

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

They are Marked by a Simplicity Others Might Emulate.

Simplicity does not always dwell in the cottage nor its opposite in the palace. Household Words some time ago gave an interesting picture of Queen Victoria's observance of Christmas. Since the death of the Prince Consort the holiday has always been spent at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. There the Queen makes arrangements for her Christmas gifts and greetings: and a long list she has, for a member of her large family is forgotten, and all her friends and ministers receive greetings from her.

She invariably writes to the ex-Empress Eugenie and ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. The late Lord Beaconsfield often received a present from her, and Lord Salisbury is honored in the same way. Christmas presents go to all her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and the more humble servants are not forgotten. Every royal servant receives a gift from the queen at Christmas. She sends cards to her former maids of honor, her favorite clergymen, doctors, singers and musicians.

The queen's taste in cards is not governed by fashion. She does not care for the private cards bearing a printed greeting, now so fashionable, but prefers to select a suitable card for each recipient. For her immediate relations she chooses a simple card, on which, for a especially favored one, she paints a rose, lily, or some unpretentious designs, with a Christmas greeting in her own flowing handwriting.

Her actual gifts are on as simple a scale as the cards. She does not favor expensive presents, but she prefers to give and receive tokens slight in themselves, but expressive of the good wishes and affection of the donor.

Her majesty is very fond of knitting, straw-plaiting and crocheting with large ivory hook and soft Shetland wool, and quilts, mufflers, mittens and hats made by the royal hands are greatly prized by the members of her family. Flower epergnes, dainty bonbon dishes, photograph frames and beautiful bound books figure largely in the queen's list of presents.

Tradesmen who by royal warrant are 'purveyors to her majesty' forward to the queen large consignment of articles suitable for Christmas presents, and from these she can select all she requires. It often happens, however, that a pretty advertisement in one of the weekly journals will bring a command for a selection of the goods to be sent to the queen, followed by a substantial order, even in which the firm is not a warrant holder.

To her younger nephew and grandsons the queen gives handsome tips, and to the girls dress lengths of fine stuff, with the direction that the dress is to be made up as the recipient pleases, and the bill forwarded to her majesty.

To a favorite grand child the queen will sometimes send a fine uncut jewel, with the message that it is to be set as the receiver chooses, as grandmamma does not know the latest fashion in jewelry, but will pay for the setting.

Whoever else is forgotten the queen remembers her old servants at Christmas. Those who were in her service before the death of the prince Consort are specially favored. They are allowed to choose for themselves some articles of silver plate, and on Christmas day they receive their present accompanied by a large black bordered card bearing the touching inscription, "With good wishes from Her Majesty and Prince Consort."

NATURE'S GUIDEPOST.

Meant for People who may be Lost in the Mountains.

In the first place one should carry a general idea in one's head of the main streams, mountains, and gulches. In a new or strange country this knowledge should be obtained at once. On the first day out of a new camp keep on high ground as much as possible. Look back frequently so that the country will not appear strange when you turn back, and do not try to burden your mind with too many small details. Simply remember, for instance, that if you turn to the left from the divide on which you are you will come into the valley of the stream on which you are camped; but that if you turn to the right you will come down unto a stream that flows in an other direction. Also remember that your camp is near such a looking hill, or, better still, that it is in range with two mountain peaks. It is always better on the first day for two, out to get out of the valley in which your camp is located, but if you should do so, go way you came. Short cuts in a new country lose many a hunter.

Always carry a compass, as there is no way of telling the points of compass by means of bark or branches that can be relied on. Remember the direction in which your camp is, and then if you get lost, sit down, build a fire and make a big smoke. This is supposing that you have companions as no greenhorn should be alone in camp. They will look you up the next day, and it is better to sit by a fire and take it easy than it is to run all over the country. Every year men are lost in the

mountains who, if they had kept cool and sat down and made a smoke, would have been in camp by noon next day. Instead of this they lose their head, travel clear out of the vicinity of camp and sometimes suffer terribly or die of starvation before being found.—Forest and stream.

SIX YEARS OF SILENCE.

The Well-Kept Vow of a Prisoner in the California State Prison.

Edward J. Cunningham was released from San Quentin, California, a few days ago, after serving a sentence of six years for burglary committed in Orange County, and with his liberation there passed from the prison walls one of the strangest characters that ever wore the striped garb of the penitentiary. When Cunningham was landed within the walls of San Quentin Prison he turned to the Sheriff who had conducted him hither from the southern part of the State, and swore heavily a solemn oath that no word would escape his lips during the period of his incarceration. Cunningham stood by his oath through the long, weary years of his sentence, and his tongue never loosened until he stepped without the prison walls, a free man.

Whenever it became necessary for Cunningham to communicate his needs or wants to others, he did so in writing or by motions. After being confined in the prison a short time he was thought to be insane and was sent to the Ukiah Asylum. Here he was confined but a short time for it was soon ascertained he was in his right mind and merely acting in a stubborn manner. Word was sent to the prison officials and Guard Miller was sent to the asylum to bring the prisoner back. When near Santa Rosa he jumped through a car window, but was captured after a hard chase. After his return he still preserved an inviolable silence, and was put into what is known as crank alley. Here all kinds of influence were brought to bear upon him to cause him to speak, but without avail. He also refused to have his hair cut, and when released yesterday morning his hair was measured and was found to be fifty-four inches in length. When relieved of his prison garb a smile overspread his countenance. Several people spoke to him, but he only grinned. Once outside the prison gate Cunningham made up for lost time. He condemned everyone around the prison for his confinement. When asked how he managed to control himself and preserve an unbroken silence for so many years, he angrily replied that he had no explanation to make.

Don't Begin Paddling.

'Oh, yes, sir,' said the tailor. 'I can pad your coat to any extent you like, but I shouldn't advise you to have it done.'

'Why not?' I asked.

'It is a mistake,' he said. 'I have a good number of customers whose clothes I always pad for them. I have done so ever since they first came to me, and while I continue the practice they will always need it more and more. A young gentleman comes to me, just out of his teens and beginning to think himself a man. But he hasn't filled out yet, his shoulders are narrow, and his chest is flat. So he asks me to build him up a bit. Of course, I have to do it to please him, and he struts about in his frame of horse hair, proud of his appearance, and looking forward to the time

when he shall have a figure like that all his own. But that time never comes—and the pads are responsible for its absence.

'The fact of the matter is, that the weight that presses on the deficient part is so great, and the heat produced so constant, that profuse perspiration is always going on, and instead of developing and filling out, as the youth would do if he left Nature alone, he finds his week points growing weaker; his shoulders shrink, his chest falls in, and far from being able to throw off his pads and appear in the manly symmetry of his own form, he has to increase his padding from year to year as his flesh is sweated away.

'No, I should certainly never advise anyone to begin padding. A little dumb-bell exercise is worth all the tailor's padding in the world.'

What he Lived for.

The lowliest of lives, in the plainest of surroundings, may sometimes show that the highest wisdom is the absorption of the greatest truths in the simplest way. A water in the Church Union gives this instance: The writer's grandfather had an old colored workman, who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labor. No need of a slave driver for him, however, as his tasks were always conscientiously performed. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and believed with an unalterable firmness in the truths brought to him. In his own simple way he was a good deal of a philosopher, and did not a little good by the every-day showing of his quiet faith. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world. The doctor said to him:

'Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die.'

'Bless you, doctor; don't let that bother you. That's what I've been living for,' said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.

People Who Can't.

or imagine they can't, take pills (which is perhaps true of about one person in a hundred), only fail, as a rule, because they do not know the right way to go about it. It is not the right way to hold the head back and endeavour to throw the pill as far as possible down the throat. This is very liable to produce choking, and possible coughing out of the pill. The following is the right way. Try it once; unlikely as it sounds, it makes pill-taking perfectly easy: Keep the face in its normal position. Place the pill under the tongue, and drink a few mouthfuls of water, deliberately and without nervousness, when the pill be swallowed without being felt. If there is any real difficulty, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be dissolved in water; or (what is preferable) cut into small pieces and swallowed with a drink of water.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

A gentle tonic that increases the gastric juices, regulates the bowels, assists Nature in digesting the food, which gives the nutriment that makes good rich blood and nerve force, builds up the broken walls that disease has bombarded, forces the enemies of health to capitulate and sue for a truce. 35 cents.

'Ellen, has George come home from school yet?' called Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.

'Yes, ma'am,' came back the answer.

'Where is he?' 'He hasn't seen him.'

'How do you know, then, that he is at home?' 'Because the cat's a-hidin' under the dresser.'

SKIN LIKE BABY'S

Skin diseases from the merest pimples to the most obstinate eczema, salt rheum, running sores, are quickly, pleasantly and permanently cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—35 cents.

Who does not envy a baby its soft velvety skin? How many suffer from distressing skin diseases—Do you suffer? Have you tetter—salt rheum—scald head—ring worm—eczema—ulcers—blotches on the skin—chronic erysipelas—liver spots and what not else of these distasteful and aggravating disorders which disfigure and discourage? Dr. Agnew's Ointment allays the distressing itching, burning, stinging sensations which are part and parcel of such troubles, and in a thousand cases where internal treatments have failed to heal and eradicate them it has worked wonderful and permanent cures—and no skin disease, no matter of how long standing, has baffled its curative qualities. In cases of chronic eczema it has proved its great worth, and cases on record where this dread affection has been the birthright of its patient and constant companion until past middle life, and Dr. Agnew's Ointment has cured speedily and permanently. It is a boon to mothers because it is a boon to babyland—scald head and its irritations, which are accompaniments to the teething period, are quickly driven off and restlessness passes away—and where torture reigned with baby this balm brought rest and a cure—it affords instant relief from the itching distress. . . .



Do you suffer from piles—itching, blind, bleeding or ulcerated?—No remedy has brought so quick relief, spared painful surgical operations as Dr. Agnew's Ointment—it has proved itself an absolute cure for piles in all forms and at all stages—standing, has baffled its curative qualities. In cases of chronic eczema it has proved its great worth, and cases on record where this dread affection has been the birthright of its patient and constant companion until past middle life, and Dr. Agnew's Ointment has cured speedily and permanently. It is a boon to mothers because it is a boon to babyland—scald head and its irritations, which are accompaniments to the teething period, are quickly driven off and restlessness passes away—and where torture reigned with baby this balm brought rest and a cure—it affords instant relief from the itching distress. . . .

The baby of another lady living on Pacific Ave. in Toronto, was terribly afflicted with scald-head and eczema—she tried washes prescribed by her physician, and soaps advertised for such purposes, but the disease remained—Dr. Agnew's Ointment was her good friend; half a box cured the baby and cured herself of troublesome piles which had been the bane of her life since baby's birth.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—Cures palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath and all heart disorders—relief in 30 minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—Has cured cases of catarrh of 50 years' standing—relieves cold in the head in 10 minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS—Stop sick headache—cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles—pleasant little doses—40 in a box—20 cents.

FLASHES OF FUN.

When a boy washes his face without being told, his mother thinks there is something the matter with him.

The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only, 'Who is he?' the young widows, 'What is his position?' the old widows, 'Where is he?'

Tupman: 'I hear you are building a new house?'

Snodgrass: 'Yes; I couldn't very well build an old one, you know.'

A servant-girl, writing home to her parents, said:—

'I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for this letter. I will put two on the next.'

'After all,' remarked the sentimental wife, 'home is the dearest spot on earth.'

'That's so,' replied the practical head of the family, as he finished auditing last month's grocery bill.

Muggins: 'Do you believe it is unlucky to have thirteen at a table?'

Juggins (who had callers at the time): 'Yes! if you've only made preparations for two.'

'How much do you charge for a ride in the balloon?'

'A Shilling going up.'

'And down?'

'Ten shillings.'

'If I had known how sarcastic you were, I never would have married you,' he said.

'You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say "This is so sudden" when you proposed after a two-years' courtship?'

Dixon: 'Why is it that it is usually unmarried women who write articles on "How to Manage a Husband"?'

Hixon: 'Oh! you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plan away, do you?'

'So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?' asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

'Well,' said the young man, 'I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter.'

A small boy in an elementary school, on being asked what were the races that had dominated England since the invasion of the Romans, replied:—

'Epsom races, Ascot races, Newmarket races, and Doncaster races.'

Wife: 'I am trimming up last year's hat for this winter to save the cost of a new one.'

Hubby: 'How good of you; you're a perfect little angel!'

Wife: 'Am I? Then give me a guinea to buy wings.'

Tommy: 'Is that a he or a she lion, papa?'

Pater: 'Which one, dear?'

Tommy: 'That one with his face scratched and the hair off the top of its head.'

Pater (with a sigh): 'That must be the male, my son.'

'The gentlemen who came to see papa said I was one of the most intelligent children they ever saw,' said little Jack.

'Indeed,' said the proud mother. 'Did you recite "Little Drops of Water" for them?'

'No'm I refused to.'

Mr. Polwag (goaded into the reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.): 'I—I—I shall report you to your master, conductor, for not putting us down at the corner.'

Conductor: 'Lor' bless yer 'art, sir, it ain't my master as I'm afeard on. I'm like you it's my missis.'

Quoth he, 'You are my life, dear girl, Consent to be my wife.'

'I cannot, George,' she quick returned;

'The law forbids, you see.'

'The law forbids!' he gasped. 'Yes, George.'

She playfully replied.

'If you should take "your life," of course You'd be a suicide!'

They were talking of figures of speech.

'Have you ever noticed,' said one, 'how fond people are of vegetable metaphors when they are dealing with a woman. Her cheeks are "roses," her lips are "cherries," her hands are always "lily" hands, her mouth is a "rosebud," her complexion is like a peach, and her breath is "fragrant as honeysuckle."'

'You've forgotten one,' said the cynic.

'What's that?'

'Her tongue. It is a scarlet-runner.'

A Saving Clause.—'I will never—'

Her eyes met his with a fixity of purpose from which he was compelled to quail perceptibly.

'—wed any man.'

His heart seemed a great lump of lead, and he felt himself on the very verge of dark despair.

'Present company—'

He looked up, and clutched at her words as a drowning man clutches at his would-be preserver's hair.

'—always accepted.'

And now the wedding bells built for two will peal joyously in the merry springtime.

Host: 'Now, old boy, make yourself comfortable, and let's talk over old times. Haven't seen each other since we were schoolboys together. I told you I had married. Well, this is my house, and my wife will be in presently. By the way, you once lived in Niceville, didn't you?'

Returned Traveller: 'Yes, lived there some years.'

'Then you may have met Miss Flirty?'

'Met her! I was engaged to her. But so were all the other fellows, one at a time. What has become of her?'

'Why—er—I was just going to tell you that she is the one I married.'

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SEAL BRAND COFFEE

is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

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Be Sure To Demand, and See That You Get a

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3 SEAL STAMP (ON THE GENUINE)

't is the best POROUS PLASTER

The most successful remedy against Coughs, Colds, Grip and Chest Troubles, now so prevalent. Clean, safe and sure. It never fails. Price 25c. All Druggists. Of agts. Leeming, Miles & Co. Mont'g, if unobtainable.

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Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

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Memorials, Interior Decorations.

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Write for catalogue E.

JUST A BAD COLD.

A sharp stinging pain in the back—you think it doesn't amount to anything—be all right in a few days—but it doesn't get all right—kidneys are not doing their duty, and the poisonous matter that they ought to remove is going all through the system—causing rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, headaches, backaches—all sorts of ills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Cure the disease by removing the cause.

W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was so stiff and painful that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price 50c. a box, 3 for \$1.25, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.