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**A. B. EPSTEIN**  
 before doing your Christmas shopping in the line of  
**Dry Goods Clothing Shoes Furnishings and Holiday Goods**  
 The place, considering quality, where you get the most for your money.  
**A. B. EPSTEIN**

Wouldn't a Waterman Make an Ideal Christmas Gift?

**WE HAVE THE PEN THAT FITS YOUR HAND**

For Left Hand Writers  
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WE CAN DUPLICATE THE ACTION OF ANY PEN MADE—INSIST ON BEING SATISFIED

There are interchangeable units you are suited

**UNLIMITED VARIETIES**

C. M. BAKER & SON  
 Headquarters for the best stationery.

**YOU READ DAILY NEWS**

**FIRE!**

TOTAL LOSS

**THE FIRE RECORD**

Many thousands of dollars worth of property is consumed annually by fire, with a large increase each year. We cannot prevent the fires, but we can protect you from

**FINANCIAL LOSS**

A policy in any good reliable Fire Insurance Company, such as we represent, will do the work, and it don't cost much, either.

**FRANK L. SMITH**  
 LAND MAN  
 Law, Loans, Land and Insurance  
 DWIGHT ILLINOIS

WHICH OF THIS BUNCH WILL YOU SELECT FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER?

349

**THE GOBBLE OF THE TURKEY**  
 Now Echoes Thru The Land!

**THE QUACK OF THE DUCK**  
 May Be Heard On Every Hand!

**CHICKENS ARE AS NUMEROUS**  
 As Little Grains Of Sand!

**BUT THE DONKEY**  
 On Christmas Day Is Little In Demand!

See Us For Christmas Fowls!

**Wheatley's Market**  
 Dwight Illinois

**THE SCHOOL FOR YOU**  
 THE NATIONAL BUSINESS SCHOOL  
 6th Floor Woodruff bldg. Joliet, Ill.  
 Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Telegraphy, English. : : Write for folder.  
 Fine Job Printing at this Office.

**MR. MARDIFIELD'S CHRISTMAS GRANDSON.**

"I WONDER who they are!" said old Mr. Mardifield. He was standing at the window of the breakfast room, looking across the sunny street at an unpretending little cottage. "Whom do you mean, uncle?" asked Clara Barton, who expected to be her granduncle's heiress. "Why, those people across the way!" "Oh, common folks, I dare say. Nobody else would live in that house." Old Mardifield came to the breakfast table. He sighed softly as he took the cup from Clara's jeweled hand. "Uncle, dear, you are very silent," said Clara. "I was only thinking, my dear," said the old gentleman apologetically. "Only thinking!" Yes, his mind had gone back years along the dusty track of time, and he had been musingly pondering upon what the result would have been had he shaped his course differently in the days that were gone. He had had a son once, of whom he had been proud and fond, and if—"I would have done anything for him—anything," thought Mardifield, swallowing his coffee. "If he would only have been willing to consult my feelings a little. But when he married that western girl it was like drawing a gulf between us, and he knew it. But he's dead now, and even on his deathbed he was too proud to send for his old father."

These were the thoughts that were passing through old Mardifield's mind. As the old gentleman was returning from a walk later in the cool sunshine a little fellow hanging over the gate accosted him eagerly. "Sir, are you Santa Claus?" "Not that I know of. Why?" "You are like the picture in my book," said the boy—"a fat old gentleman, with a long white beard and lots of parcels. And my mamma said Santa Claus wouldn't come to our

house 'cause we were so poor. And I want a stocking full of toys, like the other boys, and a new sled, and a pair of skates, and I thought if I saw Santa Claus I'd ask him."

Here a soft voice from the window called "Lionel! Lionel!" and the apparition slipped down from the gate and ran away.

"A cunning little rogue!" thought Mardifield. "Santa Claus, eh? An old gentleman with a long white beard—ha! ha! ha! And I might have had just such a chubby rascal of a grandson as that if only—I wonder if they would object to my adopting him! Santa Claus, eh? Well, I believe I will turn Santa Claus for once!"

The stars were shining out, tiny points of gold, through the darkness of the Christmas eve, when Mr. Mardifield knocked at the door of the little cream colored cottage.

"Come in!" a gentle voice called, and Mardifield, groping his way through a semilighted hallway, found himself in the presence of a sweet faced woman, in a pillowed chair, her fingers busied in some piece of knitting.

"Madam," said he, bowing courteously. "I am Santa Claus!"

And then he told her the story of how little Lionel had accosted him in the morning.

"You are very kind, sir," said the woman tremulously. "We are poor—so poor, in fact, that the barest necessities of life are sometimes beyond our reach—and little Lionel's dream of Santa Claus must have gone unrealized if it were not for your thoughtful consideration."

She smiled faintly, with a motion of her white transparent hand toward the chimney, but as Mr. Mardifield turned round to look he started as if smitten by some sudden blow.

"My God!" he gasped, "whose picture is that hanging over the mantel?"

"My husband's portrait, sir."

"Your husband's! Then, and he turned once more to face her, "you are Charley's wife!"

"My husband's name was Charles Mardifield," she answered. Little Lionel, awakened by the loud voice in which the old gentleman had spoken, sat up in his bed, with disheveled curls and big eyes.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus!" he cried. "Mamma, I knew he'd come!"

"My child," said Mr. Mardifield, lifting the little form in his arms. "Santa Claus has sent you a grandfather!"



"MADAM, I AM SANTA CLAUS!"

**JACK HORNER PIES.**

They Are Indispensable Features of Juvenile Christmas Parties.

When there are many children in the family a Jack Horner pie is not a bad accessory to the Christmas dinner. It is a pleasant way of distributing individual sonnets.

An appropriate Christmas centerpiece of this description is a huge snowball that looks like the real thing and has twelve smaller balls in it, each one of these containing a present.

The ribbons by which the presents are drawn out are of different colors and hang over the sides of the big snowball.

More effective in color is an enormous ball made of a mass of red flowers, and from the center of each hangs the ribbon attached to the gift.

Another Jack Horner pie is in the shape of a snow man so true to life that



be even has on the old hat and holds a bundle of switches. All around the place where his waist ought to be are the ribbons by which the presents are removed from his capacious interior.

Still another variety is the huge red cornucopia that is decorated with gold paper and holly berries and is suspended from the chandelier over the table, the ribbons hanging within convenient reach of the guests.

- HOLIDAY CHEER.**
- Consomme  
 Celery Salted Nuts  
 Roast Goose, Potato Stuffing  
 Sweet Pickle Jelly  
 Hot Mince Pie, Vanilla Ice Cream.  
 Raisins Nuts Bonbons  
 Coffee

**DELICIOUS PIES.**

Creams and Custards Instead of Mince For the Christmas Spread.

The Christmas pie need not necessarily be a mince. Custards, particularly pumpkin custards, are nice, and they are less indigestible than those of mince.

Custard or cream pies may be attractively finished with meringue. On this a decoration may be applied through a pastry tube, the meringue being slightly colored for this purpose.

To make the crust take two tablespoonfuls sugar and the yolk of one egg, cream, butter and sugar. Beat the yolk well and add. Then add a small cupful of flour. Press into a pie pan with the back of a spoon and bake until a light brown.

Fill with the following cream: One pint of milk in a double boiler. MIX



**FANCY MERINGUE PIE.**

together three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add to the boiling milk and cook until thick. Then add the yolks of three eggs. Cook for awhile, then take from the fire and add one tablespoonful of vanilla. Cover with a meringue made of the well beaten whites of four eggs and a little sugar. Cover the pie with this and brown nicely in the oven.

For those who find the ordinary mince pies indigestible this is a good substitute.

Take one cupful cooked raisins, one cupful apple sauce, one-half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of water, one-half cupful cracker crumbs, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful molasses, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice. This makes filling enough for three pies.

Instead of using an egg in a pumpkin pie use a heaping teaspoonful each of flour and cornmeal, and it will baffle an expert to detect the difference in taste or color.

**PONTIAC**

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scanlon and son returned Monday morning from Streator, where they have been the guests of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Blue and son, of near Streator, and formerly residents of this city, spent Tuesday in this city meeting their old time friends.

Mrs. James Daugherty and son, of South Vermillion street, returned Monday morning from several days spent with relatives in Streator.

Harry Thornton has arrived in the city to spend some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thornton, at their home on West Moulton street.

Wayne Allen has returned to Northwestern University at Evanston, after spending the week end with his mother, Mrs. Joel Allen, of East North street.

Mrs. Roy Morris and baby returned to Forrest Tuesday morning after visiting her brother, Harry Velsingier, and wife, at their home on Timber street.

Miss Carrol, of Peoria, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. Sullivan at their home on West Henry street, left Wednesday noon on her return home.

Miss Belle Kiser, accompanied by her sister, Miss Harriet Kiser, of Fairbury, is spending some time in Normal the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Kasbeer.

County Clerk and Mrs. W. W. Kennedy and children returned Monday morning from Gridley, having spent several days with the latter's parents near there.

Mrs. Ned P. Dixon, who has been spending some time here with her sisters, Mrs. Will L. Talbot and Mrs. Fred L. Dewey, left Monday afternoon for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Lobb returned to their home in Bloomington Monday noon after a short visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lobb, of South Mill street.

Mrs. J. G. Bernard and children returned to their home at Springfield Wednesday noon after spending some time the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Smith on West Moulton street.

**Drives off a Terror.**

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at John A. Malley's Drug Store. —Adv.

**First Numbering of Houses.**

London began to number its houses in 1764, about the time it removed the house signs that made ancient London an open air picture gallery.

**LEWIS' Single Binder Cigar**

GUARANTEED STRAIGHT FIVE SMOKERS

LEWIS' Single Binder Cigar has a mild, fragrant quality that smokes like you pay 10c for cigars not so good

When you come to Pontiac to do your Christmas shopping, do not fail to call on C. A. McGregor & Sons' where you will find the largest and best selection of Jewelry, Leather Goods, Books, etc., in this city.

All goods are marked in plain figures and a square deal is assured to all our old and new friends.

This will be our fortieth holiday display in this room. We want to see you. Look for the flag in front of the store. It will fly from Dec. 1st to Dec. 24th.

Mr. J. R. Scyoc, our old jeweler, will assist Mr. L. E. Bertman in the jewelry department during the holidays which will assure our customers of prompt engraving and repair work.

**C. A. MCGREGOR & SON'S**  
 PONTIAC ILLINOIS

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**

Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food

Prof. Prescott, of the University of Michigan, testified before the Pure Food Committee of Congress, that the acid of grapes held highest rank as an article of food and he regarded the results from baking with cream of tartar baking powder as favorable to health.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

**"JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS"**  
 BY EUGENE FIELD.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie, but the fellows call me Bill. Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Faunteroy! Love to chaw'n green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake— Hate to take the castor ile they give for belly ache! 'Most all the time, the whole year round, they ain't no flies on me, But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat; First thing she knows she doesn't know where she's at! Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids go out to slide 'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride! But sometimes when the groceryman is worried an' cross He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his hoss, An' then I luff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!" But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Granmar says she hopes that when I git to be a man I'll be a missioner like her eldest brother Dan, As was et up by cannibals that lives on Ceylon's isle, Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile, But granmar she has never been to see a wild west show Nor read the life of Daniel Boone or else I guess she'd know That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for mel But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

An' then old Sport he hangs around as solemn-like an' still; His eyes they seem a-sayin', "What's the matter, little Bill?" The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become Of them two enemies of hern that use to make things hum! But I'm so polite an' 'ten' so earnestly to biz That mother says to father, "How improved our Willie is!" But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicious me When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candy, cakes and toys, Was made, they say, for proper kids and not for naughty boys; So wash yer face an' brush yer hair an' mind yer p's an' q's, An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes; Say "yessum" to the ladies an' "yessur" to the men, An' when there's company don't pass yer plate for pie again, But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree, Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

