

**Fine Line of Suits**



**BIG DISPLAY OF MACK-INAWS, WARM AND CONVENIENT for THE OUTDOOR WORKER. EXAMINE THEM.**

**MANY USEFUL ARTICLES APPROPRIATE FOR XMAS GIFTS CAN BE FOUND AT**

**WEILT'S**

**THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE GENTS' FURNISHING STORE IN COUNTY**

**Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Garters, Hosiery, Clothing, Underwear, Sweaters, Rain-coats, Rain-hats, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Handbags, Suit-cases, Trunks, Umbrellas, Whisk Brooms and many other things which space forbids mentioning. Bring the boy in and let us clothe him.**

**OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE**

**BREVARD, N. C.**



**WE ARE WELL STOCKED WITH OVERCOATS WELL MADE and ECONOMICAL**

**HOUSEWORK IS A BURDEN**

Woman's lot is a weary one at best. But with backache and other distressing kidney ills life indeed becomes a burden. Doan's Kidney Pills have made life brighter for many Asheville women. Read what Mrs. C. M. Williams, 29 Central avenue says: "For several years my back was weak until finally I couldn't sweep the floor, walk up or down stairs or do any housework without suffering greatly. If I bent over I couldn't straighten without putting my hands on something for support. Mornings I was all doubled up with pains and I often had to be helped out of bed. I took a dozen different medicines without the least benefit until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They relieved me of the trouble across my back and a few boxes made a lasting cure. My back is now strong and never pains me at all."

See all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

**Bob Stillwell's Christmas**

By ANNE CAREW



BOB STILLWELL sat down on his sled with his chin in his mittened hands and tried to plan what he could give folks for Christmas. For it was only three days away. "I can't give a thing!" he muttered at last, for he did not have a penny of his own, and he knew that money was very scarce on the farm that year. The \$411.00 children would be lucky if they all had mittens and warm shoes and stockings. Yet Bob knew that his sister Nan was dreaming of a doll house, little Peter wanted a puppy all his own, and he didn't dare think of his big sister Amy and big brother Elmer and his father and mother.

"Why not make 'em something?" was the thought that came to him. Bob jumped up and went home whistling through the woods. Under the pine trees he stopped and brushed away the snow. When he got through his pockets were full of dried pine cones, large and small, and some pieces of birch bark.

The day before Christmas Bob unlocked the woodshed door and looked at the result of his labors. There was a doll house for little Nan made out of an egg crate, with real paper on the walls of the two rooms, bits of carpet on the floors and some cardboard furniture that Bob had made. He had even tacked little scraps of lace at the windows for curtains.

For Amy there was the lovely picture from the Sunday newspaper which she had admired. Bob had remembered and had made a frame for it out of strips of wood, and on the wood he had glued tiny pine cones, pieces of birch bark and dried moss, and as the picture was a woodland scene you can imagine how pretty it was. Bob had found a chair rung, which he scraped and polished with some oil and turpentine. He put some screweyes in the ends, and Amy gave him a piece of narrow red ribbon to make loops—and behold, there was a necktie holder for Elmer! For his mother he whittled a reel for her clothes lines, and it was a wonderfully handy thing, and for his father he bought a pipe. It happened this way: He did some errands for the man who kept the tobacco store in the village, and when the man would have paid him some money Bob said he'd rather have a pipe. So now they were all provided for except little Peter. How was Bob going to get hold of a real live puppy?

"You go over to my brother's place at the foot of Long hill, and you tell him I mean you," said the tobacco man. "Maybe he will let you have a puppy and work it out for him on Saturdays. He has a paper route."

"I'll do it if he will!" cried Bob eagerly. Half an hour later he hurried into the woodshed with a wriggling little puppy under his coat. Of course he had to tell his mother about that. And how Bob did enjoy the secret, running to and fro with milk and scraps of meat for the puppy!

When Christmas morning dawned I think Bob Stillwell was the most surprised boy in Little River. He was so interested in watching the pleasure of his brothers and sister with the gifts he had made with his own hands that he stood smiling, forgetting to look at the tree for his own presents.

"Look, Bobby, look!" screamed little Peter. Bob looked and turned pale with surprise. The grandest new sled, painted a bright red, runners and all. His father and Elmer had made it together. And there was a red woolen nun that Amy had knitted for him and other things that Santa Claus brought.

**A Present for Santa Claus**

By ELINOR MARSH



EDWINA'S mother was busy putting mince pies into the oven, so she did not notice the little girl when she passed through the room. Edwina wore her warm winter coat and tan-o-shanter, and her fat fingers were snuggled up in red mittens. "I've got Christmas errands to do, mother," said Edwina when she reached the door. "Tomorrow's Christmas, and I'm going to buy a present for Santa Claus."

"Well, I declare," Mrs. Ray sank into a chair and began to laugh. "A present for Santa Claus himself?"

"A real present. I've got 12 cents. I earned this money my own self, and—I want to buy something for Santa with my own money."

"Very well, dear. I am sure Santa Claus will be pleased enough to be remembered. You had better go to Smith's store."

"All right," called Edwina as she went out. It was snowing a little—just little, light, floating flakes like tiny feathers. Inside the kitchen it had been warm and cozy, with a delicious smell of mince meat, fresh cookies and apples. Outside it was cold, and the stinging snowflakes made her cheeks tingle.

"What can I do for you, Edwina?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I want a pair of slippers—for a man," said Edwina, primly.

"What size?" asked the storekeeper.

"Very big ones," said Edwina in a growl's manner.

"Hm!" smiled Mr. Smith in a mysterious way. "Well, you can change them after Christmas if they don't fit."

Edwina wondered if Santa Claus could come all the way back from the north pole just to change a pair of slippers, but she said nothing until Mr. Smith showed her a very large pair of flowered slippers.

"How good old Santa would enjoy those comfortable slippers!"

"Will 12 cents be enough?" asked Edwina, anxiously.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Smith. "Twelve cents? No, Edwina. The price of those slippers is \$2."

"I—guess I won't take them," faltered Edwina as she left the store.

Edwina hurried away from Smith's store and went to a little 10 cent store. Here were all sorts of things she could buy with her money, but it was hard to choose something Santa Claus might like. There were books—such nice stories, too. One in particular, called "Patty and Her Patcher," was so delightful that Edwina was sure Santa Claus would like it. So she paid 10 cents for that, and with the remaining 2 cents she bought two sticks of red and white striped candy.

When she showed these things to her father and mother they did not even smile, but they said they were sure Santa Claus would be pleased.

"I shall hang a stocking for Santa and put these things in it," said Edwina, and on the stocking she pinned a note saying:

"From a little girl who loves you."

She went happily to bed, and the next thing Edwina knew it was Christmas morning. She hopped out of bed and ran into the warm living room to see if Santa had been there.

What a wonderful array of toys—dolls and doll house and furniture, books and games and toy dishes, a little fur muff and a rocking chair and so many other things!

Edwina clapped her hands and jumped for joy. "Santa has taken the sock and candy!" she cried, and then she found a little note signed "Santa Claus." "Thank you, dear little Edwina, and a Merry Christmas to you," read.

**When in Asheville**

Visit Dixon's Cafe, just a few steps from passenger station. Home Baked Pies, Cold Drinks, and all round good place to eat. . . For both Ladies and Gents . .

J. W. WILLIAMS

Proprietor

**ORDER YOUR CHRISTMAS MEATS AND FOWLS**

From the Sanitary and Up-to-date Meat Market. We have had long experience in cutting and handling meats. We are well stocked this year for the Yule Tide Season with Oranges, Bananas, Dried Peaches, Cranberries, Nuts of all kinds, Beans, Fish and Oysters on Tuesdays.

**FRESH AND TENDER BEEF, PORK, VEAL, AND MUTTON**

For Cold, Prepared Bacon, Ham and meats, the most scientifically prepared that the famous firms of Armour & Co. and Morris & Co. can accomplish, phone us. We are always well stocked with Fruits and Vegetables. Try our Coconuts.

**THE CITY MARKET**

"Experienced Butcher"

Brevard, N. C.

**Here's to You For Christmas Cheer**

When preparing for the glad occasion don't forget the grocery store where you can get Oranges, Raisins, Candies, Christmas Cake Materials and first class Fancy and Staple Groceries. A complete stock of canned, glass and bottled goods. We have the best

**FRESH, HOMEGROWN, CRISP CELERY**

**C. C. YONGUE**

"The Reliable Grocer"

Brevard, N. C.

**GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER**

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. 25 and 75 cent bottles. Sold by Buckworth Drug Co.

**Mules for Sale**

Always from 100 to 300 head of horses and mules of all descriptions for sale at my stables in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG.

**FISH IS A BRAIN FOOD**



We have the finest fish in town.

Give us a trial order and be convinced.

Can ROASTS, STEAKS, CHOPS and POULTRY

Can't Be Beat

Osborne Market

Phone 27

Something to sell means something to advertise.