

# SOME Holiday Suggestions

We want to help you in the work of selecting your Holiday Gifts, and in presenting this partial list of Beautiful Goods to choose from, we feel sure that we can suit you at very little trouble to yourself.

Our line of lovely Creations in the way of suitable presents for the Ladies consists of beautiful Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets, Brush and Comb Cases, Dainty Packages of Perfumes in all the leading Odors, such as Rogert and Gallet's, Splendor, Vencedor and Elegantior, new odors this year, Indian Hay, Helitrope and Vera Violetta. The Crown Perfumery Company's Crab Apple and English Roses, and a long list of others such as Egyptian Lotus, Lily of the Nile, Iris Blanc, June Clover, and Violet Simplicity, the latter being one of the most exquisite and delicate of Perfumes on the market today. We can show you very pretty and useful articles in Staghorn Goods, something chic in Dainty Little Thermometers, Trinket Boxes, Mirrors, and other Christmas Novelties.

There are many other things that we might mention, pretty and useful for Lady or Gentleman, Girl or Boy, such as Toilet Waters, Colognes, (we carry a full line of the famous 4711, Puff and Powder Boxes, Fancy Soaps, Ladies' Purses, Fancy Walking Sticks and Ice Sticks, and a nice line of Dainty Confectionery.

As we have said, this is a partial list of our Christmas Stock, and we respectfully ask you to come and see for yourself for we feel sure we can please and satisfy you.

For the Gentlemen---One of our Travelling Cases makes a pretty and useful present, or we can show you a nice Shaving Outfit with Mug of Sterling Silver, which makes a very appropriate gift.

Most gentlemen smoke, and for them we have provided a great assortment of Good Pipes, in Meerschaum and Briar, either Plain or Mounted, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, Cigar and Cigarette Cases in real Seal, Natty Boxes of Good Cigars in 10s, 25s, 50s and 100s.

Gents' Wallets and Coin Purses, Military Brushes in Sets or Singles, in Ebony, Tortoise and Native Woods.

## THE PEOPLE'S PHARMACY,

OPPOSITE CARLISLE HOTEL,

## I. EDWARD SHEASGREEN, Prop.

### HIS BREAD RETURNED.

He had kept the country store for years. The sign read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley" to everybody. It was the only store at the village crossroads, and he prospered in a modest way. After the bad accounts were deducted his profits were small, but he was able to support his family comfortably. They had a pretty little cottage with some fruit-trees in the lot, kept some pigs, a cow, and a horse and buggy. They had enough, and were contented with that and their good name.

Then the old man took his nephew in as partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods. It put them in debt quite heavily; but their trade increased, and at the end of three years, when the farmers had brought in their wheat, they had enough to pay all their debts and a thousand dollars over.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts and buy new goods for the fall and winter trade.

The goods came promptly, but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon, a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house, expressing surprise that he had not remitted for the past due account, and stating that unless such remittance was received by the tenth they would draw on him for the full amount, the new bill included.

The supper-bell rang three times before the old man stirred. As he came down the walk his wife saw there was something the matter, and met him in the yard.

"We are ruined!" he said, in a lifeless tone, handing her a letter.

"Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?" she asked, hopefully.

"No," he replied, listlessly.

"Surely there will be some way out," she urged.

"There is no way out," he said, hopelessly, as he sank into a rocking chair. He looked very old, and on his gentle face was blank weariness.

"No, there is no way out," he repeated, in a monotonous tone. "That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in twenty years."

"But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

"No," said the old man, bitterly, "people never lend you money or go on your note

because you have been good to them."

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money-lender of the community, and offered to mortgage everything.

"No," said Adams. "Your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need."

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end.

They sat in the shade in front of the blacksmith shop. It was an informal gathering of farmers, who, on hearing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars.

"Too bad for Uncle Charley!" said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him with his pocketknife. "Too bad!" and they all shook their heads.

"He's been a great help to this community," said another.

"There never lived a more accommodatin' man," added a third.

And then they talked of how they had always trusted the nephew, and how soon the old man would be closed out, and wondered what he would then do for a living.

There was one, the poorest and most shiftless man in the neighborhood, who had not spoken.

"Something ought to be done, men," he could hardly control his voice. "It'll be a lowdown shame to let Uncle Charley be sold out."

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me. When I came here I didn't have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked me for it once. I couldn't pay him, but I got ashamed and wouldn't buy any more. Well, the next fall when I took down with the fever there wasn't a thing in the house to go on. I tell you, we were in a mighty bad shape, and didn't know what in the world would become of us, until one evening Mr. Johns came over and brought the doctor. Says he, 'Doc and I just thought we'd drop in.' And while the doctor was fixin' me up some medicine, he called my wife to one side and says, 'Mrs. Todd, you send one of the boys down to the store and get what you need, and Jim can pay for it when he gets well.'"

No one spoke for some time. "Now, see here," continued Todd, "I'm a mighty poor man, but Bills says he will give me a hundred dollars for my bay mare, and I'm going

to sell her and give the money to Uncle Charley to help pay off that debt." Several others volunteered to help.

"I don't think," said Mings, "that it would be best to give him money. He wouldn't feel right about it, you know. It ain't so much the loss of the money; he can make that back in three or four year, but it's just taken all the stiffening out of the old man, and he lost all heart. If we could fix it some way so he could go on with the store and see some way to pay out, it would be just the boost he needs."

"Say, don't you suppose Adams would loan him the money?" asked one.

"Oh, Adams would loan it to him quick enough, if he can get the security; but how's he going to get it?" said Willis.

"Well, I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man John's note for three thousand."

And so said every man there.

A note was made out and put in the hands of Haney. The word was quickly passed round, and for two or three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note.

"He lent me fifty dollars when I was hard up," said one.

"He helped Tom get through school when I was too poor to help him myself," said a father who was now well to do.

"After working all day, many is the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the paper, "I was too worthless to kill. But Uncle Charley called me into the store one day and persuaded me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

"I want to put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney how kind Uncle Charley has been to us. The winter after Jim died Lizzie went up to the store one day almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then he gave her a pair of shoes. He's done lots of things like that."

"He is always so jolly and whole-souled you can't help but feel that he is interested in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute.

There were but four more days of grace. The old man sat crouching in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. The whimsical humor, the independence, the

courage were all gone. He was a poor, hopeless old man, down never to rise again.

Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in, and then more, until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch. The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss.

There was an awkward half-hour in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly and stood before Johns, trying to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man, and managed to say:

"Maybe it'll help you."

The old man looked at the paper. It was a note for three thousand dollars, due in three years, all ready for his signature. Below was the name of almost every man in the community as security.

The old man tried to speak, but could only call:

"Mary!"

His wife came quickly and looked at the paper.

"Thank 'em, ma; I can't!" said the old man, with a sob in his voice. The tears running down her face as she turned toward the men. They were all looking away.

"I can't, either," she said, as she slipped down beside her husband, with her arm round his neck, "but they know."

"Looks sorter like rain over in the southwest," said Todd. "Guess we'd better be going, boys."

### Samples of Choice Grain For The Improvement of Seed.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution is of the very best and has been secured mainly from the excellent crops recently had at the branch Experimental Farm at Indian Head in the North-west Territories. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, Indian corn and potatoes. The quantity of oats to be sent this year will be 4lbs., and of wheat or barley 5lbs., sufficient in each case to sow one-twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn and potatoes will weigh 3lbs. as heretofore. A quantity of each the following varieties has been secured for this distribution:—

OATS.—Banner, Wide-Awake, Improved Ligorvo, Wavdrip, Goldfinder, Abundance and Thousand Dollar.

WHEAT.—Preston, Red Fife, Percy Stanley, Huron, Laurel and White Fife.

BARLEY.—Six-rowed. — Mensury, Odessa, Mansfield, Claude and Royal. Two-rowed. — Sidney, Invincible, Standwell and Canadian Thorpe.

POTATOES.—Carman No. 1, Early White Prize, Canadian Beauty, Uncle Sam, American Wonder, Bovee, Early Andes and Late Puritan.

Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample or oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes, and applications for more than one sample for one household cannot be entertained. These samples will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time before the 1st of March, after which the list will be closed, so that all the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort or variety they would prefer, with a second sort as an alternative, and should the available stock of both these varieties be exhausted, some other good sort will be sent instead. Those applying for Indian corn or potatoes will please bear in mind that the corn is not available for distribution until March or April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed from here until danger from frost in transit is over.

### Blew The Wrong Nose.

"Ysaye, the violinist," said a musician, to the N. Y. Tribune, "is a fellow with some odd characteristics. Usually, for instance, he is shy and quiet, like a little girl, but if ruffled or annoyed he is different."

"He was playing at my house one night. Among my guests was elderly woman—ugly enough, it is true—but a passionate lover of music. As Ysaye played, this woman drew closer and closer to him. She was interested in his score, and to read it the better she almost laid her head against his. Her cheek and his almost touched."

"Ysaye was very angry. Suddenly he stopped playing. He took out his handkerchief and he wiped the woman's nose with it. 'Imagine the scene. Everybody started back in surprise. Ysaye too started back, apparently surprised beyond measure."

"'Oh,' he said, 'I beg your pardon. Your nose was so near my face that I thought it was my own.'"