

THE REAL AUTHOR.

Mary Cholmondeley's Revelations Concerning Her Craft.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the distinguished English novelist, has some interesting revelations concerning her craft in *The Pall Mall Magazine*. "I have," she says, "been writing books for five-and-twenty years, novels of which I believe myself to be the author, in spite of the fact that I have been assured over and over again that they are not my own work. When I have on several occasions ventured to claim them, I have seldom been believed, which seems the more odd, as when others have claimed them they have been believed at once. Before I put my name to them they were invariably considered to be, and reviewed as, the work of a man; and for years after I put my name to them various men have been mentioned to me as the real author. I remember once, when I was very young and shy, how at one of my first London dinner-parties a charming elderly man discussed one of my earlier books with such appreciation that I at last remarked that I had written it myself. If I had looked for a surprised flash of delight at the fact that so much talent was palpitating in white muslin beside him, I was doomed to be disappointed. He gravely and gently said, 'I know that to be untrue,' and the conversation was turned to other subjects. One man did indeed actually announce himself to be the author of 'Red Potage' in the presence of a large number of people, including the late Mr. William Sharp, who related the occurrence to me. But the incident ended uncomfortably for the claimant, which one would have thought he might have foreseen."

FIRST LADY MAYOR.

English Schoolmistress at High Wycombe Stands in Unique Position.

High Wycombe, one of the most picturesque towns in Buckinghamshire, has hitherto been chiefly famous as the centre of the chair-making industry. It will in future be pointed to as the first town which had the courage to nominate a lady as its mayor. This honor has been paid to Miss Dove, the headmistress of the well-known Wycombe Abbey School for Girls, and as she has accepted the nomination within a short time the deliberations of the corporation of High Wycombe will be presided over by a lady, the first in England to hold such a position.

Miss Dove has always been in favor of women taking their due share upon the different local governing bodies in the country; and when last year women were made eligible to serve on town councils she was keenly desirous that women with experience and ability should be public-spirited enough to come forward. When it was suggested to her that she herself should stand in the borough with which her great educational enterprise has so long been connected, she willingly consented, and on Nov. 1 last year was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll for the East Central Ward, in which her school is situated.

Her experience as a town councillor only served to convince her yet more strongly of the importance of the work in local government which women are specially fitted to perform. She served on the hospital and the health committees, taking a special interest in the efforts to reduce infant mortality, and also on the library committee.

Deadly Drinking Feat.

An inquest was held at Sheffield, England, recently on George Redgate, aged 61, a miner, of Handsworth, near Sheffield, who drank a bottle of whisky for a wager.

Redgate was heard to remark that he could eat as much tripe as would make him a suit of clothes and a top coat, and that he "could sup a pint of whisky in twenty-five minutes."

The bottle of whisky was brought, and three men offered to pay for it if Redgate could carry out his boast. He did this easily, drinking the whisky in four minutes. He had to be helped home, where he lay for a day unconscious, and afterwards developed gastritis, which ended in death from heart failure.

The coroner remarked that the object of such a foolish wager—now rarer than formerly—was usually to have a laugh at the victim's expense.

The Need of a Hobby.

In his biography of Mr. Bosworth Smith, for years a master at Harrow, who died a day or two ago, The London Times quotes the words of a colleague, who writes that Bosworth Smith's first question to each one who entered his house was "What is your hobby?" "His object has been to develop boys' tastes in every healthy direction whatever, and to bring to the surface all that was best in the innate character of his pupils. How many have learned, under this inspiring encouragement, to love wild nature, to appreciate the skill and endurance which form the best element of sport, to take an intelligent interest in travel and adventure, to follow the great questions of the day, social, political, and ecclesiastical?"

Profit-Sharing For Gasworkers.

The directors of the Tottenham and Edmonton Gas Co. in England have decided to introduce a system of profit-sharing for their employees, to whom the scheme was explained at a meeting of 500 or 600 of the officers and workmen some time ago. The bonus will vary with the price of gas, and at the present rate will amount to \$22 to \$500 earned per annum.

Won \$100,000 at One Sitting.

Mention of Lord Rosslyn and his "infallible" system reminds one that Viscount Villiers, who has just married Lady Cynthia Needham, has shown a fondness for Monte Carlo gaming tables. And although he possesses no particular system, he has proved one of the biggest winners in recent years. Some two years ago he made a most sensational coup, and won \$100,000 at one sitting.

T. ATKINS, PREVARICATOR.

How He Tries to Escape the C.O.'s C.E.'s.

When Tommy Atkins has temporarily forsaken the paths of righteousness, and finds himself either a "prisoner at large," or, worse still, in the guard-room, he casts about for an excuse. It is so difficult to hit upon one that has the charm of novelty. They have all been used before.

Then there is the temperament of the commanding officer to consider. Some C.O.'s appreciate a clever, plausible yarn; but to others, when the stereotyped question is put "What have you to say, Gunner Smith?" it is the safest plan to answer, "Nothing, sir!"

Probably his offence, or "crime," as it is invariably designated in the service, is a paltry one. He should have been in barracks by tattoo, not being the proud possessor of a permanent pass, and he did not manage to arrive until midnight. Perhaps, instead of coming in by the gate in the orthodox manner, he climbed the wall, and was detected in the act. He will be charged with "Absent from tattoo roll-call until 12 p.m.," and "Breaking into barracks."

One ingenious private, who was accused of these hideous crimes, caused his C.O.'s hair to stand on end by pleading that he was "afraid to waken the sentry."

A dashing Hussar, whose offence was a mere matter of having been five minutes late for parade, offered the following defence:

"Sir, I was passing the married quarters at three minutes to ten, sir, when somebody in the quarters started a gramophone off, sir. It played 'God Save the King,' sir, and I had to stand to attention till it finished. It played the tune through three times without stopping, sir, and consequently I was late for parade. And that's the honest truth, sir!"

WHERE IT IS COLD.

Dr. Moss Tells of Wax Candles Too Cold to Burn.

A person who has never been in the Polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experience of Arctic travelers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature below freezing-point out of doors we think it bitterly cold, and, if our houses were not as warm as, say, 60 degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to 35 degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove. Of course, in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Dr. Moss, of the English Polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax-candle which he burned. The temperature was 35 degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all he could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flames could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly-shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside of it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

A Democratic Countess.

The name of the Countess of Aberdeen, who has been so assiduous in the care of her brother, Lord Tweedmouth, is synonymous with charitable work. Indeed, it would be difficult to find another lady, either inside or outside the peerage, who was engaged in more charitable enterprises than her ladyship. Her great object in life is the betterment of her sisters' less lucky fate, although for years she has been working to establish attractive tea-houses for workmen in order to draw them away from the temptation of public-houses. Latterly she has devoted her attention to the tuberculosis exhibitions which are being held periodically. The countess, like her husband, is a firm believer in children being taught some useful occupation, no matter what their station in life may be, and that is the reason why her son, Lord Haddo, was brought up to be a practical farmer, while her daughters are trained housekeepers who could dispense with a servant if necessary, or even face the rough life of a colonist without any sense of grievance.

Reason For Worry.

"Men worry more than women." "Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that the women have, but they also have the women to worry about too."—Smart Set.

There are few persons who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer.—Rochefoucauld.

Lord Lyveden's Romantic Career.

The many vocations and adventures of Lord Lyveden, who distinguished himself by being the last to leave the ill-fated Argonaut, have caused him to be called "the rolling-stone of the peerage." Before succeeding his uncle in 1900 as third baron, his lordship had been a private soldier in the Royal Artillery, utility actor at the Haymarket, and waiter in a Bowery eating-house. He had been steward on an American coasting-vessel, had toured the States with a fit-up company, and had run a company of his own in England. Later, he owned nurseries of his own planning at Stanwick, Higham Ferrers, and introduced a new tomato known by his initials—"P.V."—to gastronomic world. But there was no gold in tomatoes, and shaking Stanwick dust off his feet, Mr. Vernon went to sea again, served as steward on several lines of steamships, incidentally contracting yellow fever at Buenos Ayres, and wound up the romance of his untitled days by three months' catering for the General Steam Navigation Co.

KING'S NEW EQUERRY.

King's New Equerry-in-Waiting Is Member of an Ancient Family.

Captain the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, R.N., who has succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel F. Ponsonby as Equerry-in-Waiting to the King, belongs to one of the old Devonshire houses. The name is said to have been derived from the words "fort ezeu," which referred to the brave deed of an ancestor who shielded the Conqueror on Hastings field. Among the old Fortescues was a chief justice of the King's Bench, who died in 1476, over 80 years of age, and Sir Adrian, who was accused by Henry VIII. of intimacy with Anne Boleyn and executed. His son was a conspirator for Romanism against Elizabeth, whose tutor was his eldest brother, Sir John, the friend of Raleigh, Essex, and Bacon. Two Fortescues were Royalist leaders. Sir Faithful and Sir Nicholas. The latter fell on Marston Moor. Captain Fortescue, who entered the navy in 1839, served through the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 and the Egyptian War. He was naval A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, and was mentioned in despatches. He was also a member of the Naval Intelligence Department for three years. Captain Fortescue is partial to a breezy sea-yarn and is very interested in novel inscriptions. One day a brother officer noticed on the wheel of a small destroyer the lettering "Ut veniant omnes." When the lieutenant in command was asked for an explanation he smilingly replied: "Oh, that means, 'Let 'em all come.'"

Plymouth as a Terminal Port.

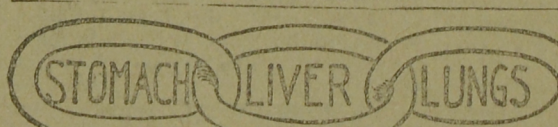
The ports on the English Channel are all feeling the pressure of these days of competition. It is announced that Plymouth proposes to increase its facilities as a terminal for ocean liners by constructing new docks, which are to be the largest in the United Kingdom. The proposal is to make a large harbor at Wembury Bay, between Plymouth breakwater and the river Yealm, to enclose an area of one thousand acres of water by means of four breakwaters to be built out from the land. The estimated cost of this undertaking amounts to a sum of between two and three millions. It is understood that Parliamentary powers are to be applied for next session. The Admiralty has so far monopolized the harbor to an extent which has interfered with the ambitions of the town. If the suggested scheme is successfully carried out, Plymouth will come to the front at once as a terminal port of the first importance for ocean traffic.

Man-Eating Tigers.

About 4,000 men were eaten by tigers in India between 1900 and 1904. A large proportion of these unfortunate victims perished during periods of famine, when the beasts are made bold by hunger and are driven to the plains in search of water. The deaths caused by tigers in India constitute 37 per cent. of the whole number due to wild beasts. All tigers are not man-eaters, but when a tiger has once tasted man's flesh he will not be content until he has had more of it. Where flocks and herds abound, however, man is rarely a victim of the tiger. An old man-eater is usually very clever and tricky and can avoid the most skillful hunters. It is affirmed that a single tiger in southern India has killed 200 men, and that one in the Himalayas has killed more than 300.

Partition of Bengal.

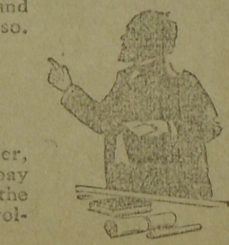
The third anniversary of "Partition Day" was celebrated throughout Bengal and Eastern Bengal and Assam by the Bengali mourning after the native fashion—that is, going without all food, wearing no clothes made outside India, totally discarding footwear, and closing all the shops. Forty thousand Bengalis paraded the streets of Calcutta. Police precautions prevented public speaking and subdued any tendency to general turbulence.



Each of the chief organs of the body is a link in the Chain of Life. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, the body no stronger than its weakest organ. If there is weakness of stomach, liver or lungs, there is a weak link in the chain of life which may snap at any time. Often this so-called "weakness" is caused by lack of nutrition, the result of weakness or disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases and weaknesses of the stomach and its allied organs are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the weak or diseased stomach is cured, diseases of other organs which seem remote from the stomach but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, are cured also.

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A Candid Critic.

"A criticism that has helped me a great deal in my work came from a man to whom I took a picture to be framed," said a young woman who spends much of her time copying in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "As the picture progressed my friends told me it was fine. Some of the other copyists said it had value, character, good coloring and all those things, and even one of the guards in the gallery got real friendly one day and remarked that it was the best copy of that picture he had seen. I began to think that maybe, after all, my several years of study were beginning to bear fruit. At the framer's I picked out a nice frame, and the framer began to figure on the cost. 'I'll tell you, miss,' he said, 'that frame will come to \$3.98. If I were you I'd get something cheaper for that picture.'"—New York Sun.

"Setting the River on Fire."

In old English times, when each family was obliged to sift its own flour, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a "temse," and it became a customary saying that a lazy man would never set the temse on fire. Now, it happens that the name of the river Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour sieve, and after many years, when the old fashioned temse was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why today we say that a stupid person will never set the river on fire.

Esperanto.

"When I first started out hunting apartments I went through a long, polite dissertation," said the woman with a haunted look and weary feet. "Now I go in and say to the elevator man or janitor: 'Apartments? Rooms?' 'Price?' 'Keep 'em.' I get along just as well, and it saves lots of time. Try it."—New York Times.

The Only Safe Way.

"No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination. "What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right, quite right," he returned. "I can fool my wife any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas and made her think that it was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added as he bowed himself out, "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

Titled Lady Novelists.

There are many women among the titled classes who have joined the ranks of novelists. One of the most successful of all is Lady Trowbridge, whose novels have attained great popularity. Another society woman who has written novels of note is Lady Helen Forbes, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, who has also, by the by, produced some very creditable volumes. The Duchess of Leeds, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Gromartie, and Lady Napier of Magdala have all helped to swell the total number of titled lady novelists. The most successful of all, however, are two titled ladies who are not English: the Baroness Orczy, who gained world-wide renown through "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and the Baroness von Hutten, the talented author of "Pam."

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