

CHRISSEY'S CHRISTMAS.

astonished friend good night, with an enthusiastic embrace, and ran on—for there was a great deal to do and little time to do it in. Bank officers had to be found and persuaded to let her open her box in their safe immediately. But the person whom Chrissy Longleat could not coax and cajole had not yet been seen, and she had her way, as usual.

It was after morning service on Christmas day that Mrs Penn, as proud in her new cloak as Alice Fell in her new duffel gray, made bold to walk up the aisle and step into the vestry.

"You'll have to excuse me, certain," she said, "but just you look here!"

She glanced about her timorously, and then cautiously displayed some papers folded in her handkerchief that she had clutched closely in her hand from prayer to benediction.

"Are these an answer to prayer or not?" she asked triumphantly, as the minister opened and examined the papers. "I don't know much about money matters," said Mrs Penn. "But I seen a bond once, and I know enough to tell another when I see it. You cut off them cowpens twice a year, and the bank gives you money for 'em. Two fifties twice a year—ain't that a competency? I prayed for a competency last night, as I telled ye I was in the way of doin', an' here's the answer. You see, don't ye? And I must say it's been quick a-comin'!"

"Yes," said the minister, "I see," having, nevertheless, some doubt if he ought to see, it being Christmas day and this a business matter. "Five per cent. Crosscut Railway bonds. H'm! They're not registered, so they're easily transferable. You had better have them registered at once, so that no thief can get away with them. Have you any idea where they came from?"

"They came from the Lord!" said Mrs. Penn, authoritatively. "That's enough for me. I didn't ask anybody else for it, and I did ask the Lord, and here it is. Two hundred, paid twice a year. And if you give them to me, or if Miss Longleat give them to me,—though I don't suppose that's possible,—if Mis Lawyer James give them, or Judge Gay, or anybody, all the same they're the answer to prayer, for nobody at all would have given them if the Lord Himself hadn't put it into the heart to give. It's the answer to prayer, as I just telled Mis Sloane. She says she'll keep 'em for me."

"The box in the savings-bank will keep them better," said the minister. "Well, goodbye, Mrs Penn. It's a fine Christmas present, and as you say, the Lord put it into the heart of the giver to give. I hope you'll enjoy your goose."

"How'd you know I had a goose? Say, I guess there's ben more than one giver to my door!"

"And that the breastbone will be white," said the minister.

"Crosscut Railway bonds," said Mrs Sloane at dinner, when at the stage of the pudding she was reporting her interview with Mrs Penn that morning. "I didn't

know there were any to be had. It's only a short freight road, but it's as solid as gold, and the Longleat family took almost the whole of them, I've heard Aunt Price say. Well, Mrs Penn's in luck. I wonder why nobody ever thinks of tucking such a Christmas present under my door—

"Why, mother, mother!" cried Sally. "You know Chrissy gave me my piano, and paid the dentist's bill for us, and—and—" and Sally stammered and stopped and reddened.

"And gave all the Christmasing down in Deep Cove?" asked the minister, of a sudden grown very white.

"She's the best, the dearest, the most tender-hearted, the most generous girl in the world!" cried Sally, impulsively. "If there were more like her it would be just Heaven here!"

"And she is a Longleat! Why, Sally, she told me herself you earned everything she gave you!"

"I never earned a thing! I never did a thing for her! She just played I earned it reading French with her. As if I could earn furs and gowns and pianos reading French!"

"Why, Sally, I never!" said Mrs Sloane. That night the minister was standing in a window of the Longleat mansion by the side of the little mistress of it, in at once a very humble and a very exalted frame of mind.

"Oh," Chrissy was saying, as she looked up at him, "what a change one day can make! I was going away tomorrow, for I thought it was Sally you cared for, and I had given you in my mind to her."

"I was yours," said the minister, "and you had a right to do as you would with your own. But that was a little too generous. I am afraid I didn't deserve Sally—I know I didn't deserve you!"

And as the minister looked out on Orion, hanging white and glorious on the black heavens, with Sirins blazing near by, it seemed to him no marvel that, when in the clear frost of the Christmas weather the firmament showed forth the glory of God, Christ should have come to show His mercy and His love.

History of a Typhoid Outbreak.

A little bit of history in connection with the recent incipient outbreak of typhoid in Toronto that was nipped in the bud by Dr. Sheard suggests a necessary amendment to the health act to empower the Medical Health Officer to notify city milk dealers where he has discovered a source of bad milk. In October last year one of the inspectors of the health department reported to Dr. Sheard that there was typhoid in the family of a farmer supplying milk to city dairymen, and that the farmer was not taking proper sanitary precautions. The health act gives the health officer authority to prevent such milk coming into the city, and, if it comes in, to seize and empty it down the sewer. Dr. Sheard at once notified the farmer that he would not be permitted to bring milk into the

city, and told him why. The farmer immediately stopped bringing milk to Toronto.

With the beginning of November this year Dr. Sheard noticed a slight increase in the number of cases of typhoid, and, what was more remarkable that nearly all the people stricken had been supplied with milk from the same dairy. He at once notified the dairy and instituted an inquiry into which the milk vendors entered energetically, with the result that in a few days typhoid germs were found in milk that had come from the farm which Dr. Sheard had prohibited as a source of supply just a year before. Dr. Sheard explained the situation easily enough. The fever germs scattered round last fall remained frozen up over winter and began breeding in the waters of the farm in the spring and got into the milk. The farmer, after stopping his trade with the city for a while, began it again with another dairy for a customer, with the result that a score or more of Toronto's citizens are down with typhoid.

It ought to be easy to prevent that sort of thing, and it might be done if the health officer were authorized not only to prohibit the infected milk, but also to notify all the city dealers that the milk was prohibited and to forbid them to receive. At present if the health officer were to adopt that course he would be liable to an action for damages. That a verdict against a health officer could be obtained on such grounds was proven pretty expensively by one of Dr. Sheard's predecessors.

How to Treat the Doctor.

1. Give him your entire confidence.
2. Answer his questions simply and fully.
3. Never keep any symptom back because you think it unimportant. Tell him everything that can help him to judge the progress of the case.
4. Don't wait to send for him until your child is dying.
5. Don't speak of him to your sick child as if he was an old bogey.
6. Carry out his directions to the letter, telling him honestly if you think they are not having a good effect, and why. Be especially careful to follow his instructions as to diet.
7. Never complain of him behind his back.
8. Don't give the patient other remedies which busybodies recommend without telling him. At the best they will probably counteract the medicine he is giving.
9. Remember that a doctor does not only treat the disease but the patient. Every patient requires individual treatment and to give Tommy Green's cough mixture to your own child may do irreparable harm, though the children's ailments appear to be similar.

Why Postpone

Purchasing your

No time like the present.

Christmas Presents.

We have just opened up our Christmas goods, consisting of Hanging and Banquet Lamps, Carvers in Sets, Silver Plated Knives & Forks, Table and Pocket Cutlery, And other Plated Goods. Hockey Skates, Sleds, etc.

All for the Xmas Trade.

Don't forget that you can purchase at our stores both at

WOODSTOCK AND CENTREVILLE.

Useful and Ornamental Presents at the lowest prices.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

Something Like an Adventure.

"Well," said the red-faced man, "the most exciting chase I ever had happened a few years ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of thirteen wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killed one of the brutes, and, to my delight, saw the others stop to devour it. After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result, and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, yet on it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good hot supper."

Here the man, who had been sitting quietly in the corner, burst forth into a fit of laughter.

reckoning, that last wolf must have had the other twelve inside it!

"Ah!" said the red-faced man, "now I remember, it did wobble a bit."

The Cause of His Grief.

The danger of explaining all one's troubles is illustrated by an incident from Chums. A kind-hearted old gentleman had found a small boy crying, and stopped to see what was the matter.

"Why are you crying, my little lad?" he asked.

"Boohoo!" said the boy. "Billy Wells hit me, an' father hit me because I let Billy hit me, an' Billy Wells hit me again because I told father, an' now father'll hit me again because Billy Wells hit me the second time."

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

Winter Has Come!

So has the Christmas Bargains at our store. Our stock includes all the Useful and Elegant Things so desirable for a Christmas Present.

SOLID GOLD
—AND—
GOLD FILLED
WATCHES.

Moderate
Priced
Diamond
Rings.

Real and Imitation
EBONY
GOODS
In Endless Variety.

BLACK WOOD
—AND—
MARBLE
CLOCKS.

Gold
Headed
Canes.
Sterling Silver
—AND—
Silver Plated
WARE.

See the guarantee of our Silver Plated Ware by the factory. These are only a few of the many desirable things for presents.

WE
Had almost forgotten
OUR LEADER.
What so acceptable for a Christmas Present as one of our
LUCKY MARRIAGE LICENSES,
AND
Fine Gold
Wedding Rings
For the Best Girl.



With all these and many more beautiful goods there is no need to send out of town for a single present. The goods are right. The prices are right. The seller is reliable.



W. B. Jewett, Jewett's Corner.