

MR. AND MRS. JUSTWED PREPARE TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS.

When Mr. Justwed returned from the bank that evening he fairly blew into the apartment. His cheeks were aflame, his overcoat dusted with a thin covering of snow and he was rubbing his hands together.

"Hi-a-r!" he exclaimed. "Regular Christmas weather!"

"Yes, it has seemed sort of Christmasy the past few days," agreed Mrs. J. "It wouldn't surprise me if we had a regular old-fashioned Christmas this year."

"Hi-a-r," sighed Mr. J., ecstatically. "This is a cosy, comfortable little nest. Pretty cold out, tell you. Nice though. But the crowd! Have you seen them? Seems as though everyone is doing his Christmas shopping early this year. Women and bundles and—does look sort of Christmasy, doesn't it? Have begun your Christmas shopping yet?"

"Yes and no," replied Mrs. Justwed. "I've bought a few things and planned others, and—"

"Now, then," interrupted Mr. J., decisively. "Let's get right to work and settle the whole thing. Whether it will be one in other places or not, we're going to have a regular old-fashioned Christmas here! Our first Christmas, you know, dearie. It's got to be a daisy, too! We'll have a real, bang-up dinner, with home-made mince pies and some plum pudding and a few folks in to enjoy it with us! And, then, we must have a Christmas tree! Yes, indeed, we must! Won't seem a bit like Christmas without one? Even if it's just a little bough with a few bangles on it, m'dear!"

"I am so glad, Homer, oh, so glad you're just crazy about Christmas. You're a dear! So many men nowadays seem to think it merely a woman's excuse for spending money!"

"Well, I just guess nothing like that in our family!" insisted Mr. J., quite loftily. "I never could see it that way. I know just what you mean. Used to hear the fellows at the bank growl and rant around about the expense of Christmas. Never could understand it, never could, m'dear! It only comes once a year, and—and it's the greatest day in the year! Let's get busy now and see what we want."

Accordingly, Mrs. Justwed hastened to procure a pad and pencil, while Homer dear ensconced himself comfortably in the Morris chair, lighted a fresh cigar and prepared to outline the kind of Christmas he wanted.

"Dinner, Christmas tree and favors were quickly outlined and set down at approximate figures. They amounted to a pretty penny, but Homer-dear waived the total aside with the air of a captain of finance.

"There," he exclaimed, "there we are! Throw in a few decorations for the windows, and we'll have just the bang-up-est Christmas you ever saw."

When you think of the day and all that it means it isn't such a frightful extravagance."

"But, my dear," interposed Mrs. Justwed, soothingly, "remember, we have just begun. We haven't included any presents in the list yet and—"

"Presents?" laughed Mr. Justwed, good-naturedly. "Presents? To be sure we haven't. But they needn't worry us. I've got something or other for you that I've been saving up for quite a while and you just buy me a nifty little necktie and—and—there we are!"

Mrs. J. paused for due reflection before she persisted. But, knowing it was "now or never," she finally summoned her courage.

"Yes, Homer dear, there we—aren't! You don't suppose you're going to give me a present and I'm going to give you one, and that'll be all there is to it, do you?"

Homer-dear sat up and flicked the ashes from his cigar with a slight show of irritation.

"Well, Blossom," he replied, quite frigidly. "I can't see why that shouldn't be all there is to it. This promiscuous giving of presents always has seemed most uncalled for, most—er—a—most idiotic, I might say. May I inquire upon whom you contemplate bestowing your largesse in the form of Christmas presents?"

Mrs. J. drew another breath and took a tighter grip on her courage.

"Surely, Homer, you haven't forgotten Mommer?"

Mr. Justwed fidgeted a bit.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed with a trifle more enthusiasm than necessary. "I haven't forgotten Mommer. Get her a present by all means. But that's just one more."

"And then," continued Mrs. Justwed, valiantly, "there's Aunt Mary and Jane and Frances—surely I can't overlook my sisters—and Brother Will."

"To be sure! To be sure!" echoed Mr. J., with a tinge of sarcasm. "It would be a serious calamity if we left them out. You notice I intend to blow myself on my brother's presents."

Mrs. Justwed paused, pencil in air.

"Really, Homer," she said, severely, "that is most unkind. You come home and talk at great length about having a real old-fashioned Christmas, and the very minute I join in and try to be of real assistance, then you adopt that perfectly horrid tone and—and—spoil everything!"

Mr. J. sighed resignedly.

"Now, that's all right, Blossom. Can't you take a joke? Of course, we'll remember the family. Now, that's settled. What will it cost?"

"I—I—I've one or two more yet, Homer-dear," murmured Mrs. J. in a timid, choking voice.

Homer-dear sat right up straight. "Some more!" he exclaimed.

"Some more!"

"Yes, dearie, Bess and Charlotte are such good friends of mine, you know. And besides, I am certain they are going to give me something. Surely you wouldn't have me embarrassed by receiving their presents and giving nothing in return?"

"Of course not! Of course not!" growled Mr. J. "Go right ahead. That's what Christmas was made for! That's the real spirit of the occasion!"

"Oh, Homer, how can you—"

"Any more? You might as well break it to me all at once!"

Mrs. Justwed rose in her wrath. "Yes, there are some more—several of them!" she flared back. "And I wouldn't be put to this humiliating task of checking them off to you if you had any—any—any idea of the real meaning of Christmas at all! I'm bound to give some little remembrance to Frank and Arthur and Albert and—"

Mr. Justwed fairly bounded out of his chair.

"Albert!" he gasped. "Albert!"

"Yes, Albert!" returned Mrs. J. with equal force.

Mr. Justwed struggled for the power of speech.

"Look here, Blossom," he finally managed to blurt out, "you're a married woman! You can't give presents to your old sweet—the fellows who knew you when you were single! It isn't right! I won't permit it!"

"It is right!" They are all jolly good friends of mine—dear boys, all of them. I don't see why it isn't perfectly fit and proper for me to remember them with some little gift. They'll not forget me, I'm sure—just because I'm married!"

Mr. Justwed started to explode, then, apparently, changed his mind and subsided.

"Very well," he said, with astounding self-possession, "very well. Go right ahead. Give Albert the necktie you'd picked out for me. If you feel it is right, why then—what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander! I shall go right down to-morrow and pick out nice little Christmas remembrances for several of my old girls. There's Grace and Minnie and Margaret—"

"Homer!" exclaimed Mrs. J., her face crimsoned. "You will do nothing of the sort! That would be terrible! It isn't the same—it—it would be the most awful breach of etiquette I ever—"

And, in the end, of course, Mrs. J. was prevailed upon. And that's how Mr. J. wriggled out of financing a long list of prospective Christmas presents and keeping the charity in his own home—exactly where it should begin and end.

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

And when she came back she had a lovely little holly wreath tied with beautiful long red and green ribbons. They put the wreath over the head of the Christmas goose, and each held one of the ribbons. The Christmas goose waddled along proudly.

The guinea hens, piped, the ducks quacked and the hens clucked when they saw this fine sight.

The little girl and the little girl led and drove the proud Christmas goose out of the barnyard to the green grove where all the little Christmas trees grow.

"We must have a Christmas tree for our Christmas goose," said the little girl.

"Yes, yes, Christmas goose," said the little boy, "you wait right here for us. Don't you muss your holly wreath, and don't you muss your ribbons."

The proud Christmas goose waddled gently to show how careful she would be. The little boy and the little girl ran away fast to get the things for the Christmas tree.

The little girl brought back some ears of red and yellow corn and a bunch of wheat and barley heads and a basketful of nuts.

The little boy brought back two cabbages and a yellow pumpkin and some grain. The Christmas goose became so excited when she saw these things that she waddled too fast.

"Wait a minute, Christmas goose!" cried the little boy, and he placed his things on the ground near the tree.

"It isn't quite time, Christmas goose," cried the little girl, and she fastened her things on the tree.

"Now, Christmas goose," said the little girl, "we will go and invite all your friends to come and see our beautiful tree."

So the little girl picked up her ribbon, and the little boy picked up his ribbon, and they led and drove the Christmas goose back to the barnyard. But it was hard work, for the Christmas goose wanted to turn her head all the time to look at the Christmas tree. At the barnyard all the chickens and all the guinea hens stood still to admire the fine Christmas goose in her holly wreath and ribbons.

"Oh, ducks!" said the little boy. "Oh, guinea hens!" said the little girl. "Come, see our Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

The chickens clucked, and the ducks quacked, and the guinea hens piped, and they all spread themselves out in a long row and ran around and around and around after the little girl and the little boy driving their Christmas goose. The little boy and the little girl scattered corn and wheat and oats all over the ground around their Christmas tree. The chickens and the ducks and the guinea hens ate and ate and ate. The Christmas goose ate, too, but she ate very proudly and

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Xmas Gift Suggestions

It is easy to decide what to give as a Christmas remembrance, if you just pay a visit to our store.

We mention here a few Christmas hints.

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- Gold Watch Chains, \$12.50 to \$25.00.
- Gold Fobs, \$6.00 to \$50.00.
- Signet Rings, \$4.50 to \$15.00.
- Fountain Pens, from \$1.00 to \$15.00.
- Gold Locket, from \$4.50 to \$45.00.
- Gold Mounted Pipes, from \$1.75 to \$15.00.
- Umbrellas, Gold or Silver Mounted, \$2.75 to \$15.00.
- Canes, \$1.50 to \$14.00.
- Silver and Gun Metal Cigarette Cases, \$4.50 to \$10.00.
- Silver and Gun Metal Match Boxes, \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Sensible Gifts for Ladies

- Leather Handbags, \$1.75 to \$25.00.
- Mesh Bags, \$3.25 to \$15.
- Umbrellas, \$2.75 to \$14.00.
- Belt Pins, \$1.25 to \$7.00.
- Hat Pins 25c. to \$5.00.
- Thimbles, 25c. to \$2.00.
- Opera Glasses, from \$5.00 to \$15.00.
- Gold Bracelets, from \$8.00 to \$25.00.
- Lace Pins, Solid Gold, from \$1.25 to \$5.00.
- Gold Brooches, from \$4.00 to \$40.00.
- Pearl Necklets, from \$22.00 to \$100.00.
- Diamond Rings, from \$20 to \$200.00.
- Come TO-NIGHT.
- Many articles can not be duplicated if sold out.
- Avoid any disappointment by shopping early.
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EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Christmas shoppers who are wise will start their journey this week. Already the shops are overflowing with suitable gifts, and now is the time to obtain the best selection in comparative leisure. As a rule, shoppers usually wait until the last week before Christmas to do their shopping, and they find the shops thronged with eager buyers. There is hurry and bustle everywhere; one cannot be waited upon at once; there are disagreements, and the customer is more often than not dissatisfied in the end.

At the time when the shops first place their Christmas wares on the counters the wise shoppers get busy. They are the ones who have the first call on the goods, make the best selections and sometimes get the cheapest prices. Suitable gifts are more easily found when the shops are not crowded. Besides, the clerks are more generous with their time, and there is no worry or hurry to get waited on.

For the early Christmas shopper there is a wide variety of gifts to select from, and the display this year is more elaborate than ever before. The best of these things are always laid before the eyes of the early buyer, that she may make her selections and have them placed aside for her at a later date. The years have proved that the early shopper, like the early bird, gets the choice of the bargains.

Many of the stores place their best goods on the counters several things they desire without the usual Christmas hustle and bustle. Many women who are adept at hand sewing obtain ideas for the work from similar garments on display in the shops. One of the prettiest gifts to be made at home is the apron, which is acceptable in all styles. The early shopper can select these materials from the most expensive silks to the common calico, without the least trouble now, and there is plenty of time to complete the work before Christmas.

A manager of one of the largest shops in America said recently: "There is no reason why the women of this country should fail to select their Christmas bargains earlier in the season. We manage our stores get our stocks in early and place them on the counters several weeks before Christmas to accommodate the early shoppers. But in nearly all cases this shopping is delayed until the last week, and the shoppers, as well as the clerks, are placed at a great disadvantage. Our idea is to get the greater portion of the selling over a week before Christmas, thus depleting our stock of goods so that we can just about tell what will be left over."

"Of course, in the past few years especially, many women have recognized this state of affairs, and have taken advantage of it, doing much of their trading at least three weeks before the gifts are to be presented. But other do not awake to the situation until it is too late and the best bargains have been sold. Christmas stocks are ordered months ahead, and for this reason we are enabled to place the goods on sale early. Many women are of the opinion that the first bargains placed on the counters are really the overplay from the season before. But this, emphatically, is not the case."

CHRISTMAS AND THE WHITE GOOSE

By ELLA M. PLATT.
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THE little boy and the little girl sat at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and milk.

Their papa said to their mamma: "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is. This year we must have a Christmas goose."

The little girl looked up at the little boy and smiled, and the little boy smiled back.

After breakfast the little girl and the little boy put on their caps and coats and started off for the barnyard.

They met a big, old, fat duck.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

The big, old, fat duck shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat hen.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

The big, old, fat hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat white goose.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

PUTTING THE WREATH ON THE GOOSE.

They met a big, old, fat guinea hen.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

The big, old, fat guinea hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat white goose.

"Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

And the big, old, fat white goose nodded her head and fluffed her feathers and stepped proudly with her fat, yellow, webbed feet.

"Oh, goody!" shouted the little boy. "We've found our Christmas goose already."

"Oh, oh, oh! I know something," said the little girl, and she ran to the house just as fast as she could go.

THE BEST FUN OF ALL

raised her head every few minutes to shake her holly wreath.

Papa and mamma came out to see them.

"Heigh-ho! What's this?" said papa. "Mercy! What's all this?" said mamma.

"This is the Christmas goose!" shouted the little boy.

"And the Christmas goose's Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

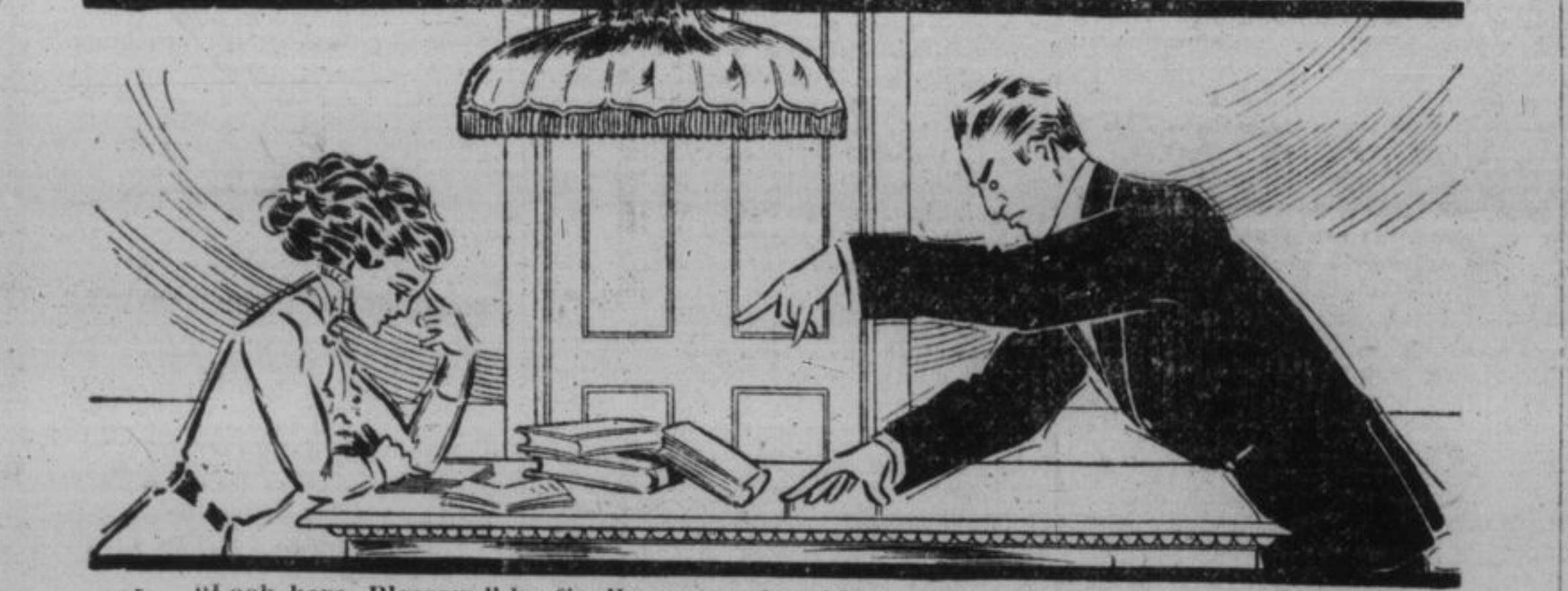
"And the Christmas goose's friends!" said the little boy.

"Yes, and it is quite true, papa," said the little girl. "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is! Why, a Christmas goose is just lots of fun!"

"Yes, mamma," said the little boy, "a Christmas goose is the best fun of all."

Hobbies of the Prince of Wales.

The fact that eighteen slugs recently fell to the rifle of the Prince of Wales in Scotland is a reminder that His Royal Highness is an absolutely dead shot with that weapon, as well as with the fowling-piece. In more peaceful pursuits the prince is equally successful. His collection of rare stamps is one of the finest in the world, and is estimated to be worth \$500,000. Less generally known is the skill of the prince with the chisel, saw, and hammer.



"Look here, Blossom," he finally managed to blurt out, "you're a married woman."



"COME, SEE OUR FRIENDS AND ALL CHRISTMAS TREES!" the ducks and all the guinea hens stood still to admire the fine Christmas goose in her holly wreath and ribbons.



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