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BIG 4

Wishing All Our Customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year

W. H. BEAN

LET EVERYONE USE CHRISTMAS STAMPS

The little Christmas Stamp, issued on behalf of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, to help care for needy patients, serves, of course, a very practical purpose in providing a means of securing funds for this institution. But the educational value of millions of these stamps being put in circulation must not be overlooked. For this reason we urge our readers to put a one cent stamp on every letter and package that they will be mailing between now and the new year. Scatter abroad the good news that there is hope for the poor consumptive. With the stamps costing only one cent each, the door is open to everyone to have some part in this great campaign of stamping out consumption. In a decade the mortality in the Province of Ontario from tuberculosis has declined nearly forty per cent. Every buyer of a Christmas Stamp can help to further improve these conditions. A post card to the Secretary of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, will give all particulars. Write him to-day.

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The Lash of Circumstance

— BY —
Harry Irving Greene
Author of "Voicings of the Wilderness"

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face in the attempt to win a large sum, and the rest in the first break in that stock. In my desperation I committed this crime as the only means of getting more funds with which to win that for which I would have staked my life as readily as I did my liberty. Had I succeeded, I should have married this woman and lived an honest life thereafter; having lost I will bear whatever punishment comes to me without whimpering; and should I live through my imprisonment will seek to atone for my crime in my after life. I would like to have you believe what I say. His hand fell upon mine as softly as a woman's.

"I believe you, Tom, and would trust you this minute with every cent I have in the world. As you know, it is one of my theories that it is better to save a naturally honest man who has gone wrong, and make a good citizen out of him again, than to wreck him by the disgrace of his having been a convict. You have learned your lesson, and I have no fear of your ever becoming a rogue again. But you have resigned your position, forfeited all claims to consideration upon the part of your uncle, and ought to keep as far away from him in the future as you reasonably can. It seems to me as if there is but one thing for you to do, and I want you to do it. Go away and make a new start somewhere else where everything you see will not be a reminder of this period in your life. You will be able to do better work, and more hopeful work, among other surroundings. Your secret will be safe with me. I will tell your uncle that I have been unable to recover the money and will throw up the case. Will you agree to do as I have suggested if I release you?"

It was my only way of escape, and the wisdom of the advice seemed to be beyond doubting. With my bosom almost bursting, and staring straight ahead through dimmed eyes, I assented. "I will go almost immediately. But there is one thing which I must do before leaving. I must first see Matie—Mrs. Dace, I mean—and have a long talk with her—perhaps several of them—and that may delay me for a few days. I love her better than all else in the world, and if she really cares for me, maybe she will give me another chance to recover myself financially. Of course, she will never know that I did this, and perhaps—perhaps—" My voice broke and I choked as I vainly attempted to finish my sentence. I heard the click of a lock and felt the handcuff fall from my wrist.

"You have something more to learn which it hurts me to tell you, but which you must know. I have taken it into consideration in deciding to let you go. It is a part of your punishment, and while it will be bitter, you must bear it like a man. You will hardly see Mrs. Dace again. Richard Mackay has left the city for parts unknown, deserting his family and taking Mrs. Dace with him. The yellow evening papers are full of it."

With the floor beneath me heaving like the deck of a reeling ship, I staggered and fell upon my knees before the bed, burying my face in it. Under the horror of that moment all my strength left me, and I sobbed brokenly.

CHAPTER XVII.

There is little more to tell. In the few following days I managed to scrape enough together to take me to the foreign country where I am now beginning life over, and have probably weathered the storm as well as could reasonably be expected. But of course I will never again feel just as I used to, and I don't believe that I will ever fall in love with another woman. In a business way I have done fairly well, having worked conscientiously for the last three years, and being once more on the road to moderate success. I have never seen or heard from Mrs. Dace since the time I left her shopping in the store upon the day when I stepped from paradise into hell at a single stride. She is probably floating down the Nile or yachting on the Mediterranean with Richard Mackay; enjoying herself to a greater or less extent, and I have no doubt thinking quite often of me. The thought of still gazing me most of the time, but of one thing I am confident to this day. And that is that she was really very fond of me and would, as she herself said, have preferred to spend her life with me rather than anybody else, had I possessed sufficient money. Therefore she wanted me to succeed and encouraged me to desperate chances, knowing as I myself did that it was the only chance of achieving fortune quickly; she not being one of the kind that is content to wait for what they want indefinitely. Therefore she goaded me on with the determination to make me and have me, or break me and discard me without losing any time in finding out which it was to be. As she partially confessed, luxury was her price, and the means to that end meant a man of means. Had I won I have no doubt that she would have married me and that we would have been happy had the money lasted. And I also believe that she was upon the verge of consenting to our immediate union when my disaster came. Neither have I any doubt but that Mackay was infatuated with the woman, saw that I was winning her, and started out to get rid of me. He probably learned of my speculations, and knowing that if he could wreck them it would effectively dispose of me so far as she was concerned, ruthlessly tore down the fortunes of many that I might be crushed in the crash. And he succeeded perfectly. Mrs. Dace,

being convinced by him that I was ruined, and probably having been ruined, and wavering somewhat between us, preferring me, but being tempted by his wealth, hesitated no longer when she became satisfied that I could not give her what she had made up her mind to have. Realizing as I did all along that we never could have been happy without considerable money, I would not have blamed her particularly for making the choice that she did had not Mackay been a married man. Even as it is, I bear her no ill will, and do not believe that she was an immoral woman. There was a great deal of good in her, but she was selfish and cared little for the sufferings of others provided she gained her own pleasures. The only fear I have of ever again committing a crime is in case I should happen to run across that black scoundrel Mackay. If I should see him I am afraid I might run amuck.

Bruce and Clare are married, and are happily spending the money of dead Uncle Abner, who cut me off with a shilling. And that brings me to the reason for writing this confession. Uncle Abner having passed in to the great beyond, I no longer have any fear that I will be prosecuted, and I never would be able to feel that I had made my fullest reparation unless I cleared Bruce. For in some way a few things leaked out, and while his friends have clung to him with the greatest loyalty, there are others who have always looked upon him with more or less suspicion since the night of the robbery. And I know that the consciousness of this is a cloud that forever hovers upon the horizon of their otherwise bright lives, and it is, therefore, my moral duty to dispel it. As for myself, it makes little difference if the truth is now known, as none of my former acquaintances know where I am and I shall never return to my old home.

Nor do I ask forgiveness or make apology beyond this statement. I was not a thief by nature and am thoroughly repentant. But I was young and madly enraptured with the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and took desperate chances to gain her. And my love for her, though passion filled, was pure. I wanted her for my wife. As I stole for her, so would I have slaved for her; fought for her; died for her. Therefore I only ask that you judge me as you would be judged had you been in my place. Caught helplessly in the maelstrom of love and gaming, I went down in the vortex.

The End.

AN ANCIENT GAME

Mrs. Rogers had the barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat, and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from five to eleven years, not to touch them.

Then, one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple-cores. At her approach two of the boys dived closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently had no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! William!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples! Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve. Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother, as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

SETTIN'

A farmer was saving wood, when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or more of his five sons. Lifting up his voice, he called, but not a boy appeared. At dinner, of course, they all appeared.

"Where were you all about two hours ago, when I wanted and called for you?"

"I was in the shop settin' the saw," said one.

"And I was in the barn settin' a hen," said the second.

"I was in grandma's room, settin' the clock," said the third.

"I was in the garret, settin' the trap," said the fourth.

"You are a remarkable settin' remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he asked of the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep, settin' still."

A WEAK CHEST

"What's become of old Sammy Slik? I ain't seen 'im about for quite a long time."

"What! Ain't you 'eard? A two-ton block of stone fell on his chest and killed 'im."

"Ah! I always said he'd 'ave to be werry careful with that weak chest of his'n."

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it that in cases of coughs and colds it can always be depended upon, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY
REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE WORLD'S PRESERVATIVE.

Text, "Ye are the salt of the earth."—Matthew v. 13.

The Bible is a dictionary of finest similes. Eagles, storks, doves; sycamores, almonds, apples; rubies, sapphires, pearls; animals, birds, fish, flowers—all are part of wonderful imagery used to illustrate speech. Now the Nazarene holds up a crystal of salt before his disciples—"Ye are the salt of the earth." That conveyed a picture to the ancients. The nation that had much of it was rich. Among savage tribes a bag of salt was worth more than a man. Teutons waged war for salt streams. Oldest trade roads were salt routes. Via Salaria (salt road), oldest in Italy, was made to carry salt for Romans. Roman soldiers were paid an allowance for salt—their "salarium," or "salary"; hence a worthless soldier "not worth his salt." The Jews prized it highly because they lived in a warm climate where food was difficult to keep. Their religion made it necessary to use it in sacrifice. It was sold in temple market. So Christ was using a familiar figure. Their mission was to cleanse and sweeten the world, to keep it from decay. If they defaulted in that they were flat, tasteless failures, indeed.

Democracy of Religion.

The symbol was good and common. The Creator has stored it away in abundance. It's a democratic commodity, surely, found on table of poor and rich. Diamonds are rare, costly, belong to aristocracy; few can afford them. Yet salt is more precious than diamonds. If all diamonds in the world were to disappear the world would not be seriously inconvenienced, but if all the salt of the world should disappear humanity would die, for blood would thicken, fevers would burn through veins, energies would fail, hearts would lag, food would rot, the race would perish. The disciples were common salt people, content to live and labor with the masses, belonging to the whole world—not the idle, nonproducing Four Hundred of any community, but the workers at desk and bench and forge and field. These are the world's saviors, the salt of the earth. Notice how wide their territory. "Of the earth"—not Galilee alone. The gospel pushes out our frontier, expands our horizon, enlarges our sky line. Christ was just now standing on a mountain top, the vaulted dome of a universal Father spread overhead. We sneer at our neighbor's religion; we are the people. But "God so loved the world"—"Ye are the salt of the earth."

The True Preservative.

Christianity is to be a world savior. Salt triumphs over those enemies of life and health in food and human system that produce fermentation, decomposition, disease and death. It dissolves into animal and vegetable fluids, melts away out of sight, quickly and silently pervades the whole tissue. "Wife, what's matter with the soup? It's insipid, lacks taste." "Oh, I forgot the salt." A sprinkle does the trick. Christianity is the salt. It must come into contact, though. Won't do any good in barrel or bin. Religion mustn't be locked up in the heart. In these days we are afraid to drink from the same cup, ride in the same car, sit at the same table, shake hands with a stranger, like high caste Brahman refusing to touch low caste Hindu. We must not let our petty be that kind. Jesus, the cleansome man, touched the foulsome leper! I've seen a white ribboned deaconess or Salvation Army lassie in dark alley at midnight where police went only by twos and armed. Only Christianity saved the old heathen world. Classic writers tell us Greece and Rome were rotting. At every crisis of the world's history the salt saves it—Augustine, Savanarola, Luther, Wesley. When Christianity becomes a government instead of a gospel, a system instead of a salvation, a mere organization instead of "the visible body of Christ on earth," then the salt has lost its savor. The sodium chloride is washed out. Only soil remains.

The Salt Hungry World.

Have you a savor? The pear has flavor, the flower perfume. You cannot weigh or analyze either. The secret of greatness is savor, a certain subtle something that affects others. Lincoln and Lee, two great simple unaffected men, were marvelous in their savor. The salt of their character sweetened and preserved those who knew them. They were the salt of their times, men of great heart. Others there were of intellect, clear as a frosty night, but just as cold in heart. They are forgotten. The world needs saving sadly. Jails and churches are built side by side. Preachers are pleading; policemen are patrolling. Both come of the same fact—the world needs saving. Weeds grow without care; grain, fruit and vegetables require toll and cultivation. The policeman clubs to curb crime; the preacher pleads to correct the cause. The church has been the only agency for ages working for the redemption of man. "But if the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" Meanwhile we are making handcuffs and building jails, we make treasurers give bonds and clerks ush-car registers, and the car conductor records the nickel received. And the church, the savor, needs not so much ritual and doctrine, but the saving salt of salvation.

"I DO not know much about the tariff, but I do know this much: when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; when we buy goods made at home, we get both the goods and the money."

—Abraham Lincoln.

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Private Coleridge.

In his young days the poet Coleridge had a little love affair which ended in disaster, for the lady refused him. In despair he enlisted in a cavalry regiment which he hoped would be ordered on foreign service. For family reasons he dropped his correct name, but from a feeling of sentiment retained the initials, so Samuel Taylor Coleridge became Private Silas Tompkins Camberbatch. The regiment did not leave the country, and it was not long before his soul wearied of barracks life and its utter absence of romance. His military life ended in a curious fashion. One day while Coleridge was doing a weary sentry go two officers strolled past. One of them made use of a Greek quotation which the other corrected. The first insisted on his correctness, while the other was just as positive he was wrong. While they disputed the sentry suddenly presented arms and respectfully informed them that they were both in error. He gave the exact quotation, name of the author and other circumstances. This incident led to an inquiry, and the poet was restored to the bosom of his family.—London Graphic.

In a Japanese Temple.

"Asakuse temple is dedicated to the goddess Kwannon, a tiny image of gold, about two and one-half inches high," writes a traveler in Japan. "At the entrance to the temple grounds on either side of the immense gate stand two large and fearful looking figures, guarding the sacred precincts. Hanging outside the wire grating are a number of sandals for their use if they wish to take a walk, and rice is sprinkled about. Each worshiper, before entering the temple, calls at a small building, and after contributing a small amount, washes his hands and rinses his mouth. In front of the main shrine is a large aperture in the floor, covered with lattice-work, into which the worshiper casts his gift. After clapping his hands to awaken or attract the attention of the god, he kneels, but his prayer is only brief. While there is one chief shrine there are many others under the same roof. One shrine especially attracted my attention; it was made of wood, and quite disfigured and worn through the constant rubbing of hands on the spot corresponding to the afflicted portions of the sufferers' bodies."—Chicago News.

Tower of Hercules.

Travelers may still see on the coast of the English channel at Dover the ruins of a Roman lighthouse that was built at the time of the Roman conquest of Britain. Another ancient lighthouse, built less than a century after the tower at Dover, is still serving its original purpose. It was partly rebuilt and some alterations were made in it, but in the main it is the same old structure that guided the Roman galleys as they skirted the coasts of the bay of Biscay, making their way to the Roman port of Brighthelm. This is the modern harbor of La Coruna, and the lighthouse is the most ancient thing about it. The Romans called it the tower of Hercules, and the moderns have perpetuated the name. The exact date of its erection is not known, but inscriptions and other evidence show that it was built in the time of Trajan, between 98 and 117 A. D.—Exchange.

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EDWARD KRESS

CANADA'S CHRISTMAS STAMP

The Campaign for 1911 is on, and Needy Consumptives all over Canada are Rejoicing

As Archdeacon Cody expressed it at a meeting of the Citizens' Christmas Stamp Committee in Toronto, a few days ago, the Christmas Stamp, now issued each year in aid of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, has become one of the institutions of the country.

Three years ago the movement was set on foot in Canada by the National Sanitarium Association, following the idea that first originated in Denmark, which was a year later taken up in the United States, and quickly spread to Canada.

The idea itself is very simple, though the results show how true it is that "good deeds from little acorns grow." \$110,000 is being realized from the sale of stamps in 1910, a sum sufficient to care for forty patients at the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. This year it is hoped that \$25,000.00 may be realized to assist in this great life saving work which is ever becoming more urgent.

The cut in the corner of this article shows the design of the stamp for 1911, though the original is in three colors.

This stamp does not carry any mail. One wants to remember this, though, as it has been epigrammatically expressed, any mail will carry it. The idea is for everyone to use this stamp in their correspondence between now and the end of the year. This plan will serve the two-fold purpose of helping to realize the \$25,000.00 for the aid of needy consumptives, and will besides possess an educational value that can hardly be overestimated.

The stamps are on sale to-day in book stores, drug stores, and elsewhere in almost every town and city in Canada. Clergymen, Public School teachers, Sunday School teachers, Bible Class workers, Daughters of the Empire, and organizations of many different kinds are assisting in the work of spreading the sale of this little stamp. Each stamp costs only one cent, so that it becomes possible for everyone to have some part in this great battle against consumption.

We have every pleasure in urging our readers to make much use of this little messenger of healing for the next thirty days.

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