

STORM THE STORE **GRAHAM'S** STORM THE STORE

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

— IS THE DRAWING CARD —

Next Thursday is Christmas Day. Time for hesitating is passed. How the time will fly? With hardly a week away you have a lot to do, but Graham will help you. This week we respond with increased sale force. Helpful service awaits you, and the store is wearing its holiday garb. A holiday halo illuminates this store as if Christmas electricity had struck Graham. This is a season for giving and receiving. All are doing something in the way of giving just now, and are doing it more freely than ever before. If you are in a quary what to give Graham's store solves the Christmas Gift Perplexity easy.

Old Winter's knock now sounds its warning on the outer door. Delay no longer. Never has Graham displayed such a variety of Winter Comfortables; never have we given such attractive values. The little toddler of 3 years, the school boy of 8 years, his big brother of 14, the youth of 18, his father of 40, his uncle of 30, and his grandpa at 65 each, and everyone, no matter what his taste or desire, may be satisfactorily outfitted and Santa Claused at Graham's at a full saving of 50 per cent.

If you buy a Suit or Overcoat, Ulster, Reefer or any other article of Clothing or Furnishings before Christmas, you will be getting it for half the money it would cost you regular.

Avalanche of Xmas Reductions

Here is a partial list of our startling reductions all over the King Clothier store for this week and right up to Christmas.

Men's Suits		Men's & Boys' Furnishings	
Men's \$5 Suits reduced to	\$2.25	Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers	20c
Men's \$7.50 Suits reduced to	4.50	Heavy Wool Shirts and Drawers	30c
Men's \$8.50 Suits reduced to	6.25	Heavy Scotch Wool Underwear	30c
Men's \$10 Suits reduced to	7.00	Heavy Fleece Lined Underwear	30c
Men's \$12 Suits reduced to	8.00	Silk Ties, all styles	10c
		Fine Oxford Shirts	25c
		Black Hosiery	10c
		Black Sateen Shirts	25c
		White Shirts	25c
		4 ply Linen Collars	10c
		Derby and Fedora Hats	50c
		English 1902 Hats	50c
		Newest Shapes in Fine Hats	\$1.50
		Extra Quality in Stiff and Soft Hats	1.85
		Tweed Caps	10c
		Umbrells for	35c



Lay Away Time is here! Don't Procrastinate! Storm this Store! Do It Now!
Do It Now!

A. J. GRAHAM, The King Clothier

Her Blessings.

When a man begins to count his blessings, he can generally find plenty to be thankful for, although sometimes he may include things which might not be regarded by other people as altogether joyous.

"I'm thinking about the wonderful progress the world has made and how much we've got to be thankful for," said Mrs. Matthews, rocking in her old stuffed chair, with a pair of knitting needles in her hands and a placid smile on her face.

"It is wonderful," admitted her niece. "Seems as if everything turned to good. There's lightning, now. If it hadn't been for that, I never should have had those fine rods on the house and barn that make me feel so safe in a thunderstorm. And there's smallpox. If it hadn't been for that, we never should have known the blessings of vaccination, and if there hadn't been nearsighted folks nobody would have thought to invent magnifying glasses and specs. I declare, there's a sight of things to be thankful for."

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an ear. In length they are generally between three and four feet.

In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison; but, as the mouth is very small, it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly.

M. Kermogant, a European traveler, witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pliers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Character in the Mars.

Though there may be countering features and signs upon the face, ears that are disproportionately large, fat and red bespeak a coarseness of nature, sometimes sensuality and dissipation.

Ears that stand out from the head like flaps are often seen on religious men, but parsimony is apt to go with them.

A long shaped but small ear lying close to the head denotes refinement, delicacy or perception, but also timidity and sensitiveness. A thin, transparent looking ear shows delicacy and poetic feeling; a thick ear, the reverse. An ear set rather low on the head denotes good brain capacity; set high or on a level with the eye, a limited mental capacity is denoted.

Frank Census Returns.

British census returns are more informative than diverting, but the same cannot be said of the Indian. The Punjab returns include professional cricketers under the heading of "Clowns and Tumblers," regarding them apparently in the same light as Mr. Kipling. The Chenab has forty-six male, seven female and sixty-seven "dependent" piano tuners, and the inland state of Nahar rejoices in the possession of 205 shipowners. In the schedule also appear 117 "receivers of stolen goods" and 126 "witches, wizards, cow poisoners, etc." There is a frankness about these returns which is very engaging.—London Express.

Expensive Virtue.

A southern judge who had a fine lot of hogs one day met a colored man notorious for stealing and said to him: "Uncle Jack, I'll tell you what I'll do. You pick out two of those hogs you like best, and I'll give them to you, provided you won't steal any of the others."

The negro pondered awhile and finally said, "Jedge, you've always been a good neighbor, an' I likes yuh, an' I wants to do right by yuh an' so accepts de offer yuh makes, but I wants yuh to know dat I'll lose meat by it."

Ended the Dispute.

Two ladies at a tea party got quarreling about their respective ages. At last, to end the dispute, one of them said in a conciliatory tone of voice: "Don't let us quarrel over the matter any more, dear. I, at least, have not the heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was, for she deserted me when I was a baby, and who knows but that you may have been that heartless parent?"

A Silent Man.

Jorkins—There's Perkins—you know Perkins?—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence.

Bob—And the scheme worked?

Jorkins—Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years.

The Cheerful Man.

Give us, oh, give us, cries Carlyle, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer.

Nothing Accounting.

Granger—I understand you have an interest in the Sweetman mine?

Lamb—I have an investment there, but I have seen no interest on it up to the present moment.

TEMPTED, HE ATE.

A Story of Heinrich Heine and a Toothsome Lyons Sausage.

Returning from a journey to the south of France Heinrich Heine met a friend, a German violinist, in Lyons, who gave him a large sausage that had been made in Lyons, with the request to deliver it to a mutual acquaintance, a homeopathic physician, in Paris. Heine promised to attend to the commission and intrusted the delicacy to the care of his wife, who was traveling with him. But as the post chaise was very slow and he soon became very hungry, on the advice of his wife both tasted of the sausage, which dwindled with every mile.

Arriving at Paris, Heine did not dare to send the remainder to the physician, and yet he wished to keep his promise. So he cut off the thinnest possible slice with his razor, wrapped it in a sheet of vellum paper and inclosed it in an envelope, with the following note:

Dear Doctor—From your scientific investigations we learn that the millilith of a certain substance brings about the greatest results. I beg, therefore, your kind acceptance of the accompanying millilith part of a Lyons sausage, which our friend gave me to deliver to you. If homeopathy is a truth, then this little piece will have the same effect on you as the whole sausage. Your HEINRICH HEINE.

—Ughetti's "With Physicians and Clients."

How the Flood Came.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightway brought before the frog, and when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it all among the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

Time Tables as Geographies.

"I never realized the value of time tables until I got hold of a class of boys old enough to take an interest in

geography," said a New York public school teacher. "So far as the study of maps goes, I can get better results from the use of time tables than from all the geographies in the market. Maps that have been prepared for the purpose of cultivating the youthful mind in the matter of locality are shunned as bugbears by all except the studious few. But just set a dozen boys around a pile of time tables and tell them to locate certain cities, lakes and rivers, and they will work like beavers and come out letter perfect every time. For most children time tables and accompanying maps are a source of unending interest both in and out of school hours. It is true that this unorthodox method may give the boys exaggerated ideas as to the importance of certain railroads, but they seem to get enough good out of the investigation to counteract such impressions."

A Reason For Conversion.

Old Moses, who belonged to Judge J— of Macon, Miss., "befo' the war," was for many years sexton and a devout member of the Presbyterian church, says Harper's Monthly. Shortly after the war the colored Methodists of the community held a rousing meeting in which Moses loudly professed conversion and joined the Methodist church. Some days afterward the judge met him and asked: "How's this, Moses? I hear you have joined the Methodists. I thought I brought you up better than that."

Moses took off his hat and solemnly scratched his woolly pate as he replied: "Yes, sir, massa, dat's so—dat's so. De Presbyterian people am a mighty fine people, an' de Presbyterian church am a mighty fine church, but, massa, don't you 'tink it am powerful dismal fer a nigger?"

The Shillalah.

The shillalah is not a mere stick picked up for a few pence or cut casually out of the common hedge. Like the Arab mare, it grows to maturity under the fostering care of its owner.

The shillalah, like the poet, is born, not made. Like the poet, too, it is a choice plant, and its growth is slow. Among 10,000 blackthorn shoots perhaps not more than one is destined to become famous, but one of the 10,000 appears of singular fitness. As soon as discovered it is marked and dedicated for future service. Everything that might hinder its development is removed, and any offshoot of the main stem is skillfully cut off. With constant care it grows thick and strong upon a bulbous root that can be shaped into a handle.

Cows and Their Milk.

A professor in Konigsberg university has experimented to determine the effects of various foods on the odor given off by cows' milk. "Some cows give always, no matter what their food may

be, a milk of strong or disagreeable flavor which is apt to cause digestive troubles. In vain is the food changed—the flavor persists. The taste of the milk depends in a certain measure on the cow's food, but in a degree more important on the peculiarities of the animal."

Noble.

Mother—You naughty boy! You've been fighting.
Little Son—No, mother.
"How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?"
"I was trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a good little boy."
"That was noble. Who was the good little boy?"
"Me."

Signing With the Cross.

Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans. In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed it.

His Last Visit.

Stranger (to small boy)—Is your neighbor Jones at home?
Small Boy—No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning.
"When will he return?"
"He's gone to stay."

Too Mean For Anything.

Della—What did you fall out about?
Celia—Why, we hadn't been engaged a week before he quit buying boxes and brought me candy in a paper bag.—Detroit Free Press.

Best and Worst.

"Is this the best wurst you can send me?" asked the lady who walked into the meat store with a package of that edible in her hand.
"Madam," answered the meat man, "it is the best wurst we have."
"Well, it is the worst wurst I ever saw."

"I am sorry to hear that. The best I can do is to try and send you some better wurst from today's lot; but, as I said, that is the best wurst we have at present. I am sure, however, that the wurst we are now making will not be any worse than this, and it ought to be better. I assure you that as soon as I get the wurst you shall have the best of it. We never gave any one the worst of it so long as we have been in the wurst business, and you may be sure that when we give you your wurst it will be the best, for our wurst wurst is better wurst than the best wurst of our competitors."

But the lady, whose eyes had taken on a stare of glassiness, was seen to throw up her hands and flee from the place, for she was afraid the wurst was yet to come.

Napoleon's Temper.

A story is told of a sudden rage into which Napoleon I. fell one day as he was at dinner. He had scarce partaken of a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection struck his brain to madness, and, reeling from the table without rising from his chair—his small stature permitted that—he uplifted his foot—dash went the table, crash went the dinner, and the emperor sprang up, intending to pace the room. Quick as a flash his waiter scratched a few magic symbols on a bit of paper, and the emperor's check had grown more than double. Napoleon appreciated the delicacy of his attendant and said, "Thank you, my dear Dumant," with one of his limitless smiles. "The hurricane had blown over."

A Curious Old Vessel.

A British army officer discovered among some old manuscripts a drawing of a man-of-war which was built in 1606 for the Japanese government. The vessel was of immense size, was covered with sheets of iron and copper and was provided with two rudders.

Furthermore the manuscript in which the drawing was wrapped says that "it contained a very ingenious apparatus, which was set in motion by two dozen men, equipped with iron axes."

The vessel resembled a turtle in shape and was armed with ten large cannons.

The drawing is very exact, and experts say there is no doubt as to its authenticity.

A Deed of Darkness.

He sits alone in a darkened room, alone in the fading light. Why are his brow so heavy with gloom and his cheeks so deadly white? But though his heart is faint with care, his courage never flinches. His eyes are fixed in a glassy stare. What is it that he hand clinches? "A little courage," he murmurs. "Yes, a little, and all is won." A choking gurgle, more or less, a gasp and the deed is done! Without a shudder or eyelid wink—Ah! it makes the heart recoil that he so quietly, calmly drank a dose of castor oil.—London Tit-Bits.

Plant Roots.

It is from the rootlets or small fibers of a tree or plant that its substance is obtained, and in the performance of its duty nature has given these delicate, tender parts wonderful strength and persistence when exerted within rules. In their search for food supply they will sometimes even penetrate soft rock to reach favored spots.

Some men will get out of bed at 6 o'clock in the morning and run to a fire who can't be induced to get up at 7 o'clock to start one in the furnace.—Chicago News.

CHRISTMAS

You will find goods at W. F. in Watches, Silverware, Silver, Br Electric Novel ing Cases, Po Ebony Brushes, rors, beautiful Wedding Goods and Wedding Variety.

We are selling low prices for season.

See Our Halls at the Popular J

W. F. Mc
THE JEWEL

COUNTY CORRE

BEXLE

The snow storms as lately, have been make excellent sleighing at Mr. McKag's. Our teacher, Miss T. paring to have an X children on December miss to be a grand friend of the season. Mr. C. Davey visits friends on Saturday last week.

A large sleigh-load people took advantage sleighing on Sunday. ing Head Lake church ferred going in cutter it was just as well to crowded as it was.

Mr. McKag's large improvement to our village. The Raven Lake Co. doing a rushing business and are providing a number of men with a couple of our boys the north woods for we hope to see Christmas.

A little wood-chopper reside with Mr. and Mrs. Also a wee one at the home of Mr. J. week.

Mr. B. H. Peel presided Sunday in the absence who was unable to attend the roads were in a he had a fairly good

BROWNS SCHOOL
Mr. R. P. Hill had yesterday of last week Glen.

Miss Addie Anderson a visit to her sister, Cambray.

The young people enjoyed a very social home of Mr. Hart given by the Sun Brown's school on December 19th, consisting of recitations and music will be given at seven o'clock. Gentlemen buying their money returned

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