

**Always Delicious
Always Refreshing**
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TEA
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Never in Bulk.
BLACK-GREEN-MIXED

My Christmas List

Mother - a dainty silver mounted
Waterman's Pen with
ribbon - \$6. or \$7.50

Dad - one of those big
mottled Waterman's Pens
he's been talking about
see the year - \$6.00

Mary Jane and Biliis - plain
black Waterman's Pens - \$2.50
each

Sister Sarah - will see contribute
and get her a Waterman's
Pen with gold bands - \$4.00

The Others - get Waterman's Pens.

Waterman's
Fountain Pen
179 S. James Street
MONTREAL

buy all these
to one store
then my Christmas
shopping is done

**When Ed Got
a Jolt**
By CORONA REMINGTON.

Ed Vance watched the girl as she sat on the rug at his feet holding a slice of bread before the cheery fire. As she drew it back and turned it on the fork the crispy brown odor came up to him.

"You're a regular little home maker," he said, admiringly, as he crunched into the buttered toast and sipped the hot chocolate she had placed at his side.

Sarah Scott flushed with pleasure and gratitude and passed him another piece.

"But I think Mrs. Wade is the dear to let us do this in her parlor—not many people would," she told her fiancé.

"She certainly is pretty decent," he admitted, "but then she looks on you as her own child."

"Yes, she's just about been a mother to me since I came to town to work. This feels almost as much like home to me as my real, sure-enough one does now."

"Eh, it feels more like home to me than anything I've had since I was a little boy. When I'm here with you, like this, why I don't want anything better—ever. It's perfect! All the bliss of a home of your own without the responsibilities," he said, laughing lightly.

A tiny little frown appeared on Sarah's face. He was joking, of course, but somehow the words jarred. They sounded so shiftless, so weak-backed.

"The rest of the evening fell flat for me—she sat beside him in front of the fire, as was her custom—he in the big armchair, she on the rug at his feet. Occasionally he would put out a hand and draw her head against his knee, usually blissful moments of happy silence while the two stared into the fire and dreamed and rested, rested from a hard day's work. But to-night—she felt almost irritated by his touch; she wanted to jerk her head away, to jump up and run away upstairs and leave him fussing over her strange behavior.

The evening wore away somehow, and at last Ed took his departure, perfectly happy and totally ignorant of his fiancé's disturbed condition—dense male that he was.

"Well, he's gone," Sarah said a second later, as she walked into the little dining-room where Mrs. Wade sat rocking and piecing quilt scraps. The latter glanced up from her work at the young girl standing there before her.

"Well, child, you said it as if he was a book agent or a collector or some other human varmint."

Sarah tried to laugh, but it was rather a failure.

"Oh, no, he's lovely, but somehow I felt all out of control about it. I blue and can't tell exactly why it is."

"Don't tell me anything's gone wrong between you and Ed," said Mrs. Wade, taking off her spectacles and looking more closely at Sarah.

"No, nothing that I can put my finger on."

Sarah was silent for a moment and Mrs. Wade, with sixty years' knowledge of human nature, knew that something was forthcoming, so waited patiently for the girl to speak.

"It's funny, Mrs. Wade, but Ed hasn't said anything about getting married for nearly three months now," Sarah said after a while.

"Been engaged nearly a year—haven't you?"

The girl nodded silently.

"Too long. Time you got married. Trouble is Ed's just comfortable sitting in my parlor chairs and warming himself by my fire."

With a start Sarah remembered what Ed had said that very evening, and she flashed a glance of wonder at motherly Mrs. Wade.

"I've been thinking about this right along," she said, almost as if she had read the girl's thoughts, "and I want to tell you something; Ed's a fine boy, but he needs a jolt—a great big hard one. Now I got a letter from your mother this morning—she's been thinking about it all supper, but didn't get time—and she says the rheumatism's settled in her knees mighty bad and she has a hard time doing the work. She didn't want me to tell you, because she thought you were happy down here than you were in the country—more opportunity and such—and she didn't want you to lose your job, but I didn't live near Mrs. Scott thirty years for nothing and I know when she grumps, she's got something to grump about. So if I were you I'd throw up that good-for-nothing job and go home, and I wouldn't be writing to Ed every minute, neither."

"Oh, oh, poor mother! I'd never have forgiven you if you hadn't told me. I'll go home to-morrow." Sarah's face was quite white with grief.

"That's right. You go along and pack your things so you can catch that six o'clock train in the morning. I'll explain to Ed and your boss."

That morning, as the train hurried her to Cumberland, she had just a little sense of satisfaction in picturing Ed's face when he found her gone, and without a word of explanation, either. She might have enjoyed it more if she had been able to witness it. Mrs. Wade was in her most disarming mood.

"Sarah's gone home," she told him. "Yes, her mother's not well," she rattled on, ignoring his gaping astonishment, "but she's not as sick as Sarah thinks. I just got to worrying about that young girl down here all by herself. And down at that office working with Lord knows what kind of men. A city's so full of wickedness and crime it ain't no place for a girl that ain't got a husband to look after her, and especially a sweet little country girl that don't know nothing about sin. So I just telephoned her boss she had to go home to take care of her mother, and she's not coming back here till she's married. I'm sorry, Ed, but you'll have

to do without her till you can go and get her."

For a second Ed was speechless. He looked wistfully at the big leather chair, now holding its owner so comfortably in its embrace—at the vacant spot on the rug where Sarah had sat only the night before, and a feeling of loneliness swept over him. It was all so sudden, so brutally unexpected.

"But—I must have her," he said at last. "I can't do without my little Sarah."

Mrs. Wade lowered her eyes to hide the glint of triumph in them.

"I know, Ed," she said, all motherly sympathy, "but we all have to stand some things and I reckon you'll have to wait until you can afford to start housekeeping. You'll enjoy it all the more when it comes. It'll be grand having a little house all your own with Sarah to greet you when you come home from work and a nice hot meal setting on the table. My, I don't blame you for being impatient the way you must a binged from bad boardin' houses to worse."

"I can't wait and, what's more, I won't!" The man spoke with masculine determination as he started to walk to the door. "I'm going to get Sarah right now. In the morning you can phone my boss my mother's sick, too," he said, turning back.

Mrs. Wade looked up, her mild gray eyes meeting his.

"My my, you're such a heasty young man!" she remarked innocently.

PECULIAR FLAVOR OF PEKOE.

Silvery Hairs on Leaves of This Tea Give It Distinctive Taste.

The tiny, silvery hairs in your orange pekoe tea and the small white pieces which look like stems are not something which should not be there, but are really these things which give orange pekoe its delicious flavor. The tea plant constantly throws out new shoots at the end of each twig and the leafbud which is just unfolding, together with the small leaf next to it produces the finest quality of tea; the leaf at the end of the small branch being the best of all and quality of the leaves of the lower twigs of the branch becoming poorer in proportion to their proximity to the trunk, says Consul C. L. Hoover, Batavia, in a report to the Department of Commerce.

These first two leaves are covered with hairs, which, when the leaf is dried, give a silvery appearance to the tea and from this comes the trade name, "Pekoe," the Chinese words "pak ho" meaning "white hairs."

This tea produces an orange-colored beverage, hence the name "orange pekoe." The small white pieces which look like stems are not stems at all, but the very finest part of the leaf, the tip, and tea made from them is very strong and has the most delicate aroma. The dried tea leaves are graded by women who screen the tea by placing it in a flat tray made of woven bamboo, and throwing it into the air until all the lightest leaves are on the top. The lighter tea is the last to come down and after carefully sorting the tea to the point where all the leaves of the same quality are on top, the tray is quickly withdrawn from beneath the light leaves, which fall into another tray at the feet of the woman who is doing the fanning. The heavy tea is the last to fall into the tray of the next woman, who submits it to still further manipulation.—N. Y. Times.

Wasted Money.

Some remarkable gratuities are revealed in the first report of the Committee of Public Accounts in England. A clerk at Trinity House was found to have embezzled £1,000 from the company's lighthouse funds, dismissed, and sent to prison. The Board of Trade, graciously awarded him a pension of £1,250 a year and a gratuity. Every State Department has its little money-wasting episode. The Office of Works hired a contractor for \$125 a year in 1888. The premises were not required after 1904, but no one thought of terminating the tenancy, and the rent was paid regularly until Christmas 1915. A large cross which was erected in September, 1911, at \$300 a week. The owner offered to sell it for \$45,000, but his offer was not accepted. The \$300 a week was paid until August, 1921—a total payment of \$75,000. The tug was then bought for \$20,000, and as it was no longer required, it was put on the disposal list for sale at any price. The Air Ministry finding it necessary to evict a farmer, promised to install him in a neighboring farm at an estimated cost of \$4,000. The installation involved the rebuilding of the farm, and cost more than \$45,000. These incidents are only a few instances of the muddling of Government departments that have been investigated.

Cebu Founded in 1565.

The oldest European settlement in the Orient is the city of Cebu, Cebu province, Philippine Islands. It was founded by Legaspi in 1565, 44 years after the island was discovered by Magellan. On the main plaza of the city is a small building, which houses a large cross which was erected to mark the spot where Magellan and his companions gathered for the first mass in the Philippines. A short distance from it is the old triangular fort of San Pedro, on the site of Magellan's fortification. In the same neighborhood is the Augustinian Church of Santo Nino and convent. In the church is the image known as the "Holy Child of Cebu," which, according to tradition, was given by Magellan to the temporarily converted wife of the chief of Cebu, and recovered forty years later after the coming of Legaspi.

Accurate Diagnosis.

Stockbroker—Yes, I'm feeling a bit below par.

Doctor—Say, 99!

Stockbroker—Worse than that—99 15-16.—London Opinion.

Not Like His Father.

Dyer—How is young Wryld making out?

Dyer—Pretty well. But he'll never be the bootlegger his father was.—Life.

Stuart Baker, aged forty-three, Canadian Pacific trainman, Smith's Falls, suffered the loss of his left arm below the elbow as the result of an accident sustained when he fell from the top of a moving box car.

The man who warded off the word is usually too tired to strike a blow.



Give Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra as your Xmas Gift!

An ecstasy of syncopation is at its height. You can fairly sense the thrill of the players as the crashing music pours forth—weaving a fantasy of rhythm. The home echoes with happiness and joy. And no wonder—for it is Paul Whiteman and his famous Orchestra that is playing for their dance.

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 - Dearie—Fox Trot No. 19136
 - Fate—Fox Trot No. 19116
 - Lady of the Evening—Fox Trot No. 19119
 - Underneath the Willow Moon—Waltz Wonderful One—Waltz No. 19119
- The World's Greatest Dance Orchestras**
- Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra, Club Royal Orchestra, Zex Conroy and His Orchestra, Clyde Doerr and His Orchestra, Charles Dornberger and His Orchestra, Melody Kings Dance Orchestra, The Great White Way Orchestra, Tennessee Ten, The Benson Orchestra of Chicago, S.S. Leviathan Orchestra.

"His Master's Voice" Victor

STILL MAKING CHEESE.

The Factory at Findley Station Still Open.

Findley Station, Dec. 4.—A number from here expect to attend the poultry fair at Lyndhurst. Mr. Walker is making cheese yet. James Wilson visited his sister, Mrs. Bruce David, Brighton, recently. Mrs. W. Simpson and baby spent a few days at Seely's Bay. Francis and Elmer Donaldson are attending the agriculture course in Kingston. Mrs. Brennan who has been ill is improving. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, the marriage of Miss Jewel Keeler and William Grice took place at the family residence, Rev. Mr. Doggett officiating. They will reside in Belleville. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson and Miss Maude, Kingston, visited at Lorne Thompson's recently. Miss Myrtle A. Sidley, Kingston, spent the week-end at her uncle's, M. J. Mullen's.

A Nurse-in-Training Ill.

Lavant Station, Dec. 4.—The many friends of Miss Myrtle Bingley, Smith's Falls, are sorry to hear of her serious illness with scarlet fever and hope for a speedy recovery. Mr. and Mrs. William McKinnon, and family, Namaka, Alta., are visiting the former's parents. Mr. and Mrs. J. McKinnon, Miss Irene Lashley, Watson's Corners, visited over the week-end with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Lee. Mrs. John Paul, Lavant, is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. William Browning. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barr and Misses Enid and Muriel Paul, Poland, spent the week-end at the home of Mrs. Thomas Lee.

Mr. Little, Queen's University, Kingston, conducted services here on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule spent Monday in Renfrew. Mrs. Joseph Burke, Sharbot Lake, visited friends here last week. Misses Vieta and Isobel Millar, Snow Road, spent a couple of days last week with their friends Miss Eugenia Mercant.

The box social and concert held here on Friday night, Nov. 30th, proved very successful, despite the inclemency of the weather. A good time was enjoyed.

Knew The Anecdote.

A tourist and his wife, after their return from abroad, were telling the wonders they had seen at the Louvre in Paris. The husband

mentioned with enthusiasm a picture which represented Adam and Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden, in connection with the eating of the forbidden fruit. The wife also waxed enthusiastic and interjected the remark: "Yes, we found the picture most interesting, because you see, we know the anecdote."

On a charge of having liquor in an illegal place, second offence, Ralph Barker was sentenced to two months in the county jail by Magistrate Page, Brockville, and a further term of three months, in default of a fine of \$200 and costs, \$3.

We should gain more by letting ourselves be seen such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

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