



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for all those painful ailments of women.

It has cured more cases of Female Weakness than any other remedy the world has ever known.

Bearing-down Feeling, causing pain, weight and headache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use.

Irregularity, Suppressed or Painful Periods, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also.

Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "drowsiness" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the organs.

Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

You can write Mrs. Pinkham about yourself in strictest confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ELDON.

BY-LAW No. 311

A By-Law to Prohibit the Sale of Liquor by Retail in the Township of Eldon.

Whereas, a petition in writing has been presented to the Municipal Council of the Township of Eldon signed by at least twenty-five per cent of the total number of persons appearing by the last revised voter's list of the municipality...

Therefore, the Corporation of the Township of Eldon, by the municipal Council thereof enacts as follows: 1. That the sale by retail of spirituous, fermented or other liquors...

From the Yuletide Cynic. Thank heaven, it isn't only the aristocrat who can have a family tree at Christmas. Be Christmas white or Christmas green...

Whitesmith's Jewellery Store is the place to buy Christmas Presents. A fine selection of Jewellery, Clocks, Watches, Fine Gold Wedding and Gem Rings.

TAKE NOTICE That the above is a true copy of a proposed by-law which has been taken into consideration by the Council of the Municipality...

B. STACEY

THE THREE WISE MEN!

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Who Were They?—An Unsolved Christmas Mystery.

One Christmas mystery remains unsolved. Who were the wise men of the east—the magi who followed the star of Bethlehem from afar to do homage to the newborn Saviour?

The simple story as told in the Bible is one of the most familiar in Christmas lore. Any child could recite it in detail. Painters and sculptors have made it the theme of their brushes and chisels, and to this day the identity of these boys remains a mystery.

It is fair to assume from the fact that the visitors were received at court by King Herod and that they carried gifts of value that they were in their own country men of royalty or close to it.

Much of our information about the early days of the Christian era comes from the monks of the fourteenth century, who delved deeply into historical sources since lost to the world.

Impelled by some mysterious power, they dropped all the cares of state and followed a single star thirteen days and nights without eating or sleeping till it led them to Jerusalem.

Then the story follows that of the Bible until they returned to their own countries. The story does not stop here.

They were slain by barbarous gentiles, and later the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, recovered their sacred bones and took them to Constantinople.

When Santa Went Astray. Miracle of the Leaves Repeated For Washington's Poor. The day of miracles has not passed, according to the firm beliefs of a hundred or more poor people in Washington.

While the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 loaves of bread. The huge six-foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from one of his stores.

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"Did you get 150 loaves of bread?" "We did," was the reply. "What did you do with it?" "Gave it away."

An Old Christmas Custom. A century or two ago there was a custom in Germany for all the parents in a town or village to send the presents they designed for their children to one chosen individual, who called at each house clad in a motley robe, a mask and a huge flaxen wig.

Turkey Once a Side Dish. Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

The Kaiser's Christmas.

PROBABLY no European court gives Christmas presents on so extended a scale as the Kaiser's.

Every one gives presents to every one else, and for weeks before Christmas secret inquiries are made about the most suitable gifts to bestow.

The Kaiser does no shopping himself, but he is the greatest Christmas giver of all, and his presents in every case exactly fit the desires of the happy recipient.

Soon before Christmas the royal unit sends the Kaiser a bag of bright, new gold twenty and ten mark pieces and another of silver five mark pieces.

The Kaiser's best side is seen at Christmas. There is a story current that once near the palace of Sans Souci the Kaiser came upon a half frozen sentry with very red nose and bright eyes.

"Cold day," said his majesty. The sentry did not reply, but his teeth chattered.

"How long have you been on duty?" asked the Kaiser. Still no reply.

"The empress is always practical with her gifts. Every year her majesty grows more popular among the best elements of the people.

When the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 loaves of bread. The huge six-foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from one of his stores.

"Well, that was an order from the Carroll Institute. It came here by mistake. But it is all right. We are glad you gave it away, and if you need more let us know."

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CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour.

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly.

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us.

"After awhile the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mended almost to death.

"Well, when I read that letter I just sat down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. I made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, — Wiscon.

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, now. White hair, mind you, and the beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer."

"The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?" "Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real."

"The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made.

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A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By Jefferson De Angelis.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppeers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face saugily pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair.

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THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

Ericksen and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time.

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