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Ladies' Hockey Boots, \$1.73 to \$2,50.

Moccasins Overshoes. Rubbers.

The Course Chan Chan

The Philippine Islands are now the contains a most ingenious little con- the history of South America were largest producers of cocoanuts in the trivance that feels exactly like a live there such solid signs of prosperity. world. About one-third of the .xhole | mouse. crop is grown there.

LEGENDS ABOUT THE OLD DISC'S INHABITANTS.

Every Country Has Its Own View-What the Indians Say-Moon Worship Still Exists in China.

terested in these tales about the old moon. In every country in the world people have some story or other to tell about the mysterious spots on the man in the moon was a hunter with offence. The other story is that long ago a group of Indian boys met every evening to dance to the music of one of their number who was a sweet singer. One night, however, when their parents had refused their request for dainties to make a great feast, although they danced as usual, ever before and as he sang they danced ever faster, till they finally rose into the air, still whirling around their leader. Though their parents called them, they rose higher and higher. One boy, looking | youd its original simplicity, while back, fell to the earth and changed into a pine tree. The others rose to- tinct language. ward the sky till they stepped into the moon, where they can be seen boys to bring blessings from the

In New Zealand the Maoris say that a man went out one night and, stumbling, sprained his ankle. He cried so loudly that at last the moon came down and took hold of him. In his fright the man seized a bush, but the moon pulled that up by the roots and sailed back into the sky with both man and bush.

In China moon worship still exists. There they say that the man in the moon arranges marriages and ties together with a silken cord the youths and maidens whom he intends to unite. In all probability the man in the moon is the creator of the honeymoon. Samoan islanders believe that stole the woman Sina, working in the New Goods for twilight. Never able to return earth, you can see her now in the I moon, with her mallet and the board I on which she was beating out bark to make cloth. It is true that about nine days after the new moon a pretty, unmistakably feminine face appears on the western half of the

The Marechal Niel Rose.

When Niel, the French general, was victories in the war between France sant who wished to honor the hero a basket of beautiful pale yellow care it remained until it became a the mountaineers. Dwellers in towns thriving bush covered with blossoms, Niel then took the plant as a gift to the Empress Eugenie. She expressed great admiration for the exquisite flowers and on learning that the rose was nameless said

"Then I'll name it. It shall be 'the Marechal Niel'." At the same time she bestowed upon the astonished general the jeweled baton that betokened his promotion to the high and much coveted rank of marshal of France.

Lattice Screens for Inns.

Many quaint old inns are to be seen in King's Lynn, England, and the sign of the Lattice Inn is one of times the windows of inns were kept open, and in order to hide the revellers within a lattice screen, painted red, was placed in the window ...

There is an old saying: "As well known by my wit as an alehouse by a red lattice." The lattices continued up to the beginning of the eighteenth century and when they disappeared from the windows they were adopted as signs. The latter are getting very scarce and it is questionable whether half a dozen could be found in England.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our idraw a 25,000 ton warship backward miserablest weakness. Let me go with its engines going at "full steam once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way; it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law - habit and imitation. There is nothing more perennial in us. than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice and all learning in the world.-Carlyle.

Grunt-Who-Will Tower.

Annie, the duchess in wooden shoes who brought Brittany in the pocket | ing about, dear?" of her wedding gown to her husband, the King of France, kept the Government for herself, and when the Bishop of St. Malo protested against the stronghold which she built to cow the too independent Maloons she carved on her tower the irreverent inscription, which may still be read there. "Grunt who will, so shall it be; 'tis my pleasure," and the tower "Grunt Who Will" (Quicquen Grogue) it remains to this day.

The Judge's White Gloves. In the olden days judges were for-

bidden to wear gloves on the bench for fear of bribes being dropped into them. If there were no cases to be tried, however, there was no opportunity for bribing, and the sheriffs might give the judge a pair of gloves; hence the custom of presenting a I judge with a pair of white gloves when he has no cases to try at an as-

Unfair. The Tailor-Married or single? The Custonfer-Married. Why? The Tailor-Then let me recommend

A WHISTLING LANGUAGE.

Gomera, in the Canaries, Possesses a Queer Custom.

Gomera is two centuries behind the thines, although it lies no more than fifty miles outside the track of steamers. In importance, as in size, it is sixth among the Canary Islands; but, according to a gentleman who. has just sojourned there, it possesses one feature that is distinctive, the whist-You young fellows or fair maidens ling language. By a curious graded who know how it is to spoon on scale of shrill whistlings the mounmoonlight evenings ought to be in- taineers of the region are able to converse over a distance of as far as four

or five miles. The art is of great antiquity. The original inhabitants of the island face of the moon. The Indians of were the Guanches, who were con-America tell two legends concerning, quered by the Spaniards in the fifthese spots. One declares that the teenth century. These were a pastoral people, despite the mountainous his dog, banished to the sky for some | nature of their territory. It was their need of a means of communication across long distances over the great ravines that cut the heights which caused the development of a system of crude signalling by whistles into a complete language. The like method is employed by the natives of the Atlas Mountains, and it may be that the singer sang more sweetly than the primitive manner of whistling was brought thence to Gomera, since long ago there was considerable emigration of the Africans to the Canaries. But the signalling in the Atlas Mountains has never expanded bein Gomera it has grown into a dis-

As far back as 1650, Dr. Sprat, who was at that time Bishop of Rocheson any moonlight night. On certain | ter, wrote a letter to the Royal Sonights of the year Indians still climb | cicty, in which he made mention of as high as possible into pine trees an Englishman he had met at Tenand, stretching their arms toward eriffe. This unfortunate man had the shock of a native's whistling at his ear. Indeed, as one reflects on the distance that the sound is made to carry, it becomes apparent that the noise must be faigly deafening at close quarters. A hotelkeeper in Santa Cruz de Teneriffe employed a Gomeran-as kitchen girl. She had a lover who worked in Laguna, almost five miles from the hotel. Yet the girl was accustomed to mount a hill that rose at the back of the hotel, and there indulge in a series of ear-splitting whistles. And always the lover arrived to visit her within an hour. That such performances requires special powers is demonstrated by the fact that the Gomerans of the mountains have extraordinary devel-

opment of chest and throat. It is small wonder that the island is little known, as it lies two days' journey from Teneriffe, and is without accommodation for guests. Its extent is only fifteen miles in length by thirteen in breadth, and the population numbers a scant fourteen thousand. It is, however, an ideal spot so far as climate goes in all seasons of the year, since rain is rare, and the temperature is uniformly delightful. The primitiveness of the place is shown by the fact that it has no roads, only bridle paths, and these are so steep that cruppers and breast girths are essential to hold the sad-

dles in place. One must adventure over the rough trails if he would hear the whistling language; for it is not used except by are not familiar with it, since, with them there exists no necessity for its use. To the mountaineers, however, it is a great convenience, and women employ it as much as men. Some of the less skilful resort to their fingers in the mouth, after the fashion of our own boys; but this is a confession of inability.

The language is made up like a sort of Morse code, with high calls and low, short calls and long, with rising and falling inflections, and with a curiously articulated utterance, something similar to triple-tonguing on a cornet. Quaint and impressive as a pity that it should die out. It is, the story will be told by his grandthe oldest in existence. In the olden | however, surely passing, and a few | children."

An Astonishing Invention.

Perhaps one of the most astonishing inventions on record was the device of a Frenchman who suggested the laying down of huge suction tubes from the coast out to various points in the open sea. When war broke out and hostile fleets approached the coast, machinery on shore would be set to work, the enemy's vessels would be caught by the irresistible suction, drawn to the ends of the tubes and there held firmly as prisoners. The one essential part of this idea which seemed to be missing was the machinery which was going to

She Wasn't Fretting.

A fond mamma had found occasion during the morning to reprimand her small daughter with more than usual severity. It seemed to hurt the child's feelings considerably. In the afternoon the little girl sat on the sofa staring vacantly out of the window, apparently wrapped in meditation. The mother relented and, coming over to the side of the little girl, placed her hand on the child's shoulder and asked, "What are you think-"I 'uz jus' finkin'," said the little

girl, "if I want six or eight brides-

Ills We Might Have. A famous writer said: "Man in general, or, as it is expressed, on the average, does not live above two and twenty years, and during these two and twenty years he is liable to two and twenty thousand evils, many of which are incurable. Yet even in this dreadful state men will strut and figure on the stage of life. They make love at the hazard of destruction and intrigue, carry on war and form projects just as if they were to live in luxury

and delight for a thousand ages." Pleasure and Happiness. There are many pleasures found in the search for happiness, but there is little happiness for him who seeks pleasure. Pleasure is what you feel

feel when they go.

General Botha, prime minister of the Mexican government has been com- few years have led geologists to the my patent safety deposit pocket. It Transvaal, says that never before in contains a most ingenious little con- the history of South America were the history of South America were pounds of powder of the best quality. ico has great possibilities as an oil What a girl can't possibly follow is he has, has all the knowledge he can Judgment doesn't do so very much her parents' advice about a man.

OUR CLIMATE

It Is Recommended by Cooks For i red Pritons Who Want' Sunshine. Canada, our contemporary published in England; remarks very poignantly on the advantages of Canada as a winter resort for Englishmen need-

ate title of a pamphlet issued by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, the world-famous tourist agents. It con- | When he gaves evidence at Wintains particulars of the facilities for fleeing from the rigors of a British winter offered by the firm in the shape of visits to "countries which provide sunshine in varying degrees." highly objectionable. One section is devoted to winter sport | "Insanity is simply a *bodily disin Switzerland, with its "dazzling ease," he added, "manifesting itself splendor of sunshine and snow." But in mental derangement, and if it were why is not Canada also given a place to be recognized as a sufficient reaamong the countries where "winter son for divorce, I do not see why sunshine" is to be found? There is many other bodily diseases should sunshine in Canada in winter, and not be-also. winter sports can be indulged in in "Insanity is a disease and a visitaan inspiring and bracing atmosphere tion of God, and to allow any disnot to be rivalled even among the ease, no matter what its nature or Alps themselves. Sir Wilfrid Laur- extent, to annul a mutual contract ier, who regards the Canadian win- explicitly or tacitly acknowledged ter as "the glory of Canada;" may hitherto by all who have entered into be again cited for the benefit of Bri- it to be 'for better or worse, in sicktons in search of "winter sunshine," ness and in health, would be, it and those catering for their wants:- seems to me, to truckle to selfishness, ful as a beautiful winter day such ments which have played so great a as we have in Ottawa, in Montreal, part in human progress, and to be in or in Quebec, where the rays of the some measure a reversion to the ruthsun glisten upon the white carpet lessness of savage life." which extends as far as the eye can In reply to a question by the Archgo towards the horizon. There is no- bishop of York, Sir James told a thing quite so beautiful, unless it be good story. a winter night, when the bluest of all skies is studded with millions of gems friend of mine became engaged to a never seen to such advantage in any, young lady and married her.

Lady of the Snows." It was not without good ground that the title preferred for the collected impressions of Canada of the representatives of the International Council of Women, edited by the Countess of Aberdeen was "Our Lady of the Sunshine."

The Wily Politician.

It is to be feared that politicians are insincere and artful persons. Not long since, a newspaperman was talking with a political worker who had spent some years campaigning in pretty close relations with several public men in Canada, and remarked upon the singular gift possessed by Sir John Macdonald for remembering the names and faces of even humble persons whom he had not mot for years. The politician smiled.

"And you will notice," the reporter continued, "that Sir Wilfrid Laurier possesses the same gift. I have heard several striking instances of it." "Yes," said the politician. "And

Sir Charles Tupper had it, and so has "It would seem, then," said the reporter, "that the possession of this gift raises a man to leadership."

"No. The gift comes to the leader. In other words, it is largely a matter of good management. * successful man does not have to do his own remembering. He can get it done for him. A sharp secretary or campaign manager can find out a good many things and speak a few useful words to his chief at the right moment. For instance, the prompter who knows will tell his chief that some time during the afternoon he is likely to be introduced to Mr. Horatio Smith. who often tells the story of how he once drove the great man out to a meeting at a certain place. Sure enough Horatio meets the leader. The leader looks at him intently. 'It seems to me we have met before. Let me see. Yes-it was in the election of '90. You drove me out from the railway to a meeting at Bileville." Does Horatio remember it? Well. this whistling language is, it seems rather. He is tickled to death-and

Loves His Alma Mater.

Besides several professors of note. Queen's University has a negro named Alfie. Alfie's position in the calendar is mentioned as assistant janitor, or caretaker, or something of that nature, but his real business is to root for Queen's athletic teams. Win or lose. Alfie is always on the sidelines, shouting "Come on Queen's" in his peculiar hoarse and husky whisper so well known to all students of that university and to the players on all opposing teams.

It was rumored last fall that Alfie was to leave, and the student body was full of sorrow. At the end of a Rugby match with

McGill one of the players thought he would know the worst, and said: "I hear you are going away, Alfie." "No," replied that individual in his usual harsh notes, "I wouldn't leave my Alma Mater."

Not a Royalty.

Mr. Melton Prior, the war correspondent and artist, who saw about twenty-four campaigns and revolutions, died in London, England, on Nov. 2. He accompanied King George V., then the Duke of York, on his tour of Canada in 1901. During the royal progress through the West, Mr. Prior was very much interested in the scenes in that vast country. At one of the Western towns a prolonged stop was made during the night, and a large crowd came to the station to eatch a glimpse of the duke. It was dark and wet, and as Mr. Prior leaned from the window the crowd made a rush to see who the distinguished Britisher might be. "No." said the artist, waving them

genially away. "I'm not the duke. and I'm not the duchess, and I can't even make a speech."

a Bright Outlook. The bright lights of the postoffice and Layman's grocery on the south of the track are being rivalled by the Boys' Club and Laughton's grocery on the north of the track. If

pleted. Its annual capacity is 119,000 | conclusion that the gulf coast of Mex-The man who used all the knowledge field

INSANITY AND DIVORCE. Sir James Crichton-Browne Says One

Is no Excuse for Other. Sir James Crichton-Browne, the distinguished physician, who has been the Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy-since 1875, is at variance with the majority of those who have ex-Winter Sunshine" is the appropri- pounded their views on lunacy and divorce d before the Divorce & Commis-

> chester House he declared that the proposalathat insanity of any duration or kind should constitute a ground for divorce seemed to shim

"I do not know anything so beauti- to undermine those altruistic senti-

"Years ago," he said, "a medical

"In the carrage on the way to the In another column a Port Arthun, station after the ceremony the young correspondent once more takes up man discovered that his bride had the cudgels in defence of Canada's suddenly gone mad. ... He hesitated climate, and enters a protest against whether to take her back to her parthe persistent appellation of "Our ents or continue the journey to the Continent. He decided on the latter

> "While they were crossing the Channel the young wife threw herself overboard, but, buoyed up by the crinoline she was wearing, she was

> "Her delirium disappeared at the time of the rescue, and the couple ived happily together ? for twenty

Sir James said he was not entitled to an opinion on the subject of divorce generally any more than any other man in the street, but he could not help thinking that, instead of allowing greater laxity in divorce and popularizing it, the sound policy in the long run would be to abolish it altogether, and to hold men and women for good and sall to their matrimonial bonds

Selfishness of Bachelors

Some outspeken remarks concerning selfish bachelors were made by th Rev. Dr. Hemphill of Tipperary at the conference of the Church of Ireland at Belfast recently.

A woman of the farming class, he said, remarked to him the other day that the population was running very thin. He wondered what had come over the young men that they preferred patent leather boots and spats and a fortnight's "swelling" at the seaside, with a game of billiards every evening, to the joys of family life. Their wages would not allow both

the fine clothes and a wife. They chose the clothes; and let some sweet girl pine out her life in maidenhood. They were wretched fellows who did not know in what true happiness consisted. Better the love of sweet and pure wife than all the silk socks and gaudy waistcoats in the world. "Come back," said Dr. Hemphill,

"to the simple life. Learn true joy consists in woman's gentle love. This dreary bachelorhood is destroying yours by making you selfish and destroying hers by robbing her of the husband and children God intended

He knew that things were dear, and that people expected more luxury than their parents had, but those expectations must be discouraged. "For God's sake," he concluded, "pitchaway your tobacco, annual outing, your fine clothes, your club, and whatever else makes such an inroad on your income that you cannot think ot holy marriage. It is a glorious thing to be the father or mother of even the poorest family.

Wit of Sir William Robson. Sir William Robson, Great Britain's leading counsel at The Hague arbitration tribunal, is by no means the dry and serious individual one-might imagine him to be. He is a brilliant speaker and has a ready wit, and as a gentleman he once defended said of him, "He seems to get on good terms with his audience, and, though he pretends to be jesting with them, her is all the time working home his point." On one occasion in the House of Commons, when he was a member for South Shields, after a tengthy debate a member of the opposite bench complained with a touch of bitterness that evidently Sir William could not swallow his argument. "No," said Sir William without hesitation; "I don't want to die of indi-

On the Fire.

"Hall Caine is the most abused writer in the world," said a publisher. "He gets nothing but grills and roasts when he brings out one of those melodramatic novels or plays of his that sell so amazingly well. "Yes, the critics roast Hall Caine, but he, too, will often roast the critics. One night at a dinner attended by all the best critics, the little man, rising to a toast, pushed back the thin auburn hair from his protuberant brow and said: "'Dear me, what a lot of critics there are here! It requires very little ability to find fault. That is why, I presume, there are so many of you, gentlemen."

Gramophone In Church.

Novelties have been introduced into the services at St. Michael's Church, Stonebridge, Willesden, Eng-Niagara power were only as "free as | land. Sacred selections are played on air," as Billy Maclean once told the a large gramophone, and brief adfarmers at the Guelph Water Fair dresses upon the music and composwhen your neighbors come to spend that it should be, we could have quite | ers are given by the vicar, Canon a bright little town .- Parkhill Gazette. | Humphreys.

The smokeless powder factory of the | Explorations made during the last

harm if you don't invest money on it.

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FreshaShortcake this week, our own make, in 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25c. cakes; also at 12c. per doz.

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tory, so satisfactory that you, too, say, "It'is really the flour that is different," you may take it to your grocer and he will give you back your money.

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