



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely of vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MTS.
MONTREAL.

DELAYED

IN SHIPMENT

BUT HERE NOW

Our large stock of -

Christmas Pictures

HAS ARRIVED

Rare Works of Art.

Prices that will sell them.
Ready for your inspection.

HASZARD & MOORE
SUNNYSIDE.



to Our Friends
Our Customers
and the General
Buying Public

For making the 22nd and 23rd
the best days in our 18 years
of business,

We wish you a Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year.

Yours respectfully,

Reddin Bros.,
OPPOSITE P. O.



RINK.

The Rink will open for the season
Xmas afternoon. Tickets same price
as last year.

Gents'\$3.50
Ladies'\$2.50
Children\$1.50
Afternoon\$1.50

Present your friend with a ticket
or Xmas.
Tickets for sale at Johnson & Johnson's,
A. W. Reddin's, and Apthe
carries Hall, or the managers.
E. H. BEEK. B. C. PROWSE



WENT UNDER A LADDER.

And Superstition Only Became More Deeply Rooted in Him.

A local newspaper man forgot his usual caution the other day and walked under a ladder. He couldn't very well avoid walking under the ladder, because it slanted directly across the way. Ordinarily, he goes around ladders or climbs over them or waits for the ladder man to come back and take the ladder down.

This time he walked under it. Nothing happened out of the common for an hour or two.

Then somebody stole his umbrella and he had to walk to the car in the rain.

When he stepped off the car, he didn't notice that there was a second step, and so got a decidedly unpleasant stumble and jar.

He hadn't been home but a few minutes before he broke a handsome table ornament that his wife valued highly.

Then he began to think of the ladder incident.

Later in the evening he was persuaded to drink a glass of cider that was just in the act of "working." It was nice.

He went to bed at 10 o'clock, principally to avoid getting into more mischief, and was awakened by a most excruciating pain in his mid-st. It was that nice cider, which had evidently kept right on working. It was an awful pain, and it didn't let up for a full half hour.

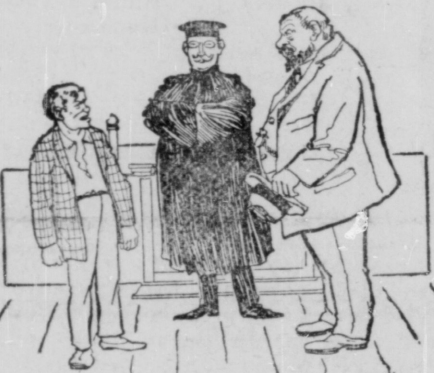
Then the victim fell into a troubled sleep, from which he was suddenly awakened by a mysterious sound coming apparently from the front door. He listened so hard that he grew numb. The noise continued. Burglars were evidently at work cutting a panel from the front door.

He slipped out of bed and swiftly pattered down the stairs. His heavy cane was in the corner of the hall. He seized it, noiselessly turned the lock and flung the door open.

Darkness there and nothing more! Then he went back to bed and had a chill that lasted an hour. In the morning he awoke feeling like a boiled owl with insomnia.

And now you couldn't force him to walk under a ladder at the muzzle of a revolver.

Conflicting Testimony.



Police Magistrate—Your watch and purse were found on this man. Do you recognize him as the man who knocked you down that night and robbed you?

Complainant (hesitatingly)—That little mankin? No; it was a much larger and stronger man.

Prisoner—He calls me a mankin? Why, I hammered him till he cried like a baby and begged me to spare his life.—Simplificissimus.

He Put It Up.

He had one of those patent umbrellas that open when you touch a spring



Even the healthiest constitution sometimes gets into a rut. Many people are weak and miserable because their systems have slipped off the smooth roadway of health and are ditched along through the mire of disease, which might be avoided altogether if some strong and friendly hand would only give them a lift.

Thousands of weak and debilitated men and women have found Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the powerful and timely aid to set them upon the level road of perfect recovery. It creates health by making the digestion perfect and the liver-action regular and thorough.

It repairs wasted tissue and builds up solid healthy flesh and muscular power. It is palatable, and digestible by the weakest stomach.

In chronic coughs and lung diseases, it is far superior to nauseating "emulsions" or mere stimulating malt "extracts." Its good effects are real and permanent.

For nearly thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., during which time this remarkable "Discovery" has wrought thousands of cures which seemed well-nigh miraculous. Some of the most interesting of these obstinate cases are fully described in one chapter of the great thousand-page illustrated book "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" by R. V. Pierce, M. D., which will be sent free for cost of stamps and mailing only; at one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 50 stamps.

N. Gaddis, Esq., of No. 313 S. J. Street, Tacoma, Washington, writes: "I was taken ill in February, 1892, with headache and pain in my back. He said I was bilious, but I kept getting worse. I took a cough so that I could only sleep when I propped up in bed. My lungs hurt me and I got so poor that I was just skin and bone. I thought I was going to die. I tried a bottle of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it did me so much good that I tried another one and it made me strong and well. It saved my life."



The Story of a Baby.

The physicians at the Hanemann Hospital of Philadelphia said Baby Moncrieff could not live.

It was against all the laws of nature and of medicine for this eight-month baby to survive a nervous disease of the spine.

The family doctor agreed with those at the hospital.

The mother watched the child as it slept upon the pillow, the faintest flutter of breath telling her that life still lingered.

An aunt who loved her like a mother said "We will try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are prescribed for nervous disorders, perhaps they will help our Ettie." A pill was divided in three parts and given to the baby.

Instead of dying, as the doctors predicted, she lived. Then she opened her eyes and smiled at those around her.

She gathered strength through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a flower gathers strength in the mist of the morning.

To-day she is seven years old, the sunshine of the aunt who saved her life with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

This is a true story. The child is Ettie Moncrieff, daughter of Mrs. Helen Moncrieff, formerly of Hamilton, Ontario. The Aunt is Mrs. M. G. Meek, who now resides with the child at 1317 South 10th Street, Philadelphia. The facts are fully verified by affidavits.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURE WHEN OTHER MEDICINES FAIL.



in the handle, and as he drifted into a cheap eating house he hesitatingly approached the desk and said:

"I'm temporarily broke. Can I put this up for a meal?"

The man behind the desk gave a quick glance at the silver handled silk umbrella and nodded his head.

Thereupon the stranger touched the spring, thus putting the umbrella up. The man behind the desk breathed hard for a minute and then said:

"It's on me. You can have the best there is in the house."—Chicago Post.

He Was Used to It.

"Buffington, our center rush, was in a bad elevator accident yesterday. The car fell eight stories and was all smashed to pieces."

"That's too bad. Was he disabled?"

"No; he came through all right. After they had dug him out of the wreck he opened his eyes and said the fellows on the other side hadn't tackled fair, so we have hopes that he will be able to go in the game tomorrow just the same."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Some Keep On.

"I suppose," said the young man who was being shown through the magazine office "that every one who sends you a poem or a story which you are compelled to decline stops taking your publication as soon as his or her manuscript is returned."

"Oh, no, indeed," the editor replied. "If that were so, we wouldn't have any subscribers left."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Preying on the Imagination.

"Briggs never fails to get a seat to himself every Saturday night in the street car."

"How does he manage it?"

"Carries a chunk of ordinary cheese labeled 'Limberger' ostentatiously in his hand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Action and Reaction.

"Daughters are a great anxiety."

"How so, Mrs. Nooch?"

"If you don't dress them handsomely, they are not attractive, and if you do dress them handsomely men are afraid to marry them."—Chicago Record.

Rough Riders.

"Who are these Chicago rough riders who have just formed an organization?"

"I don't know for sure, but I think they are bicyclists who live on badly paved streets."—Chicago Post.

A MODERN FABLE.

The Story of the Elephant Who Was Very Ignorant.

Once there was an elephant that tired of life in the jungle, so he decided to join a circus at the first opportunity. Shortly after making up his mind on this point he was strolling through the forest, cursing the flies high and low, when he came upon the agent of a great American circus who was engaging African talent for the following season. Although the agent saw him coming, he paid no attention to the discontented elephant, who naturally felt slighted.

"Hello!" he trumpeted. "Wouldn't you like to have me grace your circus?"

"Oh, I don't know!" carelessly replied the agent. "What stunts can you do?"

"What can I do?" asked the surprised elephant.

"Well, you're a bright one, you are," sarcastically replied the agent. "Can you balance yourself on the tip of your trunk, or turn a back somersault, or play the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' on a slide trombone, or do a high dive into three feet of water, or conduct an orchestra?"

The poor, bewildered elephant meekly acknowledged his inability to perform any of the feats mentioned.

"I thought so," remarked the circus man. "Now, if you'll attend a dramatic school for five or six years and study hard about 16 hours a day I'll make you an offer that'll"— But with a loud roar of despair the stagestruck animal took to the woods.

Moral.—The professions are overcrowded.—Brooklyn Life.

Briefs From Billville.

We understand that all Dewey needs in his new house is coal. We haven't any coal, but we have shipped him two carloads of Georgia light wood knots, with our compliments.

Brumby day was even more than we expected. All of our relatives swooped down on us, and we had to hire a freight train to take 'em to it.

Billville is not represented in the legislature this year. Our late representative got a government pension for having his leg cut off while reading war news, and he has gone to Ty-Ty to spend it.

We have no advice to give the Georgia legislature. The members got in

there, and they know what for.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Frenas in a Flat.

"Yes, I quarreled with Stiggins."

"What's the trouble?"

"We have adjoining suits in the same flat. Stiggins snores so that he shakes the partition. All I did was to ask him if he wouldn't kindly cut his snore into trombone lengths and lead it into a mechanical piano."

"What did Stiggins say?"

"He advised me to get my ears weather striped."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Obvious.

"What is a totem pole?" suddenly asked Mrs. Wipedunks, who had been reading about Alaska.

"You ort to know what that is from the word itself," answered Mr. Wipedunks severely. "A tote 'em pole is a long stick of wood the Chinese peasant puts on his shoulders when he wants to carry two buckets of water."—Chicago Tribune.

Had Her Doubts.

"I don't believe professors know so very much," said Mamie.

"Why! How can you talk so?" rejoined Maud.

"Well, I don't see why Mr. Fulgate should have seemed so surprised and puzzled when I asked him how to say 'rubberneck' in Greek."—Washington Star.

Willing to Please.

"I won't take those pictures," said the woman angrily. "Why, they make me look like a fright!"

"Madam," said the suave photographer, "I see that you do not want a photograph, but a fancy picture. Just make your own selection from the showcase."—Chicago Post.

Convincing a Connoisseur.

Some years ago the late Dr. Collette undertook to make a bottle of port that should not cost more than threepence which the best judges should be unable to distinguish from the highest priced wine that could be obtained in the island. The preparation was compounded openly before a large assemblage, and three competent judges were selected to test the product. The basis of this compound was cider, colored with an infusion of log wood. To this he added a few grains

of tartaric acid and salt of tartar to give respectively a rough taste and a mellowed appearance. When three glasses of this compound and three glasses of recognized port were presented to the judges to taste and pass their verdict, without being told which was which, they unanimously pronounced in favor of the doctor's cheap preparation and rejected the genuine port. What they would have said the next morning if they had consumed a bottle of this preparation remains a matter of conjecture.—London Chronicle.

Firstborn For Fame.

Professor Axenfeld of Perugia has discovered that three-fifths of all men of distinction are firstborn children; the other two-fifths are either second or third children, or else the youngest of very large families. Among the first he points out Luther, Dante, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Confucius, Heine, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Aristotle, Mohammed, Shelley, Erasmus, Milton, Byron, Moliere, Carlyle, Rossini, Talleyrand, Buffon; among the last Loyola and Franklin, both thirteenth children; Schubert, a fourteenth child, and Volta, a seventh child. The professor thinks this arises from physiological reasons and a law of nature.

A Lunatic's Repartee.

Some visitors were being shown through Kew Lunatic asylum, Victoria, one day, and, coming opposite the stock in the corridor, one of them, looking quickly at his watch, said, "Is that 'lock right?"

"No, you idiot," said a patient standing by. "It wouldn't be in here if it were right."—Melbourne Australasian.

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