

"Henry," his wife chided, "what in the world is the matter with you? I'm sure you didn't hear a thing."

She paused for a moment, gazed at him intently, and then added:

"You are keeping something from me. What is it?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you, my dear," he replied, at the same time trying to kick Barry's foot and bumping his shin against one of the cross bars under the table.

"I'm sure there is no reason why he should wish to keep anything from you, Mrs. Wilkerson," Barry said. "I noticed last night that he seemed to be greatly worried because he was being kept out so late."

"You noticed it? How could you notice it?"

Wilkerson was having another coughing spell, and he waved his napkin frantically at Barry, who supposed he was being signalled to "lay it on thick."

"Yes. The moment we got the puncture he wanted to start for home. Blame me for it all. Alexander kept promising that he'd have the tire fixed in a little while, and he didn't want him to leave us without having seen the house, so—"

"Henry," Mrs. Wilkerson demanded, "what does this mean?"

"It means," said Wilkerson, rising and flinging his napkin on the table, that I've been lying to you. I knew you

you what I'll do: When you tell me the wedding day is fixed, I'll just double your income—provided you arrange it within three months. By the way, Miss Thornton has just telephoned that her father is out of danger, so you see you've helped me to save a life. He was fretting himself to death because of the wrong he had done me."

One morning about six weeks later Barry again entered the private office.

"What's on your mind, George?" asked Wilkerson.

"I've come for that raise."

Wilkerson got up and fervently shook the young sales agent's hand.

"I'm mighty glad of it," he said. "My wife's been asking me a lot of embarrassing questions about you lately. I wish you everlasting happiness."

"Thanks. She will be glad to know we have your good wishes. She was afraid you might not be eager to extend them."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't, but she has had an idea that you might think she ought to die an old maid on your account."

"On my account? Who is she?"

"Betty Thornton."

No life can be measured in any allotted span. Seventy years or a hundred cannot tell its tale. It reaches its roots far back through many centuries; it sends forth its fruits no man knows through how many ages. Even life drinks deep of immortality. And it is this sense of the reach of ourselves to the past and to the future that makes possible our living in the present.

This sense of belonging to an endless life is found in man everywhere. While the man of science writes of it and the intelligent, civilized man talks it over with his neighbor, the Bushman of Australia is sitting by his fire under the stars and, far into the night, as the embers glow down, he talks with his fellows, on the whence and the whither of being; he dreams of life before and pictures beyond life.

This day and this new year, these are but part of eternity. The life that I must live through them belongs as much to the long past and the infinite future as it belongs to this passing day. No day is complete in itself; it bears the fruitage of eternity; it sows the seeds of the unknown future. The wondrous living in eternity does not wait until after death for its beginnings; it is ours now.

So I take up these new days with joyous anticipation, for are they not to bring to me the accumulated wealth of days gone by? This new year must of necessity be a richer year than last, because it possesses all the eternal, undying elements of the last.



SOME NOTED SINGERS AND CONDUCTORS OF GRAND OPERA

- 1—Rita Fornia. 2—Alma Gluck. 3—Olivo Fremstad. 4—Gatti Casazza (General Manager). 5—Lenora Sparkes. 6—Allen Hinkley. 7—Arturo Toscanini (Conductor). 8—Enrico Caruso. 9—Marie Mattfeld. 10—Marie Rapold. 11—Riccardo Martin. 12—Leo Slezak. 13—Alma Gluck. 14—Geraldine Farrar. 15—Alfred Hertz (Conductor). 16—Otto Gortz. 17—Geraldine Farrar. 18—Antonio Scotti. 19—William Hinchey. 20—Giulio Rossi. 21—Vittoria Podesti (Conductor). 22—Pasquale Amato. 23—Louise Homer. 24—Emmy Destinn. 25—Glen Hall.

wouldn't believe me if I told you I was out all night helping George and his future wife to find a house, so I told you that story about Betty Thornton's father. Go ahead, George, and tell the whole story. Don't keep anything back on my account."

When the coast was clear the next morning, Barry stealthily entered Wilkerson's private office and bestowed upon that gentleman a look which was not primarily intended to be friendly.

"It's all right, George," said Wilkerson. "Don't worry for a minute. It's the luckiest thing that could have happened. Her confidence in me has been greatly increased."

"It has, eh? But how about her confidence in me? How am I to make good?"

"The thing is very simple as far as you're concerned. All you have to do is to get married."

"Fine! I have a nice little salary for two people to starve on."

"I'll make you a wedding present of a substantial raise. Considering the circumstances, I can afford to be liberal. I'll tell

Facing the New Year

NO man knows what the coming year has for him. Before us all it stretches dark and mysterious. Yet only the craven-hearted regard it with fear. Something within us bids us take up its days even with rejoicing, though it be no other than the joy of him who tackles some new task, who grapples with some worthy foe.

Why should men thus face their days? Why do we feel that he who thinks of life as a thing to be endured is an unworthy being, a coward among his kind, and a traitor to life's opportunities?

Is it not because we set the present in the light of the eternal and think of life in terms of the infinite reaches of our immortality?

They who live only from day to day, like driven cattle, who set the years in sear and wear as weary miles to be taken one at a time, to be forgotten when trodden and feared when lying before, to such life is indeed a tale of bitterness which cannot too soon find its finish. Only the fear of the darker mystery of death binds such beings to the darkness of life.

The Search for Happiness

HAPPINESS is not what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best we know, to seek that and do that; and if by "virtue is its own reward" is meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more, then it is a true and noble saying—Let us do right, and then whether happiness comes or unhappiness, it is no very mighty matter.

If it comes life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter, bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and heavy scorn for evil. Only to those who have the heart to say, "We can do without selfish enjoyment," is there no secret. Man will have what he deserves, and will find what is really best for him exactly as he honestly seeks for it.—Froude.

Happiness is found in doing one's best regardless of reward.

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