THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD

"Pledged But to Truth, to Liberty and Law: No Favor Wins Us, and No Fear Shall Awe."

VOL: XII ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, DECEMBER 18, 1908. No. 51

Bank of Montreal.

CAPITAL - - - - $14,400,000

RESERVE - - - - $11,000,000

☞ Special attention is directed to the SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT of this Bank where deposits of $1 and upwards are received. Interest is paid twice a year at the current rate.

CANSO BRANCH.

J. H. WOODBURY, - - ACTING MANAGER

YOU CAN MAKE

NO MISTAKE

IN BUYING YOUR

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES, HATS CAPS, MILLINERY

At a store that gives satisfaction to all its many customers—and that store is OURS.

Call and see our fine line of Stoves.

WALL PAPER in elegant Designs.

We cannot go into detail, but a visit to our stores at ARICHAT or PETIT DE GRAT for anything in our varied lines will repay you.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR EGGS.

A. D. SAMPSON.

Rhodes, Curry & Company



School Desks a Specialty,

Bank & Office Fittings

We manufacture all kinds of building materials, including iron columns, cresting ash weights, etc.

In addition to our large stock of native lumber, we are now carrying one million feet of foreign lumber, including oak, walnut, ebony, whitewood, red cedar, douglas fur, mahogany, etc.

RHODES CURRY & COMPANY

Halifax. Sydney. Amherst

Begin the New Year by trading at our store and you will find it profitable, as we sell at very

Low Prices.

Our Stock of

GROCERIES

Is always fresh and first-class in every particular.

We also cary a fine line of

Provisions, Confectionery

Fruits & Nuts



STATIONERY & TOYS for XMAS & NEW YEAR

Your esteemed patronage respectfully solicited.

J. M. TERRIO, WEST ARICHAT, Cape Breton.

F. W. BISSETT & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS & AGENTS.

Dealers in

FISH, FISH OILS & FISH PRODUCTS

AGENTS MARITIME INSURANCE CO, LTD.

MARINE INSURANCE Policies and Fire Risks issued on Hulls, Cargoes and Freights, Foreign or Coastwise, at lowest current rates.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

BEDFORD CHAMBERS

Halifax, N. S.

CABLE ADDRESS: "BISSETT HALIFAX."
CODES USED: A, B, C, 4th and 5th MURRAY'S & PRIVATE.



Watch, Wait and See!

It will be well for the public to watch for my large new advertisement in double space which will contain an announcement that will surely interest everyone of my old customers as well as many new ones.

ARTHUR A. LEBRUN.

D'Escousse, Dec. 9, 1908.

FOR USEFUL

Christmas Presents

Consult Our Big Catalogue

MORRIS CHAIRS and COUCHES
FANCY ROCKERS & ODD CHAIRS
LADIES' DESKS & SECRETARIES
PARLOR CABINETS & CENTRE TABLES

DINING TABLES & SIDEBOARDS
MISSION FURNITURE of all kinds
OFFICE CHAIRS and LIBRARY TABLES

All at Money Saving Prices.

DELIVERED FREE

At Your Nearest Station.

Write today and we will send Catalogue by return mail.

VERNON & CO., Furniture & Carpets TRURO, N S

FLOUR! FLOUR!

When next purchasing supplies ask for

BUDA

This flour is one of the choicest blends and is increasing in demand, because it is EXTRA VALUE and REASONABLE PRICE. Packed in dustproof lined barrels, also in bags of 98 lbs., 49 lbs., 24½ lbs, Every package guaranteed by the manufacturers, SHIRK & SNIDER.

For car lots and upwards write or wire

P. PAINT & SONS, Hawkesbury, or

J. B. HARTY

The Firm's Representative and Sales Agent,

PICTOU . NOVA SCOTIA

Special Values

IN

Ready-Made Clothing for Men and Boys, &c.

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, GENTS FURNISHINGS

Prices the Lowest of the Low.

GEO. J. ANDREW.

Inverness Imperial Coal

Mined and Shipped by the Inverness Railway and Coal Company.

SCREENED, RUN-of-MINE PEA and SLACK.

Unexcelled for steam and domestic purposes.

SHIPPING PIER AT

PORT HASTINGS, C. B

Dr Amedee LeBlanc

M. D. C. M.,

Is now prepared to practice his profession.

ARICHAT, - - C. B.

C. E. Gregory, K C

Barrister, &c.

Antigonish, - - N. S

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

XMAS and NEW YEAR'S.

Will sell Round Trip Tickets at FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE

To all points on the Intercolonial Railway

Going December 21st, 1908, to January 1, 1909.

Returning January 4, 1909.

THROUGH ISSUE.—First-Class One Way Through Fare to points beyond Montreal in Canada, Port Arthur, Ont., Detroit, Port Huron, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and east thereof.

Going December 24th and 25th. Return December 28th.

Going December 31st, 1908, and January 1st, 1909. Return January 4, 1909.

FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE to MONTREAL, added to FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE and ONE THIRD from MONTREAL

Going December 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, January 1st.

Return till January 5th, 1909.

For fares to points on local connecting lines apply to nearest Ticket Agent.

PLANT LINE

DIRECT ROUTE

—TO—

BOSTON

And all Points in United States.

SAILINGS in effect on DEC. 8, 1908.

From HALIFAX to BOSTON Tuesdays at 10 a. m.

Hawkesbury to Boston Fridays at 9 p. m.

From BOSTON on on Saturdays at Noon.

Through Tickets for sale and baggage checked at principal Railway Stations,

For all information apply to Plant line at Halifax or Hawkesbury.

H. L. CHIPMAN,

MANAGER.

Halifax and Canso

Steamship Co., Ltd.

The S. S. "SCOTIA" is intended to leave Campbell's wharf, Halifax every WEDNESDAY at 8 p. m., calling at Port Hilford, Port Beckerton, Country Harbor, Isaac's Harbor, Goldboro, Drumhead, Whitehead, Canso, Queensport and Guysboro.

Returning will be due to leave Canso early Saturday morning for Halifax and way ports The "SCOTIA" has excellent passenger accommodation.

For freight or passage apply to A. N. WHITMAN & SON, LTD. Canso, or G. S. CAMPBELL & CO. Halifax, N. S.

Sept. 25, 1908 1y

SALES AGENTS WANTED—$36.00 per week or 400 per cent profit. All samples, stationery and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture and frame house in America. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1214 W. Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill. —Oct. 30 1in

NOTICE.

Owing to the loss sustained by me in the late fire, I am going to make a change in my business. All accounts due me will have to be settled on or before December 31, 1908.

All accounts overdue not settled before the above date will be handed in for collection.

JOHN LEBRUN

Arichat, Sept. 28, 1908.

RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD

PUBLISHED AT

ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON,

EVERY FRIDAY

—BY—

BERTRAM BOUPINOT.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 00 per year,

The Rate of Subscription to United States subscribers is $1.50 per year, postage paid.

ARICHAT, C. B., Dec, 18, 1908.

THE REAL GOOD.

Of the three hundred and sixty-five days in each year, in no one of them is so much happiness concentrated as in that of Christmas. Parents and guardians are made happy by the expenditure of labor and money to please the young, and the refining influence of these acts on their own natures is of more value to them than thrice the amount of gold and silver they have expended in procuring them. Who is the man or woman of fifty or sixty who cannot look back over these vanished years and recall with pleasing associations some token in his or her youth from some kind friend on Christmas.

So will it be now, and from generation to generation. The real good and the extended influence of these gifts to the young we may not presume to measure. In a refining sense they are more durable and far exceed their price in silver and gold.

A SILENT CHRISTMAS.

It is not generally known that Christmas at one time was regarded as a superstitious festival, and put down in England by the strong hand of the law. The holly and mistletoe bough were ordered to be destroyed, root and branch, as "plants of the Evil One." It was Oliver Cromwell who ordered that throughout the principal towns in the country Christmas should not be observed, "it being a hurtful custom." In order to make people forget Christmas, he enacted that all markets should be held on the 25th of December. It was hardly to be expected that the people would quietly submit to so extraordinary a rule, nor did they. During the illness of Henry VIII. in the first year of his reign it was decided that the Christmas should be a silent one. There were no bells, carols or merrymaking.

CHRISTMAS PLUMS.

Be merry.
Be friendly.
Chide mildly.
Give good gifts,
Don't be grouty.
Love all, hate none.
Forget your troubles.
Remember dear ones.
Make everybody happy.
Wish all a Merry Christmas.
Tone up and be at your best.
Wind up the year as well as you began.
Don't spend the day so it will bring regret.
For goodness sake pay up your subscription,
Forget your grudges and give a friendly grasp.
Appear different, if it's nothing more than to smile.
Be grateful for what you have, and hopeful for what you might reasonably expect.
If you enjoy a good fat dinner, don't forget the many that will surround a scanty table.
Don't down so much plum pudding and stuffing that you'll terrorize your stomach and have the gout for a month.
In your home gatherings let some one read the "Events of the Year," as reflected in this paper, then subscribe for it, recommend it to your neighbors, and send it to your friends.
But our dish is full of Christmas plums, so now partake 'til New Year comes, and we wish our readers a merry time, in fact of all others, the most sublime; be good, be true, and be ye cheery, and may your Christmas be right merry

THE HAPPY FARMER.

A certain class of newspaper men assert that the farmer is the most independent man on earth, and that he has nothing to do but to enjoy life. That when winter comes and the blizzard's on the wing he toasts his feet in the oven and reads the local newspaper, and the only thing that disturbs him is a call three times a day to a banquet of mince pie and other luxuries. It is a mistake. The industrious farmer begins work long before the Sun thinks of getting up. With his soul shrouded in gloom he proceeds to build a fire and soften his boots with a sledge hammer. He then takes a lantern and shovels his way to the barn and feeds the pigs. In is then time to feed the newly arrived calf, which seems to delight in butting a pail of milk over the tiler of the soil until he only needs to be stamped to pass for a package of oleomargarine. He crawls through a barb wire fence and digs the hay out of the snow, feeds the cows, cleans the stable, gathers up the frozen chicks, chases a stray pig worth 25 cents for four miles, and does not catch it, doctors a sick horse, freezes his fingers, gets kicked by a one-eyed mule, and when the gloaming comes and quietness broods over all the earth, he has a single half-hour to meditate and wonder how he will pay his taxes. Ask any of the farmers of Richmond or Guysboro county if, in many cases, conditions are not just as we have pictured them above.

WHAT MR. BRODEUR HAS DONE.

(Toronto Globe.)

The attitude of the opposition press with respect to the abolition of the patronage lists by Mr. Brodeur is as varied as it is unsatisfactory. Some of the newspapers challenge Mr. Brodeur's good faith. They represent him as ordering the destruction of all lists of supply houses with his tongue in his cheek. They desire it to be inferred that the abolishing of the lists is the throwing of a piece of paper in the fire, while the official carries its contents in his head and buys from the favored ones as of yore. Such a supposition is puerile. If the government were capable of such trifling with the public intelligence it could not be concealed, In less than a year the hollowness of its professions would be exposed, and there would be a most unpleasant reckoning for somebody. If the opposition press and its readers can believe the government capable of such short-range folly there is nothing to be done but to leave them in that state of mind.

Under compulsion the Conservative press is now admitting that the system whose fruits are seen in Judge Cassels investigation was in full operation when the Liberal party took possession of the offices in Ottawa. It endeavors, however, to lessen the force of this admission by declaring that it was never so bad in Conservative times, and that at all events Liberals were pledged to root out malad ministration, and have had twelve years in which to do it. Surely any fair criticism of the matter would recognize that Mr. Brodeur was the first Minister of the Department to set himself seriously to work to put it on a business basis. Before the Civil Service Commissioners began their investigation he had shown that he was not at all satisfied with the working or organization of his department by engaging a company of expert accountants to go into the whole system in detail. He was dealing with the recommendations of these accountants when the report of the Commission was read.

He did not attempt to shelve this report or evade it. Quite the contrary. He determined on a still more searching examination. He has further shown that this latter is no mere matter of form. Suspensions have followed rapidly on revelations, and the abolition of the patronage list is the last and best proof of his earnestness.

PUBLIC AWAKING.

The enquiry into the workings of the Marine and Public Works Departments now going on is revealing a widespread system of bribery, robbery and extortion, which has evidently been practised with scarcely a check for years, and under all governments. In all probability the system, just now being shown up, has been in full operation ever since the white man came to Canada and established civilized (?) forms of government. The redeeming feature of the present revelations is the certainty of this enquiry bringing about a great improvement in the manner of the government departments' transaction of business. The public conscience, so long asleep, is at last awakened, and the present government will enact legislation which will make a repetition of the old corrupt practices much more difficult than hitherto.

The news of St. Peters, West Arichat and Whiteside, also a letter, signed "D. R. B." will appear in our next issue, besides a lot of other interesting matter,

Guysborough Doings.

Miss Annie Harrington has returned from a visit to the western part of the province.

Mr. Joseph Walsh met with a painful accident last week. A particle of steel entered his eye, necessitating his going to the Aberdeen hospital for treatment. We are glad to say he is recovering.

Mr. D. S. Hendsbee has returned from Canso. He is here for the winter and all are glad to see him back.

There is great activity in temperance circles here. There have been five convictions within the past month, but the only appreciable effect seems to be the removal of the traffic to more undesirable persons and places. We are in favor of temperance, but the methods used seem puerile.

And this reminds us that the appointment of a liquor prosecutor will soon be on. A good man should be appointed and the Council should see that he have the services of a lawyer in every prosecution. In the past prosecutors have been hampered by the refusal of the Council to allow them such assistance. It would pay from a temperance and financial standpoint.

The literary society is proving a success. Last Monday evening papers were read by Principal Beatty and Miss Dillon, the former on Dr. Drummond and the latter on Joseph Howe. Too much praise cannot be given the writers for the careful preparation of those papers. There was a lengthy discussion in which most of the members took part.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

WHY NOT THE BEST?

When the best can be had at the same price as the inferior article, why not have the best? There is absolutely no doubt that the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is the best dollar's worth in the line of newspapers. It is an educator for the whole family. It has more features than any other half-dozen big city papers or magazines. Give it a trial for 1909, and you will be glad of your bargain.

CULLED FOR THE LADIES

Granny Modes Are Arriving.

The fashions of the first French Republic have found so much favor in feminine eyes that those of the Second Republic are influencing the modes of the present season. Very palpable are the signs of recognition between the new modes that are now being issued and those of the late forties and early fifties of last century, in the sight of women students of dress and of those who recollect the vogues of that period.

One of the most apparent among them is that of the bonnet, in those days made of drawn silk, Mechlin, horsehair, fur or velvet, and again constructed of some of those materials, which was introduced in England for motor wear with so much prestige months ago, and has extended since its sphere of success to the Continent and to America.

The "Granny" is the prettiest of headgear when worn by a pretty woman, and is expected to make an appearance when mammoth hat for promenade wear.

QUILTED "GRANNY" MANTLES.

It will be allied most appropriately to another fashion of the Second Republic, known in those days as the "Granny" mantle, and once more to be thus entitled. The mantle is a shapeless little affair, with ill-defined sleeves instinct with a charm and a smartness that are irresistible, especially when made of fur combined with lace colored to match it, or of velvet profusely covered with soutache.

When bitter winds blow a Granny lined with quilted satin will be a delightful wrap, and in that type of lining will be recognized a luxury highly esteemed by the woman of the middle of the last century.

ANOTHER OLD FASHION.

Creeping into the place of honor are several other modes that hail from that period. Who can fail to recognize in sole ottoman the gros-grain silk of long ago, the highest recommendation of which was that it would stand alone? To-day's sole ottoman is not expected to participate in such a gymnastic feat, and yet is of sufficient substance to make the most satisfactory fabric for tailoring use.

Fur Accessories.

The linings are lovely.
The sets shine especially.
Muffs are remarkable instances.
Plain satin linings are decidedly old.
Even fur linings no longer bewilder.
Shirred chiffons line some lovely pieces.
Crepe de chine elaborations are very charming.
Silk nets are introduced into some of these lining schemes.

SATIN CLOTH.

An Example in Deau Leaf Green—The Embroidery.

There was a material called satin cloth 20 years ago, but its successor in the fickle favor of fashion is much softer and more silky. It is used for coats as well as for costumes, and has a fine gloss.

The colors, of course, are beautiful, because the dress colors of this year are unusually lovely, and in a fabric woven of fine wool with a certain amount of silk these tints are at their best. In dead leaf green a coat of satin cloth is made to fit the shoulders, then widen into amplitude in the skirts. The fronts and the collar, also the edges of the wide sleeves, have a trimming of embroidered filet net in all the tints associated with autumn, brown, gold, amber, russet, heather, pink, dull greens and faint water blue, a very beautiful amalgam, in which none is too prominent, but all are subordinated to the character of the pattern.

FUR FINENESS.

A Peep Into the Peltry Riches of One Store.

Among the less expensive dark furs are black lynx, brown fox and Alaska sable. The last-named is really the best wearing pelt that can be bought for the price, and is a very handsome fur, and were it not for the fact that it almost always retains a slight odor, not altogether agreeable, Alaska sable (really skunk) would rank among the more expensive furs because of its appearance and wearing qualities.

As is evidenced by the favoritism displayed for seal, the fancy for dark, rich colors have entered the fur domain, and, except for evening wear, white and light-colored pelts will not be seen.

Mink is a staple fur that is always worn, and so is Persian lamb. The pelt known as pointed fox is made up into exceedingly handsome accessories that can hardly be distinguished from the genuine skins.

Pointed fox is a black fur that has white hairs inserted by hand, and it is reported that it gives excellent service notwithstanding the fact that some of it is artificial. This fur, worn with a black toilet, is very effective.

Late Color Favorites.

Kingfisher Blue—A bright greenish tint; shown in several shades.
Nankin blue.
Empire green.
Otter, the new brown, which is very soft and rich, and can be had in a variety of ints.

Begonia, a lovely pink, to imitate the flower.
Prunelle—A soft plum shade.
Atlantic green, a new dark green which is destined to become one of the favorites of the season.
Heron grey, the most becoming shade of grey yet displayed.

NEW HATPINS.

The Newest Are Globular Bead Pins in Persian Designs.

The designs of the newest hatpins are so charming that it is little wonder that the majority of women are capitulating hands down to these modern giants.

Hollow square of gunmetal artistically designed and supporting slabs of clear amethyst, pink rock crystal, aqua marine or lapis lazuli are very popular, while there are in addition endless designs in enamels and jewels, while antennae pins in tortoise shell or amber have a god deal of cachet and distinction. A large egg-shaped pin of pink coral, round which is twined a green enamel snake with ruby eyes, represents an example which appears to be high in favor as well, while not a few of the new pins have an almost Oriental effect, being headed with huge globes worked solid in multi-colored beads in much the same patterns as a Persian or Turkish carpet.

Other examples are of Ottoman salk designed in the same shade as the hat they accompany, these being special loves of the milliner at present, and fashioned in every conceivable shape, from a pyramid to an oblong.

Evening Wraps.

From long coats to evening cloaks is rather a far cry, but the very serviceable trend of the latest wraps makes them more closely allied than has hitherto been the case. The newest cloaks and coats are mostly composed of cloth and cut in quite a simple manner. So for those who are unable to afford costly wraps of ermine, etc., the cloth creation comes to the rescue at a most opportune moment. The draped satin wraps open at the neck are ant to prove chilly, so that the coat buttoned closely at the neck and wrist is not to be despised.

Hats But Not Hatpins.

All the women prisoners at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday appeared in the the dock wearing their hats. The rule of "no hatpins" was strictly enforced, but their absence in no way troubled the women. Indeed, one balanced a hat more than six feet in circumference without the slightest trace of anxiety. How she did it only a woman could tell.—London Chronicle.

The Music in the Parlor.

There's a heap of satisfaction, when the
nights are growin' long
And the lark has ceased to wake you in
mornin' with a song,
When the leaves are turnin' yellow and
a blaze is in the grate,
When there isn't anybody in the whole
world that you hate,
To sit dreamin' as you're smokin', with
your wife beside your chair
And your daughter in the parlor, gladly
singin' something there.

There's a heap of satisfaction when
there ain't no debts to pay
And you've got a little money laid up
for the rainy day,
When there isn't any mortgage that'll
soon be comin' due,
And you know that there's nobody who
can blame his woes on you,
To sit back and take it easy, with your
feet up on a chair.
And your daughter in the parlor, singin'
"Annie Laurie" there.

There's a heap of satisfaction, as I've
mentioned heretofore,
When you needn't worry over makin'
payments any more,
When you're wearin' easy slippers and
the nights grow long and cool,
And you're girl ain't gettin' ready to go
off somewhere to school,
To sit back and hear her gladly trillin'
out some sweet air
To the well-to-do young fellow with her
in the parlor there.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

WOMEN AS MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

Increase of Packs for British Isles—$42,000,000 Worth of Horses Engaged

Old World huntsmen, packs of hounds and fixtures are more numerous this year than ever, that is to judge by the latest list to hand, which covers the hounds, masters, secretaries, huntsmen, whippersin and weekly meets of the British Isles. At the dawn of November day the fine string of 422 packs will be in commission comprising 19 packs of staghounds, 199 packs of foxhounds, 132 packs of harriers and 72 packs of beagles, making in all the greatest collection of more than 40,000 hounds. That every dog in this great crowd will get his full share of outdoor work there is not the least doubt, for the meets a week scheduled amount to 1,450.

In the matter of packs and fixtures England leads, and the biggest pack there, and in fact of the entire lot, is Lord Harrington's, hunted by the Earl of Harrington, of Elvaston Castle, Derby. The pack consists of 109 dogs, and as the hunt meets every day in the week except Sunday, they are kennelled in sections, so that each dog hunts two days of the week. The Earl himself is the huntsman, but he has an assistant and three whippersin. It is nothing new to see one hundred mounted men at this meet.

Next to Harrington's in size is the Cheshire and they too are foxhounds, there being 132 in the pack. The owner and master is the Duke of Westminster, a cross-country rider of the first water, and though the dogs are in the hands of two huntsmen and three whips the Duke almost leads the field on every occasion. The pack meets at Taporley. Another big pack is the Duke of Beaufort's numbering 100 dogs, and they hunt the six days of the week. The Duke is the master and he is aided by a crack huntsman and two whips. The Belvoir is a noted pack, having 131 dogs with four meets a week at Melton Mowbray. The smallest pack in the list is the Dubeek, a beagle pack of 15 dogs, hunted by Col. Hamilton, at Drogheda, Ireland.

Women play by no means an unimportant part in the hunts, for not only do they attend every meet in scores but there are six women masters on the list, the most prominent being Evelyn, Countess of Craven. She is master of the Ashdown Park foxhounds, a pack which numbers 36, and they go out twice a week. They are managed by a huntsman and whipperin, and the location of the meet is at Shrivenham.

Miss H. M. Fosser, of Hornby Castle, Lancashire, is master of the Vale of June harrier pack of forty dogs, with the hunting quarters at her home. In Ireland the North Mayo Harriers has Mrs. Corvey, of Downhill Ballina, as master, and the master of the Tynan and Armagh Harriers is Miss I. McClintock, with the kennels at Fellows Hall, County Armagh. The two remaining women masters are connected with foot beagles that hunt in England. One is Miss Parkin, who hunts 14½ inch beagles at Blaithwaite, Carlisle, twice a week, and the pack numbers 22. Mrs. C. T. Price is the master of 15½ inch beagles, and the meeting place is her home at New Park, Brockenhurst, Hants. There are 41 dogs in the pack.

By far the most expensive feature of hunting is the horse and to those not acquainted with the extent of hunting in the British Isles the figure covering the cost of the hunter looks entirely out of proportion. Taking the case at the very lowest average there can be no question that $6,000 worth of horseflesh follows every hunt. It is a small hunt that does not represent this figure, and this totalled up would mean more than $42,000,000. That is putting everything at the very lowest. Then on the other hand as many as a hundred hunts could be picked out of the list where the horses if sold would bring anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000.

In the list are some very ancient pack names, notably the Bilsdale, Farndale and Sinnington. The territory now covered by these hounds was hunted as long ago as the year 1680 by the second Duke of Buckingham. Until recently these packs were trencher fed. Seventeen dogs make up the Bilsdales, and they hunt twice a week—on Tuesday and Friday. F. W. Horsfall is the master, and in his efforts after Reynard he has the aid of a huntsman and a whipperin. The Farndale pack is in the hands of a committee of which G. Shaw is the general factotum, huntsman and everything else. The rendezvous is at Kirbymoorside, York. They muster twice a week, when the pack is 18 strong. The Sinnington is rather an important hunt, as there are 70 dogs in the kennels. Viscount Helmsley is the master, and he has a huntsman and whipperin.

In Ireland one of the oldest packs hunted are the Scarteen, a pure breed of twenty-three inch Kerry beagles. They are a black and tan specimen of hound, and the same breed has been hunted by the Ryan family of Knocklong, County Limerick, for nearly 250 years. The Galway County, famous as the "Galway blazers," and the Duhallow, County Cork, are very old packs.



RETURN TRIP.

Miss Guest—You told me that I would feel a southern breeze through my window, and the breeze is from the north.

Clerk—It's the same breeze, madam, that I spoke about, but now it is coming back.

COIFFURES.

Merry Widow Not Ousted by Graceful Grecian Curls.

The new coiffure, with its Grek chignon of curls, needs special skill in the arrangemnt. Otherwise the chignon looks what it usually is, a supplement to the indigenous growth.

The "Merry Widow" is still in favor, with its very wide dressing at the sides and comparative flatness on the top. The chignon grows and grows. Sometimes it stands out some five inches at the back. Whenever it is worn in this way the hair is flat on top, though much waved and curled.

These ought to be palmy days for hair workers, such quantities of false hair being in request. "Curtains" of hair upon the forehead do not quite suit everybody, but they are useful in veiling some part of a too excessive brow, "like a paddock," as some one has phrased it. The prettiest foreheads are broad and low, with the hair clustering closely round them. Fashion still approves them.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

Recalling an Old Joke, He is Reminded of His Own Increasing Years.

"No little thing that has happened to me recently" said the middle aged man, "has brought to my mind so strikingly as this slight incident did the difference between the old times and the new, nor has any little thing so vividly reminded me of my increasing years.

"One of the standard jokes that had point in the times when I was a boy and that went the rounds in print then, besides being often brought into play in jocular conversation, related to one's having left his pocketbook at home on the piano. Here, say, is a man buying something in a store, and when he comes to pay for it he reaches in his pocket in which he always carries his purse. And it isn't there!

"And then, surprised at not finding it there, he pats all his other pockets in succession, and then reaches in each and every one of them in search of it, to discover that he hasn't got it about him anywhere. And then he looks up and says:

"'Well, by gracious! I haven't got any money. I must have left my pocketbook on the piano!'

"This joke in its day was considered a good one, easy and plain and yet not without some subtlety, a joke appealing to many, because originally it was put out not as a joke at all, but as a bluff, as something that was seriously propounded and perhaps seriously accepted.

"Its original utterer is supposed to have been a man who had put up a fair front, but who when the pinch came proved to have no money and who then accounted for its absence in a way to imply that while he had no money with him he was nevertheless a man of resources, as this incidental remark, casually made, was intended to show. And perhaps it went. He had left his money on the piano. If he had a piano it was a reasonable inference that he was a man of at least some means, for in those days pianos were, comparatively speaking, rare, and so this man who had left his pocketbook home on the piano might be a man who could be trusted.

"So as to its origin and perhaps as to its occasional early use; but later it was regarded as a joke only, in which manner of acceptance it obtained its widest currency, with its humorous subtlety of meaning. In this latter use the man to whom it was up to to pay something and who found, as perhaps he knew and as others had shrewdly guessed, that he had no money said jokingly:

"'Well, I guess I must have left my money home on the piano.'

"But times have changed, and the old joke, with whatever significance, no longer goes.

"This morning when I went to pay for something in a store where I trade I found that I had actually left my pocketbook at home, and the old joke coming back to me I said to the young men who kept the store, smilingly:

"'I guess I must have left my pocketbook on the piano.'

"But the old joke awakened in them no response whatever. And why should it. They have a piano, I have a piano, and so my remark as a joke had no special significance for them. It was simply a statement by me that I had left my money on the piano.

"So I was brought to realize that, except for those old enough to recall it, this once honorable and generally enjoyed joke had now lost its humor."

RECIPES

GRANDMOTHER'S RICE PONE.

One pint boiled rice stirred in one pint milk, four well beaten eggs, one small teacup of cornmeal, one large tablespoon of butter and lard melted together, one teaspoon salt; lastly beat in three heaping teaspoons baking powder. Bake in two well buttered pans one-half hour and serve in the pans, as it is too light to cut into slices. Batter is thin, and should be about an inch or an inch and one-half deep in the pan.

CORN CHOWDER.

Three medium sized potatoes diced), one cup of corn, three slices of bacon (diced), one quart milk, one medium sized onion. Fry bacon and onion together. When the potatoes are done mix the milk and the fried onions and the bacon. Do not drain the potato water.

GIBLET GRAVY.

Clean and wash the giblets and put them up to boil in a small pot well covered with water, and season them with salt and a little pepper. Let them boil till tender, then drain off the broth, but do not throw it away. Chop up giblets fine and put back in broth, make gravy in your usual way, strain, and when ready to serve add your chopped giblets.

STUFFED ONIONS.

Get Bermudas if you can, if not select the largest white onions you can find. Put a cup of bread crumbs in the frying pan with a large tablespoonful of butter, salt, and pepper, and toss till they are brown; cut the tops of the onions and remove some of the inside with a small sharp knife, leaving a cup; filled with the crumbs, arrange the onions in a deep dish and bake, basting frequently with mixed hot water and melted butter.

COFFEE SYRUP.

Take a half pound of the best ground coffee, put it into a saucepan containing three pints of water and boil it down to one pint: boil the liquor, put it into another saucepan, and boil it again. As it boils add white sugar enough to give the consistency of syrup. Take it from the fire and when it is cool put in a bottle and seal. When traveling if you wish for a good cup of coffee put two teaspoons of the syrup into an ordinary cup of flour Mould in balls, and fry in it is ready to use.

NEW DRESS FOR HASH.

Heat a pint of gravy left from a pot roast to make a real brown gravy, add a cup each of boiled spinach, chestnuts and French mushrooms, chopped, and a teaspoonful each of currant jelly and sherry, and thin large slices of cold meat; warm thoroughly and serve with pieces of toast, sliced lemon and, watercress.

MASHED POTATO BALLS.

Take two cups of potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper, stir in one egg well beaten, half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one-half cup of flour. Mould in balls, adn fry in hot fat till brown.

STUFFED EGG PLANT.

Halve tender plant, scoop out contents, leaving a one-half inch wall. Chop the inside, cook ten minutes in boiling water; drain; add to pulp three tablespoons bread crumbs, one tablespoon butter, salt and pepper, one-half of an onion minced, two tablespoons minced ham. Fill sheels, bake twenty minutes and serve as a side dish.

STUFFED APPLES.

Choose large sour apples, wash thoroughly, wipe and core; then with the corer or a suitable knife enlarge the holes left by removing the core. Chop cold chicken fine, season with thyme, salt and pepper, moisten with cream and mix with fine bread crumbs. Fill the apples with this and bake. Serve cold on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

HERRING SALAD.

Herring, soaked, boned, cut. Cold boiled potatoes cut, meat beef tongue or veal) cut, apples, raw, sliced, cucumbers sliced, onions cut, beets cut, prepared mustard, sugar, pepper, and salt, if necessary; just before serving mix with thick cream and garnish eggs, cut, and parsley. Eggs should be cut in white and yellow parts.

EGG AND CHEESE SALADS.

Slice ten hard boiled egg sand place a layer on small lettuce leaves arranged on a platter. Grate over this a thick covering of cheese, then a few finely chopped pickles, then the eggs, cheese and so on until eggs are used up. Put salad dressing over each mound and a tablespoon of cheese on top of this. This makes a pretty dish.

RIGHT FLOWER TO WEAR.

Some Old Favorites Discarded—The Fashionable Buttonhole.

Men are revolting against the puritanical simplicity they have been compelled to assume. The buttonhole is fashionable once more. But the buttonhole of to-day must be small, and the choice almost limited to color and the variety of flower is limited.

Mauve is the color. There is almost a craze for mauve. How it began nobody seems to know. Taste in these things is like love, no one can tell how it begins. Just now the flower lover is infatuated with mauve. Orchid houses have been looted of every mauve specimen to supply button-holes for men. One might suppose that there are fortunes waiting for those who could supply orchids in sufficient quantities—mauve orchids.

Men who have been true to other loves for years are jilting the rosebud and her pink and red checked sisters and are falling under the spell of mauve. Mauve—one sees it everywhere. If we walk down Bond street on a sunny afternoon we can count the buttonholes of other colors, the mauve ones are not to be numbered. If we look round the stalls at the theatre we see mauve, mauve, toujours mauve.

Mauve suits any complexion. The motorist returns to town, wind whipped. He doffs his furs and dons the black and white of evening. His face is tingling healthily, but above the polished plateau of shirt front it looks too highly colored. A red flower seems to make his visage positively aflame, but the balm of mauve soothes the contrast into a beautiful harmony.

Of course every one does not wear orchids. Such exotics may well be reserved for evening dress. For day wear in a frock or "morning" coat Parma violets (mauve ones, naturally) are the fashionable buttonhole. The few conservative minded men who, regardless of their complexions, still wear red, wear the darkest carnations they can obtain. The few who still think that white flowers are the only ones a man should wear favor gardenias. But such men are rare. Mauve Parma violets and mauve orchids are the fashionable buttonholes of today.

And for ladies? The leading florists detect a tendency in favor of Malmoisons, lilies of the valley and orchids.—London Daily Mail.

Homesick.

The city's all so diffurnt, mother, not a soul I saw
Has ary smile or thought or word, or ever cared for me;
Their voices all are silent, mother—don't know how to greet
Like all our good ol' nayborn that a body used t' meet!
Their faces are so diffurnt, mother, not a smile or grin
An' ary one t' peer at you an' ast a feller in;
It's nuthin' like the country, mother, things are built so high
They shet out every breath of air an' every patch o' sky!

It's noisy, O so noisy, mother, yet upon the air
There ain't a tree toad singin' nor a cowbell enny where;
There ain't no fields or medders, muther, where a boy could be
An' see you 'round the spring house like I allus used t' see,
An' hear your voice asingin' mother, wafted sweetly crost;
I reckon in the city that your singin' would get lost
Or wasted on the people, mother, 'cause they live alone
An' never know the beauty of a simple, homely song.

There ain't no chimney corner, mother, where a boy can go
An' watch the kettle bollin' up an' hear it singin' low
Of all the little fancies mother, that a boy can see,
Of all the things he'd like t' do an' all he'd like to be—
The fascinatin' pitchers, mother, in the risin' steam
Laid out in all the glory of his boyhood's wildest dream;
There's ary a one brings comfort, mother, as you brought t' me,
No arms t' reach around me an' t' give me sympathy.

The city's all so diffurnt, mother, yet they
Will mebbe get the knack of it an' like it bimeby.
An' that's what I'm afraid of, mother, 'fraid that afterwhile
I'll be like folks around here who never speak nor smile—
Afraid I'll be forgetful, mother, of my boyhood's spell,
Of nayborn' folks, an' places that I used t' love so well—
I'm 'fraid I'll get unheedful, mother, when I get "the knack"
An', come t' think it over, don't y 'think I best come back?
JOHN D. WELLS.

Saw Him First.

About the year 1707, William Pen, become heavily involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courier," says that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping hole, made through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name and, having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."—Youth's Companion.

Hadherway.

The oddest named country home is in Jackson county, according to a Columbian who is a friend of the owner. The name as it appears at the front gate is "Hadherway," and never fails to attract attention from passersby. For years the wife wanted to leave Kansas City and go to a farm. When the family finally moved they named the home "Hadherway."—Columbia Herald.

How Women Read the Papers

"It's queer the way women read the newspapers," observed Mr. Fattipose, "I fetch my morning paper home with me of evenings so that I can get the real juice out of it, only having time for the headlines in the office.

"Well, last evening after dinner I started to fill my pipe and was lugging my paper around the room with me so that I'd be sure to have it when I wanted it, you know; had it tucked under my arm in order that as soon as I got the pipe a-going I could flop into my easy chair and go through it systematically.

"But my wife, of course, saw the paper tucked under my arm that way and she playfully pulled it from beneath my arm while I was driving a straw through the stem of my pipe. I knew then, of course, that I was in for the old performance.

"She pumped herself into a rocker, and without casting so much as a glance at the inviting headlines on the first page—which is the first thing that a man looking at a newspaper invariably does—she turned, as usual, to the less important inner pages.

"'Oh, the Fishfaces have a son,' she exclaimed, the first thing. 'And, mercy on us! Who do you think's married? —been married ever since last April, and here's the announcement just published—why, Kittie Cottonseed!'

"'Huh!—and Gertie Gitalong's married, too—married yesterday in Wilmington. Who can her husband be, I'd like to know. His name here is Perkins. But I never knew she went with anybody by the name of Perkins. Maybe it's a runaway match; but gracious sakes alive, if it is, why, Gertie Gitalong's a pretty old-fashioned girl to be figuring in anything like that. We went to the same school and she was always at least three grades ahead of me. Well, thank heaven, she's got somebody for a husband, at last. My, but what a tug she had of it, to be sure!"

"Well, I wanted my paper pretty badly by this time; but what could I do?

"'Oh, old Gitgilt is dead!' she broke out about an eighth of a minute later.

"'Dear me, poor Mrs. Tuffroad is dead, too. I surely must go there tomorrow. It almost broke her heart when her daughter Aggie went on the stage, and it never seemed to comfort her in the least, either, when Aggie began to earn, oh, hundreds and hundreds of dollars a week as a chorus girl! They pay lots of money to these chorus girls, don't they, for just standing around and looking dollish and pretty!'

"'Humph! Here's an advertisement for one of those autumn trips to the West Indies,' she resumed a minute or so later. 'My dear, can't we take one of these trips this year? Only umpty-five dollars for the round trip. Really, I think we ought to go. Shall we?'

"Well, I was thinking about a lot of things in the paper that I wanted to unravel the sequels of, and so, I forgot to reply, but she didn't mind.

"'Oh, here is a sale of those new Elizabethan ruffs, and I'm just aching in every bone for an Elizabethan ruff!' she went on. 'And to-morrow is going to be a big day for model suits. I want a hunter's green suit. All of my friends have got them already, and they're flaunting them in my face wherever I go.

"'Oh, yes, and there's going to be a big sale of counterpanes, and—oh, my! heres' an advertisement for those lovely new pale green raincoats for men, and you need a new raincoat badly, and oh, dear me! here they're just giving dull brass beds away, and I'm crazy for a dull brass bed, and here's some selling for only $25—and there's going to be an awful slaughter in tablecloths and napkins. By the way, I wonder how the show is at Klammerheim's this week? When are we going, my dear, to-morrow night or the next?'

"Then she went over the auction sales, the 'Lost and Found' column, the 'Apartments to Let' column, although heaven knows why, for we've been living in the same apartment for seven years and have no idea of moving, and then she read aloud a lot of stuff about winter tours to Colorado and California.

"Finally when page 7 was twisted into the place where page 3 ought to've been, and the whole durned paper was in a hopelessly lopsided and disreputable condition, why, she tossed it back to me, saying:

"'Dear me, there isn't a thing in the paper nowadays, is there?'

"Well ,after about ten minutes of careful and patient work I finally got the paper straightened out so that I could take a peek at it on the first page.

"'Huh!' I said, as soon as I saw the headlines, 'here's Roosevelt's written another one of those letters of his.'

"'Um—that so?' she said, musingly—she was out in the bedroom by this time, fixing her hair, and her mouth was full of hairpins. 'Are we going to the theatre to-morrow night or the next, my dear?'

"'And, b'jing,' I went on, 'here's another letter that Bryan has written right back at him.'

"'Bryan,' said she. 'Who is—oh, that Nebraska man. He's running for President again, isn't he?'

"No use talking at all," concluded Mr. Fattipose. "Women couldn't get along at all without their newspapers, could they?"—Detroit Free Press.

DUTY LETTERS.

FORMS FOR NOTES OF THANKS OR CONGRATULATIONS.

Perplexities of Those Who Have to Condole, to Acknowledge Gifts or to Congratulate—Safe Expressions to Use When the Writer is in Doubt.

Letters of congratulation are a frequent source of perplexity; letters of condolence even more so. Letters of thanks are a stumbling block to the many, whether they are in acknowledgment of wedding presents, of presents of game, of Christmas presents or birthday presents, or whether they relate to thanks for hospitality experienced.

It is easy enough to write a letter of congratulation in response to one from a bride's mother announcing the marriage of her daughter, or from the daughter herself, or from a bridegroom. It only remains to wish the bridal pair all happiness and to express satisfaction at the engagement.

The difficulty comes in when the fact of an engagement has been learned from the newspaper columns, and it is uncertain whether the family is pleased or not at the projected marriage. Under such circumstances it is advisable to take refuge in generality and to hope that the engagement is a matter of satisfaction to all concerned.

"I have just seen the announcement of your daughter's engagement to Mr. Blank. I hope you are pleased at it and that I may congratulate you on the event," is a useful form of commencement when the engagement announced reveals merely the name of the bridegroom and no more.

If it is, on the face of it, one that speaks for itself as to the wealth and position of the bridegroom, the letter may be distinctly congratulatory, and "I was so pleased to hear of dear Evelyn's engagement to Mr. Percy Dash. I expect you are all very delighted at it," etc., is the appropriate form of congratulation.

When the bridegroom's mother is the friend to be congratulated even more dexterity is required in wording the letter to render it aceptible. A son's choice is fraught with very mixed feelings on the part of the mother.

Thus his mariage is seldom a source of unalloyed satisfaction to her, says a writer in the Queen, and the letter of congratulation must be warily constructed, and his merits dwelt upon, rather than those of the new mother-in-law.

"I have seen the announcement of your son's engagement to Miss Blank. I trust she may be everything you could wish; she is a very lucky girl to have gained his affections. So good a son is bound to make a good husband," etc., is the kind of letter it is politic to write to a proud and fond mother.

A letter of almost forced congratulations has frequently to be written to a bridegroom when his choice is avowedly unwise and the writer is aware of the fact. "I suppose I must congratulate you on your intended marriage, and trust that it may prove happy. You have my best wishes, I assure you," etc. This line of argument has to be taken up when nothing more definite can be said under such conditions, the writer being a real friend of the bridegroom.

Letters of thanks are oftener than not of necessity somewhat formal; they are apt to be too brief, too stiff or too incoherent of efusive. The right balance should be struck if possible, neither too much of the one nor the other. If the subject is dismissed in a few words and another started which has no connection with it the inference is that the present is but little valued; therefore the letter should be as far as practicable limited to a few gracious thanks.

Thanks for wedding presents are somewhat trifles or when they are but a repetition of those already received. In such cases the best outlet is to dwell upon the kindness and thoughtfulness of the giver rather than upon the gift.

"How kind of you to send me a wedding present! It is very good of you. Thank you so much! I shall value it for your sake," etc., is a received and suitable class of letter of thanks to write. Thanking for valuable and beautiful things demands no effort of imagination; the pen may run into any number of adjectives the writer may have at command.

Some of our correspondents entertain the idea that it is quite unnecessary to acknowledge presents of game by notes of thanks. This supposition has its rise in the fact that between neighbors in the country a great deal of game is sent to those who have no shootings of their own. It is sent to this or that house with "Mr. Blank's compliments" written on the label and a verbal answer is returned. "Give my compliments to Mr. Blank, and tell him I am very much obliged," is the usual formula, which is accompanied by a tip of half a crown to the man bringing the game over, and a letter of thanks is in consequence not written.

It is quite another thing when game is sent to friends living at a distance or in town. Then a letter of thanks should be written by return post. It is one of those letters that should not be deferred. It is of the briefest and should be written without delay.

A few words of thanks to the sender for his kindness and a few words of praise of the fine young birds is all that is required. Although it is sent in the name of the husband, it is etiquette to address the letter of thanks to the wife if acquainted with her, otherwise it should be addressed to the sender.

Formerly it was the received rule that letters of thanks should be written by country house guests to their hostess a day or two after the termination of the visit. People of the highest rank and the smartest men and women alike never failed in this point of etiquette. It was considered an obligation, an act of courtesy not to be omitted.

Of late years the rush of life and the numerous short visits that succeed each other so rapidly leave little time for these notes to be written, and very many people much in the swing express their thanks with the shake of the hand at parting. The hostess is aware of the press of engagements her departing guests have in view and does not expect letters expressing the pleasure their visits have given them.

The hostess whose guests are of a different order is of a different order herself. Her guests are not due at house to house week after week—neither is she, and on both sides there is leisure to write letters of thanks and to read them.

In this orbit they are looked for as a sign that the visits have given pleasure. "I must tell you how very much we enjoyed our visit to you and your husband," writes another, and a little more in the same strain. The letters may refer to other things of common interest, but the first topic touched upon should be the pleasent visit and the kindness experienced from host and hostess.

AMONG THE JEWS

News Notes About Them From All Over the World.

In the New York State elections Irving Lehman, son-in-law of Nathan Straus, the philanthropist, was elected a judge of the Supreme Court. Isidor Wasservogel was defeated for the City Court.

A score of Jewish Assemblymen and Senators were elected in the various boroughs of the greater city. Henry M. Goldfogle was again returned to Congress for the ninth district, defeating Morris Hilquitt, the Socialist.

From Australia comes the news of the Hon. Nathaniel Levi's death, at the age of 78. Mr. Levi was the first Jew elected to Parliament in Australia.

The Jewish community of Frantfort-on-Main has built new premises for its school at a cost of $175,000. The magnificent edifice named "The Philantropin," has been handed over to the School Board by Herr Blau, a judicial Councillor.

Discussions of the Zionist movement have appeared in a number of American magazines lately. In the Independent of Oct. 15 there appeared an article by Prof. Richard Gottheil on "The New Turkey and Zionism." The Van Nordan Magazine for November publishes the "Hope of Zion," a descriptive article of the Zionist movement by Bernard G. Richards. The Broadway Magazine for December will publish an article on Zionism by Herbert N. Casson.

Great preparations are being made in Philadelphia for the biennial convention of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which is to be held in that city in January.

The number of Jewish immigrants to the United States during the year of 1907 was 75,886, and this year, up to September, it was 29,683. This is a considerable decrease.

It is believed in Jerusalem that Dr. Levi has good prospects of being chosen as a member of the Turkish Parliament. He is regarded as a man of great ability and speaks several languages. It is said that should the Jews and Mohammedans enter into a block or agree upon fusion, as is likely, Dr. Levi will surely be elected.

The fourth annual State convention of the Texas Zionist Association will be held in Waco on the 3rd and 4th of January. Delegates will be present from the leading cities of Texas, and it is expected that this will be one of the largest Zionist gatherings ever held in that city.

Before sailing from New York to England Mr. Israel Zangwill said: "Upon the whole, I am obliged regretfully to admit that I find the Jews occupy a lower social position here than in England. There are indications, however, that the Jews are contributing largely to all sides of American life, while the United States is attracting to its shores an excellent class of Jews, especially the Russians, who are the finest Jews in the world. The American Jews are in the melting-pot, if not bodily, spiritually. I am certain that nothing can prevent them from becoming enthusiastic Americans even if their religious or social isolation is preserved. The Jews in America constitute a Jewish problem, not an American problem."

Dr. Nossig points out that a spontaneous immigration into Palestine is now taking place. According to reliable information from Odessa, 1,747 Russian Jews emigrated to Palestine in the first half of 1908, and they brought with them a capital of about two million francs. In 1907 the figure was 1,748, and 924 in the first half of 1908. Most of these came to Palestine as a productive element, and there was a considerable portion of well-to-do among them. The figures given only represent a part of Jewish immigration into Palestine, which attracts large contingents of Jews from various countries.

Dr. Buyerthal calls attention to the fact that in the past 17 years in Worms not a single Jewish feeble-minded child has been received in the public schools. The explanation is the temperance of the Jews.

A cable to the New York Jewish Morning Journal states that the Federation of British Zionists has handed a petition to the English Government requesting that at the coming conference of the powers its representative raise the question of the Jews gaining political concessions that will help in their acquirement of Palestine. The Zionists think this will be a favorable time to bring up the question of Zionism.

The Council of Jewish Women of Cincinnati is continuing work in preparation for the fifth Triennial Convention of the Council of Jewish Women, to be held in Cincinnati in December.

I. Ginzburg, the Russian sculptor, has presented a statue of Tolstoi to the St. Petersburg Academy.

The Jews of Chelsea, Mass., have organized a fire patrol of their own.

The statistics of Jewish communities in Hungary show, perhaps, a not generally known division between the orthodox and the reform. Of 579 communities, 271 are called reform and 308 orthodox; out of 1,769 so-called branch congregations 499 are reform and 1,270 orthodox. Among the rabbis 241 are orthodox and 170 reform.

Abraham Raisin, one of the best known Yiddish story writers and poets of the time, will shortly arrive in New York. Raisin, who has had a varied career, began as a soldier in the Russian army.

Boston will have a new and beautiful Home for destitute Jewish children.

Imperial Councilior Leopold Bondy, of Prague, has been elected member of the Bohemian Diet, in place of his late father.

Rabbi Wolsey, now of Cleveland, formerly of Little Rock, Ark., was recently made a life member of the Scottish Rite Masons of Arkansas. He now holds the only silver-card life membership ever presented.

Rabbi Bernard M. Kaplan, of San Francisco, formerly of Montreal, has been invited to deliver a lecture at the Stanford University chapel, on "Religion and Science."

Rabbi Moses, Viscomt, of Paris, who is the orthodox Rabbi in Paris, held a 50 year jubilee.

A number of prominent Jews in Warsaw petitioned the government to allow them to open a Jewish University.

A big fire took place in the Jewish quarters of Jerusalem, which left a number of families without a roof, losing everything they owned. The total loss will be about 25,000 francs.

A ball was held at the Murry Hill Lyceum, at No. 160 East 34th street, New York, for raising funds for the clothing society, Malbish Aromim, to cloth children, who may be in need.

It is officially announced that a great effort will be made by the Isaac M. Wise Memorial Fund National Committee to complete its labors before the meeting of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, in Philadelphia, in January, 1909. The project to create a memorial of $500,000 in memory of the Nestor of American Judaism was inaugurated in 1903.

Seven Billions of Dollars.

In all the circle of all your acquaintances, in all the circle of all your reading, do you know of a single billionaire? I don't mean—do you think you know. I mean—do you know that you know of a single capitalist who is really a billionaire? That is a lot of money, you know. At four per cent. interset it means an income of three and a third million dollars a month. I'm not talking of capital that is a quarter water and a quarter hot air and only half hard cash or convertible realty. I'm talking of wealth that can be handled with your hands and measured with your eyes, wealth that doesn't require convulsions of frenzied finance to be converted into terms of the mint.

You acknowledge frankly you don't really know of a single billionaire in the history of the world. Much less do you know of any group of capitalists in the world whose combined wealth would make twenty billions and whose twenty billions pay a yearly dividend of seven billions. A dividend of seven billion dollars a year means an income of five hundred and eighty millions a month, or nineteen million dollars a day. Talk of the fate of Midas! Any capitalist or group of capitalists who had to take care of that much money a day would have genuine convulsions in frenzied finance.

Such a capitalist, collectively, is the United States farmer. Such a dividend, collectively, does the soil of the United States yearly hand out to the farmerman. By the last census the capital invested in agriculture in the United States was twenty billions, and by the last report of the Agricultural Department the products of the farm for 1907 yielded a grand total of seven billions. Compare these figures to the billion-dollar Steel Trust, over which the whole world went daffy a few years ago; and the magnitude of the greatness—and of the growing greatness—of agricultural interests in America becomes apparent. In fact, it would be hard to put your hand on a single department of industrial life, or constructive work in the United States, which would compare in importance to the permanent value and yearly yields of the farm. Then remember, too, that of all the manufacturing interests in the United States seventy-five per cent. are dependent on the farm for raw products. —From "Holing Up For Winter," by Agnes C. Laut, in the Outing Magazine for December.

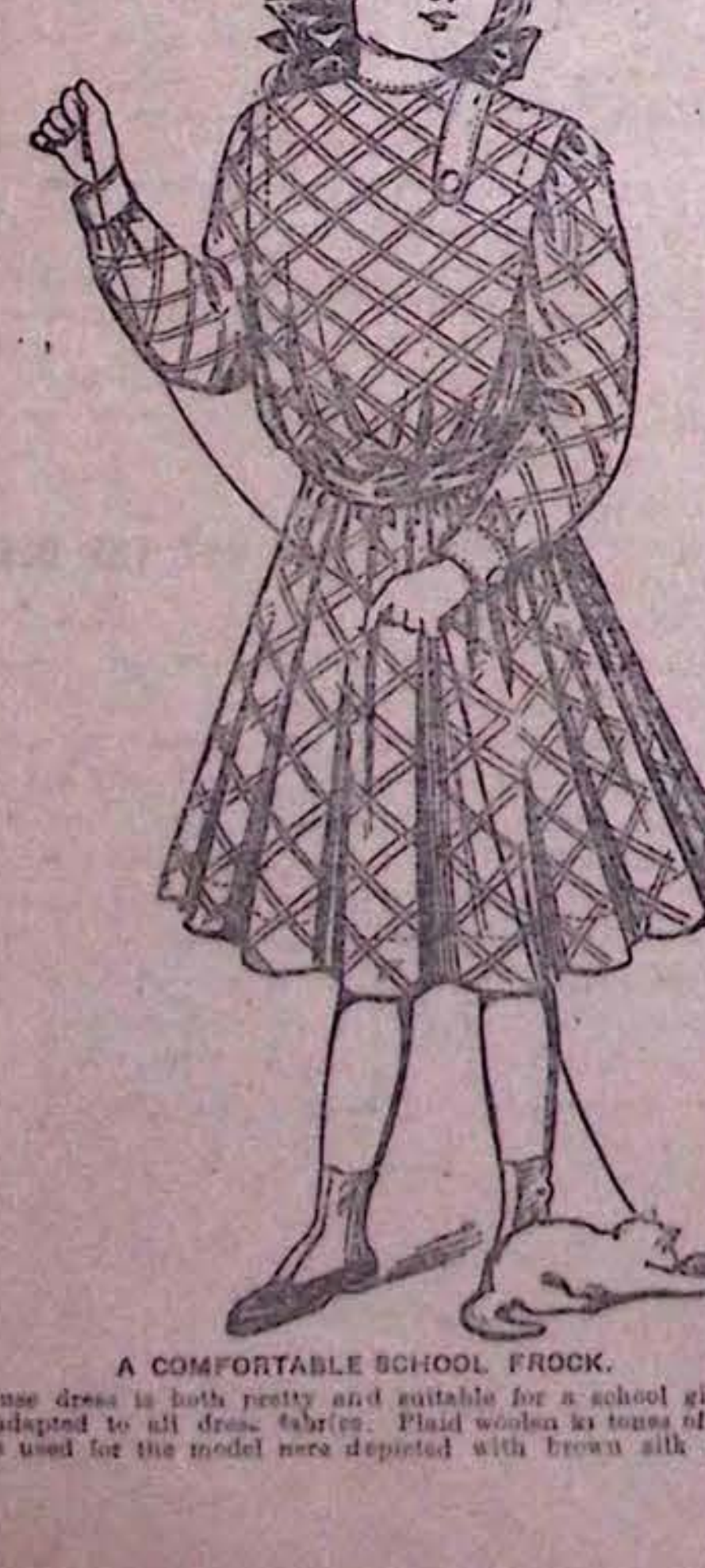


ANYTHING TO PLEASE HER.

Daughter—I want to carry a title—I want a coronet.

Father—Never mind, dear, I'll buy you a bass horn.

Tell the average married man he doesn't look it and he will feel terribly flattered.



A COMFORTABLE SCHOOL FROCK.

A blouse dress is both pretty and suitable for a school girl, and the style is adapted to all dress fabrics. Plaid woolen in tones of brown and green was used for the model here depicted with brown silk for decoration.



A CHIC COAT MODEL FOR A YOUNG MISS.

Blue chiffon broadcloth was used for this design, which is cut in box style and with double-breasted fronts. The sleeve is a two-piece leg o' mutton model, finished with a pretty cuff. The coat closes at the neck edge under a turn down collar.

SIR ANTHONY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

(Elton Harris, in the "British Weekly.")

He had walked moodily into his library, and without troubling to turn up the lights, had flung himself into an easy chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, placed his much splashed top-boots on the curb, and with head sunk on his breast, sat gazing into the fire. Yet even so, with the hard, dissatisfied look on his dark, somewhat hawk-like face, Sir Anthony Amhurst was a handsome man. The flickering rays of the great fire cast long shadows into the distant corners of the charming old room, with its endless bookcases, its highly polished floor, and lighted into vivid patches of color the scarlet coat that proclaimed him Master of Hounds, showed his crisp dark hair turning grey on the temples, though he could not have been more than six and thirty.

Two years ago there had not been a grey hair in his head, nor would he have been sitting desolate and alone, wondering how he was to get through this time of rejoicing, especially if the frost had come to stay, as had looked but too likely when he had ridden home through the gloaming just now. Of course it would stay, he told himself with deep self-pity; was not a mad gallop after hounds the sole thing left that could stir his pulses, make him forget— of course it would stay! Bitter enough were the man's thoughts as he watched the embers fall; it was the lot of others to be widowed, even as he had been, but what was that to him, he reflected angrily, what consolation was he to find in that, pray?—they were but the wives of other men; and his loss was Monica. He had idolized her to the exclusion of everything else! his five years of married life had passed as a dream. Sardonically he smiled as he reviewed the two years since she left him, the various forms of consolation offered to him. Well he knew how people were saying that he should marry again, knew why certain sweet and pretty girls were dined out, and he went through these ordeals with grim amusement. Perhaps once or twice, in sheer desperation and loneliness, he had tried to believe that he liked one of his dinner partners, but the deception would not work. Beneath his iron self-control was a nature rarely faithful, and he dimly guessed that Monica, who understood him—laughing, sunny Monica—had carried his heart with her to the 'land of the Leal.'

On his writing table lay numerous invitations to Yule-tide festivities. He glanced towards them with the same smile. A merry Christmas, indeed, for one whom the Almighty had so sorely smitten and deserted. He was alone, for what were three small children in a distant nursery at the top of the house? —children hardly known to him by sight, and carefully avoided whenever seen. He had been proud of his boys, it is true, when he had watched the lovely cherubs in Monica's slim white arms; but the other, the girl, whose little life started even as that most precious one was fluttering out, he had never brought himself to see. In that stately household it was an understood thing that the children were to be kept out of sight, nor dare his friends mention them to the widower. Yet he had promised Monica that they should be his care, and he had kept his word after a fashion. The old nurse, whose charges they were, might have all she wanted, and was occasionally summoned to his presence to give a report about the boys.

'Growing! Well, that's all right,' was how he usually ended the brief interview; and then perhaps a twinge of conscience would make him add: 'And—the girl, eh?'

"And he don't listen when I answer, as if she was worth no more than a chance word!" the old woman would declare with trembling indignation. "As if he did not know that more than all them fine things they have, my lady, poor, pretty, would have rather that he took them in his arms sometimes and kissed them, same as other fathers. Master Tony notices. 'Nurse,' he says, 'your nephew Joe kisses his children, don't he?' 'He is a choachman, master Tony,' I answers, and he looked at me a minute very old, and turns away. 'The girl,' that's all he ever calls her—never no more than 'the girl!'"

"Don't you fret," the housekeeper would reply, shaking her head wisely. "The master has dined three times lately at the Towers, and they say that there is a young lady staying there who rides to hounds beautifully. 'Man is not born to live alone,' as the saying goes, and he will bear the sight of Miss Monica well enough when her ladyship's place is filled again—not that I ever expect to see her equal."

"Nor you will. Her children have a stepmother over them, indeed!" was the jealous and ruffled retort, as filling her apron with the evergreen and holly for which she had come, nurse departed with puckered brow.

So there he sat, brooding over his trouble, seeing no light in his cloudy sky, regardless of the Light that so long ago came into the world that Christmas night when the star that heralded our Lord's birth first shone in the clear blue eastern sky. As the gusts of wind now and again swept round the old house, they brought with them the sound of church bells ringing forth the tidings of great joy, and then, as he sat up impatiently, he became aware of a curious, uneven knocking on the heavy oak door at the further end of the room.

"Who's there? Come in, cannot you?" he cried irritably, seizing the poker and making such an attack on the fire as to fill the room with light. Then as it was repeated, "Come in, I say, or take yourself off."

Evidently the knocker preferred the former course, for as Sir Anthony raised his dark head the door slowly opened, and there entered, in an undecided manner, almost as if gently pushed, three young children, two straight and sturdy boys, leading between them a white-robed baby girl, a vision of bobbing yellow curls, smooth, dimpled, pink cheeks, and wondering blue eyes, then the door closed quietly again. Half-way up the room walked the pretty group; then as they met the sombre, almost fierce eyes fixed on them, they wavered, and stood huddled together as if uncertain how to proceed, motherless lambs at whom the wolf was glaring. And so on this Christmas Eve, Anthony Amhurst and his neglected children silently regarded each other, while the bells rang on, now far, now near, ringing for the Christ who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God!"

"What do you want?" demanded Sir Anthony, shortly, much amazed, and uneasily aware that if the children were afraid of him, he was equally so of them. "Look here, go away; you cannot play in this room, you know—vanish," and he pointed towards the door.

But Tony, his six-year-old son and heir, had straightened out his ranks, and they advanced to the rug, to stand in line before him.

"We have not come to play; we never do here," he said, in a clear, solemn little treble, his beautiful dark face, that would so surely one day be a repetition of his handsome sire's, drawn into an anxious frown. "But — we — have — brought you this," and Sir Anthony became aware that he was holding something towards him.

But for the pathos it would have been a comic scene; the man's face, as he took the proffered envelope, and drew a cabinet photo of his three children therefrom; the children, as they watched him breathlessly, half to see how he would receive their gift, half to be prepared to beat a hasty retreat to where their faithful guardian awaited them, should this mighty personage before them show signs of wrath. But he remained quite still, sitting forward and gazing at the picture which Tony had thrust into his hand at arm's length. For he guessed that, despite his upright bearing, the little gallant attempt at nonchalance, the heart was beating uncomfortably fast. Tony knew more than the others, therefore feared more, and somehow the thought cut his father like a knife, and he raised his head with a jerk.

"Why have you brought me this?" he asked, quietly.

"You see—you are our father; it is a Christmas present," the boy explained nervously, "Joe's children gave him one—he liked it," and the younger lad, lovely enough to deserve his nursery name of "Beauty," nodded his head in grave confirmation.

"Oh, I understand," and Sir Anthony regarded him uneasily, the photo hanging limply in his hand. "Well, I am much obliged to you—all," with a hasty glance at the youthful lady in the centre, who seemed much inclined to make a dash for it, and recover the gift.

Queer thanks from a father to his children. An old woman standing behind the door, listening with abated breath, clenched her hands, and in her heart a plea went up for them all, not only for her lambs, over whom she watched day and night, but for the father, who years and years ago had been a child in her care.

"Oh, dear God Almighty, at this blessed Christmas time, when our Lord was born, have mercy on Master Anthony, and let his little children lead him back to peace."

Beauty was adding his share to the presentation when she listened again.

"Merry Kismas," he chirped.

"You were to say happy Christmas," Tony corrected, in a muffled whisper, "because nurse is sure that mother would want father to be happy," and he glanced sadly at the present, which did not seem to have cheered the recipient.

Sir Anthony winced, yet he felt no desire to sweep the group away, and was inwardly concerned to see that Tony's grasp on "the girl's" plump wrist was marking the pretty skin, while when she released herself, and sat down on the rug with considerable force, he found himself thinking how unpleasant it must be, and was distinctly relieved to find that she took it serenely. For the first time he looked straight at "the girl," and the little one, pleased at his red coat, smiled back at him with something of her dead mother's smile, and taking off her shoe, staggered to her feet, and came to lay it in his hand.

"Baby gives," she lisped.

"It is new, and she thinks you will like it," explained Beauty, with placid, protecting pride, his chubby hands in his belt. "You had better kiss her; she seems to like you."

"She does not know me," he answered, between his teeth, for the touch of the little hand, light as the snowflakes fluttering to the ground now and again without, had stirred something in his heart, even as his boy's voice had done a minute before.

'Oh, yes, she sees you through the window sometimes, and we say, "That is Dad!"' Tony said simply, edging a little nearer.

'Dad!' echoed the girl, with smiling pride in her knowledge.

With something like a smothered groan, Anthony caught her up—Monica's child, who knew her father 'through the window'—and by the aid of one of those faultlessly cut top-boots Beauty was likewise lifted beside her, while Tony found himself swung on to the arm of the chair, whence he could shyly slip an arm round his father's neck, satisfied by the look on the stern, dark face that he would not be repulsed.

"God forgive me!" the man muttered, as in a flash he realized that something was left to him—these tender and innocent souls were all his own to guard, their ardent baby love be his for the winning.

"You like the present?" questioned Tony presently, as the girl's sleepy head lay against the scarlet-coated breast, the damp mite of a thumb dropped from the rosebud mouth. 'Joe, nurse's nephew, has five children, and his wife went to heaven when God, the Father, took mother. The children were made into a picture and Joe has it on his kitchen mantelpiece in a shell frame, and says that it is better than a mint of money to him. So we got this for Christmas. Nurse said that she did not see why you should be behind Joe, you know, and we should give it ourselves. Is it worth a mint to you, father?'

"That it is, mannikin," but in his new humility Anthony Amherst felt that possibly he deserved his picture less than his coachman, Joseph.

"Would you like it better with a shell frame, dear lickle sheels?" demanded Beauty, laying a venturesome finger on the cleft in the firm chin.

"No, no, just as it is," he answered. "Or—we will get one for it like that one up there, with—mother's picture in it."

It was almost the first time that he had spoken of her, but looking from the upturned faces of her little sons to the silver-framed photo of lovely Monica on the mantelpiece, it seemed strangely easy and was almost a relief. For she seemed very near to them yet in that quiet room; with her tiny daughter's soft breathing close to his ear, surely he was keeping his promise to her at last and finding that it brought its own reward.

"I dine at home on Christmas Day, and the children with me, even—Miss Monica," he said when nurse arrived for her charges, and he looked up at her with an expression absent from his face for many a long day. "A happy Christmas to you, good old friend; in truth, none better deserves one."

From that Christmas Eve Sir Anthony was the centre of those children's lives; people said, indeed, that he lived for them. And this remark was possibly truer than much that people say; for certain it was that every Christmas Eve, when the snow lay thick, or the wild winds swept through the bare trees in the park, and frost held the waters ice-bound, a tall dark man would come quietly into the library at eventide, and after listening a moment to the distant joy-bells, would unlock a drawer in an old desk, and stand motionless before it. Yet there was very little there —a bundle of letters in a girlish hand, a broken bangle, and a fading photo of three children, a tiny white shoe— little enough, but landmarks in the life of one who, having suffered and grown strong, liked on the eve of that great anniversary to pause awhile in the past and acknowledge that his heavenly father had tempered justice with mercy.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is not the cost of the Christmas tree decorations that will give delight to the children. In fact, the work of their own hands and the hangings that they can pick from the tree and eat will furnish more fun than all the finories that are kept from year to year, and accummulated by a full pocketbook from the art treasures of the manufacturer.

A sparkling tree always appeals to the childish heart, and is easy to accomplish. Take the tree into the yard and make a saturated solution, in a big pail, of water and alum. Then with a big brush or broom, sprinkle the tree thoroughly with the liquid. Let the tree remain until dry and it will look as if Jack Frost had applied himself to the task.

Strings of popcorn and of cranberries, strung by the children, can be used to decorate the tree. Then the children can bring into practice their kidergarten teachings and make chains of red, silver and gilt paper with which to decorate the boughs. Frosted snowballs of assorted sizes, some as large as a big plum and others the size of a huge apple, can be made with cotton batting and sprinkled with diamond dust. A bent wire should be inserted in the top of each.

Lady apples and gingerbread men and animals are always a delight to the children, and even the grownups seldom refuse their share of the toothsome morsel. These can be hung by ribbons fastened through the cakes. Stockings may be fastened with bright colored red cambric and laced with green. These, too, should be filled with candies.

Fancy paper napkins that are to be had in great variety of design and colors are excellent for little bundles of goodies. Plenty of holly and ribbon should of course, be used to tie the different articles to the twigs.

ARCHIE McGREGOR'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

The snow lay curled in little drifts around the old farmhouse that nestled snugly at the foot of the hill, while the freshly fallen snow-flakes, resting tremulously on the evergreen, fell fluttering earthward, as the breeze stirred their branches, all indicating that the world was preparing comfortable winter quarters for the celebration of another Christmas Day.

On the road that came winding from the valley, past the house, up and away over the hills, a few passing sleigh bells broke the silence.

An old man, bent and worn more by the toil of earning a livelihood than by years, opened the door of the house, and, looking observantly at the freighted clouds heavy with their overcharged burden, spoke with a prophetic voice to some one within.

"We are going to have some more snow to-night. To-morrow will be a real old-fashioned Christmas, such as we had years ago when we settled here first."

He closed the door and turning to the sweet faced white haired woman who was preparing supper, asked:

"How long is it, wife, since we came here?"

"Why, surely, you have not forgotten, John? It is thirty years next spring. We came here when we were married, right into the heart of a forest to build a home, while——"

"A strange wedding trip," he interrupted humorously. "The young people nowadays take a very different one."

"But not a happier one than ours for our hearts were full of love and hope."

Her dark eyes glowed with the light of the love which had never dimmed since those youthful days.

"That's so, wife, and wasn't I proud of my bonnie bride? I thought a palace none too good, yet I had only a settler's hut to give her, but she made it paradise for me."

The expressive tenderness of his voice told her that the bent, white haired wife was infinitely dearer to him than the fair young bride of thirty years ago.

"I could not have done that, John," was her loving, earnest answer, "if your part had been neglected. You have always been a good husband to me. How proud I was of our little log house! It was our own, and it was home. We have had a long and happy life together. Of course there were sometimes dark and cloudy days, yet the sun of God's providence always shone through. We have had grief and loss———." Her voice broke, and she looked through the window, and across the valley, as if the eyes of love could see, through the darkening winter twilight, the white stones in the old churchyard that marked the resting place of two children God has given them to care and love a while, and then he had taken them to Himself.

"Ay, wife," said the husband, as he furtively brushed away a tear with his coat sleeve. "But our little ones are safe. Their love blessed our lives, and they are waiting for us yonder, and remember, God left our Archie with us."

"Yes, and he's a good son. The house has been lonely since he went away. But we could not keep him in the home nest when his wings were ready for flight Yet he did his duty by us, if ever a boy did."

All a fond mother's pride and love glowed in her face, and vibrated in her voice, yet there was a latent sadness in it. The tea kettle hummed its merry song, and the old grey cat purred in calm contentment on the rug before the fire. All within was cheerful and home like, yet something was missing, and the husband's words told what it was as he said, slowly:

"Do you know, wife, I kind of thought Archie would be home for Christmas. He has never spent one away from us yet. I feel lonesome thinking about him. I would give a good bit to see him sitting over there in his old place, telling us about his doings in the city. He's a rare one to tell things is Archie. To hear his laugh makes my heart young. I seem to live my youth over again in him."

"We must not forget, John, that he's a married man now," said the wife, in a hard voice. "The old parents must take a second place. I seem to have lost him since he married. My heart feels sore towards the woman who has won him, and taken my boy from me."

Her voice broke in a sob, while the husband said sternly, yet consolingly:

"Tut, wife, Archie has too true a heart ever to forget us. Then, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Did you consider my mother's feelings thirty years ago?"

"But that was different, John," she said, half apologetically.

"Not a bit of it," was the sturdy reply. "The same old story just repeats itself. Remember, wife, our capacity for loving is not limited. We may love in a diferent way without taking any of our affection from others who should have it. When I loved you I did not think less of my dear old mother. God bless her memory! Neither will Archie think less of us. I confess I would like to see him and his wife, to, for she must be a good woman, or he would not love her so; yet wife, if you and I have to eat our Christmas dinner alone, it will only remind us of that first one we had here so long ago, when we had just each other."

"Yes, thank God, we still have each other," she breathed, with tender reverence. Then, after a short silence, she said, "I did some fixin' for to-morrow. I could not help it. It's a habit, I suppose. I got a turkey ready, and made Christmas cake, some mince pies, and pudding such as Archie used to like. Perhaps it was foolish of me to cook so much, and he not here to share it. I wonder if his wife can cook, and make the good old-fashioned things he likes so well?"

"Oh, well, if she doesn't, her new fangled dishes will taste as good to him as yours did to me when you first began housekeeping."

He knew how she missed her boy, and that it hurt her to know that another hand ministered to his wants. He felt how sore her heart was, and, hiding his own loneliness, he tried to comfort her.

"We must not be selfish, wife, for it is only natural that Archie should wish to spend the first Christmas since he's married with his wife. When the spring opens we will take a trip to the city to see them."

His object in proposing a visit evidently did not have the desired effect, for she answered rather decidedly, "No, John, I shall not visit them. I'd be too old-fashioned for Archie's stylish city wife."

Failing to give her any comfort, he rose slowly, and said, "I think I'll go down to the postoffice for the paper, before the storm comes on."

He returned in a short time, for the little postoffice was only a few rods down the road.

Opening the door he called cheerily, "Here's a letter from Archie."

His wife came forward eagerly and took it from his outstretched hand. He stamped the snow vigorously from his feet, closed the door, and sat down by the fire, while she prepared to read the letter aloud. As she tremulously opened it there fell from its folds five crisp ten dollar bills. When she finished reading it, her husband said with slow unsteady voice.

"Sorry he cannot be with us. Business detains him. Kate and he sends love."

The wife's eyes filled with tears, and she said pitifully, "It was kind of him to send this money. I'll put it away, for it seems somehow to take his place. We don't need it but we do want our boy."

Her tears fell freely over her furrowed cheeks, and she seemed to have suddenly grown older as she sat there with her son's gift lying unheeded in her lap. Her husband rose feebly and went out into the darkness. When he returned, supper was ready. They made a pretence at eating, while their loneliness remained silent in each aching heart.

In a distant city Mrs. Archie McGregor sat in her prety comfortable home, beside a glowing grate unmindful of the fast falling snow without. She held a book in her hand, but was not reading. She had been quietly watching her husband for some time. He seemed perplexed and restless. At length she rose, and going to his side, asked with tender solicitude,

"What is the matter, Archie, Is there anything troubling you?"

He spoke in a low voice, yet his wife detected a quiver in it.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner, and we could have gone to see them? You have never invited me to visit your old home, and I have often wished you would."

"I know that Kate. You have made these four months of our married life so happy that I have grown selfish. To-day one of the office boys asked permission to go home for Christmas. When I saw the joy on his face as I granted his request, a strange, inexplicable yearning came over me, bringing with it a mental picture of the old home, and father and mother. I feel that they want me to-night, and I wish them to know my wife," he said, with fond pride.

"I would like to know your parents, Archie, I have no mother now, so you must give me half of yours' she said sorrowfully.

He drew her closer to him, saying eagerly,

"There's a train in half an hour, Kate. Could we go then?"

"What about our grand dinner to-morrow evening at Judge Dunmore's?"

"I'll send a note to the judge, explaining our absence. Will you go Kate? Say you will humor me, dear." He looked at her pleadingly.

With her loving intuition, she understood his longing even better than he did himself, and answered unhesitatingly, "Of course I will, Archie, I'll get ready at once."

A few hours later as they were speeding away towards the old home among the northern hills Archie leaned towards his wife, saying tenderly, "I am taking my parents a precious gift this Christmas."

"I hope your mother will like me," was her wistful yet reserved answer.

"And what about my father?" was the puzzled question.

"Oh, I do not fear winning his love, but mothers are different. It is hard for them to share their sons' loyalty and love with other women. I feel for your mother, Archie," she whispered, softly, as she nestled closer to him.

Next morning, as the old couple sat alone with nothing but the memories of other Christmas days to cheer them, the wife said suddenly: "John, I hear bells. Who can be out so early this morning?"

Her husband rose and looked through the window, then said hurriedly:

"It's a sleigh from town. It has stopped here. Oh, wife, it is Archie! yes, Archie, and Kate, too."

He spoke joyously, hastening out to meet the travellers, while the mother stood in the doorway with a wondrous light shining in her eyes. Soon she was clasped in her son's strong arms, while her husband with old-time chivalry, was caring for his daughter, for his heart claimed her as such from the moment she put up her red lips for his welcoming kiss.

"I wanted you so, my boy," the mother whispered, as she kissed her son.

A strange yearning took possession of the young wifes' heart as she saw the brown head pressed close beside the white one. Then her husband turned to her, and said, with tremulous tenderness and pride, "I have brought you a daughter, mother."

When Kate felt the motherly arms around her, and the kisses on her face, the ache in her heart passed, and she felt that Arhcie's mother was hers, too.

"I guess your good things will not spoil now, wife," said the father, with a merry ring in his voice.

"And you have your wish too, John. We have much to be thankful for." Then looking at her son, "We were just longing to see you, Archie. We wanted you so."

"Not more than I wanted to see you. I thought at first I could not get away, but I had to, that's all. I wanted you to see your daughter, father," he added, blushing like a lover, as his mother led his wife away to lay aside her wraps.

"My heart called her that as soon as I saw her. She's a bonny woman, my boy. And your old father is well pleased and very happy."

As Archie sat in his own old chair, telling his father all about his busy life, his eyes with loving watchfulness saw his wife and his mother talking together, with nothing but love in each face, his heart was filled with a wondrous joy and contentment.

That night, as the young husband and wife sat together in the little spare room, Archie asked humorously, "Did you think I had taken leave of my senses, Kate, when I hurried you off so quickly I could not help it, dear, an irresistible force compelled me to come."

"I am glad we came, Archie. I would not have missed seeing your father's joy and the light on your mother's face for anything. Mothers are queer, anyway. She was so delighted when she learned that I knew how to cook, and make the things you like. I invited her to visit us, and see for herself, how well I care for you, and she has promised to come in the spring."

He laughed happily, then said, earnestly, "This has been a very happy Christmas day to me."

"And to me, too, Archie," she whispered. "I love your father and mother, and I feel that they love me."

"Why, how could they help it?" he asked, wonderingly.

His Unspeakable Gift.

II. Cor. 9. 15.

How many gifts are being prepared for the Christmas season! Gifts for our children, our parents, our friends; gifts for the poor and for those whose goodwill it is to apportion them among the poor; gifts fashioned by loving fingers or chosen by loving hearts; gifts of great price and gifts of small price in the coinage of this world, but rich in the reckoning of heaven.

And who would refuse a gift, however poor and trifling? Who will not accept gratefully the slightest token of his neighbor's love on Christmas Day!

Yet there is one gift from which many turn aside. It is the Unspeakable Gift. Love beyond measure prompted it; sufferings more than we can tell brought it within our reach. Without it, all other gifts are but poor, useless things; with it, the slightest gift is glorified. Refused times without number, it is still held out in mercy.

Refuse it not again—his unspeakable gift!—Deaconess' Advocate.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Once on a time a woman at Christmas made up her mind to be sensible and give her friends only useful presents. She found it a much harder task than if she had bought a lot of thoughtless things and distributed them haphazard, for she had to study the peculiarities of each friend and try to remember the one thing lacking that would make her happy. But by putting on her thinking cap and sitting up at night she at last congratulated herself that she had succeeded. But lo and behold! when her friends received the presents they were furious.

"What shocking taste!" they exclaimed "How little she appreciates the true Christmas spirit! How could she imagine we don't already possess the necessaries of life! It is most insulting! We will never speak to her again!"

Moral—Never try to please everybody.—J. J. O'Connell, in December Smart Set.

Money Saved to Farmers.

(New York Herald.)

The farmer was slow to learn the benefits to him personally of good roads, but the lessened wear and tear upon horses and vehicles owing to general betterment of highways has proved to him that county money expended on road improvements is a capital investment. The extension of free rural delivery, one of his real home comforts, has been more easily possible owing to better roads being provided everywhere.



A Christmas Story

By Sarah Bernhardt.

Translated from the French, by Charles Houston Goudiss.

The Chateau de Ploerneuf was the terror of the Bretons. On passing it the peasants made the sign of the cross and murmured under their breath: "The Chateau of the Accursed!" Brambles grew about its boundary walls, which no living soul dared pass. The valets moved about within like shadows, never raising their voices. No one ever spoke to the master.

Alone, the young Comte Robert found grace before the lord of the manor, the old Duc de Kerberzoff, his uncle.

At the moment when this recital commences, Robert was at the feet of the old man, who, with livid face, glittering eyes, and marks of fear on all his features, sat in the great ducal chair listening to what the spectre of terror said to him.

By his side, upon a porphyry column, burned a small golden lamp, ornamented with precious stones, into the flame of which a tall negro poured, minute by minute, a drop of oil. In the old man's rude hand gleamed an ax; the negro would have paid with his life the least forgetfulness of his duties.

The Duke was paler than usual. His long white hair clung to his brow, and from his eyes great tears rolled down upon his silver beard.

"My dear lord, are you in greater pain?" asked Robert, tenderly.

The Duke shuddered—listening still.

"Christmas! Christmas!" sang voices in the fields. "Christmas! Christmas!" sounded the church bells.

Then drawing himself up, spectre-like, he said:

"Listen, Robert; listen!"

For 20 years the old man had not spoken.

The sepulchral voice resounded in the great hall; the arms, struck by echo, gave out an iron plaint. The young Count felt frozen with fear.

"Twenty years ago, I had a son — handsome, brave and generous. He loved a young, low-born girl, and wished to wed her; but I refused—I could not consent to such an outrage. My son implored me but I remained inexfixible. My blazon would have been shattered by such a shame! I was wrong, child— I was wrong! Never be arrogantly proud, it is a mortal sin!"

Sobs stifled the old Duke's voice. But presently he went on:

"The girl was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her gold; she refused it. Then I had her abducted and shut up in a tower of the chateau. Months passed; my son remained faithful to his vows. I faithful to my pride. I therefore resolved to kill the girl. To that end I sent her secretly a message, advising her to escape. A silken ladder was conveyed to her, with minutely-detailed instructions as to how she was to fasten it to her window. She prepared to fly, and then I invented an infamous trap!

"Listen, Robert—listen! I caused the stones which supported the window to be loosened so that it should give way under her and she wuld be dashed upon the marble pavement of the courtyard below. It was Christmas, the night of that evil deed; and ever since I have slept in fear of God.

"That same night I was transported in dreams into an immense gallery of clouds. Vaults followed upon vaults in millions—extending, ever extending. Under these vaults hung little golden lamps, swaying gently. It would have taken years to count them. Some of them burned brightly, others were extinguished suddenly. Some shone with a violent glare, others flickered and sputtered a long while before they went out.

"Some of the these lamps were guarded by angels, white and beautiful as beauty itself. Other of the lamps had angels, black, ugly and malevolent, who seemed to wait impatiently the moment when the flame should expire.

"'What does all this mean?' I asked my conductor.

"'All those lamps are human souls,' he replied. 'Those which burn so brightly are the souls of new-born infants; stainless angels guard them. Here are the souls of those who are at the age when, some think, the Spirit of Evil and the Spirit of Good contend for them; but, at the supreme moment, the last breath almost always returns to the Spirit of Good.'

"I then asked to be shown my own lamp.

"'Come with me,' said the strange being; and, leading me under innumerable vaults, he made me traverse a great distance. At length, stopping me abruptly, he said: 'Behold! there is your soul!'

"I was petrified with terror! A single drop of oil remained in my lamp; and above it an angel with black wings blew upon the flame to accelerate its extinction. I was seized with dread—overtaken by cowardice!" said the Duke, trembling in every limb.

"Listen, Robert—listen! Beside me burned a flame of purest light; that lamp of gold, protected by an angel with wings of spotless white. The Spirit of Evil whispered in my ear."

The old Duke stopped—as if the voice were speaking to him again. His eyes became bloodshot, his hair rose on his head with horror, his teeth chattered with affright, and when he continued his voice was almost a shriek.

"I went to the lamp guarded by the angel with the white wings, who looked at me sorrowfully; but the angel with the black wings still whispered in my ears. I saw nothing; I did not wish to see anything. I plucked a feather from the wing of the black angel and dipped it in the brightly flaming lamp and took from it the oil, drop by drop, and poured it into mine. My flame became glittering and red as blood; the other paled, but preserved still the brightness of a star. But when the drop of oil was left in it the angel that guarded it spread his white wings and would have stayed me; but an angel with pearly wings and bearing a golden sword suddenly appeared.

"Let this human being do according to his will—God will judge him,' it said.

"I took the last drop of oil! Then fear seized me. 'What lamp is this?' I asked, pointing to the poor flame that was ready to expire, and the voice replied:

"'It is the soul of your beloved son.'

"At the same moment the clear flame of the oil died out; the white angel took its last breath in its wings and flew away, uttering as he went a cry of distress. The Spirit of Evil replied with a cry of triumph.

"I awoke frozen with horror.

"In my chamber lay two bodies—crushed, unrecognizable. My son, informed by his fiancee, had tried to protect her in her fight, and my criminal snare had destroyed them both. It was Christmas twenty years ago.

Saying this, he made a sign to the negro tending the precious lamp to cease feeding its flame.

"I have made confession," he added, "and can now die, but will God forgive me?"

At that moment the bells of the chateau pealed forth and the voices of the singers in the church were heard. The doors of the great hall opened. At the back of the chapel of the old manor, resplendent with lights, the infant Jesus lay upon his bed of straw, appeared radiant with celestial glory.

The old Duke fell on his knees before the infant Deity.

"Man," said the voice of the priest, "Jesus was born to suffer, and died for the redemption of sinners. You have sinned, you have suffered, you have repented—God forgives you. Your soul pass from you in peace."

Then the old man turned his eyes toward the lamp, above which an angel with white wings was hovering. That angel he recognized—it was the guardian of the brilliant lamp.

The angel smiled sweetly and took within his wings the expiring flame, with which he flew heavenward.

The Duc de Kerberzoff was dead.

A PRAYER.

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
God of the broken heart—for these,
Thy tenderness!

For prayers there be enough
Yea, prayers there be to spare,
For those of proud and high estate;
Each hath his share.

But the beggar at my door,
The thief behind the bars;
And those that be too blind to see
The shining stars;

The outcast in his hut,
The useless and the old;
Whoever walks the city's streets
Homeless and cold;

The sad and lone of soul
Whom no man understands;
And those of secret sin, with stains
Upon their hands,

And stains upon their souls;
Who shudder in their sleep,
And walk their ways with trembling hearts,
Afraid to weep;

For the childless mother, Lord,
And ah, the little child
Weeping the mother in her grave,
Unreconciled—

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
For these and such as these, I ask
Thy tenderness!
Whose sin be greatest, Lord;
If each deserve his lot;
If each but reap as he hath sown—
I ask Thee not.
I only ask of Thee
The marvel of a space
When these forgot and blind may look
Upon thy face.

Ella Higginson, in the December (Christmas) Scribner.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers
The little children wait.

When at last the summer ripens,
And the harvest is gathered in,
And the food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win.

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain.

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December
For the bird's Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The birds flock north, south, east and west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows,
And peep in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly looked out,
With cheeks that bloom like roses red
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door,
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell:
The birds who share in the Christmas cheer,
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!
When this pretty story was told to me,
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year.

I thought that our little children
Would like to know it, too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do.

To take God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

Celia Thaxter.

The Little Boy Fools Santa Claus.

Dear Santy: I'm the little boy
At number five-six-four,
In front you'll see my black bull pup—
The name is on the door.
Please bring me loads an' loads o' things,
When Christmas comes this year,
'Cause I have had the measles and
A risin' in my ear.

An' Santy, if you'll be so good,
Bring toys enough for two,
'Cause I am twins, dear Santy Claus,
An' less 'an 'at won't do.
But don't bring more 'an one alike,
Fer we kin swap, you see—
An' mark 'em "Billy"—I will 'vide
Ez fair ez fair kin be.

—S. M. Talbot, in The Reader.

THE QUIET HOUR

FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

Sweet Comfort for Feeble Saints.

(By the Late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.)

"A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory."—Matt. xii., 20.

Babbling fame ever loves to talk of one man or another. Some there be whose glory it trumpets forth, and whose honor it extols above the heavens. Some are her favorites, and their names are carved on marble and heard in every land and every clime.

No one says much about Jesus except His followers. We do not find His name written among the great and mighty men; though, in truth, He is the greatest, mightiest, holiest, purest and best of men that ever lived; but because He was "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and was emphatically the man whose kingdom is not of this world; because He had nothing of the rough about Him, but was all gentleness. Christ was all gentleness, and this is why He has not been extolled among men. Beloved, our text is full of gentleness. And I hope I may be able to show you something of the immense sympathy and the mighty tenderness of Jesus as I attempt to speak from it.

First, the encouragement offered in our text applies to weak ones. What in the world is weaker than the bruised reed or the smoking flax? The majority of God's people are a timid, weak race. They are like the starlings that are frightened at every passer-by; a little fearful flock. If temptation comes, they fall before it; if trial comes they are overwhelmed by it.

Secondly, the things mentioned in our text are not only weak, but worthless things. I have heard of a man who would pick up a pin as he walked along the street, on the principle of economy; but I never yet heard of a man who would stop to pick up bruised reeds. We all despise it as worthless. And smoking flax, what is the worth of that? It is an offensive and noxious thing. Well, then, beloved, in our estimation there are many of us who are worthless things.

Ah, that is how you talk of yourselves! You are good for nothing, so are these things. But Christ will not throw you away because you are of no value. You do not know of what use you may be, and you cannot tell how Jesus Christ values you after all. Do you not know that there is such a thing as glorifying God by sweeping the street crossing? If two angels were sent down to earth—one to rule an empire and the other to sweep a street—they would have no choice in the matter, so long as God ordered them. So God, in His providence, has called you to work hard for your daily bread; do it to His glory.

Jesus Christ saith He will not quench the useless flax, nor break the worthless reed; He has something for the useless and for the worthless ones. But, mark you, I do not say this to excuse laziness—to excuse those that can do, but do not; that is a very differnt thing.

A word with you middle-aged men, battling in this life's rough storm. Man of business, toiling and striving in this world He will not quench thee when thou art like smoking flax; he will not break thee when thou are like the bruised reed; but will deliver thee from thy troubles. Thou shalt swim across the sea of life, and shalt stand on the happy shore of heaven, and shalt sing, "Victory!" through Him that loved thee.

Ye youths and maidens! Slippery paths are the paths of youths and dangerous ways are the ways of the young; but God will not break or destroy you. Serve God in early days; give your hearts to him, and then He will never cast you out, but will nourish and cherish you.

Prayer.

Almighty God, who in days of old didst lead Thy people like a flock, vouchsafe to us that guidance which we need for our earthly pilgrimage. Lead us safely through the wilderness and bring us to the promised land. And because the way is often difficult and our enemies are numerous and strong, fill us with that spirit of faith which manifests itself in courage and obedience. May we realize continually that God is with us, that the resources of Omnipotence are available for those who strive for holiness and heaven. Grant, then, O God, that we may never be discouraged or faint-hearted, but may be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. May the whole Church of Jesus Christ be infused with this spirit, that bravely and successfully she may fulfil her lofty calling and may witness for the Saviour throughout all the world. We ask it in the ever blessed name. Amen.

"Like as We."

The Master stood 'mid His angel band
In one of His mansions fair,
And he heard from over the gold strand
Many a prayer.

"A child of Mine is in need," He said
To a shining form at His side;
"A child of Mine is in need of bread—
Haste and provide."

And unto one on His other hand,
"Lo! one of My little ones weeps
Alone and sad in a stranger's land—
Stay till she sleeps.

"And one is forsaken, and one bereft,
And one is groaning in pain;
By the hand it loved best one heart is cleft,
Bleeding in twain.

"A worker is weary, another cast down—
They have labored so hard for Me;
There is parting and loss in the busy town,
Death on the sea.

"Go! take of My spirit and comfort them all;
Strengthen, sustain and cheer,
Slight not My children's feeblest call,
For all are dear."

And all save one on their pinions bright
The ministering angels flew,
Till the tears were dried, and the dark made light,
Hopes born anew.

Yet a sadder cry fell on the Master's ear
When He heard the anguished call—
"Is heaven so high that Thou canst not hear?
Save! or I fall!"

And the angel rose with kindling eyes,
Saying, "Here, am I, Lord, send me";
But the Master answered, "The defies
Thy ministry.

"When I upon earth was tempted and tried
By Satan's strongest power,
It was that I might more surely guide
Man in such hour.

Many sweet acts hast thou often done
Unto my children dear,
But I fly Myself to My tempted one—
Tarry thou here."

And He who was tempted "like as we"
Strengthened, upheld, sustained
That soul in its mortal agony
Till the day was gained.

—Lilian W. Greaves.

The Evening Lamp.

(By Rev. James A. R. Dickson, B. D., Galt.)

When the toils of the day are over, and the evening meal has been enjoyed, and the family group is gathered around the evening lamp, either reading the entertaining page of classic story, or monthly magazine, or daily newspaper; or listening to a conversation that has sprung up as the wind springs, no one knows whence, each by turns taking part, and adding his share to the feast of reason; while some, perchance, ply the busy needle, embroidery, embellishing or knitting—what a sight is this! No more beautiful sight can be seen; no more pleasing picture can be painted. It speaks of family union, joy and content. It says, as loudly as it can be said, what the sweet old song says:

Home- home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home. There's no place like home!

In the soft radiance each face is intelligent and loving and beautiful. Each countenance beams with animation and interest. Each heart beats with a tender affection that grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. It is a familiar scene; but we seldom think to how much in life and "in the world's broad field of battle" it ministers. That light shines not only for the present, but the future. It casts its rays far out into the ways of the outer world, and cheers and gladdens by its kindly gleam when darkness may be gathered around the spirit, and hope fading from the soul. It lightens up all life. The evening lamp of one's early days never goes out, but shines on through all the coming years, more bright, and clear and gladsome. What the sun is in the noonday sky this lamp is in the heart. This, we think, must stand unquestioned. The Rev. Richard Cecil says: "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them; like embers we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see the 'minor.' He could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion. I knew better. The ridicule on Regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harrasses him—it throws itself continually in his way. * * * I find myself to-day laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing." Ah! as the light of the evening lamp sinks into the eye and fills it, so the words spoken around it are dropped quietly, and often unwittingly, as seeds into rich soil—Banyan seed, that give birth not only to one tree, but to a whole forest.

SOME INDIAN PROBLEMS.

Prof. Oman, author of "The Brahmins, Deists and Moslems of India," does not accept the theory that infant marriage is of comparatively recent origin in India. On the contrary, he places it among the very ancient customs. Girls of 2 to 8 years of age are "married" to boys or often to adults of any age. This is a very common practice among Hindus. The practice also prevails in a lesser degree among Parsees and India's Mohammedans. The prophet of Islam married Ayasha when she was aged 9. Prof. Oman says we have it on the authority of Megasthenes that in his time (306-298 B. C.) early marriages prevailed in India in the case of girls, who might be wedded when 7 years old. According to the Hindu codes the father, mother and elder brother who permit a girl to remain unmarried after a certain age go straight to hell, and a Brahman who will marry such a girl is not admitted into society. If the texts cited in Prof. Oman's book before us are accepted as authoritative by orthodox Hindus, the religious basis of the custom of infant marriage is undeniable.

The question of enforced widowhood in India, which generally exists, in spite of the permission granted by the Anglo-Indian Government in 1856 to widows to remarry, Prof. Oman admits to be a very difficult one. It is of very ancient origin also, and seems to be based on the notion that Hindu widows would not hesitate to poison their husbands, and as a matter of fact commonly did so in the days before the suttee and its alternative were enforced. This charge, which he says, dates back to Strabo (B. C. 31—A. D. 21), and which has been frequently repeated in our own times, reflects so seriously on the moral character of Indian women, and at the same time points so unmistakably to gross tyranny on the part of men capable of driving their wives to deliberate murder, that he prefers to regard the accusation as at least not proven, and looks elsewhere for the causes of the cruel treatment of widows. That the custom of enforced widowhood is now the alternative of the suttee, or sati, is not questioned, whether it comes down as a part of the funeral rites of the kings or chiefs, or was a measure of economy to save the family the expense of the widow's support or not. In 1829 the British law forbade the suttee, but it did not prevent the horrible practice. Ten years afterward, at the sati which accompanied the cremation of the body of Maharajah Ranjit Singh, of the Punjab, in 1839, four of his wives and seven female slaves were burned to death on the funeral pyre with the corpse of their lord and master. In Behar, in 1904, six men were sent to prison for abetting a suttee; two cases were reported in 1905, and one is said to have taken place in Cawnpore and one in Calcutta last year, both of which were simple suicides, although showing the tenacity of the custom or fear of the horrors of widowhood. Prof. Oman sums up the case of the Indian widow, subject to caste notions, by quoting the precept of Manu, that among persons to be shunned are "the husband of a twice married woman and the remover of dead bodies." And he adds "Under British law the Hindu widow may not be sacrificed or sacrifice herself on the funeral pyre; she may, if she can find a partner, marry again. But in obedience to the rules of immemorial custom, her second husband, herself and any children born to them, would probably, in such a case, be outcasted, a prospect which few care to face." That Britain has done all that it is possible for her to do for the Indian widow, he freely admits, yet her condition remains pitiable. He thinks that it will be improved only by promoting female education, and thus slowly modifying feminine opinion. The women are always hardest on women.

Fixed.

Two diners at an hotel were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One of them insisted that it was a fruit, the other insisted that it was a vegetable. The friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?"

"It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is always a hextra!" he replied.

Early Rising Problem.

Tommy was a very sound sleeper and wouldn't get out of bed earlier than 10 o'clock, no matter what his mother said to him. So one morning she tried coaxing, and said to him:

"You have heard of the little boy who got up at 6 o'clock in the morning and when he went out he found a purse of gold?"

"Oh, yes," said Tommy: "but what about the little boy who got up before him and went out and lost it?"—Exchange.

Declining the Chance.

"I'm worried about that boy of mine."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I wanted to fit him for the army or navy and he positively declines to study medicine."

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

Colds have been and are epidemic.

If you want the news, get the RECORD.

Read the new Christmas ads. in this issue.

Parliament is called to meet at Ottawa on January 20.

Good sleighing during Christmas week would make trade brisk.

Couple of days' good skating on the small lakes last week.

Rubbers were selling about town this week at 25c. per pair.

We are having our first taste of winter weather this week.

The Eastern Journal looks better, brighter and newsier the last few weeks.

We have two stoves to sell, one a second-hand base burner. Call and see them.

Mr. B. Bourinot was away this week and visited Halifax, New Glasgow and Sydney.

Mr. E. Ferguson was on his way home from a business trip to Halifax on Wednesday.

A. A. Bellium promises something interesting in his ad. next week. Watch out for it.

Capt. Crowell, of the Sea View, who was confined to the house for a week with a cold is out again.

A good Xmas or New Year present—a year's subscription to the RECORD.

In Wednesday's Chronicle Mr. Geo. W. Kyte, M. P., is reported as being in Halifax.

Bertie Terrio, who was employed in the Queen hotel, Halifax for several months, is home for the winter.

Wm. J. Phelan has a fresh stock of groceries, canned goods, plain and fancy cakes, etc. Call and examine.

Mr. Wm. Mombourqueste, of W. Arichat, was sworn in as a Justice of the Peace last week by Municipal Clerk Campbell.

The boats are reported as having another fairly good week. All that is needed is a few weeks of fine weather.

Mrs. K. B. Boudrean (widow) has a nice fresh stock of Christmas goods. She will have a Christmas tree on the 24th inst.—adv.

The parish ladies are preparing for a tea meeting in aid of the Convent to be held during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Geo. W. Kyte, M. P., was visiting different towns in Cape Breton county last week, as reported in the Sydney Record.

Send the RECORD to an absent friend or relative for a year. They'll appreciate your kindness. Subscribe now.

Mr. James A. Ross, the People's Jim, who does such good work for John Tobin & Co., was at Mulgrave on Wednesday and will shortly be calling on the trade in this county.

Harry Pyle, son of Samuel Pyle, merchant, of Boylston, is in town pulling a good thing—a medallion for holding and preserving pictures, and is doing a good business.

Freeman Mills, Baxter Brothers' right hand man in Cape Breton during the lobster season, arrived in town last week to make preparations for the resumption of business in the spring.

Good many "knights of the grip" in town this week, among them Mr. Wylie Smith, who is growing very fond of the place for some reason or other, the sequel to which may be found some day.

Schr. Milo, Gagnon, arrived from Port Hastings last week with a cargo of coal for J. LeBrun. On her way down the Milo had the ill luck to break her main boom off West Arichat in a squall.

There was good sleighing here on Tuesday, but it soon yielded to softer weather and mother earth was once more exposed. On Wednesday and Thursday snow again came down, and sleighs at this writing (Thursday) have again been brought into requisition.

Mr. William Mombourquette, the genial Charlottetown agent for the Plant S. S. Co., was in town on Tuesday looking as well as usual, and that is saying a good deal. He is a brother of our energetic and respected parish priest, the Rev. Father Mombourquette.

Belcher's Almanac, the friend of the farmer, the fisherman, the professional and business man, has been laid on our table for 1909. It is as usual replete with valuable information and presents a fine typographical appearance. The publishers, the McAlpine Publishing Co., of Halifax, have our thanks for a copy.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Municipal Council meets on Tuesday, January 12.

Read our inside pages. They are more than usually interesting.

Mr. J. H. Moffatt, representing Lares & King, is in town.

Allan McRae, Esq., of St. G.'s Channel, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. D. F. Macdonald, of the Amherst Boot & Shoe Co., is in town.

A man who attends to his own business has a good steady job.

The man who wants the earth invariably gets it—when he dies.

Mr. W. E. Madden arrived on Tuesday from Truro, where he had been for several months.

If all the devils were cast out of some people, they would look like walking skeletons.

Municipal Council meets on Tuesday, January 12.

Read our inside pages. They are more than usually interesting.

Mr. J. H. Moffatt, representing Lares & King, is in town.

Allan McRae, Esq., of St. G.'s Channel, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. D. F. Macdonald, of the Amherst Boot & Shoe Co., is in town.

A man who attends to his own business has a good steady job.

The man who wants the earth invariably gets it—when he dies.

Mr. W. E. Madden arrived on Tuesday from Truro, where he had been for several months.

If all the devils were cast out of some people, they would look like walking skeletons.

And Ananias stood forth. This is said to have been so that some modern liars could stand first, second and third.

The roads were so rough in a neighboring community after the mud dried up that folks with false teeth were compelled to take them out of their mouths before starting to town in a waggon.

While away this week we met our good friend, Mr. D. C. Macdonald, the popular traveller for James Robinson, of Montreal, and he informed us that he would shortly be calling on the trade in Arichat.

N. W. McPherson, Inspector of Roads and Bridges for Richmond county, was in town last week attending to the needs of the Island. He intends doing some bridge work at Fourchu during the winter.

Miss Hanrahan, a much respected school teacher of Sydney, who taught in the one department for a continuous period of 33 years, died suddenly a few days ago. She was exceedingly popular and was held in much affection by her pupils.

The Olive was over from Canso this week, calling at Cape Auguet and Arichat for fish. Why have we not a local firm of fish buyers to buy the fish from our own fishermen and then export them; instead of allowing outsiders to come in and reap the benefit

Mr. Allan J. Cameron, of Antigonish, a young and rising barrister who was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia on October 15th, 1907, was in town over Sunday and intends opening a law office here early in January for the practice of his profession.

J. W. Morrison, general assessor, of St. Peters, who has been on Isle Madame for several days, was in town last week. He has about ten days' work on the Island before he is through with appraising the values of things animate and inanimate in this part of the county.

His Honor Judge Finlayson went down to Sydney on Monday and opened County Court on Tuesday, his first duty being to discharge two prisoners from custody for lack of sufficient evidence. He will arrive in Arichat this evening and return to Sydney to hold Court next week.

The mothers of this town who are responsible for the girls who gad the streets should stop and think what they are doing. These girls are no longer children. They are at the impressionable age. Where will you have their impression come from—from the riff of the street or from home? It is for the mothers of this town to settle the question.

There are no election protests in this province. Considerable talk was indulged in by certain Conservatives, but it seems that it was only talk. The Halifax Herald at the time said these Conservatives should "protest or shut up." They have not protested and the time has elapsed for them to do so. Some protests have been fyled in the other provinces, about an equal number on each side.

EXPLANATION.

We had our forms all ready to go to press on the 11th, but our paper supply from Hamilton, Ont., failed to turn up, no doubt being delayed in transit; and a quantity of other paper from St. John intended for such an emergency was found to be a little too small on opening and examining it. We were in a pretty kettle of fish indeed! Out of pocket many dollars for paper too small and put to more expense in telegraphing our supply house to extricate us from such dire straits. Our mild and gentle nature was much perturbed: but even the best laid plans sometimes of "men and mice gang aft agley." Pity the trials of a poor country newspaper man and be not harsh in your judgment. We do our best to serve our patrons, but the fates are occasionally antagonistic to our best intentions. It were superfluous to say more except to wish on and all "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

The following commercial men were in town last week looking up business: Messrs. Whitehead, Cole, Douglass, Smith, Priest and Patillo.

Ex-Councillor Norman McAskill, of Framboise, was registered at the Queen hotel, Halifax, last Saturday. It seems ages since we have seen this jolly Highlander.

Our old friend, Alexander G. Baillie, of Port Hastings is in town in connection with the settlement of the $2,000 insurance on the life of the late Capt. David Goyetche. Mr. Baillie is also fiscal agent for a large and promising mining property in Antigonish county.

NEWS OF CANSO

Business is fair and so are a great many of the shoppers.

Sunday was a beautiful, bright day, succeeding the western gale of Saturday night. This breeze was the strongest felt here for some time, altho' no damage of any extent was reported.

Thursday evening the ladies of the Methodist church here held their annual sale at Hesperus hall. They had quite a display of fancy articles and the show counters made a fine appearance. The weather was satisfactory and the attendance all day and evening fair. The refreshment tables were groaning with good things, representing the ability and the art of the fair donors. The receipts were $150.00.

Thursday evening the ladies of the Baptist church held their annual sale, and although the weather was not as mild as some we have had lately, the patronage was satisfactory and about $150.00 was the result of their work and solicitude.

The Scotia returned from Guysborough on Saturday and after a short delay at her dock proceeded via other ports of call to Halifax.

The first snowstorm of the season occurred on Saturday night and the amusement of skating, which had been indulged in, gave place to teams and coasting.

The S. S. Aberdeen passed through on Monday about noon and was followed by the lightship Anticosti; they were bound west.

When the weather is favorable for the boats to go to the grounds, considerable fish are taken, though the haddock have not appeared in quantities so far.

The Boys' Brigade had an entertainment on Tuesday and the athletic performers show the benefit of the training under Mr. McLeod. The drill by his class of young girls was a very interesting feature, also the song by little Miss Morris, daughter of Capt. W. E. Morris, of the John L. Cann. Misses Whitman and Kelley performed very nicely on the piano Mr. Ritchie, travelling secretary of the Boys' Brigade, was present and expressed his appreciation in a short address.

Business is brisk and the stores present an animated appearance. The Christmas trade so far bids fair to be above any of its predecessors.

Dangerous explosives sold as coal oil should warn the public against taking risk, and should move the Inland Revenue Department to greater activity in inspecting.

A TOAST.

Here's to you, dear ladies,
May you live one thousand years,
To sort 'er keep things lively,
In this vale of human tears.
And here's that we may live
One thousand years, too.
Did we say "a thousand years?"
No, a thousand less a day,
For we should hate to live on earth
And learn that you had passed away.

GILBERT.

Decide today to try

Rainbow Flour

rich in the nutriment of the best Manitoba wheat.

Mild as the Tropics at Lunenburg.

MOIR'S

The particular hostess naturally selects Moir's Chocolates for a stylish social affair.

When arranged in a bonbon dish, with each chocolate in its neat, fancy paper cup, they look the very essence of daintiness and refined good taste.

My! how delicious they are, too! Such delicately flavored centers, containing creamy confections, nuts, fruits and jellies, concealed under the finest, smoothest coating of the very richest chocolate.

The number of different varieties in each box will delightfully surprise you.

MOIRS, Limited
HALIFAX, N.S.



Chocolates

Several vessels harbored here during the heavy gale of Tuesday night, among them a deepl. laden steamer from the eastward.

The Ghent arrived early on Wednesday morning and proceeded to Charlottetown and other ports of call the same day.

Mrs. Jessie L. Gibbon, Clementsport, N.S., says: "I was suffering with Lumbago, and after using four bottles of

EMPIRE LINIMENT

was completely cured. I also found it excellent for earache."

Just think of it! Cured for one dollar!

April 27, 1907.

BLACK RIVER NOTES.

Considerable snow fell here on the 5th inst. and the merry jingle of the bells were in evidence.

The school house at the Point, West Bay, was destroyed by fire on the night of Dec. 2nd. It is supposed the fire was the work of an incendiary. It is a great loss to the section, as it was recently repaired and equipped with new stove and seats.

Robert Morrison, who was on a trip to Sydney, returned home last week. He enjoyed his trip immensely.

G. A. Nelson is confined to his bed suffering with a very severe attack of la grippe. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Dave Dunphy purposes going to Halifax shortly to purchase a steam engine and boiler to be used in his sawmill at St. George's Channel.

Miss Tena B. Urquhart, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Andrews, at Dundee, returned home on Saturday. "Somebody" was awaiting her return.

The big horse is a "cracker jack" in snow banks. He succeeded in getting there Sunday in the face of the inclement weather. The owner says "Rock" cannot be beaten.

One of our local sports went shooting seals lately, but instead of a seal he shot a trawl buoy.

James H. McIntosh, road master, was in Cleveland this week on official business.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Malcolm McPhail recently. A number of young people gathered there by surprise and presented Mr. McPhail's mother with a handsome rocking chair. The presentation speech was made by Murdo McPherson.

CANN LINE.

Strait of Canso Winter Service for 1908.

MALCOLM CANN.

Mulgrave and Guysboro daily. (Sundays excepted), calling at Queensport every morning from Guysboro. Monday, Wednesday and Friday trips extended to Boyiston.

JOHN L. CANN.

Mulgrave and Canso daily (Sunday excepted.)

PERCY CANN.

Mulgrave, Arichat, West Arichat and Petit de Grat daily, (Sunday excepted.)

J. R. Durkee, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 11, '08, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Leave Mulgrave.

Accommodation for New Glasgow and Truro (56) 6.45
EXPRESS for Halifax, Quebec and Montreal (20) 11.30
Express for Halifax, Moncton, St John (86) 16.30

Leave Point Tupper.

Mixed for North Sydney and Sydney (105) 5.50
EXPRESS for North Sydney and Sydney (19) 15.45
Express for the Sydneys (85) 20.40

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty four o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, Oct. 7, 1908.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars between Halifax and Sydney, Dining Cars on 85 and 86 trains between Halifax and Mulgrave. On Nos 19 and 20 trains between Mulgrave and South River.

D. P. FLOYD, B.A.

BARRISTER & SOLICITOR

AGENT ROYAL INSURANCE CO. FIRE AND LIFE.

OFFICE, MASONIC BUILDING,

GUYSBORO, - - - N. S.

Richmond S.S. Co. Ltd.

TIME TABLE

(Subject to change.)

MONDAY—Leaves Grand Narrows for Mountain after arrival of first express from Sydney. Leave Marble Mountain at 12 A.M. for Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows for Little Lorraine after arrival of first Express from Sydney for Isle Lorraine, Johnston's Harbor and St. Peters.

TUESDAY—Leaves St. Peters at 7 a.m. for Pleasant, Grand Lorraine and Mulgrave, returning to St. Peters via above ports same evening.

WEDNESDAY—Leaves St. Peters at 5 a.m. for Johnston's Harbor, Isle Corne and Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows for Marble Mountain and West Bay after arrival of first Express from Sydney, returning to Grand Narrows via Marble Mountain same evening.

THURSDAY—Leaves Grand Narrows for Marble Mountain after arrival of fast express from Sydney. Leave Marble Mountain at 12 a.m., returning to Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows after arrival of fast express from Sydney for St. Peters.

FRIDAY—Leaves St. Peters at 7 A.M. for Pondmouth, Grand Digue and Mulgrave, returning to St. Peters via above ports same evening.

SATURDAY—Leaves St. Peters at 5 A.M. for Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows after arrival of first express, for Marble Mountain and West Bay, returning to Grand Narrows via Marble Mt. same evening.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Passenger Train Service

(ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 8, 1903.)

Trains run Daily except Sunday.

IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1908

WEST BOUND.

		A. M.
St Peters	Leave	8.30
Sporting Mountain	"	8.53
Grand Anse	"	9.11
Whiteside	"	9.29
Basin Road	"	9.37
Evanston	"	9.43
Chapel Road	"	9.50
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Arrive	10.35

EAST BOUND.

		P. M.
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Leave	3.50
Chapel Road	"	4.25
Evanston	"	4.30
Basin Road	"	4.38
Whiteside	"	4.50
Grand Anse	"	5.04
Sporting Mountain	"	5.22
St Peters	Arrive	5.46

Trains connect at Point Tupper with all I. C. R. Passenger Trains except Maritime Express leaving at 8.40 P. M. For particulars see I. C. R. folder or enquire of Station Agents.

Baggage for Stations where agents are not on duty must be claimed at baggage car door immediately on arrival.

Trains run daily except Sunday.

GEO. E. JOHNSON, General Manager.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet the requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Salvation Army Praise.

"I feel it my duty to testify to the benefit I have received from the use of Psychine. While travelling in New Ontario conducting special meetings I contracted a very bad cold, which gradually developed into Bronchitis of the worst form. I was advised to try Psychine, which I did, and after using but a few bottles I was completely restored to health. I recommend this wonderful remedy to sufferers from Bronchitis and other troubles."

Later: "I wish to add that my voice, since using Psychine, is stronger and has much more carrying power than it had before I had bronchitis, and the vocal chords do not tire with speaking."

P. TUTTLE, Capt. Salv'n. Army.
Ann St., Toronto, Aug. 13, 1907.

Throat, lung and stomach troubles cured by Psychine; also incipient consumption. All druggists, 50c and $1.00; or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.



John LeBrun's

is the place to buy your

DRY GOODS, Groceries, Flour Boots, Shoes

— AND —

Rubbers, &c.

Good goods, obliging and courteous clerks, and chief of all prices moderate. Your wants attended to promptly.

Halifax Piano and Organ Co.

33 BARRINGTON STREET.

HALIFAX, - - - - - N. S.,

— DEALERS IN —

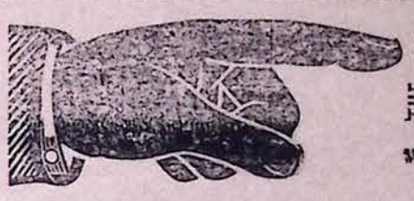
High Grade Pianos and Organs.

Our Easy Terms of Payment brings these Instruments within the reach of rich and poor.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

We are Agents for the NEW WILLIAMS' SEWING MACHINE.

JAMES LEMERCHANT, MANAGING DIRECTOR.



SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Record

Worth $2.00; Costs only $1.00 a year

SHEATHING, FRAMES SASHES, DOORS.

Send Your Specification TO

Chappell Bros & Co., LIMITED SYDNEY, C. B.

FOR QUOTATIONS.

We have a large stock always on hand.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

CHAPPELL BROS. & CO., SYDNEY, C. B.

RAKWANA TEA.

Bought Right

Blended Right

Sold RIGHT

JOHN TOBIN & CO.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Fancy Xmas Goods, Toys, &c



We can save you money on your Christmas and New Year purchases. We have also in stock a fresh line of Choice Family Groceries, Grapes, Oranges and Figs.

HARD AND SOFT COAL In Warehouse.

C. P. Terrio & Son