

Make Xmas Buying a Pleasure

Try This Store as a Shopping Place.

We have a line of goods that can't fail to interest you.

IN LEATHER

We have an endless variety of

Travelling Sets,
Hand and Wrist Bags,
Wallets and Card Cases,
Bill Books,
Military Brush Cases,
Letter Books,
Cigar Cases.

In Alligator, Seal,
Snake and Walrus.
Plain and Mounted.

IN BRISTLE

You'll find

Military Brushes,
Hair Brushes,
Hat Brushes,
Cloth Brushes.

HALL SETS

In Sterling Silver, Celluloid,
and every known variety of
Hard Wood.

IN PERFUMERY

we carry the best and choicest of

French,
English,
American and
Canadian makes,

in every size and style from the small
pretty package at 25c. to the rich
and elaborate one at \$5.00.

Come right in and let us show them
to you.

In Smokers' Goods

we are Sole Agents for the Cele-
brated "Rattray" Pipe of which we
carry an unusually large assort-
ment in gold and sterling mounts.

Cigars

we have special packages of 10 and
25 for the Christmas trade.

Also—
Cigar Holders, Cigarette Holders,
Tobacco Pouches, etc., etc.

AND DON'T FORGET

We are Sole Agents for "LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES"

The Largest and Most Elegant Assortment ever shown in the town.

Edgar W. Mair, The Prescription Druggist.

Susie Linley's Christmas.

It was the night before Christmas and very desolate did Susie Linley feel as she went upstairs to her room after supper. Not a friend had she in the city. Acquaintances there were in plenty; but the quiet, self-contained girl had made no friends, and now upon this Christmas eve she was very lonely. She sat down before the open fire and as she watched the dancing flames her mind wandered back to a Christmas eve ten years ago when she was a girl of nineteen and—Fred Bryant was twenty-two.

Fred and Susie had grown up together, gone to school, coasted, skated, gone to singing school and prayer-meeting together, and what more natural thought Fred than that they should so continue all their lives. Pretty little Susie with her blue eyes, curly light brown hair and apple blossom complexion. No wonder Fred thought there was no one to compare with her. And Susie? She liked Fred thoroughly and appreciated his real goodness and worth but his easy happy-go-lucky, take-no-thought-for-the-morrow disposition annoyed her. Perhaps she would not have noticed it but for the example of her eldest sister who had at the age of seventeen married a good-natured ne'er-do-well who was, like Mr. Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up. A visit to her sister that very day had shown her how bare and empty the house was and how little of Christmas cheer she and her children would be likely to have, and her husband was away skating on the lake with the "boys" and no wood at the door to keep the fires going. So that evening when returning from a skating party Fred had laid heart and fortune at her feet, and Susie with some asperity turned upon him with "Why Fred Bryant! the idea. How could you support a wife? I don't believe you ever saved a dollar in your life. I don't believe you could support yourself if you were turned out to shift for yourself; and then to think of marrying. You'd better wake up."

Poor Fred cut to the heart said not another word till he bade Susie good-

night at her own door. And Susie knowing she had grieved him sorely cried herself to sleep, but comforting herself with the thought "I'll make it all right tomorrow." But tomorrow she did not see him, nor the next day, nor the next, and a fortnight later she received a note from him saying that he was going away. His uncle, a physician, who had been visiting them during the Christmas holidays had invited him to go home with him and he was going. "Perhaps," he said in conclusion, "I may wake up a little quicker if I am away from home."

So he had gone and some time later a rumor came that he was studying medicine with his uncle, and then Fred's father sold his farm and went away and Susie's father died and her brothers went to the West and her sister moved from one place to another, the fortune her husband was looking for never quite arriving. Susie had stayed with her mother until her death, which occurred a few months before, and then came to the city where she obtained a position as book-keeper. She had sorely missed her home and friends and especially her mother, but never had the sense of her desolation rushed in and overwhelmed her as it did tonight. "Oh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," was the language of her heart. Oh for friends and a home of her own, and this latter she might have if only she would encourage a would be suitor, but somehow he did not please her and in spite of herself her thoughts turned to Fred Bryant whom she had not seen nor scarcely heard of for ten years.

But her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, a Miss Smith, who invited her to go down town with her. "Oh come now," as Susie hesitated, "you will sit here and think till you're blue as indigo. I know what it's like. I've been alone in a strange city before now, and Christmas eve away from all you own is not a very lively time. Here is your hat now get up and put it on." And Susie almost against her will followed her friend down stairs and into the street. But the gay crowd, the merry voices and the happy faces, seemed to

Susie a mockery of her own loneliness and she wished she had not come out, for do what she would, she could not simulate a gaiety she did not feel. At a corner a number of Miss Smith's friends joined them and invited them to go to the rink where "the ice was just perfect." "Thank you, yes, I'll be delighted," said Miss Smith, and "Thank you, no, I do not care to go," said Susie, "and if you will excuse me," turning to Miss Smith "I think I will go back home."

Seeing that she would not be prevailed upon the girls left her and she turned to retrace her steps. She had gone but a short distance when the sound of sobbing reached her and crouching in the shadow at the foot of a stairway was a little boy, probably about four years old.

"Poor little man!" exclaimed Susie, "What is the matter?" At the sound of the kind voice the sobs burst forth into wails pitiful to hear. Susie's eyes were moist in sympathy. She felt that here was one as lonely and desolate as she was herself. After much coaxing and soothing she learned that he was lost and could not find mamma nor nurse nor nobody. "Come with me and see if we can find them" said Susie, and the little fellow put his hand in hers and walked away with her. The child had no idea how to reach the house from which he had come and after walking about for an hour or more, Susie determined to leave her address and the description of the child at the nearest police Station; which she did. Arrived at the house she rocked him in her arms until he went to sleep, a sound healthy sleep which, except for an occasional sob, continued undisturbed till morning. His first question on awakening was "Has mamma come yet?" "No dear but likely she will by the time you are dressed and have your breakfast." And she did. As Susie was about to leave the breakfast room a maid came in to say that a lady and gentleman were waiting in the parlor to see Miss Linley. Taking the little boy Susie entered the room. Immediately a lady started forward exclaiming "My poor lost baby," and clasped the child in her arms. Susie turned to the gentleman and met a searching look from

a pair of keen dark eyes, that reminded her of some one whom for the moment she could not tell. Then "Fred Bryant, she exclaimed, it is not you!" "It is I surely" he answered, "and this is my old friend Susie." I am very glad to see you." He was holding her hands in both of his, and there was no mistaking his pleasure. "You have not changed at all Susie." She was thinking that he had changed very much, and very much for the better. And these were his wife and child! Then noticing that the lady had turned toward them Susie asked "Will you introduce me to your wife." I would with pleasure if I could" he answered "but I will do the next best thing introduce you to my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Bryant, Miss Linley. "Do you remember my brother John, Susie?" "Did you think I was his wife Miss Linley?" asked Mrs. Bryant when she had acknowledged the introduction. "I certainly did."

Well he's a confirmed old bachelor. He never notices a lady unless it is professionally. I'd like to see the woman he would choose." "Come Edith we must go, I have an engagement," warned Fred.

Mrs. Bryant turned to Susie "Miss Linley, I have not thanked you for your kindness to my little boy, I don't know how to do it, but if there ever is anything I can do;—Are you engaged for this afternoon and evening? No, then come and spend it with us. We'll give you just the very best time we know how." "Oh thank you" began Susie in a voice that said "No thank you." "Oh yes she'll come Edith," put in Fred. Be ready at half past three Susie. I'll come over and get you." "Half past three" thought Edith "what does the man mean?" but Fred made no explanations to her, but made them later to Susie whom he took for a long drive into the country that afternoon, when old times were talked over, old memories revived and—but why go on? You all know what the end was, and that when the next Christmas came Susie had the home and friends she had so often longed for.

She—"Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?"
He—"Why she take everything else he has?"

GERM PROOF.

A Barber Shop Not Exposed to Contagion.
"This towel," said the attendant in the germ proof barber shop, "has been subjected to an extreme heat and is thoroughly sterilized. We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection or contagion."

"Good thing," commended the patron. "This soap," went on the attendant, picking up a cake thereof, "has been de-bacterIALIZED, and the comb and brush thoroughly antiseptized."

"Great scheme," said the patron. "The chair in which you sit is given a daily bath in bichloride of mercury, while its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 987 degrees, which is guaranteed to shrivel up any bacillus that happens along."

"Hot stuff," said the patron. "The razor and the lather brushes are boiled before being used and the lather cup is dry-heated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs being concealed in it."

"Fine," said the patron. "The hot water with which the lather is mixed is always double heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled. It is as pure as it can be made."

"Excellent," said the patron. "Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change bonded out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze. The shoe polish at the bootchair is boiled and then frozen, and the—"

"Well, look here," said the man, who had been sitting wrapped in the towel during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of germ that you have to talk to death?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant, "But I am not the barber."
"You're not? Where is he?"
"They are boiling him, sir."

Last year she simply would not
A glove from soil made clear
Cleaned gloves, she said, di-
They smelled of gasoline.

This year a man who's woe King
He rides her miles and n-
In his new gasoline machind its
And she just smiles and actory
at the
y taking
only will