



Marion—Was your Christmas tree a success? Myrtle—Yes, we got all the presents on and the candles lighted without a single accident.

A Municipal Theatre.

New York Tribune. Denver's municipal theatre, occupying a part of the great Auditorium, is making money, according to Denver Municipal Facts. The theatre has been running four weeks and for the most part has been crowded at every performance. There are no Sunday night

engagements, but the usual matinees are given. One reason for the success of the new enterprise is that Mayor Speer compels the companies using the theatre to play for popular prices. Municipal Facts says that Denver is "the only theatre in the United States being managed by city government, and Denver is securing all sort of advertising as a result thereof."

ROYALTY IN BUSINESS.

King Edward and Kaiser in Private Enterprises.

Europe knows few better business men than King Edward and the Kaiser. Contrary to the general idea that both are content to subsist upon what money Parliament and the Reichstag allow them and upon such revenues as they may derive from family estates, they are in active business, not as a fad, but as a means of enhancing their wealth.

The agricultural interests of the Kaiser are mainly at Cadmen, near Danzig, Germany. The farm there contains 3,000 acres, says Harper's Weekly. It is one of the parcels that William owns throughout his empire. The Cadmen farm was originally owned by a wealthy bachelor, Herr Birkner. He was a man with ambition and particularly desirous of rising above his social position. The story goes that he begged the Kaiser to accept the farm as a gift, and in return William made him a Knight of the Red Eagle and member of the upper house.

Cadmen at the time of the gift, however, was not a thing to boast of in point of size. Many of the buildings were ready to collapse, the cattle were bony, and the only crops raised were rye and potatoes. Man and beast slept under one roof. There was pasture land that had not been filled for generations.

The Kaiser began to study agriculture, Victoria, who owned a dairy farm at Windsor, gave him many pointers. It did not take him long to transform this almost barren tract into a profitable farm. Instead of merely rye and potatoes he began to raise wheat, oats, barley and sugar beets. The potatoes at the start did not come up to expectations. The first crop was soapy.

The Kaiser tried again, however, and in the end raised the fine white tuber which is now famous throughout Germany. He imported the finest cattle. No expense was spared in procuring the most modern farming implements, the Kaiser sending as far as America for a spirit motor churning outfit. It is said that the farm at Cadmen now yields an annual income in excess of \$20,000.

The Kaiser owns a majolica factory, whose products are all exhibited in the Hohenzollern Art Store in Berlin. This pottery industry is one of the hobbies of the Kaiser. Many of the new designs for vases, friezes and plaques, as well as new kinds of earthenware for mural decorations, are his. William is also a distiller. His annual output has been 35,000 quarts of spirits.

The Kaiser, however, has of late been lukewarm toward this enterprise. There is in Germany, the same as elsewhere, a strong temperance movement, and many of the societies have criticized their monarch for being in the liquor business. The Kaiser himself is now on the wagon, so it is believed in Germany that it will only be a question of time so far as the existence of the distillery is concerned.

That Edward is a heavy speculator in stocks is of course generally believed. But his more popular success in business has not been with the stock ticker. It has been in a more modest field and one that has shocked some of the aristocrats of the empire.

Travelers in London may have noticed that in some of the markets there which cater to a wealthy class of people signs are frequently to be seen showing the arrival of "the last vegetables from his Majesty's farm."

Other signs speak of "the best Sandringham butter," "fresh Sandringham eggs," and choice "Sandringham chickens."

Indeed, the name of Sandringham is so synonymous with quality and high cost that butchers often display in their windows cuts of meat with a reason for marking them above the market price label the meat, "Finest Sandringham beef." This does King Edward feed his subjects. He makes no concealment of his business, either.

The farm raises lettuce, radishes, beets and onions. It is said that the annual income derived from this source is \$200,000 a year. Another industry that Edward carries on with much success is a stock farm. The breeding of race horses is one feature of Sandringham dear to the heart of the King. It is said that his stud is one of the finest in England. During a single year the horses won \$50,000 in prizes. The stock farm of course has many customers among the aristocracy. Another ambition of those in that set interested in horses to own at least one from the farm of his Majesty.

The Story of an Engagement Ring.

BY RANY NIVLEM.

"Is this Mr. Howard?" Lawrence Howard looked up. Upon seeing a pretty young woman standing in the door, he arose.

"Yes," he answered. "Come in." The girl came quietly forward and took the seat he offered her.

"I have come in answer to your advertisement for bookkeepers. I saw your father downstairs and he sent me to you.

"Do you want a place?" "Yes," she answered simply. "Where were you last employed?" At this the girl colored slightly and answered that she had no practical business experience, but that she had always kept the books at home, and that she really knew bookkeeping. After some more talk, Howard agreed to take her name and address and to let her know if she were needed. Julia Burling, she said, was her name, and when he asked the very inquisitive and entirely unnecessary question as to her age, she said that she was 21.

When Miss Burling left the office, young Howard went with her to the door and followed her with his eyes down the hall. She was an interesting girl, and Lawrence Howard was always looking out for interesting persons. Although, after four years in college, he had been made junior partner in his father's business, he was still a student. He enjoyed the unusual of a human nature. This Miss Burling seemed to him unusual. She was refined and gentle, and the changing color in her face made her pretty. She said that she had never been employed, and Lawrence could have guessed as much. "Likely," he thought, "she doesn't know a thing about it; but I'll try her."

So Miss Burling entered upon her duties at the office of Howard & Howard. From the first she showed that she understood the important points in her work, and the minor details she grasped readily under young Howard's teaching. He continued to be interested in the girl with the sweet, sad face and the dark eyes that seemed to have brightness hidden away in them. Often he had occasion to close or open the window near her, or to pick up her fallen papers; and the smile with which she would thank him for such courtesies showed that she could be decidedly beautiful if only she were happier. One day, when he had just finished his work, he noticed a large diamond solitaire. Somehow the sight did not please him. He wanted to help her find a ring, and he thought of the big noisy building at the same time, he walked home with her, and the enthusiasm with which she listened to his talk charmed him.

One day, about two months after she had come to the office, Miss Burling was called to help her find a mistake in her accounts. As she directed his eye along the lines of figures, he noticed on the ring-finger of her left hand a large diamond solitaire. Somehow the sight did not please him. He wanted to help her find a ring, and he thought of the big noisy building at the same time, he walked home with her, and the enthusiasm with which she listened to his talk charmed him.

Lawrence went. He found the room furnished in mahogany, with handsome rugs upon the floor and copies of well-known pictures upon the wall. When he complimented her taste she smiled and said: "Yes, these things are my own, of course. I saved them when everything else was sold."

Lawrence never had known her to offer so much information concerning herself, and though he desired to know more he could not find it in him to ask. In vain he searched the walls, the mantle and the stands for the photograph of a young man—of her fiancé. Why was she in mourning, and where did her ring come from? Presently he looked up from his absorption to find that Miss Burling was busy setting a little table for two. She smiled in answer to his inquiring glance.

"Oh, you're going to have supper with me," she said. "I haven't had any company for a long time, not since I have been living here. You see, I cook my meals myself, except on Sundays and holidays; I find it cheaper."

After their simple, dainty meal, which Howard enjoyed to the fullest, Miss Burling sang for him in a sweet, partially trained voice, some old love songs and ballads.

Lawrence Howard knew that night before he left Miss Burling's little sitting-room that he was more than interested in her. He knew as he walked home, happy in the memory of her smile, that that smile was to him more than beautiful.

Summer had come and gone. Miss Burling had returned to the office after a two weeks' holiday. Lawrence noticed that she still wore black, and that diamond solitaire she had told him, he remembered, that first evening when he visited her little sitting room, that she had not had any company since she had been living there. He adopted the plan of calling to see her on Monday evening of one week. Tuesday of another, Wednesday of another, and so on, until he had assured himself that she had no regular and permanent visitor. He had sometimes visited her unexpectedly, and though he often found girls with her, never a trace of her lover could he find.

One evening when he called, in the early spring she was dressed in a soft, pink gown. Lawrence never had seen her in anything but black and he made no effort to conceal his admiration now.

"Oh," she said, coloring as she noticed his fixed gaze, "I felt so queer putting this on. But I thought that I just couldn't wear black clothes for another whole year, and I can't afford to buy any more new garments until next year, I know. Mother herself would want me to do just this way about it."

This was one of her occasional and charming bursts of confidence, and this time Lawrence found courage to take advantage of her mood. "Was it for your mother?" he asked tremulously. "Yes, she died just two months before I came to the office. She had been ill for many years before she died, and that's why she could not save so that I might have something after she died. My mother's mother

died when mother was just a little girl, and grandfather, when he was very old, after mother married, married a young widow with a little boy. When he died, he left his property to be divided between his wife and my mother, with the provision that mother's portion should, at her death, go to the stepson and his heirs. This my grandfather did as a punishment for my mother. He had never wanted her to marry, and he thought that my father, a poor musician, wanted her only for her money. So he made this arrangement in order that he should not have the money after my mother's death. But father died long before mother—long before I can remember, and his sudden and horrible death was what shocked mother so that she was always an invalid. So I have nothing; the money went to grandfather's stepson.

The girl paused a moment to collect herself. Lawrence thought that her unusual mood of confidence was over. But after a little pause she began again.

"The night she died—I remember so well the scene—she called me to her bedside and wept bitterly; because she said she was going into the world alone and make my own way. She was always a skinking woman, and she couldn't understand how I could get along."

Here Miss Burling raised her hand from the table and fingered her ring fondly.

"But she gave me this ring, her engagement ring, and told me always to wear it as some slight protection in the bustle of business life."

The girl turned her head away and dropped her face in her hands to hide her tears. Almost at the same instant she was aware of an arm around her supporting her, and she heard, "Oh, Julia, then you are not engaged."

The girl looked up with a startled expression. "Engaged? Why, no." "Then, Julia, how do you. You are willing to wear another ring, a ring for my sake, Julia?"

"Yes, Lawrence, if you give me time to think," she smiled.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING. Wife of Danish Premier Engaged in It.

"Mrs. Zahle, the wife of the Danish Premier, is still continuing the work of parliamentary reporting on which she has been engaged for several years," says a correspondent of the Mail. "I met her in the lobby of the Folketing as she was on her way to the chamber to take down her husband's speech on the budget. She was dressed plainly in dark grey and looked very business-like."

"I asked her if she intended to give up her stenographic work—she is one of the official parliamentary reporting staff."

"Nothing of the kind," she answered, smiling. "I am quite satisfied with my work, and like it very much, especially as it enables me to follow my husband's career better."

"At first I was great oppositely against me, as I was the first lady who worked as shorthand writer, and had to move about on the floor among the members of the House. The upper house was especially hostile to my appointment, which took place in 1894, at the same time as my husband was elected member."

"Since then I have taken down my husband's speeches among the others. It disturbs me now and then to hear other members abusing him in my presence. I am by no means a Suffragette. My salary is the same as for the male shorthand writers, £110 for the session (half year), and I may add that I consider myself very well paid. Next year my salary will be increased £15. The president's bell here called the premier's wife to her daily duties."

Playing With The Dark. I used to be dreadfully scared of the dark. A year ago, when I was small, I never dared stir from the bright light of my room. Even into the shadowy hall, and another herself had to take me to bed.

And promise to sit here all night. For once I woke up all alone in the dark. And it gave me a terrible fright. I thought I saw cobwebs up over my bed. I was so scared that I never could sleep. My grandfather said I would never be brave. Like heroes and all that kind of thing.

But now I go into the dark all alone. And never am scared, not one little bit. I blow out my candle upstairs by myself. When mother has kissed me good night, I tell her that the dark is a loving old nurse.

A ducky nurse, kindly and quiet. Who holds me quite safe till I see falling asleep. If you're afraid of the dark, just try it.

New Edison Records for JANUARY. On Sale December 24th. REMEMBER that's the day before Christmas. Hear these forty new records, both Edison Standard and Amberol—select the ones you want and assure full enjoyment for your family on Christmas Day—and all the days that come after. The new Amberols include a Victor Herbert record, "Mlle. Modiste," a Sousa number and Godard's famous "Berceuse de Jocelyn." The Standard Records also include a Herbert number, a comic song sung by Bessie Wynne and Sousa's "Summer Girl." Forty Records, including ballads, comic songs, monologues, dances, band and orchestra numbers. Not one you can afford to miss. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, get one and be ready to enjoy these new records on Christmas. Your dealer will demonstrate them. Edison Phonographs \$16.50 to \$162.50. Standard Records (10" as long) .40. Amberol Records (7" as long) .65. Grand Opera Records .85 and \$1.25. National Phonograph Company, 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

FIVE STYLES IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGES. TO CHOOSE FROM. This range is made in every convenient style and size. House keepers now using an Imperial Oxford Range, wonder how they ever did their cooking with any other stove. Ask the nearest Gurney-Oxford Dealer to tell you why. It suits all classes—the need of the Cottage or the Mansion—from the 4 hole range to the splendid "Imperial Oxford Coal and Gas Combination"—that is how it spreads its goodness around. Don't fail to see this range. Simmons Bros., The Yellow Store, Princess St. 211-213 Kingston. Phone 491.

DON'T FORGET THAT BOX OF Ganong's Christmas Chocolates. The finest in the land. A. J. REES, 166 Princess St. Phone 58.

Be Wise in Time. You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right; otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take BEECHAM'S PILLS. They are the finest natural laxative in the world—gentle, safe, prompt and thorough. They strengthen the stomach muscles, and will not injure the delicate mucous lining of the bowels. Beecham's Pills have a constitutional action. That is, the longer you take them, the less frequently you need them. They help Nature help herself and Keep the Bowels Healthy. Bile Active & Stomach Well. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

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Why The Hen? I saw a hen go 'cross the street. With slow and stately tread. She seemed to have a bad view. And never turned her head. "Why goes that hen across the street?" I queried a passerby. "I know she does it every day. But not the reason why." "You speak the truth," I made reply. "She crosses every day. And yet the garden over here is equal every way." She will not stay where she belongs. Though land she has as good as. She must go on the other side. To see what's over there. "Ah! My friend, it's just the same. With all the human race. The hen won't stay where she belongs. Though she's a better place. The thought for which she is to blame. She's leaved it from the men. Tell me why men go 'cross the street. And I'll explain the hen." Very Unusual Photographs. A number of remarkable illustrations appear in January Popular Mechanics. One is from a photograph of a 12-in. gun discharge. The picture is distinct, although the concussion of the discharge is sufficient to blur almost any impression. Another view shows an automobile accident at the moment the big racing car struck its victim. A picture of a lightning flash contains also two wavering black streaks across the sky. The streaks were not visible to the photographer's eye, but the sensitive plate recorded them. Then there are views of railway smashes—one where a bridge had been carried away by a cloudburst, and the engine stopped midway, supported by nothing but the rails; in another a baggage car stopped just so it spanned a bridge that had collapsed. The largest and most costly Scottish rite cathedral of the Masonic Order is described with illustration. It is located at Ft. Wayne, Ind. The largest battleship afloat, the British "Nep-tune," is shown.

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