

# WE BRING YOU TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!

We wish to tell you where to purchase Suitable Gifts for your many friends.

You naturally want to know what they are. It would take the descriptive pen of the skilled professionalist to portray the beauty, usefulness and value of the goods we are offering for the Holiday Trade.

## Such Lovely Creations in Perfumes

Odors from the Plants and Flowers from the various parts of the earth, in Rose, Easter Lily, Cytise, Oleander, Opoponax, Crab Apple, Mayflower, Pinks, Chrysanthemum, Heliotrope, Violet, Swiss Lilac, Lily of Sapan, Safranor, Miniosa La Tosca, Amovita, Blush Rose, Trifle Incarnate and numerous others. These in most beautiful and delicate packages, or in single ounce bottles or bulk, in prices ranging from 10 cents to \$7.00.

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Colognes and Powders is complete. We can show you such nice packages in Manicure, Glove, Handkerchief, Watch and Trinket Cases. Atomizers in every shape and design. And such pretty, useful creations in the Brush line, in Hair, Cloth, Bath and Military. We have these in Tortoise, Ribbed Ivory, Ebony, and Rose Wood. Our always complete line of Fancy Soaps in pretty packages is even more extensive if possible. We have them from Roger & Gallet, Crown Perfumery Company and Pears, London, Taylor, Toronto, Seeley, Detroit, Colgate and other of the best manufacturers.

## A Word About Our Smokers' Goods.

A nice Christmas Package of Cigars in a natty box. The best that can be bought in the pipe line, in Meerschmum and Briar with mountings of pure Amber and Vulcanite. We carry the celebrated line marked G. B. D. Special. A look over our assortment of Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc., will satisfy you. This story will tell you of a few of the Christmas Novelties in our store. Come in and we will be pleased to show you our most complete line.

# SHEASGREEN, - - - At the Connell Pharmacy.

## FOR THE KNOWLEDGE THEREOF.

A Love Tale, by Adam Adams.

"How does a man know when a woman loves him?"

"Asks her," responded Layton, between puffs.

Burritt's smile was composite; ironical, amused, bitter.

"Um—I'll change the phraseology. How can I know?"

"You, old man?" Layton removed his pipe and held it lovingly between his long, shapely fingers. "You? Ah!"

"A complex proposition, now, eh—Layton?"

"Rather."

"And a blamed hard one, Kurt. If I hadn't lost faith in woman's disinterestedness I might stumble into happiness all right. As a man thinks—you know. But I've seen the sordid side of them so long I'll be jiggered if I'm sure they have any other."

"That we have; include paterfamilias, also, Burritt. Human faults and virtues have no sex."

"Burritt did not heed Layton's homily. 'I'm pretty hard hit. If she only loved me—but how can I know?'"

"Are you talking about Louie Adams?"

"Are there twenty-four hours in a day?" retorted Burritt, irritably.

"I only wanted to be sure. Pronouns are such deuced impersonal things. Once I was telling a man about—"

"Cut it short. It is Louie Adams. Have you any helpful suggestions?"

Layton fingered his pipe again, reached out his long legs and ran one hand thoughtfully over his thick blond hair.

"You want too much for your money. You should not bargain so finely. Louie had a grandfather, a great-grandfather, a great-great-grandfather. The blood of governors, secretaries of the cabinet, generals, senators, runs in her veins. Mrs. Adams was a Morton, Adams pere was the least of the Adamses, yet he—pardon me, old man—would have considered himself democratic, very politic, in election times, to have drunk his whiskey and water alongside Dad Burritt. The Burritt millions to wed the Adams blue blood should be enough. Our girls don't ask for sentiment when they buy dukes and lords."

Burritt gave his mustache a vicious jerk. "I don't care a hang for her blue blood. It's the girl herself, and it must be the man for

himself. I want a woman who loves me, not a wife to do honor to my millions. I've never cared for any woman but her. Now I've got it about as bad as it comes. I've done nothing for a year but follow her about. I bought this place, gave this house party, was agreeable to a lot of dopes, just to get her here. I'm a good gambler ordinarily, but this isn't a thing for hazard. If she doesn't love me I don't want her. But if she does? Well—it's all the heaven I'd ever want."

"Um," said Layton, dryly. "To love like that, yet doubt your dear one's honor! I would take the word of the woman I love for good and aye."

Burritt reddened. "You've not had my experience. Either women are the most mercenary creatures or myself the most irresistible thing that ever came down the pike. They have swarmed after me like bees. I've been angled for, baited, hunted, coaxed, cajoled, any way to get me to offer my hand and—heart or millions; is there much doubt which? I am skeptical. I've been through fire and sword, alias invitations and smiles, till I'm a veteran. I love Louie Adams. I—look here, Kurt, I tremble like a bashful boy every time she looks at me. I would literally eat her if I could get her in my arms."

"Trust her, Burritt," said Layton, insistently. "Louie's true blue. She won't sell herself. If she said she loved me I would know she did."

"You? Yes. But—by Jove, Kurt, do you know the temptation of millions? I've seen men, men on whose integrity I would have staked my life, turn traitors in an hour. It's a disease, a terrible, clutching, desperate sickness. I've seen things on 'Change that—look here, Kurt, if I did have faith I'd be fit subject for an asylum."

Layton filled his pipe again, "Perhaps. Still I'd trust Louie."

"Wait till you're in love," said Burritt, sharply. "You'll be assailed by all the doubts of Thomas then."

"I'm in love now, have been for five years, and expect to be for an indefinite period. It's reached the chronic stage."

Burritt wheeled about.

"You?"

"Incomprehensible, but true," said Layton, nonchalantly. "How I have managed to sustain myself and the grand passion is rather remarkable. The problem of how to satisfy a dollar-and-a-half appetite on a twenty-five cent dinner would seem to run amuck of hungering for the sight of a pair of blue eyes and the dearest smile in the world. You won't ask your beloved because you're too

rich, and I—" he shot an amused glance at Burritt's perturbed countenance. "I would ask mine in a jiffy if I could figure out how to feed her. She's quite plump now; 'twould be harrowing to see those precious pounds vanish into nothingness."

Burritt gazed at his friend, stunned. They had been to Princeton together, chummed, been fast friends then and ever since, and never before had he realized Layton's straitened circumstances. Always well dressed, perfectly groomed; not extravagant, but a good fellow at all times; doing his part so gracefully its simplicity was unnoted. Kurt Layton had been considered—if thought were given to it all—as a man of comfortable means. He had taken the law course, been admitted to the bar, and for five years had practised in the city. Always the same handsome, courteous, humorously good-natured man, indolently indifferent to conventions, an easy, interesting talker, an intelligent listener, he was naturally much liked. Burritt had a real affection for him. He gave him a swift, comprehensive glance.

Layton smiled knowingly. "You're thinking of those piled-up millions, old man. Don't. I'm not a Socialist. Moreover, I have all the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of this opulent age. I'm deuced well fixed for a bachelor. It was pretty hard pulling at one time, just when I started to practise, but it's clear sailing now."

"For a bachelor," said Burritt. Layton laughed. "Yes; my canoe won't carry double. A wife is more than a luxury—she's an extravagance."

"And she loves you," said Burritt, in the same musing voice.

"She?" Layton whistled softly. "Um—I don't know. I've never asked her. She's not the sort a man would make love to idly. No; it's a one-sided affair. I've learned to enjoy her as one does a beautiful sunset or a Titian. I shall probably be best man at her wedding soon. I'll kiss her then—by gad!" He gazed at Burritt almost with a grin. "He oughtn't to begrudge me that—eh? Just one kiss to remember for all the years to come."

Burritt laughed, relieved. There was something contagious in Layton's merriment. "He'd be an ass if he did."

"Allow it or begrudge it, which, Burritt?" "Begrudge it, of course. You can be best man at my wedding and kiss the bride, sure."

"Thanks, awfully, old man. When is it to be?"

Burritt swore roundly. "By heavens!" he completed, "I would give \$100,000, gladly, this very hour, to know whether she loves me or not."

Layton gazed at him a moment, his expression changing rapidly. He turned to the desk and wrote for a couple of minutes, then handed the written page to Burritt.

"There, old man. I've taken you at your word. Sign this, and the thing'll be done in an hour."

Burritt read aloud:

"In consideration of positive information to be furnished me this day, by the assistance of Kurt Layton, concerning the sentimental attitude of a woman dear to me, i. e., whether she loves me or does not love me, I

hereby agree to pay to the said Kurt Layton the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000).

(Signed) " " "What? Eh? How?" Burritt stammered, looking at Layton, openmouthed.

Layton took him by the arm and swung him toward the window.

"See that bunch of cedars. Well, you saunter that way and sit you down on the farther side. I'll meander that way with Louie in a bit and—you get your information and I my hundred thousand."

For an instant the proposition staggered Burritt. Then his keen business mind began to adjust itself to the commercial side of the transaction. Why not? Layton could do it easily—he had known Louie for years—he would not bungle the matter. Burritt could trust him for that. Did she not love him (Burritt) she need never know of his affection for her; they could be better friends afterward than if he proposed and was rejected. Did she love him he would know the blessed truth; there would be no torturing doubts to poison his happiness. It was easily worth the price.

"Done," he said, gripping Layton's hand. "Shake, old man. A brilliant idea." With a quick hand he affixed his name, "Edwin H. Burritt."

As he waited behind the cedars he smiled at his sudden tranquility. In this as in all his momentous affairs he had become as iron, not a nerve unstrung. Yet no other affair had ever meant to him what this did. He had cared nothing for women till he met Louie Adams. They had amused him; their pretty vanities and alluring sweetness, their pretty tricks and cold calculations, had entertained him. They had made him smile, sometimes grimly, again happily, but never beyond the moment. Despite their lavish demonstrations he read them aright. Not one of all the feminine host who had laid siege to his heart had really cared for him. This he knew. And it was this knowledge that made him so unhappy in his love for Louie. For what grounds had he to hope that the most beautiful, glorious, adorable, woman in all the world should love him, he repeated, miserably. And he could find no reason save the same old consolation with which lovers of all ages have tricked themselves—the strength of his devotion, the mighty power of his affection, must win her love, draw it forcibly from out her being.

Through an opening between the trees he saw her coming, a tall, athletic girl, whose free, swinging gait, kept pace with that of the man beside her. The sun's rays fell on their uncovered heads; Layton's almost golden in the bright light, the girl's a burnished copper, both faces fair and sunburned, both pairs of eyes the blue of the sky. As like as brother and sister, mused Burritt. Somehow the thought pleased him.

"Sit here, Louie," said Layton, throwing himself on the grass. With one hand he supported his chin, an elbow resting on the other.

But the girl stood still, and gazed before her, over the long stretches of green sloping to the slender river, which sparkled and gurgled beneath the shade of bended trees, to

the hills beyond covered with waving grain. She reached out her arms voluntarily, beautiful arms, round and bared from the elbow. White mull, girlishly simple, gown-ed the gracefully erect figure; ribbons and filmy lace swayed softly as she moved. As she seated herself she faced Layton and—Burritt, whose keen eyes drank in thirstily the girl's winsome loveliness.

"This is fairyland, Kurt," she said, softly. "I don't want to leave here one little bit."

"Then don't," said Layton. "You're a good fisherman—land Burritt. He ought to bite at your throw."

She bent her eyes to his, inquisitively. "If Mr. Burritt had said that it would have sounded vulgar; what's the difference, I wonder?"

"He wouldn't have said it. Burritt's the prince of good fellows."

"Do you really like him so much? Truly, now."

"Do I? Had I a sister I'd ask no better fortune for her than to marry Burritt. The man himself."

"Then you advise me to—land him?"

"If you can. I don't imagine he'll be easy even for you."

Thick lashes stood out for a moment over great, speaking eyes; red lips curved indignantly.

"Perhaps you can tell me how to go about it. What tactics do you intend to pursue to land your big fish—Miss Lumis or Kutger, or the pick of the Mead girls? Is there a book of systems, or does one do it instinctively?"

"Let not thy angry passions rise," soothed Layton, flashing a smile into her mischievous eyes. "Especially as you intend to marry Burritt. Because, forsooth, if you don't, why do you accept his invitations and go everywhere he does?"

"I go where he does? I? Do you mean that I am following him about crying out my wares? Going—going—two blue eyes, mouth, cheeks and nose in prime condition, sound in limb and body, height five feet six, weight 135 pounds. Good disposition, will not bite nor kick—Here sir, examine for yourself. Sire, Adams; dam, Morton. Pedigree back to 1245. Going—going—"

Her bell-like voice rang out scornfully. Layton laughed.

"How much will you knock down for, Lu? It sounds good—I might bid myself."

Her arms fell listlessly; she glanced down at him, her eyes wistfully tired.

"We've had enough nonsense, Kurt," she said simply.

His eyes, instantly serious, raised to hers. "Would it be possible for you to love Burritt, Louie? He's downright good. He's educated, clever, loyal, and would idolize you. He admires you greatly, and if you loved him—"

"Don't!" Her voice was sharp, piteous.

"Forgive me," he breathed.

"Perhaps he's all you say. I think he is. Then he's so awfully rich, and wealth is a wonderful thing. But—but not so wonderful as—love."

She spoke slowly, her voice shaking a little with its bravery.

"What would love do, Louie?" he whispered.

# Christmas Suggestions.

## BOOKS.

Our list of books this year is unusually large and varied, including those in cheap and costly bindings. A fine line of Church of England Hymn and Prayer books, Catholic Prayer Books, Presbyterian Book of Praise, and Methodist Hymns.

The Henty Books for Boys.

All kinds of Annuals for Boys and Girls. New Panzie and Elsie Books.

Bright Colored Picture Books for Children.

## A Choice Line of NEW

## CALENDERS

—AND—

## PICTURES.

## Picture Frames.

## CUT GLASS AND CHINA.

These goods are always in order for Christmas gifts.

### Vases.

Salad Bowls, Sugar and Cream, Pepper and Salt, Mustard, Marmalade Jars, Fern Dishes, Cups and Saucers, Plates, Pitchers, Bon Bon Dishes, Vinegar Jugs.

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