

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Page 1.)

MILITARY, N. B.

Dec. 19.—A very pretty wedding took place last Wednesday evening when one of our popular young men, Mr. W. F. Morrison, and Miss Maudie D. Shipp, of Woodstock, were married. The bride looked charming in a gown of cream lace, and carried a bouquet of carnations. She was attended by Miss Alice Berry, of Marysville, who wore a pretty gown of cream cashmere with trimmings of lace and ribbons. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Angus Morrison. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hawley, and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Greenlee and took place in the pretty furnished home on Broadman street in the presence of sixty guests. After which a splendid supper was served. The groom's presents to the bride was a gold piece and to the bride's maid, Mrs. and Miss B. F. Shipp, real estate; Angus and Douglas Morrison, baronet's lamp; H. D. Morrison, china vase; Mrs. Clara Morrison, picture easel; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, silver picture stand; J. B. Sutherland and Mr. Dewar, oak hat rack; Vroom Bros., plant stand; Miss Eva McKee, set of tray cloth; Misses Ebel and Louise Morrison, oak rocker; Mr. and Mrs. Will Waters, chair; Mr. and Mrs. E. Jackson, picture; Miss A. Woodbury, picture; Miss Ludgate, photo holder; Rev. P. M. and Mrs. Morrison, Halifax, silver dish; Misses E. Blackie and Blackie Barter, china berry set; A. B. McKee, marble clock; Miss Alexander, table; Miss Nellie McBride, silver table-pot; Miss W. T. Smith, two dozen silver forks and spoons; Rev. Mr. Greenlee, dressing case; Percy Butler, carving set; Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, silver table-spoons; Julia Woodbury, two dozen silver plates; Arthur Allen, silver berry spoon; J. A. Boyd, coffee pot; Frank Holt, three dozen silver knives; Mr. R. W. Dow, napkin ring; M. J. Riley, towels; Mr. A. Harris, Japanese vase; Herb Lawlor, Turkish towel.

Mrs. F. B. Edgercomb who has been spending two weeks with her father, Mr. C. W. Eaton, left Tuesday for her home in Fredericton.

Miss Winter McAllister entertained a number of friends at her home on Monday evening with music and music.

Mr. F. P. Mearns, of Fredericton, is spending the Christmas holidays with his sister, Mrs. W. J. Graham.

A quiet wedding took place Tuesday evening at the Congregational parsonage, when Rev. Wm. Williams united in marriage Mr. Frank Baker, of the Lodge and Miss Rose Giverson, of this place. The bride wore a pretty gown of cream serge with trimmings of lace and was attended by the happy couple received a large number of handsome presents.

Mr. Geo. Todd and Miss Alice Todd will spend Christmas in St. John with friends. **CHUCK.**

WOODSTOCK.

[Phonograph for sale in Woodstock by Mr. Loane & Co.]

Dec. 19.—Mrs. Walter S. Fisher and daughter, of Fredericton, arrived in Woodstock Wednesday to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. G. Stirling Peabody leaves for St. John on Monday next on an important mission. When he returns he will be accompanied by a charming bride, one of St. John's fair daughters.

Miss Ethel Sitewell, daughter of Mr. John Stewart, superintendent of the C. P. R., returned home Tuesday on her holiday. She is now attending the Church School for Girls.

Jack Dibble, son of J. A. Allen Dibble, M. P. F., also returned from his holiday. He is now attending the University of Toronto.

Mrs. McEbert is quite seriously ill at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. D. Jordan.

Madame Davis returned from her holiday on Saturday. **CLARENCE.**

HALIFAX, Dec. 20.—The first of the three subscription concerts of the Orpheus Club took place last night, Dec. 18, and was regarded from the standpoint of a full house and an indulgent audience, was undoubtedly a financial success, though in the opinion of those who know what good music is, not a musical success in any sense. The choruses were, perhaps, the best feature of the evening. They were well managed and sung with expression and good finish. The soloists did their work well, considering the difficulties they labored under with regard to the possession of their orchestra accompaniment. The songs by Mrs. J. McD. Taylor and Mrs. Kennedy Campbell were beautifully rendered, the last mentioned lady receiving an enthusiastic encore after singing "Glorious Thomas" "Winds in the Trees" in a most exquisite manner. Mrs. Taylor's beautiful voice hardly showed to advantage in a song called "Last Night." The words were pretty but the music uninteresting and I thought only saved from inferiority by the skill of the singer. Mr. Cummings, Mr. Shute and Mr. Metale did well, particularly the last mentioned gentleman. Mr. Metale's work showed a lack of sufficient preparation. Mrs. Haggarty also sang in a pleasing manner. The work done by the violin, as accompanied in Rumbert's cantata, "The Lay of the Bell," was not good. The violinists are young men, not very efficient performers on their instruments. Two recent additions to the orchestra, who occupy a prominent place as one of the second violins, are young ladies of about fifteen years, who play in the second and third position only.

"That orchestra," I heard some one remark near me, is a farce. There are too many children in it. They play well enough as children, I suppose, but they don't seem to have any idea of tone, whatever. There are only two young ladies among all the second, who have any right to be there—I mean with the exception of their leader, who is a clever young musician. I have heard them both play and they do very well. They at least know what is meant by time, and I could understand why they are sitting among those little girls where they have no chance of being heard."

I know nothing of these matters, I simply give the conversation, but I must say that I thought the speaker quite right. I was sitting near the front and from having once played in an orchestra myself, was pretty well able to judge. The time in the trio of Schubert's "Marche Militaire," was bad, very bad indeed among the second violins, with the exception, thus above mentioned. In Reissner's overture, "The Mill on the Calve," things went rather better. Love's Dream After the Bell," was encored, and to try. It is not very new but the air is catchy, and I have heard it said that Halifax audience do not appreciate classical music. One very objectionable feature of the whole entertainment was the tuning of the violins on the stage, but considering that the club members are nearly all amateurs I do not hesitate to pronounce the concert very satisfactory, and with them equal success for the making two numbers yet to come. A change among the violins, is everybody's opinion, would be most desirable, particularly for the sake of the chorus singers behind who suffer most, perhaps, from the well meaning efforts of the young violinists.

A Christmas Suggestion.

There is one way in which the holiday season is more or less of a nuisance to people of limited means. This is mainly because we try to make a better show than our income will allow, and are not honest enough to do the best we can and let the rest go. Somebody has suggested that a good way to be to give presents only to those of smaller means than yourself.

CHRISTMAS WITH DICKENS.

His Daughter Tells of A Merry Christmas as Gave's Hill.

Our Christmas day dinners at "Gad's Hill" were particularly bright and cheery, some of our nearest neighbors joining in the home party. Dinner on all occasions, plain day and holiday, was served, by my father's special desire, la Russe. But on Christmas day this rule was infringed sufficiently to permit the appearance at the table of our holiday pudding. The Christmas plum pudding had its own special dish of colored "repousse" china, ornamented with holly. The pudding was placed on this with a sprig of real holly in the centre, lighted, and in this state placed in front of my father, its arrival being always the signal for applause. A prettily decorated table was his special pleasure, and from my earliest girlhood the care of this devolved upon me. When I had nothing in readiness he would come with me to inspect the result of my labors, before dressing for dinner, and no word except of praise ever came to my ears. He was a wonderfully neat and rapid carver and I am happy to say taught me some of his skill in this. I asked to help him in our parties at "Gad's Hill," by carving at a side table, remaining to my seat opposite him as soon as my duty was ended. In a large party he sat at the centre of one of the sides of the table, I directly opposite, facing him. On Christmas day we all had our glasses filled, and then my father, raising his, would say, "Here's to us all. God bless us!" and toast which he rapidly and willingly drank. His conversation, as might be imagined, was often extremely humorous, and I have seen the servants, who were waiting at table, convulsed often with laughter at his droll remarks and stories. Now, as I recall these gatherings, my sight grows blurred with tears that rise to my eyes.

A Disposition to Christmas Toys.

Most of the Christmas presents in my boyhood days, says a clever writer, were designed by the manufacturers for the hanging stocking. Anything too big to go into a stocking had to go over to somebody's birthday. In any family where there was more than one child, the old reliable "Noah's Ark" was always looked for. We waited, with exclamations of astonished recognition, Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messieurs and Mesdames Shem, Ham and Japhet. There was no way of telling the men and women apart; they were exactly alike; but the elephant and giraffe you could distinguish at a glance, on account of the spots on the giraffe. So also the dog and the cow; because the cow was always white and blue, while the dog was invariably plain blue. Within twenty-four hours after the landing on Ararat, the baby would have all the paint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor would be sent for. He told us, once a year, returning with the breathless messenger, to keep the candy out of the baby's reach, and let it wait itself on the rest of the antediluvians. It found them to its liking. The red monkey climbing a red stick was another regular Christmas visitor. He was highly esteemed as a light luncheon by the baby. It never seemed to effect the infant unpleasantly, to himself that is; although the cloudy symphony in red and blue about his innocent mouth was apt to make the holder shiver. But it made the monkey look sick. Then there was a soldier on a box, with a major-general uniform beating a drum. You turn a crank, the general lifted his sticks high in the air, and something in the box made a noise as much like a drum as a peal of thunder is like a piccolo. These things as toys were of no great value, but as practical and useful objects lessons they were beyond all price, on the minus side.

The Christmas Tree in Germany.

Every family in Germany has a Christmas tree; even the very poorest affords a branch of green and a few decorations. A few years ago it was quite the custom, or very poor people to make a little pyramid of wood which they covered with green paper, and on which they pinned their ornaments. This pyramid would keep, and be used season after season. This custom, however, has entirely disappeared. The tree there is trimmed somewhat differently from ours. Candles and tinsel ornaments are of course used, but the Germans employ also a great deal of tissue paper in the dressing of their trees. They make paper flowers and fasten them on and chains of tissue paper take the place, in a measure, of our noisy popcorn strings; for popcorn, and indeed all kinds of corn, are entirely unknown to the Germans. No presents are ever hung on the tree; they are always laid under it on the table or beside it. Cornucopias are rarely seen, or indeed anything to hold candy, for much less candy is eaten in Germany than in America. On Christmas Eve the tree is lighted for the first time, but allowed to burn only a few minutes, then every evening of the week between Christmas and New Year it is lighted up again. The "Weihnachtsmann," or "Christmas-man," plays an important part in every German child's imagination, as Santa Claus is that of the American child.

Christmas When I Was a Boy.

Hanging up our stockings when I was a boy, says Burdette, was not the hollow farce which it now is. There were fireplaces by which stockings could be hung. To hang a collection of stockings of assorted sizes around a black and cheerless register, smelling of sulphur from defective heaters, is a proclamation. And hanging them in front of a cold and clammy steam radiator should be prohibited by law. It tends to make children skeptical and atheistic. In the old days Kris Kringle had a broad chimney to come down, and a fireplace as big as a store box to jump out of. There was a mantel-piece like unto a side-board from which the stockings depended. Sometimes, if a long stocking was hung in the middle, insecurely held by a pin, the draft would draw it partly into the fireplace during the night. Then the whole family would be aroused, and we would go shuffling about the house like so many shivering phantoms, hunting for the fire.

Christmas Carols.

The first Christmas carol, as Milton and Jeremy Taylor have said, was sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. This custom has prevailed in most Christian countries and is perpetuated in England

and on the continent. Calabrian minstrels still leave their mountains during the last days preceding Christmas for Naples or Rome, saluting with their wild music the shrines of the Virgin Mother, to cheer her until the birth hour of the infant Jesus, now near at hand. The first Christmas carols were hymns in honor of the nativity. They afterward assumed a more secular character, many of them being songs of revelry accompanying festivities of the season.

CHRISTMAS ON A TRAIN.

How Santa Claus Came to a Little Girl on a Pullman Car.

In a through Pullman from Denver to St. Louis were a number of ladies and gentlemen; but, best of all, a widow and a pretty little girl. I half wondered what the pretty little girl was to have for Christmas, seeing that no chimney led down from the roof, but my speculations were rather vague, and I forgot the little girl to think of my own dear relatives. Christmas eve. When the bells were let down and the passengers began to retire, I came in to look after my own. As I strolled down the aisle I saw a tiny little stocking hanging on side the berth where the little girl lay with her mother. I brought up all kinds of strange feelings, and I added my share to the general contribution.

Old Santa Claus must have been en route to St. Louis that night, for the way he stuffed and jammed that stocking full of fruit, candy, money, trinkets and the like, and then filled handkerchiefs until they were great round balls and tied them on, was simply wonderful. It did seem as though Santa Claus had no one else in the world to take care of. Next morning I enjoyed watching the widow and the little one. They were the special pets of the occasion, and every one came round and said something kind to the child. But the effort on the passengers generally was the best of all. It brought them together, and every one said merry Christmas and wished everybody else all kinds of good luck, and we were all well acquainted and thoroughly sociably. I tell you it takes little children to bind human hearts together and make the world one genial happy family.

Rev. Plink Plunk on Santa Claus.

Above all things keep their children as long as possible; don't make ole men come on ole den before dey're able to talk. Feed dem an' please dem eben ef ya hab to make a kine ob a little tool ob yerself in doin' it. Keep up de sweet, innocent, childish belief on Sandy Claws as long as possible; dey'll fine out de shams-ob life soon enuff. Ef de round faced tot insists on writin' a letter to Sandy Claws help him to hold de pen an' guide de little hand as it scrawls de names ob de abidles he wants for Christmas on de paper, a pony an' cah, an' a billy goat wid long horns, an' a hobby hoss, an' so on; put it in an envelope an' put de address on, an' two cent stamp, den take de baby by de hand to de conner lamp post box an' hold him in your arms so's he kin post de letter hisself, an' ye don't feel like a better man after yer little act, den I gib ye up as being reetotally bad. De lies dat 'parents tell der little uns, deah breddern, in order to keep dem from gittin' 'rabby' an' ole fashioned before dere time are written down in gold letters on de right side of dere account by de reebidin' angel, while de ole habid truff would only cause de angel to heave a sigh for de empty liver ob de poor child'ren who know all about deah ol' Sandy Claws as soon as dey are able to lip his name.

When Christmas was Christmas.

It seems to me, says a gentle humorist the sun sets fairer and lovelier than the sunrise—that there was something more Christmas about Christmas when I was a boy. Its pleasures were simpler, its gifts were cheaper and heartier. At least I cannot remember to have read, save in these later years, articles in family journals and magazines bewailing the burden of toil and worry and expense in the planning and making or purchasing of Christmas presents. "Kris Kringle" we called every man after yer little act, den I gib ye up as being reetotally bad. De lies dat 'parents tell der little uns, deah breddern, in order to keep dem from gittin' 'rabby' an' ole fashioned before dere time are written down in gold letters on de right side of dere account by de reebidin' angel, while de ole habid truff would only cause de angel to heave a sigh for de empty liver ob de poor child'ren who know all about deah ol' Sandy Claws as soon as dey are able to lip his name.



MR. GEO. MERRETT, Toronto, Ontario.

As Well as Ever

After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured of a Serious Disease.

"I was suffering from what is known as Bright's disease for five years, and for days at a time I have been unable to straighten myself up. I was in bed for three weeks; during that time I had leeches applied and derived no benefit. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found relief before I had finished taking half of a bottle. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and since taking the second bottle I feel as well as ever I did in my life." Geo. Merrett, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy of action. Sold by all druggists, 25c.

THE LATE CHARLES GOUNOD.

THE GREAT FRENCH COMPOSER WHOSE SACRED MUSIC HAS BREATHED FORTH THE PRAYER OF A GENERATION.



With the beautiful 'Ave Maria' in one's mind, one must almost feel a reverence for its creator. Gounod sang but the prayer that was in his very soul, and all the world has felt its influence. His words of praise for a tonic that strengthened and sustained him in his declining years is one of the most valued tributes to the great 'Vin Mariani.' He says: 'Honor to 'Vin Mariani,' that admirable wine which has so often restored my strength.' No other tonic so quickly restores strength and energy when weakened by brain exhaustion, nervous depression, fatigue, dyspepsia or sleeplessness, and it hastens convalescence after confinements and fevers.

Ask your druggist or grocer for an album, free of charge, containing 33 portraits of celebrated people who have testified to the excellence of 'Vin Mariani.'

Do Your Eyes Trouble You?

If so get your eyes tested at Tremaine's Optical, No. 81 King St., and get a pair of his RELIABLE SPECTACLES OF EXTRA-GLASS and you will find them a great relief, and probably cure you of that headache that has so long been troubling you.

Eyes tested scientifically and glasses warranted to fit perfectly. Made up in all kinds of serviceable frames from \$1 to \$10.00.

Solid Gold, Gold Filled, Aluminum, Silver, Steel and Steel and Gold.

From "Out of town" custom send "ups for test card."

W. TREMAINE, Optician, No. 81 King St., St. John, N. B.

Just a Little Too Much.

Q.—Have you not stolen anything?
A.—No, sir.
Q.—What, never stolen anything? (Looking around in horror.)
A.—I insist—
Q.—(breaking in)—Naturally! (Sardonically.)
A.—But, sir—
Q.—But me no buts. I ask you a simple question: you grow confused. Why, if you are innocent, lingering on the "innocent" do you get confused?
A.—I can explain—
Q.—Oh, we want no explanations.
A.—But—
Q.—Excused!
A.—Sir, I—
Q.—Step down! You're excused. Step down, sir! We have had we want of you. This is no police court scene. It is just a sample of Lawyer Goff's questioning of a witness before the Lexow committee. It is just a little too much.

No Wonder Stevenson Died.

Probably it will be denied that the late Robert Louis Stevenson died a victim of the cigarette habit, but he was a devoted slave to it, all the same. From 100 to 150 cigarettes a day was his requirement. When he started on a slow sailing vessel from England for Samoa he carried 200 boxes of cigarettes with him, and then, fearing that he might run short, he had a large reserve supply of tobacco and paper. Everybody who met the distinguished author will recall the cigarette that he always held in his dainty fingers, and he didn't hesitate to inhale the smoke. We recall the fact that when he visited Boston a few years ago, he on one occasion got into a horse car with a lighted cigarette in his hand. Being informed by the conductor that it would be necessary for him to get rid of it, he rung the bell and got off and walked. So he kept his cigarette.

A Serbian Christmas Dinner.

The poorest family in Serbia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until good, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs are sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow. The feasting room is symbolically strewn with straw.

Jack Pot For Christmas.

"No ma'am," said the grocer, making a great clattering among his tins; "I have coffee-pots and tea-pots, but there isn't such a thing as a jack-pot in the store."
"I'm so sorry," wailed the young wife; "you see, we haven't been married long and my husband's mother has always cooked for him, and when I heard him talking in his sleep about a jack-pot I thought I'd get one, for he mentions it so often he must be used to it. Could you tell me what they cook in it?"
"Greens, ma'am," said the grocer, and he sent her to the tin store in the next block.

Christmas in Heaven.

There is a little tot of 6 years who has proved herself one of the ministering children—not in name only. A few weeks ago the baby of the family died. The children as well as the mother had looked forward to hanging up baby's stocking at Christmas with a great deal of pleasure. But the loss of the baby brought such anguish to

Christmas Meats.

THOS. DEAN, CITY MARKET.

Mack's Double Starch.

Ready for Immediate Use.
Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS.

Requires no other addition and no preparation.

By using Mack's Double Starch the iron glides smoothly and rapidly over the linen, converting a temper-souring and irksome task into a positive pleasure.

Magnificent Gloss.

and an extraordinary degree of Stiffness and Elasticity obtained by using Mack's Double Starch. The operation of ironing, usually so tedious and difficult, is rendered so simple and easy that any inexperienced person can do it.

Mack's Double Starch saves much valuable time and labor. The process: Simplicity itself.

No sticking of irons!
The result: Absolute Perfection!

By the peculiar action of the ingredients in this starch upon the fibre of linen, &c., all articles regularly starched with it will wear for years without tearing.

Samples of Mack's wonderful Starch mailed free on receipt of address.

Dearborn & Co., Agents, St. John, N. B.

For sale by all first-class Grocers.

Xmas Groceries

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

XMAS GROCERIES

AT BONNELL'S GROCERY, 200 UNION ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

SCHOOLS.

.....

The Ideal School Desk.

.....

Perfect Shape, Purely Automatic, Pretty Design.

Simple, Strong, Durable.

Send for Special Catalogue and Prices.

Office Specialty M'fg Co.,

118 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Christmas Photos.

Parties desiring PHOTOS would do well to send our samples and prices before ordering. A beautiful Cabinet Frame GIVEN AWAY with every dozen Cabinets.

.....

ISAAC ERB, 13 Charlotte St.

A New Store for Xmas.

The newest and nicest goods at

A. N. GRAY & CO'S.

For goods in many varieties and styles. Everything to please everybody. Christmas Presents and Stockings. A nice present cannot be found at our store.

.....

A. N. GRAY & CO., - KING ST.