



L. C. MAONUTT, Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1885.

VOL. VII, NO. 17

## Double and Single Barrel BREECH LOADING GUNS!

Paper and Brass Shells, Wads, Powder, Loading Implements.

SINGLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOT GUNS, \$3.60, \$13.75 AND \$15.00

T. McAVITY & SONS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

## OLD AND RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES!

"Imperial" of London, England;  
"Ethna" of Hartford, Conn.;  
"Hartford" of Hartford, Conn.;  
"Northern" of London, England;  
"City of London" of London, England;  
"Fire Insurance Association" of London, England.

Representing the aggregate in Capital and Assets, over One Hundred Million Dollars.

All kinds of insurable property covered at LOW RATES.  
Detached Residences insured for three years at very low rates.  
A fair and satisfactory adjustment of loss guaranteed, and claims promptly paid.  
LIFE POLICIES written in the OLD "Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York," Assets \$10,000,000, and the "Western Life Insurance Company," Assets \$5,000,000.

JOHN BLACK, Barrister, &c.,  
Agent for York County.

Fredericton, December 16, 1885.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS  
(MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.)

It is a well-known fact that the human system is constantly being poisoned by the impurities of the blood. These impurities are the cause of many of the most common diseases, and it is therefore of the utmost importance to keep the blood pure and healthy. Parsons' Purgative Pills are the best and most reliable means of accomplishing this end. They are made of pure and natural ingredients, and they act gently and safely on the system, without causing any of the unpleasant effects of other purgatives. They are sold in bottles of 10 and 20 pills each, and they can be obtained of all druggists and grocers.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.  
Cure, Disinfectant, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

WANTED  
Friends and the Public to know that I have opened a window in

G. W. Schleyer's Studio,  
FOR THE PURPOSE OF  
REPAIRING  
WATCHES and  
JEWELRY.

Having had ten years' experience in the business, I am prepared to do

GOOD WORK  
AT  
SHORT NOTICE.

Prices moderate, and goods delivered when promised.

Don't forget the place, opposite Normal School, Fredericton.

FRED. J. McCAULAND  
Formerly with C. A. McCausland.  
Fredericton, June 18.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.  
BLOOD  
BITTERS

Disinfects all the clogged avenues of the system, and gradually restores the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the system, and the same time correcting the acidity of the stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all the various ailments of the system.

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## Poetry.

### Three Little Stockings.

Three little stockings, dainty and small,  
Hanging against the fire wall;  
Empty they hang, limp and still,  
Waiting for Santa Claus, ready to fill.

The Christmas log, now burning low,  
Lighting the room with its fifth glow,  
Bereft far back in the shadowy deep,  
Three little children fast asleep.

Over them bending, with happy smile  
Lighting her beautiful face the while,  
A mother is watching with loving care,  
Tenderly breathing a prayer.

At morning dawn three pairs of eyes  
Open and sparkle with glad surprise  
For three stockings, dainty and small,  
Hanging there, waiting for Santa Claus.

No longer empty, and limp, and cold,  
But round and full as they once were old,  
Three little stockings, dainty and small,  
Hanging there, waiting for Santa Claus.

Three little stockings, knit of wool,  
Hanging in the sunlight, round and full,  
Three little stockings, dainty and small,  
Hanging there, waiting for Santa Claus.

Three little stockings, worn and old,  
Hanging against the chimney cold,  
Empty they hang, limp and still,  
Waiting for Santa Claus, ready to fill.

The full moon through the window streams,  
Flooding the room with its pale, cold beams;  
Only a little, plain and small,  
Waiting for Santa Claus, ready to fill.

Three children's faces, round and fair,  
In innocent sleep are lying there;  
Close by the cot whereon they lay,  
A mother is kneeling, trying to pray.

Her pale, sad face and silver hair,  
Tell of a life of want and care.  
For there, close against the chimney old,  
Hanging three stockings, empty and cold.

As the three stockings meet her eyes,  
It is strange that her faith grows cold and dies;  
Or that, as she vainly is trying to pray,  
"O Father, have mercy! I shall be so gay."

On Christmas morning three pairs of eyes,  
Open in sorrowful, mute surprise;  
For there, close against the chimney old,  
Hanging three stockings, empty and cold.

In one and chorus the voices three  
Cry, "Santa Claus didn't remember me!"  
And the poor mother's heart sink deep in  
Grief, as that pitiful wail rings out on the air.

Three empty stockings! The tale that they tell  
Is known in many a home too well;  
To think that old Santa neglected them so,  
O ye who have plenty, enough and to spare.

Whose children know nothing of want or care,  
While making them happy, forget not, I pray,  
That the poor mother's stockings are empty to-day.

## Literature.

### A SEXTON'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,  
A few feet of cold earth in the done;  
A stone at the head, and a stone at the feet,  
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat.

Bank grass overhauled and damp clay laid;  
For there, close against the chimney old,  
Hanging three stockings, empty and cold,  
Waiting for Santa Claus, ready to fill.

So muttered Gabriel Grub, the morose  
And lonely old man who combined  
The duties of sexton and undertaker  
In an old English abbey town—

As related by Charles Dickens in one  
Of his famous Christmas stories.  
It was on a Christmas eve (continues the  
author) that Gabriel, feeling all the  
more sullen and gloomy because of the  
holiday anticipation and rejoicing  
going on around him, had gone to the  
churchyard to finish a grave, as an  
occupation for which he felt somewhat  
inclined. The work com-  
pleted he gathered up his tools, with  
a bit of a gro-digger's carol still  
mumbling on his lips.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Gabriel Grub, as  
he sat himself down on a flat tomb-  
stone which was a favorite resting  
place of his hands and feet, and he  
bottle. "A coffin at Christmas—  
a Christmas box. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated a voice  
which sounded close behind him.  
Gabriel started, and stood rooted to  
the spot with astonishment and ter-  
ror; for his eyes rested on the grim-  
aced face of a stout, middle-aged  
man, who looked as if he had been  
peeled forth a lively air, and whose  
tombstone he was standing upon.

The bottom of the oldest grave about him was  
more still and quiet than the church-  
yard in the moonlight. The old hear-  
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## What do you do here on Christmas eve?

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stam-  
mered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves  
and churchyards on such a night as  
this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"  
screamed a wild chorus of voices that  
seemed to fill the churchyard. Gab-  
riel looked fearfully around—nothing  
was to be seen.

"What have you got in the bottle?"  
said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton,  
trembling more than ever, for he had  
the voice of the smuggler, and he  
thought that perhaps his question  
might be in the exchequer department  
of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands alone, in a  
churchyard, on such a night?"  
said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" ex-  
claimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the  
terrible sexton, and then, raising his  
voice, exclaimed:

"And who, then, is our fair and  
lawful prize?"

To this inquiry the invisible chorus  
replied in a strain that sounded like  
the voices of many choristers singing  
to the mighty swell of the church  
organ—a strain that seemed borne to  
the sexton's ears upon a gentle wind,  
and to die away as its soft breath  
passed onward—by the burden of the  
boy was still the same. "Gabriel  
Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

The goblin grinned a broader grin  
than before he said: "Well, Gab-  
riel, what do you say to this?"

"The sexton gasped for breath.  
"What do you think of this, Gab-  
riel?" asked the goblin, kicking up  
his feet in the air on either side the  
tombstone, and looking at the turned  
up point with as much complacency  
as if he had been contemplating the  
most fashionable pair of Wellingtons  
in all Bond street.

"It's—it's very curious, sir," re-  
plied the sexton, half dead with fright;  
"for very curious, and very pretty; but I  
think I'll go back, and finish my work,  
sir, if you please."

"Work!" said the goblin, "what  
work?"

"The grave, sir—making the grave,  
stammered the sexton.

"Oh! the grave, eh?" said the  
goblin; "who makes graves at a time  
when all other men are merry, and  
takes a pleasure in the work?"

Again the mysterious voices replied  
—"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

"I am afraid my friends want you,  
Gabriel," said the goblin, thrusting his  
finger into his cheek thus  
ever—and a most astonishingly quick  
reply—it was—"I'm afraid my friends want  
you, Gabriel," said the goblin.

"Under favor, sir," replied the hor-  
rified sexton, "I don't think they  
can, sir; they don't know me, sir;  
I don't think the gentlemen have  
ever seen me, sir."

"Oh! yes, they have," replied the  
goblin; "we know the man with the  
silly face and the grimace, who  
came down the street to-night, thrust-  
ing his evil looks at the children, and  
grasping his bony fingers at the tight-  
rope. We know the man that stroked  
the children's heads, and who, because  
the boy could be merry and he could  
not. We know him, we know him."

Here the goblin gave a loud, shrill  
laugh, and then, without a word, he  
fold, and throwing his legs up in the  
air, stood upon his head, or rather  
upon the very point of his angular-  
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grasping his bony fingers at the tight-  
rope. We know the man that stroked  
the children's heads, and who, because  
the boy could be merry and he could  
not. We know him, we know him."

Here the goblin gave a loud, shrill  
laugh, and then, without a word, he  
fold, and throwing his legs up in the  
air, stood upon his head, or rather  
upon the very point of his angular-  
hated, on the narrow edge of the tomb-  
stone, and threw a somersault right  
and left, and then, with a flourish,  
he came down the street to-night, thrust-  
ing his evil looks at the children, and  
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## bolting round her chair.

The mother occasionally rose and drew aside the  
curtain, as if to look for some  
expected object. A frugal meal was  
spread upon the table and an  
elbow chair was placed near the fire.

A knock was heard at the door; the  
mother opened it, and the children  
crowded around her and clapped their  
hands for joy as their father entered.

He was very wet and weary, and  
shook the snow from his garments  
as the children crowded round him,  
and, seating his cloak, hat, stick and  
gloves, with busy zeal ran with them  
from the room. Then as he sat down  
to his meal before the fire, the chil-  
dren climbed about his knee and the  
mother sat by his side, and all seem-  
ed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view  
almost imperceptibly. The scene was  
altered to a small bed room, where  
the father and youngest child lay  
asleep. The roses had fled from his  
cheek and the light from his eyes,  
and even as the sexton looked upon  
him with an interest he had never  
young brothers and sisters crowded  
round his little bed and seized his  
tiny hand, so cold and heavy; but  
they shrunk back from the touch and