

AT HOME

The evening had been a brilliant success. When the last guest had said good night and Halmers had closed the door and slipped the chain on he turned jubilantly to Mabel, who was taking the hairpins out of her smooth, brown hair and yawning sleepily.

"Mrs. Andrews is a wonderful talker, isn't she?" he demanded enthusiastically. "You can't bring up a subject on which she is not informed. Remarkable in a handsome woman. If she were homely one wouldn't be so surprised. She gave me several valuable pointers for my next speech."

"Did you like that salad dressing?" Mabel interrupted. "I'm afraid the cook put too much vinegar in it, and I told her to be careful. But the sandwiches were delicious. I must have the same kind next Wednesday evening when you have the club in to play whist."

Henry Halmers glared angrily at the interruption. He was very fond of his pretty wife, but after eight years of placid married life he was beginning to think her a disappointment. When she kept the house perfectly ordered and got up delicious meals for his friends, she seemed to think that her duty was finished. The remainder of her time was divided between the two pretty children, who had her calm, contented disposition, the dressmaker, and the Ladies Aid society. She openly admired her husband's brains as a successful lawyer—but she never seemed to think that she might stimulate him to greater success.

It was a revelation to him to meet a woman like Mrs. Andrews, a woman who understood his every thought, who could follow the technicalities of a hard case and point out flaws that his keen brain had not detected. In addition she had soft red lips and lovely blue eyes. Her hair was dressed in the latest style and her gowns showed off an exquisitely rounded form. He envied Andrews, a little shrimp of a man whose face was wrinkled in an eternal frown.

"Jealous, I dare say," thought Halmers. "Wonder what she ever saw in him. I wish Mabel—." Then in common decency to the wife, who loved him with all the love of an honest heart, even though her brain was not large, he refused to follow the alluring train of thought that Mrs. Andrews suggested.

In the next few weeks he saw a great deal of Mrs. Andrews. She apparently told him and Mabel that she liked to come—that she liked to talk to him. Mabel listened placidly. She was worried about her little girl, who was slowly getting over the mumps. Halmers thought rather contemptuously that Mabel was too stupid even to be jealous. It happened Mrs. Andrews met him downtown one day just as he was going into a cafe for luncheon. He asked her to accompany him and she assented. He told Mabel that evening of the incident. After it was over he felt rather alarmed, but Mabel heard him unconcernedly and attached no importance to it.

Halmers' contempt increased. And still his conscience troubled him. But he told himself angrily that no man could help possessing the difference between his own wife and Mrs. Andrews. It was Mabel's own fault, she ought to keep posted so that she could talk to him. If a man could not get the stimulus he needed at home he had a right to look elsewhere for it.

After that he got into the habit of meeting Mrs. Andrews downtown two or three times a week. Neither knew just how it happened that they went to the theater one evening. It was a much discussed play. Halmers had long wanted to see it with some one who could talk intelligently about it. If a play had plenty of pretty dresses and there was a wedding or reconciliation in the last act Mabel enthused over it. Otherwise she moped.

This play presented one of the striking problems of modern days—whether a woman should develop herself at the expense of her home, or let home and children shift for themselves while she looked after her own mental welfare.

hurry. He had been there three or four times and was at home in the exquisite big living room, with its golden oak chairs and couches and golden brown walls. A small boy opened the door. Halmers had never seen him before, but the small pinched face bore a striking resemblance to Mrs. Andrews, so it was easy to guess his identity.

"Out here," he said briefly to Halmers, and led the way through the hall to a door at the other end. Halmers followed, expecting to be led into Mrs. Andrews' sitting room or den. Instead, after passing through a dark dining room, he found himself in the kitchen, and the most distasteful kitchen he had ever seen. He was used only to Mabel's gray walls and shining pans. Here a soiled piece of oilcloth covered a table. Bits of toast, spilled milk, children's shoes and garters, and scraps of butchers' paper covered the floor. And little shrimpish Andrews, with a crying baby clutched in one arm and a big ginger ham apron tied about his waist, was poaching an egg. At the table sat two little girls with uncombed hair.



ANNESLEY BURROWER. Formerly of Kingston, now of Detroit, Mich., who has achieved distinction as a journalist and short story writer.

"Here's the man that you said was coming," piped Halmers' guide. Andrews blushed and dropped the pan of water and the egg. The baby shrieked as a hot drop splattered on its bare white leg. Halmers got hot all over and then icy cold. "I—I believe—," he stammered.

"The agent was coming up to see about a plumber's bill," Andrews explained, ashamed. "The quiet, Nelly, Pa's getting your breakfast as quick as he can. Willie, this gentleman wants to see your mother. Take him to the living room and call her."

Before the comprehension and contempt in the little man's eyes Halmers was ashamed. He hung his head as he followed Willie back. And then, without pausing, he shot out the front door, and down in the privacy of his office he mentally grovelled in the dust before the absent Mabel.

Strange Facts About Animals. There are many strange facts about animals which no one has ever seemed able to understand. A fly, for instance, will crawl to the top of a window pane, fly back to the bottom and crawl up again. It really does do it by flying up and crawling down. Hens scratch for food always with the sun behind them, so that its rays will reflect on the tiny particles. Yet a blind hen, for whom this reason does not hold, always manages to get the sun behind her when she scratches.

Cats hardly ever lie with their feet to the fire. In most cases they lie instead with their left side turned toward it. Dogs, however, invariably lie with their forepaws to the fire. A mouse overlooks a perfectly safe food supply to enjoy the perilous pleasures of an unlimited store. Why does a dog always turn round two or three times before he lies down? It is because his remote ancestors had to scratch around in the leaves or long grass for a bed before they could find a convenient place in which to lie—Answers.

A Good Laugh. Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and hurts. Learn to stop croaking. If you can't see anything good in the world, keep your thoughts concerning the outlook to yourself, and don't get in anybody's light. Learn to hide your feelings under a pleasant smile; you're not the only one. The good humored smiling man or woman is welcome everywhere, but the dyspeptic is not wanted, and is a nuisance as well.

POETICAL SELECTIONS

Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away, Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day; And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair— with step so slow and weary, she with sunny smiling hair; He with bowed head, and sad thoughtful; she with lips so cold and white. Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Saton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old, With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold. "I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh; Cromwell will not come till sunset, and her face grew strangely white, And she spoke in husky whispers— "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton— every word pierced her young heart Like a thousand gleaming arrows— like a deadly poisoned dart; "Long years I've roamed the furrow from that gloomy, shadowed tower. Every evening just at sunset it has tolled the twilight hour; I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right; Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow, And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow; She had listened without a tear or sigh, "At the ringing of the Curfew Basil Underwood must die," And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright— One low murmur, scarcely spoken— "Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church doors, Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before; Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow, Staggered on the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro; Then she climbed the slim ladder, without one ray of light, Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

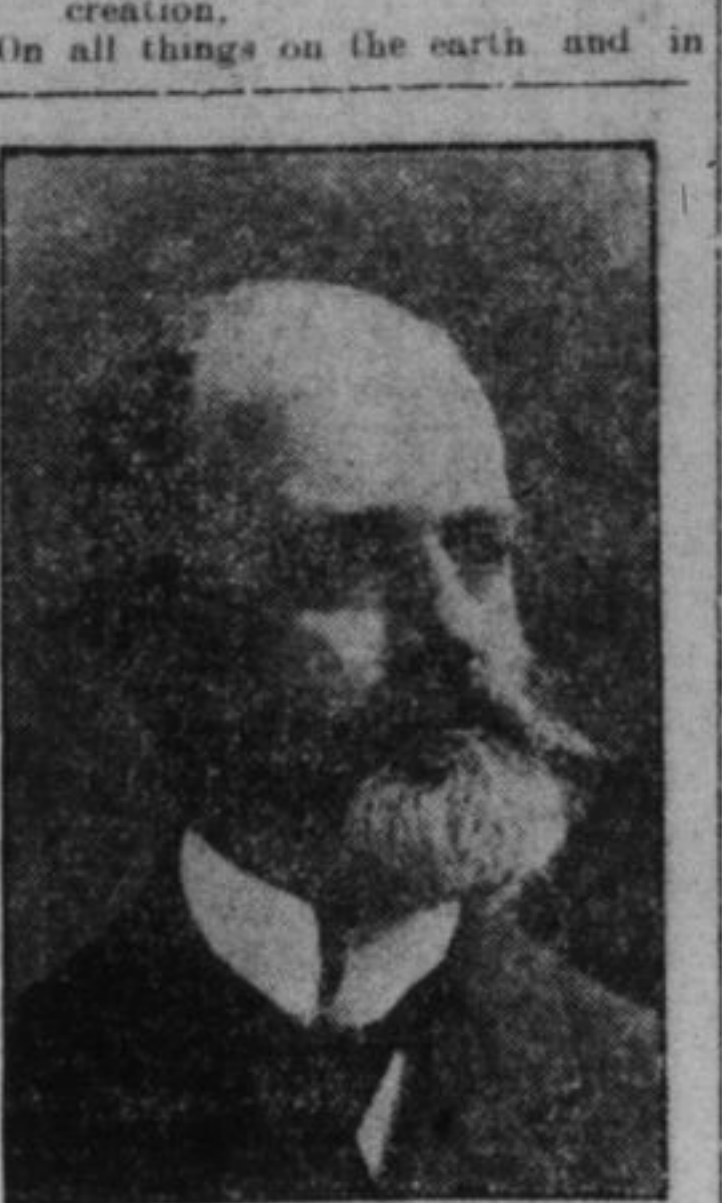
She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell, And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell, See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now. And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and pale her brow. Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flashed with sudden light, And she springs and grasps it firmly to— "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below; There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro; And the half-dead sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell); And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell; Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow, too, pale and white, Still her frightened heart's wild beating— "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more Firmly on the damp old ladder where, for a hundred years before, Human foot had not been planted; and what this night had done Should be told long ages after—as the rays of setting sun Light the sky with mellow beauty, and aged sires with heads of white. Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

Of the distant hills came Cromwell, Bessie saw him, and her brow grew white with sickening horror. Lately while with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now; At his feet she tells her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn; And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn. Touched his heart with sudden pity— his eyes with misty light; "Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

To the doctor hid myself with eager feet; For I worried lest I had contracted smallpox; Till he said, "It's prickly heat." I have worried when I thought that I'd overdone, I have worried when I thought that it would rain; I have worried when the baseball team was beaten, Till I hurt my foolish brain. I have worried when the wash was in the laundry, Lest they should tear my very finest waist; I have worried while preparing of the dinner, That folks wouldn't like the taste. I have worried when I rode upon the trolley That the boiler should explode and we should sink; I have worried as to which is most becoming, The blue dress or the pink. Yes, I've worried over all things in creation, On all things on the earth and in



FRANK C. IRELAND. City Treasurer of Kingston, who has been in the service of the civic corporation for forty years.

the skies; As woe goes, though I am not contented. I think I'd get a prize. I know it never helps things even slightly. Things were never bad when once they really came; I know that worrying is very silly, But I worry just the same.

Triumph. Elizabeth French in Springfield Republican. We are the great army, we are the multitude Of those who could not have their heart's desire Because beside the gates there ever stood A shape divine, with sword of flaming fire, Who said, "Ye shall not enter or pass through, Behold, I point another way to you!" We are the multitude, we are the army great Who walked a path our hearts had never sought. On either hand hedged in, as if a fate Forbade our following out our eager thought. We have not had our will; we have not had our choice, to make the spirit glad. No man can number us; we are the multitude



PROF. WILLIAM L. GRANT. Son of the late Illustrations Principal of Queen's University, who now occupies the position of Professor of Colonial History in his Alma Mater.

Of those who could not have their heart's desire, Because we might attain a greater good— Because for us there was a something higher, Of Father's love denied, But shares with us his best— his sacrifice. So we, the numberless, lift up our hands in praise, Because we see, and know, and understand.

Of Course! Boston Transcript. "What did your lawyer say when you stated your purpose to him?" "He said it was fee-ible." Hamilton and Brantford were in darkness and the street car and radial services were stopped through ice clogging the Dominion and Cataract Power companies' plants. An elderly lady, of Perry Sound, Mrs. William Cornfield, was killed by a Canadian Northern Ontario train while walking along the track for a short cut home. She was quite deaf. The strictest instructions have been given by the peace delegates to insist on thecession of Adrianople, Senfari and Janina, according to a Sofia despatch.

THE MAKING OF HOMES

IS THE AIM OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

Rev. A. Edward Smart Writes Time-ly Letter on Work of Society— Many Children Have Been Saved From Life of Crime and Wretchedness—An Appeal for Help.

Kingston, Dec. 13.—(To the Editor): With the coming of another Christmas season, and our thoughts centred around the greatest event in the world's history, "the birth of the world's Saviour," I would like to draw your attention to the great and noble work of the Children's Aid Society.

Year by year the people of this province are being awakened to the fact that this work of ours is a work of redemption, and one of the best signs of the times, is the increasing consciousness of the supreme importance of the child. The children of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow.

The aim of the society is strictly towards home-making rather than home-breaking, to preserve the home life, and only when it is absolutely necessary, for the welfare of the child, do we remove the child from parental control. In many homes the conditions of life for children are being changed and parental instinct is being cultivated and strengthened.

In cases of neglect, a little timely intervention, by the society's agent, has saved many children from a life of crime and wretchedness, yet much of our work, legislative, educational and social, has yet to be done. To carry on this work, and extend it, we need for sympathy, funds and personal help.

Those for whom we speak cannot raise their own voices and their needs are all the greater in that they suffer unseen. They cannot come to us; we must go to them, therefore the pressure of this duty and the force of the children's claim makes the urgency of our appeal nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

It is, therefore, in confidence of the appreciation of the work done by the society that I hope we may be remembered at this happy season of the year—With the season's greetings, yours truly, A. EDWARD SMART, Secretary Children's Aid Society.

Notes About Hockey Baseball and the Ring. "Jack" Darragh, of the Ottawas, says that six-man hockey cuts three years off a player's career. Hamilton expect to have its artificial rink ready in a week. A new independent amateur hockey league is to be organized at Winnipeg. Papke and Sullivan are negotiating toward a twenty-round bout at London, England.

Soran and Driscoll will fight twenty rounds at London, January 27th. Varsity will play an exhibition hockey game in New York with New York A.C. on Dec. 25th. Salaries will take an awful drop in the international ball league. It is said that Toronto paid more last year than any National or American club. The annual meeting of the Canadian Baseball League was held Friday in Toronto. The circuit for 1913 will remain the same as last season. Hockey, of Toronto, has cancelled games with Cleveland and Syracuse rink teams, in accordance with the O. H.A. ruling. The Western Canada baseball league intends to apply for Class "C" rating under the National Commission.

"Hockey is something like football, only more so," is the way a Detroit writer put it. McEl will play at Hamilton December 30th and then go to London and other towns in Western Ontario. "Buster" Keel is managing the red and white hockey team. Varsity should place a strong hockey team on the ice this winter. They have Parker for goal, Captain Frith for point, Hanley, German and Caldwell, cover; Webster, Jupp and Stromme centre ice; and Sinclair and Cotton for the wings.

HOW TO DESTROY THE DANDRUFF GERM BY A SPECIALIST.

That the dandruff germ is responsible for nearly all the diseases to which the scalp is heir as well as for baldness and premature gray hair, is a well known fact. But when we realize that it is also indirectly responsible for many of the worst cases of eczema and consumption, we appreciate the importance of any agent that will destroy its power. We are, therefore, particularly pleased to give herewith the prescription which an eminent scientist states he has found after repeated tests to completely destroy the dandruff germ in from one to three applications. It will also almost immediately stop falling hair and it has in numerous cases produced a new hair growth after years of baldness. This prescription can be made up at home, or any druggist will put it up for you; 6 ounces Bay Rum, 2 ounces Lavona de Compose, one-half drachm Menthol Crystalline Mix thoroughly and after standing half an hour it is ready for use. Apply high—(2) morning, rubbing into the scalp with the finger tips. If you wish it perfume add a teaspoonful of To-Rain Perfume, which unites perfectly with the other ingredients. While the application is not a dye, it is unequalled for restoring gray hair to its original color. CAUTION—Do not use where there hair is not desired and be sure to avoid tonics containing poisonous wood alcohol.



TOILET SETS.

A beautiful toilet set is at once a thing of beauty and a joy forever. These gifts never grow old. More selling this year than ever. Some beauties in ebony, silver, ivory or ebono. Also handsome combination toilet and manicure sets at from \$3 to \$20. To see us in person, or the majority that they are certainly appropriate as gifts. Headquarters, THE "BEST" DRUG STORE.

MAKE THIS TEST How to Tell if Your Hair is Diseased. Even if you have a luxuriant head of hair, you may want to know whether it is in a healthy condition or not. Ninety-eight per cent. of the people need a hair tonic. Pull a hair out of your head, if the bulb at the end of the root is white and shrunken, it proves that the hair is diseased and requires prompt attention if its loss would be avoided. If the bulb is pink and full, the hair is healthy. We want everyone whose hair requires treatment to try Rexall's "93" Hair Tonic. We promise that it shall not cost anything if it does not give satisfactory results. It is designed to overcome dandruff, relieve scalp irritation, to stimulate the hair roots, tighten the hair already in the head, grow hair and overcome baldness. It is because of what Rexall's "93" Hair Tonic has done and our sincere faith in its goodness that we want you to try it at our risk. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store, G. W. Mahood.

It is easy to tempt those who sit around and wait. Many men are sold when women go to the market.

USEFUL PRESENTS When Giving a Present Give Something Useful. Nickel Plated Tea and Coffee Pots. Nickel Plated Tea and Coffee Percolators. Silver Knives and Forks. Carving Sets from \$2.00 to \$10.00. Carpet Sweepers from \$2.00 to \$6.00. Or something in "AUSTRIA" AGATEWARE, the best manufactures. At ELLIOTT BROS. Phone 35. 77 Princess St.

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