

THE UNION ADVOCATE.

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W. N. DUCHEMIN L. B. MCMURDO Manager. Managing Director. NEWCASTLE, N. B. DEC. 21, 1909.

THE SURPLUS

The large surplus of revenue over the ordinary expenditure, announced by the minister of finance, will be gratifying to all Canadians as showing that the business of Canada, as compared with that of other nations, is in a healthy condition.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY

Premier Asquith of the United Kingdom has formally promised Home Rule for Ireland if his government is returned at the coming elections; and in consequence, the Irish Nationalist League has in convention assembled.

The home rule promised is not complete independence as offered by Gladstone, but a measure of autonomy which will give the Irish parliament complete control over all merely Irish affairs.

Ireland has been receiving large instalments of tardy justice the last few years. 303,000 of her peasants are now landholders, 230,000 having acquired land of their own.

DINNER BELL MUSIC.

The music of the dinner-bell is always welcome to the healthy man or woman—like to the working man or woman who eats a plain meal at noonday.

JUNCTION HOUSE, CHATHAM JUNCTION.

Under New Management since Sept. 1st, 1909. Terms moderate. EDGAR VYE, PROPRIETOR.

REMEMBER THE POOR

The great festive season is upon us. Everybody should be happy. Don't let us forget the poor, for such can be found in the most progressive towns and counties.

SUDDEN DEATHS ON THE INCREASE.—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are stricken down, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause.

ADVICE FROM A FARMER

There is a deal of truth in these words from an article by Mr. John Campbell, an Ontario farmer, in the Christmas Farmers' Advocate:

If the present day young men of the Eastern Provinces were willing to undergo such hardships, live so sparingly, and be content with shacks for many years as thousands of those who go West are compelled to do, verily many sections in the East now cultivated not half, and that done in a half hearted and more expensive manner, would soon become Midlothians and Midlands in Canada.

Mr. Campbell in his younger days was a farm boy, compelled to much rough work. He thought often about going to some city and getting a job in a store.

A SOUR STOMACH AND A SOUR TEMPER

TRAVEL hand-in-hand are the precursors of mental and physical wreck. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand food ferment (indigestion) is the cause. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet—aid digestion—keep the nerve centres well balanced—they're nature's panacea—pleasant and harmless. 35 cents.—Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 88.

THE ROBIN AT CHURCH

It was the night before Christmas in England, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food.

After a while an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed.

The Sunday school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night, so that the church might be warm for the Christmas service.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's throat, high above, among the green branches of the tree.

CASTORIA. The Kid You Had Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CHRISTMAS AND THE WHITE GOOSE

By ELLA M. PLATT. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

THE little boy and the little girl sat at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and milk.

Their papa said to their mamma: "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is. This year we must have a Christmas goose."

The little girl looked up at the little boy and smiled, and the little boy smiled back.

After breakfast the little girl and the little boy put on their caps and coats and started off for the barnyard.

They met a big, old, fat duck. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

The big, old, fat duck shook her head. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

They met a big, old, fat hen. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

The big, old, fat hen shook her head. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

They met a big, old, fat guinea hen. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

The big, old, fat guinea hen shook her head. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy.

They met a big, old, fat white goose. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl.

The big, old, fat white goose nodded her head and fluffed her feathers and stepped proudly with her fat, yellow, webbed feet.

"Oh, goody!" shouted the little boy. "We've found our Christmas goose already."

"Oh, oh, oh! I know something," said the little girl, and she ran to the house just as fast as she could go.

And when she came back she had a lovely little holly wreath tied with beautiful long red and green ribbons.

They put the wreath over the head of the Christmas goose, and each held one of the ribbons. The Christmas goose waddled along proudly.

The guinea hens piped, the ducks quacked and the hens clucked when they saw this fine sight.

The little boy and the little girl led and drove the proud Christmas goose out to the barnyard to the green grove where all the little Christmas trees grow.

"We must have a Christmas tree for our Christmas goose," said the little girl.

"Yes, yes, Christmas goose," said the little boy, "you wait right here for us. Don't you miss your holly wreath, and don't you miss your ribbons."

The proud Christmas goose waddled gently to show how careful she would be. The little boy and the little girl ran away fast to get the things for the Christmas tree.

The little girl brought back some ears of red and yellow corn and a bunch of wheat and barley heads and a pocketful of oats.

The little boy brought back two cabbages and a yellow pumpkin and some grain. The Christmas goose became so excited when she saw these things that she waddled too fast.

"Wait a minute, Christmas goose!" cried the little boy, and he placed his things on the ground near the tree.

"It isn't quite time, Christmas goose," cried the little girl, and she fastened her things on the tree.

"Now, Christmas goose," said the little girl, "we will go and invite all your friends to come and see our beautiful tree."

So the little girl picked up her ribbon, and the little boy picked up his ribbon, and they led and drove the Christmas goose back to the barnyard. But it was hard work, for the Christmas goose wanted to turn her head all the time to look at the Christmas tree.

At the barnyard all the chickens and all the ducks and all the guinea hens stood still to admire the fine Christmas goose in her holly wreath and ribbons.

"Oh, chicken!" said the little boy. "Oh, duck!" said the little girl. "Oh, guinea hen!" said the little girl. "Oh, my, my, my!" said the Christmas goose, and she looked at the Christmas tree.

The children clucked, and the ducks quacked, and the guinea hens piped, and they all stood themselves up on a long row and ran around at a trot.

and around after the little girl and the little boy driving their Christmas goose.

The little boy and the little girl scattered corn and wheat and oats all over the ground around the Christmas tree. The chickens and the ducks and the guinea hens ate the corn and ate. The Christmas goose ate, too, but she ate very proudly.

raised her head every few minutes to shake her holly wreath.

"High-ho! What's this?" "Mercy! What's all this?"

"This is the Christmas tree," shouted the little boy.

"And the Christmas goose is the best thing there is," said the little girl.

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A BIT OF CHRISTMAS

By C. E. WYMAN. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

IT was Christmas morning and very, very cold. Every few minutes a traman would come through the car, watching carefully a dial faced thermometer and stopping to turn screws of the heating apparatus in persistent attempts to keep the pointing finger at 70 degrees.

Despite the discomfort of close air, which was none too warm at best, the passengers in the main were joyous faces and didn't seem to consider the numerous packages and bundles an annoyance.

From a wayside station, which looked as if it had never been neighbor to any house where human beings lived, a poor little girl entered and dropped into a seat where an overcoat told that its owner was probably in the smoking car.

The child did not notice this, and in her ignorance of travel it would have made no difference if she had. She might have been eight or ten years old, but that air of self reliance was hers which poverty's child often acquires very young, yet there was nothing forward or "bold" in her appearance.

Her dress was of the scantiest—a thin cotton gown, barely concealing the lack of suitable underwear; a little worn shoulder shawl and a battered straw hat.

When the conductor appeared the hand which presented her half fare ticket was red with cold, but the small person lifted to him a wonderfully frank face and confidently informed him that she was going to grandma's for Christmas and that the package she clutched in her other hand contained cookies for grandma.

The conductor smiled down at her. A pitying smile it was, as he thought of his own well fed, well clothed children, with whom he expected to eat a late Christmas dinner when his run was over. The smile lingered on his face as he passed to the next seat and saw that its occupants had heard.

Two women sat in the seat, strangers to each other and as unlike as two persons made on the same general principles could be. One was tall, dignified, young, wrapped in costly furs, everything about her showing the person who never lacked money or leisure; the other, stout, jolly, elderly, comfortable—a kindly and well to do woman.

The two had traveled miles and miles side by side with not a word passed between them.

Now both sat with eyes fixed on the forlorn bit of humanity in front of them. Suddenly the younger woman opened her traveling bag and took from it a soft gray shawl. It was at least two yards long and half as wide. Folding it together, she touched the little wail, saying in a low tone, "Stand up, my dear." The child obeyed wonderingly, and this woman in the costly furs placed the folded shawl around the small shoulders, crossed it in front and, bringing the ends to the back, pinned them securely.

"It is yours to keep," she whispered—"a Christmas present." Then, turning to the woman at her side, she said apologetically, "I really did not need it myself." There was a blink of tears in her eyes.

"Well, now," the older woman exclaimed in admiration, "you just set me to thinking! I'm really ashamed that I didn't think of doing something myself. Here, I've got two pairs of mittens for my grandson—just about her size—in my hand bag, and he can't wear out more than one pair this winter. Besides, I can knit another. It's nothing at all to knit mittens." She was busily undrawing the strings of an enormous silk bag, but her glasses were blurred, and her fingers were clumsy with haste.

"What's your name, little girl? Katie? Well, hold out your hands, Katie. My! Aren't they a good fit! There's another Christmas present to keep. And here's a frosted cake. Just eat it right now, Katie. Your grandma won't need it, with all those you've got in your bundle."

The child again obeyed. She did not say, "Thank you." Possibly she did not know how, but she seemed to glow all over, and her eyes returned thanks even if her timid lips did not.

"I'm proud to know you, my dear," the roly poly, comfortable woman said now to the young lady, for she had been saying to herself all the while: "You're the right sort. I can see that."

"And I am proud to know you," the other responded, almost shyly offering her hand, which was quickly buried in a big, warm grasp. "We all long to be of service at Christmas time, you know."

At that instant the man of the overcoat sauntered in to resume his seat. He gave a low whistle of surprise at the happy little traveler near the window, glanced at the two women and comprehended the situation. His right hand made a quick dive into his trousers pocket as if to get some money. In another instant he withdrew it and reached up to the rack overhead and lifted down a large paper bundle. Taking the bundle across the aisle to an empty seat, he opened it and took out a smaller package from among many others. Untying this package, he brought to light a daven haired doll dressed in the latest style and resplendent in a large picture hat. This he placed in the little girl's arms, saying, "I hope you'll like it." Then he turned to the woman at her side and said, "I've got a present for you, too. It's a pair of mittens."

My papa says he doesn't care a fig for big clothespresses, But what he wants is plenty room, And that he'll have, he guesses.

But I don't care how little 'tis, A palace or a shanty, I want a chimney big enough To let in dear old Santy!

THE BEST FUN OF ALL.

"Yes, and it is quite true, papa," said the little girl. "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is! Why, a Christmas goose is just lots of fun!" "Yes, mamma," said the little boy. "A Christmas goose is the best fun of all."

Christmas Chimes in Many Climes. Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness. In America almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Germany they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Everywhere the Christmas tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a whole tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place, hung with the few simple gifts.

A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ Child will bring them on Christmas eve.

It is a very usual thing to see on a German Christmas tree, way up in the very topmost branch, an image or doll representing the Christ Child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings.

After the tree is lighted the family gather round it and sing a Christmas hymn.

In England almost every one who can do so has a family party on Christmas eve. Young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to Christmas time.

From the ceiling of one of the rooms a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If any little maid is caught standing under it the one who catches her has a right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

In Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoe in the chimney place ready for gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the twenty-fifth day of December the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the message the angels brought to Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

LOOKING OUT FOR SANTY.

By GERALD PRIME. My mamma, when we build our house, Wants plenty closets in it. She says she'll tell the architect That's how he must begin it.



My papa says he doesn't care a fig for big clothespresses, But what he wants is plenty room, And that he'll have, he guesses.

But I don't care how little 'tis, A palace or a shanty, I want a chimney big enough To let in dear old Santy!

Vapo-Cresolene. Established 1877. FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA. Vapo-Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. It overcomes Croup, soothes the inflamed membrane, and acts not only where Croup is used. It acts directly on the inflamed membrane, soothes the throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma. Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.

HELP WANTED. We want a reliable man with a wife, capable of handling a horse. Terms: \$100 per month, board and expenses, with advance commission. Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, 10c. Leeming, Miles Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives? THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.



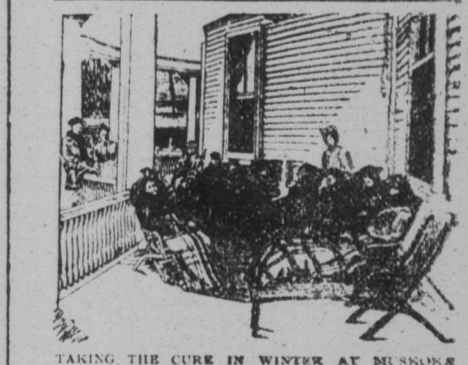
MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES. MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily: John D. McNaughton, New Liskeard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions under which he is offered no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance? NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion. For the week ending November 20th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a cent for their maintenance absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a week. No one pays more than \$4.00. Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

Will you help?

Where greater urgency? Daily Canada's greatest charity. Send your contribution to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, Muskoka, Ontario.