

In Constant Use 101 Years

What other liniment has ever undergone such a test? For over a century

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

has been curing Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Lameness, etc. Its long service tells of its merit. It is the household liniment that does not go out. 25c and 50c bottles.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS Keep the bowels in condition

CAMPBELLTON NEWS INSTALL RECTOR

Walter Baker late of the Roy a Hotel, Dalhousie was arrested at Montreal this week in connection with a bill of sale on the furniture of the hotel. It is charged that he removed all the most valuable furniture. The case will be heard at Dalhousie Saturday.

We regret to announce the death at Vancouver of Mr. and Mrs. Chater's two-year-old girl, who died on December 1st after being sick nearly all summer. Mrs. Chater was Miss Annie Fawcett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fawcett of Campbellton.

It is announced unofficially that Germany is going to spend \$80,000,000 more than the present program call for on her fleet during the next six years. Mr. Borden's only naval expenditure will be for polling booths and returning officers for the plebiscite Mr. Monk demands.

MARRIED

At the home of the bride on Dec. 5th by Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mr. James G. Dickie and Miss Annie Florence McTaggart, both of River Charlo, N. B.

At a meeting of the police court this week Police Judge Matheson read a lecture to a young man who appeared before him on a charge of obstructing the police in the discharge of their duty. It is not generally known that even stepping in front of an officer who is making an arrest constitutes an indictable offence under the law. designated interference of the police in the discharge of their duty and is punishable by a term of imprisonment or a fine of \$100.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Rollanda McFatt, his marriage to Miss Mary Ethel Malcolm which was to take place on the 27th inst has been postponed.

Floorglaze

THIS is the floor-finish that makes house-work so much easier because it doesn't gather dust—because it can be washed with soap and water like a window-pane—because it is so easy to keep clean and fresh. Floorglaze finishes a floor with a lustrous coating of most durable enamel that will stand the hardest wear and not show scratches. Comes in ten charming shades. Send for color-card and free booklet. Easy to apply;—dries hard in a few hours; a gallon covers 500 square feet. Perfect for outdoor service, too,—porches, steps, etc. From all first-rate dealers in tins; sizes from a pint to a gallon. See that the label says: Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Limited, Toronto. 104

Bishop Richardson Preaches Able Sermon.

On Wednesday night at a public meeting of the congregation of Christ Church, Rev. J. E. Purdie was installed as rector of Campbellton parish by Bishop Richardson of Fredericton.

Rev. Mr. Purdie succeeded Rev. Mr. Coleman some months ago coming from St. John where he labored very successfully in St. Luke's church.

Since his arrival here he has made many friends both in and outside his congregation, and is looked on as an able preacher and faithful pastor.

RESTIGOUCHE HAS ONE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

R. Hicks Carries Off Prizes at Amherst Winter Fair.

It is indeed gratifying to us to learn that one farmer in this county has had the enterprise and courage to go into scientific live stock raising, and that his effort even in so short a time have been so successful is fully borne out by the fact that in competition with farmers from all over the Maritime provinces he has succeeded in winning a number of first prizes for his dairy cattle and has also earned a name for his stock all over these provinces which will mean much in dollars and cents to him.

This farmer is R. Hicks of Dalhousie Junction and we are indeed happy to be able to congratulate him on his success, and trust that more of our farmers will follow his example.

A subscription to the Advocate make a very acceptable Christmas gift. \$1.00 to Canada or Great Britain and \$1.50 to United States addresses.

BOY SCOUTS FIGHTING CONSUMPTION

The Boy Scouts of the country, ever true to their creed, have enlisted in the battle against consumption. Under the direction of their superior officers, they are planning to do real substantial work in the selling of stamps, between now and the end of the year. Living up to their motto that each scout shall each day do some kindness to another, the boys have resolved that this slogan can be well made effective in the selling of Christmas Stamps to help on the great work being done for needy consumptives in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. In fact, the young people everywhere, in Public Schools, Sabbath Schools, and through their many different organizations, are proving themselves a wonderful help in this Christmas Stamp campaign. If no one in your town is active in this work—if you want to be active—write the Secretary of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, and learn all about the possibilities of this little one-cent Messenger of Healing.

DON'T LET THAT COUGH ROB YOU OF SLEEP

You probably know all too well how it goes. Just as you doze off, the tickling starts in your throat. A gentle cough, still asleep. A harder cough, and then another. First thing you know, you're wide awake, coughing your head off.

A few nights of that and you're so worn out and weakened that the cough takes a tight grip on you.

But why endure it?

Na-Dra-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne will soothe that exasperating tickling, loosen the phlegm and cure the inflammation of the mucous membrane. It not only stops the cough quickly, allowing you to get sound, refreshing sleep, but it goes to the root of the trouble and drives out the cold completely. Children willingly take Na-Dra-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, because it tastes so good. Your Druggist has it or can quickly get it for you in 25c. and 50c. bottles. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 115



The Longest Night

By GEO. A. FORDEN

We're grown up now; we're getting old; we dress ourselves alone; Our criss are put away and we've a bedroom all our own. It's next to Mother's room, of course, and she don't shut the door, But if she should we wouldn't care—a great deal—any more. We've left off curls for months and months; we just hate baby plays, And Mother says she's 'fraid that soon we'll lose our cunning ways; But though we are so old and big, and though we always get A lot of Christmas presents, still the thing that makes us fret Is that although We've listened so And watched and watched for Santa Claus, who brings 'em—do you know, We've never seen him yet!

On Christmas eve, when we're in bed, 'way off alone up-stairs, And Mother's come and tucked us in and heard us say our prayers And said "good night" and kissed us, and the lamp is just a spark That makes the bureau and the chairs look knobby lumps of dark, And great big shadows hide behind the open closet door, And through the window-panes the moon makes patchwork on the floor, And everything's so queer and dim and strange without the light— Then 'twould be fun to snuggle down and shut our eyes up tight So's not to see; But, no sir-ee!

Oh! Santa's coming, and we've crossed our hearts and vowed to be Wide, wide awake all night.

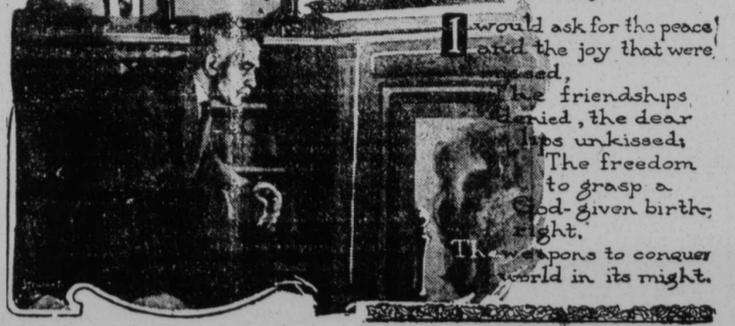
It's oh, so still! We try to talk, but always when we do It sounds so loud and plain we're glad when every whisper's through. In on the shelf of Mother's room the clock, that moves so quick When daylight's here, now takes a week for every single tick. The wind outside comes whimp'ring round and whining at the eaves, And mocking at the shivering trees, all cold without their leaves. We're certain sure we've laid awake, already, 'most a year. We're 'fraid that Santa's skipped our house and isn't coming here Then in the gloom Of Mother's room, That old clock whirs and starts to strike; we count, Boom! boom! boom! boom! What? Only ten? Oh, dear!

There never, never was a night before one half so long! It's stiller'n ever now; the wind has hushed its crying song And just hums soft and sleepy, and the bed feels warm and snug; The moon's put out its lamp and there's no patchwork on the rug. Our eyes feel sort of sticky, and we wink and wink and wink, And we don't care to whisper now, we'd rather lie and think About old Santa, how he comes around through snow and wet, And 'bout his reindeer team, and 'bout the things we're going to get. And why! well, say! It's Christmas Day! We fall asleep in spite of all; he's come and gone away, And we've not seen him yet!

60 SANTA in HEAVEN

BY FRANCES GILBREATH INGERSOLL

Could I but turn backward I would wish I might empty old time in his flight, the stocking of life, And be as a child again, Of all of its bitterness, envy, just for one night; and strife; With faith—as a child's in its Heart-hunger and longing, christmasy lore— and sorrow and ruth; That the largesse I craved And dreams unfulfilled of would be mine as of yore; that faraway youth.



The music and pleasure, the sunshine and glee; To walk "bravely shodden" the path-way to heaven. flat "tis late," I'll pray — "Of thy 'children' tho poorest I be.

The beauty of living, the clear sight to see When embers burn low on the hearth-stone of fate, Dear Santa in heaven, forget not thou me."

The chances of life, to few only given; And the whitening hair speaks the me."

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS No more chasing of rainbows, mad enough to sell her to the best There isn't gold enough, at the end to trust.

We will cut down expenses but not invite Hard Times to teach us the lessons of Economy. Besides, Hard Times doesn't tarry when folks are too busy to entertain him.

When the cow kicks the milk pail anywhere by winking at the stars and over in the New Year, we shan't get telling them they'd suit us better.

BETHLEHEM TOWN



Eugene Field

As I was going to Bethlehem-town, Upon the earth I cast me down All underneath a little tree That whispered in this wise to me: "Oh, I shall stand on Calvary And bear what burthen saveth thee!"

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town, I met a shepherd coming down. And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight Hath spread before mine eyes this night— An angel host most fair to see, That swag full sweetly of a tree That shall uplift on Calvary 'What burthen saveth you and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem-town, Let who men came that bore a crown "Is there" cried I, "in Bethlehem a King shall wear this diadem?" "Good sooth," they quoth, "and 'tis He That shall be lifted on the tree And freely shed on Calvary 'What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Into a Child in Bethlehem-town The wise men came and bro't the crown. And while the infant smiling slept, Upon their knees they fell and wept; But, with her babe upon her knee, Naught recked that Mother of the tree, That should uplift on Calvary 'What burthen saveth all and me.

Arise I wail in Bethlehem-town And think on Him that wears the crown I may not kiss His feet again, Nor worship Him as I did then; Thy King hath died upon the tree, And bath poured out on Calvary 'What blood redeemeth you and me!

FIVE MISCHIEVOUS FAIRIES AT THE ICE PALACE



No king's palace ever was so gorgeous as the Ice Palace which is built some winters on Dominion square in Montreal.

No better place can be imagined for five mischievous fairies to gather than the great Ice Palace — to play tricks on Lady Montague, Lord Mont Royal and other folks who have no titles at all.

No five fairies ever had a finer time than Gnomie, Koboldie, Pixie, Puck and Salamander on the night of which we write — and we don't know even half of the naughty things they did.

Here's one: Gnomie pulled off Lord Mont Royal's wig. A page at the Mont Royal mansion on Sherbrooke-st was blamed for this and lost his job; but the fairies took care of him.

Koboldie made Lady Montague's false hair fall off her head right before the great crowd in front of the Windsor hotel—and the maid who was discharged was also taken care of by the mischievous but kindly fairies.

Pixie, Puck and Salamander actually stole the furs from the sleigh of some very rich Canadians, as the sleighs waited around the Ice Palace. Drivers who couldn't explain how it happened suffered for this, but were provided with work by the fairy jokers.

And the five mischievous fairies seemed to have an inspiration for they began to take from the rich and give to the poor.

But if they took an ermine cape from a great lady and left it on the doorstep of a washerwoman marked "From Santa Claus," the ermine had become wolf skin by the time the washerwoman opened the package.

If braided horses' tails became unbraided, and if unbraided manes and tails became tightly woven into pretty figures, no coachman or hostler lost his job. For the fairies whispered the word "Fairy" into the ears of the owners of such outfits until the owners were deeply impressed.

Of course it made big policemen blush rosy red to tell Chief La Fontaine after the great fete was over, that the police could find only one way to explain all these strange things—FAIRIES—but Monsieur La Fontaine being a wise man, readily understood that fairies were beyond his ken, and the big policeman suffered no hardship, either. They couldn't be expected to catch fairy mischief.