

You want him good and healthy. You want him big and strong. Then give him a pure wool jersey. Made by his friend, Bob Long. Let him romp with all his vigor. He's the best boy in the land. And he'll always be bright and smiling. If he wears a Bob Long Brand.



BOB LONG
BOYS' PURE WOOL WORSTED JERSEYS
Known from "Coast to Coast"
FOR HARD WEAR, COMFORT AND SMART APPEARANCE
R. G. LONG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA
145 Look for the Label



English Carvers, Pocket Knives, Razors, Stitches, Double Banners, Skates
W. H. Cockburn & Co.
Corner of Princess and Wellington Streets.
PHONE 216

Victory Loan
5 1/2% Gold Bonds
Due 1st December, 1922, 1927 and 1937
Due 1st November, 1923 and 1933
Due 1st November, 1924 and 1934 at market prices.
Yielding 5% to 5 1/2%
We always endeavour to be in a position to make delivery immediately of any of the above issues.
Wood, Gundy & Company
Canadian Pacific Railway Building
Toronto New York
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Grove's O-Pen-Trate Salve
Opens the Pores and Penetrates
A Remedy for Chest Colds, Head Colds, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Earache, Spasmodic Croup and kindred ailments. Apply freely to the skin just over the affected parts and rub it in.
GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE-SALVE
is also an Excellent Germicide for the Nose and Throat.
It should be applied to the nostrils so that you will be continually inhaling the vapors while in the presence of patients who are sick with contagious diseases, or when you are entering crowded cars or other public places during an epidemic of Grip or Influenza. Any Grip or Influenza germs breathed through the nose are destroyed by this germicide salve before the germs can reach the throat.
FOR THE SICK
Place One Level Teaspoonful of GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE-SALVE in a hot saucer in the sick room. The Antiseptic Vapor rising from the heated salve makes breathing easy for the patient. It induces sleep and is a great comfort to anyone suffering with Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Diphtheria or Pneumonia. The Healing Effect of the Vapor relieves the patient and is very comforting. Price 35c per box. If your Druggist hasn't any, send 35c in postage stamps to Paris Medicine Company, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, and a full-size box will be mailed to you promptly.

The Star Trail
By IZOLA FORRESTER
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
If Walt had not been young and trusting he'd never have answered the advertisement, but when you've spent your life in western Nebraska, personally conducting squads of cattle from range to railroad station, and thereafter riding with them and punching them into submission to an all-wise Providence, you're apt to be in a receptive condition for romance. Walt was. From the first day when he found the advertisement he knew the star path his feet must tread. He was sitting on a baggage truck in the cool shadow of the Three Bears express office, peacefully sleeping. Runty, the agent, laid over his face a copy of the Omaha Eagle. When Walt awakened his glance wandered idly over its want columns. It was down among the "Personals." Walt read it over carelessly at first, then carefully, looking up once to gaze at the demure but forbidding face behind the telegraph office window. Then he read over the ad again.
WANTED—YOUNG EASTERN WIDOW, blonde, twenty-four, wishes to correspond with western ranchman, not over thirty. Object matrimony.
He held the newspaper firmly in both hands. There was no reason why he should not answer the appeal. He didn't have a ranch all his own, but Bill—and he had been good partners with the Triple Star outfit. The house

Wonderful for the Blood!
Cures Sallow Skin, Headache, Languor and Tiredness.
You don't need to be told how you feel—blue, sort of sickish, poor appetite, vague pains, tired in the morning. This condition is common at this season.
Fortunately there is prompt relief in Dr. Hamilton's Pills which immediately relieve the system of all poisons and disease-producing matter.
Thousands have been so utterly depressed, so worn out as to be dependent, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills always cured them. "I can speak feelingly on the power of Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes C. T. Fearman, of Kingston. "Last spring my blood was thin and weak, I was terribly run down, had awful headaches and a gnawing, empty feeling about my stomach. I couldn't sleep or work until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they did me a world of good." At all dealers in 25c boxes.

BE A MOTOR SANTA CLAUS.
And now the Christmastide draws near
I decorate my car with holly
I place some gewgaws there and here
And spruce the tumbler up by golly,
The kids and kin reflect that I
Am quite devoid of normal reason,
I purpose that my boat shall fly
These carmarks of the festive season.
For I intend on Christmas Day
To visit some decrepit shanty,
Where little tots await a fay
To introduce himself as Santy.
And I'll explain my reindeer team,
Supplanted by this horseless wizard
Got stalled along the Saturn Stream,
And languished in a White Way blizzard.
Thus having ranked my mortal soul
Along with that of Ananias,
Some building blocks and horns I'll dole
And dresses cut upon the bias,
Producing then some costly spuds,
A sprig of sage a pair of chickens,
I'll finger for my diamond studs,
And drive away to beat the dickens.
So everyone who owns a boat,
Of gray, or black, or blue, or yellow,
To some less lucky brood should tote
The gift-booms of the Goodly Fellow
And then with conscience calm untorn
Accepted as a totemic fairy,
You'll have a right to toot your horn
If some pedestrian is unwary.
—John B. Terns,
in "Canadian Magazine."

wasn't so bad—three rooms and lean-to. He'd fix it up for her, chuck all the old clutter he and Bill had put up with, and send up a load of mail order honeymoon things for her to make her know she was welcome.
Here Walt took a second look at the unfriendly face at the window, but the girl never turned her head or noticed his existence. Presently he sauntered around into the station doorway and leaned over the little partition at the ticket office. Could he have a telegraph blank, please? Cherry did not glance up at all, just passed one to him coldly. He spent half an hour writing his message, took a long drink from the water cooler and handed a telegram to her to count up.
"Send it off any time it's handy," he remarked, trying to be nonchalant also. Cherry ran her pencil over it.
Dear Madam: Being your ad in Omaha Eagle I am hereby presenting myself with honorable intentions. Have 750-acre ranch in partnership with one Bill Owens with money in bank, but credit hereabout and with mail-order arms. Height six foot one inch; weight 160. If satisfactory will wire face, Wausonia, Neb.
WALTER K. RAMSDALL.
"Night message" asked Cherry pleasantly, as she drew her pencil through "Dear Madam."
Walt repeated her air of aloofness and lack of curiosity. He hauled out a pigskin wallet and extracted a yellow bill.
"Send it now and get it there this afternoon. I don't care what it costs. Any corrections to suggest?"
Cherry's blue eyes looked him over slowly, in one sweeping summary of his apparent shortcomings as an ideal suitor, and shook her head aggravatingly, with a certain little curl to her short upper lip. Some months previously she had been courted assiduously by Mr. Ramsdell, and being the only attractive and desirable girl in a radius of forty miles she had failed to take his offer at its proper valuation. Walt waited grimly until she had dispatched the message, then rode away with a sinking feeling in his heart at the desperate step he had taken.
In the days of waiting for his answer he haunted the telegraph office. Cherry was likewise postmistress, and Bill warned him of his danger.
"It's just as dangerous hanging around some female you've been once attached to as it is getting measles the second time. I wouldn't put it past Cherry a bit to try and get ahead of the eastern widow and think she's doing something mighty smart."
But Cherry held serenely to her own course of action. Instead of being scornful she became sympathetic and rather remorseful. When she found Walt poring painfully over a mail-order catalogue that guaranteed to furnish a honeymoon equipment at so much per room she aided him instead of laughing. Walt found himself deferring to her taste in snowflake curtains and golden oak sideboards. It was Cherry who suggested cutting out the phonograph and putting in a studio willow set instead, and a low bookcase. Walt had hesitated over a red velvet set.
"It isn't becoming to blondes," she said thoughtfully.
Walt's gaze traveled to Cherry's brown, short curls and wide, brown eyes, alert as a squirrel's, and for one instant he thought of how she would look surrounded by the studio willow set. He leaned over the little wooden barrier between them eagerly, forgetful of windows.
"It's awfully good of you to lend to all this stuff for me, Cherry. I'd never thought of that freless cooker or the washing machine or that line of things. You know there wasn't any real reason why we didn't—well—didn't get married ourselves, only you seemed unwilling."
Cherry's bowed head gave no sign of attention; she was getting the signal for the incoming train on the eastern track.
"Cherry, girl"—Walt felt all caution leave him suddenly. "I ain't any hand at delivering speeches, but I can't stand it, seeing you here day after day. You're just the only girl in the world for me—"
Cherry swung past him with the mail pouch over her shoulder, laughing softly, her eyes filled with mischief. After the express had passed on, and he carried in the new pouch, he helped her while she sorted the mail, humming to herself, not a love song but one of the range riders' ballads he had taught her.
And suddenly she paused, holding in her hand a letter addressed to Mr. Walter K. Ramsdell. There was a large and promising catalogue for him. He opened them dubiously, but with a grim determination to his mouth and jaw. Cherry read the letter over his shoulder.
Dear Correspondent: We were much pleased to receive your wire, and would refer you to our catalogue, hoping you may find a suitable object for your affection. Trusting to receive your valued order at an early date, we are,
Sincerely yours,
METER & HOBBS.
Walt lifted a baffled face to Cherry, and she laughed.
"I know you'd get one. Lots of the boys have answered that."
"And you let me send that telegram?" he demanded.
"I wanted to have you ride over often. Walt, so I could see you," she whispered. "And I did choose the willow set, you know."

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his Christmas Gift

WHETHER for Husband, Father, Sweetheart or Brother—nothing could be more practical, useful or good-looking for his Christmas Gift than a

Robinson Suit or Overcoat

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT of a Robinson Suit or Overcoat will be a constant reminder of your forethought, and will be at all times fully appreciated.
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From Halifax to Vancouver—
A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

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The Largest Exclusive Clothiers in Canada

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Temporary Reduction in Passenger Train Service WILL BE MADE Effective January 4, 1920
For Full Particulars Apply to Ticket Agents

Gage's Cash Grocery
CORNER GORE AND WELLINGTON STS.
XMAS ASSORTMENT
Xmas Stockings 15c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00
Candy Cakes 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c
Box Chocolates 25c, 50c, 1.00, \$1.50
Choice Creams and Chocolates 40c a pound
—XMAS FRUIT CAKE
—UNFERMENTED WINES
—SWEET CIDER
—GRAPES—JANANAS
—ORANGES—APPLES
—XMAS PLUM PUDDINGS

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All colors and sizes, from \$10.00 to \$15.50
Splendid variety of Handkerchiefs in dainty Xmas boxes. Price 50c, 65c, 75c.
Ladies' Kimonos and Dressing Sacques, assorted colors and sizes.
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