THE BEST CHRISTMAS

(By Lady Henry Somerset.)

A child sat bending over her work. Her curly hair fell over her eyes. The sunlight was playing on the flower beds, and white butterflies fluttered over the green lawn where she sat, and yellow-thighed bees boomed among the roses.

She never lifted her eyes from the little garment that she was sewing. An unclothed doll lay on a chair beside her, awaiting the clothing which she was so busily making. Presently her mother came across the grass, and laid her hand upon the child's head.

"What are you doing, Nellie?" she said.

"I am dressing the doll. I am so anxious to get it done. It is the first doll that I have ever dressed, and I think I shall like it better than any other. It seems more like being a real mother, doesn't it, to have made its clothes?" and she looked up with great grave eyes into the woman's face.

"I wonder if you have thought," said her mother, sitting down beside her, "what thousands and thousands and thousands of children there are who have no dolls to play with. They dress up the leg of of an old chair, or sometimes they wrap a carrot in a newspaper to make believe they are dollies. There was a little child who used to play on a doorstep in a place I knew well, who had nothing but an old stay busk, but she loved it, I think, almost more than you love any of your dolls. But one day a rough man trod upon it and broke it to pieces, and then she had nothing."

The child put her work down, and looked into her mother's face. "Nothing!" she said. "Oh, how dreadful!" Then she got up, and stood with her hands behind her back, gazing out beyond the flower beds and beyond the garden, as though she were looking away to some distant thing she had never noticed before.

"Children without dollies and without toys? That does seem a terrible thing! Suppose"—and then her whole face lit up—"that instead of keeping this dolly I gave it at Christmas time to some little girl that had none? I wonder whether that would not be better. May I send this dolly, may I take it to some little child, mother?" And she held it up for a moment, looking lovingly into its face, stroked its flaxen hair, and then cuddled it up in her arms. "May I take it myself, and give it myself to the child on the doorstep?"

"I don't know how you can give it yourself," said her mother. "London is a long way off; but you can dress it and make it beautiful, and we will find somebody who will take it to a child who has no toys."

The summer sun had gone, the flowers were nearly all asleep, and the butterflies were hiding away, trying to keep warm through the cold winter, so that they might flutter out again in the first spring sunshine. But many of them had died in the rain which poured down all through the autumn days. There was no child in the garden now, and the only sound that was heard was the rustle of the dead leaves as they floated down to the grass. The child had gone to London. She had been very, very ill, and the doctor came and looked grave, and said that her mother must take her away to see some cleverer man in the city; and so, instead of looking out over the wide garden and the grass and the flower beds, Nellie was sitting in a little stuffy room in a London hotel. The doctors came every day and put their ears to her chest, and weighed her in great scales to see whether she was getting fatter, and mother looked very grave, and would often turn away and look out the window when the doctors undressed her, as though to hide her face.

But when December came, Nellie began to get stronger, and she was allowed sometimes to go out for a walk in Kensington Gardens. She was taken there in a closed cab, so she did not see anything of the streets of London, and the walk seemed very dull to her, because she could not run about and dig in her flower garden as she did at home. By and by it was Christmas time. It seemed a very dreary Christmas. She was all alone, and her brothers and sisters were away in the country, and all her little friends. Mother had said that she should have a very tiny Christmas tree all to herself, but that did not seem much fun. They always had such a jolly time, and when her brothers brought their friends back from school for the holidays they said it was the happiest Christmas home in the world. And so it was, for mother never minded noise and they could play hide-and-seek all over the house. The only thing she was ever strict about was that directly she said it was time to go to bed they were never to ask to stay up a little longer. They had had their fun, she said, and she always wanted to be obeyed, and of course, mother knew best. But this Christmas was very different. It was terrible to be all alone, and though mother read aloud and did all she could to amuse her, still Nellie did sigh for a good romp and a giggle with the other children. One morning as she lay in bed she suddenly remembered the doll she had dressed in the summer time, and she asked her mother to get it out of the drawer; then as it lay on the bed with the clothes she had made, the under things which took on and off, and the dress with real hooks and eyes, she recollected that she meant to give it to some child who had no toys, and when her mother came to take her out she reminded her of her promise and she said: "To-morrow, mother, is Christmas Day. Won't you let me take it to some little child who has no toys?" And her mother said she would.

So the next day she set out in a four-wheeled cab, and drove a long way till they came to a great broad street; then her mother sent away the cab and they walked a little bit and turned down a very narrow one. There were a great many children playing in the street, and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the steps sat a little girl; her grimy face was resting on her hand, and she looked out on the children playing as if the game did not interest her much. The children were singing in the street something about—

"If you want a nice young man,
Stuff him with bread and jam."

But the girl paid no heed to the song.

"She has got no doll, I am sure" said Nellie, in a loud whisper to her mother.

"Ask her," said the woman.

"Have you got a doll, little girl?" said Nellie, in a loud whisper, to her, and speaking shyly.

"No, I 'aven't, an' that's a fact," said the child, looking up. "I was giv' one once when I went to the treat at Southend, but I giv' it to my young Polly when she went to the 'orspital, I did."

By this time a crowd of eager children had gathered round the doorstep, and Nellie was getting very shy.

"Would you like a doll?" she said, and then hastily pulled out her parcel, thrust it into the child's lap, and turned to go away.

"Oh, moi!" said the child, as she opened the parcel, "Gawd in 'eaven 'as sent Father Christmas, an' no mistake."

But Nellie was some way down the street and the pink color was bright in her cheeks.

That night as she sat by her mother and listened to the Christmas bells, with the toys that had been sent to her ranged round her, and the little twinkling candles of the tiny Christmas tree burning out one by one, she laid her head upon her mother's lap and said: "I don't know but what, after all, it has been the nicest Christmas. Do you remember, mother," she continued, "that she said God sent the doll to her? I think I like to do God's errands."

OPPORTUNITY'S MISTAKE.

(Woman's Home Companion.)

"This is the opportunity of a lifetime, madam," declared the smooth-tongued canvasser as he stood at the door.

"Seems to me I've heard that before," thought the housewife.

"Opportunity knocks at every one's door—but only once," continued the caller.

"That's where you're mistaken, young feller," snapped the woman as she reached behind her. "Opportunity has knocked at my door eight times this week so far. I'm out four dollars and ten cents, an' nothin' to show for it. Jest in case he should knock again I be'n savin' this kettle o' hot suds——"

But Opportunity departed hurriedly.

HE KNOWS WHAT FIXED HIM UP

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured S. D. Vickar's Lumbago.

He Suffered Three Years, But the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Made Short Work of His Trouble.

Edenbridge, Sask., Dec. 19.—(Special)—"It was one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills that fixed me up." This is the cheerful answer Mr. Sam D. Vickar is giving his inquiring neighbors in this district. Everybody around here knows that for three years he has been suffering from Lumbago. Now he's strong and well again.

"My Lumbago developed from a cold," Mr. Vickar goes on to say. 'My head would ache. I was always tired and nervous. I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning, was troubled with dizzy spells and was always thirsty. The doctor told me I had Lumbago, but did not help me very much. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills went straight to the root of the trouble. They cured his kidneys. The cured Kidneys strained the uric acid out of the blood, and Mr. Vickar's Lumbago vanished. Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They simply cure sick Kidneys. They never fail to do that.

THE SPRUCE GUM DIGGERS.

There will be a crusade in spruce gum digging in the Maine woods this winter. About twenty men will leave Skowhegan within a short time to begin gum digging operations near Jackman. Gum has grown scarce in the last few years and the demand is so great that it has become a business to many Maine men. Last year James Casey, Frank Cronin and Joe Cass dug 1,200 pounds and sold it all in Maine. It is estimated that from 50,000 to 10,000 pounds will be dug this season. From the Kennebec Journal.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

'Twas Ever Thus.

One night when putting on "Macbeth"
Came Burbage in a rage
To Shakespeare, who was seated
On a box behind the stage.
"Good heavens, Shakespeare," he exclaimed,
"This piece will die the death,
Unless you give some decent lines
To help out poor Macbeth."

"All right," said Shakespeare, rising.
With a sad, dejected air.
"How's this——er——sleep——knit——ravel——
knits up
The raveled sleeve of care?"
"It isn't much," said Burbage,
"But we'll let it go to-night.
To-morrow I will get a man
To fix it who can write."

"Here, Bill," suggested Burbage
As at beer and cheese they sat,
"Just write a part in 'Henry'
For a fellow who is fat.
I've got a half-ton actor,
Pay him one-and-six a week.
And you've simply got to give him
Some few lines that he can speak."

Shakespeare scribbled for an hour,
A pad upon his knee.
Then he answered, "Heres' a part, sir,
That looks pretty good to me."
I have called him Sir John Falstaff,
Do his lines appeal to you?"
Burbage read and answered: "Rotten;
But—Oh, well, we'll make them do."
—London Globe.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Winter Rashes

For those whose enjoyment of Canadian winter weather is marred by frost-bites, eczemas, rashes, chafings, chapped faces and hands, and other annoying conditions incident to cold, wind, and tender skins, there is speedy and grateful relief in Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. For many,

Cuticura Soap

alone, used regularly for the toilet and bath, is sufficient to preserve skin comfort in the severest weather. Skin and scalp troubles, from pimples and dandruff to eczema and psoriasis, yield to Cuticura Soap and Ointment when all else fails.

SLEEP.

It and Some Others of Our Requirements.

Sleep, like food and drink, is one of the essentials of life. Seven, eight, or possibly nine hours, in the opinion of Good Health, are required for the rest and the refreshment of our physical energies. He who cuts down his sleep is burning the candle at both ends. The man or woman who successfully courts sound sleep on reaching the pillow, and who takes as much as nature requires, is capable of doing an enormous amount of hard work daily.

Sleeplessness is a grave symptom. Its warning should be promptly heeded before it is too late, for insomnia is often a precursor of most grave nerve and brain disturbances.

And one feels to add a word of caution to those who are slighting in various ways. Not a few are planning to earn money while working at one thing to fit themselves for another sphere. If it can be done, well and good, but it is suicidal not to take necessary time for sleep, good regular meals and some outdoor exercise.

CLERICAL SLIPS.

One of the best-known bishops has a fund of excellent clerical stories at his disposal.

A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his work, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming:

"In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans."

Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Still more curious was this clerical slip:

A gentleman said to the minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?"

"Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Helping Out the Porter.

The porter was greatly perplexed. At High Polsover a lady with a lorgnette entered the train. She was a middle aged, tall, angular, tailor made woman, and she looked sternly at the commercial traveller in the seat opposite through her lorgnette. Before seating herself she opened the carriage window and sent it down with a bang. At Hilsdon Cross another woman came in.

She had fluffy hair and an appealing look in her blue eyes. She sat down and glanced at the open window and shivered pathetically; then she looked at the commercial traveller.

"I shall be frozen to death!" cried the fluffy haired lady.

"If this window is closed I shall suffocate!" cried the other woman.

The porter opened his mouth. He started to raise the window. Then he retreated. Dazed, he turned appealingly to the commercial traveller. Both the women also turned to the commercial traveller. That gentleman rose, passed by the ladies, opened the door to the platform and went out, followed by the porter.

"And what, sir," said the porter, "would you say as 'ow I should do, sir?"

"It's quite simple," said the commercial traveller. "Leave the window as it is, open, till one lady is frozen to death; then close it and suffocate the other. I'm going forward for the rest of the trip."—London Opinion.

MODERN STEEL CARS.

The most modern development in the construction of steel cars are those to be used by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the suburban service out of the new station in New York. They are all steel and are 54 feet long, seating 82 people. Through special designs which have been used the weight of the car has been materially lessened, compared with the wooden coaches. The coaches have vestibule ends and are made entirely fireproof.

OFFICIAL OATH IN SIAM.

If any form of oath is calculated to impress one, that which is prescribed to the State officials of Siam is likely to do so. Each official has to say: "May the blood flow from my veins, may crocodiles devour me, may I be condemned to carry water to the flames of hell in vessels without bottoms. After death may I enter into the body of a slave. May I suffer the harshest treatments during all time in years as numerous as the sands of all the seas. May I be reborn deaf, dumb and blind and afflicted with dire maladies. May I also be thrown into Narok—the lower regions—and tortured by Prea Yam, if I break this oath."—From the London Globe.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Swiss Guns Buried Under Snow

Artillery and troops from Fort Savatan, near St. Maurice, while manoeuvring at an altitude of nearly 9,500 feet, were overwhelmed by a snowstorm and obliged to abandon four guns. The men hastily descended to the huts at Riondsl, where they stayed snowbound for two days.

On returning to the hills they failed to find the guns under the snow, and abandoned the search. There the guns will remain until the first melting of the snows in spring.—Geneva correspondence London Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THE ANIMAL MIND.

When an animal acts in obedience to its purely physical needs and according to its anatomical structure, as when ducks take to the water, or hens scratch, or hogs root, or woodpeckers drill, etc., we do not credit it with powers of thought. These and similar things animals do instinctively. When the woodmice got into my cabin the other day and opened two small glass jars of butter that had loose tin tops, I did not credit them with anything like human intelligence, because to use their paws deftly—digging, climbing, manipulating—is natural to mice. I have seen a chipmunk come into a house from his den in the woods and open a pasteboard box with great deftness, and help himself to the nuts inside, which, of course, he smelled. While these are but dim hints of rational intelligence when it builds its nest, no matter how skillfully it may weave or sew, or how artfully it may hide it from its enemies. It is doing precisely as its forebears have done for countless generations. Hence it acts from inherited impulse.

But the monkey they told me about at the Zoological Park in Washington that had been seen to select a stiff straw from the bottom of its cage, and use it to dislodge an insect from a crack, showed a gleam of free intelligence. It was an act of judgment on the part of the monkey akin to human judgment. In like manner the chimpanzee Mr. Hornaday tells about, that used the trapeze-bar in the cage as a lever with which to pry off the horizontal bars on the side of the cage, and otherwise to demolish things, showed a kind of intelligence that is above instinct, and quite beyond the capacity, say, of a dog.—John Burroughs, in the Atlantic.

COMMENDABLE CARE.

(Puck.)

Uncle Ezra—How's your daughter doing in business college?

Uncle Eben—Fine. She can't spell very good, and she ain't very fast on the typewriter, but I tell you she's keerful. When she gets through writin' a letter on that machine every "i" is dotted and every "t" is crossed.

WINDOWS

Should Be Always Open and at the Top.

Windows were made to be opened, and should never be entirely closed, except for good and sufficient reason. The present rule of actual practice is precisely the reverse of this, and not one window in ten is ever constantly open, if two-thirds of the family can prevent it.

So abject is our dread of fresh air that some of the worst ventilated rooms to be found anywhere are in farm houses. As some cynic has remarked: "The air in the country is always good, because the farmers keep all the bad air shut up in their bedrooms."

Always open the window at the top (never at the bottom except as a supplement), for by so doing you let out the foul air as well as let in the fresh, which is almost equally important.

Foul air, coming warm from your lungs, is lighter and rises toward the ceiling. No amount of cold air let in on the floor of a room will bring this risen foul air down again, nor drive it out, unless there be some opening near the top of the room.

What often happens when you open a window from the bottom is that you let in a flood of cold air about your feet and legs, which naturally cannot breathe much of it.

PHILOSOPHY POINTERS.

It is well to remember that if we are not paid fully for our efforts, neither are we paid relentlessly for our errors.

Yes, people may think you are smart, but will it occasion a real heart ache when you are gone?

We all want to get to heaven, but don't wish to miss anything of real importance here.

Mistrust is the mother of security.

To eat an ox and faint at the tail.

Children and fools should not meddle with edge tools.

A cat with gloves on catches no mice.

A mill cannot grind with water that has passed.

Better to be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion.

Everybody's friend is nobody's friend.

A fault once denied is twice committed.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.

Hotel Keeper, St. Phillipe, Que.

WHERE EVERYONE FACES DEATH

Everywhere in New Guinea the traveler is continually brought face to face with death, and the natives are devoid of the slighting pity or respect for the dead or dying, although after a death they will often wail and mourn for a considerable time. Murder is an everyday occurrence, and nothing could be worse than the morals of the natives. In fact, they have none; they thieve and lie with a persistence and cunning which is surprising.

The Papuans have a cheerful custom which demands a life for a life; should anyone die, at the first opportunity they kill someone—they are not very particular whom—to make up for it. While we were at Humboldt Bay, says Professor Pratt in Wide World Magazine, a Malay died of dropsy; he was the first Malay who had ever come to that part, and the Papuans greatly respected him. "Very well," they said, "we must shoot a Malay with our bows and arrows to pay for his death." And, sooner or later, some innocent person would be killed to square the account, when everybody—except, presumably, the victim's friends—would be satisfied.

Syria is soon to have its first telephone system, linking the towns in the Lebanon mountains.

ISSUE NO. 51 1910

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS WANTED. Weekly salary paid. Alfred Tyler, 361 Clarence street, London, Ont.

Agents Wanted

Two new lines. Apply, Sallery, 235 Albert street, Ottawa.

PATENTS FOR SALE.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. Results from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

What?

What sovereign reigned longest over Great Britain?—Queen Victoria.

Who was the first Protestant Reformer of Scotland?—John Knox.

On what reformer's model is the United States Constitution thought to be patterned?—John Calvin's laws in Geneva.

Under what emperor did Rome become greatest in extent of territory?—Hadrian, 1st century A. D.

Before what king did Paul make his defense?—Agrippa II.

What emperor took Jerusalem and destroyed it?—Titus, born 40 A. D.

Who was the founder of Methodism?—John Wesley.

Who was the first saint of the Roman Catholic church?—Peter.

What emperor is said to have set fire to Rome for his own pleasure?—Nero, died 68 A. D.

Who was called "Sweet Singer of Israel?"—David.

What woman among the Greeks was famous for her love songs; also for her beauty?—Sappho.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

Portraits.

When Thompson takes my photograph
there's always such a fuss;
My dress must be so stiff and clean,
my curls I must not muss.
And when we reach the gallery we stay
a dreadful while!
He puts a clamp against my head, and
asks me please to smile.

He stands me up and "poses" me, and
tries this way and that;
Then mother says she'd like just one
with muff and coat and hat;
And then she starts to fix my hair in
quite another way,
And I get cross and crosser, 'cause I
want to go and play.

But now an artist's painting me, and
that's the worst of all;
I'd rather have a tooth pulled out, or
go to make a call!
Why, even Thompson's gallery I
shouldn't mind a bit;
For here there's not a thing to do but
sit—and sit—and sit!

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Zeal is a consuming fire, but love makes it burn on an altar.

The heresy hunter will never find orthodoxy save in a phonograph.

The greatest force for good is afith in the possible good in a man.

Folks who really have halos are never discovered before mirrors.

Many churches mistake raking in the shekels for bringing in the sheaves.

Men never get to know their Father in heaven by going to church to find out the faults of one another.

The poorest way for the preacher to make sure of the love of people is to worry over whether they like his preaching.—Henry F. Cope.

THUNDERSTRUCK INDEED!

While on his travels he was thunderstruck at receiving from his wife a telegram which ran as follows:

Twins this morning. More later.—Lippincott's.

A New Head In 30 Minutes

Exchange that aching, throbbing, suffering, muddled head for a clear, cool, comfortable one by taking a

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer

25c. a box at your druggists' or by mail from National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 28

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC.

of all horses, broodmares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

on their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routes the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50c and $1.00; $5.50 and $12.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

Distributors
All Wholesale Druggists

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,
Chemists and Bacteriologists
GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

ARE THE MOST MODERN AND PERFECT

A SURE LIGHT, THE FIRST STRIKE

They make no noise or sputter—a quiet, steady flame. The match for the smoker, the office and the home.

All good dealers keep them and Eddy's Woodenware, Fibreware, Tubs, Pails and Washboards.

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