

OUR GREAT XMAS SALE

Our Xmas sale starts this week and we beg to call attention to the excellent assortment of the lines we carry.

Never before have we been in as good a position to offer such excellent value for your money as this year, and the assortment affords a variety of choice for any member of the family for whom a gift may be required.

We invite you to come and look these goods over, and if you are looking for the very best values that can be had for the money we have them. Come down and take a look at the moving toys in our window. A regular little world running night and day. Demonstrating our hot air engines and electric railways, either of which make an excellent present for a boy from 8 to 12 years old.

R. L. MORGAN, Druggist and Oculist
Riggs' Old Stand
LINDSAY, Ont.

P.S.—A pair of our properly fitted glasses make an acceptable gift for father or mother. Ask to see our presentation cards for spectacle.

MONTREAL LOSES 780 POUND WOMAN

Montreal, Nov. 29.—The biggest woman in the world died yesterday in Montreal. She weighed 780 pounds. Her name was Justine Mazon. Her mind became affected some time ago, and she was taken in charge by the Assistance Publique.

During her stay there her exploits became famous. She was so big and so strong that in her fits of insanity she used to break down the walls of the rooms in which she was enclosed, build a special house for her outside the main building.

She was so large that a special coffin had to be built for her.

Then no undertaker could be found who would endanger his hearse with the weight, so the body had to be removed in an express wagon.

On one occasion she caused a sensation at Bonaventure station by insisting on getting into a Victoria to be driven to her home. She got in, and it was finally found necessary to but the carriage had not proceeded very far before it broke down. She then, it is said, took a street car, but could not get through the door and had to stand on the back platform, blocking the passage so that no one else could get in.

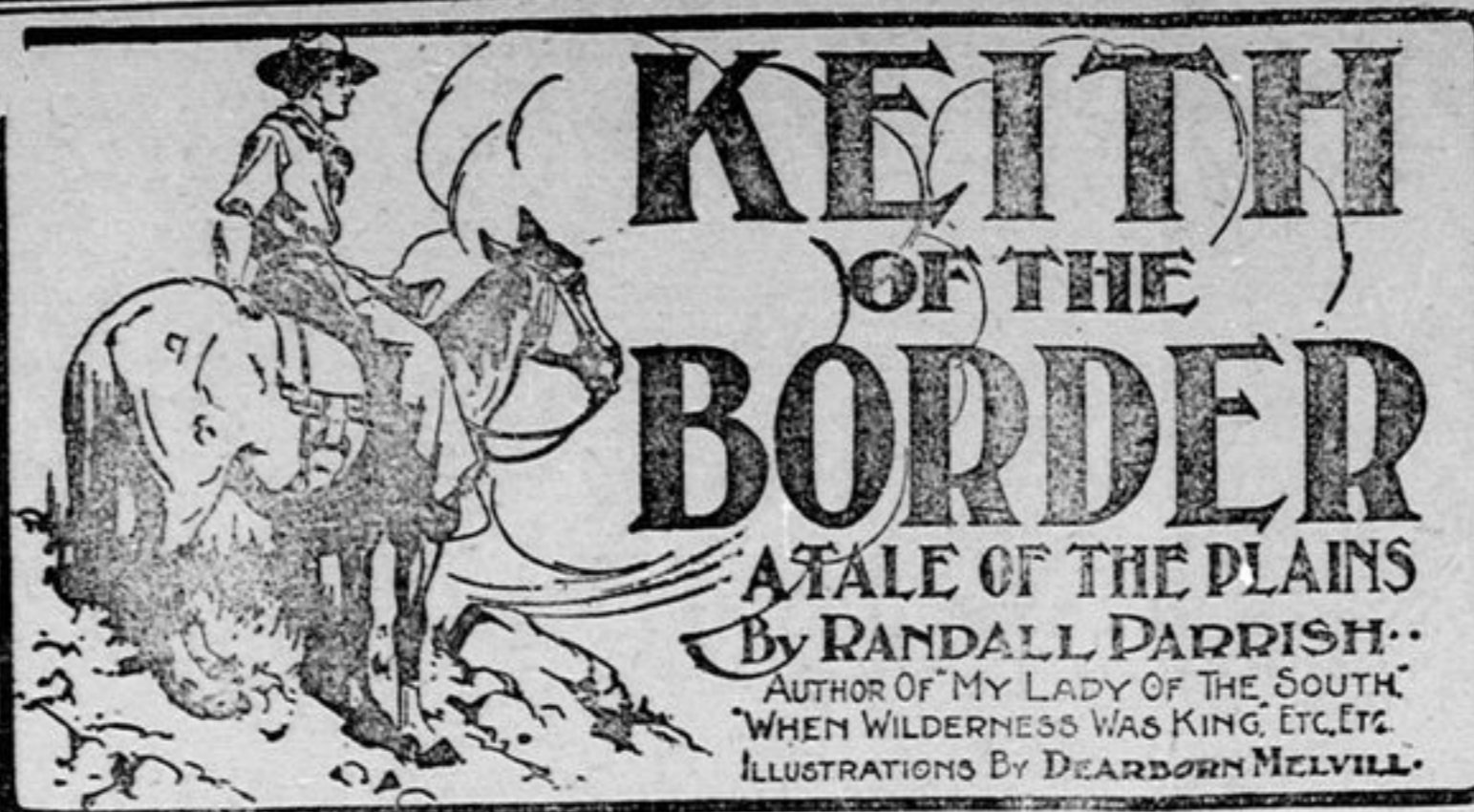
On another occasion she was arrested and an attempt made to take

her to the police station. Four policemen from nearby beats were unable to handle her, so the reserves were called out.

Ultimately eight officers bundled her into a piano wagon.

Celluloid Comb Caused Her Death

Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 28.—Lit, the Pearl Madden, the year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Madden of Stamford, died Tuesday night shortly after 12 o'clock from burns received in the morning when a celluloid comb, with which she was playing, became ignited. The little girl was badly burned about the body and face, and inhaled the flames and a large quantity of the poisonous fumes Mrs. Madden was busy with her work in another part of the house when the accident occurred. She heard the child scream and rushing into the sitting-room found the little girl lying on the floor writhing in pain. On the floor, near the stove was the celluloid comb, which had been ignited by the heat from the stove, burning fiercely. When medical aid arrived child was unconscious. Her wounds were dressed and everything possible was done to save her life, but after lingering several hours she succumbed



KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL DARRISH
AUTHOR OF 'MY LADY OF THE SOUTH' AND 'WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING' ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL.

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CHAPTER I.

The Plainsman.
The man was riding just below the summit of the ridge, occasionally upping his head so as to gaze across the crest, shading his eyes with one hand, to thus better concentrate his vision. Both horse and rider plainly exhibited signs of weariness, but every movement of his glance roamed the barren ridges, a brown Winchester lying cocked across the saddle pommel, his left hand taut on the rein. Yet the horse he bestrode scarcely required restraint, advancing slowly, with head hanging low, and only occasionally breaking into a brief trot under the impetus of the spur.

The rider was a man approaching thirty, somewhat slender and long of limb, but possessing broad, squared shoulders above a deep chest, sitting the saddle easily in plainsman fashion, yet with an erectness of carriage which suggested military training. The face under the wide brim of the weather-worn slouch hat was clean-shaven, browned by sun and wind, and strongly marked, the gray lips prominent, the mouth firm, the gray eyes full of character and daring. His dress was that of rough service, plain leather "chaps," showing marks of hard usage, a gray woolen shirt tucked low at the neck, with a kerchief knotted loosely about the neck, and a day he had been in the saddle, but he was accustomed to this, for he had driven more than one bunch of longhorns up the Texas trail; and as he had slept three hours at Cairnes, and as his nerves were like steel, the thought of danger gave him slight concern. He was thoroughly tired, and it rested him to get out of the morning air, while the freshness of the saddle was a tonic, the very breath of which made him forgetful of fatigue.

After all, this was indeed the very sort of experience which appealed to him, and always had—this life of peril in the open, under the stars and the sky. He had constantly experienced it for so long now, eight years, to make it seem merely natural. While he ploughed steadily forward through the shifting sand of the coulee, his thought drifted idly back over those years, and sometimes he smiled, and occasionally frowned, as various incidents returned to memory. It had been a rough life, yet one not unusual to those of his generation. Born of

patrol wandered roaming war parties attacking travelers on the trails, raiding exposed settlements, and occasionally venturing to try open battle with the small squads of armed men. In this stress of sudden emergency—every available soldier on active duty—civilians had been pressed into service, and hastily despatched to warn exposed settlers, guide wagon trains or carry dispatches between outposts. And thus our rider, Jack Keith, who knew every foot of the plains lying between the Republican and the Canadian rivers, was one of these thus suddenly requisitioned, merely because he chanced to be discovered unemployed by the harassed commander of a cantonment just without the environs of Carson City. Twenty minutes later he was riding swiftly into the northwest, bearing important news to General Sheridan, commander of the Department, who happened at that moment to be at Fort Cairnes. To Keith this had been merely another page in a career of adventure; for him to take his life in his hands had long ago become an old story. He had quietly performed the special duty allotted him, watched a squadron of troopers trot forth down the valley of the Republican, received the hasty thanks of the peppery little general, and then, having nothing better to do, traded his horse in at the government corral for a fresh mount and started back again for Carson City. For the greater portion of two nights and a day he had been in the saddle, but he was accustomed to this, for he had driven more than one bunch of longhorns up the Texas trail; and as he had slept three hours at Cairnes, and as his nerves were like steel, the thought of danger gave him slight concern. He was thoroughly tired, and it rested him to get out of the morning air, while the freshness of the saddle was a tonic, the very breath of which made him forgetful of fatigue.

He had honestly endeavored to remain there, to face the future and work it out alone; he persuaded himself to feel that this was his paramount duty to the state, to the memory of the dead. But those very years of army life made such a task impossible; the dull, dead monotony of routine, the loneliness, the slowness of results, became intolerable. As it came to thousands of his comrades, the call of the West came to him, and at last he yielded, and drifted toward the frontier. The life there fascinated him, drawing him deeper and deeper into its swirling vortex. He became freighter, mail carrier, hunter, government scout, cowboy, foreman. Once he had drifted into the mountains, and took a chance in the mines, but the wide plains called him back once more to their desert loneliness. What an utter waste it all seemed, now that he looked back upon it. Eight years of fighting, hardship and rough living, and what had they brought him? The reputation of a hard rider, a daring player at cards, a quick shot, a fool of danger, and a bad man to fear with—that was the whole of a record hardly won. The man's eyes hardened, his lips set firmly, as this truth came crushing home. A pretty life story surely, one to be proud of, and with probably no better ending than an Indian bullet, or the flash of a revolver in some barroom fight.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF ONTARIO FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

Dear Mr. Editor:—
It would take more space than you can spare to tell of the good work done by the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, for the sick and deformed children of this Province. Let me, in a few words, tell you of the steady growth of this Hospital.

In the year 1875 there were only six cots and beds, one nurse, 44 in-patients and 67 out-patients. In 1912 there were 250 cots and beds, 64 nurses, 1,294 in-patients and 17,862 out-patients.

During the 37 years of the Hospital's existence, 19,370 in-patients have been admitted, and 133,724 out-patients have been treated, a total of 153,094, or an average of 4,138 per year. Of the 19,370 in-patients, 5,495 were from places outside of Toronto, 8,644 of the total in-patients were cured, and 5,711 were improved. This is a great record.

Of the 1,294 in-patients last year, 341 came from 218 places outside of Toronto, so that the Hospital is not a local, but a Provincial Institution.

In the Orthopedic Department in 37 years, nearly 700 boys and girls have been treated for club-foot, and about 300 were cured. Half of these came from places outside of Toronto, so surely we have a fair claim for help from the people of this Province.

The Corporation of Toronto grants \$25,000, not only for the city children, but towards the maintenance of all patients in the Hospital, and the citizens of Toronto donate an average of \$15,000 annually to the funds of the Hospital.

Will you, kind reader, think of what your money will do? It helps to restore health and strength, and gives sound limbs and straight feet to crippled boys and girls.

Remember that your pocket-book must be the Hospital's friend, if the Hospital is to be the children's friend. Remember that Christmas calls you to open the purse of your kindness to the Hospital, so that the Hospital may open the heart of its help to the children.

Remember that your money can help the Hospital build a bridge over which the feet of little children may travel on the journey from sorrow to joy, from sickness to health—aye, from death to life.

Please send a dollar, or more if you can spare it, to Douglas Davidson, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Hospital, or J. Ross Robertson, Chairman of the Trustees, Toronto.

Everywhere beyond these lines of

excellent family in Tidewater Virginia, his father a successful planter, his mother had died while he was still in early boyhood, and he had grown up cut off from all womanly influence. He had barely attained his majority, a senior at William and Mary's College, when the Civil War came; and one month after Virginia cast in her lot with the South, he became a sergeant in a cavalry regiment commanded by his father. He had enjoyed that life and won his spurs, yet it had cost. There was much not over-pleasant to remember, and those strenuous years of almost ceaseless fighting, of long night marches, of swift, merciless raiding, of lonely scouting within the enemy's lines, of severe wounds, hardship and suffering, had left their marks on both body and soul. His father had fallen on the field at Antietam, and left him utterly alone in the world, but he had fought on grimly to the end, until the last flag of the Confederacy had been furled. By that time, upon the collar of his tattered gray jacket appeared the tarnished insignia of a captain. The quick tears dimmed his eyes even now as he recalled anew that final parting following Appomattox, the battle-worn faces of his men, and his own painful journey homeward, defeated, wounded and penniless. It was no home when he got there, only a heap of ashes and a few weed-grown acres. No familiar face greeted him; not even a slave was left.

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The narrow valley along which he was travelling suddenly changed its direction, compelling him to climb the rise of the ridge. Slightly below the summit he halted. In front extended the wide expanse of the Arkansas valley, a scene of splendor under the golden rays of the sun, with vivid contrast of colors, the gray of rocks, the yellow of sand, the brown of distant hills, the green of vegetation, and the silver sheen of the stream half hidden behind the fringe of cottonwoods lining its banks. This was a sight Keith had often looked upon, but always with appreciation, and for the moment his eyes swept across from bluff to bluff without thought except for its wild beauty. Then he perceived something which instantly startled him into attention—yonder, close beside the river, just beyond that ragged bunch of cottonwoods, slender spirals of blue smoke were visible. That would hardly be a camp of freighters at this hour of the day, and besides, the Santa Fe trail along here ran close in against the bluff, coming down to the river at the ford

PEABODYS'
HIGH-GRADE GUARANTEED OVERALLS ARE NOT ONLY GOOD FOR TEN CENTS A BUTTON AND 25 CENTS A RIP, BUT THE MERCHANT THAT YOU BOUGHT THEM FROM WILL REPLACE THEM IF THEY DO NOT GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION WITHIN THIRTY DAYS FROM DATE OF PURCHASE.

PUT THEM TO THE TEST SHOWN HERE
THEY WILL STAND IT—BECAUSE THEY ARE MADE TO WEAR



NOBODY BUYS OVERALLS TO PLAY TRICKS WITH THEM SUCH AS IS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE, IN WHICH FOUR MEN EXPERT 'PEABODYS' OVERALLS, IN THE EFFORT TO RIP A PAIR OF 'PEABODYS' OVERALLS.

BUT IF THEY WILL STAND THIS THEY WONT RIP UNDER THE HARDEST KIND OF LEGITIMATE WEAR.

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Dundas & Flavelles Limited

two miles further west. No party of plainsmen would ever venture to build a fire in so exposed a spot, and no small company would take the chances of the trail. But surely that appeared to be the flap of a canvas wagon top a little to the right of the smoke, yet all was so far away he could not be certain. He stared in that direction a long while, unable to decide. There were three or four moving black dots higher up the river, but so far away he could not distinguish whether men or animals. Only as outlined against the yellow sand dunes could he tell they were advancing westward toward the ford.



Slender Spirals of Blue Smoke Were Visible.

Decidedly puzzled by all this, yet determined to solve the mystery and unwilling to remain hidden there until night, Keith led his horse along the slant of the ridge, until he attained a sharp break through the bluff leading down into the valley. It was a rugged gash, nearly impassable, but a half hour of will won them the lower prairie, the widest path preventing the slightest view of what might be meanwhile transpiring below. Once safely out in the valley the river would no longer be seen, while barely a hundred yards away, winding along like a great serpent, ran the deeply rutted trail to Santa Fe. In neither direction appeared any sign of human life. As near as he could determine from those distant cottonwoods outlined against the sky, for the smoke

spirals were too thin by then to be observed, the spot sought must be considerably to the right of where he had emerged. With this idea in mind he advanced cautiously, his every sense alert, searching anxiously for fresh signs of passage or evidence of a wagon train having deserted the beaten track, and turned south. The trail itself, dustless and packed hard, revealed nothing, but some five hundred yards beyond the ravine he discovered what he sought—here two wagons had turned sharply to the left, their wheels cutting deeply enough into the prairie sod to show them heavily laden. With the experience of the border he was able to determine that these wagons were drawn by mules, two span of each, their small boots clearly defined on the turf, and that they were being driven rapidly, on a sharp trot as they turned, and then, a hundred feet further, at a slanting gallop. Just outside their trail appeared the marks of a galloping horse. A few rods further along Keith came to a confused blur of pony tracks sweeping in from the east, and the whole story of the chase was revealed as though he had witnessed it with his own eyes. They must have been crazy, or else impelled by some grave necessity, to venture along this trail in so small a party. And they were travelling west—west! Keith drew a deep breath, and swore to himself, "Of all the blame fools!"

(To be continued.)

Girl Suspended From a Telephone

(Special to The Post.)
Smith's Falls, Nov. 29.—While using a telephone last night, the young daughter of Dr. Murphy accidentally placed her hand on the electric light wire, over which another wire had fallen outside. This formed a circuit and a few seconds later her father found her suspended rigid from the telephone. She was all but electrocuted, but immediate resuscitation methods were applied, and she is still living though her condition is very serious.

LITHOGRAPHED wedding invitations and visiting cards a specialty at The Post.

FURNITURE

Many of the useful and suitable Christmas gifts are to be found in our stock.

The variety of Leather Rockers, Arm Chairs, Fancy Oak Rockers, Desks, Parlor Tables, Music and Parlor Cabinets is larger than ever.

We also have a nice assortment of Matting Covered Shirt Waist Boxes and Tennessee Red Cedar Chests.

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Kid Gloves

Full assortment of Ladies' Kid Gloves, short and long styles at popular prices.

FURS

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Hemstitched Handkerchiefs with embroidered corners, at 6 for 25c.

Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, with embroidery or lace edge at from 5c to 75c.

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