

Good Morning!

WE ARE INTRODUCING

American Silk
American Cashmere
American Cotton-Lisle

HOSIERY

They have stood the test. Give real foot comfort. No seems to rip. Never become loose or baggy. The shape is knit in—not pressed in.

GUARANTEED for fineness style, superiority of material and workmanship. Absolutely stainless. Will wear 6 months with out holes, or new ones free.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER to every one sending us \$1.00 in currency or postal note, to cover advertising and shipping charges, we will send post paid with written guarantee, backed by a five million dollar corporation, either:

3 Pairs of our 75c. value American Silk Hosiery,

or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value American Cashmere Hosiery,

or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value American Cotton Lisle Hosiery

or 6 Pairs of Children's Hosiery.

Give the color, size, and whether Ladies' or Gent's hosiery is desired.

DON'T DELAY—Offer expires when a dealer in your locality is selected

THE INTERNATIONAL HOSIERY CO.

P. O. Box 244

DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Recital

The pupils of Mrs. Sanford Pugsley gave a very pleasant piano recital at her residence of Mrs. Pugsley on Monday evening. An admission fee of 10 cents was charged and home made candy was sold at the close of the evening. The sum of \$21.25 was realized which was given to the Belgian Relief Fund. The following is the program.

PROGRAM.

| | | |
|---|--|------------------|
| Sextette from Lucia | | Douzette |
| Misses Helen Pringle, Dorothy Risteen, Mrs. Pugsley | | |
| The Battle of Waterloo | Miss Dorothy Risteen | G. Anderson |
| Kiss of Spring | Miss Effie Kierstead | Walter Rolf |
| Song; Crossing the Bar | Miss Marjorie Rankin | |
| Martha; transcription | Miss Helen Pringle | Flowton-Dov |
| Silvery Echoes | Misses Helen Pringle, Mary Pringle | Blak |
| Moonwinks | Miss Barbara Foster | Geo. Steven |
| Song | Mrs. Adney | |
| Golden Star Waltz | Master Kenneth Hayden, Mrs. Pugsley | J. Freeman |
| Pretty Dew Drops | Miss Doris Hanson | M. Greenwald |
| Over the Waves Waltz | Master Kenneth Hayden | J. Ross |
| Duet, Vocal. Who Knows | Mrs. Rankin, Miss Rankin | |
| Flower Song | Miss Mary Pringle | Gustave Lange |
| Linwood Waltz | Master Willie Gray, Mrs. Pugsley | Lerman |
| Ring around a Rosie | Miss Elsie Grant | |
| Coronation Melley | Miss Helen Pringle | Mr. F. R. Weaver |
| Playfolk w Waltz | Misses Barbara Foster, Elsie Grant, Doris Hanson | |
| Tipperary | Mrs. Pugsley on the Courlay Angelus | |
| NATIONAL ANTHEM. | | |

Valley railway

Commences operating on Saturday December 12th.

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| Train leaves Centreville | 7. p. m. |
| " " " " " " " " | 7.30 a. m. |
| " " " " " " " " | 7.50 a. m. |
| " " " " " " " " | 8. a. m. |
| " " " " " " " " | 8.24 a. m. |
| Returning. | |
| Leaves Woodstock | 8.35 p. m. |
| Arrive Centreville | 8. |

Christmas Legends

ALL around the season of the Coming of Love as a little Child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious clime, which testify with subtlety to the depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and there sweet human tenderness and pathos appear, and, blended, they evidence the world's belief that this was both Son of Man and Son of God.

An Irish legend tells that, on Christmas eve, the Christ-Child wanders out in the darkness and cold, and the peasants still put lighted candles in their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way to their homes. And in Hungary the people go yet further in their tenderness for the Child, they spread feasts and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch any child who is born on Christmas eve.

The legend which tells how the very hay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living red blossoms at midwinter at the touch of the Babe's body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through the Lord of Life.

The Holy Thorn.

IT is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glastonbury which blossomed every Christmas, and, so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of Arimathea, having come as apostle to Britain, and, landing at Glastonbury, had stuck his staff of dry hawthorn into the soil, commanding it to put forth leaves and blossoms. This the staff straightway did, and thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which preached life from death.

The holy thorn of Glastonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those it was uprooted; but several persons had had trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those continued to bloom at the Christ-season, just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had bloomed. And about the middle of the 18th century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not deign to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force but, would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas

In those days the anniversary of the advent of the Babe had certainly meant more to the common people than merely a time for feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy observances, for they refused to go to church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that on Christmas day should also

we kept sacred as before. Only another story of men's weak, superstitious minds? True, perhaps; but they are better who evidence some spiritual weakness than those who wallow in the wholly material, and when we cease to be careful of the cup and the platter, we become not over careful of their contents.

The First Christmas Rose.

NOTHING of those spiritual parables is the legend of the Christmas rose, and it tells how good things, fit for giving, spring up ready to the hand which earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor that she had nothing to give to the Babe to whom kings brought wealth from afar, and, as she stood, longing and mourning, and angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow," and lo! on obeying the maiden found that a new flower had miraculously sprung up and blossomed at her needs. Every since then, runs this story, this exquisite flower, with its snowy petals just touched by suggestions of pinkish bloom, is to be found at this season; and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully-spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless innocence, whose heart was the vessel of love.

Christmas Eve Legends.

HERE are several exceedingly touching legends concerning bells, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a village near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas, the bells of the buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend is told of Preston, and yet another of the more moving one comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Beem was notorious for its black and shameless sins, as well as renowned for its beauty and magnificence. To the Sodom of the middle ages came our Savior on one anniversary of his birth, and went as a beggar from door to door, but one in all that Christmas keeping city gave the Master of the abundance. She lay rampant on every side, but not

a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called to the sea, which, as of old, obeyed his voice, and, been, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight, beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet calling of church bells buried in Beem. It is a legend which appears to tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to his service, is ever wholly lost from him and alienated from service; that ever and again something of their inherent beauty and compelling sweetness rises from the depths through all seeming ruin.

Hygiene in the Desert

Nothing under the sun is new. Facts have proved that even the pitch which hygiene has reached at the present day was equalled, and in many instances excelled, under the law of Moses.

The particular and careful manner in which animals were slaughtered, according to the laws of the Talmud, is acknowledged to-day to be the most sanitary method possible.

Professor Koch gave to the world the valuable results of his investigations in bacteriology, but several thousand years before that the Mosaic law pointed out the danger to humanity from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid poultry as food. It was not many years ago that specialists discovered the fowl tuberculosis was harmful to man.

The year's progress to the country and people is no new innovation. Moses, the great law-giver, prescribed not only feasting at certain seasons of the year, but the removal of whole families to great camping-grounds in the open spaces, where they could live near to Nature.

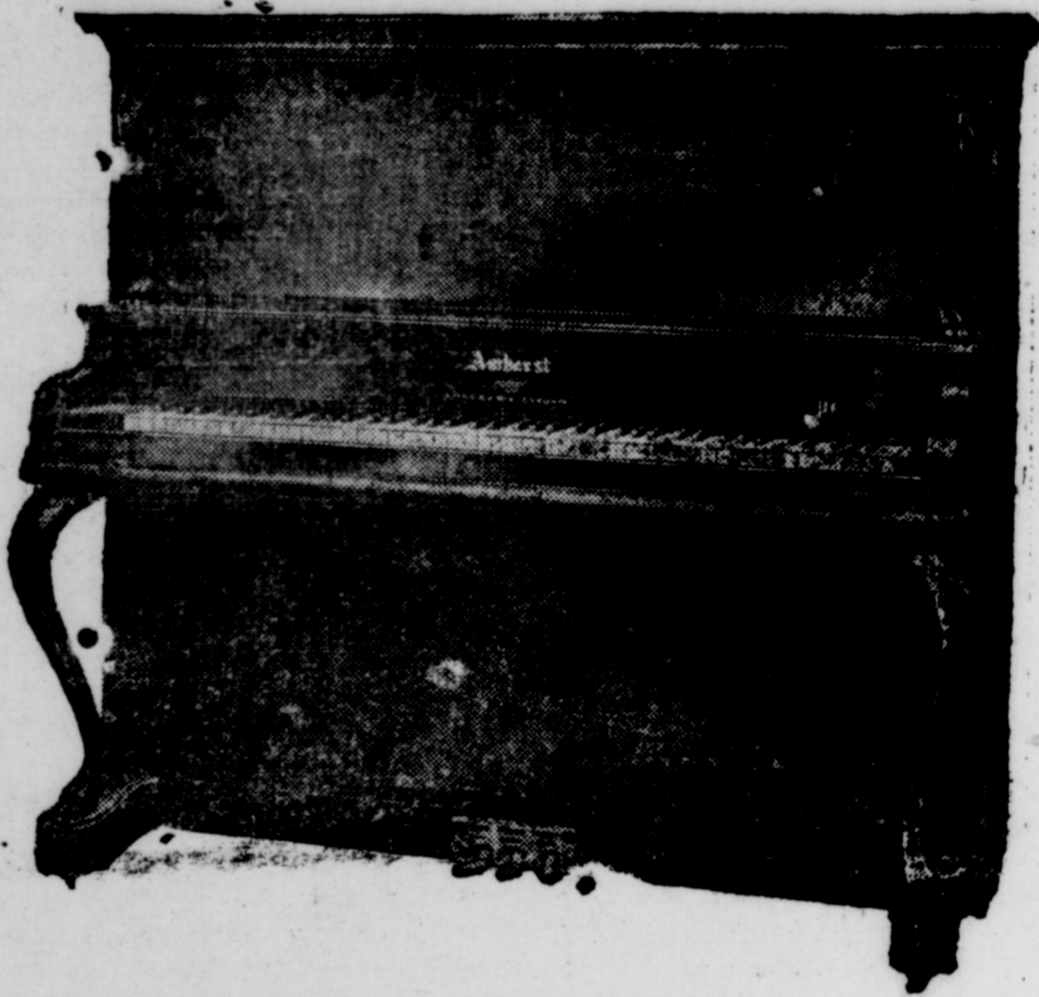
Mica in Alberta

A recent report from Edmonton stated that 30 tons of commercial mica was taken out of claims on Mica mountain near Lake Jaune. The mica is of excellent quality. Samples from the vein under development took first prizes at Paris, 1900; Glasgow, 1902; and St. Louis, 1904.

PIANO CONTEST

Enter the Contest now and Win

A BEAUTIFUL AMHERST



Please remember—this is not going to be one of those low grade Pianos which you wouldnt buy at any price (if you were well advised). It is an instrument of the highest quality that is constructed, and is costing us a great deal more than some other pianos which we could have put into this competition just as well as not. You might be surprised to know that we could put in just about two of "the other kind" for what it is costing us. We decided to do this because we are musicians ourselves and want our readers to compare for just such an instrument as we would take pride in owning and using our selves. We think that the public which we reach will appreciate this fact. Everything else being equal, you would prefer the high grade piano wouldnt you?

You will not have to get your piano out of a catalogue, or from a high flown description, or merely from a newspaper cut, but you can see a piano of exactly the kind we are giving, at the "Dispatch Office, Woodstock". You can examine it and try it. Only this—your piano will be brand new, direct from the Amherst factory, and you will have three different styles of cases to choose from. Inside they are all alike. We want to make this competition something worth working for. Something a little bit different from what a newspaper generally offers.

The "Amherst" is comparatively a new piano, but one of the highest grade pianos made in the Dominion of Canada. The judges at the Toronto Exposition awarded it the best. That is speaking pretty well of a piano made in the Maritime Provinces, isnt it? What more could be said?

There is another thing about this "Amherst Piano." It is the only piano made into which you can put a "player" afterwards if you want. "Players" are very costly when you have to buy them with a piano. Wouldnt you prefer a piano into which you could put a player at a later date, at no great deal of money. The Amherst Player, or "Cromation" is a beautiful simple instrument, with several improvements over any other, under exclusive patents, is very compact, and that is why it does not require a special piano to hold it, and it can be used in the ordinary pianos which the "Amherst" factory turns out. Every Amherst Piano is guaranteed for twenty years, and is the only piano that carries a guarantee for that length of time.

Write to the DISPATCH OFFICE for INSTRUCTIONS and SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS for this CONTEST.

GERMAN LOSSES ALONE REACH STARTLING TOTAL OF 1,200,000

Copenhagen, Dec. 15.—The hundredth casualty list, containing only 2,434 additions, brings the total Prussian killed wounded and missing to 717,318. In addition there are 74 Saxon, 75 Wurtemberg and 118 Bavarian lists. The total Prussian and Bavarian casualties hitherto published are about 1,000,000. Saxon and Wurtemberg lists give an additional 200,000. Heavy losses of the Bavarians led some Germans to describe them as food for British cannon.

Turks Give up British Consul And Apologize

Rome, Dec. 15, 9.55 p. m.—The negotiations between Italy and Turkey over the removal of C. A. Richardson, the British consul, from the Italian consulate at Hodeida, Arabia, are approaching a satisfactory solution. The Turks have returned Mr. Richardson to the consulate and presented excuses for his removal. They also promised to punish those guilty of the breach of diplomatic relations.

Bobs

Lines written By Ruyard Kipling Describing "Bobs."

There is a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs.
Rides the tallest horse he can,
Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears
He can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both his ears—
Can't yer, Bobs?
If a marker's lost his place,
Dress by Bobs.
If a gun has lost its trace,
'Ook on Bobs.
'E's eyes all up his coa.
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.
What 'e does not know of war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can ask the shop next door—
Can't they Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?