

# HIS CHRISTMAS



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From our already One Low Price, as an inducement for you to buy something a little more substantial. The 20 per cent discount will be allowed at the time of the sale. Come now and see that we do just as we advertise.

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Did you ever have any real comfort in trying to warm your feet at an ordinary radiator? Equip your radiators with our

**Foot Warmer**

which can also be used as a warming shelf on a dining room radiator, and then you'll know what the other fellow means because he didn't buy.

For decorating radiators we sell the finest line of brocade on the market. All colors.

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**Fixing Up a Theory.**  
There are some scientists who can prove any theory they set their minds on. First, think up a theory; then arrange your experiments; third, announce your results. The thing is done. The most remarkable "discoveries" are made in this manner. Mention is made of them in news dispatches. The Sunday supplement publishes a full page about them, with colored illustrations. The paragraphs shoot their darts. Then we forget all about it.—Cleveland Leader.

**Places for the Affiliated.**  
The postmaster general has decided to throw open positions in the city post offices throughout Canada to an unfortunate class of citizens, namely, the deaf and dumb. Six such persons are to be appointed at once in the Toronto post office, and a proportionate number in other city post offices. They will require to be sufficiently educated to perform the ordinary sorting of mail matter, and to be under the age of 30 years.

**Monkeys in Medicine.**  
A singular state consignment was lately on board the German steamship Ocellia, bound from Singapore. The vessel had on board 100 monkeys, which were being taken to Prussia to the order of the government. Their ultimate destination was Breslau, where they were to be used for the purpose of experiments connected with the preparation of a certain serum.

There are two sides to every question, and the most profitable side of the insurance question is the inside.

**Don't Eat Eels.**  
Although eels abound in Scotch waters and are caught in great quantities they are not considered fit food there. No matter how plentiful or how very fine and large they may be in any district of Scotland, no native will eat one. The objection to the eel is said to be based on its serpentine-like appearance and the fact that it is not overfastidious as to what it feeds on. Tons of choice eels for the London market are taken from streams that are not conspicuously free from saw age.

**Man's Selfishness.**  
Because a woman regards a man with great affection it does not follow that she thinks she alone could make him happy, rather that she wishes him to be happy in his own way. As a mother yearns over her child, so is a woman in the other ways of life. A woman is content with a little. A man is dissatisfied with much. He wants all or nothing.

**Too Loud.**  
When some people drop a hint it sounds like a ton of bricks.

**Slow Travel.**  
Few Russian trains travel at a faster rate than 22 miles an hour.

**To Be of Use.**  
A train of thought is all right if it is on time.

**A Stinger.**  
The summer girl is the mosquito of the heart.

## MADGE AND THE CAMERA

By J. J. BELL  
(Author of "Was MacGregor," etc.)

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On Madge's last birthday her uncle presented her with a token of his love in the shape of a very fine camera, together with all the appliances and chemicals necessary for successful amateur photography.

"Isn't it jolly!" cried Madge, coming out of the house on the third afternoon, to find me lying on the lawn, alone and in no very good temper. "Isn't it jolly!" she repeated, gleefully. "I've got one right at last!"

"Let's have a look, dear," said I, endeavoring to be pleasant in spite of myself.

She handed me the negative, and seated herself beside me.

"You'll see it if you hold it against your sleeve," she kindly explained. "Isn't it splendid?"

I gazed at it for fully a minute, and could make nothing of it; but I was not ill-natured enough to say so. I ran over in my mind the 20 odd photographs I had seen her take, and then I plunged.

"Indeed, Madge, this is good! The steamer comes out so—"

"To begin with, dearest, you're holding it upside down," she said; "and besides—"

"So I am. . . . Oh, I see it now! Why, it's the old churchyard we saw on Sunday afternoon. It's capital, Madge!"

When Madge spoke it was a trifle coldly.

"Excuse me mentioning it, Hugh; but it is a group of father and mother and Mr. Samson and yourself."

There was not a great deal for me to say under the circumstances. I felt rather foolish, and that did not help my ruffled temper. Moving the negative, I saw it in another light.

"Yes; I can distinguish your father and mother, Madge," I admitted; "but

the dark room he has tried up for me, but you only jeered."

"Did you ask him to fit up your dark room?"

"Certainly not. He offered—which was more than you did."

"I confess it never occurred to me to offer," I retorted. "I came here to see you in daylight." Madge was silent.

"Couldn't you have kept Samson away till to-morrow? He'll be here all the month, and I must leave in the morning—no, I'd better go to-night."

At that moment, through the open door, I caught sight of Samson coming downstairs. He must have thought Madge was alone, for he called out: "Success! You've come out beautifully."

He was a little taken aback when he found us together, but quickly recovered and handed Madge a negative.

"This is your own," he said. "I'll take some prints presently. I'll just run upstairs again and get one or two things ready."

When he had gone, I turned to Madge.

"Hasn't he heard we are engaged?" I asked her.

"Oh, I suppose so. Everybody has had news—you know."

"I tell you, Madge, I'm not going to submit to this sort of thing. Samson's a good enough sort; he's your visitor and friend of the family and all that—but he is not to monopolize you on the mere excuse of some wretched photographs. If he has forgotten that we are engaged, I must remind him. In the meantime I wish you'd come up the gien with me."

"In the meantime I've got to do some developing," she replied, without moving, however.

I temporized.

"Very well, dear. Having waited upon you for two days and a half, I darsay I can have patience for an hour. But what negative was it that Samson brought you just now?" I inquired, trying to interest myself in her new hobby.

"I didn't take it myself," she said, retaining her hold on the square of glass.

"Never mind, dear. Let me see it," I returned, genially.

"It's not a good one, I'm sure," she said, giving it to me, somewhat unwillingly, I thought.

"Why, it's yourself, Madge! Now, that's nice. You'll print a copy for me before I go, won't you? This must be the one you I tried to take down by the barn yesterday—during the five minutes you were good enough to favor me with," I added, laughingly; "but I didn't think I should have managed so well."

Madge looked uncomfortable.

"I'm so sorry, Hugh, but I broke the negative you took yesterday. This is another one."

"Ah!" said I.

"It fell, you know."

"Indeed!"

"So you see, this is another one, Hugh."

"So you have told me," I said, briefly. I certainly was not going to help her.

"It was a pity it fell. I'm sure it would have been better than this one. You know, it just slipped from my fingers and broke."

There was a silence.

Then Madge said:

"Mr. Samson wanted to take me, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not in the least," I replied, indifferently, and then there was another silence.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I am rather glad you were photographed with your own camera," I said, having thought it over.

"What difference did that make?" she inquired.

"Why, the result is your own. I should certainly object to any other man having in his possession a negative of you," I said, slowly, looking at her bonny face. She blushed.

"Hugh!"

"Well!"

"I said he could have one."

I had feared it was coming, but I was far from feeling resigned.

"He begged for it," she added.

"All the more reason why you should have refused, Madge."

Madge was ruffled.

"You are much too severe. I can surely give my photo to whom I like. I'm not a bit sorry I promised it to Mr. Samson."

"Madge," said I, seriously, "do you mean what you say?"

"Why should I not mean what I say?" she returned, shortly. "And, anyhow, I can't break my promise."



"LET'S HAVE A LOOK"

which is Mr. Samson, and which is myself?"

She laid two dainty fingers on two ugly blurs.

"There you are—both of you."

"But we've no heads," I objected.

"Oh, well, you might know yourself by the way you wear your watch-chain."

"It's certainly a unique photograph—if somewhat vague," I observed after a moment.

"I think it splendid for a beginner," she returned.

"Glad you're pleased, Madge. Personally, I consider you've been wasting your time as well as your plates."

"How disagreeable you are."

"It's all very well," I said, sulkily, "but this is the last of my three hard-earned holidays—I do work occasionally, you know—and I've had scarcely five minutes of your company."

"I'm sorry you don't care for photography," she remarked.

"I haven't expressed my objection to photography. But this—I held up the offending piece of glass, language falling me.

"Well? What have you to say about it? Mr. Samson says it's quite good—much better than any first attempt he ever saw."

"I don't quite see what Mr. Samson has got to do with it," I said, with irritation.

"Mr. Samson has been exceedingly kind in explaining and arranging things. I asked you to come and see

"You can break the negative," said "How very mean of you."

"I believe you care more for Samson than for me," I blurted out, foolishly.

"That wouldn't be so surprising, would it?" she retorted, calmly. "Then let us end the matter!" I cried.

"As you please."

She was twisting off her ring when Samson came out of doors again.

"Would you like to try some snapshots up the valley?" he asked her, ignoring me. "I noted some fine bits this morning, and the light is now first-rate."

"Yes; I think it would be rather nice," she assented, cheerfully.

I knew I was growing pale, and in desperate disregard of everything, I whispered:

"Dear, don't go. It was only a breath—a prayer—and I wondered if she heard."

"Beg pardon," said Samson, politely.

There was an awkward pause. Samson, too, seemed to feel uncomfortable, for he stood gazing across the fields as if in search of a subject for conversation. Madge was playing with the negative of herself, and I fancied, or hoped, I saw a softening about her lips, while I certainly caught a quick, half-humorous gleam in her gray eyes.

"Mr. Samson!" she exclaimed very suddenly, and he started and moved quickly, but not more quickly than her hand.

Something cracked sharply under his left foot.

"Oh, Mr. Samson," cried Madge, reproachfully.

He was all apologies and regrets over the ruined negative, but Madge was kind as usual.

"You'll let me see, again?" he pleaded, as some one called him into the house. She laughed and shook her head, and he went away disconsolate.

"Madge, I've been a beast," I whispered, catching her hands, "and you're far too good for me."

"I'm afraid I am," she said, with quaint gravity. "But I'll try to improve. You'd like me better if I weren't so nice. . . . Oh, I'm talking nonsense. I've been simply horrid to you, Hugh. . . . Oh, Hugh."

Samson was standing at the window, and must have seen us. Served him right!

**Hunting Armada Treasure.**  
After an interval of nearly two years the duke of Argyll has resumed his search in Tobermory bay, off the island of Mull, for the sunken treasure among the wreckage of the great Armada galleon, the Florida, which went down in 1588. The operations are being conducted with the utmost secrecy in boats hidden from sight by canvas awnings.

**Scissors for the Kaiser.**  
The German emperor not long back received a peculiar present—a pair of scissors, but so exquisitely made as to be valued at nearly \$500. A steel merchant was the giver. He had the emperor's portrait and some celebrated historical buildings engraved on the scissors. The engraver is said to have worked five years at his task.

**Mammoth Pie.**  
An immense pumpkin pie made from one pumpkin weighing 75 pounds was the piece de resistance upon which the visitors feasted at the annual oyster roast of the Mechanics' Fishing club, at the shore on Middle river. Of course there were oysters—plenty of them—but the big pie was the feature of the feast.

**Modist's Model.**  
A London court dressmaker said the other day: "A mannequin, which is the correct name for a model, should be five feet eight inches tall in order to show the new model dresses from Paris to advantage. This is two inches taller than last season's height."

**In Days of Old.**  
"I guess I'm an old sorehead," remarked the Manayunk philosopher, "but I can't for the life of me imagine Abraham Lincoln at the age of 16 going round with football hair, in his britches turned up over a pair of low quarter shoes an' openwork socks."

"Bughouse."

When the natives of Natal saw aged and staid members of the British association, on their recent visit to Africa, begin to chase butterflies and big locusts, they found no difficulty in reaching a conclusion as to the mental condition of the visitors.

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