

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

Just to hand a Nice Lin of Smokers' Sundries, suitable for Holiday Presents. These are very cheap and right up-to-date. You cannot purchase anything more acceptable for a gentleman friend.

JOS. GARROLL, The Leading Tobacco Store, Lindsay

PUEBLO INDIAN CHRISTMAS

An Admixture of Christianity and Tribal Customs

THE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico celebrate Christmas in their primitive way, and, although they profess Christianity, they also observe their religious as well as their tribal customs, says the New York Evening Post. On Christmas eve the inhabitants of each village assemble at the estufa (place of worship) and elect officers for the ensuing year. Men and boys over sixteen years of age, if the latter have proved their worthiness in the chase, select the candidates by a vote voce voto. Women are not permitted in the estufa. The officers elected are a governor of the village, war chief, police official and a council of five members as a kind of cabinet for the governor. The governor, by the advice and consent of his cabinet, sets the time for the chase, when the entire village turns out; also designates the time to irrigate the little patches, the time to work and is ex officio administrator of justice. The war chief directs the pasturing of stock and prevents depredations upon private property. He is the chief of police, constable, judge and jury combined. Only serious cases of crime are referred to the governor and council.

After the election of officers a grand dance takes place. The braves are dressed in buckskin pantaloons, with a white cotton shirt. The headdress is of the skin of the deer or fox, the tail of the animal hanging down the back as an ornament. Some of the headdresses of the officials are prettily decorated with bright feathers and sometimes eagle plumes. Their faces are painted in yellow and white stripes, relieved by red spots on the cheeks. They wear moccasins of leather. The braves form in a double line and march around the village, preceded by the officers and the cacique, or spiritual head. Each brave carries in his left hand a gourd half filled with pebbles and nickered at the top. In his right hand is a convex stick, which he saws across the gourd and at the same time gives the gourd a shake or rattle. This excruciating noise is partly drowned by the general chant, in which all join. The song is a monotone, as if the singer were telling a story or reciting historical sketches, and suddenly it breaks out into a wild and loud blare, like the crash of the elements of discord in the grand opera of civilization.

The dance is a hippety hop, and the movement is slow until one of these breaks is sounded, and then it is delirious, like a war dance. This exercise continues all night, or as long as the braves can stand up. There is a considerable quantity of mescal drunk at these celebrations, and many of the braves fall by the wayside. The palefaces from the surrounding settlements attend the fiesta, and some bring along their whisky and gaming implements. In the plaza, or central square, there are all kinds of games and booths for all kinds of drinks. The Pueblo Indian is not used to our whisky, and a very little soon induces him to gamble away his money, clothes and wife.

Islaeta, a few miles from Albuquerque, N. M., is the largest of the twenty Pueblo villages in the territory, and the celebration here is always attended by a large crowd of whites. It lasts two or three days, during which there are horse racing, cocking mains and other sports. The gaming tables are run night and day. One of the games is chusa, similar to the American roulette, with a hidden spring which the dealer touches. Another sport is el gallo, the burying of a rooster in the sand, leaving his head above the surface. The best riders in the village are selected to compete. They form in a front line at a distance of 100 yards, and charge down upon the rooster. The rider, going at full run, leans from his saddle and grabs at the head of the rooster. If he catches the fowl, he is applauded as the victor. He then races for his home, with all the other horsemen after him, with the intention of depriving him of his trophy. If they take the fowl from him before he reaches home, he is shorn of his laurels, and in the scramble the unfortunate rooster is often torn to pieces. When a rider misses catching the rooster's head, every one laughs, and if he falls from his horse he is greeted with shouts of derision and epithets of "squaw man."

There are services in the church each morning during the festa, with the usual game and sports in the afternoon and dancing at night. The services are Roman Catholic—all Pueblos being members of that church. They, however, observe some of their own rights in secret—the dance being part of their creed worship.

Christmas in Jerusalem. Christmas is held in greatest reverence by the Christians of the east, and nowhere is its observance more solemn and imposing than in Bethlehem, the picturesque old town where Christ was born. On Christmas eve the devout of Jerusalem gather together and flock out of the city and march to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. There mass is celebrated, while armed Turkish soldiers stand on guard beside the altar and around the brilliant star, where Christ is supposed to have lain in the manger and which gleams up from the pavement, the most conspicuous object in the grotto.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHRISTMAS IN JAMAICA.

Tropical Celebration With Santa Claus Left Out.

The white people of Jamaica celebrate Christmas in spirit rather than in active observance. Of course Santa Claus is unknown here, for what would Kris Kringle do in his fur raiment and with his reindeers in a land where few need of the people know what snow is and fever still ever saw it. Outdoor sport is out of the question, and even lawn tennis cannot be substituted for the skating and tobogganing of the north. The white people sit or swing in hammocks under the cool shade of the palm trees and look with curious interest over the holiday numbers of English and American magazines, with their strange pictures of snow scenes, and read the stories of Christmastide in the land of Kris Kringle and Jack Frost. After sundown there are social gatherings, at which the guests sit out on the verandas, eat ice cream, fan themselves and while away the evening with conversation and in that "sweet doing nothing" way that is such a feature of life in the tropics. Very many of the white people of Jamaica were born in the island and so know nothing of the Christmas customs of the north. But there are also quite a number of Americans and Britishers here, and these try various ways to get up a semblance of Christmas, but it is like the crew of a polar expedition celebrating Fourth of July while ice-bound in the Arctic circle, and their Christmas is mostly one of reminiscence. Still wintering in the tropics is not without its compensating advantages, and although Christmas here is apt to be a pretty lonesome time to Americans, they are very apt to find cause for congratulation after the festive season is over in the fact that they are safe from the cold, the snow, the slush and the blizzards of the north.

YULETIDE IN AUSTRIA.

Customs and Legends of the Non-German Population.

Yuletide as kept by the non-German population of Austria is very picturesque. On Christmas day the Poles in Galicia first attend mass and then sit down to family supper. The chief dish on the table contains consecrated eggs, which the father distributes. After eating, all eyes are closed and all heads bowed down to the table in the belief that Jacob's ladder is then descending from heaven to earth and down the ladder angels are coming to bless the worshipers and to carry away their earthly troubles to heaven. Among the Czechs the legend runs that he who most strictly fasts on Christmas eve will see the holy Christ in his dreams that night. In the evening the real celebration begins. All lights are then extinguished in the house; no fire, no light is visible. The children crowd together in fear and remain perfectly silent, as otherwise they know they will receive none of the presents brought by the Christ Child and laid at the entrance of the house. The older females amuse themselves by throwing heated lead into water and gathering from the forms it assumes some hint as to the appearance of their future husbands.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHRISTMAS MENUS

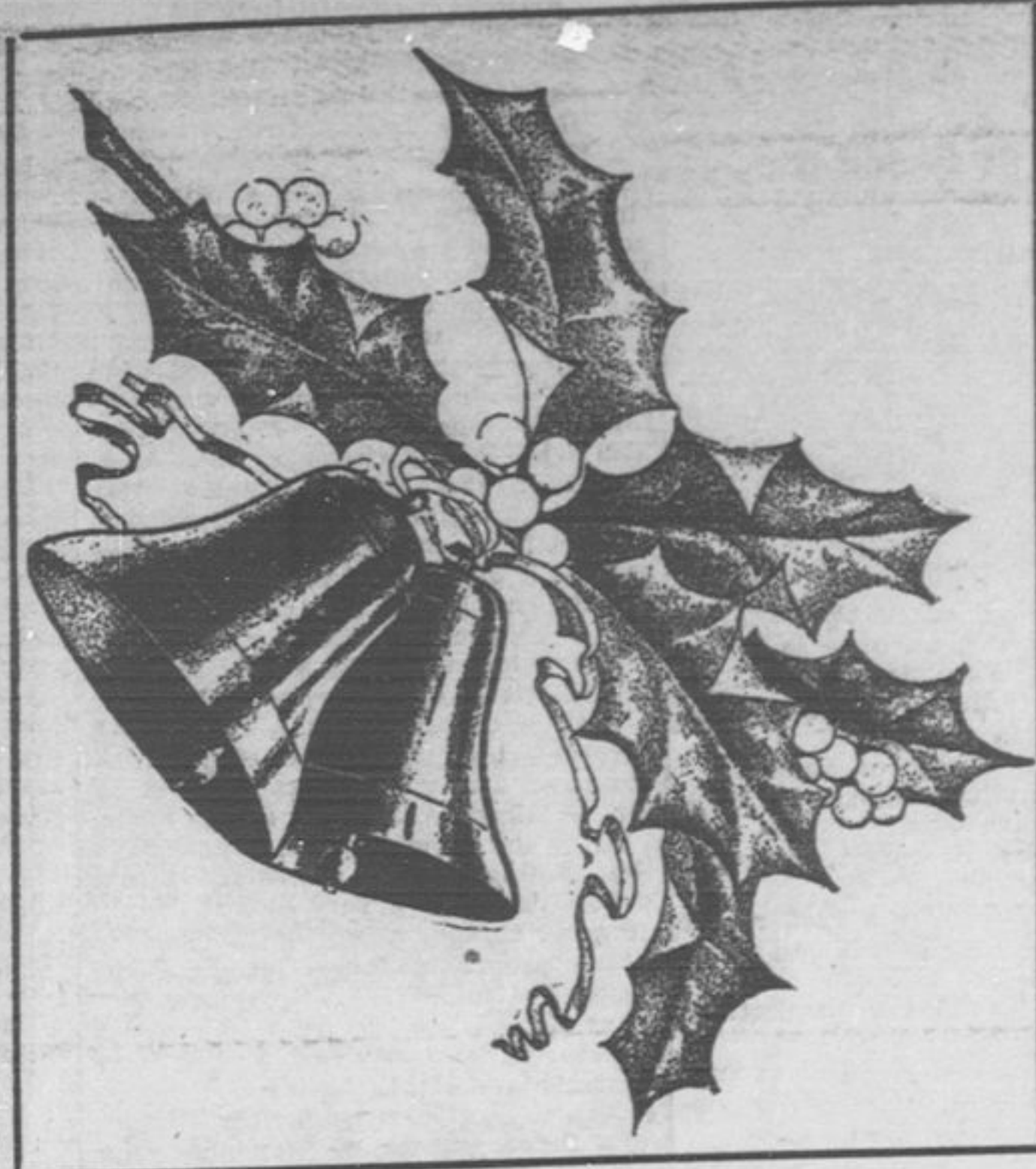
THE housewife will find no better suggestions for the Christmas spread than are contained in the following. The menus have a Christmas flavor and are cosmopolitan in their makeup. They are planned for ten or more people, but for a small family the fish course and some of the vegetables and sweets could be omitted:

- MENU NO. 1. Oyster Cocktail. Julienne Soup. Olives, Celery, Salted Almonds. Broiled Smelts, Tartar Sauce. Parsnips, Potatoes. Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Truffles. Oyster Brochettes. Spinach, Macaroni Croquettes. Lettuce Salad. Plum Pudding, Mince Tart. Small Cakes, Bonbons, Nuts, Coffee.

- MENU NO. 2. Oysters on the Half Shell. Clear Tomato Soup. Celery, Olives, Salted Pecans. Boiled Rock, Egg Sauce. Potato Cakes. Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts. Cranberry Jelly, Giblet Sauce. Brussels Sprouts. Sweet Potato Croquettes. Grape Fruit Salad. Crackers, Cheese. English Plum Pudding. Frozen Fruit Cup. Bonbons, Cakes, Nuts, Coffee.

- MENU NO. 3. Oysters on the Half Shell. Consomme. Radishes, Salted Filberts. Halibut Cutlets on Toast, Lemon Sauce. Roast Goose, Savory Stuffing. Giblet Gravy, Jellied Apples. Hashed Browned Potatoes. Lemon Ginger Sherbet. Celery Salad. Crackers, Cheese. Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce. Fruits, Nuts, Bonbons, Coffee.

All of these dinners are easily prepared. The soups are light and simple, but must be perfectly seasoned and perfectly free from grease. Nearly every one now prefers the Christmas turkey stuffed with truffles or chestnuts and has a favorite recipe for this delicacy, so it is unnecessary to say anything on this subject. If this noble bird is to appear on the table, put a double row of nut meats down his breast, to button up his brown coat in true military fashion, and let him rest on a bed of celery and parsley leaves. The Christmas goose, celebrated in song and story, is not very well known on this side of the water. The turkey tired palate will welcome the appearance of the goose, cooked by this recipe, on the board.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



A Very Merry Xmas from

B. J. GOUGH

Take our "Merry Christmas" to-day as a personal one. It is given in much the same spirit as a cheery "Good Morning" from friend to friend.

To all who have helped to make this the most successful year in the history of this store we extend the glad hand at this Christmas Season.

Having sowed a big crop of gilt edged bargains, we have reaped a bountiful harvest, therefore we have cause to be grateful.

Perhaps some may have received a gift from an unexpected quarter. If so it won't cost much to make a return by a New Year's Gift if you purchase it at Gough's.

If you haven't filled all your wants come round to the big corner store any day before New Year's Day. You'll buy; we must sell.

Another Christmas and another greeting; Just the old wish that many are repeating; And no new wish one-half as much can say As these few words: "Bright be your Christmas Day!"

B. J. GOUGH,

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MAN

PROVINCIAL FINANCES.

Remainder of Basis Laid Down by the Fathers of Confederation.

The recent conference of Provincial Premiers was interesting from the fact that the financial basis of the Provinces was restated, and thus the public was reminded of the historical facts of the case. At the settlement at Confederation the Federal payments to the Provinces were based on two points. One was an allowance to Ontario of \$80,000 a year, civil government and isolation, \$70,000 to Quebec, \$60,000 to Nova Scotia, and \$50,000 to New Brunswick, the four Provinces comprising Confederation. It was assumed by the fathers of Confederation that that sum would go a good way toward paying for civil government and legislation. The fact is that nearly the whole of the amount aid to Ontario—some \$59,000—is required for members' indemnity. There was also a further allowance of 80 cents a head on the basis of population of 1861. Since 1861, however, the population of this Province has increased from 1,396,000 to 2,182,000, or a gain of about 60,000. Of course there is the local revenue of Ontario to depend upon, but the idea of the subsidy was that it should be sufficient for all time to come. Many changes have taken place since 1861. The grants to education, for instance, have increased from \$247,000 to \$780,000, and to \$1,025,000, and when the Inter-Provincial Conference met in 1887 it was felt that the grants were insufficient, in view of the growth of the demands upon the Provincial treasury, and that the Federal subsidy should be based on the population as it has increased. There was a representation at the meeting in 1887, including Hon. Oliver Mowat, then Premier, Messrs. Fraser, Ross and Hardy, as well as delegates from nearly all other Provinces. In the view of the delegates nothing more of their representations at Ottawa. It is also notable that

That Ple and Write.

Rudyard Kipling has an American wife and likewise an American mother-in-law. The latter, Mrs. Wolcott Balestier, lives in New York. The other day Mrs. Balestier sent her famous son-in-law a present. What do you think it was? A glass rolling pin for use in making pie crust. In making the purchase she explained that Mr. and Mrs. Kipling and all the little Kiplings are passionately fond of pie. Here is a pointer for those who would wish literary fame. Pie is the stuff that dreams are made of.—Utica Press.

They Need the Truth. Millions have been spent in colleges and millions in libraries, and the money has been well spent. Sure as you live, the time is at hand when farseeing men will come forward prepared to spend millions in warding the truth, so far as it can be ascertained, before the people of these United States—the truth about politics, the truth about art, the truth about business—a true statement of news of the world, not to bolster up a cause, not to make a fortune, not to push a party, but the truth for its own sake because the cause of humanity, which is the cause of democracy, can live by nothing else than the truth.—Rev. W. S. Rainsford of New York, formerly of Toronto.

His Source of Information. "Benny, how do you know that the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth?" Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner) replied—"You said so yourself, sir.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

What She Looked. "I brought my husband fifteen thousand pounds when I married him," said the fat lady. "You look it," said the cutting young blade, surveying her massive form.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Canada's... The Canadian people... The Dominion... The success of the... The savings banks... The population... The United States... The neighbor seems alive.

FOR ON... Opportunity for... ing



When a farmer... mother earth... So it is with... a father pays for... That's where you... way to bring you... investment. Money... It is ceaseless in... spot in this fair... better service than... Sick Children.

Young Canadians... will make their... Dominion, but... this noble institut... ready filled an earl... way to bring you... without any doubt... investment. Money... It is ceaseless in... spot in this fair... better service than... Sick Children.

You see your mot... the very day it is... disposal. Money... quickly brings you... contribution has en... of life saving, h... health giving.

The Hospital for... the people of Ont... \$50,000 a year... and it stands to-day... the big hearts of O... through it is in... city institution; i... of Ontario has the... privileges as one t...