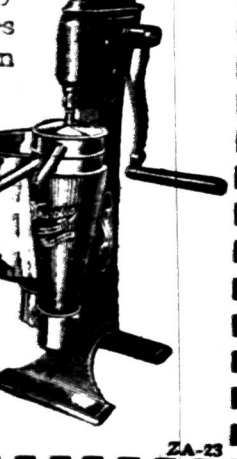


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Money to Loan at Lowest Rates.
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Money to loan at lowest current rate of interest, on real estate.
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OFFICE HOURS:
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JARVIS LODGE NO. 191
Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.
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Best Accommodation for the Travelling Public.
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WE WISH YOU
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Real Friends

TO YOUR FEET—A pair like these would prove for daily wear. Graceful in outline and distinctively finished, yet sturdily made for practical service, in Brown calf with military heel, and Vici Kid, for \$7.00 and \$8.25.

Our assortment of SCHOOL SHOES is at your disposal. Our shoes are of the best, but at the same time reasonable in price, from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

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THE MARIE CELESTE.

Strange Case of Ship Described at Sea.
No mysteries are more stimulating to the imagination than those of which the sea alone holds the answer, and there probably never has been a sea enigma more intriguing than that involving the fate of the human beings, who, on November 7, 1873, sailed from New York for Genoa, on board the Marie Celeste. Fate was never to throw light upon the problem; fiction was to furnish an ingenious and plausible solution.

Commanded by Capt. Briggs, who took with him his wife and his two-year-old baby, the Marie Celeste left New York with a cargo of alcohol in casks. The vessel's two mates and four other men in the fore-cabin were Germans. According to her log she passed the Azores on November 24. Early in December the British barque Del Gratia, bound from New York to Gibraltar, sighted her drifting aimlessly under partial sail.

Hailing the Marie Celeste and receiving no reply the British captain investigated, and found the Marie Celeste mysteriously abandoned. There was plenty of food, plenty of water, plenty of sea room, and no sign of bad weather. The cargo was undisturbed, and in the fore-cabin were the sailors' chests, filled with their clothing and money untouched. Captain Briggs' gold watch was beside his berth. Upon his wife's table in the cabin were threaded needles, scissors and a bit of partly sewed sail. The cabin toys were strewn about the cabin floor and on the wall the clock still ticked. There was no suggestion of mutiny or piratical attack; no leakage and nothing wrong with steering gear, rigging or navigating paraphernalia. The only clue was the unfinished entry scrawled upon the log slate: "Fanny, my dear wife—"

Departing hardly at all from the essential facts of the Marie Celeste, Conan Doyle offered his ingenious solution in one of his early stories, "The Hound of the Baskinville." In fact the vessel was named the Marie Celeste, and the investigating ship the Del Gratia. But in the narrative Captain Briggs became Captain Tibbo; the destination changed from Genoa to Lisbon; she sailed from Boston instead of New York; the cargo was tallow and American clocks in place of alcohol; and in addition to the crew of seven in the story, two of them negroes; there were on board three passengers. One of the passengers was a mulatto, who, sworn to vengeance upon the white race, had done away with his fellow travellers one by one, had himself been taken off the ship in a canoe from the African coast, and had disappeared in the jungle after sending back his message of defiance through J. Habakuk Jephson, who had been strangely saved from the fate of the others through the chance possession of a sacred stone. Despite the old saying, there are times when fiction outruns fact in strangeness.

He abandoned himself to his imaginary and reckless amusement and was having a decidedly prosperous interview with an express messenger when the shrieking of a whistle told him that only a hard run and a short cut would get him to his train.

Had Anderson been more familiar with the territory round Cassavara station he would probably have watched that train go, with a wise shake of his head at the treacherous ground between. Not being familiar with it, and tempted on by the bright moonlight, he stepped boldly into the alluring trap which was to prove the long-preparing magnet of adventure.

The grass was long and rank, and in something less than two minutes he had found and explored a hidden ditch about two feet deep, and having at the bottom a soft bed of mud and water. About the same time he found and explored hidden wells of vocabulary, but fortunately neither discovery broke any bones.

When he scrambled out he found that he had gathered a sickening amount of mud and had lost his hat, his train and his temper. He regretted none of them.

The ditch lay behind and the swamp before. To the left he saw the gleam of what looked like a road, but might be a river that passed under the track. With nervous flickering like a flame of a burned-out candle, and stepping for all the world like the stealthy villain in a melodrama, Anderson steered his course toward this goal.

This time fortune was his guide. The white streak proved to be a road set up a little above the low-lying swamp land, and up the embankment Anderson was thankfully climbing when he was halted by the sound of voices just in front of him and evidently coming from behind a group of boulders.

"It's no use, Jake. I'll never be able to make it tonight. I can't stand up to save my life. I reckon that canned stuff must 'a' give me ptomaine."

The voice trailed off into a groan.

"I reckon, Pete," said a second voice surlily, "that it's more likely chilblains or some other frosty folk disease."

Pete pressed his stomach in a paroxysm of pain.

"Now do you believe me?" he quavered, in feeble triumph.

"I reckon I got to this time, Pete, but it's tonight or never."

"Jake, do I look like I could hold up a train tonight?" protested the other. Anderson's heart beat with excitement.

He dropped quickly to the ground, and was about to crawl away when the man called Jake stepped into silhouette against the hanging moon.

"Hullo, bo!" he greeted, catching sight of Anderson. "Where going?" Anderson did not answer.

"Come here!" commanded Jake, in

Anderson's Ambition
By GEORGE FOXHALL
(Copyright)

One criminal ambition had woven itself persistently through the respectable broadcloth of Arthur Anderson's exemplary life.

Other ideals of youth had given way to the staid conservatism of middle age, but this one, from the moment of its inception nearly thirty years ago, had remained unquenchable.

For the ambition of Arthur Anderson, president of the File and Finishing Company, Incorporated, millionaire and philanthropist, small and dyspeptic, was to hold up a train. He had gained all things but this.

It was pathetic. Even his name was against him.

Arthur! Never in history or fiction, from King Arthur down, had there been a villain named Arthur. Arthur is the very key to virtue.

Yet, in an indirect way and to a limited extent, the ideal actually had got the better of him. At the age of fourteen he had invested three dollars in a second-hand revolver, with which he practiced joyously, rehearsing hold-ups with icy coolness and increasingly deadly aim.

Here, by all the rules, his downfall should have commenced; but it didn't. He progressed steadily in both the open and secret branches of his life; from office boy to president of the File and Finishing company; from a be-patched practitioner with an old pistol to the foremost though unknown authority on small firearms in the United States.

He had written—reveling in the alluring pen-name of Dead Shot Dan—a brochure called "Touchy Triggers," which was the standard and final revelation of the mathematical science of pistol-shooting in all its branches from draw to trajectory, from Dick Turpin to the Battle of Stepeny.

And yet, Anderson had never held up a train! He had practiced assiduously until hand and eye were instinctive, rails down which he could zip bullets at will with the precision of a cash-carrier in a department store, but—

It was so futile; he had never held up a train—probably he never would.

On these things he was ruminating as he walked toward Cassavara station one evening.

He had dined with the president of the Cassavara Compound Engine company, and had failed to get a ten-thousand-dollar order—he had been trying for. A thing like that turned his mind to train robbery.

Everybody in the car from honest man to thief, gasped and stared. They could not understand it.

"You ain't?" queried Jake for lack of other ideas. "Then who are you?" His hand was creeping to the swinging pistol. Anderson was eyeing him keenly, his left hand resting in his coat pocket.

"I'm Dead Shot Dan," he said, with tense quietness, and before the descending hand reached the butt of the hanging pistol the intelligence that had been Jake's had slipped into the ether.

As the shot echoed, Anderson laughed with hysterical joy, then dragged the mask from his face and staggered as if he himself had been shot.

But the sweet sense of precision snapped from his pistol with delirious fascination. He grasped at his fleeting senses, sweating with the strain of effort and shame.

Wiping hands reached out to him, uncertain in the confusion of speed as to what had really happened.

"Are you hit?" gasped a burly millionaire, without recognizing him.

"No!" he moaned hoarsely. "But for heaven's sake somebody take this gun from me before I hold up—"

Then he ingloriously fainted.

a tone that left no choice. "How long you been there?"

"Just arrived."

"Hear any conversation?"

"Heard your partner say he was sick; that's all."

"If you heard that, I guess you heard the rest. How d'you know we was partners?"

"I did hear the rest," he answered sharply. "That's how I knew you were partners."

"All right, mud-lark," cautioned Jake. "Don't sing so shrill." In the same instant the moonlight was reflected from a bright barrel he held in his hand. "If you heard the rest you tumbled that we had planned a little picnic for tonight?"

"Yes."

"An' that my partner is too sick to make one?"

"Yes."

"An' that you came along just in time?"

"In time for what?"

"As you've heard what's afoot, it's that or—"

Jake fingered his revolver with meditative indifference.

Anderson's heart was beating like a riveting machine.

"Well, don't you fancy holding up a train?" persisted Jake.

"I would rather hold up a train," said Anderson mechanically, "than—"

he stopped short and blushed.

"All right, then," went on Jake, not noticing the hesitation. "You've saved your life, even if you hang for it. Now listen. In twenty minutes the Chicago flier, with a cargo of millionaires aboard, will be along. We put this red lamp on the track, an' board the train as she comes to a halt. While they're investigating we slip into the rear car, where my information is that the millionaires an' their families are traveling, it being a private car."

"It'll only be about nine o'clock, an' no berths will be made up among that bunch, which makes it easier. I go first an' persuade 'em to put their hands in the air. Then you back me up."

"That's all you got to do—hold a gun an' look devilish. Think you can do it?"

"I think I can," gasped the millionaire. "If I have a mask."

"You will. Now look here. I want to explain to you that there ain't to be no double-crossing. I'm quicker'n a flashlight. D'you ever hear of Dead Shot Dan, the king-pin scribe of the pistol world?"

"I've heard the name," murmured Anderson.

"An' now you see the man," proclaimed Jake grandly. "Besides, the gun you've got ain't loaded."

At the first statement Anderson was stung into jealous impotence. The secret pride of his heart in the feats and chronicles of Dead Shot Dan was great in proportion to its secrecy; but the last insult was the worst.

It brought Anderson's mind from stupor to instant activity. Like a flash his resolve was made. He would achieve his ambition—emasculated in form as it was—to hold up a train, and then, by his superior dexterity with the trusty weapon that nestled in his own pocket, he would capture the bandit, thus obtaining a double adventure, a double glory and a four-fold satisfaction. Revenge and romance should go hand in hand.

It was not until he found himself in the private car holding a pistol over the cowed occupants, while Jake acquired their property, that the full flood of joy met his unconquered instinct.

He became facetious, and smiled as he pointed his pistol at first one and then another of his victims, more than one of whom had been lost and guest to him. Here was life at last.

Jake kept up a constant patter.

"Now be careful, gentlemen," he was saying. "My partner there is terrible blood-thirsty. He'd sooner shoot than eat, an' he scarcely ever misses. As for me," his hand patted the chained pistol at his side, "as for me—I'm Dead Shot Dan. He's a pupil of mine."

"Liar," he snapped. "I'm no pupil of yours."

Everybody in the car from honest man to thief, gasped and stared. They could not understand it.

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Then he ingloriously fainted.

His Practice.

"It is hard, isn't it, for that artist to have to stand up in the street car?"

"Why is it harder for him than for anybody else?"

"Because he is accustomed to sitting."

OUR POSITION

A year ago to-day our Reserve Rooms contained thousands of dollars worth of stock. To-day the shelves are bare. The past week we have been to market and bought thousands of dollars worth of merchandise at the New Low Price, and we can take on many thousands more, if we can get it to sell at prices like these.

Flannelette Blankets
\$2, \$2½ & \$3 a Pair

They are the best quality (Ibex) in White and Greys—the heavy soft quality, with pink and blue borders. All are perfect goods, no seconds and second grades. The first store in Canada to sell

10/4 Ibex Flannelette Blankets for \$2.00
11/4 Ibex Flannelette Blankets for \$2.50
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All this season's garments—winter weight, full length coats, lined throughout. Many of the coats at \$19 have the fashionable Fur collars.

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At 3 Pairs for \$1.00
You have paid 60c a pair for not as good.

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Very Much Down in Price

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\$11.50, \$14.50,
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Separate Skirts

- Made from Jolly Stripes and Soft Plaid Woolens at about Half they would cost a short time ago :
- Lot 1 Women's Separate Skirts in fine soft all-wool materials in Fancy Plaids, checks and stripes. Regular \$25 and \$35 will be sold for \$15
 - Lot 2 Women's Separate Skirts in a variety of fine wool materials—Jersey Cloth, Polo Cloths, etc. Regular \$20.00 will be sold for \$11.75
 - Lot 3 Heavy Imported Tweed Skirt in stripe and plaid effects. Regular \$15.00 will be sold for \$9.00
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