

...sp About the Styles. ...ing Russian is decidedly in line of fashion.

...boots are worn, while the full coat of the Cossack in brown and coat fashions of Russian influence. Now the fur comes to the thing as cold-most to blue our noses.

...like the tsako. It is one of the startling things of this derivative fashion season.

...small patent leather visor and black braided suspenders. The edge of the rosette holds a small bunch of feathers directly in front.

...the newest day color. ...of evening wraps. All red tones are called Gariboldi.

...These charms are made of silk, studded with jewels and in front from the neck cap which often is trimmed with fur.

...A stitched band at the plaited pelum. ...like spades, the collar of the front are of on. A novel effect of a small half-moon on each side.

...The bottom of this and forms the waist. ...the side fronts a pelum. The front on pelum, the body is made of a small half-moon on each side.

...The fullness is slightly gathered at the last button. ...Two plaits are strap. The long small wedge-shaped bottom, held by

...After the bride is seated on a chair, the bridesmaids stand on either side of her. The groom stands at the head of the bride.

The Markdale STANDARD

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L. G. CAMPBELL, D.D.S., D.D.S., Dental Surgeon, Graduate of Ontario College of Dentistry.

G. R. MILLER, M.B., M.D., C.M., Rocklyn, Ont. Graduate of the Medical Faculty of Queen's University.

MARKDALE STANDARD

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SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.



I am a woman. I know a woman's trials. I know her need of sympathy and help. I know her need of cheer and courage.

FRATERNAL. Hiram Lodge, No. 490, G. R. C. Markdale, meets in Masonic Hall.

DR. DEVAN'S FRENCH PILLS. A reliable pill for Women. 25c a box or three for \$1.00.

PHOSPHORUS FOR MEN. A reliable pill for Men. 25c a box or three for \$1.00.

FATHER'S PREDICAMENT. When mother asks me what I want, I want a trust of briar pipes.

SAUGLEN LODGE, No. 327, I.O.O.F. Meets every Friday at 7:30 p.m.

COURT GREY, 1151, C.O.F. Meets every second and fourth Wednesday of the month.

MARKDALE L.O.L. No. 1045. Meets in Sarjeant's block on Thursday evening.

DR. J. S. SHEPHERDSON, Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College.

AUCTIONEER. B. H. WALDEN, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations. The head of a family, or any male over 21 years of age.

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HOLIDAY SWEETMEATS

There is no culinary secret so dear to the feminine heart as a recipe bequeathed by one's great-grandmother. The recipes for these little cakes have been used for generations.

LAST-MINUTE GIFTS. Never Too Late to Make Up Something Beautiful. What are you going to give the little lady next door?

Pepper Nuts - Mix one pound and a quarter of brown sugar, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of cloves and one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Bethlehem Spice Cakes - Cream two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of butter, add to this one cup of molasses, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of allspice, half an ounce of cloves, the grated rind of one orange and flour enough to make a dough stiff enough to roll out very thin.

Almond Cakes - Rub together a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and a half a pound of butter, add the yolks of four eggs, three tablespoons of cream and one pound of flour in equal parts.

White Christmas Cakes - Cream one pound of butter and one pound of sugar, add two eggs and one cupful of rice flour. After the dough is rolled out, spread a little beaten egg on each cake and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

Vanilla Wafers - One-third of a cupful of butter and lard mixed, one cupful of granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one egg, a quarter of a cupful of sweet milk, two and a quarter cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven.

Santa on the Way. I can hear him singing faintly. As he urges on his deer, And his song is mellowly quaintly, As the measures strike the ear, And the lilt of it is jolly, 'Get the mistletoe and holly; I have statted on the way.'

Little fellow little fellow, while you sit and dream of me, And the marvel of the morning that shall show the fancies of the tree, For you trust in all the glories of the shadow and the gleam, I am starting on my journey down the highway of your dream.

PHOEBE ANN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

On a point of land that stretches far out into the sea and ends in a great rock, there stands a tall white lighthouse, and cuddled close to it, as if to keep warm in the cold winds which roar in from the ocean, are a white house, built very strong of great stones, and some other little buildings, in which are kept a boat and barrels of oil and other things needed by the lighthouse-keeper and his family.

The great rock is high and bare. Not a tree, nor even a blade of grass, grows upon it, but all round the sea, stems, and the great waves beat against it till the spray reaches almost to light. They seem like a pack of white wolves climbing up and up, to tear the keeper from his little room.

It is only at certain times that one can get from the lighthouse to the mainland. When the keeper has a man with him to help him launch the boat, he can row across the bay, but at other times the only way is to walk across the narrow neck of land which connects the point with the mainland; and this is covered with water except when the tide is very low and the sea is quiet. Sometimes there are weeks when no one can reach the shore.

For a long time the keeper's little daughter, Phoebe Ann, had been looking forward to Christmas, and counting the days. There were so many things that she wanted that she had not dared to tell Santa Claus of all of them, but she had finally made up her mind about those that she wanted most, and had written Santa Claus two letters about them. She had left the letters on the mantelpiece when she went to bed, and in the morning they were gone. So she must have got them. Phoebe Ann had had a great secret, and was a little nervous about the thing had gone wrong, but her father told her Santa Claus was always so busy, especially just before Christmas, that he could not be expected to answer letters. He thought the little girl would come on time if the weather was not too bad.

But the weather was bad all the first week - so bad that Phoebe Ann's father could not get over to the mainland, and the day before Christmas was the worst of all. It blew so hard that the water swept clear across the point, even at low tide, and it looked as if Santa Claus could not get out to the lighthouse.

Early in the morning the keeper and his family had seen a great ship coming up the coast. It was plain that she was having a hard time in the high seas and striving to get in, and so they were not surprised when, about noon, she came to anchor, a little way out, in the shelter of the point. But they were very much surprised a little later to see a boat, six or seven men in it, put off from the ship and start toward the lighthouse. They watched it tossed up on the waves, like a cork, and then dropped down again out of sight, till they thought it was lost, but all the time it kept coming nearer, till at last the keeper ran down to the landing, and helped the men pull the boat up. They had come for help. The ship was just home from China and the East Indies. The captain had been taken sick, and was very weak, and low, and the officer in charge of the boat had come to see if he could get some fresh, nourishing food for him.

While the lighthouse-keeper and Phoebe Ann stayed down by the boat and talked with the sailors, she told them about the letters she had written to Santa Claus, and how afraid she was that he could not get to the lighthouse now. But the sailors cheerfully agreed to help her. They said that perhaps if the officer came with his team of reindeer, he would put on his diving-suit and swim out. They said he had web feet and could swim like a fish, anyway; and even if he did not get there just on time, he would probably send the things later, and she must not mind a little delay.

Phoebe Ann stayed by the boat until her father and the officer came back, carrying two live chickens and a basket of eggs and some vegetables. Then the boat rowed back to the shore, and Phoebe Ann went into the lighthouse to help her mother. There was a good deal to do that day in getting ready for the Christmas dinner, and so Phoebe Ann did not know that the boat came back again and left a big box on the landing, which her father took up to the house that evening, after dark. She went to bed early, and her father, sad, because she was sure that Santa Claus could not come.

But on the next morning, Phoebe Ann jumped out of bed and rushed into the dining-room, where she had hung her stockings by the chimney. The stockings were gone, but there were two stockings, both very fat and chubby, hanging on the fustiest little Christmas tree that stood in a great

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

"Fruit-a-tives" Cleans, Purifies, Enriches. Fruit juice is Nature's own remedy. "FRUIT-A-TIVES," the famous fruit medicine, keeps the blood pure and rich because it keeps the whole system free of impurities.

By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" purifies the system of all waste matter and thus insures a pure blood supply. 50c. a box, 6 for 2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Christmas Tree Cakes. Little anise seed cakes are often called "Christmas tree cakes." The prettiest of these are made with white of egg only, and the thick cream to soil out and be cut out in all sorts of fancy shapes, and often they are sprinkled with red sugar. A simple yellow anise drop cake may be made as follows: Two eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), four tablespoons of sugar, one-half cup of well sifted flour, and one scant teaspoonful of pounded anise seed. Beat the yolks, thoroughly and then beat with the sugar, and add the flour, and finally the anise seed; drop little pieces on a pan at a good distance apart, let stand an hour, and bake for ten or twelve minutes in a moderate oven. Anise seeds are dirty, so wash them. Pick out the debris and shake it in a fine strainer to remove the dust, then wash and again pick over, drain carefully, spread out on a tin to dry, pick out any foreign seeds or dirt, iridescent bugs, etc., then sop with a dry cloth to further clean and dry, and finish drying in a warm place. The flavor is dainty if not too much is used and is worth the trouble.

THE ANNUAL TROUBLE. "Alas," she sighed, "I'm sore and sad; The time has come Which drives me mad - The days when fog Grips hard my brain, When life is one - Long thinking pain."

"These are the days When one must try With least of cash, The most to buy Of Christmas gifts. For all one's friends - A task whose pang, It never ends."

"A list I draw Which longer grows With every thought Which to it goes; Then when I sort The Allot-of-think - It is a vex - Job - I don't think!"

Have you Galarin? Is nasal breathing impaired? Does your throat get husky or clogged? Modern science proves that these symptoms result from run-down vapors. Snuff and tobacco are irritating and useless. The oil-food in Scott's Emulsion will enrich and enliven the blood, add nutrition and assist nature to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes.

Shan Alcoholic mixtures and insist upon SCOTT'S. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

