ALL THE WORLD WONDERS.

NOW, WHEN JESUS WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA, IN THE DAYS OF HEROD THE KING, BEHOLD, THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST, TO JERUSALEM.

SAYING, WHERE IS HE THAT WAS BORN KING OF THE JEWS? FOR WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST AND ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM.

WHEN HEROD THE KING HAD HEARD THESE THINGS, HE WAS TROUBLED AND ALL JERUSALEM WITH HIM.

AND WHEN HE HAD GATHERED ALL THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND SCRIBES OF THE PEOPLE TOGETHER, HE DEMANDED OF THEM WHERE CHRIST SHOULD BE BORN.

AND THEY SAID UNTO HIM: IN BETHLEHEM, OF JUDEA, FOR THUS IT IS WRITTEN BY THE PROPHET.

AND THOU, BETHLEHEM, IN THE LAND OF JUDEA, ART NOT LEAST AMONG THE PRINCES OF JUDA; FOR OUT OF THEE SHALL COME A GOVERNOR THAT SHALL RULE MY PEOPLE, ISRAEL.

THEN HEROD, WHEN HE HAD CALLED THE WISE MEN PRIVILY TOGETHER, INQUIRED OF THEM, DILIGENTLY, WHAT TIME THE STAR APPEARED.

AND HE SENT THEM TO BETHLEHEM AND SAID: GO SEARCH, DILIGENTLY, FOR THE YOUNG CHILD; AND WHEN YE HAVE FOUND HIM, BRING ME WORD AGAIN, THAT I, ALSO, MAY GO AND WORSHIP HIM.

WHEN THEY HAD HEARD THE KING THEY DEPARTED, AND LO, THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST WENT BEFORE THEM, TILL IT CAME AND STOOD WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS.

WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING GREAT JOY.

AND WHEN THEY WERE COME INTO THE HOUSE, THEY SAW THE YOUNG CHILD, WITH MARY, HIS MOTHER, AND FELL DOWN AND WORSHIPPED HIM; AND WHEN THEY HAD OPENED THEIR TREASURES THEY PRESENTED UNTO HIM GIFTS OF GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

All the world wonders again tonight, as did the puzzled wise men on the plains of Judea, almost two thousand years ago.

The Star of Bethlehem rises symbolically in every civilized land as another anniversary of that supreme event in human history steals into the records of mankind.

Whether you be materialist, with hope anchored to the dust, or Christian, with hope fastened to the sky, you must turn in rapture to the story of that all-luminating star of history.

Whether you be infidel or pagan, you must bow obeisance to the world wide enlightenment, charity and good will, which had their birth in the first rays of the Star of Bethlehem.

Before that brief page of history was written, the world was a field of carnage and barbarism.

Men's lives were chained to the earth, and their achievement was likewise fettered.

No hope was flashed into the dark souls of the philosophers.

No dream of continued usefulness after life on earth ever gave zest to the actions or aspirations of mankind.

No door opened out of the grave, by which the imperishable spirit could escape to grow and develop after the clay of the body had fallen from the invisible soul of man.

All human achievement was bounded and narrowed by the creed of self and greed.

But after the Christian era dawned, and the world began to realize the worth of charity, and the priceless blessing of good will, a regenerating force began to creep into human government.

It was slow progress and heart-breaking for centuries. At times its influence was submerged in the tide of barbarism.

But the prophet had said that a governor should come out of Judea.

The pagan nations, one by one, melted in the light of civilization.

Hope of immortality and promise of it gave a wider scope to human actions. Struggling through the seething mass of war and butchery and hatred, the bright beams of brotherhood, streaming from the life and teachings of Jesus, have completely triumphed.

All human government is founded on the precepts of the Nazarene.

All the wonders of civilization have come through the regenerating forces of his teaching.

All the miracles in this greater age of miracles have been wrought through an adherence to the elevating doctrine of peace, fraternity, hope, charity and intelligent use of the mind as the means of imitating Him.

His miracles are mirrored a thousand fold, in the wise and ever climbing ideals portrayed in human government.

His dream of peace and brotherhood is dawning, slowly, it is true, but inevitably dawning. The way seems darkening at times, but the right will triumph.

It seems only a hand reach back from this age to that first night of the Christian era. It seems, when the symbols of that day are so vividly pictured for the present generation, that their influence would be still stronger in conquering the prevailing wrongs in human society, government and conduct.

Portland's opportunity lies in the opening of the Columbia river to traffic. With this she can be the mistress of the Pacific Ocean, gathering to her lap the golden treasures of the Inland Empire, and sending laden ships to all the waiting markets of the Orient. Without it, she will literally wear an "Oregon boot," and the Sound cities will outstrip her in the race for this commercial supremacy. The Inland Empire hopes Portland has the eyes to see and the nerve to grasp her waiting opportunity.

The most important municipal event in the history of Pendleton, from the standpoint of public improvements, was celebrated last night in the acceptance by the council of the new sewer system. This sewer system is adequate to accommodate a city of 20,000 people, comprises about eight miles of first class sewer lines, ramifying all the principal portions of the city, laid in first class condition, built of first class material, put together in a workmanlike manner, and, while it represents an expenditure of about $50,000 to the city, is of incalculable value from a sanitary and economic standpoint. The citizens should now show their appreciation of its worth by making connections with the sewer as rapidly as possible, and by filling up the filthy cesspools in the back yards. It is the greatest stride made by Pendleton, from the stage of a frontier town to the plane of a metropolitan settlement. Other great advances have been made in the past, but this outstrips them all. It is permanent and conducive to better improvements and more investment and is something to be proud of. The next step is a paving for Main street, which is almost as much needed as a sewer system. The people are willing to pay for such useful and necessary improvements.

An Oregonian special from Salem says an effort will be made to pass, over the governor's head, an amendment to the Australian ballot law, vetoed by him at the last session. The amendment in question changes the present Australian ballot law of Oregon by making it possible for a voter to cast a straight party ballot fled place, on the ballot. The object is to do away with the exercise of ordinary intelligence, in casting a ballot. This amendment would do away with necessity of the voter reading each name on his ballot and expressing his choice by making a mark opposite the name voted for. It is just a plain bid for party votes and removes the last requirement of intelligence and thought from the process of voting. It enables the partisan to make one mark and thereby swallow the entire pill as quickly and successfully as consistent with partisan politics. As it is now, voters are required to read the names on their ballots and vote their choice by intelligent selection. It is sincerely hoped that the legislature throws still more safeguards about the ballot, instead of tearing down the scanty protection now about it. Instead of diminishing the amount of intelligence and thought required to cast a ballot, more restrictions should be created to cause still greater mental activity on the part of the voter. Many ballots are thrown out under the present system, because voters do not mark them according to law. This amendment is intended to save the cripples and permit the foreigner who has not had sufficient time in which to familiarize himself with American ways, to cast a ballot that counts as much as that of the American boy who must serve 21 years to be a voter.

by making a single mark in a speci-

The public complains that railroad accidents are increasing in number and horror each year. The public is responsible for this, if it is true in part. The public nags at the competing roads until the danger line is passed in making fast schedules on which to carry the mercenary public on its money-making journeys. The companies deplore the necessity for fast time, for nobody appreciates the terrible danger of "cannon ball" trains, so well as those who operate railroads. The faster the time being made by the train, the more horrible the results of the wreck, so if the public keeps on gouging the companies in the ribs, to make them clip off minutes and hours in the flight across the continent, the public must meet the perils of that trip without a shudder or a whimper. Railroad men do not make schedules. If they did, all trains would run only in daylight and then at a moderate rate of speed. It is the public clamoring in the offices of the great companies for better connections, faster time and more speed, which makes the dangerous schedules. Let the public take its medicine. It is the employe whose life is wantonly jeopardized by the commercial instincts of the age who should kick at fast schedules and increasing horrors.

Dr. George C. Lorimer, of New York, one of the most prominent divines in the United States, in arraigning the people for the decline of the religious sentiment, and the increase of the skeptical and atheistic tendency in American life, says: "I hold that if Protestant churches were as interested in the education of their children as the Roman Catholic church is, there would be no religious problem in our country. I do not see why all sects cannot come together and teach reverence to God and that there is one great judge and one great religion. The church is the natural guardian of the home, and it is the hope of the home. In 'higher' life the family is lax. You find men and women who come together, are married, have a few days honeymoon and then there is a divorce. Perhaps the divorce is hardly put away in the safe when one or both marry again. This heinous blot on our age and country is being repeated every day in our so-called higher circles, and is contributing greatly toward destroying home life in America."

Because one dissatisfied and perhaps disappointed woman in Colorado says that woman's suffrage is a failure in that state, the opposition papers have discovered that the entire system is an evil to be shunned by every other state. Women are only humans, and nobody expected them to revolutionize politics in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado or Utah, at least within a decade. If their votes serve as a check on the unspeakable corruption of politics in Western states, the system is a success. If they oppose their husbands and exercise a will and a ballot independent of the present political factions, it will be worth trying. Female suffrage is not a panacea for all political wrongs. Some of the practices of the male voter are beyond the reach of any such terrestial influence. But if the mothers of the land make any worse muddles of politics than the austere fathers have, the inventive genius of wire pulling and boodling will have to soar to new flights in hunting methods which the wily mothers must pursue. Men have tried all known combinations of corruption.

The United States can imagine something of the extreme hatred which Colombia bears toward this government, because of our ready acknowledgement of the right of Panama to secede, by recalling the bitter hostility exhibited by the Northern states toward Spain, when she recognized the belligerency of the Southern confederacy, at the opening of the civil war. It is a parallel case, and no amount of explanation or denial can soften or smooth over the facts. Although the treatment of Panama by Colombia offers vastly more justification for secession than any Southern state had, yet the same great principles underly the acts of South Carolina and Panama.

The voters of Oregon, who adopted the initiative and referendum amendment, by a majority of five to one, rejoice in the decision of the supreme court, upholding the amendment. Thus the politicians are once more defeated in their efforts to muzzle the people, in whom should rest all final power of determining the justice of legislation. Their judgment can be trusted. The politicians need not fear that the common people, in whom the initiative and referendum lodges uncommon authority, are going to ruin the state by any unwise legislation, proposed through the initiative, or by nipping any legislative mistake in the bud, through the referendum.

The Eddy corporation tax law has raised one-sixth of the revenues of the state during the past year. As business increases in Oregon, its contribution to the state government will grow apace. The farmer legislators are not causing much of a panic in their rush to repeal this state law, which is the first attempt of the state to make somebody besides the farmer and merchant pay taxes.

ISHMAELITES.

Let us not chide the roving mind,
Which cannot be by creeds confined,
For, to the dweller in a tent,
A house is an impediment.

Our safe content in pastures green
To them appears ignoble, mean;
We study maps, but they explore
Strange lands, where few have been before.

O'er many a mental precipice,
They gaze into the deep abyss;
Or, shuddering, stand upon the brink
Of thoughts which they have dared to think.

They scale the barren heights of fact—
Faith lies below, a fertile tract;
But driven by that inner quest
They may not, cannot stay at rest.

These vagrant, homeless spirits stray
Along a dark and dangerous way;
With motley garb, and speech uncouth,
They follow, follow after Truth.

And if our strength is to sit still
Shall we condemn the feverish will?
We, citizens who live at home,
And gypsies they, compelled to roam.

Nay, rather, let us pity these
To whom our counsels bring no ease;
The Ishmaels of intellect,
Whom some dislike and some reject.

But God shall guide these restless souls,
Whose times and tides He yet controls;
He knows their need is no mere whim,
Since whoso seeks the Truth, seeks Him.

—Gertrude Darlow

DRIFTWOOD.

Sweet Cider.

The dapper waiter lingers—
What shall I drink tonight?
I turn with listless fingers
The wine list to the light;
And while I scan it, thinking
That wine has lost its charm,
I dream once more of drinking
Sweet cider at the farm.

From granddad's ancient settle,
Before the crackling blaze,
I watch the singing kettle—
A merry tune it plays.
There, where the corn was snapping,
And apples sizzed and steamed,
With grandad slyly napping,
My sweetest dreams were dreamed.

The winter wind and snow laden,
Coaxed up the roaring flames,
And there a rosy maiden
Sat by and played me games;
Sat by and played the clinking
Of glasses, came and saw
Two happy lovers drinking
Sweet cider through a straw.

Song sheltered from the weather,
At Boreas we laugned,
And quenched our thirst together
In that cool amber draught;
That drink of granddad's making,
Pressed in the mill hard by,
Set no light head to aching,
Turned no bright speech awry.

Stilled are clinking glasses.
Long vanished is your smile,
Oh, rosiest of lasses,
But still I dream and while
My gray moustache I'm dipping
In wine without a flaw,
I see your red lips sipping
Sweet cider through a straw.

—Frank Roe Bachelder in Lippincott's.

• • •

Sometime after General Wheeler's return from the Spanish war he was one day met by an old time confederate friend, who proceeded to moralize as follows: "Say, Wheeler, I would like to arrive in hell a few minutes before you do and hear Jubal A. Early's remarks when he sees you with that Yankee uniform on."

• • •

President Harper of Chicago university some time ago met Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, and the great story writer thus sizes up the educator: "He told me about the millions of dollars Rockefeller had given to the university, and seemed to think those millions of great importance, but when I came to talk to him about serious matters I found him to be really ignorant—quite a barbarian. He knew practically nothing about matters of intellectual and moral interest. Think of such a university directed by such a man, and yet this is one of the results of these trust millions."

• • •

Thomas Hardy, in a recent volume of verse pays the following tribute to a Wessex neighbor who went to his death in South Africa and was buried uncoffined in the veldt.

"He never knew—
Fresh from his Wessex home,
The meaning of the broad karoo,
The bush, the dusty loam,
Yet portion of that unknown plain
Shall Hodge forever be.
His homely Northern breast and brain
Grow up a Southern tree;
And strange-eyed constellations reign,
His stars eternally."

• • •

Wilshire's Magazine gives the following story of Joquin Miller, who, at the time, was making one of his many sojourns somewhere on the outposts of civilization: "All the members of our party were fond of coffee, and when one day the strainer was missing, instead of making a 20-mile trip over ice and snow to the nearest store where a coffee strainer could be bought, I took a new tin cup and riddled the bottom of it with the point of an awl.

"This served, or would have served, the purpose admirably but for a serio-tragic accident. Our whole supply of liquor was reduced to about a gill of wine. By common consent this was set apart as the poet's, who, as the oldest member of the party and the most renowned, was to have first consideration.

"Mr. Miller appreciated the honor, but determined that so precious a draught should not be quaffed until a fitting occasion warranted it. One evening, it chanced to be the same day that I had, unknown to my comrades, improvised the coffee strainer, there rode up to our door a young and strikingly handsome woman mounted on a good horse.

"The poet was visibly impressed. The background of ice and snow, the setting sun, the lone and radiant horsewoman, flushed by her ride, all stimulated his chivalry and his love of the beautiful and unique. 'This is the time, if ever, for the drinking of that last drop of wine,' said he. 'Here, in the ends of the earth, with the sun leaving us to the darkness of an illimitable desolation, a woman appears to remind us that there is hope, life and beauty in the world.

"'Madam,' continued the poet, with vast dignity, holding in one hand the luckless tin cup that I had punctured, and in the other the bottle with its final contents, 'I pour a libation, and I drink to your health and happiness.' So saying, he upturned the bottle, looking away from the horsewoman just long enough to make certain that there was no slip between the bottle and the cup.

"Then, as the wine began to flow, he turned his eyes again to the young lady, and, while the precious beverage trickled through the punctured tin cup, the poet of the Sierras, all unconscious of his loss, gave utterance to an eloquent apostrophe which included in its picturesque rhetorics the charms of woman, the glories of nature and the potency of wine.

"At the climax he raised the cup to his lips and tipped back his head. The strainer was, of course, absolutely empty. The poet gazed at the perforated bottom, and then, as the truth of the catastrophe flashed upon him, he forgot all about the feminine charms and natural scenery, and broke forth into a volume of objurgation startling even to men accustomed to the strenuous vocabulary of the frontier. It was not profanity, but rather a poem of passion. As it was not recorded, a masterpiece of invective was lost to the world. At the first volley of the poet's ricochetting adjectives the young woman fled."

• • •

"He whose footsteps never stray
Beyond the village of his birth
Is but a lodger for a day
In this old wayside inn of earth.
Tomorrow he will take his flight
And set out on the ways beyond,
From world to world
From star to star,
An alien and a vagabond."

• • •

Another observing and somewhat pungent newspaper man moralizes thus on a different subject. "The course of recent events on the Isthmus of Panama has a tendency to make the Jameson raid look respectable. The new republic swims into the ken of an astonished and also an amused world, without a battle, and, encouraged by the instant receipt of ten millions of dollars."

—Tutuilla, Dec. 20.

UMATILLA COUNTY STATISTICS.

Freewater grows the strawberry,
Two crops in the selfsame year;
Athena yields the golden corn
That equals the Kansan ear;
The fleece grows heavy at Pilot Rock,
Alfalfa at Hudson Bay,
And the spuds of Weston mountain
Are big as a bale of hay.
No spot on earth beats Helix
For wheat weighing sixty-five,
And the swarming herds of Butter Creek
Are thick as bees in a hive!
Fair Milton's smiling vineyards,
The sweetest draughts distil,
While smiles and dollars grow on the trees
At Adams, under the hill!
Prim Weston's crop of schoolma'ams
Is fairest in forty states,
But for a yield of rabbit hides
Old Echo "skins" her mates.

—Bert Huffman.

GENERAL NEWS.

William J. Bryan spent 14 hours at the home of Tolstoi, the Russian novelist.

The coal mines at Castle Gate, Utah, opened Tuesday with 80 non-union miners on the pay roll.

There have been an average of three deaths per day for six weeks from typhoid fever at Butler, Pa.

Ex-Governor Joseph W. Fifer, of Illinois, has been reappointed upon the interstate commerce commission.

The Illinois Steel Company headquarters at South Chicago, will lay off 4,000 men indefinitely, December 26.

The Catholic church is making especial and determined efforts at propaganda among the negroes of the Southern states.

One hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars cash stakes are already compiled for the races on Coney Island during 1904.

Most of the pearls—both of great and moderate value—found in the United States come from Wisconsin, Tennessee and Ohio.

A final decision in the case of Captain Dreyfus is expected at Paris this week. His unqualified reinstatement is looked for.

Ex-Governor Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, is expected to succeed Mark Hanna as chairman of the national republican committee.

Last Sunday night six persons in different parts of San Francisco died in their beds from illuminating gas, and there was not a countryman in the lot.

Tolstoi's works have been translated into and published in every printed language. The first Persian edtions appeared nearly four years ago.

The volcano Mokuaweoweo, Hawaii, which had been incessantly active for several weeks, ceased all operations December 18, within an hour's time.

Attorney General Crow of Missouri, the indomitable prosecutor of municipal and legislative grafters, has nervous prostration and is wintering in California.

The head tax of $500 (raised from $50) which will be imposed after January 1 upon all Chinese entering Canada, is causing a heavy invasion of Chinese, every steamer bringing scores, or hundreds.

Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, vetoed a loan bill for $16,000,000 and both houses of the city council immediately passed it over his veto. Weaver characterizes the bill as a gigantic graft, an unqualified hold-up and steal.

The American public played the races last year $3,500,000. Twenty thousand dollars was blown in by McKeown, ex-secretary of the board of regents of the California State University, stolen by him from a trust fund.

Mrs. Honoretta Marshall is dead at Worcester, Mass., aged 105 years. She was very wealthy and benevolent. For six years past she took all her exercise and transacted all her business after nightfall, and rested and slept during the daytime.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEWS.

Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, an Oregon pioneer of 1858, died at Portland Tuesday, aged 89.

Dan Brown, a Caldwell saloon man was shot through the arm by a hold-up Monday night.

Water in the Southern Oregon streams is very high and hundreds of log drivers are now moving.

The La Grande city council voted a 10-mill tax for municipal purposes, Wednesday. Ten mills is the limit allowed by law.

The body of A. Bergboom, a wood chopper, was found near St. Helens, on Wednesday, pinned beneath a fallen tree. He had been missing over a week.

The torpedo boat destroyer Paul Jones, and the Preble, are coaled up and under steam awaiting the arrival of officers from the East to start for Panama.

Mrs. C. H. Peckham, of Spokane, went to Tacoma on a shopping tour, Tuesday, and while returning home was robbed of $250 and some valuable jewels.

Mattie Lee, known as "Dutch Mattie," a noted woman tough, shot and killed Charles Hillson, a wood hauler, at Phillipsburg, Montana, Wednesday over a $1 debt.

P. Girard, who is wanted in Sonoma county, California, for the murder of Deputy Sheriff McKinnon, of Harney county, Oregon, was captured at Red Bluff, Wednesday.

Charley Anderson, a boy of 15, from Whatcom, is in jail at Seattle for robbery. He has the distinction of being the youngest highwayman on record in Seattle.

Daniel O'Hara shot Mrs. Ethel Penny, wife of a retired army officer with whom he had been living at San Francisco, Tuesday night, and then killed himself. She will recover.

Jack Gabbart, a notorious all-round criminal, who was released recently by Judge Bellinger, from a charge of selling whiskey to Indians, is under $500 bonds at La Grande to keep the peace.

Garven Rae, a 15-year-old boy, captured a burglar at New Westminster, B. C., Wednesday by knocking the gun from his hands and grabbing him by the throat and clinging to him until assistance arrived.

The Western Lumber Company, of Lathrop, Mont., has closed down for the winter. This company drive their logs down Nine Mile creek and Missoula river, a distance of about 20 miles. The mill cuts about 30,000,000 feet annually.

The Weyerhauser Lumber company has secured a lease on Vancouver lake, Clark county, Washington, and will convert it into a vast storage reservoir for logs. The lake is about 160 acres in extent and will hold 60,000,000 feet of logs.

Infuriated citizens of Albany, placed a rope about the neck of a man named Rogoway, Monday morning, and would have hung him but for the interference of cooler heads. He set fire to his own store and burned several other buildings with it, Sunday night.

Governor McBride will appoint an irrigation commission for Washington, if competent men can be found who will wait until the next legislature provides for their pay. There is no law authorizing the appointment now, but the governor hopes to have one passed next winter.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

YOUR FURNITURE WANTS

Let us fill them and save you money

No matter what you desire, be it an elaborate and artistic odd piece or whole set for any room, or for an outfit for your entire house, or plain furniture of any description, we have it. We will take pleasure in showing you thtough our large and complete collection of new goods. Most attractive and largest line of IRON BEDS in Pendleton are shown in our stock. Carpets and Linoleums to please the fancy of all.

BAKER & FOLSOM

Complete Furniture Store. Near Post Office

BROCK & McCOMAS CO.

Invites your inspection of the following

Holiday Goods

JARDINIERES
STEINS AND VASES
LEATHER POCKET BOOKS
CIGAR CASES AND BRUSH SETS
STAGHORN DRESSING CASES
MANICURE SETS AND MIRRORS
FANCY PERFUME ATOMIZERS
EBONY HAIR AND CLOTH BRUSHES
SINGLE AND TRIPLICATE MIRRORS
FINE PERFUMES IN HOLIDAY PACKAGES

Our Prices are the Lowest that First-Class Goods can be sold for.

THERE'S MONEY IN COWS
IF YOUR DAIRY IS EQUIPPED WITH A
De Laval Cream Separator
and every other apparatus that a dairy requires.
Experienced Dairymen will use no other Separator than the De Laval.
We carry the most complete line of Dairy apparatus and supplies on the Pacific Coast.
Write for new catalogue.
DE LAVAL DAIRY SUPPLY CO.
Portland, Or. 65 Front Street | San Francisco 9-11 Drumm St.

For sale at the East Oregonian office—Large bundles of newspapers, containing over 100 big papers, can be had for 25c a bundle.

THE BOSTON STORE

Has prepared an exceptional strong line of

HOILDAYS

Gifts for Male Relatives and Friends

An opportunity of a lifetime to choose from the cream of the cream. We have for your delectation the most beautiful, and at the same time useful, exhibit of suitable, desirable and practical presents for the man or boy. Beautiful Christmas Boxes to pack presents in, given free with all the better grade of goods.

There is no time like the present. BUY NOW, before the mad rush begins. We will hold your package and DELIVER AS ORDERED. The fullness of our Christmas stock is only exceeded by the beauty of the coloring. Our Chaistmas trade this year should be the greatest in the history of this Great Store.

Gloves

Dent's, "H. & P.," "Kennedy," "Stewart's," "Perry," in glace, suede, Mocha, and colors, black, white, pearl, tan, brown, grey and special Christmas boxes for these at no extra cost.

Fancy Hosiery

Dame Fashion having decreed that men shall wear fancy half hose, it has been our duty as servants of her majesty to prepare in advance a suitable showing at this glad Christmas tide. We show creations of artistic merit, combined with wearing worth.

25c, 50c, 75c

Handkerchiefs---Initial Handkerchiefs

Japanette silk initial	12½c
Excelda silk initial	25c
Silk Japanese initial	25c
Silk Japanese initial	50c
Silk Japanese initial	75c
Fancy border Japanette at	25c and 12½c
Black and white silk handkerchiefs, plain or twilled	25c to $1.00
Linen Handkerchiefs, plain or hem-stitched	25c to $1.00
6 handkerchiefs, in neat Christmas box, per box	$1.75
White, black or colored mufflers, large or small	75c to $2.00
New Carter & Holmes hemstitched Christmes mufflers	$1.25 to $2.50

Suit Cases

Best Quality, Best Styles, Lowest Prices. Will save you money on any style, size or quality suit case you want to buy. Our cases are guaranteed best made. No better at price. Come in and look at them. We carry a complete line.

All Kinds, Styles or Prices. For Men or Women

Smoking Jackets--Bath Robes

A magnificent line to select from. A present that will minister to the comfort of a man at home. All prices.

Neckwear

Our present stock of plain and fancy neckwear is now complete and compares very favorably with the best city showing in styles, colorings, assortment, prices and quality. Therefore, we can unhesitatingly asssure you the best of everything in UP-TO-DATE NECKWEAR.

STYLES—

Ascots	Twenty-
Imperials	five
Four-in-Hands	cents
Tecks	to
Clubs	three
Midgets	dollars
Shield Tecks	and
Shield Bows	fifty
London Squares	cents

Don't forget that this is the last month of the GREAT CLOSING OUT of all the goods of the Dry Goods Department. Big Bargains every day.

Big Busy Boston Store