

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.



Tossed by the Bulls, and ripped by the Bears. Harassed and worried by manifold cares, with stocks on the wicket that he thought would go down, and the up-stocks slumping, and all of the town roaring and clamoring about his ears, he grabbed his hat, and dashed by his door. That proved him on with vicious punch, he rushed away for his noon-time lunch. He saw men lined at gilded bars, but he knew that the Fiend of that Cup didn't scare. Smoothing the nerves for a time, perhaps, but saving a knockout for mislead chaps. But he knew of a cup that has truly cleared, and around the corner he briskly steered, and took it brimming, and spicy, and hot, from the pretty girl of the coffee-pot. And his soul was soothed, he forgot his cares, and was ready again for the Bulls and Bears. Then over the rim of his cup he gazed. At the pretty girl as she draught he tasted. "How do you make it, my pretty maid?" "The CHASE & SANDOR'S—that's all," she said.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. Bile, the basis of so many troubles that there is where trouble or great trouble. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip the bowels, but they will find those little pills who are in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Sold all over the world. Small Price.

ACHE. The change and extension was natural indeed. The enthusiasm of the young men impelled them almost immediately toward practical, lend-a-hand mission work; and at once the necessity for a headquarters became apparent. The reading-room and library followed swiftly, and then by natural growth came all the other features which the young men of to-day associate with this organization. By 1848 there had been considerable developments. Three years later the movement had spread to America, and the first Y. M. C. A. on this side of the Atlantic was founded in Montreal. A month later Boston formed a branch, and New York followed. In 1854 the first convention was held in Paris, and was attended by delegates from all over the world. There were then 26,360 members, of whom nearly one-half were in the United States and in Canada, one-quarter in England, and the remaining quarter in European countries.



"PERRIN'S" Juvenile KID GLOVES. Made in all sizes and to fit all hands. Not merely reduced sizes of adult gloves, but cut especially to fit the hands of children from one year old and upwards—Be sure to ask for PERRIN KID GLOVES.

GILLETT'S HIGH GRADE CREAM TARTAR. ABSOLUTELY PURE. SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS. Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

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STORY OF THE Y.M.C.A.

TREMENDOUS RELIGIOUS FORCE UNWITTINGLY SET IN MOTION.

Sir George Williams, Its Founder, Will Rank in History With Such Men as Dr. Barnardo and General Booth—The First Young Men's Christian Association and How It Came About—The First Canadian Branch.

Sir George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, will take rank in history with such men as Robert Raikes, Dr. Barnardo, and General Booth. His influence has hardly been less than that of any of the great men with whom we associate him. Like them, he set in motion a tremendous force unwittingly; and, like them, he lived to see some phases of modern religious and social life transmitted through his agency. That his death should occur within a few days of the second Sunday in November, known in the calendars of many churches as "Y. M. C. A. Sunday," is a coincidence that tends to fix the event upon the mind, and enhances interest in his remarkable work.

The First Y. M. C. A. George Williams was born in 1821, in Ashbury Farmhouse, near Dalverton, in the county of England, and when a mere boy went to London to seek his fortune. He became a clerk in a large dry goods store that employed no fewer than 80 youths. Always deeply religious, the congenial relations of the young men about town were a constant source of pain to young Williams. He resolved to devise some means of gathering these together for social and religious purposes. It was in June, 1844, that he put his plan in operation, and at the first meeting the clerks in his firm were present to a man. Thereafter they gathered at regular intervals for the purposes of religious discussion and Bible reading. The movement was heartily encouraged by a dozen firms there were little bands of students organized by young Williams. The name that the association now bears was suggested by his room-mate, a Christian student, and, in the early days, the deeply religious character of the founders was stamped upon all the proceedings. Had it not found other spheres of activity save Bible reading, the probability is that the initials Y. M. C. A. would not now be as familiar as C. P. R., P. and O., and D. V.

Other Associations. To prove this contention, it is only necessary to show that there were plenty of young men's Christian associations long before Williams was born, not one of which actively survived very long. As early as 1833 there were bands of religiously disposed young men meeting in many parts of England, and in 1848 the English Church established an association of the kind, while later on the continent of Europe, and especially in France, the work. In 1710 Cotton Mather, the famous Boston preacher, wrote a series of addresses to "young men associated," and in 1813 David Nasmyth, founder of the London City Mission, had established no fewer than 70 clubs of young Christians in England and the United States and on the Continent of Europe. It must be deemed fortunate that although at the beginning Williams had in view nothing but a wholly religious organization, the movement broadened rapidly, until it has evolved into the religious, educational, social, and athletic association it is today.

The First Canadian Branch. The change and extension was natural indeed. The enthusiasm of the young men impelled them almost immediately toward practical, lend-a-hand mission work; and at once the necessity for a headquarters became apparent. The reading-room and library followed swiftly, and then by natural growth came all the other features which the young men of to-day associate with this organization. By 1848 there had been considerable developments. Three years later the movement had spread to America, and the first Y. M. C. A. on this side of the Atlantic was founded in Montreal. A month later Boston formed a branch, and New York followed. In 1854 the first convention was held in Paris, and was attended by delegates from all over the world. There were then 26,360 members, of whom nearly one-half were in the United States and in Canada, one-quarter in England, and the remaining quarter in European countries.

In the American War. The movement thrived exceedingly on the American continent, and the great Civil War pointed out a new work for it. From beginning to end no fewer than 5,000 young men were sent to the front as missionaries and nurses; and they distributed to the soldiers of both sides supplies and medicines valued at \$2,300,000. Unfortunately, although this brilliant record was made, hundreds of branches did not survive the struggle, and the years immediately following witnessed a decided reaction on the Continent of America, so far as the Y. M. C. A. was concerned. In 1878, however, there was a revival of enthusiasm, and a world's committee was formed, composed of paid officers, who resided at Geneva, Switzerland, and in a general way supervised the work of branches in all countries. At this time the association declared its purpose to "seek to unite those young men who regard Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be His disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His Kingdom among young men." Compare this with the present definition and one gains a striking idea of the evolution of the society: "An organization of young men for mutual helpfulness, providing for the young men of the community an attractive place of social enjoyment, free from questionable influences, and equipped with helpful agencies for their intellectual, social, physical, and spiritual welfare."

Later Developments. At present the educational and physical aims of the Y. M. C. A. are the most in evidence; and a prospective member is no longer subjected to a catechism upon his religious convictions. There has been a marked extension of the work in universities, probably more noticeable in America than in England. The Y. M. C. A. is also as much a part of any military camp as the Red Cross, and in this way the seed has been sown in distant lands. But perhaps the most marked development of recent years is the railroad Y. M. C. A., and it is the ambition of most American railroads to have in every town a branch of the association that will devote itself to the amusements in this way large endowments of land and money have been secured from railway companies. Perhaps no greater accomplishment of this great organization could be achieved than that it has successfully and helpfully adapted itself to all the great tendencies of half a century, and that its vitality seems now greater than ever.

ENGLAND'S PERIL.

Alarming Increase in Deaths From Nervous Diseases Is Noted.

It has been noticeable lately that there has been a remarkable increase in deaths from nervous complaints, and London papers attribute the increase in the people suffering from nervous disorders to the increase of popular tea shops, and coffee drinking, and to the use of deleterious than Indian and Ceylon blends. Another doctor asks, what of persons addicted to the coffee habit? There is no brand of coffee they can drink to any considerable extent without suffering from the same distressing consequences as afflict the injudicious users of tea. Still another medical man, who makes a specialty of dietetics, states that as many men are addicted to excessive indulgence in coffee as there are in moderate tea drinkers among women. He writes: "Thousands of men, particularly in the city, sip coffee during the day at brief intervals as they breathe in New York slip spirits. In time the coffee habit develops palpitation of the heart, irregular pulse, nervousness, indigestion, and insomnia. "Coffee drunks," as I may call them, are greatly increasing in number, due probably to the wave of temperance which is passing over the country, but I've known cases where hallucinations scarcely different from those of alcoholism have been set up by persistent abuse of coffee over a series of months. "Coffee is a cerebral stimulant ranking with alcohol, but used in moderation is less harmful than tea, as it contains less tannic acid. The use of coffee after dinner, especially the practice of drinking a cup at night, solely is responsible for cases of sleeplessness. Another writer recommends dyspeptic and nervous persons to drink a little of yerba mate, says a Mining Lane merchant, is used more as a drug in this country, but I've known a little of it comes on the market, and as the drinker would require to have it specially sent over he would probably find it cheaper to eschew tea altogether."

An African Monarch.

The King of Uganda, in British East Africa, rejoices or grieves in the somewhat pickish and chow-chow sovereign, Daudi Chwa. This monarch, a little of his tribe increase—is now "going on" eight. To befit a colored sceptre-bearer he has a highly-colored court. He sits on a throne of scarlet, and his baby the court carpenter has made it a world too long for his chubby little legs. Under the British protectorate folks have to be economical in Uganda, and a king must grow up to his throne, and can't have a custom-made one every time he has growing pains. We can remember when a king of Uganda was every inch a king, and he sat up in bed, "What an ugly nightmare!" Then, with a look at his watch, "It is high time I was up anyway, with fifty parochial visits before me. I must make sure that not a single family has a cheerless Christmas tomorrow."

Most Sacred in Knighthood.

The most noble order of the Garter, an insignia rich in tradition, is to be conferred upon the Emperor of Japan. It is the most sacred of British orders of knighthood, the second in point of antiquity being the order of the Bath. With the advent of King Edward VII. the order has become more sacred, and has earned distinction by charity and patriotism. The legend which seeks to account for the emblem and name of the order is as pretty as those of King Alfred and the cakes. The Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter when dancing with the King. The latter picked it up and tied it round his leg. Observing the surprised look of the countess he handed it back with the words: "Evil be to him who evil thinks." This motto had reference to a second campaign against the French, upon which the King was entering. Hence it comes that the color of the emblem was blue, surcoat, hood, collar, and star.

General Saved Soldier's Life.

The late Gen. Blackmar was once taken in amusingly by a stranger who had claimed his acquaintance at camp. The general disregarded the shabby man's salute and turned away from him. The man persisted. "General, don't you remember how you saved my life at the battle of the Wilderness?" Gen. Blackmar at once became interested, and called some of his friends to meet the soldier, saying: "I saved this man's life once. Tell them how I did it, old comrade." The man began: "It was this way. We were on a hill, and the enemy advanced steadily toward our position. A ball of fire swept our position. Suddenly you turned—everybody looked at Gen. Blackmar—and ran, and I ran after you. If you hadn't done so, I should have been killed; so that's how you saved my life." And the general made himself scarce before the infuriated comrade could touch him.

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A Dream's Fulfillment

The Rector's Christmas Charity and What Came of It.

By SALLY CHAMBERLIN

Copyright, 1904, by Sally Chamberlin. BANG! Bang! Bang! John Hare jumped from his warm bed into his dressing gown and slippers, switched on the electric light and was on the lower floor before his eyes were fairly open. Through the blackness of the outer night peered the hard and forbidding faces of two roughly clad men. The taller man stated in gruff tones that his baby was dying and his wife wanted the child baptized.

In less than five minutes the young rector was dressed and back to the man, whom he had left sitting in the hall, and the three started out. The trip to the outskirts of the city through dark and strange streets was anything but pleasant. Finally reaching a little low cottage, set quite apart



IN HER PLACE SAT A GIRLISH FIGURE, from any other dwellings and lighted by one small lamp which sent its rays through the narrow window, he followed the men through the door into a barely furnished room. On a cot in the corner lay a child, small and wasted, marked with death's stains, and beside her sat the weeping mother. Some strange mystery haunted the room. What were these poverty stricken people trying to conceal? The clergyman shook off the feeling and opened his prayer book at the baptismal service.

Hare performed his mission, accompanied by the two men, he was passing a clump of trees on his way home when one of them stopped suddenly, and pulling a long bladed knife from his pocket, flashed it before the young rector's face and instantly pointed it toward his heart. He uttered a piercing shriek. "Light" said John Hare as the sound of his own voice awakened him and he sat up in bed. "What an ugly nightmare!" Then, with a look at his watch, "It is high time I was up anyway, with fifty parochial visits before me. I must make sure that not a single family has a cheerless Christmas tomorrow."

His eye caught the picture of a girl's face, gentle eyed, yet cheery, hanging in a frame on his wall. "And if there's any persuasion in John Hare's poor eloquence he won't have a cheerless nor a lonely Christmas the next 25th of December." "This young rector had come to Spotsfield, a rising manufacturing city, three years before, after serving as curate in a large city parish. He had transformed his new congregation from a disgruntled, quarrelling community composed of a few rich and many poor to a great family interested in each other and respecting his Christian principles. And incidentally his strict resolution for a busy bachelorhood had been somewhat disturbed by a pair of interested, laughing eyes which belonged to the daughter of a factory owner.

This energetic, but rather shy, young woman was famous and loved among the poor and sick of Spotsfield for her gentle and unpretentious way of helping when and where she was needed. Though of different faiths, she and John Hare met often while on excursions of mercy. He had seen her, too, popular as a dinner guest because of his appreciation of a good cigar and his broad, forceful views on Christianity. As he dressed that morning before the festive holiday he realized that the human heart cannot be denied its susceptibility—one beating in touch and sympathy with it—and that one fair girl had woven her charms about him so completely that he could no longer refrain from telling her of it, even though of late she had rather seemed to avoid him when he crossed her path and was even chary of her conversation when he dined at her house.

During the long busy day she was constantly brought to his mind in the loaves he visited. A forlorn old woman told of the coming of Miss Ruth with yarp for the next year's knitting and a box of sweets. A grateful mother told of the nights Miss Ruth had stayed and nursed the baby back to life. In the poorer homes he heard of the baskets of Christmas goodies she had brought, with toys and warm mittens for the children.

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In the poorer homes he heard of the baskets of Christmas goodies she had brought, with toys and warm mittens for the children. It was 10 o'clock before the rector had finished the day's task, and when he reached home he threw himself, quite worn out, on the couch in the library. Not ten minutes seemed to have elapsed when the sound "B-r-r-r!" through his sleep waked him suddenly to the realization that some one was ringing the bell with the evident intention of rousing the entire household, and as he stepped into the hall to open the door he was amazed to see the hands on the old fashioned clock pointing to 1.

"Sir, we've come to get Mr. Hare. The baby's dying, and my wife wants a minister," announced one of the two men who stood on the step facing the tired rector. The memory of his vivid nightmare had not recurred to him since the morning, but at the words "baby's dying" it all flashed before his mind, and he hesitated an instant with some misgivings. Quickly pulling himself together and throwing off the vision, he exclaimed: "Mr. Hare. Where is your baby?" In a harsh voice the larger of the two men mentioned the outskirts of the city, where the houses were small and low and widely scattered.

Again pushing aside the warning of his apparition, the rector located his self in warm overcoat and arctic and, locking the door behind him, bade the men lead the way. For several blocks an occasional house showed lights from top to bottom or a stray light in the second story gave evidence that an eager youngster was awake examining Santa Claus' gifts. Then the houses became dark, and the three men trudged on through the gently falling snow. Hare's questions received but curt, abrupt answers, while the memory of his gruesome dream grew clearer with each step of the long dark walk till he reached the lateral cottage of his nightmare, with one light shining through the window. A suggestion of cold perspiration stood on his forehead and a shiver ran down his spine as he thought of the sinister group and the suspicious and forbidding glance of the men in that dim scene which he had passed through before so realistically.

Entering the house behind the larger man, he looked instantly toward the corner for the cot and the child. They were there! The thin face of the child, the mother's wail of comfort and locking the door behind him, bade the men lead the way. For several blocks an occasional house showed lights from top to bottom or a stray light in the second story gave evidence that an eager youngster was awake examining Santa Claus' gifts. Then the houses became dark, and the three men trudged on through the gently falling snow. Hare's questions received but curt, abrupt answers, while the memory of his gruesome dream grew clearer with each step of the long dark walk till he reached the lateral cottage of his nightmare, with one light shining through the window. A suggestion of cold perspiration stood on his forehead and a shiver ran down his spine as he thought of the sinister group and the suspicious and forbidding glance of the men in that dim scene which he had passed through before so realistically.

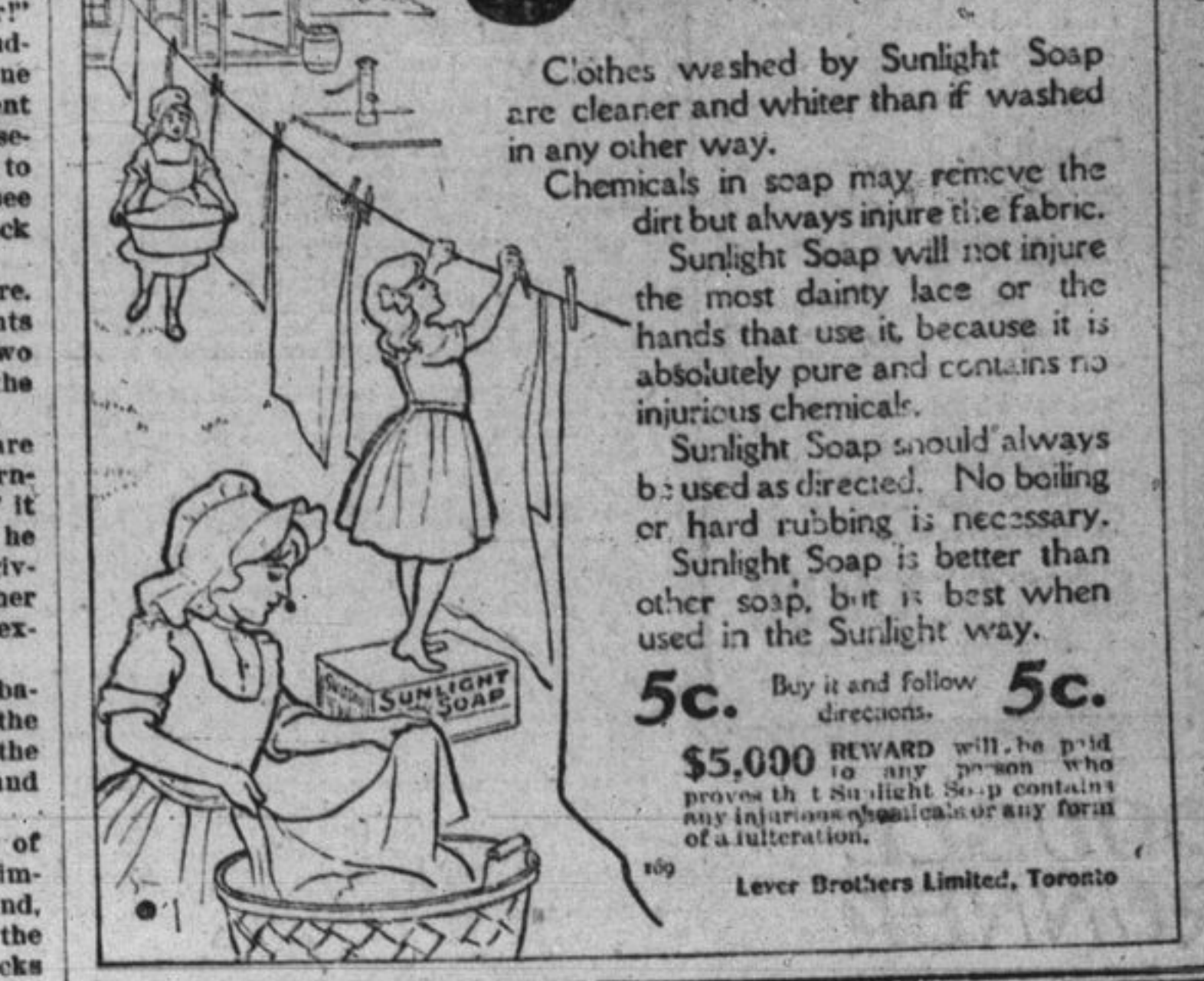
So the dying baby received the blessing of the church, and as the sun rose between two distant hills the child was wrapped in his Saviour's arms. Two hearts were peaceful from a sense of finished duty. Unconsciously radiant with joy at being together, the man and the girl passed from the low roofed cottage into the clear frosty air of the blue canopied earth with its fresh carpeting of pure white snow. A Christmas happiness such as they had never known before illuminated the world for these two alone in the snow clad woods.

It was some time before the young rector felt inclined to speak, and then it was to recount his nightmare with its realistic reproduction up to the point where he had found her beside the dying child. "And the knife aimed at your heart—that must have been a dreadful dream!" John Hare paused, holding her with his strong magnetic gaze. "The knife is in your hand. If you cannot love me, your 'No' will be the deathblow to my hopes and ambitions." She smiled up into his eyes and held out both hands. "See—there is no knife."

Eight Millions For Toys. The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gladden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of five to twelve year old children. The children of no other country on the globe give anything like so lavish an average amount of money expended for toys for them, not even the children of Germany—Germany, the home of toy-making and toy giving. Verily, indeed, the lot of the American child has been cast in the richest sort of clover when it comes to toy getting and not a few other things in the bargain.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jumping at a Conclusion. Tommy—Santa Claus is coming to dinner tonight. Elsie—Oh! How do you know? Tommy—Ma told me a white haired old gentleman was coming and we'd have to be very good. Christmas the Real Turkey Day. Christmas, not Thanksgiving, is the real turkey day. Last Christmas Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces took care of about 1,500,000 more turkeys than they did on Thanksgiving. Devonshire's Yule Log. In Devonshire the Yule log is known as the Ashton fagot. The fagot is composed of a bundle of ash sticks bound with nine bands of the same wood. A dressmaker may not have a graceful form, but she always knows how to make up for it. Some folks act as if they were attending a continuous funeral service. William Swain, piano tuner. Orders received at McAuley's book store.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



Clothes washed by Sunlight Soap are cleaner and whiter than if washed in any other way. Chemicals in soap may remove the dirt but always injure the fabric. Sunlight Soap will not injure the most dainty lace or the hands that use it because it is absolutely pure and contains no injurious chemicals. Sunlight Soap should always be used as directed. No boiling or hard rubbing is necessary. Sunlight Soap is better than other soap, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

5c. Buy it and follow directions. 5c. \$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

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Nine Peerages Given. London, Dec. 11.—The honors customarily bestowed in connection with the recommendations of an outgoing prime minister are announced. The list contains some remarkable appointments. A majority, however, are merely of domestic interest. Nine peerages are given, the recipients including Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, ex-chancellor of the exchequer, Hon. Charles T. Ritchie, also ex-chancellor of the exchequer, and Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the well-known newspaper proprietor. J. Henniker Heathon, the postal reformer, is made a knight commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. All things that are supposed to come to him who waits are subject to change without notice. Buy McPherson's hockey boots at Lockett's shoe store, \$2.50 and \$2.75.