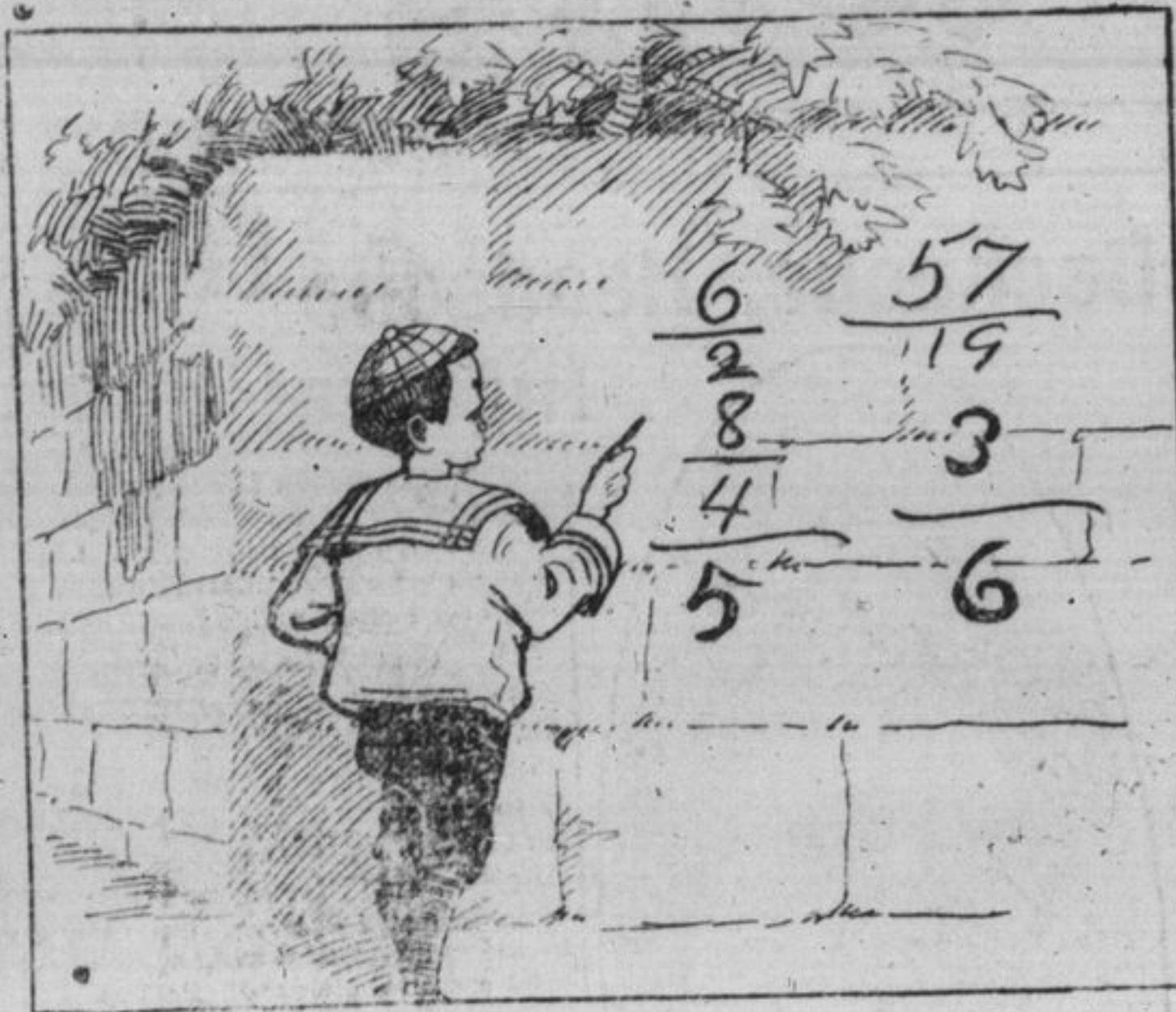


ODD AND EVEN PUZZLE



In one sum Johnnie has arranged the even digits so that they produce a total of 5, and in the other sum the odd digits add up 6. Can you show him how the odd digits may be arranged in a sum giving the same total as the even digits arranged in another sum? Answer Tuesday.

Load of Lead in His Stomach.

G. E. Meyer, a popular merchant in Lewisburg, writes: "Six months ago I was a pretty sick man. I had a feeling in the pit of my stomach as if I carried a load of lead there. My appetite was poor and I ate very little. My head ached continually, and I felt weary and tired. My sleep was very restless. After I used the first box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills I felt better. I kept on using them for a few weeks, and was cured completely."

If space permitted we could recount the experience of dozens of well-known people cured of stomach trouble by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They bring instant relief and have never yet failed to make a complete cure. For headache, biliousness, indigestion and kindred disorders they have no equal. Price 25 cents per box, five boxes for \$1, at druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.



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How Santa Claus Pawned His Smile.

By Willard Wilbur Williams in Brooklyn Citizen.

"Did I ever tell you about the Christmas that Santa Claus was broke and had to pawn his smile to get money to buy presents with?" asked Nurse Margaret. A chorus of "No" and "Tell us, please," and "Oh goodie, it's about Santa Claus," greeted the question. It was the twilight hour in the nursery. Nurse Margaret was a famous story-teller and her four small charges had just petitioned her for the usual bedtime tale. It was only a fortnight before Christmas, and, naturally, the holiday was uppermost in the minds of all. So the children gathered around close to the big arm chair near to the fire where nurse sat and Mazie, the smallest, climbed quickly up into the story-teller's capacious lap when the Christmas tale was suggested.

"Well, once upon a time," began the nurse, in the fashion approved of all folks who tell stories to children. She had only got that far when she was interrupted. It was the oldest of the four children who spoke. He was all of eight years old and fast becoming some what sceptical about nurse's stories. Sometimes lately he really thought they were "make-believes" and not "realies."

"Does Santa ever be busted?" he asked, "I thought only little boys like me had their banks emptied."
"Of course Santa Claus is poor sometimes, same as you or me or anyone else in these precious hard times," declared the nurse in a tone that left no doubt as to the verity of her utterance. "Ain't I just going to tell you about it? And you'd just better be still now or it's not a word I'll be telling you."
Awd by the threat, Walter put his hand tightly over his mouth in token that not another word was going to escape and the nurse went on.

"I was on two days before Christmas one year when Santa Claus bounced into his kitchen just after breakfast on a fine frosty morning. I was so hoping mad he could hardly speak."

"Mrs. Kringle," he said, when he finally gets his breath—for he is so he always used to call his wife "stead of 'mother,' as Jack Frost calls Mrs. Frost—'have you seen anyone fooling around the Snow Bank lately?'"
"Why, no," says Mrs. Kringle, wondering like, "I haven't. Whatever in the world is the matter?"
"Matter! Matter!" says Santa, a-wagging his long white beard, "it looked like the lace curtain blowing in the nursery when one of you naughty children leaves a window open against my orders. By the Great Candy Cane there's matter enough! The Snow Bank is robbed! That's what the matter is. All my money, my presents, my Christmas trees and stockings my little friends down below are going to have waiting for me to-morrow night!"

As he said these words, according to Nurse Margaret, poor old Santa started to cry. His nose was running down his great, long whiskers, froze them to the door sill, for in his agitation he had left the door open and stood half in and half out of the kitchen while he was telling his wife of his troubles.
This, of course, started Mrs. Kringle to thinking of the plum pudding that was baking in the oven—still according to Nurse Margaret—and, after prying her husband's whiskers away from the floor with a toy gun that had been left over from the Christmas before, she shut the door on the snow storm outside and began to ask questions as some women will.

"How'd the thieves get in the Snow Bank?" she asked first, so ran Margaret's tale.
"Through one of the back windows," I guess, said Santa, ruefully. "I noticed two of the icicles over the window nearest the reinder where the stable were broken."
"I believe you," returned Santa's wife with a frown, "continued the nurse. "Didn't I tell you that snippy Jack Frost skimmed his work when he put those icicles up. Just didn't I tell you so, now, Santa?"

"Yes, yes, wife, of course you did," answered poor Santa, too down-hearted at the loss of all his money to run any risk of quarrelling with Mrs. Kringle, who has a tongue as sharp as her husband's heart is soft, as is well known all over Toyland, where the childless couple live. "But how am I to get some money to go shopping to-day? I have you any pennies put away in the tea caddy, Mrs. Kringle?"

The story-teller was interrupted here by an inquiry as to how fires could be maintained in the snow palace where, as it is well understood, Santa Claus and his wife live. The query gave rise to others—such as "is Santa's stove made of ice?" and "Nurse, how can Mrs. Claus keep the tea hot?"

These questions being answered with some difficulty and others headed off by a renewed threat to stop the story if interrupted again, Nurse explained that Santa's wife was unable to help him out from the tea caddy money because she had just paid Willie Esquimaux for shovelling the snow off the front walk, and so was broke, too.
"But she made a fine suggestion," continued the nurse. She asked Santa why he didn't go to the Borealis bank. "I'm sure Mr. Polar Bear, the president is a mighty nice man," declared Mrs. Kringle, "and I just know he'll lend you the money until you can sell some more snow storms."

"Jingly sleigh bells, that's a great scheme," is what Nurse Margaret avers jolly old St. Nick said when his matrimonial partner gave this sage advice. "And, then," continued nurse to her wide-eyed audience, "old Santa just went out to the reinder house and his best sleigh—for he wanted to impress Mr. Polar Bear—and put in a big bag for the money and jumped in himself and drove off for the bank."

doesn't have to bother about the reins hardly any. He never litches them when he goes down a chimney."
Alice thus quieted, the nurse described Santa's interview with President Bear of the Borealis bank. According to the narrator, Mr. Bear certainly deserves the name. He was quite gruff to the merry old saint, and wouldn't even think of making him a loan until Santa promised to deposit his smile as security.

"It looks good to me," the nurse said. "Mr. Bear told Santa, 'and I know you can't get along well in your business without it, so I know you'll come and pay me back soon and get your smile out of pawn.'"
"But, besides this—though it may seem incredible that any bank president on the side of Brooklyn could be so hard-hearted, or lend money on such security as a smile, President Bear declared, he wouldn't let Santa have the money unless he gave Mr. Bear a bonus. 'Say, two per cent. on the loan,' suggested Mr. Bear, according to Nurse Margaret. 'I see security is not very good, you know, and I really ought to have a little something for helping you out.'"

Old Santa demurred quite a bit about the bonus part of the matter. Nurse Margaret told the children, "He thought the smile security enough, and cited the smile as only a politician's card was needed. But he needed the money very much; so finally he left the smile with Mr. Bear and drove off with a big bag of money, having, of course, given the president his bonus. 'And he got home in time to do all his Christmas shopping that day, with his wife's help,' continued the nurse, making preparations to get out of her nice comfortable chair, "and so all of his little friends down in this world weren't disappointed on Christmas eve."

"Oh, nurse, is that all?" cried Walter. "It isn't quite bedtime yet. Tell us some more. Did Santa Claus really and truly leave his smile with Mr. Bear forever an' ever?"
"Bless you, no, honey?" answered nurse, really getting up from her chair this time and putting the cover over the nursery fire. "Why Santa's smile was so warm that it nearly ruined the business of the Borealis bank. Mr. Bear found the smile as it lay in the safe so they'd just give away money without security to any one who came near for it and would promise to pay some day. And he found, too, that the smile melted the North Pole so it nearly drifted away from in front of the bank, where it was used for a sign. He just set for Santa Claus and told him to take his smile away and pay him he could, which Santa did as soon as he cut his winter crop of icebergs."

"And now it's surely time you children went to bed." Which they did mighty quick, for nurse wanted to get tea with the butler, who was a friend of hers, and didn't even answer Walter's inquiry as to whether the people who robbed the Snow Bank were ever caught.

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The Christmas Boy.
Washington Times.
I wish my pa would ast me to do somethin' at he wanted done; I might be'd fink of somethin' now he needs, so's I could jump an' run an' get it for him quick, so's he could see how good his boy can be.
I wish my pa would say to me, 'The way he's often done before, my haccy's gone, here, Willie, run an' get some for me at the store.' I wish he would so's I could show him jes' how fast his boy can go.
I'm sittin' here jes' waitin' for my pa to ast me now to get him some an' his smokin' coat. But he ain't never ast me yet. I wish my pa would even say, 'It's best time—'I'd go right away.
I know at Christmas time is near an' I would like my pa to see, when he wants little errands done, how willing I would be to do 'em. I wish to do it quicker'n a wink.

The devil soon tires in the attempt to make a convert of the man who has the idea of doing right always in mind.
The opportune time to point out a friend's faults and shortcomings is when the third man is not present.

MAKE A CHANGE.
A New Back For An Old One—How it is Done in Kingston.
The back aches at times with a dull feeling making you worry and restless, sharp pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, it is agony to bend, stoop or lift. The rubbing of liniments or application of plasters does no good in these cases, they do little reach—the cause. To get rid of the back for a new and stronger one follow the example of this Kingston citizen.

John Halligan, of 245 Brook street, Kingston, Ont., says: "A dull, heavy pain would catch me across the small of the back and extend around my sides. If I would stoop for any length of time I would find much difficulty in straightening myself up. There seemed to be a weakness in the kidney region and I would take cold very often. I think I would invariably settle there. I had tried a number of remedies but found little or no relief from their use. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills through an advertisement and procuring a box at Mahood's pharmacy I began their use. The one box of Booth's Kidney Pills took the pain away from my back and I am now better and stronger generally and can conscientiously recommend Booth's Kidney Pills." Sold by dealers. Price 50 cents. The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., sole Canadian agents.

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THE advertisements in the colored supplement of this issue of the Whig were done in the Whig Job Room. Are they not attractive? **WE CAN MAKE ALL YOUR PRINTING ATTRACTIVE.**

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ON THE MORNING AFTER.

Told About the Famous French Race.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt at a dinner in Newport talked of the Grand Prix, the famous French race that concludes the Paris season.
"Very sumptuous entertainments are given on the evening of the Grand Prix," said Mr. Vanderbilt. A Russian grand duke will entertain a party of a hundred or so at dinner at the Ritz, Armouville, the fashionable restaurant in the Bois, will be crowded with gay parties supping under the trees. All the theatres, all the restaurants, all the hotels, will overflow with the aristocracy of France, England, Russia and America.
"They tell a story about a New York man who celebrated the Grand Prix with a large supper, and the next afternoon an overseer saw a valet carrying to this man's room a fresh water bath."
"What are you doing with that bath?" the overseer asked.
"I am taking it to No. 72, sir," said the waiter.
"But it is nearly 5 o'clock."
"He is still in bed, sir."
"But I thought," said the puzzled overseer, "that I saw you carrying a very large fresh water bath to No. 72 a couple of hours ago?"
"So you did, sir," said the waiter. "He drank that."

Killings Of Street Cars.

It has been claimed that if a headstone were raised on every spot where a death occurred by accident in the streets of cities, the highways would resemble an endless graveyard. A life is lost in the streets of New York every twenty-four hours, and there is an average of six serious collisions daily between tractions cars and persons or vehicles. In the last twelve months 474 persons were ground to pieces, and 2,193 were injured. That this wholesale slaughter and main-

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ing is criminally needless, is sufficiently total number of passengers carried or proved by a single fact: In all London 405,079,203. The traffic of greater in the last year of record (1903) the New York last year was 1,330,776,105 total number killed was ten, out of a passengers.