

Little Stories of Maribel Life.

By Mary Stewart Cutting.
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MADONNA OF THE TOYS; A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"I don't know what to give him for Christmas!"

Mrs. Tom looked tragically at the group consulting over their father-in-law in the old-fashioned library. Miss Clara, the unmarried daughter, had left the room.

"We have a picture," announced Mrs. Andrew complacently; "a cathedral interior, beautifully dark and perspective. Little Mary has a cup and saucer, and Francis a whisk broom."

"My boys can give black-bordered silk handkerchiefs," said Mrs. Frank. "Clara suggests that I have that armchair re-covered, the one he never sits in."

"Malcolm had better get him another dozen cases of mineral water," said Mrs. Malcolm. "When it's in the house he drinks it. But that hardly seems enough, father, so generous to us. I shall buy a small refrigerator for his room—it's so useful in sickness."

"What do you think of rubber water-bags in assorted sizes," suggested Mrs. Walter eagerly. "If he had a pair in two or three places at once they'd be very handy."

"Ah!" Mrs. Frank lowered her voice. "I dread coming here to see Mrs. Walter every day. If he had a pair in two or three places at once they'd be very handy."

"I must," answered a girl with reddish hair and pretty, deep-lashed eyes, who was Mrs. Arthur. She had risen, and was throwing a white boa around her neck. Her white teeth flashed suddenly in a smile: "I never was of so much importance before. Good-by, everybody!"

She ran down the hall, looking in at an open doorway to call an audacious "Last tag!" to a tall old man who sat there reading and receiving his usual swift response before she went swiftly homeward.

Viola's appointment with the baby was very important indeed. As she sat afterwards in the darkened nursery with the infant's little downy head against her warm breast, her thoughts went back to grandfather. Somehow his Christmas presents depressed her—the dark plaids and the white mineral water, the re-covered chair, the refrigerator and the rubber bags seemed so unlightsome; there was nothing from which the most willing mind could conjure festivity. The white brousses and cups and saucers failed to cheer her. It seemed dreadful to be so old that you weren't supposed to want anything anybody else did, to have everything so thoroughly ready. Viola had an irrevocable desire to send her father-in-law a pink necktie or a flippant postcard.

There could be no greater contrast to the needs of the baby than this soft, certain place, with its white furniture, and a blue rug in front of the brass andirons on which the pine logs burned aromatically. A blue and white bannet swung by the door, and a white wicker hamper showed the blue ivory-lined tray, filled with miniature toy articles, and tiny garments, laced and ribboned—the dainty appanage of a "first" baby.

A silver and mother-of-pearl rattle and a French clock, bellied and tinselled, on a white stick, lay upon the blue table-cover, while a large drum, fastened on the wall above, showed that in the pride of welcoming a boy love had been life to wait for him to grow into his heritage.

Her sisters-in-law characterized Viola fondly as a mere child; in truth she was a jolly little girl, but underneath the jolliness was the directness and insight, and the shy, deep feeling of a child, so hidden as to be almost unguessed. Only her husband saw and revered that unapproachable sweetness. But even he did not know of those far-off journeys which gayer than the sun in company with her little new-born son, in the wonder of his soft warm mouth, his tiny feet, and unconscious clasping.

The little child had been to Viola a mystery; for the first time she realized the existence of that great chain whose links are composed alternately of life and death, with the coming and going of generations. In this infant life she saw the time when her own days should be numbered, and grew pale, yet unafraid, as she held him closer, because the goodness of God was so near.

He was such a very little baby that he was not much of anything as yet to any one but his mother, though his father was indeed immeasurably proud him as a son and heir, and regarded him with deep expectancy, if amused, affectionately to Viola he was a wallflower not only of the traditional piety but of infinitely more. As one who stands with the ear to a sea-shell, rapt with the sound of the mysterious murmurs of the far-off ocean, so Viola, when she set her bending over her baby, felt a deep, tremulous connection with the beautiful, unseen Lord. She was so happy that she longed for every one to be happy; if she called "Last tag!" to him it was because she knew he liked it. He was a kind, wise old man, who submitted patiently to Miss Clara's fusses and restrictions because he saw the love look on them; and he had lived his life so fully and well that it did not seem worth while to strive to live it now. Yet sometimes, as Viola divined, he was contented to dwell in the past because the present was a little lonely now that the house was no longer the

Their eyes met this time in the joyousness of a new and strange kind. "I like you, I like you," cried the little boy, and tucked his hand into hers, jumping along with both feet in short, flying leaps. "Come here! I'll show you what to buy for him, I'll show you that! Oh, there's my papa beckoning to me!"

He dropped her hand and disappeared in the crowd by the stairs.

"Well," said Viola to herself, staring in front of her. "Well—why not?" "I couldn't get here a minute sooner—I had to tie down after I got them all out of the house."

Mrs. Tom, arriving late at the paternal mansion on Christmas afternoon, was taking off her wraps in the hall as she looked in at the circle of sisters sitting around the fire in the drawing-room, warm with the smell of cedar, and bedecked with scarlet holly. Through the open doorway beyond the mahogany table, set with the silver, she saw the little boy, who showed promise of good things to come.

"How cozy you all look in here— but where are the others?" asked Mrs. Tom.

Miss Clara spread out her hands with a gesture of dismay, belied by her beaming face.

"Well, you'll never guess—every man and boy is up-stairs with father, trying to run that crazy engine Viola sent him; it's one of those dreadful electrical things. If I'd had the remotest idea of what was in the box—and she never even told Arthur! You can't get one of them out of that room, except to—listen to that!"

A boy's footsteps came hurrying down the back stairs, and a moment later an excited voice called:

"Will it work?"

"Oh, I see what's the matter. Will it work now?"

"No."

"Wait a moment till I come up."

"They've been doing that for two or three hours," said Mrs. Malcolm placidly. "They have miles of wire trying to attach something—don't ask me what, for I haven't the faintest idea. Of course it won't work; engines never do; if they did all the occupation would be gone. My husband is just as bad as the rest. They all have engines at home, but they say Viola's beats the lot. Just hear that child laugh; she's been up there all the afternoon. We've been having the most beautiful real-time down here by ourselves. I haven't seen father look so happy in months, and in all that clatter! Did you hear that Kate is coming back?"

"Will you listen to that!" said Mrs. Walter.

The inevitable footsteps were clattering again maddly down-stairs, with the accompanying voice:

"No."

"Oh, I guess I see what's the matter with it this time. Will it work now?"

"No."

"Sit till I come up!"

WESTMINSTER THE FOCUS OF ENGLISH POLITICAL LIFE.

Discussion of the Increase of Malady
Known as Appendicitis—An Inter-
esting Letter from London.

By Lady Henry Somerset
(Special to the Sun)

LONDON, Aug. 17.—Westminster Hall has for centuries been the focus of English political life. It is the place where the past lives and speaks, the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which saw the acclamations at the inaugurations of thirty kings, the hall which has witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just abolition of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Stratford had for a moment availed and melted the victorious party into flames, with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

The other day the sun shone through the deep windows and lit the vaulted roof, eloquent of the light which such an assembly must inevitably bring to the new century. A peace conference was being held, and all countries were assembled there—distinguished men, representatives of great nations.

The two who probably attracted the most attention were Apponyi, the Hungarian Minister for Education, and Bryan, Count Apponyi spoke perfect English, and delivered a speech that few will forget, for it was a mixture of real eloquence and charm.

"Patriotism is love," he said. "Why should we be allied with France? Patriotism is self-illumination—why should it be allied with the immolation of others? Patriotism is ambition—why should it be the ambition of the prize-fighter? Why not the victory of the nobler part of man? Patriotism is religion."

Side by side with him stood Mr. Bryan. "Unless some nation takes the lead," he said, "no nation will act," and with a touch of Frenchness which could only come from an American, and was as fresh water to the parched earth, he said: "Men speak of a glorious past. I would rather be living to-day than in any age of the past. It is a story told of the past, but the world is as it was in the old days that influenced the valley in which a man lived."

The note of hope certainly came from America.

PRESENTATION TO REV. FR. CORMIER

MONCTON, N. B., Aug. 17.—In St. Bernard's church tonight the curate, Rev. Fr. Cormier, was presented with a purse of over two hundred dollars in gold besides two addresses, one in French, the other in English, by the congregation and a picture from the altar boys.

Rev. Fr. Cormier leaves tomorrow for Upper Aboujagou where he has been stationed to take the place of the late Rev. P. X. Cormier. Large attendance at tonight's ceremony, the young curate being held in high regard by the congregation. The address in English was read by Fred. Gillen, the one in French by A. Leblond and the address from the altar boys by Frank Gillen. To all Father Cormier made suitable responses.

ST. ANDREWS PEOPLE HOME

ST. ANDREWS, Aug. 17.—The following St. Andrews folk from abroad were in town visiting their old home and friends: F. O'Neill, M. D., New York, visiting his parents, Charles and Mrs. O'Neill; Rev. Father Frank O'Neill, Elizabeth, New Jersey, guest of his brother Henry O'Neill and Mrs. O'Neill; Robert Clarke, Andover, N. B., C. P. R. station agent; visiting his parents, Capt. William and Mrs. Clarke; Harry Key, C. P. R. freight agent, Houlton, Me., guest of his sister and brother-in-law, Leo, and Mrs. Ross; Mrs. and Miss Jessie Whitlock, St. Stephen, lodging at Mrs. J. Russell Bradford's; Robert Stuart, Houlton, Me., visiting his brother, Sheriff and Mrs. Stuart; Rev. J. Rushton, formerly rector of Christ's church, St. Stephen, lodging at Miss Barbara Morrison's; Thomas Douglis, Rumford Falls, Me., is visiting his brother, Goodwill Douglas.

BOOIES EATEN BY WILD ANIMALS

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 17.—Frank E. Smith of this town is a hypnotist of considerable ability. Having taken a lively interest in the disappearance of the Creamer children, he concluded to test his powers in an effort to solve the mystery of their disappearance. This end in view he put two subjects under the hypnotic influence last evening. One was young man from Houlton, the other a native of Woodstock. They were subjected to the influence in different rooms, and each had no knowledge of the other being in the experiment. Wonderful! In the accounts of the children's fate exactly coincide. Briefly, it is as follows: On the day in question the Creamer tots were in the swamp and finally wandered nearly a dozen miles, when death from starvation and exhaustion overcame them. The body of the little girl, so the medium states, was shortly afterwards devoured by wild animals. The body of the boy was moved some distance by a bear, and the remains are yet intact. The hypnotist feels sure his subjects or either of them, could under his direction solve the mystery.

WOODSTOCK MEDIUM TELLS WHERE CREAMER TOTS ARE

Wandered Nearly a Dozen Miles From Home He Thinks—A. M. E. Conference—Woodstock News

PARROTSBORO NOTES

PARROTSBORO, N. S., Aug. 17.—Councillor H. T. Smith started for Newfoundland on Tuesday, on a business trip.

Mrs. Clarence Johnson, who has been seriously ill of typhoid fever, is beginning to recover.

Rev. W. J. Cox of Washington, D. C., formerly curate of this parish, spent Sunday in town, and visited Parrotsboro on Monday. Mr. Cox went to South Africa as one of the chaplains of the Canadian contingent in the Boer war.

Some of the members of the town council are making strenuous efforts to effect a settlement of the middle in municipal affairs. A resolution was recently passed to allow ex-Town Clerk Day ten days to make good the deficiency in his accounts, and failing in that, to collect the amount due the town by process of law. At the expiration of the time allotted Mr. Day had left on a trip to the Northwest without making any settlement. At the regular council meeting held this week a motion was made to take the advice of a lawyer to the shortage and act according to it. The motion was lost, but another motion, empowering the town clerk to take advice as to the best mode of procedure and to report at the next meet of the council, was carried.

ALBERT COUNTY NOTES

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The A. M. E. conference today decided to hold its next yearly meeting at Shelburne, N. S., where Rev. George Todd and A. P. Baker of the Albert Street Baptist church addressed the conference briefly this morning. All the members of the conference examined for character were reported spotless. The official roll is as follows: Presiding elder, Rev. Alexander Kersey; itinerant elders, Revs. A. B. Challenger, T. W. Johnson and W. B. Hill; itinerant deacons, Revs. George Gilbert Walker and John Johnson; superannuated Rev. Geo. W. Smith. Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Challenger will preach in the Methodist church and Rev. Mr. Walker in the Albert Street Baptist church.

FISHERMEN WHO WENT ADRIFT PICKED UP

LIVERPOOL, N. S., Aug. 17.—The bark White Wings, Captain Solomon McLeod, 14 days from New York, arrived this afternoon with Michael Reddy and Harry West of the Plymouth, Massachusetts, fishing schooner aboard. They were picked up by the St. John bark Nettle Troop and transferred to the bark White Wings.

CHATHAM NEWS.

CHATHAM, N. B., Aug. 17.—A small child, three months old, was discovered yesterday morning on the steps of a house on Mitchell street. The woman residing there was awakened early by hearing the cries of a child down stairs. On descending she found a pretty female child about three months old, with light hair and blue eyes, carefully wrapped up in a blue coat. Alongside the child was a parcel containing its clothing wrapped in a newspaper. The John Sun, bearing date August, 1899, was addressed to Andrew Arsenault. Shortly afterwards three men were seen crossing the river to Nelson, and it is surmised that the child was brought down by the old Canadian boatman and landed at Newcastle in a boat. A note was left the same night at the woman's door, saying "Take good care of the babe. Its mother will arrive in a few weeks."

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SCAFFOLD FELL; WORKMAN KILLED

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 17.—A report of the inland revenue on honey collected all over Canada and analysed showed forty-four pure out of fifty-four examined.

A scaffold on the royal mint, nearing completion here, broke this morning, precipitating James Allredie, a bricklayer, and Enoch Peterson, a laborer, to the ground, a distance of 25 feet. Allredie was hurt about the back, but will recover. Peterson's skull was fractured and he died this afternoon.

Two boys attempted to deliver a load of furniture for a Hull dealer named Chernier this afternoon. They set fire to a mattress with a cigarette. The load and wagon were consumed, but the boys managed to save the horse.

A furious shower does not soak in so well as a steady rain. A double column advertisement once a year is not so good as a half inch fifty-two times a year.—News-Paperdom.

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