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\$15.00 to \$60.00.

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The Night Before  
New Year's

Was there any place where she  
could be quiet?

Nell went to the door and looked  
out. As far as her eyes could see  
there was watery whiteness and  
through the purple shadows of the  
coming night shone a few lights  
like stars. Each light represented a  
farm house and each house, like the  
one in which Nell was staying, was  
full of happy, noisy people.

And Nell was not happy; she want-  
ed quiet. Like a hunted animal she  
looked this way and that for some  
place where she might be alone.  
On the crest of a hill, far up  
the road stood the schoolhouse where  
she taught. It was closed now and  
dark.

"I will go there," Nell said, to her-  
self, and just then a voice behind her  
called: "Supper is ready."  
"I don't want any," Nell said  
wearily. "I'm going out for a little  
while, Mrs. McGregor. I'll be back  
in ten minutes."

The snow began to fall softly as  
she left the house, and by the time  
she reached the school it was begin-  
ning to drift against the fences.  
There was no fire within, but Nell  
lighted one, and when the warmth  
began to steal into the room, she  
drew the one big chair close to the  
hearth and in the peaceful loneliness  
gave herself up to thoughts.

But she was not to remain in peace  
long. There was a sound of sleigh-  
bells without, heavy steps on the  
threshold, and she looked up to see  
the burly form of a young farmer in  
the doorway.

"Well, well," he said, "I saw the  
light and came in. Who would have  
thought that you would be here  
alone?"

Nell smiled wearily. "I came to be  
quiet."  
"Then you don't want me."  
"Oh, sit down," she said, somewhat  
ungraciously.

But he stood by the fireplace and  
looked down at her.  
"What's the matter?" he asked ab-  
ruptly.

"Nothing," faintly.  
"Don't tell me that; I know bet-  
ter."

"If I tell you," she asked, "you  
must not give me any advice. I have  
had so much advice I hate it."  
He sat down beside her. "I felt  
ahead," he said, "and I'll promise to  
listen like the Sphinx."

"You see it is this way," she said;  
"my uncle in town is sick. He is a  
miserable old man, and he made me  
miserable when I lived with him. I-  
I'm not going to tell you about my  
childhood, how little love there was  
in it, and how I was starved spiritu-  
ally and mentally, as well as physi-  
cally. When I grew old enough to un-  
derstand that he could give me things  
and had not because he wanted to  
save and save, I left him, and came  
here to teach; and now he has writ-  
ten to me to come back, and I don't  
want to go, yet he is sick and old  
and alone. I told Mrs. McGregor and  
she tells me to stay here. Then all  
the family talked about it and every-  
body advised. They meant well—but  
I couldn't stand it—I don't want to  
go, but I must."

He started to say something, then  
checked himself.  
"I'd like to break that promise,"  
he said.

"No, you mustn't," she said firmly.  
"You've all been so good to me here  
and if you, she caught her breath,  
"join the others in asking me to stay,  
it will make it so hard for me to go."  
"He doesn't deserve much at your  
hands," the man stated.

"I know," she said wearily, "but  
tomorrow I begin a new year, and I  
don't want to begin it wrong, yet I  
don't know the right."  
"I don't believe much in saying  
things," the young farmer remarked;  
"my policy is to do them. And now,  
are you going to stay here in this  
lonely place much longer? It is snow-  
ing and it is late."

"I suppose I ought to go," she  
said doubtfully, "but it is so lovely  
here in the silence."  
"Look here," he said suddenly,  
"don't you keep your tea things in  
that little cupboard? I come back  
I'll bring something for a little sup-  
per, and we can watch the old year  
out. Then I'll take you home in the  
sleigh."

"How good of you." She held out  
her hand to him. "You haven't  
bothered me with advice, and you  
are doing something to make me  
comfortable. This is just like you,  
Jack Norton."

He blushed a little, this big, kind-  
ly man, who looked upon the little  
woman from the city as a being  
from another sphere; she was so  
dainty, so different from the girls

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of J. C. Watson



AN IMPROVED "RUBBERNECK" WAGON AT VALCARTIER.  
On Sunday the soldiers in the Valcartier camp turn the motor trans-ports into sightseeing cars for the  
use of visitors to the camp, of who in there are a great many.

in his own village.  
Nell knew what she was doing  
when she told him not to ask her to  
stay; she had known for a long time  
of the question that troubled in  
his lips. She knew he wanted to  
marry her, as a woman knows who  
is wise in the ways of men.

The thought of the life she might  
lead if she married him, a life in  
the big farmhouse, sunshine in  
summer and secure in winter. Then  
she thought of her life with her  
uncle in the dark apartment in the  
streets of the city. She knew that  
in a way, it was a false idea of duty  
that would take her back. Yet she  
had to go, some force that was in  
her seemed impelling her.

The wind blew in great blasts  
against the little house, the snow  
had drifted up to the window sills,  
and white lines of it pointed across  
the window pane like ghostly fig-  
ures. Dragging footsteps came up the  
path. Nell listened. It was not  
Jack Norton; these were the steps  
of an old man. From the door a  
voice quavered.

"Are you there, Nell?"  
"Uncle," she said fearfully, "how  
did you come here?"

"I met a young man down the road,"  
he said. "I wanted him to  
guide me to the McGregors. He told  
me you were here."

"You didn't answer my letter,"  
the old man went on, when she had  
made him sit down. "Are you going  
back with me?"  
Now that she was face to face  
with his meanness it seemed to Nell  
that she could never go with him.

"I don't know," she faltered.  
"Here's a grateful girl," the old  
man stormed, and just then the  
sleighbells jingled and, in another  
moment, Jack Norton was in the  
room, his arms full of bundles, his  
eyes beaming.

"So this is your uncle," he said.  
"I thought so when I directed him  
here. You'll stay and have supper  
with us, won't you, sir? We are go-  
ing to see the old year out and the  
new year in."  
"Who are you?" the old man  
growled.

"I?" Jack's eyes flashed from Nell's  
covering figure to the grimness of  
the uncle. Then suddenly, he took  
things in his own hands.  
"I'm the man your niece is going  
to marry," he said.  
"I'm the man your niece is going  
to marry," he said securely. He  
had seen the joy in Nell's face.  
"But she is going home with  
me."

Jack shook his head. "No, she is  
going home with me. You can come  
whenever you wish, sir. The old  
house is big enough for twenty  
uncles, or if you like it better, there  
is a cottage at the edge of the  
farm where you can stay if you  
wish."

The old man flashed a crafty  
glance at him. "Would it cost me  
anything?" he asked.  
"Nothing," said Jack.  
"Then marry her," said the old  
uncle, "and I'll come and live in the  
cottage alone."

Nell's face was in her hands, and  
as Jack bent over her she whispered,  
"Oh, I can't let you do it."  
"It is the only way that you can  
make my New Year happy," he told  
her, and as she looked up into his  
face she knew that what he said was  
true.

Titles and Taxes in Spain.  
In Spain, titles of nobility are  
taxed in the same way as houses or  
land. Moreover, each separate title  
is taxed, and for this reason certain  
members of ancient families on  
which a number of titles have ac-  
cumulated, drop some in order to  
save money. Owing to the system  
long prevalent in Spain by which  
women of noble birth transmit  
their title not only to their children,  
but to their husbands—so that a  
plebeian marrying a duchess becomes  
a duke, Spanish titles rarely become  
extinct unless the holders delib-  
erately discard them.—Pall Mall Gazette.

STAGGERING COST OF  
GREAT WARS OF WORLD.

Present Huge European Conflict  
Costing Two Billion Dollars a  
Month—Germany Profited  
by Previous Wars.

Stupendous indeed is the cost of  
modern war and the ultimate price  
of peace. Some years ago the late  
Augustus Bebel, the famous German  
socialist, estimated that a Franco-  
German war under modern condi-  
tions would cost \$750,000,000 a  
month, while if Great Britain, Aus-  
tria, Italy, and Russia joined in  
the cost would amount to \$2,250,  
000,000 a month.

The Franco-German war, which  
lasted 150 days, cost Germany \$450,  
000,000. No country in the world,  
however, has profited from war, at  
any rate during modern times, so  
much as Germany, who sent in a  
record bill to France for \$1,000,  
000,000 after the war of 1870, and  
got every penny of it. It was the  
great Bismarck who arranged the  
terms of the treaty, and though he  
huckled mightily at the thought of  
getting \$1,000,000,000 from the  
French for stopping the war (of  
course, making a huge profit), it is  
said that he was sorry when he saw  
how readily France scraped the  
amount together, that he had not  
asked for \$2,000,000,000. And it  
was not long before this war with  
France that Germany squeezed an  
indemnity of over \$40,000,000 out of  
Austria, after only a month of fight-  
ing.

Other countries, however, have  
found war a very profitable busi-  
ness, notably Japan, who, after the  
war of 1894-5 with China, arising  
out of the State of Korean, made the  
Chinese pay her an indemnity of  
\$185,000,000. As the war cost Japan  
only \$30,000,000, she made a  
profit of \$155,000,000, in addition  
to which she gained certain towns  
and territories.

But Japan gained little profit  
from the war with Russia in 1904-5,  
in spite of an indemnity of \$500,  
000,000 which was demanded; for  
the cost of that campaign to Japan  
alone was estimated at \$600,000,  
000.

Russia has never found war very  
profitable. Her encounter with Tur-  
key in the seventies cost her an en-  
ormous amount of money. She  
would only have been a little out of  
pocket if she had received the \$250,  
000,000 indemnity which she asked  
for in her bill. Ultimately the in-  
demnity was cut down to \$160,000,000.

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There is no better safeguard against  
disease and suffering than a good  
cathartic medicine. In a great ma-  
jority of homes Dr. Chase's Kidney-  
Liver Pills are constantly kept at  
hand, because they quickly awaken  
the action of the liver, kidneys and  
bowels, and cure the most common  
ills of life.

Mrs. Thos. Smith, Jamestown, Ont.,  
writes: "Dr. Chase is no stranger in  
our home, for we have two of his  
Receipt Books in the house. My  
father and my husband's father each  
had one, and I have been familiar  
with it ever since I can remember. It  
was only natural that we should use  
the Kidney-Liver Pills, and we found  
them so satisfactory in regulating the  
digestive system and curing the com-  
mon ills of life that we always keep  
them on hand. Many a time these  
pills have saved me much suffer-  
ing and prevented serious disease.  
We also keep the Ointment in the  
house all the time."

with which to pay her out-of-pocket  
expenses, of which sum Turkey, up  
to the present time, has paid just  
over half, and there seems little like-  
hood that she will ever raise the full  
amount.

The cost of the Russo-Japanese  
war was staggering. The campaign  
lasted from February, 1904, to Sep-  
tember, 1905, and altogether it is  
estimated that the combined expen-  
ses of Russia and Japan amounted  
to no less than \$2,250,000,000. The  
loss to Japan's navy and mercantile  
marine alone amounted to \$250,000,  
000.

This was the fourth campaign up-  
on which Russia had entered within  
three-quarters of a century. The  
first and second were with Turkey,  
the former involving an expenditure  
of \$100,000,000 and the loss of 120,  
000 men. This was in 1828, and 26  
years later came the Crimea, in  
which France and England took a  
hand. The total cost of this terrible  
war was \$1,365,000,000. England's  
bill alone amounted to \$340,000,000.  
America's successful struggle for  
independence cost Britain \$695,000,  
000, or just under \$8,000,000 a  
week, while the Napoleonic wars  
which ended with Waterloo were  
comparatively cheap for France, see-  
ing that the total bill only amount-  
ed to \$1,250,000,000, while that of  
Great Britain, including the financ-  
ing of many little powers in their  
struggle against the Emperor, a-  
mounted to \$4,155,000,000.

HERR BALLIN DID HIS  
BEST TO AVERT WAR

German Shipping Head Entered In-  
to Personal Negotiations With  
Great Britain.

A page that has escaped attention  
in the fateful history of the past few  
weeks, was the effort of Herr Ballin,  
the chief figure in German shipping  
and the personal friend of the Kaiser,  
to avert war. He interrupted a  
cure at Kissingen and came to Lon-  
don on July 23rd ostensibly to con-  
duct negotiations for the acquisi-  
tion of oil fields in California. In  
reality his visit was to consult with  
Lord Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, and  
Winston L. S. Churchill. He discus-  
sed the situation with them, and on  
his return to Germany a special mes-  
senger from Berlin was sent through  
the German lines with a despatch  
for Lord Haldane.

No one realizes more than Herr  
Ballin the critical condition in which  
the German mercantile marine now  
is, because even with the cessation  
of hostilities, it will be many years  
before it recovers its recent pros-  
perity, if ever it does so. On the  
German register there are 2,619  
steamers of 4,743,046 tons gross,  
most of them of modern construc-  
tion, the tonnage owned by the Ham-  
burg-American Line and the Nord-  
deutscher Lloyd being just about  
half of that aggregate, while no  
fewer than twenty-five liners were  
being built for them. The former  
company's handsome offices in  
Cockspur street are, of course, closed.  
All the German members of the  
staff have rejoined the army, and  
Count Wengensky, its representa-  
tive, left London last week a broken  
hearted man. He is captain in an in-  
fantry regiment.

Britain's Habit.

Lord Rosebery has said satirical-  
ly that British military inefficiency  
in a great crisis has always been ow-  
ing to the British nation's strong  
confidence in its ability to "muddle  
through somehow." It is true that  
in the past it has had a knack of  
"muddling through"—but usually at  
a tremendous cost which might have  
been spared through the exercise of  
foresight and prudent preparation.  
Perhaps the terrible experience of  
this war will pound home the lesson  
that Lord Rosebery and others like  
him have been vainly striving to im-  
part.

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the bread  
and butter,  
taste  
good!"

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notice most the sweetness and perfect  
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