NO. 289

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1909.

lander. "Mrs. Taylor told me it was

"How did it happen, Jack?" asked

"Mr. Taylor said his wife heard some

one chopping about half past 11 last

night, but she didn't think anything of

it, and this morning they found the

"That's very strange," observed Mr.

"And, father," continued Jack ear-

hill road today and that little tree we

saw last Sunday is there yet. You

didn't cut it down. I knew that one

"Why, father," pursued the terrible

revelation, "this is Mr. Taylor's tree!

Mr. I'hilander shrank from their bor-

Mr. Philander paled slightly.

and into Mr. Taylor's yard."

Mr. Philander. Then with sudden in-

spiration he stripped the tree of its

through the house into the back yard.

tatedly explained the absence of the

tree. "That's one reason why I don't

I am glad it happened before we ar-

"So am I," ejaculated Mr. Philander.

But all the little Philanders agree

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

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The gathering of "old salts," official

ly known as the Harbor club, was lu

session at Captain Truman's , store,

down by the dock. Outside the wind

howled and shricked through the rig-

ging of the fleet of coasting vessels

warped alongside the Main street

as a flercer blast rattled the windows.

During a temporary lull in the storm

Cap'n Si Tuttle broke the silence with

"'Twas jest sech a Christmas eve

as this, along back in the eighties.

the good ship Tirzah Ann. You recol-

lect her, don't you? Hailed from Green-

"In course 'twas some wet on deck.

couldn't see your hand afore your face.

we was pretty well tuckered out next

mornin', but daylight showed no let-

up, and, to make things wuss, a heavy

took the wheel, and I went below to

Captain Si stopped and leisurely bit

"We didn't." drawled the captain,

"Every blamed one of us wuz drown-

Christmas Superstitions.

off a chunk of cut plug, when some one

asked, "How did you escape?"

If Christmas day on Sunday be,

A troublous winter ye shall see,

Mingled with waters strong;

Good there shall be without faule,

With storms at times among.

Wines that year shall all be good:

The harvest shall be wet with flood,

Ere that sickness shall have passed

And while great tempests last

Pestilence fall on many a country.

Many young people dead shall be.

Princes that year with iron shall die:

Among knights great debate.

Many wives shall be weeping then,

The falth shall then be hurt truly.

Shall bring great danger near,

For divers points of heresy

And divers matters unkind

That shall then appear

Both of poor and great estate,

Many tidings shall come to mcn;

There shall be changing of many lords

For the summer shall be reasonable,

"There was five of us aboard, and

the following parrative:

that ever blowed.

cast loose the dory.

that it was the most beautiful Christ-

TRUE STORY OF

mas tree they ever had.

tree was gone-only the stump left."

Philander, "Hard luck for Taylor."

the pride of her husband's heart."

Philander, with interest,

wasn't it!"



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HERE is the tree?" whispered Mrs. Philander auxiously as her husband shook the snow from his coat and carefully wiped his feet on the brand new doormat.

"Couldn't get one," returned Philander moodily.

"Couldn't get one! Why not, James Philander?"

"I fergot it, Bella, until just as I got off the train, and as that was the last train from town I couldn't very well walk back and look up a tree. By that time the shops would all be closed and"-

"Walk back! Such nonsense! Of course if you haven't thought enough of the children to buy them a tree"-

"My dear," interpolated Philander desperately, "don't say another word. I'll find a tree somewhere tonight if I have to rob the church of the Sunday school tree!"

He thrust his arms into his overcoat and grasped his hat, but Mrs. Philander put out a detaining hand.

"James," she said seriously, "you cannot find a tree in Rose Heights tonight. You know there is not a shop in the Heights, and where else would you look for a tree?"

"I shall walk into the woods and dig | ment." one," returned Philander, with dignity. "Well, you could do that, James, but it is 11 o'clock now and there is no

moon. You will lose your way." "Nonsense!" returned Mr. Philander. "I hope I know my way around Rose Heights. I saw a very handsome pine tree in that strip of woods back on the Turkey hill road. I could walk there blindfolded and lay my hand upon that tree," he asserted rashly.

"Very well," returned Mrs. Philander reluctantly. "I hate to have you go, James, but the children will be so disappointed. The presents are all ready. and I have been up in the attic and got the base for the tree and all the ornaments-in fact, everything is ready except the tree."

"The tree will soon be here," said Mr. Philander grimly as he jerked on his arcties and turned up his coat collar. "Just bring me the spade from the woodshed, please," he added.

"A spade, James! I thought they chopped trees down. The ground is

"Of course, the ax by all means," replled Philander irritably. He was vexed with himself for having forgotten to order the tree, which was one of the necessary adjuncts to the Philander Christmas. He had never forgotten it before. He meant to order It that morning and have it sent to his suburban home later in the day, but an important business matter had driven the remembrance of the festival from his mind until his wife's greeting when he opened the door recalled it to

his attention. He sallied forth, bearing the ax, and waded through the newly fallen snow to the corner of the street, where he turned toward Turkey bill read. The snow was only six inches deep, and the walking was not so bad. Gray clouds hung low, and there was a thick flurry of flakes as Philander turned the corner. When he reached the strip of woods it was snowing heavily, and he could only guess at the location of the particular pine he had in mind.

He whistled cheerly as he walked along, for his spirits were rising. He felt a warm glow stealing over his tired frame as he anticipated the delight of the three small Philanders when they beheld the seifsame tree that they had so warmly admired a short while before set up in their own parlor, ablaze with candles and rich

with gifts. Mr. Philander stopped and thrashed himself vigorously with his arms. There was a faint grayness in the air that was reflected from the fallen snow, and there was the tickling rush of flakes in his eyes. When he reached the very opening in the woods where they had admired the tree he turned around and looked carefully up and down the road. Of course be could see nothing, nor was there the faintest tinkle of bells. It was a

very lonely spot. Mr. Philander knew that the strip of woods was private property, and he der ground dismally. He sched from He made sundry trips to the cellar also knew that he could make it all head to foot, and he was sick from for apples and cider and cracked great right with Lake, the owner of the lack of sleep. Mrs. Philander was bowls of nuts. He carried in huge woods, on the following day, as Lake equally tired; but, with the self ab arm loads of wood for the fireplace and lived four miles away and it was im- negation of mothers in general and surveyed the roaring blaze with compossible to ask his permission now,

Although Mr. Philander had stated in the dark, he found it rather a diffi- by children. cult thing to do after all. He lost himself several times in the dense stairs to breakfast the children gath- "Well, my boy, what is it now?" askthickets, and all the tree trunks seem- ered about him engerly. ed unfamiliar to his touch. Then, all "Father," asked Jack, the eldest, "is warmed his coattails comfortably.

ed his face. dug the snow away from the trunk and Mr Rhilander sharply. the snow. He lost his bearings once of | it was that very free." tales and agally, at a moment when I of fought Santy Claws bringed it!" he almost despetied of reaching bound



that night, he found himself standing

before his own gate. He carted the tree around to the back door, and with Mrs. Philander's help it was taken into the house and

set up in the parior. Mr. Philander thawed himself out in front of the kitchen stove and quaffed fragrant coffee that his grateful wife had prepared.

"It is a beauty, James," she said gleefully; "the finest we ever had. How delighted the children will be, I am sorry, though, you are so tired,

dear." "Oh, I'm all right now, Bella," said Philander cheerfully. "I was worried after I found that I had forgotten the tree, but I closed out that deal with going to have one." Wells today, and I was busy every mo-

"How lovely that you got the contract, James!" cried his wife excitedly. "That is a fine Christmas present for

"You bet your life it is," returned Philander jocosely. "Now let us get, and all that, you know."



wailed Bessle, dragging her new doll I knew I'd seen it before!" remoradessly by its flaxen hair. "An' I finked it came that way, too!" | rifled gaze.

protested Robin indignantly. "It's a Santa Claus tree, bables, so don't feel bad about it. Run away | coldly and play," sald Mr. Philander reassuringly Then he turned to Jack, "Yes, around in the storm, but the Lord it's the very same tree, my boy," he only knows how I got in Taylor's said proudly.

"It doesn't look like it, father," said Jack bluntly.

the tree we saw," insisted the boy ob-

"Never mind, never mind," returned Mr. Philander good naturedly. He sought his wife, who was helping | He scratched a match, and in five min-Norah with the breakfast. "Our tree was a great success, my dear," he said

"it is beautiful," replied Mrs. Philander happily. "The children are so de-

7 "Well, I'm giad of that. I was tell- believe in Christmas trees. They are ing Taylor yesterday morning going apt to take fire, and there you are. down on the train that Christmas was not Christmas without a tree, and he said that it wouldn't be Christmas at their house, then, for they were not

"How strange!" uttered Mrs. Philander. "Why not, pray?"

"Oh, I don't know. He said something about hard times. He said the good, old fashloned Christmas suited them well enough; that they would hang their stockings before the fire



DRAGGED IT TRAILING THROUGH THE SNOW.

the tree ready for the kiddles. Every thing handy?

dear, save to hang them on the tree," said his wife, leading the way to the lighted parlor, where the tree stood, noon," its symmetrical branches glistening in the light and exuding a fresh balsamic lent plan. Suppose we invite a few

der, surveying the shapely conifer ad- time," said Philander, warming up to

They were soon at work, and pres- "That will be delightful," agreed ently the beautiful tree blossomed Mrs. Philander. "Let us ask the Tayforth in glistening festoons of gold and lors." silver tinsel. A radiant star tipped the highest point, while daintily dec- Philander. "I'll show Taylor the way orated gifts burdened the branches and | to keep Christmas." were heaped at the base.

the Philanders retired that night. They entertainment. The Taylors had acwere with to leave the resplendent tree. | cepted gladly, and so had the other inbut utter weariness drove them to bed. | vited guests, and Mr. Philander, who

awoke his tired parents. Mr. Philan- ant anticipation. mothers in particular on Christmas placent satisfaction. morning, she got up and went down- It was at that moment that Jack that he could put his hand on the tree stairs to enter into the joys of the hap- Philander burst noisily in. "Oh, fa-

When Mr. Philander came down- breathlessly,

at once, he emerged from the under this the Very tree we saw last Sunday brush, and spicy boughs of pine bruch when we walked along Turkey hill that somebody chopped down the tree road? Is this the very tree?"

twith a few lusty blows laid the tree -oh, mother did. I told her I had "Why, that tree-you know, the Nor-

"Dear, dear! I think the children prefer a tree just the same," said Mrs. "There isn't a thing for you to do, Philander regretfully. "Poor little Tommy Taylor! We must invite him over to see the children's tree this after-

"Yes, indeed, that will be an excelpeople to spend the evening and enjoy "By Jove, it is the handsomest tree | the tree with us. We can put on some we ever had!" exclaimed Mr. Philan- small remembrances and have a jolly the subject as he proceeded.

"Sure, we'll ask them?" chuckled

That afternoon Mrs. Philander busled It was with unusual satisfaction that herself in preparing for the evening's It was daylight when the first de- was the soul of hospitality, walked lighted shrick from a small Philander | about and rubbed his hands with pleas-

ther, what do you think"- he began

ed Mr. Philander indulgently as he Through the tempting of the fiend, "I heard Mr. Taylor telling some men

from his front lawn last night!" "Hit it, by Jove!" he exclaimed. He to "Who told you that, Jack?" asked "What tree?" asked Mr. Philander Cattle shall thrive, one and the other,

low and dragged it trailing through seem it somewhere before, and she said way pipe, that stood on their front | apples will be scarce for food, lawn!" "What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs Phi-

Both truit and corn will not be good, And ships shall suffer on the sea. -From Harleian MS. in British Museum, Fifteenth Century.

THE PERSONAL MACAULAY.

The Great Man Was Given to Monopolizing Conversation at Times. When Charles Greville, a rather fastidious observer, first met Macaulay, not knowing who he was, he thought him a rather ordinary per-

son. He was amazed to learn, when Macautay, as usual, began to hold the attention of the whole table, that this was the famous historian and nestly, "I was in the woods on Turkey | essayist. Like other great talkers, however, Macaulay was too much inclined to monopolize the conversation. "Oh, horrid! horrid!" Sydney Smith told a friend, when he was asked what kind of night he had passed; "I dreamt I was chained to a rock, and being talked to death by Harriet Jack with a directness born of sudden | Martineau and Macaulay." And on another occasion Smith called him "a book in breeches." It is not difficult to understand that, if one were not interested in the subject, Macaulay, for all his brilliancy, might have been a bore. One may gather from "The Taylors will be here in a few minutes, James," said Mrs. Philander his writings that he had great confidence in his own opinions and little "My dear, I must have got turned regard for the opinions of others. Still, there were "occasional flashes of silence." No man is always in the mood. It would not be fair, moreover, to dwell too exclusively upon a "It's on the other side of the woods,

Macaulay's nature which father," said Jack sympathetically, those who knew him best did not re-"Doesn't, eh? What's the matter "and I guess you walked right through gard as the most characteristic side. Unlike many persons who shine in "Oh, nothing. It's fine, but it isn't. "I must have done that," grouned company, he was extremely sensitive. with his friends, very tender and afornaments and capdles and carried it fectionate with his closest kin. Once he cared for a person he trusted that utes the Phliander Christmas tree was "His faults," says his nephew and biographer, "were such as to give "Too bad, old chap," said Taylor annoyance to those who dislike a commiseratively as Philander agi- man rather than anxiety to those who fidence, the inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question or two people in a dialogue"-these were the especial tendencies of his youth which he never fully outgrew. These were the qualities which made him in his writings so bitter a partizan. Whatever the facts, the Tory dogs always got the worst of it. What in William III. was a choleric word became in James II. flat blasphemy .-

Edward Fuller, in The Bookman. The World's Harbor-Builder. Sir William Matthews, chief of the engineering firm of Goode, Son and Matthews, who designed the new gigantic National Harbor at Dover, Eng., for the protection of British Dreadnoughts, is the world's harborbuilder. An energetic Cornishman of sixty-five, he has constructed harbors and piers in all parts of the world. One of the most notable engineering feats carried out by his firm was the construction of the famous Colombo Harbor. Their biggest undertaking however, was Portland Harbor, which locks in the largest area of deep water of any British artificial harbor. It took twenty-three years to place the wharf, and unconsciously the men millions of tons of masonry and conhitched their chairs closer to the fire

Another famous engineer engaged in Britain's latest harbor was Sir John Jackson, who is carrying out contracts at the present moment which total nearly \$50,000,000. He is now en gaged on the construction of a new when I was roundin' old Hatteras in | naval harbor at Simon's Town, Cape Colony, a harbor at Singapore, a dam for Loch Levin, in Scotland, a breakwater on the Tyne, new naval docks port and could smash through any gale in Spain, and a railway over the Andes. These huge undertakings involve millions of money, and mean and the further we pounded along the rougher it got, and finally we had to chanics and laborers. One of Sir turn and run afore the wind. Never John's dreams is the linking of Brisaw sech a gale to hang ou! We tain to the continent by the erection plowed through seas you could only of a gigantic bridge which will defy guess the height of. And dark! You

Doctor's Strange Story.

"I used to write for a medical periodical. On returning home one day after a very heavy day's work at the hospital, and feeling completely exhausted. I found a note from the edisnow sot in. Seemed as if it turned to ice to wunst soon as it hit the deck. tor, 'Please let me have an article and afore you could say 'Jack Robin- on such-and-such a subject to-night.' son' the riggin' was froze solid, and u I sat down with pen and paper bedozen men with axes couldn't have fore me, but not a word could I write. Then I lay back lazily, and began to speculate as to the cause of "Along about six bells the fust mate my want of ideas. I thought, 'The brain is the same as it was yesterday. get a bracer, when there come a heavy but yesterday I was not tired; perhaps it is the feebler circulation that crash, and both masts went by the board. I went up the companionway prevents the brain from acting. If in two jumps, but afore I reached the the blood does not go up to the brain, deck the water was pourin' into the I may bring the brain down to the fo'castle in tons, and the ship begun blood. to heave and wallow like a stuck pig. | flat on the table, looking sideways at the paper, and began to write easily. "There warn't any use tryin' to On raising my head again every idea launch the dory, even if we had had fled, so I placed my head again down time, and in two shakes of a dog's on the table, and finished the article tail the Tirzah Ann rose high on the with my head in that position."-Sir Lauder Brunton, in The Practitop of a huge comber, quivered like a dyin' lion and then plunged head first beneath the waves with all on board."

Monkeys Registered at "Gib."

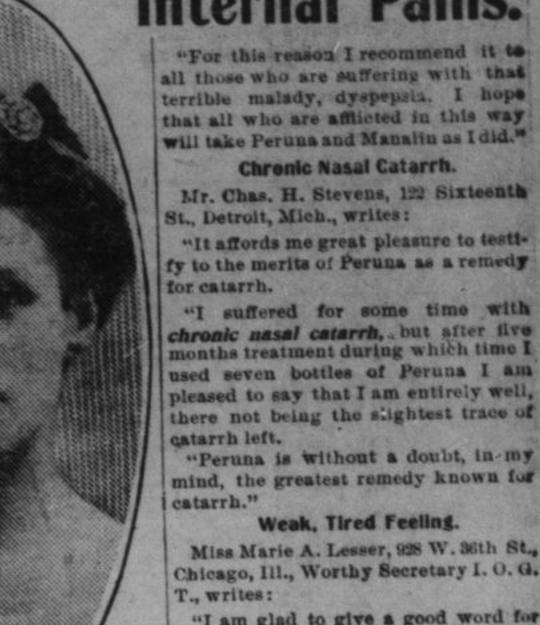
The monkeys of Gibraltar are familiar objects of interest to visitors to the Rock, and hold official recognition in connection with the garrison. How they first got into occupation of the stronghold is unknown, though they are undoubtedly descended from an ancestry brought by man from the Barbary coast opposite. They are a great and protected community.

The guards on the highest pointthe signal-station-have strict orders to chronicle the monkeys' movements, and to register their births and deaths. When their numbers have so greatly increased as to need thinning, special warrants from high home authorities are received ere an official may have it in command to give the quietus to a small percentage of the community.

"Max" and "G.B.S." Here is a characteristic story of Mr.

by a weekly paper to succeed Mr. Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic. The manager told him what salary Shaw had received. "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced," the manager added, "you can scarcely expect so much." "Oh, yes, I shall," rejoined Mr. Beerbohm, decisively. 'Indeed, I shall expect more! You see," he explained, "as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly, it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Now, as I knew nothing about it it will be awfully hard work."

Backache, Headache Internal Pains.



"If every suf-

fering woman

would take Pe-

runa, they

would soon

know its value

without it."

RARS. JOSEPH LACELLE, 124 Bron-

Canada, writes:

the past year.

and never be without it."

I was perfectly cured.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Olivier, Quebec, P. Q. Can., writes:

dition.

and never be

"Peruna is without a doubt, in-my mind, the greatest remedy known for catarrh." Weak, Tired Feeling. Miss Marie A. Lesser, 928 W. 36th St., Chicago, Ill., Worthy Secretary I. O. G.

T., writes: "I am glad to give a good word for Peruna, and I hope that all who see this who are troubled with systemic catarra as I was for years, will profit by it. "I had tried many remedies, but none

did more than give me temporary relief, and some did not even do that. "I took Peruna at the suggestion of a, friend, and was more than pleased and

surprised at the results. "I am now perfectly well and strong. That weak, tired feeling has left me, and I feel like a different person en-IVI son St., Ottawa East, Ontario, tirely."

The Slavery of Disease.

"I suffered with backache, headache It is wonderful how many women in and dragging pains for over nine Canada and the United States have been months, and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far practically made new again by the use better than any other medicine for these

troubles. A few bottles relieved me of Not the victims of any organic disease, my miserable half-dead, half-alive con- but just a half-dead and half-alive, con-

"I am now in good health, have neither Miserable, dragging pains that keep a ache nor pain, nor have I had any for woman always from doing her best work, from being her best self. Cross "If every suffering woman would take and petulent, perhaps. Maybe even a Peruna, they would soon know its value slattern in her household, just because her health is continually below par. She never feels quite right. She gets the reputation of being sullen, or mor-Mde. Joseph Beaudoin, 59 Rue St. bid, or ill tempered.

"Peruna is wonderful for indigestion. Her trouble is not a moral one at all, Leat whatever I want and no longer it is simply a physical one. Make such feel any oppression. Having had dys- a woman well and she immediately bepepsia for a long time and having tried comes transformed into a new being various other remedies, I decided to try mentally.

Peruna and with the fourth bottle of it This is exactly what Peruna has done in a multitude of cases.

Two Mills Using Same Quality of Wheat May Not Produce Same Quality of Flour

The quality of flour largely depends on the milling. Two mills might grind wheat of the same quality and the product of one far outclass the other. It is not only the high quality of the hard wheat used, but also the superior milling facilities, that places "PURITY" flour so far above all others. Our milling plant at St. Boniface, Manitoba, cost nearly \$1,000,000, and is one of the most perfectly equipped mills in the world. The wheat itself is subjected to the most wonderful system of cleaning and scouring, passing through twenty distinct machines. Fifty-five steel rollers, the largest in Canada, reduce the wheat into flour. Then it is purified and dressed by "bolting" it through silk sifters of fine mesh. Not a "branny" particle or speck of dust is ever found in "Purity" Flour.

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