappeared and several velvet covered footstools and nice little articles of bric-a-brac designed for Christmas gifts. The third night all the children's Christmas toys that had been carefully stored away in a Santa Claus cupboard by Colonel Payne and his wife, ready for Christmas eve, disappeared, and the fourth night the cellar was pillaged of its wine and fruits.

"Looks as if it was somebody inside the house," said the colonel after we had been over the ground pretty well.

"Not exactly," said I, "or why would they take a rocking chair?"

The party that accompanied me through the house consisted of the



"I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO LOVELY,"

colonel and his wife, the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and the colonel's private secretary, William Winter.

"This is the window they got in at the first night," said Winter, pointing to a bay window on the ground floor leading out of the dining room. "And this is the one they got in at the other nights," pointing to another bay window that was in the staircase hall alongside the front door.

"Why didn't they always enter at the same window?" I asked curiously.

"That's what bothers me," said Winter, "but you can see for yourself that they didn't." Pointing to transoms placed under both of the windows.

"You see it was this way," said the colonel. "We were greatly alarmed the first night when the silver was taken, and we set a watch over the things. From that night to the present this house has been steadily guarded from the inside every night, from dark until daylight. And yet we have had three robberies during that time. It is the strangest thing I ever saw, and I'd give \$500 to catch the burglars."

"Are they operating anywhere else in Ridgewood?"

"Yes," said Winter promptly, "they tried to steal some things out of the church last night, and a week ago they broke into the office of the gas company."

"Are you familiar there?" I asked.

"Yes," said Winter. "One thing more, colonel, before I go," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the person who was on guard in your house the last three nights?"

"I was the person," said Winter.

"All right, colonel," I said. "I am going back to the city today to rest about a week, but I will be back Christmas eve, and then I will look up your thief for you. And by the way, you might get ready for your Christmas tree, for I expect to give you all your things back in time for your Christmas celebration."

The colonel looked skeptical and Winter shook his head sadly.

winters varying in age all the way from four to twelve years.

"I never saw anything so lovely in all my life, papa," the oldest Winter girl was saying as I pressed my nose against the glass and peered in through the narrow strip between the window-sash and the casement.

There inside of the room stood a little Christmas tree upon a big box, and upon the tree and all around the foot of it stood dozens of beautiful Christmas gifts. Such a Christmas tree you never saw! There were little things in silver—spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives, and there was a rocking chair, also several little footstools and little articles of bric-a-brac, all newly covered with cheap chintz. And there were toys, Oh, so many toys! And upon the table at the side of the tree stood the best of wines and Christmas fruits.

"How sweet of you, Will!" Winter's pretty wife said as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How did you ever guess that I wanted all those silver things for the table?"

"And did any one ever see such a son-in-law?" cried the old lady as her eyes fell upon the table with the wine and fruits.

"I have got the greatest papa in the world," yelled the six year old, while the others chimed in "Yeth" as they made a dive for the toys.

"I could sit in this rocking chair for a week," murmured Winter's wife, rocking herself back and forth with her feet on the gayly covered footstool.

"If it wasn't that I felt as if I wanted to get up and kiss you again," she said to Winter for the twentieth time as she looked around.

"Now go to bed, all of you," cried Winter, "and something extra for the one who starts first. Don't let me hear a word from you again until tomorrow morning at breakfast, and then we'll have Christmas all day."

He hustled them out of the room, and when I tapped on the door there was no one left downstairs to open it but he.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, stepping into the room and pointing to all the Christmas things.

"I don't know," said he, dropping down by the table and hiding his face in his hands. "I don't know, I am sure. It will kill her if you tell her."

"What made you take them?" I asked.

"Because he's got so much he doesn't know what to do with it," said Winter. "So I took them all easy like and thought it would blow over in a few days. You see, we have so many babies in our family," he added, "that there wasn't much left this year for Christmas, and the children have been talking about it every day for the last three months. It broke my heart to think I'd have to disappoint them, so I did the best I could for them."

"You watched the house all night for the colonel, did you?"

"Yes, except for about an hour; long enough to slip over here with an armful."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"God knows; I don't," he repeated. "It will kill her if you tell her."

"Do you want me to arrest you tonight, or will you wait until morning?"

"Christmas day!" he exclaimed, breaking down and beginning to cry like a baby. "I know I'm a wretch. Only kill me—do anything; but don't tell her."

It might have been that the spirit of Christmas was in the air. Perhaps the thought of those six little children and that sweet faced wife had a stronger influence than they should have had over a detective's heart. But I said to him, "Well, bundle up the things and come along with me, and we'll see what we can do about it."

We looked like two Santa Clauses ourselves as we slipped along the streets, choosing bylanes and cross paths to the Payne residence.

A TROPICAL CHRISTMAS

How the Day of Days is Celebrated in Jamaica

CHIRSTMAS with the mercury at 95 degrees in the shade and soaring away out-of-sight when exposed in the open! The burning, almost boiling, rays of the sun beat vertically down from a deep blue dome of sky that is unbreathed by a single film of cloud, and reflect back with added intensity of suffering heat from the parched, baked and cracked earth and from the surface of a sea that shimmers like molten lead. Christmas in a land of perpetual summer, and a hot wave at that, where a linen suit feels like a buffalo robe and the mere thought of a blazing Yule log almost induces an attack of fever!

The calendar may insist that it is the 25th of December, but to a stranger from the north, says a newspaper correspondent from Kingston, Jamaica, to whom the word "Christmas" has a jingle of sleighbells and the sharp, keen ring of skate blades on the ice, there is no real Christmas in the strange countries of the tropics.

In Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, the preparations for Christmas begin several weeks before the event. The shopkeepers lay in extra supplies and provide special attractions, pretty much after the manner of the New York stores. Among other things they import large quantities of sweetmeats and candies from London, New York and Paris, including chocolate creams and other confectionery which New Yorkers are accustomed to getting "fresh every hour." In Jamaica you are reasonably sure of getting these delicacies fresh every Christmas. Chocolate grows in great abundance all over the island, but it must go to London or Paris or New York to be manufactured into candy, or even into the preparations for breakfast beverages. That is one of the expensive necessities of the country. The Christmas market is the great feature of the day, and almost the principal event of the year in a certain sense. Everybody goes to market on Christmas day, and between the hours of 6 and 9 in the morning all the fashion and beauty of the island's capital are on dress parade through Victoria market.

The stalls in the market are gayly decorated with flags, bunting, palm branches, colored paper, tinsel and an



A NATIVE DUDE IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

abundance of flowers. A brass band occupies a prominent position in the market building and discourses music of great volume and variety and more or less melody. After the crowds fairly take possession of the market, the performance of the band appears to be mostly pantomime, for nothing made by the hand of man can for a moment compete in noise producing capacity with the average Jamaican negro.

The West Indian negro's great weakness is a love of gay apparel, next is a predilection for ceremoniousness, and the most prominent affliction is garrulity. In the crowd that surges past one through the market and the surrounding streets may be seen every variety of apparel known to civilized and uncivilized man. The country people wear little or nothing, the coolies as little as nothing, but the town negro wears everything he or she can put on, without any regard whatever to the climatic conditions. They take their notions from the English fashion papers, and heavy woolen clothing is all the style. The wretch has even seen sealskins worn in Kingston on a day when the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade. Here is a stylish colored gentleman wearing loud check trousers, patent leather shoes, a striped fannel shirt of three colors, a crimson and black sash around his waist, a blue English cricketing cap on his head. In his hand he carries an immense cane, while screwed into his left eye is a circular piece of perfectly plain glass, through which he glares stonily on the throng. Not long ago the single eyeglass became very popular among Kingston society dandies, but they could not get along with the glasses that magnified, so some enterprising merchant imported a lot of circular pieces of plain window glass, and all the dudes wore them, happily and idly.

CHRISTMAS JOKES

Light Heeded.
First Xmas Candle—I'm just burning to know when it's time for us to go out.
Second Ditto—Bosh! Twelve o'clock! You are not up to snuff.

Blessed are the babies on Christmas day. They can be put off with cheap candy.

The head of the family expends many dollars on presents and receives two handkerchiefs and a pair of mitts. Then is the time to be merry.

A Prohibition Pie.
Kansas—Come over and spend Christmas with me, old boy, and take dinner.
Missourian—Thanks! I'd be happy to, but—
Kansas—Oh, that'll be all right. My wife has prepared a good old fashioned mince pie, and I can guarantee the flavor.

Don't think of yourself at all, if you can help it, just now, but study your family and friends from their point of view and then plan your Christmas treat accordingly. A little thing that one wants is worth a dozen that we do not wish for.

It doesn't seem to throw cold water over Kris Kringle's good intentions when we turn the family hose on him.—Glens Falls Republican.

"I hear that Miss Roseleaf is going to leave the church. Do you know why?"
"Yes; she helped trim the chancel Christmas eve, and while she was laboriously tacking up 'Good Will to Men' Miss Lily White got the minister to propose. Roseleaf thought it was too underhand a performance, and so she's left the church."

Christmas Weather.
Happy all together,
Singing in the light;
It's always Christmas weather
When the
Heart
Beats
Right!
—Atlanta Constitution.

CHRISTMAS IN SERBIA.

A Santa Claus Who Receives Presents Instead of Giving Them.
In Serbia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the wood and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect he can find. He brings it in, saying, "Good evening and a happy Christmas," to which those present say, "May God grant both to thee, and mayest thou have riches and honor!" Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is placed upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The national dish in Serbia is pork. The poorest family in Serbia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.—Baltimore American.

ON CHRISTMAS GIVING.

The Problem of Choosing Suitable Presents at Yuletide.
For melancholy proof of man's genuine incapacity we have but to turn to the belated creatures who at Christmas time write daily to the newspapers for advice. Like Emerson, they feel that a present is "due" to somebody, and, like Emerson, they are "puzzled what to give."

There is something really pathetic in a letter from a "class of boys" who want to be told what they shall give their teacher. He is thirty years old, they say, and "remarkable mathematician." Perhaps some shadowy desire to make the punishment fit the crime prompts this last bit of information. But it is matched by schoolgirls who write: "What is a nice present for a teacher? She is a foreigner and teaches a foreign language. She is very dark and has a somewhat impatient disposition." "The Heir of Redcliffe" would seem an excellent present for this person, if only she were able to read it. But the editor is perhaps unaware of the improving character of Miss Yonge's stories. He has nothing more appropriate to suggest than a gold pen or a piece of statuary, neither of which is warranted a cure for impatience.

A married woman complains mournfully that she has to give a present to an old gentleman of eighty-two "who has everything he wants." It never occurs to her for a moment to spare him the added possession of a something he doesn't want. The utmost length her ingenuity can go is to write to a newspaper for advice. Another woman feels moved to send "some useful trifle" to a missionary, and a young man, who signs himself Jasper, has a painful emergency to face. "I know two sisters who are nearly of an age," he writes. "I wish to give them both Christmas presents. Ought I to send the same thing to each? Their tastes, I believe, are different. I know one of the young ladies much better than her sister."—Agnes Repplier in Lippincott's.

JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

Festival Should Be One of Gladness Said the Late Dr. T. De Witt Talmage

SONGS greeted the birth of our Saviour. Angelic tongues with living fire sang the incarnation as they hovered over the bills of Judaea. The music was resonant with joy. From the hour that the Virgin laid her Babe on pillow of straw in the manger all Christendom has since that time made the anniversary of this natal day a season of gladness, a season of unbounded joy.

Wreath the laurel, twine the bay,
Christ was born on Christmas day.
There were special reasons for these heavenly songs being sung by the celestial chorus, for there was joy in God's great heart. Joy among the first-born sons of light, joy thrilling all the heavenly empire, joy that is yet to be put in the new song sung by redeemed millions around the throne of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

It was the music of liberty. When these heavenly hosts sang the "Gloria In Excelsis," the whole world was resting under galling yokes of oppression. Slavery was universal. Taskmasters were everywhere severe to those in servitude. Greece, Rome and Palestine heard daily the groans of those in bondage. The world was in chains. But the song of the angels rang the deathknell of bondage. The Babe was God's emancipation. His distinctive mission was to set at liberty the captives and proclaim deliverance to the bruised and crushed sons of toil. Under the mild and gentle influence of our holy Christianity fetters fall off everywhere, until now in this morning of our new century there are few nations to be found that hold serfs. Glorious freedom! Triumphant achievement of the cross! Wherever it is lifted chains are broken and spiritual emancipation is proclaimed.

It was the music of hope. Until Jesus appeared all the ancient religions had offered only a message of despair. No light fell upon the grave or illumined the vast beyond. Darkness reigned in supreme, sullen majesty, and not a single star of hope glided the future. The grave was an eternal prison. But the songs sung by the heavenly choristers on that eventful night heralded hope to a lost world. Into the soul of sinning humanity came the sweet rays of joy and peace and blessedness, and looking down into the grave, all fear had vanished, for sin, the sting of death, was gone and canceled by a glorious Christ the Lord. They looked and beheld—

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

And this is our Christmas joy that Jesus has lifted into immortal hope the graves of all our beloved friends who sleep in him.

It was the music of victory. When Jesus came, the great mass of humanity was in serfdom, and the dignity of labor was not comprehended. Toil was regarded as a degradation. Laborers were despised and all forms of manual industry held to be a disgrace. But the Son of Mary and Joseph came to teach the world a new philosophy, and by honorable industry he proclaimed the dignity of labor and taught that—

The honest man, tho' ere see poor,
Is king of men for a' that.

Jesus counts the beads of great upon the brow of every son of toil. He notes all injustice done the laboring classes, and only as his spirit prevails among men will the great conflict between labor and capital cease. But that day is coming ere long—the glad Christmas of ages—

When man to man the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be and that
—Christian Herald.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.
Visiting and Giving Presents the Features of Yuletide.
A series of festivities beginning nine days before Christmas and ending on Christmas eve marks the Yuletide celebration in Mexico. In a circle of friends it is arranged that nine visits shall be paid to nine different houses. Each evening's gaiety begins with prayer and the lighting of candles. These are followed by the presentation of a gift from each guest to the host or hostess of the evening. The first evening's gift is of small worth, but the value of the offering increases with every succeeding evening. That there may be nothing unfair in the distribution, the recipient of the first evening's offering one year becomes the last the following year. After the presentation there are dancing and supper. At midnight the candles are extinguished.

No two evenings' entertainments are exactly alike save in the offering of prayers, the lighting of candles and the presenting of gifts. On Christmas eve, a few minutes before midnight, all proceed to church to hear the midnight mass, and this ends the Christmas celebration for the year.—New York Tribune.

The First Christmas Tree.
The Christmas tree was first heard of in England about 1444. A tree was then set up in the middle of a paragon and decked with ivy as well as with other greens. From this use it was finally taken within the home, decorated with candles and eventually with anything which gladdened and enlivened its brightness.

SORROWS OF SANTA

I CHANCED into Santa Claus' home one day.
And these are the words I heard him say:

"Ah, me, the times, the manners, the men!
It used to be all so different when
"I was a young man in the long ago
And sped with my reindeer over the snow.
"Then every home in every land
Gave unto me always a welcome hand,
"And chimneys then in the days gone by
Were not oversmall and not overhigh,
"And the stockings they used were the old
Fashioned kind,
All hung in a row and so easy to find,
"Then the girls were so simple and all in
Good taste,
From the gingerbread man to the doll
Made of paste,
"But now it's so different, Heigho, hear
me sigh!
I mourn for the days in the Land of
Goneyb,
"For now I'm kept busy from early till
late
In my earnest endeavors to be up to date,
"I've trimmed my old beard in the new
Yankee style,
And instead of a laugh I've a smirking
smile."

"I've ceased to wear all my old
fashioned clothes."
"Yes, I've ceased to wear all my old
fashioned clothes,
And I've got on long shoes with the sharp
pointed toes."
"And my reindeer and robes and my beau-
tiful sleigh
With my gingerbread presents are all laid
away."
"For I ride nowadays on a bicycle swift
And I'm puzzled to know what to bring
for a gift."

"To the girls fin de siecle, and as for the
boys,
They've no use at all for my old fashioned
toys."
"And the houses have changed. In those
things called a flat
I'm kept busy guessing just where I am
at."
"Excuse me now, please, if I speak very
low;
I've come to my last and my cruellest
blow."
"Tis the worst, though what I have told
you is bad;
My wife has acquired the new woman
fad!"

And those were the words I heard him
say
When I chanced in Santa Claus' home
one day.
—Detroit News-Tribune.

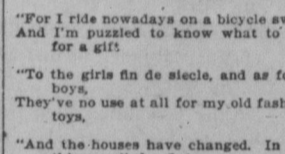
AN ODD BELGIAN CUSTOM.

A Picturesque Procession on Christmas Eve.
In some old Belgian towns a beautiful spectacle may be seen on Christmas eve. Amid the sound of drum, cornet, cymbal and a whole orchestra of instruments, with the chanting of carols, a long, gayly decked procession marches through the principal streets—children of all ages, each division dressed in its special color (white, blue, pink or yellow), and all bearing some badge or emblem or grasping some bright ribbon attached to shrine or crucifix. The effect of grouping and color is very artistic. Here and there bear aloft precious relics, upon which the spectators reverently gaze. Many novel features come into view as the procession passes along, but the prettiest sight is the train of beautiful children in fantastic dress marching over the flower strewn pavement, each small person gravely absorbed in the special part it performs.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CANDLESTICKS AS GIFTS.

Antique Treasures Which May Be Found in Junkshops.
Candlesticks are decorative, utilitarian and thoroughly good form. What, then, could be more acceptable for Christmas gifts?
A pair of highly polished brass candlesticks give an air of distinction to even the humblest surroundings. Their polish reflects the thrift of the housekeeper, and their presence denotes her good taste.

The genuine antique candlesticks, with their quaint, simple outlines, are preferable to the more modern affairs that are apt to be a trifle too ornate for really good effect. The candlesticks may often be bought in junkshops for their gross weight, and many beautiful specimens have been picked up in this way by the clever and industrious collector.—New York Journal.



"I'VE CEASED TO WEAR ALL MY OLD FASHIONED CLOTHES."

"Yes, I've ceased to wear all my old fashioned clothes,
And I've got on long shoes with the sharp pointed toes."
"And my reindeer and robes and my beautiful sleigh
With my gingerbread presents are all laid away."
"For I ride nowadays on a bicycle swift
And I'm puzzled to know what to bring for a gift."

"To the girls fin de siecle, and as for the boys,
They've no use at all for my old fashioned toys."
"And the houses have changed. In those things called a flat
I'm kept busy guessing just where I am at."
"Excuse me now, please, if I speak very low;
I've come to my last and my cruellest blow."
"Tis the worst, though what I have told you is bad;
My wife has acquired the new woman fad!"

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PLACE:
Sunday School Room.

TIME:
Christmas Eve.

CHARACTERS:

Jack Frost.....
Snow Flakes.....
Christmas Fairy.....
Evergreens.....
Stars.....
Turkeys.....
Pop Corn.....
Christmas Tree Toys.....
Big Santa Claus.....
Junior Santa Clauses.....
Messenger.....
God of Sleep.....

[This playlet for Sunday schools is not difficult to prepare, and its presentation would make a great hit at Christmas time.]



THE costumes may be effectively made by using crepe tissue paper or tarlatan, both materials being of slight cost.

The superintendent tells the children of a wonderful secret that he has learned. It is how Santa Claus manages to trim so many trees in one night. He advises them to keep their eyes open, as they will soon see some remarkable things in this room. Suddenly he is interrupted by a hurried entrance of a district messenger boy, in regulation costume, buttons etc., complete. He hands a book to the superintendent, who signs it. The boy takes it and rushes out. Then the superintendent reads:

North Pole, Dec. 24, 1932.
Dear Children—Am just leaving home and cannot reach Sunday school until late. I had to pay a visit to Fairyland on important business, which delayed my starting.

SANTA CLAUS.
After commenting briefly upon this message, the superintendent should mention that it is growing cold in the room and ask some one to see if there is not a door open somewhere. Before the request can be carried out a boy about six years old, dressed to represent Jack Frost, dances in. His costume should be of white in summer pique suit will answer, and some cotton batting sewed on will add to the frost effect; a sprinkling of the powder used to make Christmas trees sparkle will prove a good suggestion for frost. He recites:

I'm Jack Frost; all you grown folks surely know me.
The merriest little fellow in all the world about.
The children know and love me and are always glad to see me.
For I bring fun and frolic and make them laugh and shout.

Good Santa's growing pretty old, so I'm to represent him.
And find out if these children deserve a Christmas tree.
Tell me, superintendent, do you think they've earned the good things Santa's worked all year in making that they should have?

Superintendent nods in the affirmative.
You think they do? I'm glad indeed to carry news so cheering.

Then telegraph to Santa, who awaits my message, telling
How many toys and presents he must bring with him tonight.

While I feel strong and mighty I can't do all to my liking.
But must summon to assist me my little flakes of white.
They and I will try our very best to make a splendid snowfall.
For Santa and his helpers to travel here this night. (Exit Jack Frost.)

The superintendent descends from the platform remarking, "I must come down at once and see all the marvelous things that are going to happen here."

Some one plays a few bars on the piano to cover any awkwardness the children may feel upon first viewing the audience.

Four tiny girls from the infant class appear dressed to represent Snow Flakes. Their costumes should be of white, with caps, hoods and muffs. Tufts of cotton sewed on suggest snow. Each child in turn recites one of these verses:

We have come a long way from our home in the north,
Where the ice and the snow ever stay.

The SANTA CLAUS HELPERS

A CHRISTMAS PLAYLET FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

By
MINERVA
SPENCER
HANDY

Copyright, 1932, by Minerva Spencer Handy

Jack Frost gave his order: "Hasten! Hasten the earth this eve of Christ's coming." We flew to obey.

While not very big, we have learned this great lesson: That small folks can do greater deeds than you'd dream. By our patient endeavor to help one another. See how like a bride we have made the world seem!

At first we were timid, then thought of our mission To make Christmas time a season of merrit. Santa never could get here if we failed in making A deep fall of snow cover old Mother Earth.

If little Snow Flakes are given the pleasure To wish merry Christmas to folks great and small,

North Pole, Dec. 24, 1932.
Have been again delayed in getting off. I found so much to do at the last minute. Had all the drums to head and the hobby-horses to tail, and your candy boxes had to be stuffed a little fuller. I still hope to reach you tonight.

SANTA CLAUS.
The Fairy now lifts her wand and summons the Evergreens, who enter to the music of the piano—four girls dressed in green, their gowns trimmed with holly berries in any fanciful way desired. A spray of the same should be in their hands or in little baskets. They recite in turn:

We've braved the cold and biting blast And tried not to succumb; Hold heads and berries high aloft, 'Till Christmas time should come.

The earth, we're told, would dreary be At this time of the year; If holly, moss and mistletoe Should fall to reappear.

form, executing various military movements. Even the simplest will prove effective as the pretty colors of their costumes mingle. At the end they arrange themselves into a star with the Fairy in the center. "The Star Spangled Banner," which the children sing, is played on the piano, the Fairy unfurling a United States flag over the tableau, which she has up to this time concealed.

Six retire to one side of platform and six to the other.
Then speaks the Fairy:
"The Snow Flakes, Evergreens and Stars have certainly done their share in making nature beautiful. Is there any one else that would like to add good cheer to Christmas?"

Four boys enter, dressed to represent turkeys. Red tails and combs made of

we heard of Christmas, wished that we could help to make it merry.

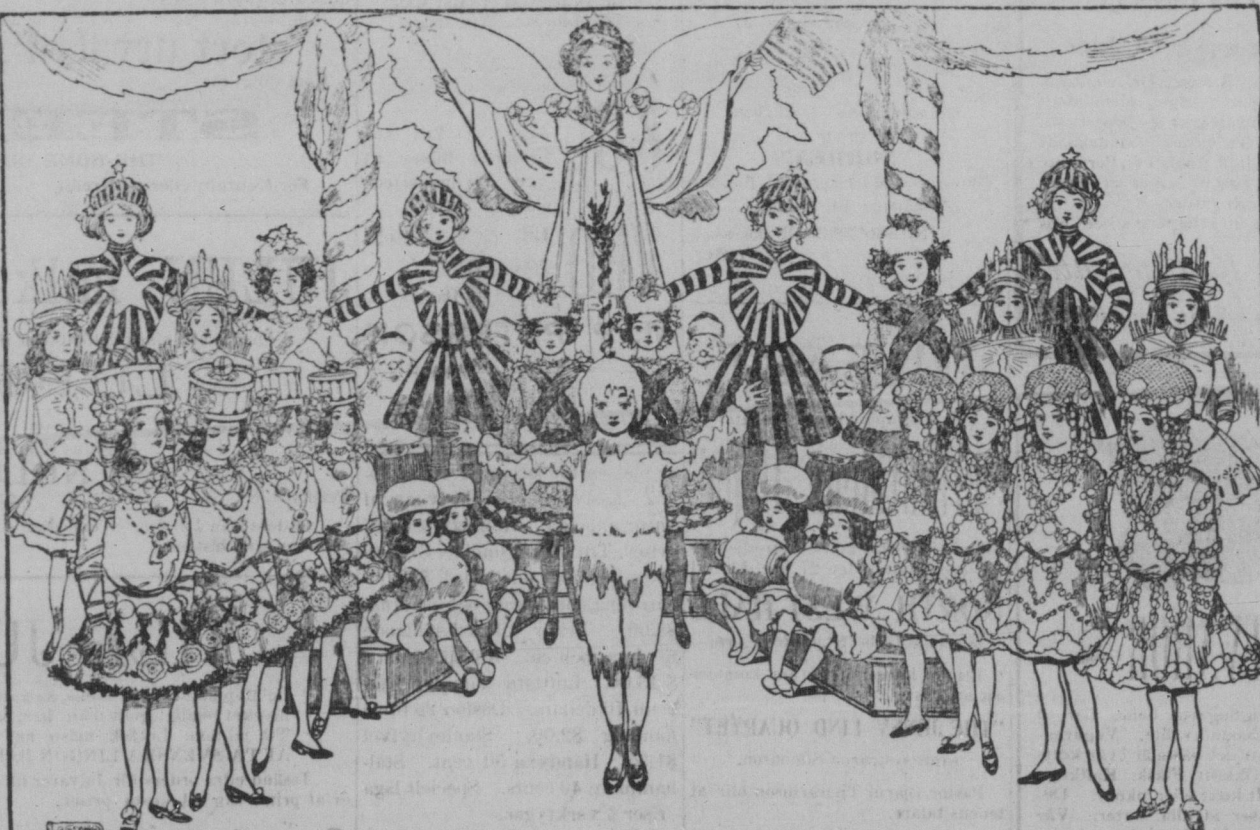
SECOND.
The Queen of all the Fairies heard And said—"Be not despairing; If you've the will, I'll make the way; In joy all must be sharing."

THIRD.
We hopped and popped and never stopped. We laughed and burst in glee. Till here we are quite ready now To drape your stately tree.

FOURTH.
The fairies strung us all in rows. "Folks like you so," they said. And Santa ordered, "Get a lot of popcorn, white and red!"

Messenger boy reappears. Superintendent reads the following telegram:

Greenland, Dec. 21, 1932.
Dear Children—Was afraid I could not reach you tonight, as Francer and Vixen



GRAND TABLEAU OF THE SANTA CLAUS HELPERS.

We wish it with will, and we wish it with might.
A glad, joyous Christmas to each one, to all!

[Withdraw to right of platform.]
Enter Christmas Fairy. A girl of fourteen is preferable. Her costume is yellow, her hair loose. She carries a wand and has gold slippers and wings. These may be easily fashioned of gold paper. She says:

"I have just returned from a visit to Santa Claus, and he told me to be sure to tell you that all good children should soon see how Christmas trees are made. He ordered me to call on all Fairyland for helpers, and I have done so. We both want you to remember that Christmas is not merely a time for present getting and giving, but is a time to make others happy. Christ, whose birthday we are celebrating, said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and I hope you will all strive to make some one less fortunate than yourselves happy tonight."

Enter district messenger, doing as he did in the first instance. Superintendent reads to school this message:

Perhaps our reds and brilliant greens
May help the Christmas cheer.
For merry hearts and willing hands
Go with us year by year.

We deck the homes and churches fair
That celebrate the birth
Of him who came to share the sin
And sorrow of the earth.
[Withdraw to left of platform.]

The next group of children represent Stars. Four girls compose the group and wear striped gowns and big silver stars cut from paper. A star is arranged on their breasts and one fastened to a crown on their foreheads. At their entrance the children already on the platform sing to the melody used in the kindergarten book called "Songs and Games for Little Ones."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How we wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

The Stars respond:
We are travelers in the dark,
Sending out a tiny spark,
Helping men to look above
To the God of peace and love.

Then the Stars, Evergreens and Snow Flakes march round the plat-

form and strings of cranberries round their necks, with bouquiers of celery, render them picturesque. They recite:

We may not be so handsome
As our sisters sweet and dear,
But 'twould be a dull old Christmas
If the turkeys were not near.

We've stuffed ourselves to bursting
For a month before the time
And had a heap of trouble
To keep ourselves in line.

Thanksgiving season threatened,
Then the parson came to fear;
We feared another Christmas
We nevermore should see.

But here we are and hope that you've
Prepared for all a store
Of puddings, celery, cakes and pies.
Could mortal wish for more?

They arrange themselves among the children as effectively as possible. Enter four girls representing Pop Corn. They are dressed in pink, draped with strings of white popcorn. They recite each in turn:

FIRST.
Not long since we were grains of corn.
Not fair nor useful very.

shied at a polar bear and spilled out all your toys. If this snowfall continues, I hope to be with you soon.

SANTA CLAUS.
Four little girls enter, representing the glittering ornaments used in decorating Christmas trees. Any colored gown will answer, so long as gilded balls, toys and shimmering tinsel be employed. They recite in unison:

We're beautiful toys
For girls and boys.
So lovely, you'll surely agree:
No place upon earth
Gave us our birth;
From the land of the fairies came we.

We glitter and shine
By night and day time
So brilliant you'd surely think we
Were made of pure gold
And jewels untold.
But we're not—only toys for your tree.

To brighten the way
And make the hearts gay
Of children who love Christmas day,
Our beauty we lend,
Best efforts expend;
Do you think we shall be in the way?

"No, indeed," the Fairy assures them. "Just take your places with the other

helpers," motioning to the rear of the platform.

Enter four boys representing Santa Claus in miniature. They must present jolly, round stomachs, wear white beards and wigs and have red cheeks and noses. Small packs, with protruding toys and tiny Christmas trees, should be carried on their shoulders. They sing to the tune of "Jingle Bells" (chorus):

Beards as white as driven snow,
Noses red as noses red,
Clad in furs from head to toe,
Lips that whistle merrily.

[Whistle in interlude.]
Trumpets, whips and drums and noise,
Tops and dolls and puzzles queer;
Jumping jacks and other toys,
Jolly Santa Claus is here.

Messenger enters, as before; superintendent reads telegram:

[Some Place Near], Dec. 24, 1932.
Dear Girls and Boys—Good, stiff breeze blowing. Have found my way again. Will be with you shortly.

SANTA CLAUS.
One of the Junior Santa Clauses turns to Fairy and says: "Santa Claus is almost here. We've no time to lose. Is all ready? Are all the helpers here?" (Looks around.) "Why, where are the candles?"

Four little girls appear dressed as candles. They each wear a different color, carrying candles and having toy candles arranged about them in any fanciful way desired. They recite in unison:

All the earth has lent its beauties
That Christ's coming may be bright.
Some place surely waits our coming;
Dark the tree without our light.

Our sole talent lies in showing
Glories of your Christmas tree,
Christ himself was proud to do this;
Should we not, then, happy be?

Where he was no darkness shadowed;
Sin and evil flew away;
May we ever strive to imitate
Peace and light upon our way.

[Withdraw and mingle with other children, who may stand or be seated, as desired.]

Another of the Junior Santa Clauses addresses the Fairy, saying: "I do not think Santa will appear while the children are awake. You would better summon the God of Sleep."

The Fairy stretches out her wand, saying, "Enter the God of Sleep." There appears a tall boy, wrapped in a dark gray cloak thrown over his face, almost concealing it. He throws imaginary dust from beneath his cloak into the children's eyes, the piano playing softly, "Our Balls Are Going to Bye-low-land." (Music in kindergarten book of "Songs and Games for Little Ones.") All rub their eyes, and slowly swaying from side to side in time to the music sing:

Children must go to Bye-low-land;
Their drooping eyes are filled with sand.
Rocking so gently to and fro,
All little ones to sleep must go.
Bye-low, Bye-low! Going to rest in Bye-low-land.

The song dies away in silence and the piano continues softly playing for a few minutes. Then outside faintly sound sleighbells, growing more distinct and louder until a commotion is heard; with vigorous stamping of feet Santa Claus bounds in. The children awake and form two circles around Santa Claus. To the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" they sing:

Jolly Santa Claus is here,
Claus is here, Claus is here;
Jolly Santa Claus is here,
And it is Christmas morning.

Santa smiles approvingly upon the children and jokingly tells them he was mighty afraid he was not going to get here at all, but he did, thanks to the snow the little fairy flakes made for him. "Now I am here, what do you want me to do for you? Give you presents and candy and a Christmas tree? That's a good joke. Ho, ho, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" (Shakes with laughter.)

"First, let me thank the Christmas Fairy who has sent so many of her subjects to help me. And my little Santa Clauses—aren't they fine little chips? Everything is ready, I see, so it will only take me a few minutes to put on the finishing touches."

To the music of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," to which the children sing as before, "Jolly Santa Claus is Here," Santa disappears, followed by the children that are taking part.

To fill in the pause the congregation could sing "Antioch," "Joy to the world, the Lord has come," when the tree is displayed. Whether a large or small one be employed, it must have been concealed until now.

Santa appears as if in the act of descending, and the Junior Santa Clauses are near by. The presents and candy are then handed by him to the Juniors, who distribute them to the school.



Winnipeg.

Pastor Wallace predikar i 7 yndell nästa kommande söndag.

Fågeln är mycket dyr denna höst, beroende på minskad tillgång på fjäderlä.

Central Congregation kyrkan firade härom dagen sin 20-årsfest. Under denna tid har församlingen blott haft två nio präster, Mr Pedley samt Mr Silcox.

Dödsfall. Mrs Wm. Ashdown, moder till den välkände järnhandlaren J. H. Ashdown afled i Winnipeg den 11 dennes i en ålder af 82 år. Högskoleexamen af fyra söner och två döttrar.

Skände ut sig. Två Winnipeg flickor under 16 år, kallande sig Ida Anderson och Thyra Thompson, hafva tagits i förvar af polisen i Grand Forks, dit de begifvit sig, och där de snattat till sig en del klädespersedlar.

Enbrefdamplingsmaskin har Winnipeg postkontor erhållit. Denna maskin är i stånd att afstämpla 60,000 bref i timmen, ungefärliga antalet, som hvarje dag behandlas i postkontoret, och som det tager 25 man att stämpla för hand.

Slakteriet, tillhörigt Western Packing Co. å Logan Ave., var natten till i går nära att blifva alldeles ödelagd genom eld. Genom brandkårens raska ingripande räddades emellertid byggnaden. För lusten anlås till öfver \$1,500. En 400 djurkroppar förvarades i byggnaden, samt dessutom en mängd levande kreatur, hvilka allt räddades.

Julhelgen instundar nästa vecka och som vanligt afhålla de skandinaviska kyrkorna julotta på juldagens morgon kl. 6.

Den lutherska kyrkan håller sin söndagsskolfest på juldagskvällen. I missionskyrkan hålles barnfest på aftonen Annandag jul och i baptistkyrkan Tredjedag jul på afton kl. 8. Till dessa gudstjänster och fester är den sköna allmänheten hjärtligen inbjuden.

Den nya C. P. R. stationen lär nu vara i sikte, påstås af några, som hålla utki. Hoppas att de ej so i syne.

Professör G. Berggren har öppnat musikateljé i Guest Block, 600 Main str, och mottager elever för undervisning å piano, orgel och fiol.

Föreningen "Nordens" ordinarie möte, som skulle afhållas annandag jul, har blifvit framskjutit till måndagen den 29 december, och träffas medlemmar hos Mr Törner å City Hall. Styrelseval hålles.

Personal-Notiser.

Järnvägskontraktör Kullander från Minneapolis, lär för nästa år ha tillförsäkradt sig goda kontrakt från banbolagen här för nästkommande säsong. Mr Kullander är en gammal järnvägsbyggare och styf i sitt fack samt darjante en mycket tillmötesgående herre. För närvarande är han bosatt ute i Stodewell, där han byggt stora stallar för sina hästar. De som önska gå ut på järnvägsbygge i sommar, kunna rådfå sig hos Mr Kullander.

För Köttvaror till helgen besök Kobolts stora chokuteri handel å Market.

Mr Fred Nelson från Teulon afslade häromdagen besök å vårt kontor, Mr Nelson sålde härom dagen sitt hus å Ellen str. för omkring 1,200 dollars.

RÅD OCH VINKAR

För uppköp till Julen.

Ringar, Brocher, Ur, Armband, Knappar, Kedjor, Medaljonger, Silfvervaror för bordet, slipade Glas varor, handmåladt Porcelain, Plånböcker, Portomåner, Toalett saker af Ebenholz och silver.

Allt till billigaste priser hos

D. R. Dingwall

424 och 584 Main Street.



MATVAROR

för helgdagarne finnes här af den af bästa kvalite. Vi garanterar att det bästa är i vår köttbotten. Oxkött, Fläsk, Kalkkött, Färdkött kokt eller okokt. Delikatesser af alla sorter. Vår egen svinjord producerar det bästa. I agligen färsk Korf på lager. Rök Skinka från vårt eget rökhus. Ordra eder Julmiddag från oss och ni kan knappast finna någonting i Filikromen som ej finnes hos oss. Det bästa i Ostron, Fisk eller Fågel hos

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Ett afprovadt medel.

Pris 25 och 50 cents.

Ej höjt priset

på våra tobaksorter. AMBER ROK TOBAK, Bobs, Currency Fair Play Tuggtobak äro af storlek och pris som tillförene. Vi hafva utsträckt tiden för en oshottas till den 1 jan. 1904.

The Empire Tobacco Co. Ltd.

Logen No 10

Framtidens Hopp

af I. O. G. T. möter hvarje lördags afton kl. 8 i Northwest Hall, hörnet af Ross-Isabell str.

Mr. Egall, L. D.

402 Henry str.

Skandinaviska sjukhjälpföreningen

"NORDEN"

Möter fjerde fredagen kl. 8 e. m. Clements Bl. Main St.

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JULFÄST.

Goodtemplar logen No. 10

"Framtidens Hopp" gifver sin första konsert tredje dag jul fördagsafton den 27 dec kl. 8 i

NORTH WEST HALL

hörnet af Isabel St. & Ross Ave.

Ett fint konsert program kommer att utföras af

"THE JENNY LIND QUARTET"

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Pastor Bjarni Thorarinson blir af tonens talare.

Biljett 25 cents, barn 15 cents.

Skand. Kyrkor i Winnipeg.

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hörnet af Logan och Fountain st.

Söndagar: Högmessa kl. 11 f. m., Söndagskola kl. 8 e. m. och Aftonsång kl. 7.30.

Ungdomsmöte 2:ra och 4:de torsdagen i månaden. Veckogudstjänster hvarje onsdagsafton kl. 8.

J. A. MATTSO, Pastor.

Bostad: 372 Logan Ave.

FÖRSTA SKANDINAV. MISSIONS

kyrkan, hörnet af Logan och Ellen Str.

Söndagsgudstjänster kl. 11 f. m., Söndagskola kl. 8 e. m. Aftongudstjänst kl. 7.00.

Bönmöte onsdagar kl. 8 e. m. Ungdomsmöte tredje fredagskvällen i månaden.

SKANDINAV. BAPTIST KYRKAN,

hörnet af Ellen och Logan Str.

Söndagsgudstjänst kl. 11 f. m. Söndagskola kl. 8 e. m. vid Louise Bridge. Aftongudstjänst kl. 7.00. Bönmöte onsdagar kl. 8 e. m.

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Bostad på Ellen St. invid Kyrkan.

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Dorrar, Skåp, Poster, Sverfning

m. m.

till billigaste priser.

Första klass arbete garanteras. Alla beställningar, äfven från landsorten, utföras skyndsammast. Begär våra priser.

JOHN MATTSO, MANAGER.

Telef. 1502.

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öckert trädbevuxna, i hela, halva eller kvartsacrelotter ute vid Louise-bridge. Utmärkt land lämpligt för trädgårdsskötsel, hönskötsel eller uppfödning. Kvartsacrelotterna hafva en frontsträckning af 88 fot. Pris \$10.00, livarsaf en femtedel kontant och resten i fyra lika afbetalningar. Måndre lotter för \$100.00 stycket. Dessa lotter äro särdeles billiga och vackert belägna och synnerligt lömpliga för å betare istaden, enär spårvägen går ända ut till bron. Skatterna äro obetydliga. Skandinavisk och tyskar bygga flitigt ut detta område. För vidare underrettelser hänvänd eder till

The National Trust Co.

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Alla slags Vell och Kolsorter finnes på ager hos undertecknad.

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Telef. 798.

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LEONS,

605-6-7 Main Street.

FRIET ANBUD till lifande man.

Jag önskar nå mån, hvilka äro medbrutna till hela en följd af ungdomsförveckelser. Lyssnen till mitt råd och slutet upp me att experimentera med "profmediciner", behandlingsf. Milten o. s. v., som jag byggt o. v. och jag var dum nog att försöka allt möjligt som kom i min väg, men blei sämre i stället för bättre. Till sist reste jag till gamla landet och rådfråga'de der en framstående svensk läkare och blef under hans behandling fullständigt botad. Receptet som botade mig har jag ännu kvar och som jag vet af egen dyrköpt erfarenhet hur svårt det är att finna bot i detta lä. d. har jag beslutat att hjälpa andra och till hvar och en i behof af bot som skriver till mig, sänder jag en af kritt af detta märklige recept, jemte utöfna råd, fritt i föregäldt kuvert. Receptet föreskrifver en kombination af kraftiga men sakadliga mediciner och så skrivet att det kan expedieras å bra apotek till ringa kostnad. Jag vet hvad detta recept utrettar. Hundratals män ha blifvit botade deraf, och följ mitt råd och försök det och ni skall finna det öfverlignat allt annat ni någonsin försökt och allt bota er fullständigt.

Förverka mig icke med humbergsmake, hvilka genom att falskligen utbjuda "fria recept", "fria behandlingsf.", "fria helben" o. s. v., sedrmera tillnärna sig pengar för mediciner som icke bota. Jag hemlighåller ert namn på det sringaste, sänder intet C. O. D. och har intet att sälja. Allt hvad jag begär för mitt besvär är 50 cents då Ni är folk botad. Under inga omständigheter begär jag mera än denna lilla summa och Ni betalar den ej förrän Ni är fullt botad och bättre kan värdera den tjänst jag gjort er. Skrif till mig genom innan Ni glömmat det. Kom ihåg receptet och upplysningar sändas fritt och ni har intet att betala. Ni är botad och då endast 50 cents. Adresser:

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298 Main str. Midt emot C. N. R. Depot, Winnipeg.

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Moblemang

Helgdagarne äro i annalkande och

Julklapp

blir ordet på hvarje mans och kvinnas läppar. Lastvagnar af möbler för alla behof anlåda och ni är vänligen inbjuden att efterhöra våra priser

Matsalsskankar.

6 Matsalsskankar, golden elm, 14 x 24 plate mirror, 2 cutlery drawers large cupboard. Regulära priset \$12.00 säljas för \$10.00. Turkiska Soffor fjädersitsar \$7.50 \$5.50. Förmaksöblemang i mahogny. Magnifika stolar i många storlekar

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"Non plus ultra"

utan äfven våra priser. Köp i morgon och vi sätta varorna åsido till ni önska dem.

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Orders från Landsorten expedieras skyndsamt. Bedes om landsmäns benägna bistånd.

TILL JULEN.

Belåten ännu ingen fanns, så vidt man vet och ser. Hur mycket temligt godt man har, så vill man dock ha mer. Till jul man Lutfisk måste ha, Anjovis, Sill, m. m. och ÅKTA SVENSKA LINGON BÄR, dem vi blott importera. Insänd edra orders för Julvarer till oss. Vi hafva ett välförsedd lager af prima sag till lägsta priser.

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EN GOD TID-

mätare är värd att hafva. Våra ur och klockor äro säkra. Just sådana som passa Eder smak och börs. Juveler pryda alltid om de äro smakfulla. Det är sådana vi sälja. Kom och bese våra ringar. THOMAS J. PORTE, Juvelrare. 404 Main str., Winnipeg.

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M. A. MEYER. Skandinaviska Böcker till Salu. Fåningeförändelser ombestyra

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