

Church Bells at Christmas.

Wake me to-night, my lover, dear.
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear.
To tell me of the Father's love...

Wake me again, my mother, dear.
That I may hear.
The best of the departing year...

THE CAROL OF THREE: A NOVEL.

The row was this. Among the Boers assembled for the "machina's" festival...

But Ernest picked himself up little the Dutchman. Encouraged by his late success...

Meanwhile Jeremy came up and faced the Dutchman. Encouraged by his late success...

Next round he repeated the same tactics, receiving himself a stroke on the shoulder...

And now did the popular excitement on both sides grow stronger for the interest of national feeling...

At that moment, however, an untoward thing happened. The giant struck out his strongest, and Jeremy could not succeed in entirely warding off the blow...

The Boer stared at him and smiled, and then asked what an "English fellow" was saying...

"What does this brain-sick fellow want?" shouted the Boer...

"I shall try to make you," was the answer.

This remark was received with a shout of laughter from the crowd...

A great Englishman followed this blow, and a counter-blow from the crowd of Dutchmen...

man who dared to stand against him.

The Boer turned and spat on some of his supporters...

"Hold them!" answered the young fellow, who was a good sort...

Best him, who will let off that miserable beggar?" and he pointed to the trembling Hottentot.

Then they faced one another. The giant was a trifle over six foot seven high...

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accused in lifting him a few inches from the ground.

"By George, he will throw him next time," said Mr. Alston to Ernest...

And, indeed, Jeremy was in evil case, for his senses were fast being crushed out...

Now there was a trick, which I will not tell you, my reader, but which a famous Eastern counties wrestler...

Just at the moment that Jeremy heard the voice, the giant shifted his hold a little, and enabled his antagonist to lift his legs...

"Make an end of him! Make an end of him!" shouted the Boers...

To and fro swung Jeremy, and now the giant's feet were lifted from the ground...

Then did selected individuals of his fellow-countrymen to a restaurant called the "European"...

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STONEY CREEK.

Reminiscences of the Battle in 1813. To the Editor of the Times: Sir,--If you will favor me with the use of your valuable paper...

The substance of the retainer's explanation was as follows: When the moon was getting low, vanishing, indeed, behind the hills...

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DROWNING HIS CHILDREN.

Dreadful story by Mr. J. M. Heekin. They tell me that a man who was returning from his suburban home in Linwood...

Heekin, it may be remarked, is still at large.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A New Train Game.

A drummer fresh from a southern trip sat in a Boston liquor dispensary the other day and saw some boys...

Perhaps there are chips and chips. I used to think that man had an awfully easy time of it...

The Ideal Boot for Women.

The Christmas shopping is fairly under way, and scores of shoppers are pleading through the deep plush and snow of the streets with "patience..."

Will You Try Nerviline?

For all kinds of pain! Nerviline is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago and sciatica...

How to Save Money.

Whether you live on a small farm or in a city, you can save money by following a few simple rules...

Watch in America for the Price.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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