

Christmas Eve at the Whiteheads.

"My love," said Mr. Simon Whitehead, as he sat before the fire on Christmas eve, "this is a glad and joyful time; a time to draw fond hearts nearer to each other, and make them throbb in loving union."

"Yes, Simmy," said his wife, "and 'And withal,' he went on oratorically, "it is a rollicking, merry time, and just to carry out the spirit of the hour, let's hang up our stockings."

"O, what fun!" chirped Mrs. Whitehead, though I haven't a thing for you, Simmy, dear, so you mustn't be disappointed, with delusive smile.

So with many childish gurgles of glee they went off to bed arm in arm, leaving what looked like a long black sausage bag suspended from the chimney-piece by the side of a short striped sock with a hole in the heel.

In the silent watches of the night Mr. Simon Whitehead sneaked guiltily down stairs with a sealakin sacque under his arm. He groped his way to the yawning black stocking, and there ensued a wild and ineffectual struggle to stuff it in the sacque, but though he rolled it into its smallest possible compass and stretched the sausage-bag to the form of a peck-measure, it was clearly a hopeless case, and wiping his perspiring face with a convenient portion of his attire, he hung the garment on the chimney-piece and left it, hugging himself as he thought of the surprise it would create in the morning, for he was not that the descendant of Eve who shared his joys, had opened his drawer with a false key and torn a hole in the paper wrapping with a hairpin.

Meanwhile Mrs. Whitehead awoke, and taking a tiny white box from under her pillow, slipped stealthily out of the room.

At the top of the stairs she came in violent collision with her husband coming up, and with womanly presence of mind she grasped his bushy beard and screamed: "Burglars! Murder! Simmy!"

Taken off his guard and his feet at the same time, Mr. Whitehead suddenly sat down, and his wife clinging to him desperately, they coasted together down the stairs, landing in a confused heap at the bottom.

A loose carpet rod had played havoc with his abbreviated garment and scraped the porous plaster and a considerable portion of the epidemics from his back.

As he struggled to his feet with a volley of choice expletives, his wife, who had escaped without a scratch, recognized the familiar tones and cried: "Oh, Simmy, are you hurt?"

"Hurt! No! Danged it, no!" hopping about in an agony of pain, "it's rare sport to be used as a toboggan by a fat old porpoise that weighs three hundred lbs. Perhaps you will inform me, madam, where the humorous part of this performance comes in, for Mrs. Whitehead had turned up the gas and now stood giggling hysterically at his capers.

"Must you stand there grinning like a dangedst idiot, because you've knocked your husband down stairs and peeled his blasted back for him? Took me for a condemned burglar, did you? Well, if I ever burgle in this way again you may have the rest of my blame skin."

"O, Simmy, dear, don't swear. You said Christmas was a joyful, loving time."

"I did, did I? Well, ain't we enjoying it! The occasion is glaring wildly at his battered garments."

"Haven't I sacrificed half a yard of catlike to make this thing a howling success? Want to try another whirl? Perhaps I'm too slow for you?" Maybe you'd like to rig me up with a set of wheels and an air brake for a dangedst roller-coaster. Anything to carry out these joyous festivities in rattling style? There, madam," he continued, kicking the sacque savagely about the room, "there's the condemned institution that has brought such an overflow of joy into this family. There's the last blame Christmas present you'll ever get from me. Christmas present you'll ever get from me. There's the dangedst article." Here he kicked a table leg. He didn't injure the table leg, but spoiled the shape of his largest corn, and he limped groaning up stairs.

"Simmy, dear," his wife called softly after him, "shall I come up and bathe your poor back with arnica?" but a vicious slam of the door was the only reply, so she tried the effect of the sealakin sacque over her robe de nuit and said, as she paraded before the glass, "I don't care, he can't take this back any way, and if he won't have the diamond stud I'll trade it for a bracelet."

The Latest.

The managers of the fairs have not yet exhausted the resources of civilization. Here is the latest novelty at a fair in one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania.

"Two young women, noted for being excellent housekeepers, with a desire of making a Sons of America Fair, shortly to be held, as profitable as possible, have consented to be chosen in public to be the wives of any two young men who may prove acceptable to them and their parents." The young women will be at the fair every evening and will have charge of booths. Any young man who is serious in his intentions will be required to say publicly, in a loud voice, in the hall where the fair is held: "I am here." To this the young lady who is nearest will promptly answer: "So am I." The wooing is to take place in sight of all spectators, and if an agreement to marry is arrived at, it is to be publicly signed, the witnesses thereto to be selected from the audience.

It is tolerably safe to say that this sort of marrying and giving in marriage is bound to end in the divorce court.

Struck With Lightning.

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Sir George Trevelyan made a hit when, in speaking on the proposal to spend a second five millions sterling in buying up Irish landlords, he inquired, "How many English counties might have been blessed with allotments worth £10,000,000?" How many small plots of ground, sufficient to keep a hard-working man and his family in comfort, might be provided if the Government were only as willing to lend to English peasants as to Irish landlords? The strange thing is that the common sense of such a remark strikes everybody, but that, nowadays, nobody takes the trouble to point out that it is Rank Socialism. [Toronto "Globe"]

A New Freak.

Two-sidedness is a viable popularity of the current belle. No matter how fair and square her disposition may be, her gowns have sides that do not match each other. Faces halved robes suggest those trick costumes that the double-voiced songstress of the stage used to wear. With a dark, heavy side to turn to the audience when she sang in a deep contralto, and a light side to expose during the high soprano warbling, she heightened the illusion. The coquette of today might keep two woovers simultaneously at her sides, and neither would afterward be able to confound her with the other by a description of her apparel. Even if it were evening, and her hands gloved, one chap might swear truly that the hand he had fondled was pink, while the other might as correctly vow that the hand he had squeezed was drab. It is a freak of the more daring and eccentric girls to mismatch their gloves in this manner, making each hand harmonize in hue with its side of the toilet.

"Oh, I am glad to meet you," said a very gallant but very near-sighted chap, to one of a bevy of girls. "I think I was introduced to your sister a few minutes ago."

"It was to me that you were introduced," said the girl. Then observing his face and explained: "You were on the lace and velvet side of me then, but you are on the satin and brocade side now," and she turned around to show him how like joined but dissimilar halves were her dress. [New York Sun]

While it is admitted that Lord Dufferin has handed India over to Lord Lansdowne in a more tranquil and satisfied condition than it was in four years ago, the new Viceroy still has his difficulties before him—Lord Lansdowne has to meet the demand made by the native congress, that the educated men of India should be given some share in the management of that vast empire's affairs. Lord Dufferin's parting speech at Calcutta pointed out clearly the almost insuperable obstacle to the establishment of what is properly known as a democratic form of Government. This will doubtless make it easier for Lord Lansdowne to resist too ambitious attempts on the part of the natives of India, but it leaves him, notwithstanding, a serious problem to solve. His career in India will be watched with a kindly interest by Canadians. There is great scope for achieving success, as there is also for failure. The Egyptian war party are bringing strong pressure to bear upon the Ministry in favour of extending to the conquest of Khartoum the campaign just begun at Siakim, and the answers given by Mr. Goschen in the House of Commons and Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords are, to say the least, extremely ambiguous, and denote, if they indicate anything at all, that the end of the campaign cannot be foreseen. Lord Salisbury's statement has failed to inspire confidence even among the Tories, since it will be remembered that he promised last spring that there would be no expedition to Suakin. The Saturday Review strikes the keynote of Conservative thought in an article which asserts that there will never be a triumph in North-East Africa until England has established civilized power at Khartoum. This, the Review declares, is as certain as that the sun rose yesterday, and considerably more certain than that the sun will rise to-morrow. That, done, everything else will follow.

Stanley.

The friends of Henry A. Stanley, including a number of African experts, after thoroughly sifting all the recent news from Suakin and Zanzibar, have come to the conclusion that the African explorer has not been caught by the Mahdi. They believe that Stanley made a circuit through the Bah-el Ghazal district to reach Emin; that while near Lado, which is many days' journey further north than Wadelai, he sent a messenger to Emin at Wadelai, and that this messenger was captured at Lado. The Mahdi obtained possession of the letter from the Khedive to Emin from this messenger, and the story of the capture of Emin and Stanley was based upon the documents found in his possession. Hence there is no thing in the recent story of Osman Digma to prove the capture of either Emin or Stanley, and the latter's friends expect shortly to hear good news of him. Sir Francois De Winton in an interview said: "The statement of Osman Digma that the Mahdi's troops have taken Lado recalls the extensive spread of the religious or fanatical movement which has expelled the European friends from the Sudan. The vast distance from Cairo to Khartoum can, since the Nile expedition, be to some extent realized by everyone, but Khartoum is only half way from Cairo to Lado. The Mahdi's rule, in short, extends over an area measuring 1,500 miles from north to south and about the same distance from east to west."

Lost Illusion.—"What is everybody wicked, mamma, dear?" "Yes, Bertie." "Are you wicked yourself, mamma, dear?" "Not so good as I ought to be." "And—the police?"

Consumption Surely Cured.—To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Resp'y, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

The dehorning of cattle is growing in favor in Kansas.

Light, Safety and Economy are matters of very great importance to every household. The use of inferior grades of coal oil shows a disregard of all three of these. The careful housekeeper should use only Rogers' Carbon Safety Oil. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Buffalo Bill has been made a General of the Nebraska militia.

Coff No More.—Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

There are 5,000 Hebrews in Minneapolis.

A Cure for Drunkenness.—The optimum habit, depreciable, the morphia habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, waterhouse, mental depression, schemes of the brain, the pressure of age, the loss of vitality, caused by some irritation of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause whatsoever, send your address and in cents in stamps for Liberson's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Men. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LIBERSON, 67 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Can.

"One Foot In the Grave."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim of life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer toward that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, resulting in the "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrophula of the Lungs), if taken in time. Druggists sell it.

Oregon has probably doubled her population during the last ten years.

Dr. Sager's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

For Ladies Only.

Ladies, why is it, that when your husband or your children are ill, you consult the best physician at once, care for them day and night, wear yourself out with sleepless watching, and never begrudge the heaviest doctor's bill, if only the dear ones are restored to health; while day after day, week after week, you endure that dull pain in your back—that terrible "dragging down" sensation—and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure? In a few years you will be a helpless invalid, and soon broken hearted husband and motherless children will follow you to the grave. Perhaps delicacy prevents you consulting a physician—but even this is not necessary. Poor sufferer, tell your husband how miserably you feel—perhaps you never did—and ask him to stop to-night and get you a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has cured thousands of women suffering from "weakness" and complaints peculiar to your sex.

Samuel Miller, aged 98; and Anna Hogan, aged 71, were married at Jeffersonville, Ind., on Thursday.

Free Man, Bros., 1100 St. George St., Montreal, P. Q.

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A. DORENWARD, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto.

YOU MAY HAVE ONE!!

Just send your name and address, and 10¢ for postage, and receive by Mail a HANDSOME SILK HANDKERCHIEF and THE ALGIC NEEDLE! Co., Toronto, Ont.

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IRON AND STEEL BOILERS ANY SIZE.

TORONTO ENGINE WORKS, PRINCES AND FRONT STS. J. Perkins & Co., Toronto.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool; and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London, try to land, and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow Lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan & Savings Company

INCORPORATED 1855.

Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto

Subscribed Capital, \$4,500,000
Paid Up Capital, 2,500,000
Total Assets, 10,000,000

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

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SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. Containing the stimulating Hypophosphites and Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

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Sold by all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

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SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also IMPURE BLOOD and OED. Men who are broken down from the effects of "base or over-work," and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. LIBERSON'S Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 5c stamps. Address, M. V. LIBERSON, Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Use Hop Bitters.

Cure All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidney, Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints, DRUNKENNESS. \$1,000 Reward paid for a case they will not cure.



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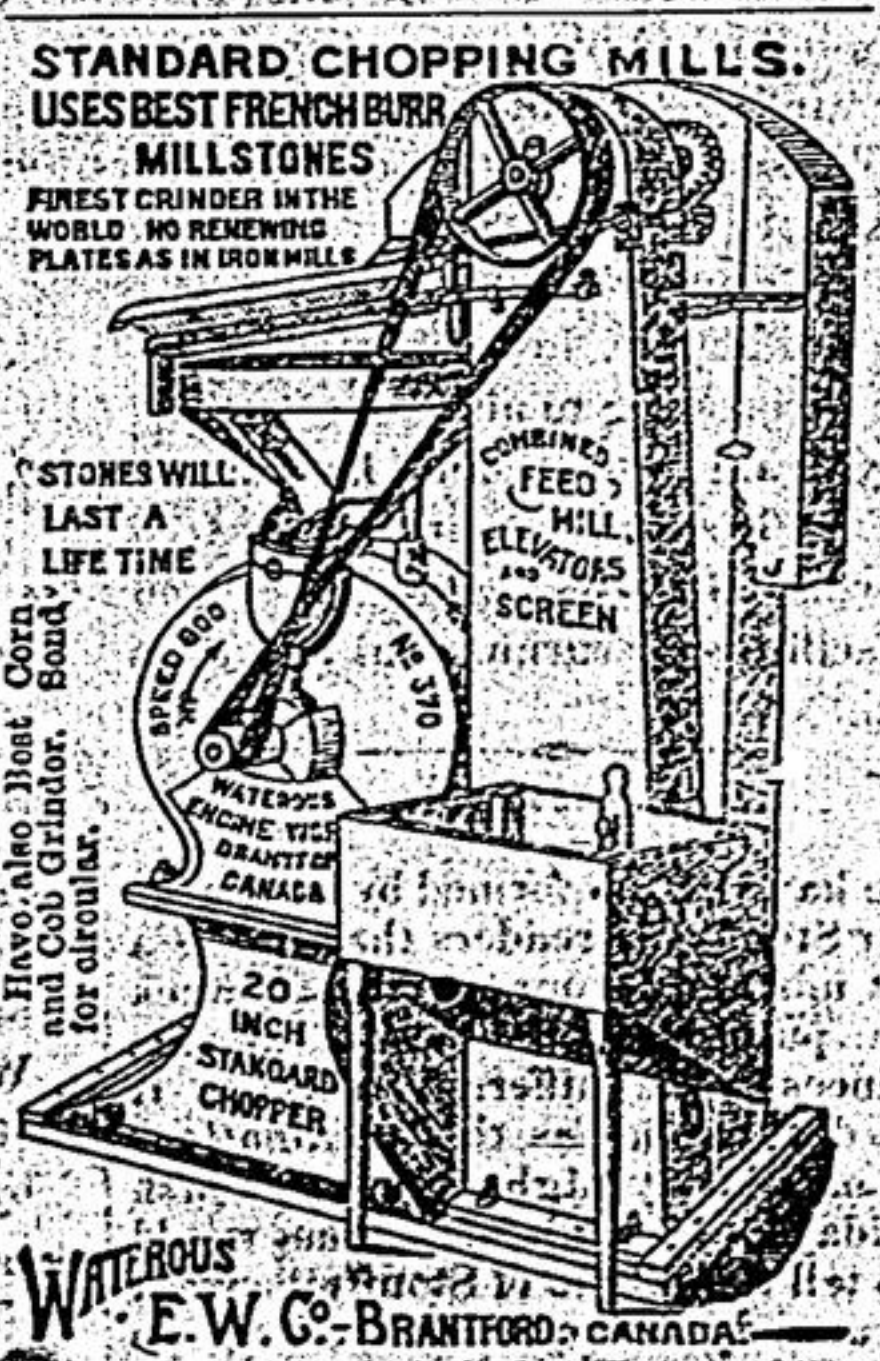
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