

*Mrs Edna Snow
Harrigan Cove
Halifax County
no 5*

B. & H. B. KENT

99

Diamond Merchants

Edna B. Snow and **Jewelers** *Grace Smith
Duoody*

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE LATEST CONCEPTIONS IN

Mrs
DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES,
FINE GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY,
WATCHES, NOVELTIES, AND
USEFUL SILVER.

Edna Snow

useful silver and stones

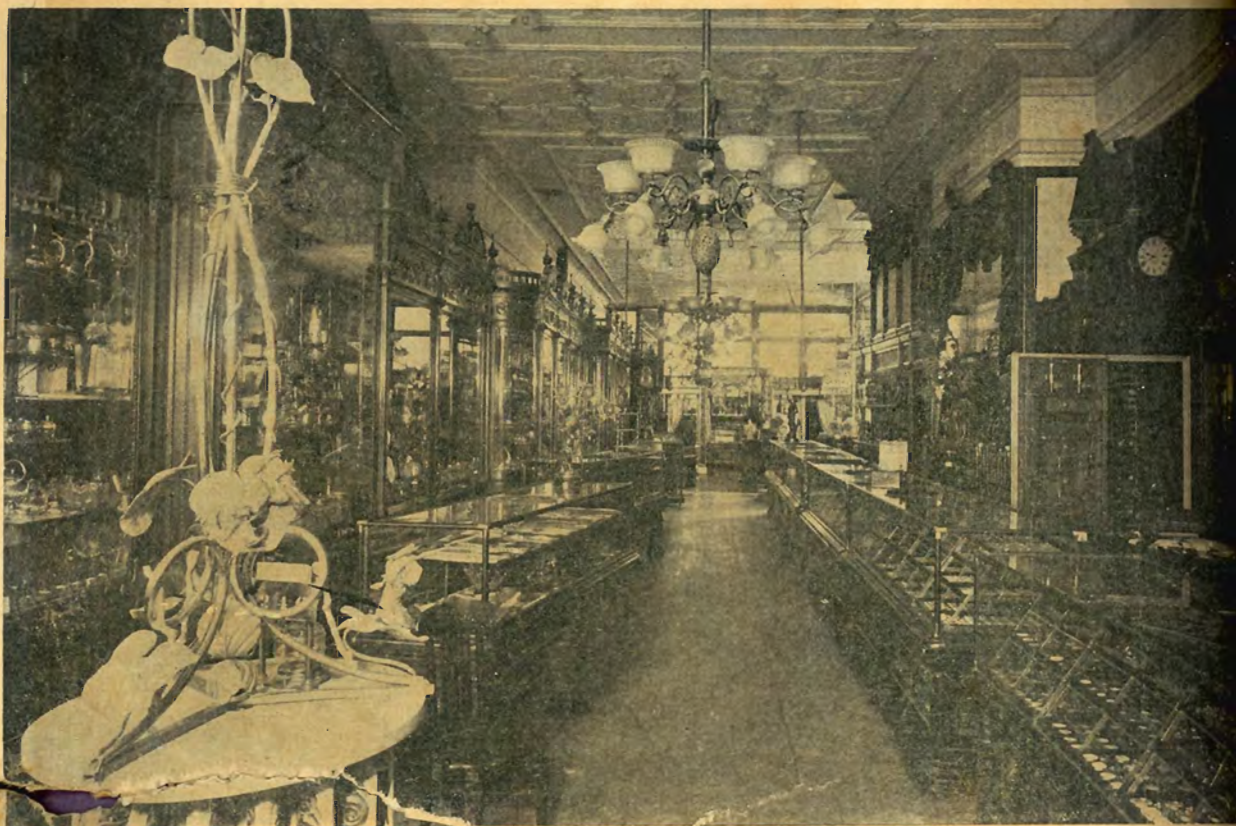
Edna B. Snow

144

Edna Snow

YONGE STREET,

TORONTO, CANADA.



An Interior View of B. & H. B. Kent's Palatial Jewelry and Diamond House, Ground Floor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto.



Where the loose Diamonds and other precious stones are chosen, previous to mounting into Jewelry.



Approach to Optical Rooms, where a Doctor of Optics has daily attendance. Examination and consultation.

A CROSS-CUT ROAD.

Grandma had just finished writing a letter. It was an important business letter, she wanted it mailed at once.

You will have to take it down to papa's room," she said to Neale. "Put on your hat and cap, while I direct the envelope." Neale was only six years old, and he had very lately been trusted to go alone to his father's store. He was ready in a minute.

"Hadn't he better go down across the street?" asked Neale's mother. "It is quick, and then he will avoid those rough boys on Carter Street."

"Yes," grandma agreed, "that will be best. I will telephone to papa that you are coming, and we will watch at the window until you have reached the corner of Carter Street."

He had never been this way but once before, and when he reached the corner he could not tell which road to take.

Neale's mother, at the window, saw him hesitate, and then turn in the wrong direction. He was coming straight round toward home! She threw on a wrap and hurried down to the corner. There she met the little boy, who was becoming somewhat bewildered on finding himself so near home. She set him right, saw that the letter was safe in his pocket, and then ran back.

In a little while papa telephoned up to the house that Neale had arrived at the store, but that he had no letter.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Coxe. "I ought to have carried the letter myself. Neale is so careless! We cannot trust him."

"He must learn," said grandma. "I don't see how he could have lost it out of his pocket."

"I'll go over the route," and Mrs. Coxe hurried away.

She reached the store, however, without finding the missing letter.

"Did you come straight down Carter Street to Bank, and down Bank to the store?" mama asked.

"No; I crawled through the fence on Carter Street," Neale admitted, "and came up through the lot, and in at the back door."

"What did you go that way for?" his father inquired.

"There were some boys playing ball, and I wanted to see 'em."

The father and mother hastened out into the big open lot, and looked and looked a long while before the letter came to light. Then it was Neale himself who found it.

"Oh, here it is!" he cried. "Now I remember! The boys asked me what was in my pocket, and I told 'em a letter, and I took it out, so's they could see it. I must have dropped it!"

The next time grandma had a letter to mail she entrusted it to Neale's care, just as before. He walked straight down the street without stopping to see the boys, and in at the front door of the store, exactly as he was told to do.—Caroline Wheaton.

in case its services may be

Our nearly forty years' long business in the same locality, and the eminence attained in the Jewelry world, we largely attribute to our respecting the orders of modest tenets, the larger ones following as a matter of consequence. We solicit your esteemed patronage, promising a prompt and earnest attention to all business entrusted to our care.

My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the High-lands, a - chas - ing the deer; A - chas - ing the wild deer, and fol - lowing the roe, My heart's in the High-lands where - ev - er I go.

| | |
|--|---|
| Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birthplace of valour, the country of worth; Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. | Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods, Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. |
|--|---|

SING—Hymn 508, Book of Praise.

God Save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God Save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God Save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King. Amen.

B. & H. B. KENT,
144 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO



When Ordering



Please do not cut out the illustrations of the articles you require, as it not only deprives and curtails the use of this catalogue for future reference, but is besides entirely unnecessary.

Order forms have been provided, and are to be found next to both the front and back pages adjacent to the covers, and have been prepared with a view to make your ordering simple and pleasant.

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We solicit your patronage.

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144 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

*Answer
as soon
as possible*

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

By Marjorie Manners

(Written especially for THE PARAGON MONTHLY)

SUCH a horrid geography lesson,
With cities, mountains and hills,
And islands and archipelagoes,
And rivers and brooks and rills.

Now, where is the Volga River?
I'm sure I'd like to know.
And where is Mount Chimborazo,
And the River Hoang Ho?

The Solway Firth, where is it?
I'll never find it, I fear.
And the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb
Has caused me many a tear.

And, then, there is Nagasaki,
And the Peninsula of Malay,
And Rome and Sydney and Cayenne;
Where are they? Tell me, I pray.

Which way does the Tiber River
Flow on its way to the sea?
Where is Lake Titicaca?
And the Gulf of Pechelee?

I'm to find the highland of Thibet,
And the Channel of Mozambique, too;
And the River Rhine, so beautiful,
And a place that is called Chefoo

Where are the Canary Islands?
The Gulf of Guinea, where?
I tell you, this geography lesson
Is driving me to despair.

THE SMALLEST ADULT WOMAN IN THE WORLD

We have had dwarf women, but they have been taller than Chiquita and almost always ill shapen. Chiquita is a native of Cuba, and is twenty-six inches high, hardly as high as a table, and twenty-six years of age. When she was a baby a full-sized cigar box was her cradle. Her feet are small as those of an eight months' babe, but they are pretty, and her limbs are as well moulded as those of a young girl. Her head is shapely, and the glossy black hair which reaches below her waist is drawn up at the back in a Psyche knot.

Chiquita's eyes are wonderful, and Chiquita knows it. No stage beauty of the modern school can throw into her glance more heart, more soul, more wit, more wickedness than flash into the deep black depths of Chiquita's eyes.

In a gown of pink Dresden silk, trimmed with turquoise blue, Chiquita looks like just the sort of doll every baby girl loves to possess. The gown is lined with soft white silk, and the long Court train is thrown over Chiquita's plump arm, making her look like a fairy princess. The bodice is cut low and square, showing a throat that is full and shoulders round and pretty, across which are drawn straps of passementerie, studded with turquoises. A tiny Empire fan completes this one of her favorite toilets.

Chiquita can dance Turkish dances, but her favorite amusement is standing on her head. She can also draw caricatures rather cleverly, has a quick ear for music, plays the piano and the guitar, and rides a bicycle, which is a gem of a machine.

She shows off tailor-made gowns, shirts, and men's collars, and ties to perfection, is never ill, works cleverly with her needle, and contemplates going on the stage.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.
Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

A FINLAND BOY'S BATH.

When the boys of Finland want to take a bath, this is the way they do it:

In the first place, it is very, very cold in Finland—and the bathroom is not in the house at all, but it is a building quite separate.

It is a round building, about the size of an ordinary room. There are no windows, so light and air can only come in when the door is open.

Inside benches are built all along the wall, and in the centre is a great pile of loose stones. Early on Saturday morning word is brought in and a great vessel standing near the stones is filled with water.

Then some one cuts ever so many birch switches, and these are placed on the floor of the bath house. Next, the fire is made under the stones, and it burns all morning. In the afternoon, when the stones are very hot, the fire is put out, the place is swept clean and all is ready.

The boys undress in their homes and run to the bath house. As it is generally thirty below zero, you may be sure they do it in double quick time.

As soon as they are in the bath house they shut the door tight and begin to throw water on the hot stones. This, of course, makes the steam rise. More water is thrown on, and there is more steam until the place is quite full of it.

And now comes the part that I think you boys would not like at all. Each boy takes a birch switch and falls to whipping his companions. This is to make the

skin hard to fade, and white is!

WHY THE INDIAN WARRIOR PAINTS HIS FACE.

Every paint mark on an Indian's face is a sign with a definite meaning, which other Indians may read. When an Indian put on his full war paint, he decks himself not only with the honours and distinctions won by his own bravery, but also with the special honours of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only, or many; in fact, he may be so well off in that respect that, like some English noblemen, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion. Sometimes he will wear all his honours at one time. Then he is a sight worth travelling far to see.

Among the Indian tribes is one designated by the symbol of the dog-fish, painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered about on the surface of the face; the long snout is painted on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two, and hanging from either nostril. When only one or two parts are painted on a man's face, it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears, even though in many oddly assorted parts, the signs indicate a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the honourable symbols painted on the Indians' faces. There are fish, flesh, and fowl of all kinds—dogs, salmon, devilfish, starfish, wood-peckers, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, sea-lions, and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats, and all manner of foot, claw or beak marks—each with a special meaning of its own in the heraldry of the woods and plains; however little they signify to the white man's eyes.—The Child's Hour.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

When I grow into a great big man,
And buy what I want to wear,
I'm going to have trousers a mile or two long,
And never will brush my hair.

I'll buy a silk hat, with a very tall crown,
And carry a gold-headed cane,
I'll not wear a necktie—it takes so much time
To untie and tie it again.

I'm going to eat candy whenever I please
And play on the street till it's dark,
With peanuts my pockets will always be stuffed;
Oh, say, won't I just have a lark!

I'll hitch on the ice wagons all that I please,
With no one to make me get off;
I won't be polite to a nurse or a girl,
And my hat I never will doff.

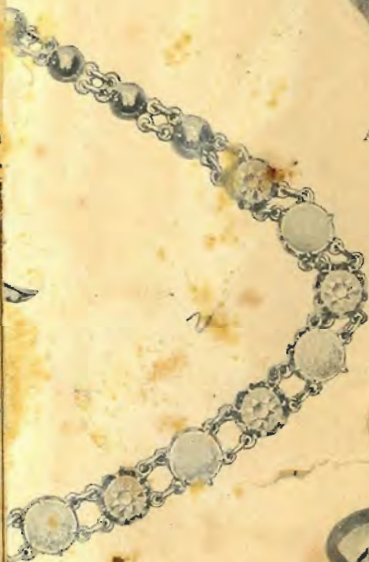
And never, oh, never, will I go to bed
Before it's at least half-past eight,
Ah! a jolly good time I'll have when a man,
You'll see if you only just wait.

No. 9005.
A fine Diamond.
\$400.00.

No. 9003.
A fine Diamond.
\$350.00.



No. 9007.
A fine Diamond.
\$350.00.



1.00
1.00
1.00



No. 9011.
Two fine Diamonds.
\$495.00.



No. 9010.
A fine Diamond.
\$875.00.



No. 9014.
A fine Diamond.
\$125.00.

Illustrations are for families in size to the stones we carry in stock, with the prices for each as noted. The major believe, will not be denied, finds its way here. We carry these large Diamonds because our faith to us is one demanding a stock of the choicest character. Our Diamond department of recent anticipations, and to-day it is admitted the leading centre of the Dominion for Precious recognize this, and the Continental reputation our qualities and values have gained, turn-over, leave us—not as usurpers—but rightful inheritors to the title,
Canada's Leading Diamond Merchants.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Song of Marion's Men

By William Cullen Bryant

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
Who little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry song we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the midnight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers,
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
If we have driven the Briton
Never from our shore.

A June Morning

By Benjamin F. Taylor

Oh! have you not seen on some morning in June,
When the flowers were in tears and the forest in
tune,
When the billows of morn broke bright on the
air,
On the breast of the brightest, some star clinging
there?
Some sentinel star not ready to set,
Forgetting to wane and watching there yet?
How you gazed on that vision of beauty the
while;
How it wavered till torn by the light of God's
smile;
How it passed through the portals of pearl like a
bride;
How it paled as it passed—and the morning star
died!
The sky was all blushes; the lark was all bliss,
And the prayer of your heart: "Be my ending
like this."

So my beautiful dove passed away from life's
even,
So the blush of her being was blended with
heaven;
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up in the
dawn,
A window was open; my darling was gone.
A truant from tears, from time and from sin,
For the angel on watch took the wanderer in.

And when I shall hear the new song that she
sings
I shall know her again, notwithstanding her
wings,
By those eyes full of heaven; by the light of her
hair,
And the smile she wore here she will surely wear
there.

The Maiden's Vow

A fair little maiden was working one day;
Embroid'ring a slipper was she—
At ev'ry stitch she'd merrily sing:
"I'm sure this will not fit me.
So when it is done, I'll lay it aside,
And no more embroider or knit;
But here make a vow that I'll be the bride
Of him that the shoe will fit."

Chorus

Then all that have feet, or narrow or wide
Who fear not receiving the mitt;
Oh, hastily ride, for she'll be the bride
Of him that the shoe shall fit.

The first one that came to try on the shoe,
A man of great riches was he;
But pull as he may, yet all he can do
Still leaves the fair maiden free.
Then came they in scores, and long did they try,
And screw their feet this way and that;
But all to no end, for some were too high,
Too low, too thin, or too fat.

Chorus

So all the gay swains who merrily lied
To win the fair maid got the mitt;
And some prophesied she'd ne'er be a bride
For none would the shoe ever fit.
At length there came in so saucy and sly,
Young Willie, the brave and the true;
At once on his foot, though scarce did he try,
He fitted this far-famed shoe.
The fair little maid was won in this way,
The gossip has had the small wit
To say that she knew for many a day
The one that the shoe would fit.

Chorus

And now all the rest away quickly ride,
And pocket in quiet the mitt;
For this little maid is now the loved bride
Of him that the shoe did fit.

No. 115
WITH PEARLS

The Old Man's Comforts

By Robert Southey

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old
man;
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William
replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William
replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man
cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon
death,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William
replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

Never Court But One

Yes, I've written it, the letter
That shall tell him he is free;
From this time and forever
He is nothing more to me.
And my heart is lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
It will teach him that when courting
He should never court but one.

Repeat last two lines of each stanza for

Everybody in the village
Knows that he's been wooing me,
Yet this morning he was riding
With that saucy Anna Lee.
And I'll warrant that he's promised
He will make her soon his bride;
They say he smiled upon her
As he cantered by her side.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he always calls on me;
But no doubt he's now with Anna—
He may stay there for all me!
He may go; it will not kill me,
I would say the same—so, there!—
If I knew it would, for flirting
It is more than I will bear!

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
Who's that coming up the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight
There is someone drawing near;
Can it be? Yes, 'tis his figure,
Just as true as I am here.

I regret I sent the letter
That has told him he is free;
For perhaps 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
He is coming up the pathway;
I will meet him at the door;
And I'll tell him that I'll love him
If he'll court Miss Lee no more.

SET WITH PEARLS
No. 99.00

Tying the Leaves on the Tree

Playmates were they—girl and lad;
She's home to-day—lad feels sad,
Doctor who calls, whispers low,
"When the autumn leaves fall she
Lad with a tear climbs a tree,
"I'll keep her here," murmurs he;
"Big man in blue sternly cries:
"What are you doing?" Lad replies:

Chorus

"I'm tying the leaves so they won't cor-
So the wind won't blow them away
For the best little girl in the wide, w-
Is lying so ill to-day.
Her young life must go when the la-
fall,
I am fixing them fast, so they'll sta-
I'm tying the leaves so they won't cor-
So Nellie won't go away."

Sad mother grieves, day by day,
Watching the leaves, hears lad say:
"You mustn't grieve, for you see
I've tied all the leaves fast on the t-
Doctor brings joy one glad day,
Mother tells lad Nell will stay;
Lad at girl's side laughs with glee,
"That's what I said one day in the

Chorus

No. 764
SHADED BLUE
S AND DIAMOND
D.00



No. 124
ALL FINE DIAMONDS
\$125.00



No. 7520
FINE DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES
\$225.00

The Landlord and the Lady



BY CLARA PARKER.

Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.

"OH, SHE'S asleep all right. Now, when everything's quiet down stairs we'll go in and get the money. She's got it sure. I know that swell kind. That's why I fooled her about the train. Let's go and get some drinks on it."

I was just nineteen when I was awakened by those whispered words coming from the other side of a thin partition. I was detained, by the missing of a train, in a wild, western hotel. The time was ten o'clock at night. Just the time I should have been arriving at my aunt's where I intended to pass the winter.

Girls of nineteen are not usually very courageous and I had always been accounted unusually the opposite.

For a moment I lay motionless, rigid with terror as good as dead for all the use I had of mind or body.

Everything was clear before me. The landlord had made me miss the train when the passengers got off for dinner. Doubtless, too, he had lied when he said that there was no other train that night leaving for the west.

It was all too hideously plain at last. There was no use struggling in the net which held me.

Then something, I suppose it was mere instinct, roused me and I sprang up. I swiftly lit my lamp and stole towards the window. They had gone down stairs. I should have at least a half hour to myself. Yes, the window, thank heaven, could be opened, but should I make my escape what would

become of me a young defenseless woman upon the streets of a lawless mining camp? Better death inside than that, and shuddering I drew back and looked about me.

My room had been lately used by some one else, it seemed, for upon the wall the first objects which my frantic gaze encountered were articles of clothing, boy's clothing—and with that an inspiration came to me with the brightness of a blaze of lightning.

With fingers as cold as ice I grasped all that I needed of the things, then softly dressed myself in them complete, thanking heaven for the cold weather which permitted of the closely drawn cap, the muffler, one of my own, and the high turned collar of the coat.

I had not the courage to face myself in the cracked glass, but taking up the small hand bag which was all the luggage I had with me and with a long despairing look at my own clothing, which I dare not carry, I made for the window, and, without giving myself time for thought, hung for one second to the sill, then dropped outside it. It was no mean drop nor did I know what perils from man or beast I should find waiting for me on the ground beneath.

There was no one near however, my room being at the back of the house, and, rising quickly, I ran, limped and stumbled to a safe distance down the street.

One by one the lights of the little town were winking out. "All the nice people will be in bed," I thought frantically. If only I could

have sat down and screamed and cried. If I only knew where the depot was. Yet how could I go on my journey without my clothes? What would my aunt say next day if her niece from the East should walk in on her in a rough suit of boy's clothing? I should be arrested on the streets. Oh, here was some one coming! Should I run again? No, I would ask for the depot. Life and death were in my getting from the dreadful place. "Sir," I cried timidly, "Sir," and at my second "Sir," a large man who had been hurrying past me stopped abruptly and peered down sharply into the face I lifted up to his.

"Is there—is there any train leaving here," I gasped. "I mean any train going west," and I bit my lip very hard to keep back the tears which would have shamed my shaggy coat.

There was a long silence during which my heart beat many a mighty thump, then the big man said gravely, "I am on the way to the depot myself to catch the train for the west. You may walk along with me if you wish."

Walk with him! I dared not. He might be a street marauder who would sandbag and rob me, or he might be a minister or some good person who would make me talk to him and tell my story. I couldn't tell just then for which I would feel the greatest horror.

"I, I can't walk very fast. I hurt my foot," I stammered, "I will keep you in sight though. Never mind about me."

"Very well," he said so gravely that I began to think he must be the minister.

For what I should reckon to be about two blocks in a civilized country we continued this way. I lagging several paces in the rear, adopting an exaggerated limp. He walking tall and straight ahead, when suddenly from behind I heard steps running towards us. They came from the direction of the hotel. My flight had been discovered and in this dress I should be instantly recognized. My story against the landlord would find no believers, while I, a woman masquerading in men's clothes, stolen at that—the thought was too terrible, and with a groan I plunged off into a side alley, determined to evade my pursuers at any cost.

To my horror he who had been my friend, now bade fair to be my betrayer also, for, no sooner had I dived into the alley, than he, who had



No. 7030
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\$60.00



No. 6513
ALL FINE PEARLS
\$25.00



No. 484
SET WITH PEARLS
\$15.00



No. 7531
SET WITH PEARLS
\$9.00



No. 7022
ALL FINE DIAMONDS
\$250.00



No. 114
ALL FINE DIAMONDS
\$85.00

To the practised eye of the designer is dependent the development of the whole beauty which jewels impart and, without a high mental conception along lines of symmetry and harmony, rare beauty is not attained. Our designs are deserving specimens, effected to appeal to the refined and cultured mind.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home

By Herbert S. Lambert

'Tis not so many years ago,
When as a boy I played,
Amid the scenes so dear to me,
From morn till evening shade;
No place so dear to childhood days
As my old country home,
Until, one day, I said "Good-by,"
And went away to roam.
The old folks said: "God bless you, boy,
And may you soon return,
Two broken hearts await you here,
Two souls will watch and yearn."
The years have come and gone away,
No news from son at home,
No loving message to the boy
Who went away to roam.

Chorus

I wonder how the old folks are at home,
I wonder if they miss me while I roam,
I wonder if they pray for the boy who went
away
And left his kind old parents all alone.
I hear the cattle lowing in the lane,
And see again the fields of golden grain,
I almost hear them sigh, as they bade their boy
good-by,
I wonder how the old folks are at home.

The world grows weary day by day,
I'm weary and I'm sad,
I long again to see the scenes
I knew when but a lad;
To play with little brother
As we whiled the hours away,
No thought had we of sorrow then,
Our hearts were light and gay.
I see again the old schoolhouse,
The church upon the hill,
The lane that led to grandma's house
Is fresh in mem'ry still.
A wandering boy alone to-night,
With thoughts of home, sweet home,
Still wonders how the old folks are—
This boy who went to roam.

Chorus

The Soldier's Grave

By Letitia E. Landon

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath, is a soldier lying;
The death-wound came amid sword and plume
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church-shadow falls on his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes;
There was woman's gentler weeping;
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant, side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over;
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;
He left his sweet home for battle;
And his young child's lip for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again—but an altered man,
The path of the grave was before him;
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer—
These are the words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home-pillow!

Little Annie Rooney

A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat, but quite in style,
Merry chaff, your time to while,
Has little Annie Rooney;
Every evening, rain or shine,
I make a call 'twixt eight and nine,
On her who shortly will be mine—
Little Annie Rooney!

Chorus

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau;
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe;
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

The parlor's small, but neat and clean,
And set with taste so seldom seen,
And you can bet the household queen
Is little Annie Rooney;
The fire burns cheerfully and bright,
As a family circle 'round each night
We form, and every one's delight
Is little Annie Rooney.

Chorus

We've been engaged close on a year,
The happy time is drawing near,
I'll wed the one I love so dear—
Little Annie Rooney.
My heart so long has stood the test;
My friends declare that I'm a jest;
But one who knows its value best
Is little Annie Rooney.

Chorus

No. 135
FINE ORIENTAL PEARL
AND DIAMOND'S
\$100 00

In the Good Old Summer-Time

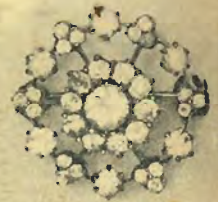
There's a time in each year
That we always hold dear,
Good old summer-time!
With the birds and the trees,
And the sweet-scented breeze,
Good old summer-time.
When your day's work is over,
Then you are in clover,
And life is one beautiful rhyme,
No trouble annoying,
Each one is enjoying
The good old summer-time.

Chorus

In the good old summer-time,
In the good old summer-time,
Strolling through the shady lanes
With your baby mine!
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey-wootsey
In the good old summer-time.

To swim in the pool
You'd play "hookey" from school,
Good old summer-time!
You'd play "ring-a-rosy"
With Jim, Kate and Josie,
Good old summer-time.
Those days full of pleasure
We now fondly treasure,
When we never thought it a crime
To go stealing cherries,
With face brown as berries,
Good old summer-time!

Chorus



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FOUR OLIVINE
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SEVEN OPAL FLAMING BROOCH,
OR HAIR-PIN,
CENTRE PIECE INTERCHANGEABLE
INTO RING, SCARF PIN OR STUD
COMPLETE, \$475.00

One never tires of really fine Jeweled Ornaments. It is different if the stones are not fully lustrous or the design lacks symmetry and style. We pride ourselves that in exception our diamond creations are not only critically fashioned, but the Jewels, by their true brilliant and fiery attributes, induce an esteem that time can't face.

A LITTLE, weazened, sawed-off man of middle age, dressed in a broad-brimmed, weather-beaten straw hat, a checked cotton shirt and a pair of overalls supported by one bedticking gallus, shambled slowly along the path that led up to the Widow Barger's door. Jasper Jackson, as I'm a sinner!" the widow exclaimed to herself. "Like to know what the onery, rotten little scamp is jokin' 'round here for."

The man came on up to the porch where Mrs. Barger was seated stringing beans. She did not look up, and, after he had looked at her for a moment in silence, he said quietly.

"Howdy, Widder."

"Howdy, Jasper."

He took out his knife, picked up a stick and, seating himself on the edge of the porch, began to whittle. There was a short silence which he broke by saying:

"Wal, widder, how'd ye find yourself today?"

"Didn't find myself noway," she replied.

"Folks don't find things that haint never been lost, do they?"

"I reckon not."

"Wal, I haint been lost, so far as I've heard tell."

Jasper leaned back and laughed lazily.

"Say," he said, "you better be careful not to git too close to other people."

"Why so?" she asked.

"'Cause you so sharp you're liable to cut 'em all up."

She tossed her head and gave a sniff of disdain.

"You better shet up," she answered, "an' go 'long 'bout your business an' quit your miserable foolin'."

"I am 'bout my business an' I haint foolin'," he replied. Presently he added: "Looks sorter like you mought be aimin' to have beans for dinner, don't it?"

"S'posin' I am!" she retorted. "Don't reckon it's anything to you, is it?"

"Oh, mebbly not. Guess I didn't hear you give me a invite to stay an' take dinner with you, did it?"

"I don't reckon you did, 'less you can hear folks say things they haint said."

"I wa'n't shore 'bout it an' I 'lowed if you had give me a invite I didn't want to treat it slightin'ly. I'm sorter hard hearin' sometimes."

"I bet you ain't never so hard of hearin' that you can't hear a invite to dinner, even if it wa'n't more than jest whispered."

Jasper made no reply, but, fixing his eyes on the widow, gazed at her steadily. Her head was bent over the pan of beans, but she knew he was staring at her, so, when she had stood his scrutiny for some time, she looked up and said:

"What makes you set there an' look at me that away? Reckon you'll shorley know me next time you meet me, won't you?"

"I was wonderin' if it could really an' shol'ly be you I was lookin' at."

"Lord, what a way to talk!" she cried. "Reckon you ain't done gone plumb stark crazy, have you?"

"Guess not. Leastwise I ain't heard no one tell of it if I have."

"Then what you talk that away fer? You shol'ly knowed me long enough not to be a doubtin' who I am."

"But you don't look like you've always done."

"Humph! I hope to goodness I don't look no wuss than I've always done."

"You don't. No siree. I'm proud to say you don't do that."

She looked at him doubtfully.

"How do I look different then?" she asked.

"Wal, you look sorter—Oh, say! I clean forgot to tell you. I ketcht the biggest, fattest 'possum yisterday you ever see. My, but he was a whopper!"

She sniffed contemptuously.

"Humph! That's powerful important, ain't it?" she said.

"You bet it air," he replied. "Don't ketch 'possums like that ever' day. But I was jest a thinkin'."

"You was jest a thinkin' what?"

"That it'd be awful nice now if I only had somebody to cook that 'possum up for me nice an' scrumptious. On an occasion like this a body feels the need-o' somebody to do sich things for him. He feels the need powerful bad."

The widow's face brightened, but with an air of carelessness, that was only too plainly affected, she said:

"I guess it won't be much trouble to hire somebody to cook that 'possum for you. Lots of people can cook 'possums."

He shook his head.

"I don't know nobody I could git," he replied.

"Do you?"

"I don't call nobody to mind right now," she answered.

"Can't ever'body fix a 'possum up so's he's fit to eat," he continued. "Fact is, you're 'bout the only woman I ever see that could fix one up jest right."

"Me! Why, I ain't no great shakes at cookin' 'possums. I ain't never thought I was, nohow."

"Wal, I've always thought you was. You can fix 'em up so's they suit me powerful well anyhow."

The widow made no reply, and a long silence followed. Finally she said:

"I'm kind o' puzzled, Jasper, 'bout what you said 'while ago."

"What was that?" he asked.

"Why 'bout me lookin' so sort o' different."

"Oh! Well you do look different."

"But you ain't told me how."

"That's so. I was goin' to tell you, but that 'possum popped up in my mind."

"Wal, I'm a-listnin'."

"You look sorter young, an' sorter party, an'—wal, sorter sweet."

The widow was a practical, matter-of-fact person, but, for all that, she was too much of a woman to be impervious to flattery.

"For the land of gracious!" she cried. "Did anybody ever hear tell o' sich talk! Why, its a plumb scan'le an' a shame!"

"Don't see how you make that out," he said.

"The 'dea o' you comin' here an' sayin' sich things to me when there ain't nobody 'round! Why, Jasper Jackson, it's jest awful!"

"I don't see nothin' awful 'bout it."

"I'm a plumb great mind to git mad at you."

"Reckon I got a right to think youse party an' sweet if I want to, ain't I?"

"But you don't think no sich thing."

"I do, too."

"You jest talkin'."

"No I ain't. I'm down right in earnest."

"Shucks! I aint no plumb blank fool, Jasper Jackson. You reckon I don't know you're jest talkin' to hear yourself."

"I mean ever' word I say. Shore pop I do."

"Oh, git out."

"You do look sorter party an' sweet."

Her head bent low, but not so low as to hide the satisfied smile that came to her lips and the faint blush that dyed her cheeks.

Presently, she looked up, and, affecting an air of incredulity and indifference, she said:

"I don't see what sense there is in you comin' a-blameyin' 'round me that away. You shorley ort to know I ain't big enough fool to listen to no sich palaver."

"I haint a-blameyin'," Jasper protested.

"Ever' word I say is a plumb fact."

The widow could think of nothing further to say, although it was very pleasant to hear Jasper reiterate over and over that she possessed such wonderful charms for him. She relapsed into silence, industriously stringing beans while he as industriously whittled away on a stick. Two or three minutes passed, then Jasper broke the

hence by saying:

"Mi's Barger, what sense is there in a couple of old plugs like us sp'illin' two houses?"

She looked up inquiringly.

"I didn't know we was sp'illin' any houses."

"Oh, wal, you know what I mean," he said.

"What's the use of it takin' two houses for us to live in when one would be enough, an' room to spare? Why don't we act sorter sensible an' jine in an' git married?"

Now that Jasper had shown a desire to possess her, the widow, true to her womanly nature, did

not want to fall too readily into his arms. She was glad Jasper wanted her, and she was quite ready to marry him, but it was nice to be sought after. So she hesitated, and when Jasper had repeated his question she replied thoughtfully:

"I don't know, hardly. Mebbly it mought be a good scheme for you, though."

"An' for you, too, don't you reckon?" Jasper asked.

"I don't know. I can't figger it out that away, nohow."

"Don't you never want to git married no more?"

"Oh, I don't know. Mebbly I wouldn't much mind gittin' married if I could ever meet a fittin' chance."

"Wal, you got a fittin' chance now, haint you? Haint I fittin' nough chance for you?"

"I'm afeared not. I can't make out how you'd be no fittin' chance for me."

"I can't see why I wouldn't."

"Wal, I jest 'bout got my hands full takin' keer o' myself, 'thout loadin' up any more burdens on my shoulders."

"You shorley don't 'low I'm goin' to be a burden to you, do you?"

"Don't see why I'd 'low nothin' else. You know you ain't nough a'count to earn the salt

Continued on page thirteen.

Possum Ridge Courtship

Continued from page eight.

that goes in your bread."

"Oh, I don't know. Member I ketch a heap o' rabbits an' 'possums in a year."

"Rabbits an' 'possums!"

"Gin they're cooked up jest right they're purty scrumptious, you bet."

The widow eyed Jasper steadily for some time, apparently in deep thought, then she suddenly asked:

"How comes it, Jasper, that you're a tuck a notion to git married?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "I thought, thar haint nothin' so moughty 'bout a feller teckin' a notion to git married thar?"

"How does it come you jest now tuck the notion, after waitin' all these years? Why ain't you tuck it long ago?"

Jasper stretched himself lazily.

"Wal, I'll jest tell you how it air," he said. "Long time ago I sorter made up my mind that wives wa'n't much use to a feller, as I 'lowed I wouldn't never marry one less I come to feel a powerful strong need of her. I ain't never felt that need till now."

Continued on page sixteen.

NO. 10220
Pendant, five Diamond, \$82.50. Fine Diamond Staff Pin, \$35.00.

Your mind as a desirable and likely want, never more probable the purchase.

HALIFAX IN RUINS

It was on the sixth of December,
Nineteen hundred and seventeen,
That Halifax suffered disaster
The worst she'd ever seen.

The morning was bright with sunshine
'Twas a typical winter day,
None had a thought of danger,
As they wandered their busy way.

The children had gone to their lessons,
Their mothers were busy at home,
While Father worked on in the factory
Little dreaming he'd soon be alone.

There comes creeping up the Harbour
A ship loaded down to the rail,
With the most horrible death-dealing cargo
That was ever allowed to sail.

She carried a deck-load of Benzol
And shells for overseas,
In her hold a new explosive
They call it 'T. N. T.'

Now why should this death-dealing monster
Be allowed to come creeping in here,
To bathe our beautiful city
In widows' and orphans' tear?

There comes a cry from a merchant
There's a vessel a-fire out there,
But a few pay any attention
For that is the firemen's care.

The relief ship had rammed the monster,
Tearing a hole in her side,
And then eased out in the stream again,
And drifted on with the tide.

It was at five minutes after nine,
As those still alive can tell;
That the beautiful city of Halifax,
Was just given a taste of 'H-11.'

The earthquake has its rumble,
The cannon hath its roar
But this was worse than even those
Yes, multiplied by four.

And then when the crash was over
Those still alive struck dumb,
Turned into living statues,
Wondering what next would come.

For no one knew what had happened;
Some thought it the end of the world,
While others surely thought 'twas the Germans,
Marching in with their banners unfurled.

Then rushing out into the streets,
From their tumbling and shattered homes,
Some with cuts and bruises,
And others with broken bones.

They were met with a sight more horrible,
Than any they'd ever seen
For there lay the dead and dying
It was worse than a battle scene.

Houses were crushed like paper,
People were killed like flies,
The coroner's record tells us
The toll was twelve hundred lives.

Two thousand were maimed and wounded,
Hundreds will lose their sight,
And God knows how many children
Were alone in the world that night.

From north to "Rockhead" hospital,
And west to the Exhibition grounds
There wasn't anything living
And not a single sound.

The streets were filled with debris
With dying and with dead,
There lies a little baby hand,
And there an old man's head.

There out upon the "Commons,"
That cold December morn
Tender innocent little souls
Into the world were born.

Women hugged their children
Their hearts were filled with fear,
While husbands lay beneath their homes
They all had loved so dear.

(Old) Time went on apace
Chill night was drawing nigh,
And many were those whose roof that night,
Was just the bright blue sky.

And then the following morning
As if to hurt them twice
There came a storm from the ocean.
A blizzard of snow and ice.

Freezing the poor unfortunates
Who had no place to go
And many a poor soul drifted
To Heaven from out the snow.

The 'States' weep with you Halifax,
In this your hour of sorrow,
They offer you their help and gold,
So don't wait till to-morrow.

Just wade right in, and help yourself,
And we the bill will pay,
For that's the way they do things,
In the good old 'U. S. A.'

Sold by
**George Rainsford,
Halifax, N. S.**



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selected by us and imported directly to our store from the first marts of the world's Diamond centres.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Possum Ridge Courtship.

Continued from page thirteen.

"An' have you felt it now?" she asked.

"I hev. Yisterday when I ketchted that 'possum I jest set down an' 'maged how good he would be if he was fixed up jest right, an' I knowed I couldn't never fix 'im that way. Right then an' thar it come over me that I needed a wife, an' needed 'er pow'ful bad."

"So right then an' thar you made up your mind to marry me?"

"Nat'rally. I've eat a heap o' 'possum cooked by a heap o' women, but I ain't never eat none as good as your'n. My heart turned to you the first one."

"S'posin' I was to tek a notion not to have you? What would you do 'bout your 'possum then?"

"I dunno. Have to try to skeer up somebody else to marry, I reckon. But you will have me, won't you?"

"Don't know, hardly. 'Pears like I'd be a plumb p'int-blank fool if I did, for you won't half way be with your feed. Still, you'd be sorter handy to have 'round. Wouldn't have to keep no cats nor buy no rat pison."

"Why wouldn't you?"

"'Ca'se you're so miserable ugly you'd keep all the rats skeered off the place."

Jasper chuckled softly.

"'Feared I wouldn't do you much good that way," he said, "'ca'se no rat that haint already not skeered off the place haint goin' to let nothin' skeer 'im now."

"Why haint he?" she asked.

"Oh, you been livin' here too long," he answered.

She gave a sniff and tossed her head.

"You're pow'ful sharp, ain't you?" she cried.

"Wish you'd pick your rotten self up an' git 'long 'way from here. I'm plumb tired to death o' your foolin'."

"Wal, I guess I had best be gittin' 'long shore 'nough," he said, slowly getting on his feet.

"You ain't said, though, when it's goin' to suit you to have the weddin' come off."

"I 'saint said it's goin' to suit me to have it come off at all."

"No, but I reckon it is, ain't it?"

"I don't know. Mebby I mought as well marry you, seem' you're so set an' determined on havin' me. It 'ud be a plumb shame to let that 'possum go to waste, an' I jest know you couldn't cook him fit for nothin'." Reckon rather than see him go to waste I'll jest have to marry you."

"That's sensible sort o' talk, Mi's Barger—jest p'intedly sensible, shore. Guess I'd better go right away an' fetch the Squire an' git the weddin' over, hadn't I?"

"Reckon so."

Rather Strong.

"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always the battered side down?"

"I don't know. It hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side ought be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? And this yere is the strongest butter I ever seed?"

"Hush up? It's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it. The great, lazy thing!"

"What! your aunt?"

"No; this yere butter! To make that poor old woman churn it, when it is strong enough to churn itself!"

"Be still, Ziba! It only wants working over."

"Well, marm, if I's you, when I did it, I'd put in a lots o' molasses!"

"You good-for-nothing! I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding-houses."

"Well, people o' rank ought to eat it."

FOR HIM.



...an after-dinner speaker."

...ing the door, "you will do no talking here."

"Why people o' rank?"

"'Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter's taken the skin off my tongue, mother!"

"Ziba, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I tell you what I'd do with it, marm. I'd keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies heel over and die as soon as they touch it!"

"Ziba, don't exaggerate; but here's twenty-five cents; go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."

ROUGH.



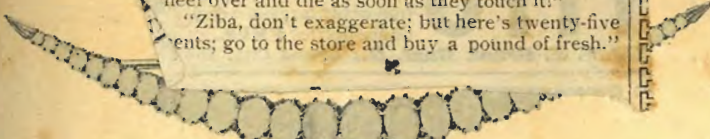
Young Farmer—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss Sweetleeps?"

Miss Sweetleeps—"O, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean this as a proposal of marriage, you must speak to mamma, please."



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Fine Ruby and
Diamond Scarf Pin.
\$25.00.



No. 1778—Fine Gold Bracelet, set with four

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ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

DREAMS

Abandon.—To dream that you abandon a person, is unfavorable; it intimates that you will lose friendship and favor. To dream that you are abandoned, denotes coming trouble.

Abode.—If you dream that you find yourself in a strange abode, it foretells sudden changes in your fortunes; should you be refused admittance, or rejected, be sure there is danger in your path.

Abroad.—To dream of being abroad, denotes a change in your situation in life.

Absent Friends.—To dream of absent friends, and that they are alive, but ill, indicates hasty intelligence of a disagreeable nature; to dream that they are well, denotes they are in a prosperous state; to dream of the death of some absent friend, foretells good news.

Abuse.—To dream that someone is abusing you, is a sure sign that you will quarrel with your lover, or friend, and that someone has been speaking ill of you. In trade it indicates a loss or robbery.

Accident.—Dreaming that you meet with an accident or injury of any part of your body, denotes coming personal affliction, but from which you will recover.

Accounts.—If a business man dreams of keeping accounts, it indicates loss of trade by the failure and bankruptcy of those with whom he has dealings.

Accuse.—To dream that you are accused of a crime of which you are guilty, is a sign of great trouble; to dream that you are not found guilty denotes the failure of your enemy's evil designs.

Acquaintance.—To dream of an acquaintance, denotes his or their continued friendship.

Adieu.—If you dream of bidding your friends or relatives farewell, prepare for sickness, ill-health, and much trouble; sorrow will shortly mark your path. Be warned in time.

Admire.—To dream that you admire a person, is an omen that your partner loves you; and if single, that your lover is sincere. To dream that you are admired, betokens numerous friends.

Adornment.—For a young woman to dream of being adorned in costly attire, denotes changes in her worldly prospects, and lack of means to provide decent apparel. A young man to dream that he is adorned in costly attire, denotes poverty and want through his own prodigality.

Advancement.—If you dream that you are advanced in your situation, it is a sign of success. If engaged in a lawsuit, or any dispute, it is a sign that you will win.

Adversary.—To dream you meet with an adversary and conquer him, denotes that you will overcome some obstacle to your happiness. In soliciting a situation you will meet with impediments, yet you will overcome them.

Adversity.—To dream of being in adverse circumstances, is always a favorable dream; it generally indicates the reverse—prosperity.

Affections.—For a young man or young woman to dream that their affections are slighted by the unfaithfulness of their lover, signifies that they have every reason to place implicit confidence in them, for their intentions are honorable.

Affliction.—It denotes a change of residence; to the young and single early marriage, but not agreeable. It is not a good omen, it indicates trouble.

Age.—A dream about your age betokens sickness and premature death. Do not neglect your health.

Afraid.—This goes by the contrary. It denotes that in future trials you will be valiant and not afraid.

Agony.—To dream of having great agony, either from pain of body or mind, is an excellent dream. Prosperity, good health and business will follow.

Almonds.—To dream of eating sweet almonds, indicates future enjoyment, probably by travel in a distant country. If you relish the almonds, nearly every undertaking will be prosperous; if the taste is bitter, your enterprise will fail.

Alms.—To dream that alms are begged of

you, and you refuse to give them, denotes want and misery to the dreamer; but to dream that you give them freely and without murmuring, signifies joy and long life.

Angels.—If you dream you are with them, it indicates that you will have sweet fellowship with agreeable friends—that you will have prosperity, peace and happiness. It is a happy omen to lovers. Such pleasant dreams result from good health.

Anger.—To dream you are angry with some person is a sign that that person is your best friend. Should you dream that your lover is angry with you, be assured he loves you sincerely.

Apples.—This is a very good dream; it indicates a long and happy life, success in business and in love.

Baby.—To dream that you are nursing a baby denotes sorrow and misfortune, and disappointment in love; that it is sick foretells the death of one of the family. For a young woman to dream of having a baby, implies that she is in danger of temptation, and that she will be forsaken by her lover; and for a young man to dream that he is married and is nursing a baby, denotes disappointment in the object of his affections, perhaps by her death.

Bacon.—To dream of eating bacon portends sorrow. To dream of buying it foretells the death of a friend. It predicts great trials by sickness.

Baking.—To dream of baking denotes sorrow, and a death in the family; or, if a young person, the death or serious illness of your intended.

Bath.—To dream you see a bath denotes affliction; if you go into, or see yourself in it, and find it too hot, grief and sickness will enter into your family; but if you go into an extremely cold bath, it is indicative of joy and health.

Beans.—To dream of beans is unfortunate. If you dream of eating them it foretells sickness. If you dream of seeing them growing, it foretells contention with those you love best. If haunted by such dreams, you are probably not well.

Bed.—To dream of being in bed signifies a very early marriage to yourself, and to dream of making a bed indicates a sudden change of residence.

Beer.—To drink good beer shows success in love and business; but if the beer be bad expect trouble.

Bells.—To dream of hearing the bells ring is a fortunate sign. It is a sign of coming good news. To the young it foretells a happy and early marriage to the person so ardently loved by them. To persons in business it denotes the acquirement of a fortune. Such happy dreams are the reflections of a happy mind and body.

Bereavement.—To dream of the death of a near relative, and that you are present, denotes that you will soon contract a wealthy marriage; if already married, it signifies a new partnership in business, which will prove prosperous.

Birthday.—For a person to dream of his birthday denotes that reports have been set about that he is dead; look well to your possessions, and how you dispose of them in your will.

Blind.—For persons in love to dream that they are blind, denotes that they have made a bad choice in the object of their affections. To dream of the blind is a sign that you will have few real friends.

Blood.—To dream of blood is very bad, if you see it upon yourself; if on others, it denotes a sudden death to some of the family, loss of property and severe disappointment. If you dream that your hands are bloody, you will be in danger of injuring some person. Beware!

Bonnet.—For a young woman to dream she will get a new bonnet signifies she will have a new lover; if the color of the bonnet be green or pink, he will be deceitful; if blue, he will be true, affectionate; if yellow, he will be jealous.

a bracelet, you will shortly be married a wealthy person. If you dream that you lose the bracelet, it is a sign of coming fortune.

Breakfast.—To dream that you are eating a breakfast foretells you will do something which will cause you sorrow and grief.

Bequest.—To dream of giving to others denotes trouble and losses to yourself.

Biscuits.—To dream of eating biscuit denotes that you will suffer from sickness.

Cab.—To dream of riding in a cab denotes a short sickness and speedy recovery by change of climate. It also denotes increasing prosperity.

Carpet.—To dream that you are in a carpeted room denotes advancement to a state of riches.

Carriage.—If you dream of riding in a carriage it tokens a state of poverty.

Chamber.—For a young woman to dream that she is in bed-chamber denotes that she will love a young man against her parents' wishes.

Chestnuts.—To dream you are eating chestnuts denotes to an unmarried woman that she will be courted; but to the married it shows sickness.

Chickens.—To dream of hen and chickens is a forerunner of ill luck. To a farmer it denotes a bad season.

Coffee.—It is a bad sign. It is a sign of the death of some dear friend; the death will be the lover of the one so dear to him.

Complexion.—To dream your complexion

is good shows sickness; but if bad, it denotes good health.

Concert.—To dream of a concert denotes wrangling, disputation and disagreement among relatives.

Confectionery.—To dream you eat confectionery signifies that trouble is coming upon you. Someone in your family will be taken ill.

Consumption.—To dream you have the lingering disease denotes you will be healthy and have long life.

Cooking.—Dreaming of cooking denotes convivial party and also a wedding of some friend.

Corns.—For male or female to dream the flesh is full of corns denotes they will get rich.

Courtship.—For a young woman to dream of courtship denotes she will never marry. For a male to dream signifies he will always remain a bachelor.

Crape.—To dream you wear crape signifies you will soon hear of the marriage of an friend.

Crows.—This is a sign of a funeral.

Daisies.—To dream of daisies in spring summer is good and profitable, but very fortunate in winter.

Danger.—If you dream you are in danger it warns you to be careful in business. If you get hurt, you will suffer a loss.

Devil.—This is a shocking dream, and foretells losses, sickness, and much misfortune. Such dreams may be caused by a disordered digestion.

Diamond.—This dream indicates solid, extensive wealth and the fulfilment of wishes.

Doctor.—To dream a medical doctor visits you denotes your health to be good, and you will have no need of the attendance of a doctor for some time.

Dreams.—For a person to dream he relives his dreams to anyone indicates that something unlooked for is about to take place.

Driving.—If you dream of driving a gig expect losses in trade. To dream that someone is driving you in a carriage is a good sign foretells a marriage. If you dream of driving in a vehicle it betokens your dependence on poverty.

Drunk.—To dream that you are drunk denotes the fall into prodigality and ruin, that you will be reckless of your substance and reputation and domestic comfort.

Eating.—To dream that you are eating an unfortunate omen, portending quarrels, sickness, separation of lovers, in trade, bad harvest and shipwreck. See to your health. To dream you see persons eating and you with them, denotes choice friendship and eminent success in trade or profession.

Education.—To dream of education way denotes your advance in literature.

Eggs.—To dream of seeing a great number of eggs denotes success in trade and business. To dream that the egg grows rotten

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Light.—To dream you see a brilliant light denotes riches and honor; if you see it suddenly extinguished it denotes a reversion in your affairs.

Lily.—To dream you see this lovely flower, it is a sign that, by your virtuous and industrious career, you will be very happy and prosperous.

Loaves.—For a woman to dream she sees a number of loaves of bread denotes she will experience want.

Lobster.—To dream of eating lobsters foretells trouble and sorrow.

Manufactory.—To dream you are inspecting your factory, when all is in operation, denotes that your trade will flourish—will acquire wealth and be useful.

Market.—To dream that you are in a market, marketing, denotes a good trade and high domestic enjoyment. It denotes an approaching happy event, which will cause joy and feasting.

Mat.—For a married woman to dream her door-mat has been stolen denotes some person will attempt to break into her house.

Meadow.—To dream that you are walking through a meadow denotes good fortune for you.

Meat.—For a person to dream he sees meat denotes loss and damage; if he eats it, it is sickness.

Melons.—A young man, or a young woman, who dreams of melons is destined to marry or be married to a rich foreigner, and to live in a foreign land.

Mice.—To dream of mice indicates many intermeddling enemies and slanderers; also, poverty and unsuccessful undertakings.

Mirror.—For a young woman to dream she stands before a large mirror denotes her beauty will be greatly marred by sickness, and her character by scandal.

News.—To dream you hear some strange news denotes that your lover or partner in life is in danger of being afflicted, and of having some heavy trouble.

Nightmare.—To dream that you have the nightmare signifies that you are under the influence of a foolish and imprudent habit.

Ocean.—To dream you gaze upon the ocean when it is calm, is good; when it is stormy it augurs ill. To dream of sailing on the ocean when it is smooth, denotes the accomplishment of a purpose, designs answered and the object gained. It prognosticates success in love affairs.

Orchard.—To dream that you are in an orchard gathering fruit, agreeable to the taste as well as to the eye, foretells that you will be made the heir to some property, and become rich. If the fruit appears ripe, your advancement will be immediate; if green it is yet in the distance, but it will come.

Oysters.—To dream of eating oysters foretells that after conflicts and losses you will acquire wealth; that married persons will enjoy happiness, and that lovers shall obtain their wish by a happy conjugal alliance.

Parents.—If your parents are dead, and you dream they visit you, signifies that you must be very careful of new enterprises and speculations. If you have been guilty of indiscretion or folly—their visits was a rebuke to you and to warn you of danger.

Pearls.—This is a very favorable omen; it foretells to the dreamer that, however poor he may be at the beginning of his business life he will die a rich and great man, respected by the general public.

Play.—To dream that you are at play, where you have much amusement, betokens happiness in the married state, and extensive success in trade. To dream you are taking part in a play is not good.

Purse.—If you dream that you find a full purse, it foreshadows great happiness, particularly in love. To dream of losing a purse foretells your own sickness.

Quarrels.—This is a dream of contrary; for if you dream that you quarrel with some person, it foretells success in business or love.

Rats.—To dream about rats foretells many enemies and will cause you a great deal of trouble and anxiety, and by whom you will suffer many losses. If you kill the rats it is a good sign.

Reptile.—To dream of any animal that is called a reptile is a sign of anger and quarrels; if you dream you are bitten, it shows you will suffer injury; if a girl dreams of a reptile, her lover will play her false.

Rich.—To dream you are rich is a dream of contrary. You will be poor for a long time, and only gain competency in the end.

Riding.—To dream you are riding with a lady is very fortunate; but if in trade, your business will decay.

Ring.—If a female dreams her wedding ring breaks, it foreshows the death of her husband; and if she dream it presses her finger and hurts her, it forewarns her of the illness of her husband or of some of the family. To dream someone puts a ring on your finger, foretells union with the one you love.

Scaffold.—To dream of going up a high scaffold signifies that you will rise in the world; but should you fall it denotes a misfortune which will make you poorer.

Scissors.—To dream of a pair of scissors is a sign of marriage to a young girl, and to a married woman the dream is evil; she must look well to her character.

Sparrows.—To dream you see sparrows hopping about your doorstep denotes good fortune will attend any project you have in view.

Spring.—To dream of spring shows good fortune and success will speedily attend you, and long life.

Stars.—For a traveler to dream he sees stars clear, is good news; but should they appear dusky and pale-colored, signifies mischief and deceit; to see the stars disappear signifies poverty and vexation.

Steps.—To dream that you walk up steps denotes you will rise in life and receive honors; in love, it denotes, a happy marriage.

Stockings.—To dream that you lose your stockings denotes trouble and distress; if there be holes in them, beware of your behavior.

Teeth.—To dream that you see a person with white, regular teeth, denotes that you will have a beautiful lover, whom you will marry. To dream that your teeth are very loose portends personal sickness. To dream that one of them comes out, denotes the loss of a friend or relative; to dream that they all fall out is a sign of your own death.

Thieves.—To dream of thieves is a bad dream; it denotes loss in all cases.

Tombs.—To dream that you are walking among tombs, foretells marriages; to dream that you are ordering your own tomb, denotes that you will shortly be married; but to see that tomb fall into ruins, denotes the reverse, and also great sickness and trouble to your family.

Unfortunate.—For one who speculates to dream that he has been unfortunate denotes that by carefulness he will mass a large fortune.

Vermin.—To dream that you are infested with vermin foretells sickness, but if you dream that you get rid of them, restoration to health.

Wages.—For a workingman to dream he has had his wages reduced, denotes he will obtain a more lucrative place. To dream that his wages have been increased indicates he will soon be without work.

Washing.—To dream that you are washing yourself is good, denoting a change in your prospects for the better. If you have an illness this dream denotes your speedy recovery.

Imprisonment.—It is a dream of contrary; prognosticates liberty in every sense. Free enjoyment in all states, especially in wedlock.

Infirm.—To dream that you have become infirm denotes health to yourself and children. To see a person infirm signifies affliction.

Injury.—To dream that some person or persons have injured you denotes enemies. To the farmer it predicts failure of crops and fire.

Jail.—To dream you are confined in jail is favorable; your honor will be much increased after this dream.

Jolly.—If you dream you are in company and feel particularly jolly signifies sorrow. Mark well who it is who contributes most to your mirth, and beware of him or her.

Journey.—To dream that you have to go on a journey to a distant country foretells a great change of circumstances. If the journey is pleasant or unpleasant, such will be the change in your circumstances.

Kitten.—To dream that you are playing with a kitten and it scratches you denotes that if you marry you will have a very unhappy life.

Knife.—This is a very unfavorable dream. If you see knives cleaned ready for feast it is by contrary sign a portend of poverty. If you see them bright and sharp, it denotes enemies and evil design.

Labor.—To dream you labor denotes an easy passage through life. To dream you watch others toil denotes wealth gained by manufactures.

Laughing.—To dream you are laughing immoderately denotes vexation and disappointment. If you are in love it is a certain sign that your love will not be reciprocated. Laughing is often a sign of weeping and sorrow. But do not worry—perhaps bad digestion caused the dream.

Leather.—To dream you see a great quantity of leather, if you are a shoemaker, or in the leather trade, denotes your business will be dull and slow.

Letter.—Dreaming of receiving letters sometimes indicates presents, or the reception of unexpected news, from a person you have not heard of for many years. To dream that you send a letter denotes you will soon be able to perform a generous action.

Lice.—This dream foretells much sickness, poverty and tribulation. Yourself or someone to whom you are tenderly attached will meet with severe affliction; also expect much trouble in your business.

unfaithfulness and treachery of friends and lovers. To dream of eating eggs portends great enjoyment.

Embroidery.—To dream of embroidery denotes deceit in those who apparently love you.

Evergreens.—Lasting happiness! lasting love! lasting honor! perennial domestic bliss! Fresh engagements will be crowned with success.

Father.—To dream of your father denotes that he loves you; if he is dead, it is a sign of affliction.

Favor.—For a person to dream he gains the favor of some person above him in social scale, denotes he will be an inmate of some charitable institution in his later days.

Fear.—To dream that fear possesses your breast at some mysterious event in your dream is very favorable, denoting you will have a legacy left you from some wealthy person.

Fortune.—It is a dream of contrary. you dream that one has left you a fortune, is a sign he will not; if you dream that your friend has a fortune, it is a sign of his coming poverty—it is a bad dream.

Fowls.—To dream of fowls denotes moderate comfort in temporal things, but in love it denotes that you will meet with slander and rivalry.

Friends.—Dreaming alarmingly of a distant friend is a sign that sickness or some evil has befallen that friend. If your dream of distant friends be calm and pleasing, expect good news soon.

Gold.—“To dream of gold,” says Ptolemy, “is a dream of contrary.” It is a sign of poverty and distress. Gold is often an omen of sickness and sorrow, as the result of bad fortune.

Goose.—This is a bad dream for a single man; the woman whom he loves will prove very silly and incompetent wife.

To dream he fall on the ground denotes dishonor, shame and grief. Let him beware!

Our "Crescent" Jewelry will appeal to all lovers of this much prized design. A Crescent Brooch is held in high designs which might also be favored. The selections illustrated above have been made with taste of those who cherish the effective qualities of the Crescent style

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

**A WOMAN'S RESOLUTION;
Or, the Sober Second Thought.**

I will tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who was neither white nor yellow,
But was altogether green;
His name 'twas nothing charming,
It was only common Bill,
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

He whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
And it seemed so very silly
That I nearly fell asleep;
And he thinks it would be pleasant
As we journeyed down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think that fellow
Tumbled down upon his knees;
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

Last night he came to see me,
And he made so long a stay
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still;
Yet he urges me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I would not choose him,
But the very deuce is in it,
For he says if I refuse him
He could not live a minute.
Now, you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says we must not kill,
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.
Respectfully, etc. George E. Allen.
Sanford, Me.

Anonymous.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane,
Peeping over shelves and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the time the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sang in sweetest accent
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said,
Never can they be forgotten:
Deep are they in memory driven,
"Hallowed by thy name of father,
Father, thou who art in heaven."

Thus she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep;
After which I learned to utter:
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked our Father,
"Father, do thou bless my child."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the courts of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

GRANDPA'S SPECTACLES.

O, mama! What will grandpa do—
He's gone away to heaven
Without the silver spectacles,
That uncle John has given!

How can he read his paper there,
Or find his hickory staff?
He'll get his coat on wrong side out,
And make the people laugh.

O, dear! He'll never find the place
About the wicked flea—
And how the bears ate children up,
That used to frighten me!

There won't be any little boy
He likes as well as me,
To run and hunt them up for him,
And put them on his knee.

So mama, if you'll dress me up,
All like an angel bright,
I'll put our ladder 'gainst the sky,
And take them up tonight.
For A. V. R. Sent in by Bertha Liedean.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY

By S. F. Bennett.
There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS:

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

We shall rest on that beautiful shore—
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage-toll will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home, in the sweet by-and-by.

HOME AGAIN.

By M. S. Pike.
Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,
And O, it fills my soul with joy to greet my
friends once more.

Here I dropped the parting tear to cross the
ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those who
kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts, with mine have
laughed in glee,
But O, the friends I loved in youth seem hap-
pier to me;
And if my guide should be the fate which
bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie that binds
my heart to home.

Music sweet, music soft, lingers round the
place,
And O, I feel the childhood charms that time
cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask
no palace dome;
For I can live a happy life with those I love
at home.
Mrs E. S. T. S.



No. 1333.
Solid Gold Stick
in real Pearl.
\$2.50.

No. 1325.
Solid Gold Stick
Pin, real Pearls.
\$2.50.

No. 13521.
Solid Gold Stick
Pin, real Pearls.
\$3.00.

No. 8242.
Solid Gold Stick
Pin, real Pearls.
\$2.75.

No. 13442.
Solid Gold Stick
Pin, real Pearl.
\$1.75.

No. 8040.
Solid Gold Stick
Pin, real Pearls.
\$3.00.

No. 13512.
Solid Gold
Stick Pin,
real Pearl.
\$1.75.

has attained its present status considerably because our ability and desire to give all we promise is well known. attentive, careful and always liberal treatment. This prompts an upraising of loyalty for our store and its methods; suit is, our Catalogues bring a greater amount of business the more widely we become known.

Autumn.

The spare-rib soon will be in sight,
And soon the sausage cake
Will join the mince and pumpkin pies
Like mother used to make.

It is not always the longest prayer that reaches furthest.

Rubbing It In.

"Lands, yes," said Mr. Higgins, somewhat heatedly, "I believe in givin' yer children all the blamed advantages ye can afford, so fur's that goes. I didn't make no time about it when our Sairy wanted to take French lessons, spite o' the fact that I felt certain sure she'd never see a Frenchman up to the day she died; an' when she wanted to go to the city an' take tailor-made dressmakin' lessons, I said all right, though her ma's dressmakin' had always been good enough, so fur's I could see; an' when she wanted to take pianner lessons, I thought it was an all-fired big expense, but I let her do it, jes the same, seein' her heart was sot on it. But now, by Jiminy!" sputtered Mr. Higgins, "now, when that gal's been studyin' pianner for two years an' ten months, an' only just gettin' able to make real tunes come out o' it, now I say, when that gal goes to work an' strikes me for a two hundred an' fifty dollar pianner player that any child kin operate, I say that's rubbin' it into the old man too durn hard!"



The Deep-Thinking Old Lady Says:

Ef some feller would jest invent a kind o' cloth that ud drop to powder the second ye started to make it over—thus makin' a hull new dress necessary—I'll bet I could sell 'bout two thousand yards 'thout goin' out o' this here county.

In this here little puddle we call Life, I've allus noticed that it's the feller that spends his breath in swimmin', 'stead o' callin' fer help, that gits to shore soonest an' easiest.

Ef we could know jest as much 'bout things in general at fifteen as we do at fifty, I guess the Recordin' Angel would have a sight more time to sit 'round an' kinder git rested up.

Ef the gal that's let run loose everywhere, all hours o' the night, does happen to be the same one that disappears with some one else's husband a few years later, ain't it a little bit silly fer her maw to sit down an' holler an' blame the gal fer the dis-
SCOTISH HONESTY.

AT one time in the highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of, so strictly did the people regard their honor. There is a story of a farmer who had been to the lowlands, and had there acquired worldly wisdom:

After returning to his native place he needed some money, and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt. "And what is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper.

"That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back gold at the right time," replied Donald.

"Bind ye indeed! Well, my man, if ye canna trust yersel', I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Such as ye canna hae my gold;" and, on gathering it up, he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it to ye, but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I tell ye; but ye'll find nane about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than a neighbor's word of honor and his love of right."

October.

Now all the trees are clothed in red
And yellow fading light,
And in a month or so the earth
Will don her garb of white.

A steel thimble is as good as a gold one for a girl
who cannot darn her own stockings.

The Bounds of Patience.

"Yes, siree! I licked him!" puffed Mr. Higgins. "I licked Jabe Smith so good that he won't forget it much before Christmas. I ain't a fightin' man at that, an' I guess I'm about as long sufferin' as the next one. When Jake came over an' borrowed my mowin' machine an' kept it, I didn't say much, knowin' he had a lot o' hayin' to do. An' when he sent over for the rake while I was away, an' they gin it to him, I didn't git reel excited even then, knowin' he had to git in his hay some way. But, by George!" gurgled Mr. Higgins, readjusting his torn shirt collar, "when I went to town this mornin', an' he came over an' borrowed the horses an' men to work the mower an' rake with, then got sassy an' swore at me, when I went over and



axed him with bein' unneighborly—waal, I guess that must 'a' been just about the limit o' my patience, an' my two fists climbed outside the limit an' taught Jabe Smith a lesson that'll send him buyin' his own farm tools jest 'bout as soon as ever he kin raise the price!"

The Summer Girl.

The Summer Girl has disappeared
From sea and mountain place,
But just the same as Winter Girl,
She'll lead the men a chase.

There is always somebody to find a woman's temper when she loses it.

Concerning Automobiles.

"Mebbe ottermobiles is all right fer them that likes 'em," growled Mr. Higgins, rubbing his back tenderly. "I guess they be. I stood 'em 's long as I could, too. Lands! When them fellers took to whizzin' by my place, an' slaughterin' 'bout a dozen chickens every durn whiz, I didn't say much. An' when one of 'em flattened out poor old Tige, flatter'n a pancake, I knowed they wa'ant no use swearin', 'cause he was most a mile away 'fore the dust cleared off so's I could see the gol-durned dog's remains. An' even when that chap knocked the seven senses clean out



our best Jersey, I didn't talk 'bout suin' no one, 'cause he came down with the cash right spry. But when that cuss yesterday ketched me 'fore I could jump out the road, an' knocked me head over heels inter the barnyard, it purty nigh finished me on ottermobiles. An' then, after I got conscious agin, an' see him lyin' on his back a tinkerin' the durn red machine, an' asked him what in time he meant, an' when he said—by the jumpin' ginger!" snorted Mr. Higgins, "when he said he'd talk to me soon as he saw whether the shock had hurt his durn motor, then I went in an' loaded the old gun— an' the next ottermobile gits it!"

As He Defined Her.

1st Cowboy—"Who was that girl you had to the show last night?"
2nd Cowboy—"Oh, she's an Arizona kid herder."
1st Cowboy—"What you tryin' to spring on me? A kid herder!"
2nd Cowboy—"Yes, she teaches school over on Lone Mountain."

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today—especially if the party is easy, for cinches don't happen along every day.

One of the Rules

Husband—"So you've given up your swimming lessons, my dear. Couldn't you follow the rules?"
Wife—"Oh, dear, yes! But that horrid swimming teacher kept telling me to shut my mouth."

Money may be the root of all evil, but there is one thing certain, few roots are of such phenomenally slow growth.

Naughty Nan.
There was an old man in Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter named Nan
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket—Nan tucket.

Then He Riz.
There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck.
When asked, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is;
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

He Kr.
She always addressed him as Mr.
Until he took courage and Kr.;
But now that they're wed,
Like a brute he has said,
That he wishes to goodness he'd Mr.

Doggie Won. Bad boy, Apple-tree, Big dog, R. I. P.
Playing with Fire. Loaded gun, Father out, Little son, Laid out.

No. 143. Fine Pearls. \$7.00.

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No. 542. Fine Gold enamelled Pansy Sack Pin, set with whole Pearls. \$7.00.

WHEN a man is intoxicated it is astonishing to find how little argument and how much tact are required to manage him successfully. A constable was recently called to quell a disturbance caused by a fellow who wished to fight the bystanders, one and all. In vain had his friends tried to get him to go home quietly. He persisted in telling them all that he was a "brick" and would fight any man in the company. When the constable arrived, the tale was retold.

"I'm a brick, and I can fight any policeman in the force."
"Of course," replied the constable; "but do you know what I was before I joined the force?"
"No," replied the fellow in a surprised tone.
"Well, then, I'll tell you," added the constable.
"You say you are a brick. Well, before I became a policeman I was a bricklayer, and I ain't forgot my profession."
To the great surprise of all, the fellow, tipsy as he was, took the hint and disappeared.

No. 317. Fine Diamond and Sapphire, \$33.00.
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ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

How Can I Say Good Bye To You?

by M. GREENWALD.

Composer of "Stilling the Storm" Meditation, "Soul's Awakeing" Reverie, etc.

Tempo di Valse lento

p

How can I say Good Bye to you, To one I
Weep not for me when I'm a-way, I'll love and

mf

p

loved so long and true? One lov-ing wish, be-fore we part, One lov-ing kiss, to
think of you each day. No dis-tance can our true love harm, It on-ly adds to

mf

mf

calm my heart. Now is the time that I must go, And leave you here a-
love a charm; And gives us hope for that sweet time, When I re-tur-n to

p

f

lone, I know, Farewell, fare-well, but not a-dieu, How can I say Good Bye to you?
claim you mine, Farewell, fare-well, but not a-dieu, How can I say Good Bye to you?

p ritard

CHORUS: Allegretto.

mf

How can I say Good Bye to you, How can I say Good Bye?

mf

f

I bid fare-well, but not a-dieu, How can I say Good Bye to you?

p ritard

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Digital copy of Edna Snow's scrapbook CR3-2-0-2 provided by Halifax Municipal Archives

ns.

\$1.50.

No. Ladies' solid Buttons, \$

3.75. Fine

125. Buff Buttons graved, \$4.7

N. Sol P

g our patr had.

The Fishing Season In Rhyme

NET, TORONTO.

Fine Solid Gold Chains and Locketts.



14k solid Gold, \$22.00. No. 711—10k solid Gold, \$17.00.
 1st quality filled Gold, \$5.00. No. 7147—Sterling Silver, \$2.75.
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YARMOUTH BOYS AT THE FRONT

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Come all you loafers if you want to fight,
 Put on the khaki and we'll all do right,
 We'll go fight the Germans and down with the Hun,
 For the Canadian boys will make the Germans run.

Chorus:—

Canadian boys, going to fight the Germans,
 Canadian boys going to fight the Hun,
 Canadian boys going to fight the Germans,
 Going to fight the Germans with their single barrel gun.

Come all you loafers, let us do our part,
 The kaiser'll shake and tremble when he sees us start,
 He'll cry "beware of Canadian boys,
 With their single barrel gun,
 For he knows the Canadian boys, can make the Germans run."

Chorus:—

Come all you loafers make up your minds,
 To leave old Yarmouth and the girls behind,
 Enlist today and be in at the fun,
 To see the Canadian boys make the Germans run.

Chorus:—

The boys all shouted and said old son,
 We are bound for old England, yes, every one,
 We'll avenge Edith Cavell and shoot every Hun,
 The Canadian boys with their single barrel gun.

Chorus:—

Yarmouth, N. S.

MRS. GEORGE HESSE.

.....\$12.00
 6.00

The Flag

By Arthur Macy

Here comes the flag,
 Hail it!
 Who dares to drag
 Or trail it?
 Give it hurrahs—
 Three for the stars,
 Three for the bars.
 Uncover your head to it!
 The soldiers who tread to it
 Shout at the sight of it,
 The justice and right of it,
 The unsullied white of it,
 The blue and the red of it,
 And tyranny's dread of it!
 Here comes the flag!
 Cheer it!
 Valley and crag
 Shall hear it,
 Fathers shall bless it,
 Children caress it,
 All shall maintain it,
 No one shall stain it.

Cheers for the sailors who fought on the wave
 for it,
 Cheers for the soldiers who always were brave
 for it,
 Tears for the men who went down to the grave
 for it.

Here comes the flag.

15—10k solid
 10—Sterling



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 \$9.00.

No. 4712—14k, with fine Dia-
 monds, Ruby and
 Sapphire \$16.50
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Silver Bell

Beneath the light of a bright starry night
 Sang a lonely little Indian maid:
 No lover's sweet serenade
 Has ever won me!
 As in a dream it would seem, down the stream,
 Gaily paddling his tiny canoe,
 A chieftain longing to woo,
 Sang her this song:

Chorus

Your voice is ringing, my Silver Bell,
 Under its spell I've come to tell
 You of the love I am bringing
 O'er hill and dell,
 Happy we'll dwell, my Silver Bell!

For many moons, many spoons, many tunes
 Woke the echoes of the still summer night,
 As down the stream, gleaming bright
 They floated dreaming.
 In his canoe only two sat to woo,
 And they listened to the sigh of the breeze
 That seemed to sing in the trees
 This sweet refrain:

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 15k Gold Seal,
 Bloodstone
 setting.
 \$7.00.

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 Solid Gold.
 \$3.50.

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ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

JUST A GAUDY SCRAP-BOOK.

For months Margaret had been collecting bright pictures to make a scrap-book for the crippled children when Christmas came around again. Though she was a little not five years old, she understood quite well her object, because her mother had often told her about the children at the Home in Philadelphia, who would be cripples all their lives.

One rainy day the book was made. A busy time it was, too, for all hands. Grand-mamma, mamma, Margaret and even baby Constance helped to cut out pictures and group them somewhat systematically. Mamma had bought paper muslin for the book, pink, blue and yellow, which she folded in half and cut off the desired length, leaving selv-edge at the front, where the wear from little fingers turning the leaves would come.

The different coloured pages were scattered through the book and stitched together at the back. The pictures were thinly coated with boiled flour paste, placed in position upon the leaves and pressed with a flat-iron, slightly heated, until the paste dried, so that when the book was finished it lay close and flat.

Several days before Christmas Margaret and her mother started off with their gift to the Home for Incurables. Upon being admitted, a sweet-faced lady, the matron came forward to welcome them. When the object of their visit was explained, she led them at once to the "hospital ward," saying, as she threw open the folding-doors and disclosing a large, cheerful, homelike room: "Children, this little girl has brought a picture scrap-book which she helped to make; she wishes to give it to you herself."

Lying on their cots, just as mamma had described, Margaret saw the cripples.

On all the row of childish faces shone the brightness which comes from happy hearts, a brightness that made them more pathetic.

"Good-morning, dear little children," said mamma, the tears dimming her eyes as she spoke; "this is my daughter Margaret, who hopes to make something and bring it to you every Christmas."

Margaret, standing shyly beside her mother, in her dainty winter coat and hat, and on her ruddy, baby face a look of earnest curiosity, was a pretty picture, no detail of which was lost upon the invalid children.

Presently she overcame her shyness and went forward with the book to the first cot, on which lay a little girl whose head was fastened in a sort of cage strapped loosely to the bedstead, in order to prevent her raising her neck more than a few inches. The child eagerly stretched out her hand toward Margaret, saying with a smile as she took the book, "Thank you very much." Then in a moment she was lost to everything save the charm of the pictures. They heard her happy voice exclaiming to the attendant, "Oh, my, what a beauty!"

Margaret, meanwhile, having quite regained her self-possession, was distributing pictures which had been too large for the scrap-book, among the other children. Fortunately, she had just enough to go around; one to each. The last, which represented a boy and girl marching along carrying a big flag, she gave to a broken-backed boy of seven or eight years, who no sooner spied the subject of the picture than he cried, excitedly, "That's what I like best of anything—our American flag!" Then he scrambled to the foot of the bed, to hang it up there and get a better view of the object of his admiration.

"Something must have told Margaret to keep that picture for you, since you are so patriotic," said mamma, smiling through her tears.

"Yes," interposed the matron, who overheard the remark, "Harry Grey is the most patriotic boy in the ward."

When all the children had taken a peep at the book, and after a little further chat with them, and a promise to pay another visit in the spring, and to come laden with axalias and dog-wood blossoms, Margaret and her mother said good-bye, amid a hearty shout of "Merry Christmas" from all in

concert.

What pleasure that visit brought, not only to those patient little invalids, but to Margaret and mamma as well. Margaret learned a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in consideration and thoughtfulness for others. Young as she was, she knew these children were not strong in body, like herself, but that they were sufferers for whom her heart would henceforth beat in sympathy, and into whose lives her hands would gladly strive to bring an extra ray of sunshine. Mamma realized that never before had she been half grateful enough for her children's health and strength, and from her heart an earnest prayer of thankfulness went up to God, that He had given these blessings to her darlings. As for the children, they somehow knew at once that they had made a friend in Margaret who would not fail to come from time to time, and bring them pleasure by her presence.

Surely there are often joys and lessons such as these, hidden in simple things, if we would look to find them. This was but a gaudy scrap-book, yet how many lives it brightened and made better!—Gertrude Okie Gaskill.

such a tea.

As far as **AMED TO TELL MOTHER** that maidens "love to be wooed, and are ever willing to be wooed and won if the suitor is manly and able to make himself interesting. And this I say without any disloyalty to or disparagement of the dear girls. They are simply following the God-given instinct implanted in every nature to seek its mate.

It is the men, then, who are inclined to defer marriage from considerations of expediency.

But this is not the question at issue, which is, whether early marriages are conducive to the happiness of the individuals and the good of the state. There can be but one reasonable answer to this as far as our own land is concerned, but in the crowded centres of population in the Old World, where the conditions of life are harder, men and women may be wise in hesitating to take up the burdens of life too soon. In this bountiful land of the West, however, where there is room and bread for all the industrious and thrifty, the young man who thinks he must make a fortune before he is in a position to marry argues from a wrong stand-point. While he is intent on bettering his condition in life for the sake of the girl of his choice, she is losing the bloom of her youth, or growing weary of waiting, marries somebody else; and not without excuse, for in the heart of every woman is a desire to have a home of her own, with all that that implies of love and happiness in husband and children, and all the absorbing interests that cluster round the domestic centre. This is her ambition—her goal.

That men and women should marry in youth is surely what the Creator intended when he endowed the maiden with every charm to win the love of the opposite sex, and whatever is in accordance with God's way must be the right way. "Be ye fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," I think, holds good to-day as in the days of Noah.

And it is only in youth that people really fall in love. Close and abiding attachments may be formed later in life, but there is lacking that ethereal essence which passes like the mist of the morning when the dew of youth is past, and is akin to that impalpable, mystic something which makes "every day a holiday when the heart beats young."

Young men and young women who love each other, and who have health, with a reasonable prospect of success, need have no fear of taking up life together in whatever sphere the Father has placed them, and in mutual help and forbearance, making for themselves a home, a spot of sunshine, amid all the ills of life.

Probably the happiest people in the world to-day are those who have toiled together through life and by good management have won a competence for themselves, and have the satisfaction of seeing their sons and daughters in homes of their own, with young families growing up around them, in whose innocent young lives the grandparents renew their youth.

As to the profit to the community, it needs no argument to prove that home-born, loyal citizens, with love for their native land, respect for its laws and honour for its institutions, are the bulwark that must resist and hold in check the

Ross.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

VIII.

In opening up the question of early marriages, I stand by the teaching of the oldest and best book, the Holy Bible. Its teaching is all in favour of early marriage, and it also inculcates that to have a large family is a blessing; that non-productiveness is a curse—i.e., I deduce that it is man's duty to marry, and of course it follows that he should give his youthful vigour thereto, and not a wasted and worn frame.

Keeping in mind that God's blessings follow youthful and fruitful marriages, let us try to see how these blessings would improve us, nationally and individually.

If marriages were common at the ages between 18 and 25, it would mean that offices, stores, etc., could not procure female labour at starvation wages (which they do now, and in many cases girls make up the deficiency by breaking the 7th Commandment), and the young men would then fill their (the girls') places and receive higher wages, which would enable them to marry, instead of remaining bachelors, and in a few years becoming emacipated creatures, mostly victims for the patent medicine vendor or quack, their manhood gone, fitted for nothing that requires strength and ability, as our country would find to its cost should we ever go to war with a powerful enemy.

We must also remember that these unmarried sins do not stop with this generation; they are undoubtedly carried down. No one sins to himself alone, but others suffer for it as well. Oftentimes a pure girl becomes married to one of these creatures who are surfeited with diseases. We know what follows. This is where legislation should step in and cry a halt, for this is how marriages become a curse.

What is to become of the present female office and store workers when they reach the ages of 35 to 40?

Early marriages would also mean increase of population, more healthy children, less illegitimate children for the nation to look after, less death loss from debilitated young men, less suicides by fallen womanhood.

As an instance of youthful marriages being efficient, I quote Dr. Richardson in his work entitled, "Diseases of Modern Life." After speaking of the fact that the Jews—though persecuted and oppressed by every form of tyranny, enduring what no other people have been able to endure—are still potent and on the increase, says: "From some cause or causes the Jewish race presents an endurance against disease that does not belong to other portions of the civilized communities amongst which its members dwell." This result is obtained through early marriages and the keeping of the Mosaic laws of health.

Personal blessings would also follow early marriages. The bachelor has what he calls "a good time," but let him analyse his feelings at the age of 45 to 50 and compare himself with the man who married early in life. The latter at this age has boys to help him and partake of the heat and burden of the day; daughters to help their mother in housework, etc., and now mother and father have a holiday, as it were, and can enjoy God's good gifts, knowing that they have done their duty to their country and to their own.

I will not contrast the old maid; it is often not her fault, but her misfortune to be such.

Let our young men and women follow our dear departed Queen's example; marry young like her, take the Bible for their guidance, and they will be blessed. God, will have strengthened their nation will be satisfied with themselves and pleased by their children.

No. 1741.
Gold Links, set with
diamonds, \$15.00.

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Fine Gold Links, with monogram
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our catalogue has encouraged us to not only enlarge its position to that of a personal visit to our premises.

The Gambler's Wife.

Dark is the night! how dark!—no light! no fire!
 Cold, on the hearth, the last faint spari's expire!
 Shivering she watches by the cradle's side,
 For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!
 "Hark!—'tis his footstep! No—'tis past!—'tis gone!
 Tick—Tick!—How wearily the time, crawls on!
 Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
 And I believed 'twould last:—how mad!—how blind!
 "Rest thee, my babe!—rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
 Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
 Famine and cold their wearying work have done,
 My heart must break!—and Thou!"—The clock strikes "One!"
 "Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there!
 For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
 Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child!—for what?
 The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!
 "Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!—
 'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
 And I could starve and bless him, but for you.
 My child!—his child!—Oh fiend!"—the clock strikes "Two!"
 "Hark! how the sign-board creaks!
 The blast howls by!
 Moan!—Moan!—A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
 Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more—
 'Tis but the lattice flaps! thy hope is o'er!
 "Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
 Night after night in loneliness to pray
 For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
 No! no! it cannot be. He will be here.
 "Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
 Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part.
 Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
 Oh Heaven! protect my child!"—The clock strikes "Three!"
 They're gone! they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled,
 The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
 On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
 The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
 —The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
 Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more!
 —E. Coates.



No. 1520.
 Fine Sapphire and Diamonds, \$30.00.

No. 1548.
 Fine Opals and Diamonds, \$45.00.

JEWELLED RINGS. Our Diamond Ring stock was never in previous seasons hardly justified the doing. A efforts so far exc

THE LEGEND OF ST. ETHEL-DREDA.

Twelve hundred years and more have waned
 Since Egfrid's gentle queen
 Sought to forsake her earthly bonds
 For convent life serene,
 Raising her thoughts from carnal ties
 To heavenly things unseen.
 Long time with her reluctant spouse
 Her gentle pleadings failed,
 Howe'er at last her pure desires
 And earnest prayers prevailed;
 And so by holy Wilfrid's hands
 Her bended head was veiled.
 But soon in Egfrid's mind and heart
 A deep regret was spread;
 To Coldingham's monastic pile
 To claim his wife he sped;
 And southward from those sacred walls
 St. Etheldreda fled.
 O'er marsh and fen, o'er moor and vale
 She wanders far and wide:
 In vain pursuing Egfrid strives
 To win again his bride;
 Parhanna some angel hovered near
 To guard her or to guide.
 For as on Coldbert's lonely hill
 She sheltered from her foes,
 On every side the waters deep
 Miraculously rose,
 And thus for seven days she found
 A refuge in her woes.
 And when her wearied limbs sought rest
 In sleep one peaceful night,
 In yielding earth she placed her staff—
 The comrade of her flight—
 And in its place a noble ash
 Sprang up by morning's light.
 She, thus divinely kept from ill,
 A length to Ely came,
 And there at last as abbess died,
 Of everlasting fame;
 And many a wondrous sign was wrought
 In Etheldreda's name.
 When sixteen years had passed away
 Her final tomb was made
 Where now her great cathedral stands,
 And there they gently laid
 The body of the abbess-queen,
 Corruptless, unscarred,
 And down the ages far and long
 The story floats, like vesper song,
 Of her to whom shall ever belong
 A crown that will not fade.
 —Mary Winifred Bell.

THE SMALL BOYS' REQUEST.

To Mr. Andrew Carnegie:
 Dear Sir,—Can't Willie, Tom and Me
 Ask for a little library?
 Please furnish it with all the books
 'Bout Injuns; sleuths, who capture crooks;
 And pirates, hid in shady nooks,
 And stories told of "Land and Sea,"
 And hidden gold and silver. We
 Are little fellows, don't ye see?
 And we don't care for classic works—
 Macaulay's Essays, Edmund Burke's
 Great speeches. There's no dirks,
 And knives, and guns, to kill and shoot
 In them, you know. So they don't suit.
 "Three-Fingered Jack" — now that's a
 beaut:
 And "One-Eyed Mike," the Daring Sleuth,"
 Is just the cheese. He says, "Forsooth!
 "Ah-a-a-a! Die Villain! I Arrest!"
 We read all such with eager zest,
 And think they're quite the very best.
 That ever trotted o'er the pike.
 And we would also, sir,—we'd like—
 If you're good-natured 'nough—to strike
 You for a picture book or two,
 With colours, red and green and blue
 Of Captain Kidd and his bold crew.
 Christmas, you'll note, is very near,
 "When Christmas comes, it brings good
 cheer."
 So, won't you, please, now won't you, Dear
 Sir, hand these books to Santa Claus.
 Who'll give them to our Paws and Maws?
 And they to us: Please pardon flaws
 In spellin'—writin'; heed this plea!
 Do, Mr. Andrew Carnegie!
 And we'll remain,
 Most Truly Yours,
 WILLIE, TOM AND ME.
 REDVERS B. SPATCHCOCK.

Fine Opal

Five fine fine Diam

Fine Opal

Three fine Diam

No. 8676—Emeralds, \$60.00

EARLY MARRIAGE.
 X.

In all questions there are two sides to be considered. Many people advocate marriage late in life on the ground that persons of mature age have better judgment, and will be less liable to make a mistake in choosing a partner for life. However, in spite of this argument, the advantages of early marriages greatly outweigh the disadvantages.
 Let us carefully consider these advantages. Men and women of mature years, though possessed of better judgment, are also harder to please, and are more apt to be captious and fault-finding after marriage, than the young people who marry their first loves, before they have ever had a chance of comparing them unfavourably with other people, and who, consequently, continue to think that they have married the "best person in the world." Again, when a man has remained a bachelor till the age of thirty-five, he acquires many habits, which, by long practice, become so much a part of his life, that, after marriage, no matter how objectionable these habits may prove in the eyes of his wife, he cannot overcome them. Many of these habits are the direct outcome of his bachelor existence, and would never have been contracted had he married at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five.
 To particularize, we might mention the common habit of extravagance into which single men are liable to drift. Having no one but themselves to provide for, they gratify every idle fancy and live in a state of luxury, which soon becomes to them "necessity." When they eventually marry they continue to wear expensive hats, ties, boots and gloves, to smoke high-priced cigars, and to drink higher-priced liquors. Of course their families must suffer the consequences, and pinch and save to make ends meet.
 Again, young men who for years have been accustomed to board at good hotels, are apt to grumble at their wives if the latter fail to furnish their table with the best hotel fare. Every wife should certainly provide good and tasty meals for her husband, but it is very difficult, and often impossible, to provide a small family with an elaborate meal of several courses, especially where the wife does her own housework. The above is not mere theory on my part—I speak from observation.
 The same remarks apply to the fair sex. Young women who have been accustomed to dress in the latest style, and to attend social gatherings, find it hard to forego many of these pleasures when they have a house and family to take charge of. If they still continue to attend dances and skating rinks after marriage they are apt to arouse the jealousy of their husbands—not a hard thing to do—by accepting the attentions of young men, as they did before marriage.
 Then, I am afraid that many late marriages are mere unions of convenience, and not the happy union of loving hearts.
 Men and women who have frittered away the best years of their lives in summer flirtations, come at last to find themselves really incapable of true and sincere affection for any one. Better to marry when one is young and full of romantic ideas, and with a firm belief in the goodness of the opposite sex. When young people in the first glamour of "Love's Golden Dream" are joined together for life, they grow more and more like each other in taste and disposition, and life is therefore harmonious and free from jarring discords.
 On the other hand, as we have shown, when too long a time elapses before marriage, characters and habits become settled and unchangeable. Friction and discord are the inevitable results.
 Lastly, early marriages are more likely to produce children than marriages later in life, and it is a well-known psychological fact that children form the very

ased patronage has encouraged us to do much of late that is only obtainable outside of Canada, our present nond Supremacy.

The Returned Battle-Flags

By Moses Owen

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
Who marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's
young tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags, yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tale of fright,
And dim specters come, and their thin arms
twine

Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,
As the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm,
And once again, through smoke and strife,
Their colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags; yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes and fears,
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed; of a coming day,
Silent they speak, and the tears will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart
And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their flags came home: why came they not?

Nothing but flags; yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe on those types of death;
Nothing but flags; yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb;
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear-loved flags come home again:
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they are now at rest.

A LETTER TO HOME.

TORONTO.

Do you write to the old folk at home?
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
But deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't let them think you've no more use
For their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.

The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter they have looked for long
Be a day or an hour too late!

I know the sad old folk at home,
With locks just turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one,
Write them a letter to-night!

-Ex-

No. 430.
Three fine Diamonds.
\$35.00.

Our "Special" \$25.00
three-stone fine Pearl

No. 9241.
Two fine Rubies and Dia-
mond, \$30.00.
No. 9245—Two fine Dia-
monds and Ruby, \$40.00.

A Little Boy in Blue

A mother sits in sadness, thinking of her only
son,
As she looks up at two pictures on the wall;
They are all that's left to cheer her, and she says:
"Thy will be done"
As she mourns for him who's gone beyond
recall.
One shows him as a little boy, in soldier's clothes
at play,
With his army lying scattered on the floor;
The other's in a uniform, the day he marched
away,
And he said good-by, alas! for evermore.

Chorus

Is it strange, when the band starts playing,
That her eyes fill up with tears,
As the soldiers pass her window
And the street rings out with cheers?
For it's then that her heart is saddest,
And it seems that it can't be true,
As she looks up at the pictures
Of her little boy in blue.

The war that took him from her has been over
many years,
And the troops that pass are only on parade;
But as she watches them go by she's thinking,
through her tears,
Of her own boy marching while the music
played.
The pictures hanging on the wall, they seem to
blend in one,
And she seems to hear a voice: "I miss you,
too."

That's why she's heavy-hearted, for when all is
said and done,
He was only just her little boy in blue.

Chorus



No. 7449.
Fine Turquoise, \$22.00.
No. 7433—Size smaller.
\$15.00.



No. 612.
Fine Turquoise and
Diamonds.
\$25.00.



No. 1027.
All fine Diamonds,
our "Special"
\$125.00.
Marquis style Ring.



No. 6452.
Fine Diamond and Pear
\$50.00.



No. 17322.
Our "Special" \$15.
Twin Pearl Ring.



No. 17538.
Fine Diamond and
Pearl.
\$25.00.



No. 538.
Fine Turquoise and
whole Pearls.
\$25.00.



No. 1581.
Fine Diamonds and
Emeralds, \$95.00.



No. 2683.
Two fine Rubies, \$40.00.
No. 2684—Fine Ruby and
Diamond, \$60.00.



No. 14943.
Fine Emeralds and
Diamonds, \$32.50.



No. 5528.
Fine Emerald and Diamonds,
\$25.00.
No. 5547—Same, with Ruby
and Diamonds, \$28.00.



No. 7831.
Fine Turquoise and
Diamonds.
\$28.00.



No. 1033.
Fine Opals and
Diamonds.
\$30.00.



No. 1619.
Three fine whole Pearls
and two Turquoise.
\$15.00.



No. 4217.
Fine Opal and six
Diamonds.
\$15.00.



No. 17344.
Our "Special" \$20.00
Solitaire fine Pearl
Ring.



No. 2813.
Fine Turquoise and
Diamonds.
\$20.00.



No. 1005.
Three fine Hungarian
Opals.
\$22.00.



No. 9324.
Fine Diamond and
Sapphire.
\$18.00.



No. 9725.
All fine Pearls.
\$15.00.



No. 530.
All fine Diamonds, \$50.00.
No. 5346—All fine pigeon-
blood Rubies, \$25.00.



No. 5528.
Fine Emerald and
Diamonds.
\$23.50.



No. 3039.
Our "Special" \$25.00
five stone fine Dia-
mond Ring.

A DIAMOND OF QUALITY—When a Diamond or Jeweled design is known to have passed through our hands its excellence is accepted without dispute. In every circumstance we've made ourselves. We are particular that purity and art are present in the truest sense. There is no mistaking the quality and the pleasure of having is never intercepted by the seeing of something superior.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Scott and the Veteran

By Bayard Taylor

An old and crippled veteran to the war departed,
He sought the chief who led him on many a
The chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying
"Have you forgotten, general," the battered
"The days of 1812, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at
Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true, I in old and pensioned, but I want to
fight again."
"Have I forgotten?" said the chief: "my brave
old soldier, No!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it
tell you so:
But you have done your share, my friend;
you're crippled, old and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher
blood to-day."
"But, general," cried the veteran, a flush upon
"The very men who fought with us, they say,
are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane—our
old red, white and blue;
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that
drop is true.
"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a
good old gun
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and pick
them, one by one.
Your Minto rifles, and such arms, it ain't
worth while to try;
I couldn't get the lang o' them, but I'll keep
my powder dry!"
"God bless you, comrade!" said the chief;
"God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to
have their part;
They'll plant our sacred banner in each re-
bellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares
to pull it down!"
"But, general"—still persisting, the weeping
veteran cried—
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're
my guide;
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and
that, at least, can I—
So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a
place to die!"
"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel
put me upon the rampart, with the flagstaff in
my hand;
No odds how hot the cannon smoke, or how
the shells may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold
them till I die!"
"I'm ready, general, so you let a post to me be
given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks
from highest heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, maybe
General Wayne:
'There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at
Lundy's Lane!'
"And when the fight is hottest, before the tra-
itors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching and burst-
ing in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my
face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to
Arnold's place!"

Forty Years Ago

I've wandered to the village, Tom;
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse-playground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green,
Just forty years ago.

(Repeat last two lines of each stanza for refrain)

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
And the bell swings to and fro;
It's music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high,
That we could scarcely reach.
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There, forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early, broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

Well, some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

Just Drop a Line to Mother

By Dan Nicholas Steidle, Jr.

Just drop a line to mother, boy; remember she's
your friend;
You know she's getting old and gray and ha-
stening toward the end.
A word from you will cheer her up and make her
old heart glad;
She'd know you've not forgotten her—drop her
a line, my lad.

When you were but a little child she'd stroke
your curly head
And tell you how she loved you; don't forget the
words she said.
She'd put her arms around your neck whenever
you felt sad;
She'd always kiss your tears away—drop her a
line, my lad.

You took your sorrows all to her, she'd smooth
the troubled brow;
She always chased the clouds away—would you
forget her now?
She's praying for you every day, no word from
you she's had;
A message now would make her smile—drop her
a line, my lad.

Perhaps she thinks you are lost and gone; that
she is all alone;
Brighten her up with a little note as reward for
what she's done;
'Twould lengthen her years to see your face,
she'd remember her little lad;
But this is the least that you can do—drop her a
line, my lad.

You'll only have one mother, boy—no one her
place can take;
'Twill be too late when she is gone; write—just
for her sweet sake!
She'll take you to her warm heart still if you've
gone to the bad;
Don't be ashamed to call her name—drop her a
line, my lad.

Old Grimes

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man!
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old gray coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair it was inclined to gray—
He wore it in queue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pain
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Thus ever prompt at pity's call
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

But poor old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He had a doubled-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffle on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay;
He wore not rights and left in shoes,
But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He never brought to view;
He made no noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman!

No. 5297
A fine Diamond, \$85.00.



No. 5298.
A fine Diamond, \$125.00.



No. 5303.
Diamond, \$90.00.



No. 5304.
A fine Diamond, \$100.00.



No. 5309.
Diamonds, \$50.00.



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Two fine Diamonds, \$75.00.



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Diamonds, \$87.50.



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Three fine Diamonds,
\$100.00.



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Diamond, \$45.00.



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No. 1234.
Three fine Diamonds,
\$31.00.



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Three fine Diamonds,
\$42.00.



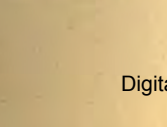
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Three fine Di
\$50.00



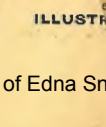
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A fine Diama
\$5.00



ILLUSTRE

A SONG OF THE EIGHTY-FIFTH

BY N. S. BLUENOSE.

UNDRESSING.

Sometimes, when father's out of town,
At bed-time mother brings my gown,
And says to me:
"The fire-place is warm and bright,
You may undress down here to-night,
Where I can see."

So then I sit upon the floor,
And mother closes every door,
Then in her chair.
She rocks, and watches me undress,
And I go just as slow, I guess
She doesn't care.

And then I stand up in my gown,
And watch the flames go up and down
As tall as me!
But soon I climb on mother's lap,
And listen to the fire snap,
So comfort'by.

Then mother rocks and cuddles me
Close in her arms, where I can see
The coals shine red.
I don't feel sleepy, but some way,
When I wake up, then it's next day,
And I'm in bed!

THE OHIO MEN

By EDWIN CURRAN

Ohio of the grassland and the waving, billowy plain,
Ohio of the rolling hills cloaked in the golden grain;
Ohio, whose pure beauty now needs no poet's pen—
Ohio sends to fight for God, her brave Ohio men.

CHORUS

They are marching, marching, marching from the
grassland and the wheat
And down the cities, clicking, goes the tramp of
myriad feet;
Men are marching, marching, marching, for the
good old State again—
God bless them and God keep them, the good
Ohio men!

Men march from out Ohio as they marched from
her before,
To lay their good lives down for God out there at
Freedom's war,
To lay their yesterdays away and all that's
sweetly been;
And let us not forget them now, the good Ohio
men!

Their mother, Great America, now calls her sons
to fight,
And from Ohio comes the bugle like a cry from
out the night;
They are loyal, they are heroes, and they need
no poet's pen—
God bless them and protect them now, the brave
Ohio men!

While all the world is bleeding, they will bear the
torch of light;
They will battle now for Liberty, for Justice, and
for Right.
And the old, old blood of heroes caught in the
young, young sod
Goes marching off across the world to fight for
Peace and God.

They are marching, marching, marching from the
grassland and the wheat
And down the cities, clicking, goes the tramp of
myriad feet;
Men are marching, marching, marching from the
good old State again—
God bless them and God keep them, the brave
Ohio men!

Oh! Father he was English and Mother she was Scotch,
And Grandfather was Irish with a little touch of Dutch.
And I'm a Nova Scotian from the province by the sea,
I've got my pack upon my back and I'm off to Germany.

Chorus:

Oh! We're the Eighty-Fifth, the N. S. Eighty Fifth,
We're the happy Bluenose boys,
We're the lads that fear no noise,
We're husky and we're tough
And we'll never cry "enough."
We've the muscle for the tussle
And we'll make those Bosches hustle
Just you bet.

For we're the eighty fifth, the jolly eighty fifth
With the jaunty little feather in our cap.

Oh! Father took the dictionary and scratched out the word "fear",
He then scratched out the word "cannot" and wrote in plain and clear,
"A Nova Scotian wins or dies, he never leaves the ship."
So if you see the Kaiser kindly pass him on the tip.

That we're the eighty fifth, etc.

Oh! Bill here, he's a lawyer and Jack's a travelling man.
The Parson and the Banker are a healthy looking span,
And some of us are stevedores and some are farmer's sons,
And some of us are simply "good for nothing, sons of guns."

But we're the eighty fifth, etc.

The mayflower entwined the maple leaf, it's a sign of luck they say,
And they that wear that emblem will surely win the day.
And Piper McIntosh's music with its notes so sweet and clear,
Will help us on to victory and drive away all fear.

Chorus:

We love our wives and sweethearts, our homes and children too.
But we're leaving all we love behind to fight for them and you.
So pray for us, ye wives and mothers, and sweethearts of the glen,
That we be brave and not forget, "we're sons of manly men."

Chorus:

When the Roses Are Blooming Again

'Tis long since we parted, my true love and I,
My heart has been weary and lone;
I watch with impatience the days passing by.
Unceasing I think of my own.
I dream of her beauty, the light of her eyes
Still seems in my heart to remain;
But soon I'll be happy, my loved one I'll see,
When the roses are blooming again.

Chorus

When the roses are blooming again
I'll wake from my sorrow and pain;
Oh, then I'll be happy, my loved one I'll see,
When the roses are blooming again.

I keep you in mem'ry by night and by day,
My heart ever faithful and true;
A sweet little bird that will ne'er fly away,
Seems to sing in my heart, love, of you.
I long to behold you, so loving and sweet,
Our future so happy will be;
The breezes, soft-sighing, these fond words
repeat.

"My sweetheart is coming to me."

Chorus

The air will be mellow with music and joy,
Our hearts with affection will glow,
And all through the future our time we'll em-
ploy
To keep from each other life's woe.
I wait for you fondly, with hope and delight,
And pray that I wait not in vain;
Oh, then you'll be mine, in the sweet summer
time,
When the roses are blooming again.

Chorus

No. 1008.
Fine Diamonds and
Olives, \$50.00.
No. 1007.—Same, with
Rubies, \$50.00.

No. 3962.
Fine Emerald and Diamonds,
with Diamonds in
shoulders, \$67.00.

No. 6152.
Two fine Diamonds and
three Opals, \$35.00.

No. 9019.
Four fine Diam
Five fine Opals.

No. 518.
Three fine Diamonds,
\$125.00.

No. 658.
Fine Emerald
Diamonds, \$75.00.



No. 754.
Two fine Diamonds and
three whole Pearls, \$50.00.
No. 7545.—Size smaller,
\$35.00.

No. 519.
Two fine pigeon-
Rubies and wh
Pearl, \$62.50.



ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

The Men Behind the Guns

By John Jerome Rooney

Cheer and salute for the admiral, and here's to the captain bold,
And never forget the commodore's debt when the deeds of might are told!
They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when the great shells roar and screech—
And never they fear when the foe is near to practise what they preach;
But off with your hat and three time three for Columbia's true-blue sons—
The men below who battered the foe—the men behind the guns!

Oh, light and merry of heart are they when they swing into port once more,
When, with more than enough of the "green-backed stuff," they start for their leave-o'-shore;
And you'd think, perhaps, that the blue-bloused chaps who loll along the street
Are a tender bit, with salt on it, for some fierce "moustache" to eat—
Some warrior bold, with straps of gold, who dazzles and fairly stuns
The modest worth of the sailor boys—the lads who serve the guns.

But say not a word 'till a shot is heard that tells the fight is on,
'Till the long deep roar grows more and more from the ships of 'Yank' and 'Don,'
'Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting shell,
And the very air is a mad despair in the throes of a living hell;
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the midday suns,
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps—the men behind the guns!

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow that they loose from their cloud of death,
And they know is heard the thunder-word their fierce ten-inchers saith!
The steel decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake with the great recoil,
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and reaches for his spoil—
But not 'till the foe has gone below, or turns his prow and runs,
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men behind the guns!

B. KENT,

Ladies

In Set



No. 5441. Opals and Diamonds \$20.00.



No. 6714. Two fine Diamonds \$16.25.



6748—Fine Diamonds and Opal, \$12.00.

[For the 'Messenger']

Songs in the Night.

(By B. F. Herald.)

Creep closer to Jesus, my children,
The night-winds are whistling cold;
While hungry wolves prowl in the darkness,
And sniff through the chinks of the fold.

Creep closer to Jesus, sweet maiden,
He giveth a song in the night,
Thy roseate dreams of the future
Are hallowed when seen by His light.

Creep closer to Jesus, dear mother,
The way has been tedious and long;
He will give you laughter for weeping
And the 'oil of gladness' for song.

Creep closer to Jesus, my brother,
Though your castles lie low in the dust;
He will make you an heir to a mansion
If only in Him you will trust.

Creep closer to Jesus, poor sinner,
Though burdened with sorrow and sin,
His love and His death all sufficient,
Will draw you His kingdom within.

Creep closer to Jesus, sad mourner,
Thy loved one is laid in the grave;
From the grasp of the dire desolation
He has power to rescue and save.



No. 6726. Two fine Opals. \$12.50.



No. 15226. Fine Australian Opal. \$9.00.



No. 12011. Fine Australian Opal. \$8.00.

A Cry From the Canadian Hills

By Lillian Leveridge.

The author of these heart-searching lines, a Canadian, wrote them for the Daily Ontario as a tribute to her brother, Private Frank Leveridge, a member of the Thirty-ninth Canadian Battalion, who died of wounds in France.

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies, and the dogwood and daffodils;
For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as white as foam,
We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over the hills at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip along;
But your own little song is sweeter; your own with its merry trills;
So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home,
Can you hear the kingle-klangle of their bell in the greenwood gloam?
Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with you.
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's wing,
O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him caroling.
The vesper song of the thrushes, and the plaint of the whip-poor-wills,
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilight hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughtful eye.
You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do;
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall.
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

Soldier, soldier brother, the Spring has come back again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain;
For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the blossoms roam,
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France" you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep,
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down,
You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown,
As Mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to weep
Could we glance thru the golden gateway whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, and hope, and the angels' songs, and the angels' tears,
Over the hills of home, laddie, the beautiful hills of home.

No. 4134. Three whole Pearls and Opals, \$30.00.



No. 6112. Diamonds and Opals, \$18.00.



No. 3346. Diamond, \$7.00.



No. 4923. Topaz, Garnet and Amethyst, \$2.00.



No. 6869. Fine whole Pearl. \$11.50.



No. 4532. Real Opals. \$6.00.



No. 3189. Fine Diamond. \$5.00.

No. 9715. Three whole Pearls. \$10.00.



No. 6888. Fine whole Pearl. \$15.00.



No. 9850. "Our Special" \$5.00 Opal Ring.



No. 3919. Real Pearls and Turquoise \$6.00.

RING ASSORTMENTS.

Here, whenever the price will admit, 14k Gold only the most practicable

A Prayer in Time of War

O Lord, our God and Father, who alone can hear and answer prayer,
"Before Thy throne thy people bend
To us Thy pardoning grace extend."

We humbly beseech Thee to look in Thine infinite mercy and divine compassion on our nation and Empire now engaged in terrific warfare. Forgive wherein we have sinned against Thee, our God, and guide us in the way of righteousness. Strengthen us with Thy strength to endure hardness, and may our sorrow and suffering draw us closer to Thee, our God, and cause us to seek Thy face with holy reverence and godly fear. Bless, we beseech Thee, our British Empire, and grant that it may continue to uphold the principles of honor, justice, truth, and liberty which we have learned from Thy Holy Word. O Lord, who art the King of Kings and ruler of all the earth, we beseech Thee to bless our King and all in authority under him and over us; give them wisdom to judge aright, courage to go forward looking at all times to Thee for help and guidance, and grant that one in heart and mind in loyalty to our earthly King we may as a people also come to be of one mind in the service of our Heavenly King.

May it please Thee, O Lord, to succor and defend our soldiers and sailors, doctors and nurses, and all who serve in peril; restore the wounded, heal the sick, cheer the prisoners, comfort the dying and those who are to die, give skill and wisdom to those who lead, courage and endurance to all, and lead them to look to Thee for help and strength in all time of their need.

Bless, we beseech Thee, those who are serving at home, guarding our coasts, and keeping watch and ward on land and sea; comfort and sustain them through lonely hours of watching, that they may put their trust in Him who slumbers not, nor sleeps.

And grant, our Father, thy blessing upon the homes from which loved ones have gone forth to serve their King at home or abroad, that those who wait behind may put their trust in Thee, O Lord, who makest wars to cease. Be very near to the homes to which loved ones will return no more, comfort those who mourn, and bind up the broken hearts with the cords of Thy tender love.

O Lord, our God, help us keep our faith in Thee. O send Thy light into our hearts that we may see in everything Thy hand, and walk humbly before Thee as true followers of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Deliver us from all pride and passion, from every spirit of hatred and revenge. Help us through all our hours of darkness to wait confidently for the dawn of the day of peace, and may no sorrow or suffering cause us to doubt Thy tender care or the wisdom of Thy guidance; and may no victory or triumph lead us to vain gloryings in our own strength, but to humble thanksgiving to Thee, our God and guide. Through Christ, our Lord.—AMEN.



No. 8921.
Fine Opals \$5.00.
"A Special."



No. 6829.
Real Opal "A Special" \$20.00.



No. 5443.
Emerald do P \$20.00.



No. 6522.
Enamelled \$3



No. 14628.
Real Opals.
\$3.00.

No. 5135.
Real Amethysts and Pearls.
\$4.50.

No. 5241.
Real Opals.
\$4.00.

No. 6210.
Real Garnets and Pearls.
\$8.75.

No. 3813.
Fine Opal and Pearls.
"A Special," \$5.00.

No. 1323.
Guard Ring, set
quiose and Pearls.
No. 13246—Same
or all Turquoise



No. 6217.
Real Opal.
\$4.00.



No. 829.
Fine Opal.
\$6.00.



No. 4020.
Three real Opals and Pearls.
\$5.00.



No. 6139.
Real Opal.
\$2.50.



No. 9033.
Real Garnet and Pearls.
\$5.00.



No. 988.
Real Opal
\$4.00.

We believe our Ring stock is the most comprehensive and valuable collection ever presented to the Canadian Jewelry public, and we are sure our values are likewise the very best obtainable.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

THE REELATION

(By Re Service.)

The same old sprint in the morning, boys, to the same old
din and smut;
Chained all day to the same old desk, down in the same
old rut;
Posting the same old greasy books, catching the same old
train;
Oh, how will I manage to stick it all, if I ever get back
again?

We've bidden good-by to life in a cage, we've finished
with pushing a pen;
They're pumping us full of bellicose rage, they're show-
ing us how to be men.
We're only beginning to find ourselves, we're wonders
of brawn and thew;
But when we go back to our Cissy jobs, oh, what are we
going to do?

For shoulders curved with the counter stoop will be car-
ried erect and square,
And faces white from the office light will be bronzed by
the open air;
And we'll walk with the stride of a new-born pride, with
a new-found joy in our eyes,
Scornful men who have dined with death under the
naked skies.

And when we get back to the dreary grind, and the bald-
headed boss's call,
Don't you think that the dingy window-blind, and the
dingier office wall,
Will suddenly melt to a vision of space, of violent, flame-
scarred night?
Then..... oh, the joy of the danger-thrill, and oh,
the roar of the fight!

Don't you think as we peddle a card of pins the counter
will fade away,
And again we'll be seeing the sand-bag rims, and the
barb-wire's misty gray?

As a flat voice asks for a pound of tea, don't you fancy
we'll hear instead
The night-wind moan and the soothing drone of the
packet that's overhead?

Don't you guess that the things we're seeing now will
haunt us through all the years;
Heaven and hell rolled into one, glory and blood and
tears;
Life's pattern picked with a scarlet thread, where once
we wove with a gray
To remind us all how we played our part in the shock of
an epic day?

Oh, we're booked for the Great Adventure now we're
pledged to the Real Romance;
We'll find ourselves or we'll lose ourselves somewhere in
gilded old France;
We'll know the zest of the fighter's life; the best that we
have we'll give;
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die . . . but first—
we'll live; by the gods, we'll live!

We'll breathe free air and we'll bivouac under the starry
sky;
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die . . . but first—
we'll see men laugh and die;
We'll know such joy as we never dreamed; we'll fathom
the depths of pain;
But the hardest bit of it all will be—when we come
back home again.

For some of us smirk in a chiffon shop, and some of us
teach in a school;
Some of us help with the seat of our pants to polish an
office stool;
The merits of somebody's soap or jam some of us seek to
explain,
But all of us wonder what we'll do when we have to go
back again.

The Days Gone By

By James Whitcomb Riley

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway
through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the
quail \$2.00
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any
nightingale; lighter
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue
was in the sky.
And my happy heart brimmed over in the days
gone by.

(Repeat last line of each stanza for refrain)

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were
tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-
lilies dripped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss
along the brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle
came to drink, lighter
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the trun-
ant's wayward cry, lighter
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days
gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the
eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's
magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every-
thing
When life was like a story, holding neither sob
nor sigh,
In the olden golden glory of the days gone by.

Home, Sweet Home

By Benjamin F. Taylor

A camp of blue, a camp of gray,
A peaceful river rolled between;
Were pitched two rifle shots away;
The sun had set the west aglow,
The evening clouds were crimson snow,
The twinkling campfires faintly seen
Across the darkening river.

There floated from the federal band
The "Spangled Banner's" strain,
The grays struck up their "Dixie Land,"
And "Rally Round" and "Bonny Blue"—

Ah, no such fights shall cross again
The Rappahannock River.

And then, above the glancing "beam
Of song" a bugle warbled low,
Like some bird started in a dream,
"Home, home, sweet home," and voices rang
And gray and blue together sang—
And other songs were like the snow
Among the pines when winds are stilled
And hearts and voices throbbed and thrilled,
With "Home, Sweet Home," forever.

Department concluded on page 15

933.
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enets and
\$4.00.

No. 7317.
Solid Gold, Garnets
Pearls, \$2.50.



59.
ra heavy,
e, in 10k,

No. 8560.
14k Gold, \$3.50.
No. 1536—Same, in 1
\$2.75.

No. 944.
Heavy 14k Gold, \$
No. 9410—Same,
10k Gold, \$3.75



No. 826.
14k Gold, \$3.50
No. 855—10k G
\$2.75.

ITIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZ

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE.

It isn't the way of the British,
In the fight for country and King,
On the fair, white field of their valor,
The shadow of shame to bring.
There isn't a lad in the army,
There isn't a lad on the sea,
Would dim the light of his honor,
By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain
To grasp with greedy hand,
And hold with a despot's power,
Domain in a friendly land.
But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"
She dies for "an old colored rag,"
When the one is her word of promise,
And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British,
With ruthless hands of hate,
The priceless things of a nation
To plunder and desecrate.
Not 'gainst defenseless women
And children their guns are turned;
Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—
That isn't the way they've learned.

It isn't the way of the British
To strike like the heathen hordes,
To torture the hapless captives
They take at the point of their swords.
That was never the way with Britain.
Her strength is the strength of ten;
For her sons in her far-flung warfare,
Fight ever like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—
It was but a week ago—
Were called to a post of peril,
In the path of the furious foe.
It was certain death, and they knew it;
But the valor in each heart burned.
"Good-by, good-by to you fellows!"
They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons,
And there dashed thru the sulphurous smoke,
With the same farewell to their comrades,
While a wreath of smile outbroke—
Thirty to follow the thirty;
And the eager ranks closed in.
That isn't the way of the British.
That is the way they win.

This is the way of the British—
In the strength of their righteous cause,
Upheld by the hosts of heaven,
They strike for their King and laws.
From what do they shrink—our soldiers?
They may lose in the fearful fray,
Their lives, but never their honor,
Who fight in the British way.

Then here's to the lads in the army,
And here's to the lads on the sea;
To the hands that are strong and steady,
To the hearts that are true and free! —
Tho long it be ere the dawning,
It cometh at last—the day,
When all that you've fought for, bled for,
You shall win in the British way.

No. 9981.
22k Gold Wedding
Ring, \$15.00.
No. 9927—18k Gold.
\$10.00.

No. 9983.
22k Gold Wedding
Ring, \$12.50.
No. 8832—18k Gold, \$8.00.

No. 9984.
22k Gold Wedding
Ring, \$10.00.
No. 9935—18k Gold, \$6.50.

Raised Gold Initials, placed on the outside of the plain, flat Band Rings cost 60 c charge. We also engrave initials Attached to the inside cover in this Catalogue will be found an envelope and enclosure when not in use the card be kept in the envelope for future requirements; she just drop us a line for another one, w

KENT, I

Signet



No. 4322.
Gold, set with
loodstone.
\$5.50.



995.
with fine C
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Gold, set with
e. \$8.50.



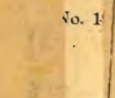
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No. 1

Enlisting; Or, "I Would—If I Could"!

If I were young enough, at all,
And, physically, were "fit",
I'm sure I'd heed my country's call,
And "do my little bit."

I know that that would be no less
han fighting for my king;
For England, in her sore distress;
For what her victories bring.

Her flag has stood for liberty
For many, many years:
While she's exposed to peopards—
—u simply give her cheers?

Disastrous 'twould, indeed, be if
She were, at last, to fail!—
Cannot? — With strength — with
courage stiff—
She must her foes assail!

And victory claim, she never can—
If WE all cowards are:
She needs support from every man—
At home, and from afar!

WHAT tho we die upon the field,
If what we stand for lives?
'Tis for the Right, yourselves you
yield:
Who thus acts—nobly gives!

But he a coward is, who KNOWS
His country's peril; SEES
Her danger—YET, who strangely
shows
Indifference—"stands at ease!"

But cowards—many such there are
In Canada, I fear;
Or they'd enlist, and go to war;—
Of thousands more—we'd hear.

O "Wake Up!"—ere it be too late;
Enlist—this very day!
Your loyalty,—how estimate,—
If you too long delay!

ARTHUR H. WILLIAMS
September 16.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting tonight on the old camp
ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus—
Many are the hearts that are weary to-
night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the
right
To see the dawn of peace.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp
ground,
Thinking of days gone by:
Of the loved ones at home that gave us
the hand
And the tear that said good-bye.

We are tired of war, on the old camp
ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who left their
homes,
Others been vanished long.

We've been fighting today on the old
camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are now in tears.

—Walter Kittridge.

s, Etc.



125.
l, \$15.00.
ie, lighter in
\$10.00.



No. 8
14k Gold, set with
\$8.00.
No. 996—Same



9924.
t with Garnet.
6.00.



No.
10k Gold,
set with
\$7.



513.
plet Rubies.
0.



No.
14k Gold,
Garnet,
No. 936—S
smaller



4333.
y, all Gold.
\$6.50.



No. 12
14k Gold, set
Opal, our
Style Se
\$8.



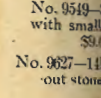
9993.
d, \$4.25.
3and Ring.
-14k Gold.
50.
-10k Gold,
50.



No. 5
14k Gold, set
Diamond an
\$12.
No. 9549—
with small
\$9.
No. 9627—11
-out stone



g Ring,
style,
d, \$10.00.



No.
22k Gold, No.
thick, narrow
No. 9991—
\$8

outside, in Script style, w
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ILLUSTRATION

The Last Ones Out

HE stood beside the open door,
His hat was in his hand,
The sad and solemn look he wore,
I scarce could understand.
The merry guests were homeward bound,
With laughter and delight
They past along or stood around
To bid the host good night.
"Oh, it's the same old tale," said he,
"I'm forced to stand about;
Where'er we go, it seems that she
Must be the last one out.

And now but very few remained
Of all that merry throng.
The other pairs had quickly gained
The street and past along.
The shouts of laughter died away
And silent grew the place,
But at his post he had to stay
With sad and anxious face.
And then, said he, "I'll bet my life
On this: beyond a doubt,
As usual, my darling wife
Will be the last one out.

"A half an hour ago she went
Upstairs to get her hat,
A long and tiring day I've spent,
But what cares she for that?
I wanted to go home before
They even served the lunch;
But here I linger at the door,
And gone is all the bunch.
I had to plead and beg ere she
Would even make a start,
And once again we're going to be
The last ones to depart.

"Oh, yes, I love my darling wife,
She's gentle and she's true;
She is the joy of all my life,
Her faults are small and few.
Her voice is musical and sweet,
Her ways are meek and mild,
But yet, at times, I must repeat,
She almost drives me wild.
I cannot understand or see,
Wherever we may roam,
Why every time we have to be
The last to start for home."

BUGLER BILL.

The moon was shining as the moon
will shine
When the Kaiser's bones are dust,
While Jimmy and I in the fring-
line
Were filled with the sniping lust.
Bugler Bill lay stiff and still
With a bullet in his brain;
His bugle bent with an ugly rent
That spouted muddy rain;
I can see him now with his rain-
swept brow
Almost within my reach.
When my eyes saw red and out of my
head
Went all that the war-wise teach.
"Jimmy," I said, as I crawled to his
side,
"They've plugged me in the chest,
I tried to save poor Bill for a grave,
But I guess I'll join him West!"

"Lie still in bed," the Sister said,
"Both arms are blown away;
You mustn't speak, you're far too
weak,
And will be many a day."
"But where is Jim, tell me of him—
Is he all safe and sound?"
I murmured low as she turned to go,
Her eyes upon the ground.
But she swung on heel, and she made
me feel

Like a cur as she brushed a tear:
"Your comrade died when he nobly
tried
To bring you to the rear!"
Dear Jim, with you and my arms
gone, too,
I can't avenge poor Bill,
But I'll lie in the moon and pray for
a boon
That the God of Justice will!
—A. H. Brazier, in the London
Chronicle.

is the very first ring that is allowed by the fong, and a birthday ring is, not infrequently, stone "mementoes; and when so "the stones are all real fine gem qualities.

MARCH BIRTH STONE—BLOODSTONE.

NORRIE—HARTLING.

St. George's was last evening the scene of a very pretty wedding, the principals in the ceremony being Miss Hannah Grace Hartling, a young lady well known in the parish and a popular member of the rector's Bible class, and James Paul Norrie, who recently completed the course in mining engineering at the Technical college.

The organist, Mr. Roche, was present, playing the march from Lohengrin as the bridal party entered the church, and Mendelssohn's march at the conclusion of the ceremony.

There were many friends present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. H. W. Cunningham.

Miss Hartling, who was given away by Edward Rutledge, looked very charming in a going away gown of navy blue cloth, tailor made, her bouquet being of white roses.

She was attended by Miss Maud Rutledge, the latter wearing a gown of Alice blue cloth, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses.

Carl Whitman attended as best man.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Norrie left for a trip to St. John, upon their return from which they will occupy apartments at the Grand Central.

They have the best wishes of a host of friends.

CANADA'S DUTY

By Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D. D., (Ralph Connor)
Past President Canadian Club, Winnipeg.

O Canada! A voice calls thru the mist and spume
Across the wide, wet, salty leagues of foam
For aid. Whose voice thus penetrates thy peace?
Whose? Thy Mother's, Canada, Thy Mother's voice.

O Canada! A drum beats thru the night and day,
Unresting, eager, strident, summoning
To arms. Whose drums thus throbs persistent?
Whose? Old England's, Canada, old England's drum.

O Canada! A sword gleams leaping swift to strike
At foes that press and leap to kill brave men
On guard. Whose sword thus gleams fierce death?
Whose? 'Tis Britain's, Canada, Great Britain's sword.

O Canada! A prayer beats hard at Heaven's gate,
Tearing the heart wide open to God's eye,
For righteousness. Whose prayer thus pierces Heaven?
Whose? 'Tis God's prayer, Canada, Thy Kingdom come!

O Canada! What answer make to calling voice and beating drum,
To sword-gleam and to pleading prayer of God
For right? What answer makes my soul?
"Mother, O God, to Thy help! Quick—my sword!"

ATKINS-SMITH.

HALIFAX, October 28.—A very pretty wedding took place at 9.30 a. m. on October 1st, at the bride's home in Sherbrooke, when Carrie E., the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, was united in holy matrimony to Alfred S. Atkins, of Halifax. The Rev. Mr. Bradbury performed the ceremony in the presence of immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was becomingly attired in a gown of ivory duchess satin, with silk shadow lace trimmings, carrying a bouquet of sweet peas and carnations. Following the ceremony, a dainty luncheon was served, after which the happy couple motored to Antigonish, where they took the train for a short trip thru the provinces. On their return they will reside at Halifax. The collection of wedding gifts was a very large, beautiful and valuable one, including china, silver, cut glass and a purse of gold from the groom's mother.

No. 1269.
10k Gold, Engraved
Band Ring.
\$1.00.

No. 1270.
10k Gold, Engraved
Band Ring.
\$1.00.

Not nece
pat

JANUA

No. 1249—
14k Gold,
14k

APR

No. 1258—
18k Gold,
14k

| | | |
|--|--|---|
| No. 1267—Set in 14k Gold, \$10.00 14k " 8.50 | No. 1271— 18k Gold, \$10.00 14k " 8.50 | No. 1272— 18k Gold, \$9.50 14k " 7.00 |
|--|--|---|

OCTOBER BIRTH

| | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| No. 1276—Set in 14k Gold, \$3.75 14k " 2.50 | No. 1277— 14k Gold, 10k |
|---|-------------------------------|

We make for the months of a sapphire dou
illust

No. 1617.
14k Gold, set with a
fine Diamond.
\$1.00.

No. 1264.
10k Gold, set with Gar-
net, Sapphire, Pearl, Tur-
quoise or Opal. \$1.50.

Remember Nurse Cavell's.

Words by
GORDON V. THOMPSON
CHORUS

MUSIC BY
JULES

1202. \$1.50 each.

No. 13435.
Solid Gold, real Diam.
\$2.00 each.

No. 1071—Solid Gold, real Turquoise \$1.25

No. 1072—Solid Gold, \$

Re-mem-ber how she glad-ly nursed your pals boys! Re-mem-ber how she striv'd to make th-

No. 11842.
Solid Gold, real Pearls \$1.60 each.

well; Don't for-get how pa-tient-ly she suf-fered, And re-

No. 1071—Solid Gold
No. 1072—Same
No. 1073—Same
No. 1074—Solid

member how she bore the pri-son cell! Re-mem-ber how she brave-ly gave her

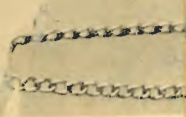
Pins..... per set \$3.50
Solid Gold..... 1.25
Silver..... 1.00
with Turquoise or Pearl... 1.25



No. 1332

life boys; Re-mem-ber when you're fac-ing shot and shell, she was

Filled Gold..... \$2.00



No.

made of Brit-ish stuff. So are you! and that's e-nough; the

..... \$1.50



No. 12111.
Solid Gold Heart Charm. \$2.50.

No. 1121.
Solid Gold H Charm. \$3.00.

Allegro Bull-Dog's loose! Re-mem-ber Nurse Ca-vell.



No. 11218.
Solid Gold Heart Charm, set with Pearl or Opal. \$3.50.

No. 12119.
Solid Gold Heart Charm, set with Pearls. \$3.00.



No. 7684.
Safety Brooch, set with Pearls.
14k Solid Gold..... \$3.75
10k " "..... 3.00

No. 1032.
Misses' solid Gold Brooch. \$2.00.

Misses' Brooch, solid Gold..... \$1.25.



No. 7686.
Safety Brooch, set with Pearls.
14k Solid Gold..... \$3.75
10k " "..... 3.00

There are three other designs in this style: "Fleur-de-lis," "Four Leaf Clover," and "Crescent." Same price.

There are three other designs in "Fleur-de-lis," "Four Leaf Clover," and "Crescent." Same price.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE



Admiral Sir John Jellicoe

Earl Kitchener.

Field Marshal Sir John French

"Three of the Best!"

"MY GRANDMAMMA"

My grandma is the cutest thing;
 She's 'bout as big as I—
 Perhaps a little bigger,
 But only 'bout so high.
 She wears the dearest little caps
 And daintiest white cuffs
 That match her hair—you ought
 to see—

She does that all in puffs.

She sits and sits the livelong day;
 She nods sometimes in sleep.
 I often see her head bowed low,
 When in her room I peep.

Sometimes I borrow grandma's clothes

And put them all on me,
 And in her specs and little cap
 Pretend I'm old as she.

Dear grandma smiles and sighs,
 "Ah me!

I once was young like you.

That was so very long ago
 You'd hardly think it true."

She teaches me to sew and knit,
 And tells me stories, too;

Old tales her grandma told to her.
 You'd scarce believe it true.

Some day, she says, she'll go
 away,

But I just answer: "Pshaw!"

You see, I cannot bear to think
 Of losing grandmamma.

But grandma pats my head, and
 says:

"Just run away, and play,
 And try to think of grandma,
 dear,

When you are old and gray."

—Malcolm Maclure
 in The School Exchange.

AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

NEARLY all the Christmas toys were made in Germany and consequently there will not be as many on sale this coming Christmas.

But the kiddies must not suffer on that account. Time is passing. Prepare for the event.

Let this be a real, genuine Old Fashioned Christmas.

The kiddies will welcome the change.

Give the kiddies practical and useful gifts.

Give them "made in England," "made in Canada," "made in Maritime Provinces" gifts.

How about Halifax-made Chocolates. The best and purest of all sweets.

Nova Scotia made boots and shoes for the boys and for the girls.

Yes, and Nova Scotia boots and shoes for the men and women, too.

Now about Maritime made sweater coats and woollens? Nothing better under the sun.

How about Nova Scotia made musical instruments? Purity of tone most delightful and sweetest.

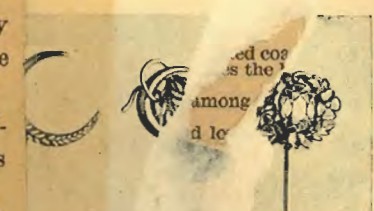
How about Nova Scotia made clothing? From Nova Scotia wool. Nothing better made in the world.

Yes, and dozens of other lines for you to think over.

Get the idea now. Nurse it. Pet it. Make it grow so that when the time comes for you to act you will know exactly what to do.

Its a great idea, a patriotic idea, a practical idea and a very pleasing idea.

Think it over!



No. 54. \$1.25.



No. 6. \$1.25. No. 65. 25c. No. 66. \$2.00.



No. 72. Colored Gold, set with Turquoise, \$1.25. No. 73. In color bright 75c.



No. 106. Solid Gold, 85c. No. 107. Filled Gold, 60c.

KENT,
 scarf
 Best
 47.
 hat
 richly
 25.
 iety
 1.00.

No. 51
 Colored Gold
 Red
 S
 Solid



No. 108. Solid Gold, \$1.50. No. 109. Filled Gold, 85c. No. 110. Solid Gold, \$1.00. No. 111. Solid Gold, \$1.00. No. 112. Solid Gold, \$1.35. No. 113. Extra heavy solid Gold, \$1.50. No. 114. Extra heavy solid Gold, \$1.50.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Perfume Bottles.



No. 3167—White.....
No. 3068—Green.....
No. 3069—Red.....



No. 3073—White.....
No. 3074—Green.....
No. 3075—Red.....



LIEUTENANT A. H. RUTLEDGE.

that he was a splendid type of young manhood. Handsome, with a strong, frank, genial face the face of one of the most companionable, lovable "fellows" who ever laid down delights and shouldered hardness with a good soldier's strength and a good soldier's smile.

Lieutenant Rutledge belonged to the 12th Canadian Machine Gun Company, 4th Division, and had been a sergeant in the 63rd Halifax Rifles since he was a mere boy.

He left Halifax early in the war with the first draft of the 63rd and was promoted to a lieutenantcy "on the field"—a promotion significant of his soldierly qualities. He was then sent over to England for a time, where he served as an instructor in machine gunnery at East Sandling Camp.

Before going overseas he was a highly valued member of the travelling staff of the Imperial Oil Company. His associates of the staff will receive with hearty sorrow news of his passing. He was a member (and a most popular member) of St. George's church Men's Society.

Born at Sheet Harbor, Halifax county, his soldierly record reflects lustre on the little village as on this city, wherein he had spent the greater part of his life.

His brother, Lieutenant J. E. Rutledge, is also in khaki, being stationed at Haganin Battery.

...\$5
... 6.
... 7.

...\$2.25
... 2.50
... 3.00

No. 3082—White.....\$2.50
No. 3083—Green..... 3.50
No. 3084—Red..... 4.00

three distinct shades: White, Green and Red. The pierced silverwork engraving, which is seen in every portion following the edgework all over as to resemble an invisible adherence to the bottle that is decidedly charming.

TUAL SIZE

These Cologne or Perfume Bottles are as "Silver Deposit Ware," its beautiful design. The bright silver parts se

The Dying Soldier

The sun was sinking in the west,
But fell with lingering ray
Through the branches of a forest,
Where a dying soldier lay.

A group had gathered 'round him—
His comrades in the fight;
But their hearts sank deep within them,
As he breathed his last good night.

But their hearts sank deep within them,
As they saw that it was vain,
And on his beloved companion
The tears fell down like rain.

"Stand up, comrades, gather round me;
Listen to the words I say;
There is something I would tell you
'Ere my soul will pass away."

"A fair young girl; my sister,
My blessing and my pride;
My care and joy from boyhood,
For I had none beside.

"I've no father; he lies sleeping
Beneath the cold, dark sea;
I've no brother, I've no kindred—
There were only Nell and me;

"When our country was invaded,
And had called for volunteers,
She threw her arms around me,
And bursting into tears

"And, although my heart seems bursting,
I will not bid thee stay,
But here, in our old homestead,
I will wait thee day by day.

"I have loved my country truly,
I have given her my all,
But for my darling sister
I should be content to fall.

"Stand up, comrades, closely listen,
Listen to my dying prayer,
Who will be to her a brother,
Shield her with a father's care?"

A smile of radiant brightness,
A halo o'er him shed,
One quick convulsive shudder,
And the soldier boy was dead.

A Voice from the Poorhouse

A Temperance Recitation

"My dear friends," said the doctor,
I favor license for selling of rum.
These fanatics tell us with horror
Of the mischief liquor has done.

"'Tis a blessing when worn out and weary
A moderate drink now and then."
From the minister by the pulpit
Came an audible murmur: "Amen!"

"Should we be denied for their sinning?
Should the weak ones govern the race?
Why, every good thing God has given
Is only a curse out of place.

A murmur rose up from the people,
From the midst of that listening throng.
They had come from their homes
With the purpose to crush out and trample

And now they were eager, impatient
To vote when the moment should come.
They thought it their right and duty
To license the selling of rum.

Rose a woman; her thin hands uplifted
And from out her frost-covered hair
Gazed a face of such agonized whiteness,
A face of such utter despair.

Then the hush and the silence were broken.
A voice so shrill and so clear
Rang out through the room: "Look upon me.
You wonder what chance brought me here.

"Remembered your teachings, turned from me
Me kneeling and pleading with him,
'Twas a God-given blessing, you told him;
And only excess was sin.

"And where are my boys? God forgive you.
They heeded your counsel, not mine.
You, doctor, beloved and respected,
Could see no danger in wine.

"My husband, so noble and manly;
My boys, so proud and so brave,
They lie side by side in the churchyard;
Each filling a drunkard's grave.

I have come from the poorhouse to tell
My story, and now it is done.
Go on, if you will, in your madness,
And license the selling of rum.

6/4

ONTO.

31

The Faded Coat of Blue

By J. H. McNaughton

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue;
In his lonely grave unknown lies the heart that
beats so true.
He sank, faint and hungry, among the famished
brave,
And they laid him, sad and lonely, within his
nameless grave.

Chorus

No more the bugle calls the weary one;
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown.
I shall find you and know you among the good
and true,
Where a robe of white is given for the faded
coat of blue.

He cried: "Give me water and just one little
crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all
the years to come;
Oh, tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and
true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my faded
coat of blue."

"Oh," he said, "my dear comrades you cannot
take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother; she will
find it if she come.
I fear she will not know me among the good and
true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat
of blue."

Chorus

No dear one was by him to close his sweet blue
eyes,
And no gentle one was nigh him to give him
sweet replies;
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave
and true;
In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat
of blue.

Chorus

\$2.75
1.75

If You Want a Kiss, Why,

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this:
That a man is half in heaven
If he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying,
For the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who take it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would change his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you, there is magic
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and take it.

No. 2



No. 210—Fountain Pen, \$2.50.



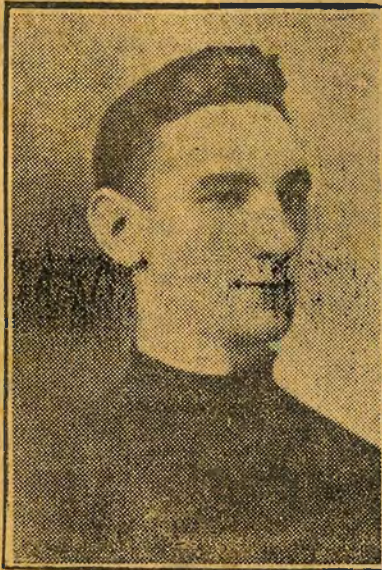
No. 212—Fountain Pen, \$1.50.



No. 216—Fountain Pen, Gold Mounted, \$5.00.

No other Pen has done so much to foster the pocket pen habit as the famous and eminently satisfactory Waterman writer. It's a hard pen to defect, and is universally agreed a superior article. They are guaranteed. We sell them because they are the best.

Pvt. Ralph Vaughan Souvenir Emblems.
Reported Missing



PRIVATE RALPH VAUGHAN
WORD was received in the city yesterday that Private Ralph (Dick) Vaughan, of the 85th Battalion was reported wounded and missing. Nearly all of the Vaughan family lost their lives in the explosion of December 6th, and the few surviving members are anxiously awaiting news from Private Vaughan, who does not know of the death of his mother, only sister and brother.

Ralph Vaughan made a splendid reputation in Halifax and Cape Breton as a member of the 85th Battalion hockey team, in 1916, and the local fans were high in their praise of the plucky Highlander's playing.

He also ranked high as a sprinter and baseball player in local intermediate circles. Young Vaughan was considered clever with the boxing gloves and in 1916 at the boxing championships, held by the 85th, he won both the lightweight and welterweight titles.

Going across with his battalion in 1916, Pte. Vaughan was one of the first men picked to proceed to France, and for nearly a year went thru some of the biggest battles on the British front.

The many friends of the Vaughan family, which is one of the oldest and most respected families of the north end, will sympathize with James Vaughan Sr., James Jr., and Frank Vaughan, (at present dangerously wounded and in a local hospital) the surviving members of the family.



No. 322—In either Brooch or Hat Pin. 75c.



No. 296—Brooch, \$1.50
 No. 294—Hat Pin, 75c.

Skipper Farraday

By WALTER A. DYER

Ho! Skipper Farraday, ol' Jack Tar!
 Pilotin' the rockin'-chair safe across a bar.
 Sailor-suit of navy blue, open at the neck,
 Jolliest sea-cap'n, sir, that ever trod a deck.
 Then put 'er 'elm to starboard, an' trim the
 forrard sails,
 An' show the Yankee stars and stripes to
 every ship that 'ails,
 An' climb yer mother's rockin'-chair, an' 'eave
 the bloomin' log.
 Hi! Skipper Farraday, ol' sea dog!

Ahoy! Skipper Farraday, wise ol' salt!
 Thursday you was soldierin'—"Right about!"
 an' "Halt!"
 Friday you was teachin' school (what a heap
 you knew!)
 An' now you are a skipper, an' a mighty good
 un, too.
 But come, an' stop yer play awhile, an' sit on
 Gran'ther's knee,
 An' 'ear about the wonderlands that lie beyond
 the sea,
 Where savages an' cockatoos an' alligators are.
 Hey! Skipper Farraday, ol' Jack Tar!

No.
 No.
 No.

No. 281.
 Button Hook, \$1.00.



No. 280.
 Letter Seal, \$1.25.



No. 290.
 In either Brooch or Hat Pin, 75c.
 No. 339—Cuff Links, smaller design, \$1.25 pair.



No. 294.
 In either Brooch or Hat Pin, 75c.
 No. 347—Cuff Links, smaller design, \$1.25 pair.



No. 271.
 Coffee Spoon, any name engraved in bowl, \$1.00.

No. 276—Same in Tea Spoon, \$1.50.



No. 275.
 Coffee Spoon, embossed bowl scene, \$1.25.

In the above Canadian and British Souvenirs the coats-of-arms are enamelled in colors according to the style of heraldry. The goods themselves are Sterling Silver, afterwards gold plated. The all-silver finish can be had if preferred.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Answer to the Gipsy's Warning

Lady, do not heed her warning—
Trust me—thou shalt find me true;
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
Trust me, lady and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasure all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish,
In this world of storm and blast.
E'en the stars that gleam above thee
Shine the brightest in the night;
So would he who fondly loves thee
In the darkness by thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark-green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver—
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours—
Lady, he's no heartless ranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed not then her warning;
Lay thy soft, white hand in mine;
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moonlight brightens
Thou shalt slumber on my breast;
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

French Grey
any of th

It Is Better To Laugh than To Cry

It is wise, when you enter the battle of life,
To be armed for the fight from the first;
And although you may hope for the best of the
strife,
You should always prepare for the worst.
Don't dream of despairing or giving things up,
If fortune is fickle or shy:
For you'll find, whether bitter or sweet be the
cup,
It is better to laugh than to cry.

Chorus
So never give way to the cares of to-day,
Better luck will come by and by;
And to-morrow may bring quite a different
thing,
So it's better to laugh than to cry!

In the journey through life 'twould be folly to
grieve,
If we now and then happen to find
That ambition and friendship will often deceive,
And that Cupid is frequently blind.
If a friend should be false, or a hope should
betray,
We may find better luck by and by;
And if love like a cheat should have led us astray,
It is better to laugh than to cry!

Chorus

There's a charm about laughter to lengthen our
lives,
And a poison in sighing and care;
For wherever we look 'tis good humor that
thrives,
And fretting that leads to despair.
Of all the wise things that are taught us at school,
There is nothing on which to rely
With so firm a belief as that excellent rule:
It is better to laugh than to cry.

Chorus

There is quite as much pleasure as pain, after all,
In the bright little world of our own;
And the pleasure will readily come at our call,
If the right way to call it is known.
Should trouble pursue, or calamity press,
Is it wiser to smile or to sigh?
In the moment of pain or the day of distress,
It is better to laugh than to cry.

Chorus

No. 558.
German Silver Chatelaine Bag.
\$8.75.

The Spirit of the Wine

There is a little spirit lives
In every flask of wine,
Who, while they poured the liquor in,
Made music all the time.
You may bottle him, and cork him up
And fancy he is dead,
But when the cork is drawn—Bop!
Out comes the spirit's head.
Oh, a merry little fellow is the Spirit of the Wine!

The butler took the bottles down
(The cellar-stairs were side),
He laid them all down side by side,
In long, straight rows to sleep.
The cobwebs dangled from the roof,
The walls were damp and cold,
And there the little Spirit slept,
Until the wine grew old.
Oh, drowsy little fellows are the Spirits of the
Wine.

If you were in the dining-room
About the dinner-time,
You'd hear the little Spirit sob
While they decant the wine.
"Blob, blob, blob, blob,
Blob," it doth complain.
For it does not like the thoughts of being
Bottled up again.
Oh, a sorry little fellow is the Spirit of the Wine!

But when the wine was poured out,
And sparkled in the cup,
The old man looked at it awhile
Before he drank it up.
Oh, how the Spirit stirred it up,
And made the bubbles shine,
And splashed about within the cup,
Amidst the rosy wine!
What a happy little fellow was the Spirit of the
Wine!

It got into the old man's mouth;
It crept into his head;
It pinched his cheeks, it pinched his eyes;
He felt them growing red;
It sat upon the old man's nose,
It peeped out from his eyes.
Until he knew not this from that,
The fish-pond from the skies.
Oh, a cunning little fellow is the Spirit of the
Wine!

He once had been an able man,
And stout of heart and limb;
But now his strength is falling fast;
His sight is growing dim;
He cannot sleep at all at night,
He cannot read by day
For the Spirit crept into his mouth
And stole his wits away.
Oh, a wicked little fellow is the Spirit of the
Wine!

He trembles when he lies awake
At night upon his bed;
It is the Spirit makes him ill,
And soon he will be dead.
Oh, bid him put the wine away,
And pray to be forgiven,
Or he will go from bad to worse,
And never get to heaven.
And all because the old man loved the Spirit of
the Wine!



No. 5604.
A design, French Grey Finish Sterling Silver Belt Buckle,
very artistically made.
\$4.00.



No. 5606.
Sterling Silver Belt Pin.
No. 5606a.
Same style with frontispiece
defined as No. 5605.

The Wedding-Fee

One morning, fifty years ago,
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with a perfume rare,
Upon a farm-horse, large and lean,
And lazy with his double load,
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But blue were the maiden's eyes;
And dewdrops on the grass were bright;
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so,
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes;
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And, with a joy but rarely known,
She drew that dear face to her own
And by her bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they ride until, among
The newborn leaves with dewdrops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do?" he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"

And glancing down, his eye surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to the hem,
Might purchase endless joy for them.
The maiden answers: Let us wait;
To borrow trouble, what's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprang,
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window-sill and yells:
"Come in!" he says. "He'll take the beans."
Oh, how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the beanbag reached the ground;
Then, clasping in each dimpled arm
The precious produce of the farm,
She bears it through the open door
And down upon the parlor floor,
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! Happy were their songs that day,
When, man and wife, they rode away.
But happier their chorus still,
Which echoed through these woodland scenes:
God bless the priest of Whitinsville,
God bless the man that took the beans."



No. 562.
German Silver Chatelaine Bag.
\$8.50.

THOMAS ALLEN DILLMAN

HALIFAX, October 28.—There
passed away this morning at
9 Cogswell street, following an
illness of only one week, Thomas
Allen Dillman, an employe at the
Dockyard, where he was valued for
his efficiency and faithfulness to
duty. Mr. Dillman, who was a son
of William Dillman, of Dartmouth,
was only 35 years of age—he is
survived by his wife, for whom
much sympathy is expressed and
by one child. The funeral will
take place at 2 o'clock on Wednes-
day afternoon, from his late resi-
dence, and thence to Dartmouth.

DILLMAN—At 9 Cogswell street,
Halifax, on October 28th, Thomas
Allen Dillman, aged 35 years, son
of William Dillman, Dartmouth,
leaving father, sister, wife and
one child. Funeral Wednesday at
two p.m. from his late residence
to Dartmouth. 3614 m29

The Chatelaine Bags illustrated here are of the finest quality and finish obtainable in German Silver and heavily Sterling Silver-plated throughout. The tops and clasps have an intermingling of the oxidized and "French Grey" finish effects. A Chatelaine Bag is a very fashionable belt appendage, and dispenses with the need of a pocket.

CHATELAINE BAGS ARE TWICE THE SIZE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

BELT PINS AND BUCKLES ARE ACTUAL SIZE
The coats-of-arms enamelled in appropriate colors.

Body of Young Hero From Quebec

Private Ernest L. Whitman Who Died in the Military Sanatorium Will Be Buried at His Old Home in Port Dufferin.

HALIFAX, November 18.—On the eighth anniversary of the death of his father, the body of Private Ernest Leonard Whitman arrived in Halifax, coming by train last night from Quebec, where the soldier lad died on Tuesday in the military sanatorium. His body now lies at Spencer's undertaking rooms in a casket covered with floral offerings from sympathizing friends of the family, and on Wednesday next will be taken to Port Dufferin by the steamer Dufferin for interment beside the remains of his father, who passed away when his soldier boy was but nine years of age.

Private Whitman died in the eighteenth year of his age and was the youngest and third son of George Whitman, a former well-known resident of Port Dufferin, and whose death was deeply lamented by that community. Besides his bereaved mother, Private Whitman is survived by one sister, Mrs. Arthur Weiss, 158 Campbell road, Halifax, and two brothers, Gordon, stationed at Connaught Battery, Halifax, and Frederick, of the Army Medical corps, Halifax. Frank I. Whitman and A. A. Whitman, both of Dartmouth, are relatives.

Mrs. Whitman came to the city yesterday and last night for the first time in nearly a year she was able to gaze upon the face of her darling boy, the baby of the family, but altho cold in death she was comforted by the fact that he was not lying beneath the sod in far-off Verdun, for it was there on the 8th of June, on that bloody battlefield, that he was shot thru the lung. With the other wounded from the battle of that memorable day he was sent across the channel to Bristol, and before being sent to his native Canada on the 15th of September, he had been shifted to two other hospitals in England, at Penwick and Hastings. He arrived at Quebec September 25th, and was sent to the military sanatorium there, where he passed away on Tuesday of this week.

He went overseas from Halifax in February of this year with a detachment from the 63rd regiment but had enlisted with the 63rd fifteen months before that, being only sixteen years of age at the time. After arriving overseas he was shifted to the 13th Highland Battalion and was fighting with them when he received his wound. The funeral takes place at Port Dufferin on Thursday of next week.



No. 10646—14k Gold, \$11.00.



No. 627—14k Gold, nine whole Pe No. 6200—(Little heavier than he



No. 13144—14k Gold, \$15.00.



No. 10218—14k Gold, \$18.50.



No. 11612—14k Gold, \$20.00.



No. 4458—14k Gold, \$15.00.



No. 10227—14k Gold, \$21.00.



No. 10911—14k Gold, \$21.00.



No. 1325—14k Gold, \$28.00.



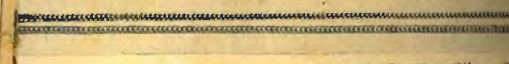
No. 1282—14k Gold, \$25.00.



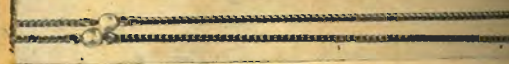
No. 9046. Extra heavy 18k solid Gold Case, 15 extra jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent Special" movement, \$47.00.

We substitute Waltham in your wants are much more li time" as the mechanical skill cases are of an exceptional

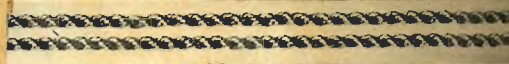
and Watches.



No. 10654—Sterling Silver.



No. 250—(Little heavier than here shown) 14k Gold without Pearls, \$12.50. No. 251—(Little heavier than here shown) Sterling Silver, \$2.00.



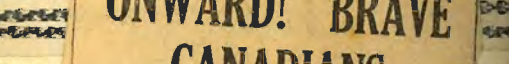
Extra quality filled Gold, \$4.50. No. 13147—Sterling Silver, \$2.00.



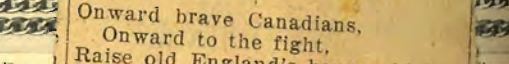
Extra quality filled Gold, \$4.50. No. 10255—Sterling Silver, \$2.00.



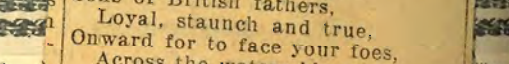
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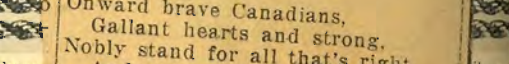
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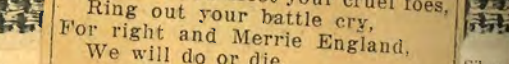
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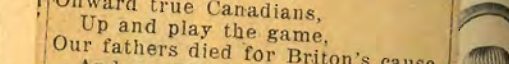
Extra quality filled Gold, \$4.50. No. 10255—Sterling Silver, \$2.00.



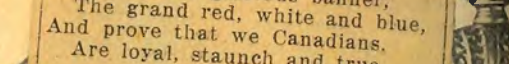
Extra quality filled Gold, \$4.50. No. 10255—Sterling Silver, \$2.00.



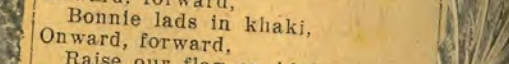
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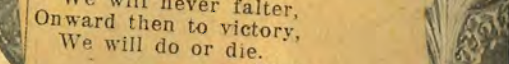
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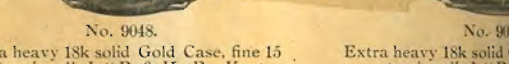
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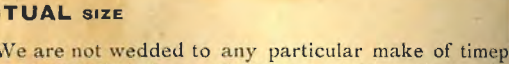
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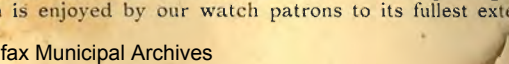
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Extra quality filled Gold, \$4.50. No. 10255—Sterling Silver, \$2.00.



Extra quality filled Gold, \$4.50. No. 10255—Sterling Silver, \$2.00.

ONWARD! BRAVE CANADIANS

Onward brave Canadians, Onward to the fight, Raise old England's banner high And battle for the right. Sons of British fathers, Loyal, staunch and true, Onward for to face your foes, Across the waters blue.

Onward brave Canadians, Gallant hearts and strong, Nobly stand for all that's right, And stamp out all that's wrong. And when you meet your cruel foes, Ring out your battle cry, For right and Merrie England, We will do or die.

Onward true Canadians, Up and play the game, Our fathers died for Briton's cause, And we will do the same. Lift high our glorious banner, The grand red, white and blue, And prove that we Canadians, Are loyal, staunch and true.

Onward, forward, Bonnie lads in khaki, Onward, forward, Raise our flag on high; Onward, forward, We will never falter, Onward then to victory, We will do or die.

Halifax, February. M. LANGILL.

No. 9048. Extra heavy 18k solid Gold Case, fine 15 extra jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent Special" movement, \$45.00.

No. 9049. Extra heavy 18k solid Gold Case, fine 15 extra jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent Special" movement, \$45.00.

ed. We are not wedded to any particular make of timepiece is recommended above all other reputable makes. As s found in all watches we recommend. The engravings action is enjoyed by our watch patrons to its fullest extent.

Birthstones

January:
By her who in this month is born
No gems save garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February:
The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If she the amethyst will wear.

March:
Who on this world of ours her eyes
In March first opens, shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to her grave.

April:
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

May:
Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet, flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June:
Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.

July:
The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then should they be exempt and free
From life's doubt and anxiety.

August:
Wear a sardonyx, or, for thee,
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born, without this stone,
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

September:
A maiden born when autumn-leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind,
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October:
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull these woes to rest.

November:
Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz's amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December:
If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

No. 6133.

The solid Gold Case, set with four fine
Diamonds and four real Rubies,
finely extra jewelled "B. & H.
B. Kent Special" move-

The Good Old U. S. A.

"Tell me, daddy, tell me
Why the men in that big crowd—
Won't you tell me why they're cheering,
What makes each one act so proud?"
"Listen, lad!" he answered,
"It's the tune the brass band plays,
It's the song 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,'
And you'll know one of these days:

Chorus
Makes no difference where you wander;
Makes no difference where you roam;
You don't have to stop and ponder
For a place to call your home.
When they ask where you were born, lad,
Speak right up, be proud to say
That your home's the land of Uncle Sam,
The good old U. S. A.

"Years ago in battle
Both our grandpas fought and fell
'Neath the cannon's roar and rattle,
So of freedom we could tell;
Washington and Jackson,
Dear old Lincoln, Grant and Lee,
Are the men who made us what we are
On the land and on the sea."

Chorus
movement, 3/4 time.

The Diamonds and other jewels used
These Wa



Dr. C. Lane

The Fiddler and His Dog

By W. A. Eaton

You've asked me for my story, sir. Well, I
must say,
That's a question that I'm not asked every day.
Come, Wallace, my boy, go round with the hat,
And see what the gentleman will say to that.

That dog is a treasure! He is, sir, indeed!
I've nicknamed him Wallace because of his
breed.
He's Scotch and he knows it; he'd listen all day
To a lodger of mine who the bag-pipes will play.

I've not always lived in this vagabond way;
I've seen better days, sir; but it's always the way
The higher we climb the farther we fall,
Some must fly like eagles, while some only crawl.

You hardly would think it, sir, once I had wealth;
A fortune, sir, left me, and not got by stealth.
My father died rich, sir, and left me the whole,
With no one to govern me—no, not a soul.

You've read of the prodigal, how his wealth went
But I thought that my fortune would never be
spent.
I got into company, and friends flocked around;
If I looked for them now, sir, not one could be
found.

I gave parties and balls; I was open and free;
I had bachelor friends when I went on the spree,
You think that sounds vulgar; I'll tell you, sir,
now
That a gentleman scamp is far worse anyhow,
Than the hard-working man who gets drunk
once a week;
For they are so canting, so slim and so sleek,
That you can't think them drunkards. There is
many a swell
When he's drunk he is just like a fiend out of
hell.

Was I married? Oh, no, sir; but I was to be,
To the sweetest young lady that ever you'd see.
She had beautiful eyes, and oh, such a face!
And a figure which was quite a model of grace.

You've seen a grand picture; well, put in the life;
That is something like her that should be my
wife.
Did I love her? Oh, yes; I would go to the stake
And burn, if 'twas needed, with joy, for her sake.

We were to be married one sweet day in June,
And go off to the seaside for our honeymoon.
Oh, how I was longing to hear the bells ring
That would give the more joy than to be
crowned a king.

On the eve of our wedding the wine-cup again
Held me under its sway, with flushed face and
wild brain.
I went to the house of my lovely young bride;
Her father came down and me entrance denied.

He said that no drunkard should marry his girl,
Though he might be a prince, or a duke or an
earl;
In vain I declared it should be the last time;
I was turned from the door with the ban of deep
crime.

I met her once after; she spurned me like dirt,
Though I wept and entreated and clung to her
skirt.
She's been married for years; her father is dead;
She rides in her brougham, while I beg my bread.

Come, Wallace, old fellow, let's get along now;
Go round like a man, sir, and make your best
bow.
It's the way of the world, sir; some rise and some
fall,
Yes, I dare say you're right, sir; the drink did it
all.

Little Footsteps

By M. B. Leavitt

Little footsteps, soft and gentle,
Gliding by our cottage door,
How I love to hear their trample,
As I heard in days of yore;
Tiny feet that traveled lightly
In this weary world of woe,
Now silent lie in yonder churchyard,
'Neath the dismal grave below.
Little footsteps, soft and gentle,
Gliding by our cottage-door,
How I love to hear their trample,
As I heard in days of yore.

Chorus

Little footsteps, soft and gentle,
Gliding by our cottage door,
How I love to hear their trample,
As I heard in days of yore.

She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
By the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness,
When I pass that cottage door.
Sweetly now the angels carol
Tidings from our loved one far,
That she still does hover o'er us,
And will be our guiding star.
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking;
By the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness,
When I pass that cottage door.

Little footsteps now will journey
In the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sandbanks lightly
By the golden river's shore,
Mother, weep not, father, grieve not,
Try to smooth your troubles o'er,
For I'll think of her as sleeping,
Not as dead, but gone before,
Little footsteps now will journey
In the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sandbanks lightly,
By the golden river's shore.

No. 6128.
Gold Case, set with five fine
diamonds and four real rubies,
finely jewelled "B. & H. B.
Kent Special" movement,
\$55.00.

No. 4633.

Gold Case, set with
diamonds, Olivines, and
Opals in eyes, finely jew-
elled "B. & H. B.
Kent Special"
movement,
\$48.00.



THE ALERT WIFE

"I've had a terrible day at the office and
I'm mad clear through," announced the hus-
band, coming home.
"Now would be a good time to beat the
rugs," replied the wife.

Heavy Gold Case, set
with five fine Diamonds, fine 15-
jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent"
movement, \$60.00.

—the very finest possible qualities.
friendship.

The Flower of November

With the waning of the autumn comes a radiant, gracious bloom,
The chrysanthemum's rich glory set against November's gloom.

It ushers in the winter as the Mayflower does the spring.

Aromatic odors of the forest seem to cling
To its ragged, ruffled petals, to its glowing heart of gold;

The rare fragrance of the pine tree distilled by bitter cold.



It were as though the festal month, the closing of the year,
Waited some burst of sunshine across her skies so drear;
It comes,—in pearly pinks of dawn, in crimson of the west,
In the gold and snow of ermine that might garb a royal guest.
'Tis the farewell of the autumn, this child of frost and fire.
Its brave memory lives till green things come to fill the heart's desire.

When Cinda Sweeps

BY HATTIE WHITNEY

When Cinda sews, within the lamp's clear beam,

Just mellowed by a shade of porcelain white,
Around her chestnut head soft shadows dream,
Spun by the elfin fingers of the night.

The moths, with silvery wings, come wavering in

The open door, through which some late red rose

Pours fragrance rich; and all is calm and fair
When Cinda sews.

When Cinda bakes, what odors as from isles
Of clove and citron float upon the air.

And in the pantry—Oh, what witching piles
Of crusty rolls and frosted tarts are there!

A dream of far-off eastern light and warmth
In some strange wise, she mingles in her cakes;

Some subtle atmosphere the kitchen fills
When Cinda bakes.

When Cinda sweeps—Ah me! The dismal tale
Is almost more than my poor pen can tell.

The cloudy waves and billows that do sail
About my ears, my spirits crush and quell.

Poor Cupid drops his arrows right and left
Distractedly; the Muse turns blue and weeps,

And sniffing, flies away to dry her eyes,
When Cinda sweeps.



No. 4630.
Extra heavy 14k solid Gold Case
15-jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent"
Special" movement,
\$12.50.



No. 7250.
"Our Special" Ladies' heavy 14k
Gold Watch, jewelled Waltham
movement, \$25.00.



No. 711.
Extra heavy 14k solid Gold Case
jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent"
movement, \$40.00.
No. 7145—Same in 18k, \$30.00.



No. 7252.
"Our Special" Ladies' heavy 14k solid
Gold Watch, jewelled Waltham
movement, \$25.00.

God save our splendid men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men.



No. 318.
Extra heavy 14k solid Gold Case, fine
15-jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent"
movement, \$35.00.

Missing

Not among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners; "Missing,"
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she had called him
For these two and twenty years.

Round her all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning-glories cluster
All around the kitchen-door.

Soberly, the sleek, old house-cat
Drowns in his patch of sun;
Neatly shines the oaken dresser;
All the morning's work is done.

Through the window comes that fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragrant songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn.

And the rich breath of the garden—
Where the golden melons lie;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine—
Leaning in her easy chair;
With soft lines upon her forehead,
And the silver in her hair.

Blind to sunshine—dead to fragrance—
On that royal harvest morn;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first born.

How he left her in the springtime,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footsteps,
With his lithe and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were beaming,
As he kissed the last "Good-by,"
Yet she heard him whistling gayly
As he went across the rye.

Missing, still a hope to cheer her!
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum!

So through all the days of autumn,
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his quickening footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

Or she will hush the household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

Far away, through all the autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade—
In the dreary desolation
That the battle-storm has made.

With the rust upon his musket—
In the eve and in the morn—
In the rank gloom of the fern-leaves
Lies her noble-browed first born.



Seymour Stone.

Mother Kissed Me in My Dream

By George Cooper

Lying on my dying bed,
Thro' the dark and silent night,
Praying for the coming day—
Came a vision to my sight;
Near me stood the forms I loved
In the sunlight's mellow gleam,
Folding me unto her breast,
Mother kiss'd me in my dream!
Mother, mother, mother kiss'd me in my dream!

Comrades, tell her when you write
That I did my duty well;
Say that when the battle raged,
Fighting in the van I fell;
Tell her, too, when on my bed,
Slowly ebb'd my being's stream,
How I knew no peace until
Mother kiss'd me in my dream!
Mother, mother, mother kiss'd me in my dream!

Once again I long to see
Home and kindred far away,
But I feel I shall be gone
Ere there dawns another day;
Hopefully I bide the hour
When will fade life's feeble beam,
Ev'ry pang has left me now,
Mother kiss'd me in my dream!
Mother, mother, mother kiss'd me in my dream!

Marching Through Georgia

By Henry Clay Work

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing an-
other song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world
along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand
strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

"Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you
free!"
So we sang the chorus, from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darbies shouted when they heard the
joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commis-
sary found!
How the sweet potatoes even sprouted from
the ground,
While we're marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with
joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not
seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking
forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never
reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome
boast:
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the
host,
While we were marching through Georgia?

Chorus

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her
train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the
main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in
vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Do They Think of Me at Home?

By J. E. Carpenter

Do they think of me at home,
Do they ever think of me?
I who shared their every grief,
I who mingled in their glee;
Have their hearts grown cold and strange
To the one now doomed to roam,
I would give the world to know,
Do they think of me at home?
I would give the world to know,
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve?
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched,
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind forgiving word
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh,
"Do they think of me at home?"
Shall I never cease to sigh,
"Do they think of me at home?"

Do they think of how I loved
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam.
But my heart will sadly ask:
"Do they think of me at home?"
But my heart will sadly ask:
"Do they think of me at home?"

Down by the Old Mill-Stream

My darling, I am dreaming
Of the days gone by,
When you and I were sweethearts
Beneath the southern sky;
Your hair has turned to silver,
The gold has faded, too,
But still I well remember
Where I first met you.

Chorus

Down by the old mill-stream
Where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue,
Dressed in gingham, too,
It was there I knew
That you loved me true;
You were sixteen,
My village queen,
Down by the old mill-stream.

The old mill-wheel is silent
And has fallen down;
The old oak-tree has withered,
And lies there on the ground,
While you and I are sweethearts
As in the days of yore,
Although we've been together
For forty years and more.

Military Wrist Watch, in either Gun Metal or solid Silver
Cases, "B. & H. B. Kent" movement, \$12.00, complete
including Bracelet.
No. 999—Same, grade lower movement.....\$10.00.

The Great Wrist Watch No. 9930 will be appreciated by gentlemen attached to the military service, and those whose occupation outdoors is of such a nature as to warrant "a glance
at the time" a needful operation. Numbers of these watches were carried throughout the late South African campaign, giving eminent satisfaction, and none the worse for the test.

Entire length of Bracelet, 8 1/4 inches, made of leather in black, tan,
brown and green colors, very serviceable and neat in appearance.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

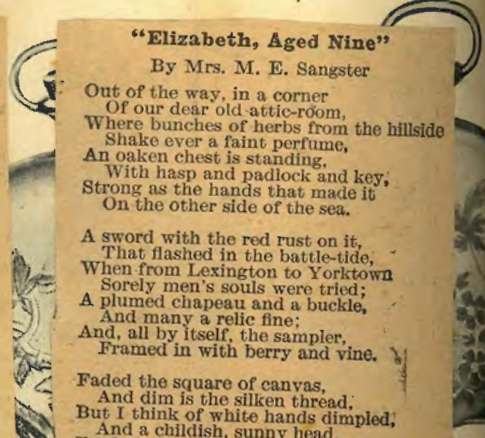
Ladies' Gold Watches.



No. 7149.

Extra quality 14k filled Gold Case
"B. & H. B. Kent" 15-jewelled
special movement, \$20.00
No. 7152—Same Case, grade
movement, \$18.00.

ON a homeward bound transport,
As the sun was sinking low,
Stood a wounded soldier dreaming
In the twilight's glow.
Visions of an angel,
Golden hair and eyes of blue.
Said a sailor lad,
"Why are you so sad?"
Said the soldier, "I'll tell you."
"There's an angel over there,
An angel from I know not where,
Smiling sweetly thru her tears,
She drove my fears away.
Little girl who nursed me thru,
I owe my life to you;
Oh, come back, Love that I found—and lost,
My Angel of the Flaming Cross"



No. 7149.
14k filled Gold Case,
special movement, \$18.00.

"Elizabeth, Aged Nine"

By Mrs. M. E. Sangster

Out of the way, in a corner
Of our dear old attic-room,
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
Shake ever a faint perfume,
An oaken chest is standing,
With hasp and padlock and key,
Strong as the hands that made it
On the other side of the sea.
A sword with the red rust on it,
That flashed in the battle-tide,
When from Lexington to Yorktown
Sorely men's souls were tried;
A plumed chapeau and a buckle,
And many a relic fine;
And, all by itself, the sampler,
Framed in with berry and vine.
Faded the square of canvas,
And dim is the silken thread,
But I think of white hands dimpled,
And a childish, sunny head,
For here in cross- and in tent-stitch,
In a wreath of berry and vine,
She worked it a hundred years ago—
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

Same Case, grade
movement, \$16.00.

JOLLY JOKES

Once upon a time there was an Indian
named Big Smoke employed as a mission-
ary to his fellow Smokes.
A white man, encountering Big Smoke,
asked him what he did for a living.
"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me preach."
"That so? What do you get for
preaching?"
"Me git ten dollars a year."
"Well," said the white man, "that's
damn poor pay."
"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me damn
poor preacher."

Take Milburn's



No. 62.
extra quality filled
"B. & H. B. Kent" movement, including
handsomely engraved
initials on Case.

Ladies' Watch, by jewelled Swiss
movement, \$22.00.
Waltham movement, if preferred,
same price.

There's a Letter in the Candle

There's a letter in the candle,
It points direct to me;
How the little spark is shining;
From whomever can it be?
It gets brighter still and brighter,
Like a little sunny ray,
And I dare to guess the writer,
For it drives suspense away.

Chorus

Bright spark of hope,
Shed your beams on me,
And send a loving message
From far across the sea.

Hope and fear alike perplex me;
Oh, superstitious dread;
How many idle fancies
You conjure in my head.
When those we love are absent,
How wantonly you play;
Every shadow seems a substance,
And drives suspense away.

How gladly I remember,
'Tis two short months, no more,
Since a letter in the candle
Shone out as bright before.
Then the darling messenger
Came prompt and safe to me.
If this is only from the same,
How welcome it shall be!

Chorus



No. 7230.
Gold Case, finely jewelled
H. B. Kent Special
movement, \$15.00.

In the City of Sighs and Tears

By Andrew B. Sterling

"Papa, tell me where is mamma?" cried a little
girl one day.
"I'm so lonesome here without her, tell me why
she went away?
You don't know how much I'm longing for her
loving good-night kiss?"
Papa placed his arms around her as he softly
whispered this:

Chorus

"Down in the City of Sighs and Tears, under the
white light's glare;
Down in the City of Wasted Years you'll find
your mamma there;
Wandering along where each smiling face hides
its story of lost careers
And perhaps she is dreaming of you to-night in
the City of Sighs and Tears."

See a little white-robed figure slowly climb the
bedroom-stairs.
Papa enters in the doorway as she lisps her eve-
ning prayers:
As he kneels beside his darling he can hear her
softly say:
"May the angels guard my mamma in the city
far away."

Chorus



No. 10130.

Our "Special" 14k solid Gold Case, fine
15-jewelled Waltham movement, \$25.00
No. 10177—Similar case, only with round
bow ring in 14k extra quality filled
Gold, with fine Waltham move-
ment, \$16.00.



No. 8336.

18k solid Gold Case—special
—fine 15-jewelled "B. &
B. Kent" movement.
\$40.00.



No. 4637.

Heavy 14k solid Gold Case,
jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent Special
movement, \$28.00.
No. 4649—Same Case, grade
movement, \$25.00.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

Comrades

By Felix McGlennon

We from childhood played together,
My dear comrade, Jack, and I;
We would fight each other's battles,
To each other's aid we'd fly;
And in boyish scrapes and troubles,
You would find us everywhere;
Where one went the other follow'd,
Naught could part us, for we were—

Chorus

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys;
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each
other's joys;
Comrades when manhood was dawning,
Faithful what'er might betide,
When danger threaten'd, my darling old
Comrade was there by my side!

When just budding into manhood,
I yearn'd for a soldier's life;
Night and day I dreamed of glory,
Longing for the battle's strife!
I said: "Jack, I'll be a soldier,
'Neath the Red, the White and Blue!
Good-by, Jack!" Said he: "No, never!
If you go, then I'll go, too!"

Chorus

I enlisted; Jack came with me,
And ups and downs we shared;
For a time our lives were peaceful,
But at length war was declared,
England's flag had been insulted;
We were ordered to the front,
And the regiment we belonged to,
Had to bear the battle's brunt.

Chorus

In the night the savage foemen
Crept around us as we lay!
To our arms we leap'd and faced them,
Back to back we stood at bay!
As I fought, a savage at me
Aimed his spear, like lightning's dart,
But my comrade sprang to save me,
And received it in his heart!

Chorus



*Capt. Rev. Donaldson
Halifax*

"Little Major"

At his post the "Little Major"
Dropp'd his drum that battle-day
On the grass, all stain'd with crimson,
Thro' that battle-night he lay
Crying: "O, for love of Jesus,
Grant me but this little boon,
Can you, friend, refuse me water?
Can you when I die so soon?"

Chorus

Crying: "Oh, for love of Jesus,
Grant me but this little boon,
Can you, friend, refuse me water?
Can you, when I die so soon?"

There are none to hear or help him—
All his friends were early fled—
Save the forms outstretched around him
Of the dying and the dead.
Hark! They come! There falls a footstep;
How it made his heart rejoice!
They will help, oh, they will save him
When they hear his fainting voice.

Chorus

Now the lights are flashing round him,
And he hears a loyal word,
Strangers they whose lips pronounce it,
Yet he trusts his voice is heard.
It is heard—O God forgive them,
They refuse his dying prayer!
"Nothing but a wounded drummer."
So they leave him lying there.

Chorus

See the moon that shone above him
Her face as if in grief,
And the skies are sadly weeping,
And the tear-drops of relief,
Yet to die, by friends forsaken,
With his last request denied—
This he felt his keenest anguish
When at morn he gasped and died.

Chorus

The Old-Fashioned Homestead

I still do remember the old-fashioned homestead,
That beautiful place where I first saw the
light:

Where oft I have played on the green when in
childhood,
That lovely old spot was so happy and bright.
The garden was loaded with sweet-scented
flowers,
The pretty magnolias grew close by the door;
How sweetly the mocking birds sang in the wild-
wood;

Chorus

Take me back home; let me see it once more.
The old-fashioned homestead I still do remember
The magnolia-flowers grew close by the door;
How sweetly the mocking bird sang in the wild-
wood;

Chorus

Take me back home; let me see it once more.
How often I've thought of my dear aged mother;
God bless and protect her from sorrow and
pain!

She kissed and caressed me so fondly in child-
hood,
I long to return to see her again.
The garden and groves will look strange when I
see them.

Those sweet lovely places I still do adore;
The years, too, have vanished since last I beheld
them;

Chorus

Take me back home; let me see it once more.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

By Alfred Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Someone had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd;
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made;
Honor the Light Brigade;
Noble six hundred!

The Silver Moon

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
To muse on the beauties of June,
Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.

Chorus

Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune;
I never, nevermore with my true love will stray
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,
So handsome and manly to view;
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
O Edwin! no love was more true.

Chorus

But now he is dead, and the youth once so gay,
Is cut down like a rose in full bloom;
And he silently sleeps, while I'm thus left to
weep
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

Chorus

But his grave I'll seek out until morning ap-
pears,
And weep for my lover so brave;
I'll embrace the cold earth, and bedew with my
tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

Chorus

Oh never again can my heart throb with joy,
My lost one I hope to meet soon;
And kind friends will weep o'er the grave where
we sleep,
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

Chorus

No. 649.

Our "Special" twenty-five year filled
Gold Waltham Watch, \$15.00.

Our "Special" twenty-five year filled
Gold Waltham Watch, \$15.00.

Our "Special" twenty-five year filled
Gold Waltham Watch, \$15.00.

The above Watches contain finely jewelled movements of the very latest construction, guaranteed accu-
rate. Should a plain case be preferred with the initials engraved on the outside cover, the price

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

The Soldier's Grave

Night winds are mournfully sweeping,
 Whispering oak-branches wave,
 Where your loved ashes are sleeping,
 Forms of the true and the brave;
 Silence reigns breathless around you,
 All your stern conflicts are o'er;
 Deep is the sleep that hath bound you,
 Trumpet shall wake you no more,
 Deep is the sleep that hath bound you,
 Trumpet shall wake you no more.

Sweet and serene be your slumbers,
 Hearts for whose freedom you bled—
 Millions whom no man can number,
 Tears of sad gratitude shed.
 Never shall morn brightly breaking
 Enter your chamber of gloom,
 Till the last trumpet awaking
 Sounds through the depths of the tomb.
 Till the last trumpet awaking
 Sounds through the depths of the tomb.

No. 592.

Solid Silver Case, with fine "B. & H. B. Kent Special" movement, \$10.00.

No. 5945—Same movement, filled Gold Case (highest quality), \$16.00.

Song of the Spinning-Wheel

By John Francis Waller

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting.
 Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.

"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing;"
 "'Tis the sound, mother, dear, of the summer wind, dying."

Chorus

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
 Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window?
 I wonder."
 "'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under;"
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolum'?"
 There's a form at the casement—the form of her true love—
 And he whispers, with face bent: "I'm waiting for you, love;
 Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly;
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Chorus

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers;
 Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover;
 Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Chorus

THINGS IT WERE WISE TO FORGET

From the New York Times.

If you should see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
 A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
 And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
 Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
 It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
 In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day
 In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display
 Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long display,
 It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
 Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
 That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
 A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
 It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

No. 417. Gun Barrel Metal Case, superior finished fine jewelled movement, \$8.50.

Loch Lomond

On yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright till the gloaming,
 There my true love and me spent many happy days,
 By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' the Lomond.

Tho' ye tak' the high road and I tak' the low,
 I will be in auld Scotland afore you;
 But trouble it is there, and many hearts air sair
 By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' the Lomond.

We'll meet where we parted in yon shady glen,
 By the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
 Where in deep purple hue the Heilan' hills we'll view
 As the moon shines softly out thro' the gloaming.

There the wild flowerets spring, and the wee birdies sing,
 And the waters in peace are sleepin',
 But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,
 And we now maun be content though we're greetin'.

Ladies' Green, Red, Purple or Blue Enamel, bow knot similar to No. 534, \$12.00.

No. 9348—Same as illustration, in Sterling Silver, complete, \$6.00.

No. 344. Ladies' Plain filled Gold Watch and Chatelaine, complete, \$15.00.

No. 4120. Sterling Silver Watch and Chatelaine, \$6.00.

No. 534. (Back view) Ladies' Open-face Watch and Chatelaine, real Pearl settings, Green, Blue, or Purple Enamel, complete, \$13.50.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

A Watch purchased from us carries with it a liberally worded agreement to keep in order. Even in case of an unaccountable accident to a mainspring or mishap due to climatic changes, repairs are made free of cost during the period of our guarantee—two years.

atches



Nellie Wildwood

I will come to your home, Nellie Wildwood,
In the spring, when the wild flowers bloom,
When the birds shall return, Nellie Wildwood,
From the southland, to sing round thy home;
When the warm breath of May, Nellie Wildwood,
Shall come like a fairy o'er the lea,
To kiss every flower, Nellie Wildwood,
That blooms like a gem by the sea.

Chorus

Coming in the spring, Nellie Wildwood,
Coming when the dew has kissed the fern;
Coming when the flowers are the sweetest,
Coming when the birds shall return.

The long winter days, Nellie Wildwood,
Go by with the slow, dreary hours,
And I pine for the time, Nellie Wildwood,
When the springtime shall come with her
flowers.

Oh, then I will haste, Nellie Wildwood,
Away to that dear, happy home,
Where we last said good-by, Nellie Wildwood,
"Good-by till the springtime shall come."

When long years have flown, Nellie Wildwood,
And age, like the autumn so serene,
Has wrinkled our brows, Nellie Wildwood,
And folded our lives as the year;
Oh, then at the gates, Nellie Wildwood,
We will wait for the angel
To bear us away, Nellie Wildwood,
Away to that dear, happy home.

Chorus to last stanza

Never more to part, Nellie Wildwood;
Never more to long for the spring;
Ever more to live, darling Nellie,
Where the blessed angels sing.

I'm Poor, but a Gentleman Still

Don't think by my dress that I've come here to
beg,
Though the sharp pangs of hunger I feel,
Though the cup of misfortune I've drunk to the
dreg,
If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still.

Chorus

Poverty daily looks in at my door,
I'm hungry and footsore and ill,
But I can look all this wide world in the face
And can say I'm a gentleman still.

The time was when friends would meet me and
say:
"O Harry, dear boy, come and dine!"
But now when we meet they look the other way,
My company now they decline.

Chorus

Reverses in business brought things to a stand,
I saw very soon I should smash,
My friends all advised me to flee from the land,
And to seize upon all the loose cash.

Chorus

But my reputation was dearer to me
Than all the bright gold in the till;
I've paid all my debts and I proudly can say:
If I'm poor, I'm a gentleman still.

Chorus

Last night I rescued a poor homeless girl,
Whom a tramp had insulted, I found;
My strength for a moment seemed almost the
man's,
As I hurled the great brute to the ground.

Chorus

He cried out: "You beggar, don't meddle with
me,
Or you'll very soon get your fill!"
I said: "Lay a hand on the girl, and you'll find
If I'm poor I'm a gentleman still."

Chorus

Small Silver Case, Swiss movement, \$3.50.
No. 887 - Same as above, but with more
Nurse's Watch, showing reverse side of case, same as No. 806
one of \$10.00.

Nurse's Watch, solid gold, \$15.00.
"15-jewelled B. & C. known as our watch," \$15.00.

Extra quality 1 fine "B. & H" movement
Case, fine "social" decoration, fine

Extra decoration, fine
Waltham \$10.00.
Watch in perfectly movement, open case, \$10.00.

NOTIFICATIONS ARE ACTU

leaders in—our assortment
pecially reliable. Made
produce the best results.

our patrons can
the science of

Gents' Watches.

AN UNUSUAL IMPEDIMENT

On a certain Sunday long ago, when it was the custom to publish banns of matrimony from the pulpit, the names of a young couple were read aloud. A dignified elderly man arose.

"I forbid the banns," he said.
"State your objection," said the minister.
"I have reserved Rachel Bates for myself."

Unhappily for the elderly lover, the objection was deemed not good.

ment of possessing a really substantial gold watch has to be met by an expenditure the estimated outlay

It always pays to carry a good watch, the first extra cost being but temporarily felt while the dependence and serenity last.

Only a Tramp

I am a broken-down man, without money or credit,
My clothes are all tattered and torn;
Not a friend have I got in this cold, dreary world,
I wish I had never been born.
In vain do I seek for employment,
Sleeping out on the ground, cold and damp;
I am stared in the face by starvation,
Oh, pity the fate of a tramp.

Chorus

They tell me to work for my living,
And not through the country to scamp;
And yet, when I ask for employment,
They tell me I am only a tramp.

The rich man at home, by his bright, cheery fireside,
With plenty so tempting restored,
Would oftentimes refuse me, and sneer with contempt.

When I asked for the crumbs from the board,
And yet, with the craving with hunger,
With a loaf I have dared to decamp,
They would have once set their dogs loose upon me,
Because I am only a tramp.

Chorus

But the day yet will come when the rich man and I
Will be laid beneath each other's earth.
His joys and my sorrows each other's care,
Then I hope better day we'll agree;
But, my friend, I must have you remember
That every poor man's not a scamp,
For there is many a true heart still beating
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.

Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom

I am thinking of my mother, I am longing
For the day when we shall meet to part no more,
I can picture in my mind the tender greeting,
And the kiss outside the old log-cabin door.
Though the days are dark and dreary, mother darling,
And the nights are filled with sorrow and with gloom,
How my heart will beat with gladness when I meet you,
In the valley where the sweet magnolias bloom.

Chorus

Now the sunbeams kiss the hilltops, and the birds sing just as gay,
But my heart is sad and lonely, for my thoughts are far away;
And I long to be with mother in that old log-cabin room,
Way down south in dear old Georgia where the sweet magnolias bloom.

Many weary years have passed since last we parted.

And I said I'd write a letter home each day;
Mother mine, you know how well I've kept my promise.

For your boy did not forget, tho' far away.
In my dreaming I can see you, mother darling,
By the doorway in the twilight's gathering gloom.

With your arms outstretched to welcome home the lost one
To the valley where the sweet magnolias bloom.

Chorus

Cuts which.

The Orphans

Two little children, a boy and a girl,
Sat down by an old church-door;
The little girl's feet were as brown as the curl
That fell on the dress that she wore.
The boy's coat was faded, and hatless his head,
A tear shone in each little eye.
"Why don't you run home to your mamma?" I said.

And this was the maiden's reply:

"Mamma's in heaven; they took her away,
Left Jim and me here alone;
We came here to sleep at the close of the day,
For we have no mamma or home.
We can't earn our bread, we're too little," she said.

"Jim's five years, and I'm only seven;
We have no one to love us since papa is dead,
And our darling mamma is in heaven."

"Papa was lost out at sea long ago.
We waited all night on the shore—
For he was a life-saving captain, you know—
But he never came back any more.
Then mamma got sick, angels took her away,
She said to a home warm and bright;
And she said they would come for her darlings
some day—
Perhaps they are coming to-night.

"Perhaps they've no room up in heaven," she said.

"For two little darlings to keep;"
She then placed her hand under little Jim's head.

She kissed him, and both fell asleep.
The sexton came early to ring the church-bell,
He found them beneath the snow, white;
Angels made room for the darlings to dwell
In heaven with their mamma that night.

initialed monogram, \$75.00.

5000—Heavy 14k solid Gold Case, with lower grade reliable movement, \$15.00.

No. 5140.
solid Gold Case, fine
s. "B. & H. B. Kent Special"
movement, superior finished
throughout, \$70.00.

14k solid Gold Case, fine
Waltham
\$5.00.

Sweet Genevieve

O Genevieve! I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past,
The rose of youth with dew's impearled,
And then it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My walking thoughts are full of thee,
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer lea.

Chorus

O Genevieve! sweet Genevieve!
The days may come, the days may go,
Yet still the hand of memory weaves
The blissful dreams of long ago—
O Genevieve!

O Genevieve! my early love,
The love that made thee dearer far,
My heart shall never, never rove,
Thou art mine only guiding star.
For me the past has no regret,
Whate'er the future brings to me,
I'll bless the hour when first we met,
The hour that brings me love and thee.

Chorus



No. 5133.

Heavy 14k plain solid Gold Case, fine 15-jewelled in settings,
"B. & H. B. Kent Special" movement, \$50.00.

No. 5134—Same movement in plain 14k solid Gold Case (hunting)
with monogram engraved, \$58.00.



No. 1134.

Heavy 14k solid Gold Watch,
Waltham movement, \$12.00.

No. 1148—Same, in 10k solid Gold, \$8.00.

Watches that are not illustrated as special hunting or double case watches. The cuts indicate which.

fine jewelled
Special"
finished
grade lower
reliable



No. 5149.

Heavy 14k solid Gold Case, fine extra
"B. & H. B. Kent Special" movement,
\$50.00.

No. 5152—Same in lower grade
t, \$50.00.

No. 5153—Same in quality 14k
Case, fine "B. & H. B. Kent" movement

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE



Jim Sarson,

Mrs. & Mrs. Ronald

In Old Madrid
By Clifton Bingham

Long years ago, in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star,
There on the casement-ledge when day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face looked out, as from the river shore,
There stole a tender serenade
Rang the lover's happy song
Light and low from shore to shore,
But ah! the river flowed along
Between them evermore.

Chorus
Come, my love, the stars are shining;
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee, alone I wait,
I wait for thee, my love, I wait for thee;
O come, my love, I wait for thee,
I wait for thee, my love, for thee!

Far, far away from old Madrid,
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent-veil those sweet eyes hid;
And all the vows that love had sighed were
vain!
But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand opens the lattice wide,
The faint, sweet echo of that serenade,
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tidel
Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore,
Though flows a stream than all more strong
Between them evermore.

Chorus

No. 7148.

Case, fine "B. & Kent Special" movement, \$15.00.

14k filled Plain & Kent Special

movement, \$12.00.

Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go

You'll rue it, my boy, now mind what I say:
Don't spend all your money and time in that way:
There's no one but idlers that lounge about so;
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go!
We're feeble and old, your mother and me,
And kind to us both you should ever be,
To whisky-shops, billiards and cards bid adieu,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.

Chorus
Don't you go, Tommy, don't go!
There's no one but idlers that lounge about so;
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.

Why don't you be steady and work like a man?
I can't hold the plow, but still do what I can;
There's so much to do, and our grain we must sow,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.
Besides, there are corn and potatoes to plant,
You're young and can stand it, you know that
can't!
Let whisky alone, for it grieves mother so,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.

Chorus

We've watched o'er you, Tommy, in sweet infancy,
While angels were silently beck'ning to thee;
At midnight we knelt at your cradle so low,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.
Be kind to us, Tommy, we'll soon pass away,
The farm will be yours at no distant day,
Eternity's blessing you'll reap if you sow,
O Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go!

Chorus



No. 563

Extra quality 14k filled P. extra jewelled "B. & H." movement, \$

No. 5661—Same, with movement, \$

No. 5669—Same, in heavy 1 with fine extra jewelled Kent Special" movel



No. 405.

14k filled Gold Case, fine "B Special" movement, \$23.00.

Same, with grade lower movement, \$21.00.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE

My Own True Love The flower of the morn

Maud Muller

By John Greenleaf Whittier

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows, sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health;
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known,
The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draft from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the judge; "a sweeter draft
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me,
That I the judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."
The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay;
"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."
But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again.
"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow and childbirth-pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot,

144 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Watches.



No. 5435.

Case, warranted fine fifteen-jew Special" movement, same, with grade lower movement, \$12.00.

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only: "It might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudgel
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!



No. 8720.

14k filled Gold Case, fine B. Kent Special" movement, \$20.00. Similar design case with Waltham movement, \$18.00.

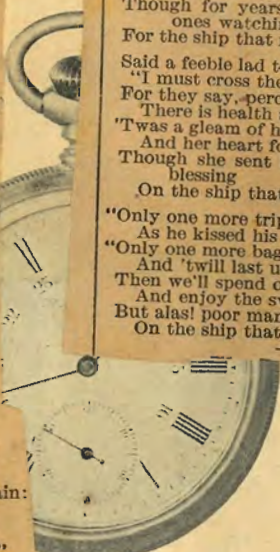
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A written and valuable guarantee accompanies every watch.

The Ship That never returned
On a summer day, as the waves were rippling,
By the soft, gentle breeze,
Did a ship set sail with her cargo, laden
For a port beyond the seas.
There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,
And her fate was yet unlearned;
Though they knew it not, 'twas a solemn party
On the ship that never returned.
Chorus
Did she never return? She never returned,
And her fate was yet unlearned,
Though for years and years there were fond ones watching,
For the ship that never returned.
Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
"I must cross the wide, wide sea;
For they say, perchance, in a foreign clime,
There is health and strength for me."
'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger,
And her heart for her youngest yearned,
Though she sent him forth with a smile and blessing
On the ship that never returned.
"Only one more trip," said a gallant seaman,
As he kissed his weeping wife;
"Only one more bag of the golden treasure,
And 'twill last us all through life.
Then we'll spend our days in our cozy cottage,
And enjoy the sweet rest we earned;"
But alas! poor man, who sailed commander
On the ship that never returned.



No. 34 Solid Silver Case, with mo jewelled Elgin or Waltham No. 5837—Same, with gr \$12.00 No. 5858—Same in 14k filled & H. B. Kent Special"



No. 5841.

fine jewelled "B. & H. B. Kent movement, \$10.00. with Waltham movement, \$7.50.



No. 1132.

Extra quality 14k filled Gold Case, fine jewelled Waltham or Elgin movement, \$20.00. No. 1146—Similar design case with grade movement, \$22.50.

ARE ACTUAL SIZE



| | |
|---|---|
| No. 3652. 14k Gold...\$30.00. | No. 3659 14k Gold... |
| No. 3653—Same, in 10k.....\$22.00. | No. 3657—Sa 10k..... |
| No. 3654—Same, in first quality Gold...y filled\$6.50. | No. 3658—Sa first qualit. Gold..... |
| No. 3655—Sterling Silver.....\$1.75. | No. 3659—Sa Sterling S |



A SOLDIER'S VISION

BY *MarSaret & SanOster*

There's a little girl I'm loving in the land across the sea;
Through the softness of the twilight she comes creeping close to me,
I can almost feel her handclasp, I can see her tender eyes,
As they glow across the darkness with a light that never dies.

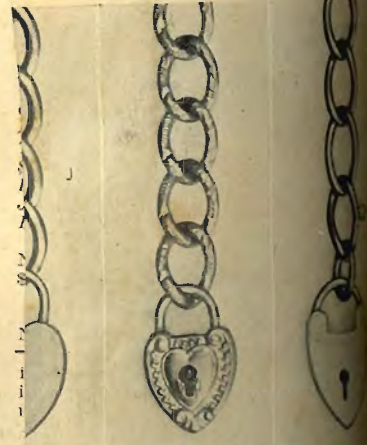
Ah, a hard day lies behind me—there's a bitter dawn ahead;
There's a man next door who's moaning and my bunkie-mate lies dead,
But she's coming through the shadows, and her glance is misty bright,
And I know her love is near me through the horror of the night.

Yes—she gave me to our country, though she might have made me stay,
[How she kissed me smiling bravely, as she brushed the tears away!]
And her voice rings past the moaning, past the battle raging near,
And she says, "Be true and fearless, just because I love you, dear!"

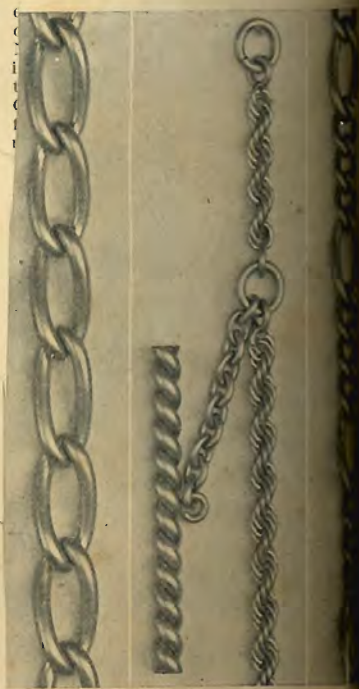
There's a little girl, she's waiting in the land across the foam,
And I know that she is praying that with honor I'll come home,
And I make myself a promise that I'll justify her plan—
The ideal that she sets me of a soldier and a man!



| | |
|--|---------------------------|
| No. 301. First quality filled Gold.....\$5.00. | No. First q Gold .. |
| No. 385—Second quality.....\$3.00. | No. 386— quality..... |



| | | | | | | | |
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| No. 3681. 14k Gold...\$11.50. | No. 3682—Same, in 10k.....\$11.00. | No. 3683—Same, in first quality filled Gold.....\$1.50. | No. 3684—Same, in Sterling Silver\$1.50. | No. 3685—Same, 14k Gold...\$11.50. | No. 3686—Same, 10k.....\$11.00. | No. 3687—Same, first quality Gold.....\$1.50. | No. 3688—Same, Sterling Silver\$1.50. |
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| | | | | |
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| No. 306. First quality filled Gold.....\$5.00. | No. 307. First quality filled Gold.....\$4.50. | No. 308—Second quality.....\$2.50. | No. 309. First quality Gold.....\$5.00. | No. 310—Second quality.....\$2.50. |
|--|--|---------------------------------------|---|---------------------------------------|

NEEDING HIMSELF HOME—ACTUAL SIZE

Links and Lockets.

Finest Quality Filled Gold.

| | | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|--|---|---|--|
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| No. 320. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.50 per pair. | No. 321. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.50 per pair. | No. 322. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.50 per pair. | No. 323. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.25 per pair. | No. 324. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts, set with Opal. \$2.50 per pair. | No. 325. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts, set with Pearl or Opal. \$2.75 per pair. | No. 326. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts, engraved. \$2.25 per pair. | No. 326a. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts, engraved. \$2.25 per pair. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| No. 327. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.50 per pair. | No. 328. Filled Gold Links, enamelled in blue and white. \$1.25 per pair. | No. 329. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.25 per pair. | No. 330. Filled Gold Links. \$1.50 per pair. | No. 331. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.50 per pair. | No. 332. Filled Gold Links, set with Pearls. \$1.65 per pair. | No. 333. Filled Gold Links, set with Pearls. \$1.75 per pair. | No. 334. Filled Gold Links, set with Pearls and Opals. \$2.00 per pair. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| No. 335. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.00 per pair. | No. 336. Filled Gold Links, solid Gold fronts. \$2.00 per pair. | No. 337. Filled Gold Links. \$1.50 per pair. | No. 338. Filled Gold Links. \$1.25 per pair. | No. 339. Filled Gold Links Turquoise or Pearl settings. \$1.25 per pair. | No. 340. Filled Gold Links. \$1.00 per pair. | No. 341. Filled Gold Links, set with Opals and Pearl. \$1.85 per pair. | No. 342. Filled Gold Links, set with Pearls, \$2.00 per pair. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | | |
| No. 343. Solid Gold Fronted Locket. \$3. | No. 344. Solid Gold Fronted Locket. \$1.75. | No. 345. Solid Gold Fronted Locket. \$2.50. | No. 346. Filled Gold Locket set with Opal and Pearls, \$2.00. | No. 347. Filled Gold Locket. \$1.50. | No. 348. Solid Gold Fronted Locket set with Brilliants and Garnet or Sapphire. \$3.00. | | |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | | |
| No. 349. Solid Gold Charm, \$3. | No. 350. Solid Gold Fronted Locket, set with Pearls and Opal. \$2.25. | No. 351. Extra quality filled Gold Locket set with Brilliants. \$4.00. | No. 352. Solid Gold Fronted Locket set with Brilliants. \$2.50. | No. 353. Extra quality filled Gold Locket. \$3.00. | No. 354. Filled Gold Masonic Charm. \$2.35. | | |

When you buy from our filled gold selections our patrons can do so with the utmost confidence and an assurance that the qualities are such as to justify the wearing of the same without relinquishing in the least one's standard and ideal of high quality. We have illustrated only the very "pick" of the latest designs and good values.

ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE