

OLD CHRISTMAS CARDS.

THESE AND OLD MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH THEM.

What a little picture of two snow-shoes crossed, surrounded with summer flowers, with the verdure of spring in the background.

Did you ever open the drawer in which you have been storing the Christmas cards you cherished most, for the past eight or ten years? I did the other day. I wanted more room for lots of things and I thought it foolish to keep so much valuable space lying idle.

I have heard too much about the influence of a sudden waft of perfume, or a bar of music, in recalling some long forgotten scene, but I cannot imagine any melody, or perfume as potent as the sight of a bit of writing in some well known hand to bring back in a sudden flash of memory the scenes of other days.

I could not believe that a few pieces of printed pastboard could move me, as those old cards moved me. How I laughed over some, and cried over others, and what a perfect diary of past events they were with their little descriptive lines of writing on the back sometimes a little verse, or a word of reference to some event in which the sender and recipient had taken part, and the date; which seems so far off now.

The Christmas cards of ten years ago were not as artistic as they are now, nor half as pretty, but they served their purpose and gave just as much pleasure I am sure, as they look today.

Here is a crude little picture of two snow shoes crossed, appropriately surrounded with summer flowers, and with a landscape of smiling verdure for a background; but a line written across the back tells me that the shoes are a memento of a snow-shoeing party we had been at the week before, and the lad who sent it was my partner "on the tramp."

There are more cards in the drawer, but they are left undisturbed, and all but that one go back to their places. How many changes in ten short years, and how many vacant places left! I have sorted enough cards for one day somehow I don't care about having any more space, so I close the drawer with a curious feeling of having stood beside a grave.

St. Crispin's Day. A pleasant story is told of the Emperor Charles V. One night he strolled into a cobbler's shop to get his boots mended.

It happened to be the festival of St. Crispin. The cobbler was making merry with his friends and declared that no work could be done on that day for any man, even though he were Charles himself, but the stranger was cordially invited to join in the merrymaking.

Then we came back again to hot coffee and scalloped oysters and other good things that tasted like nectar and ambrosia, to our agry palates. Tired? Not a bit, ten miles was nothing to us, and when we had over our frozen moccasins, peeled several layers of snow from our skirts and thawed our garments out generally, we ate an enormous amount of supper, and then danced till the first small hour struck, before we discovered that we were getting just a little tired.

A queer little card lies just beneath, and across its brightly gilded surface a group of grotesque Chinese figures are dancing. Once more the legend on the back tells me in excellent verse, that the dancers represent ourselves as we appeared the week before at an evening wedding when the fairest of the group of friends was married, and the rest of us danced our feet weary in her honor.

Here is another, little card. How small they used to make Christmas cards a few years ago! This one has an anchor in flowers on a black ground, emblem of hope and appropriate, because the one who sent it has had her hopes realized long ago.

In Thuringia, Germany, there is a whole district which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial eyes—hands, wires, and children all working together.

IS CHRISTMAS VULGARIZED?

So that a Thoughtless Woman in the Street the Other Day.

Christmas has become dreadfully vulgarized in these days, a thoughtful looking woman was overheard saying to another in the street recently, and we imagined she went on thus: How little we hear of the simple souvenirs, expressing friendly sentiments, a considerate watchfulness of individual tastes, and the dainty workmanship of industrious hands through many weeks and evenings, which were in vogue a quarter of a century ago!

It is the superficial observer who assumes that the depths are also impure, and who generalizes disheartenedly because of his own inconsiderate contact with life. "Christmas comes but once a year." The old saying is repeated infinitely, and with infinitely varied meaning. What a pity that it comes not oftener, or that its spirit of generosity, friendly regard and tolerant feeling could not be changed from an annually blooming plant to a perennial one.

By the death of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson Britain loses one of her greatest romance writers. "Treasure Island," which brought him into notice, was held by many of the best read men and soundest critics to be the greatest book of its kind since "Robinson Crusoe," and its popularity for a time was very great.

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THE GAME OF SNAPDRAGON.

Players Must Be Quick and Not Mind Burned Fingers.

Few "Christmas gambols" exist in their original form. But the old game's modified to suit modern tastes as well as the new ones are just as full of fun and are entered into by the young folks nowadays with as much zest as were the rougher gambols over which in old England the "Lord of Misrule" presided.

One of the most quiet and genial of the gambols over which he was master has been handed down under the name of "Snapdragon." Raisins are put into a large bowl, covered with spirit, which is ignited, and the room is extinguished, and each one attempts in turn to grasp a raisin, a feat requiring some skill and courage.

That doesn't mean buying anything, just because the price is low. Cheapness means honest value, as to clothes, fit, finish and style, when clothes are the subject. When we say "cheap" we mean a low price, offset by all that bestness of clothes means. We import all our cloths, and make the first saving that way—then, we get the best workmen—they cost more but do more and do it better—that's another saving—we buy for cash and save there—all this means the best thing in clothes and the least possible cost. Don't you want to buy right?

A British admiral experienced a peculiar privilege recently, affording thereby one illustration to the question often presented to the curious as to what might happen should the senior officer of a ship or fleet choose, when "eight bells" or "sunset" is reported to him, to withhold his "Make it so, please," by officially delaying sunset for over an hour.

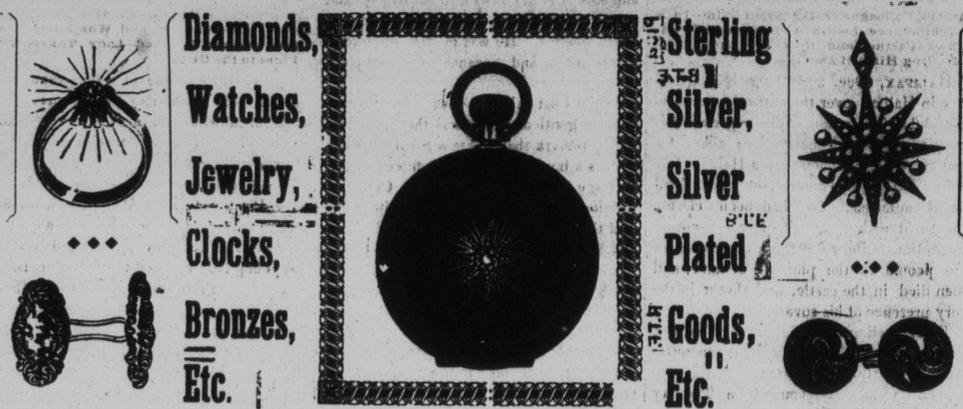
The Hack Writer (preparing a biography of eminent modern men)—How shall I handle this man? I've got to praise him, and they say he drinks like a fish, and doesn't pay his debts.

How can we reasonably expect our scholars to do as much in 3 months as in other schools in 6 months? Here is a hint, we do our book-keeping in shorthand.

I teach shorthand by mail for \$10. Guarantee success. SNEEL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S. SNEEL'S BUS. COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

XMAS, 1894.



—Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Etc.— FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING St. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. C.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

We have an immense stock of Silver Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Solid Silver Goods from the best English, American and Canadian makers, which we shall be pleased to show to everyone.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

BARGAIN COUNTER



FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON. Our Annual Sale of Kitchen Furnishing Goods is now going on. We have opened a Special Department Counter, ranging from 5c. up, and are offering Exceptional Bargains in all lines.

Emerson & Fisher

Skates. Skates.

Acme Pattern, The most and best self-fastening Skate Made. Long Reach Skates, Hockey Sticks, Hockey Pucks, Sleds and Framers, Sleigh Bells, &c. Send for Prices. T. MAVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT

"The Little Helpmate," by E. M. Tree, steward of the Union Club, St. John, N. B.; late of St. James' Club, Montreal. It contains a great deal of household information NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, also the whole method of the wonderful GENERAL CLEANING Agent known as "Charles W. Weldon's."

SENT YOU FOR 50 cents CASH or STAMPS. N. W. J. HAYDON, 84 Princess St.