

Christmas 1892

The following will serve to give a faint idea of what the

SALTER BRICK STORE

is offering, at reduced prices, — for the —

HOLIDAY SEASON

Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Fancy Buck Moccasins

Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

OVER SHOES

Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

City Croquet

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Alsaka Overshoes

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Cardigan Overshoes

Boy's & Youth's

FASHIONED

Legged Larrakins

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Skating Boots

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

BOOTS & SHOES

— BESIDES —

A full line of all other kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Men's and Boy's in hand and made up Ties. Men's and Boy's Mittens, in Silk and fine Wool. Men's and Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs, Men's, Ladies' and Kid Gloves & Mitts.

Men's South Seal, Persian Lamb and other Fur Caps.

Men's and Boy's imitation South Seal and Persian Lamb Caps. Men's Coon & Australian Bear Coats, Buffalo and Goat Sleigh Robes, Wool Sleigh Wraps and Rugs. Boy's and Men's Reefing Jackets & Overcoats, Sack, Mantle, Ulster, Scalette, and Black and Grey Astracan Cloths.

Ladies', Misses', Boy's & Children's, Wool Hosiery — AND —

Knit Legging.

Men's, Ladies', Misses', & Boy's

SKATES

And all other kinds of

GENERAL

STAPLE MERCHANDISE

— IN —

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES

Hardware.

Groceries,

Flour,

Fish,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

John Ferguson.

Newcastle, Dec. 11, 1892.

ABBOTT'S Resigned.

But I am holding forth at

THE OLD STAND,

where I am prepared to sell

FOR CHRISTMAS

my entire stock of Goods

AT COST.

As the stock is mine and all paid for I can do just as I please with it and intend to sacrifice them rather than hold them over. What cannot be sold at cost will be sold at largely reduced prices as they must be cleared out. The beams of my building are all sprung from pressure of stock and I must get clear of it. My stock consists in part as follows:—

FLOUR

Jersey Lily, Stockwell, and Ogilvie's Hungarian—which makes 20 loaves more than any other brand per bbl.

MEAL

Standard and Rolled Oatmeal, Corn Meal, the Cheapest in town

Family Groceries,

a choice stock of every description at very low prices; Molasses as clear as crystal. Teas—strong as the old boy. I have natives of China and Barbadoes as my agents they can select better than I can. Raisins, Currants, Essences, Canned Goods of the best brands and qualities, Syrups—in Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Orange, Pine Apple, Lime Juice, etc.

MEATS

Mess Pork, Plate Beef, Fresh Beef, Pork and Poultry always on hand and sold very cheap.

Dry Goods.

Dress Goods, Clothing, Linens, Dressing Sticks, Mitts, Hats, Caps, Cotton and Wool Blankets; 1 inch thick, Flannel and Cotton Shirts etc.

J. HURLEY'S BOOTS & SHOE S

No split leather, all solid, never or hardly ever wear out, in all sizes and styles. I have \$1200 worth, in stock and am expecting \$2000 worth more daily.

Toys and Fancy Goods.

I have a large variety of Fancy Goods, just what the boys want to give the girls for Christmas, come and see them.

Cast all gloom away and come to my well known store for your Christmas Supplies.

M. BANNON.

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

MILLINERY

— FOR —

CHRISTMAS.

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets.

Feathers, Wings, Birds, Fancy Ornaments, Jet Trimmings, Fancy Gilt and Chenille Cords, Silks, Plushes, Velvets, Crapes, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Veilings, Children's Tam O'Shanter, Ladies and Gents' Neckties, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Brooches and Necklaces, etc. Customers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect my stock at the Corner Store, McKean building.

Jennie E. Wright.

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

CHRISTMAS

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets.

Feathers, Wings, Birds, Fancy Ornaments, Jet Trimmings, Fancy Gilt and Chenille Cords, Silks, Plushes, Velvets, Crapes, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Veilings, Children's Tam O'Shanter, Ladies and Gents' Neckties, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Brooches and Necklaces, etc. Customers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect my stock at the Corner Store, McKean building.

Jennie E. Wright.

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

CHRISTMAS

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets.

Feathers, Wings, Birds, Fancy Ornaments, Jet Trimmings, Fancy Gilt and Chenille Cords, Silks, Plushes, Velvets, Crapes, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Veilings, Children's Tam O'Shanter, Ladies and Gents' Neckties, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Brooches and Necklaces, etc. Customers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect my stock at the Corner Store, McKean building.

Jennie E. Wright.

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

CHRISTMAS

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets.

Feathers, Wings, Birds, Fancy Ornaments, Jet Trimmings, Fancy Gilt and Chenille Cords, Silks, Plushes, Velvets, Crapes, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Veilings, Children's Tam O'Shanter, Ladies and Gents' Neckties, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Brooches and Necklaces, etc. Customers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect my stock at the Corner Store, McKean building.

Jennie E. Wright.

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

CHRISTMAS

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets.

Feathers, Wings, Birds, Fancy Ornaments, Jet Trimmings, Fancy Gilt and Chenille Cords, Silks, Plushes, Velvets, Crapes, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Veilings, Children's Tam O'Shanter, Ladies and Gents' Neckties, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Brooches and Necklaces, etc. Customers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect my stock at the Corner Store, McKean building.

Jennie E. Wright.

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

CHRISTMAS

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets.

The Union Advocate

NEWCASTLE, NIPAMIOHI, N. B.

Christmas, December 25, 1892.

CHRISTMAS.

The time-honored festival of

Christmas is approaching, and in a few more days it will be here. To us it is a matter of little moment that The Christ was not born on the 25th December, the day that Pope Julius, in the fourth century selected to commemorate the most important event in human history. For nearly fifteen hundred years the whole Christian world has celebrated it upon that day, and the sacred associations that so many centuries have entwined around it have consecrated and rendered it sacred to every intelligent and civilized man, no matter what may be his faith or religious belief. Many centuries before the founder of Christianity appeared upon this earth and preached his religion of peace, love and charity, and announced the glad tidings of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, the inhabitants of the old heathen world, on the same day, celebrated in their magnificent temples their most brilliant rites to the gods that they adored. Their reason for selecting this season of the year as the one in which to offer praise and thanks to the gods can be easily accounted for as it was the winter solstice or the birth of the sun. It is then, as the earth draws nearer the sun, the days begin to lengthen and nature gives promise of another summer. It was then that the Egyptian youth brought branches of palm to the temple of Horus, who killed the god of darkness and introduced into Egypt civilization and the arts; the Persians sang the birth of Mithras; the dreamy Hindoo uttered his cry to Vishnu; and the Romans celebrated their saturnalia.

At the time that the birth of Christ began to be celebrated, the whole world, with the exception of a few scattered communities of Christian converts, was pagan. All that was great in art and in literature, had been the work of men, who, either knew little or nothing of Christianity, or who hated or despised it. The whole civilized world lay at the mercy of pagan Rome, whose armed legions had conquered and still held it in its iron grasp. How should Christianity, which had originated in a despised and distant province of the Roman Empire, make its way against the thousand and one influences gathered to oppose it? Yet this task it accomplished in a comparatively brief period, for shortly after Constantine, in the fourth century of the Christian era, became Emperor, Christianity was declared the religion of the State.

So closely at this period had Rome's old time-honored pagan festivities been interwoven with the national and social life of the nation, the government as well as the church found that it was impossible to completely abolish them. They, however, eliminated from them all that was inconsistent with the spirit and ethics of Christianity, but retained all that was most picturesque and beautiful and which appealed most powerfully to the noblest and most exalted elements in human nature. The result was this Christian festival which proclaimed peace on earth and good will towards men. This was the divine idea which not only quickened and gave it life but distinguished and exalted it above all the other religious beliefs and faiths that had preceded it in the world. Since then many centuries have elapsed during which the world has witnessed many great and wonderful changes, but throughout them all the new faith of the despised Nazarene, with its great Christmas festival, retained a prominent place in the hearts of the people of every

country and every clime to which its missionaries had gone preaching the doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love.

As civilization has advanced in refinement, the character of the great Christmas festival has materially changed; but the change has been for the better as it has made Christmas a day not only of rejoicing but of charity to all. In the middle ages the Christmas celebration largely partook of the nature of a revel and was a season of great, and sometimes, excessive festivities. But now the Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason, which, in those rude ages, took such a prominent part in the observance of the day, have been banished and their place taken by other customs, some of which have attained their highest development within a comparatively recent period. The tendency of all these customs is to make Christmas a day not only of rejoicing but of kindness and charity to all. "Peace on earth, good will to men" was the noble sentiment that the Saviour taught and endeavored to instill into the hearts and minds of those who became his followers, and to give this sentiment a practical application is the aim and object of the modern Christian festival.

Upon Christmas day, the scattered members of the family will be gathered together once again to exchange kindly greetings and mutual good wishes, and if the angel of death has invaded the family circle, the vacant chair and the whispered regret of those present will recall the memory of the loved and lost one.

One of the marked features of the modern observance of Christmas is the affectionate recognition which the claims of children receive on that day. To them the coming of Christmas is looked forward to as that delightful period which brings presents from loving relatives and friends in addition to those "pleasures of hope" which are connected with the hanging up of stockings upon Christmas-eve, and the finding of them filled with all the delicacies of the season early Christmas morning. By a broadening of this sentiment, the poor, the forsaken, and the wretched, become allied with children in their helplessness, and share with them in the good offices of humanity in this gracious time. Yes, the charity and humanity which is not only taught but practiced at this season, is the noblest and best work of the modern Christmas festival, and no man did more towards bringing it about than the late Charles Dickens, by the publication of his Christmas Carols some fifty years ago.

We conclude with a wish that the coming of Christmas may never fail to arouse the best and the noblest of our sympathies, and hoping that the spirit of "Good will toward men," heralded by angels on the plains of Bethlehem, may at this season reign in every heart.

THE ADVOCATE wishes to one and all of its readers

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SELECTIONS.

(FROM THE HALLFAN CRITIC.)

IN THE ACADIAN LAND.

(A Christmas Story.)

BY ELIA J. HUNTER.

In the olden days there were no grassy meadows in Acadia. Great forests of hemlock, spruce and pine covered the land. The rugged mountains were not yet shorn of their strength and made to yield up their hidden stores of mineral wealth. The rivers and lakes were teeming with salmon, while gay speckled trout found their homes in the countless brooks, whose babbling was the music of the Acadian wood. By day, the birds' notes joined the forest song; by night, there was only the rush and murmur of the water over the slippery pebbles, or the boat of the great white owl to break the dusky silence.

The Miameas roamed through this wide world, happy in the pursuit of deer. Here and there, log huts in a tiny clearing betokened a settlement of venturesome French or English folk.—

sometimes the palisade enclosed nothing but a heap of ashes, dyed crimson perhaps with blood, telling but too plainly a tale of Indian cruelty and revenge.—

Such attacks as these were seldom unprovoked, and, ere we rebuke our aboriginal friends, we should remember our indebtedness to them for the simple hospitality and lofty courtesy with which they treated our first settlers, until, following the example set them, they, too, resorted to deceit and treachery.

It was the night of the 24th of December. The ground was thickly covered with snow. The wind howled through the forest, making the stout branches creak and groan. The ravens and crows were half numbed with the piercing cold. The little white rabbits skipped over the snowy waste as if their one hope of salvation lay in the constant motion. The squirrels cracked the hazel nuts so thriftily laid by in autumn, and viewed the outside world with the smug indifference of a landed proprietor.

At the little English settlement at Rossignol the men heaped the yule-logs on the blazing hearth, and sweet memories of the distant motherland came to the hearts of the chill creatures—who shivered ever in the ruddy glow. The settlers had gathered from the outlying farms to spend the morrow together. For them no cheery church bells would ring the joyful news of Christ's birth; instead, there might be the war-whoop of the Indians—a midnight nightfall and their homes might be desolate.

The firelight falls on the sad face of a woman, as she turns from the hearth to peer out through the gloom of the thick growing trees. A shadow falls on the face of the man at her side as he watches her lovingly.

'It is cold for our boy to-night, Mark,' she whispers.

At their feet, half sat, half reclined, an Indian boy. From his lowly place he scanned the faces of the group, even when with stolid indifference to his surroundings his eyes seemed bent on the fire. At the woman's murmur, he lifted his scarred, emaciated face.

'He will again come,' he said simply. 'Your Spirit will bring him again to her who cares for the sick.'

The woman seemed not to hear him. 'They might beat my boy Mark, my own little baby-boy. The wind will chill him to-night, for the woods are so cold.'

The lad's eyes were still fixed on her. 'Whitehands,' he said softly, 'the Spirit will again bring your papoose.'

This time Martha heard Mark's face was averted, but great tears welled down his bronzed cheeks as he drew the woman closer to his side. Somewhere out in the great forest-world, their babe might be starving. It was thought that the Indians found him in the wood beyond the clearing. When last seen he had been stretching his tiny height to peer into the Red-man's soup pot. This was the hollowed butt of a beech tree. In it, according to Indian custom, the forest soup had often been made. The bones of stock had been thrown in the great hollow, two or three buckets of water added, and the whole brought to a boil by dropping in red hot stones. It was a favorite haunt of the settlers' children, and when, alarmed by an Indian hunting call, they had fled within the palisade, no one had thought of little Mark.

Martha refused to be comforted. The baby-boy was all she had. Her mind, even, seemed slightly affected, for though her hands were ever full of loving work for others, her thoughts were with the little wanderer. The older Mark was heartseer. He seemed to have lost both wife and child.

Not a sound within the fort. A whispered parley among the Indians—surely now the fatal war-cry would rouse the helpless sleepers to captivity, torture or death.

Pine-tree's face kindles with an almost savage joy as he glides to the door and noiselessly lets down the bars. The cold air stirs for a moment the dull fire, and Martha

ominously. The faces of his braves were dark and grim, their gestures stern and forbidding. Still pointing towards the ascending column of smoke, he half indicated half spoke his intentions.

To steal into the fort at midnight, to burn the log houses, to kill or, perhaps, torture the settlers, to carry off the children.

Some of the savages frowned at this. Their anger was aroused at those white men who had so treacherously stolen young Pine-tree, their chief's son. A spy had brought the report that the lad was wasted to a skeleton, and was dying.

The hunter's moon was full on the night they lost him. He was wearied with the chase, for the red deer were plentiful, and, in pursuit, he had strayed far from his fellow-hunters. The young chief had been flushed with success. The rich blood had shone warmly through his dark skin. His hunting cry was the most piercing, his bow the truest. He sped before the others with feverish impatience, and he did not return. It was only through the spy that they knew he still lived.

Of a surety there should be no mercy shown here. Even the little children must die!

Owmatiga listened impatiently to their remonstrances. Throwing back a skin of his wigwam, he pointed inside. On a bear skin, thrown over fresh fir boughs, lay a flaxen-haired boy, clad in Indian fashion. His face was rosy and smiling. His brown pudgy hands were clasped around a tiny bow. The arrows, vermillion-tinted, were at his side. Close at his feet lay the chief's dog, growling impatiently at the intruders.

'No,' said Owmatiga, gravely. 'We may bring him playmates, but we will not kill.' The dark faces softened at the sight of the child. They had found him two months ago, the very day the young chief had been lost, asleep in an old camping ground. His blue eyes had widened with the wonder of childhood, as he awakened, to find their dusky forms around him. While they considered what to do with their prize, he crept to Owmatiga, laid his head confidently against the chief's yellow moccasin, and straightway journeyed to the land of dreams.

The silver moon rose higher, shining in faint glory through the pine needles, and lighting up the tortuous forest paths, as the Miameas stole silently under the trees. The wind had completely died. Such a still white night. Only a faint crack, perhaps, as the crust yielded to the snow-shoe or the crackle of a sparkling icicle, brushed from some low bush.

A thin column of smoke still rose from within the palisade. Mark and Martha still sat before the burning embers, while the Indian lad roved about like a troubled spirit. Martha's wistful eyes were closed in sleep, and her head had found a tender pillow on Mark's breast, though his deep breathing betrayed that he, too, was lost to consciousness. The embers gleamed fitfully on the rough walls, plastered with mud and moss, on the downcast heads of the sleepers, on the scarred face of the Indian.

Mark, what was that?

Only the owl's hoot, breaking the night watch.

Again, yet again the call! Surely the owls of the whole forest must be gathering about the fort.

The lad threw his head back, sniffing the air curiously. At the second call he drew aside the curtain and peeped furtively out of the opening that served for a window.

There, in the white moonlight, stood a savage, his tomahawk glinting in his hand. Behind each tree, beyond the clearing, lurked a foe. Over the crisp snow they glided stealthily to the chief, who now and then uttered the owl cry in such perfect mockery, that the white rabbit scurried back to his hole to avoid his keen-eyed foe.

Not a sound within the fort. A whispered parley among the Indians—surely now the fatal war-cry would rouse the helpless sleepers to captivity, torture or death.

Pine-tree's face kindles with an almost savage joy as he glides to the door and noiselessly lets down the bars. The cold air stirs for a moment the dull fire, and Martha

murmurs in her dream, 'It is cold for my baby-boy, so cold.'

The great door closes silently. Pine-tree bounds over the crackling snow to the enemy. Oh! the deafening sound that rises—the Indian war-whoop strangely mingled with cries of affectionate welcome. On they dash towards the fort. Fleetest of all is Pine-tree, who tears himself from his father's embrace to lead the way. He has gained the fort door, will they enter and slay? The Indian blood is up, thrilling in every vein with strong animal emotion. Pine-tree turns to the savages who crowd about him. Is he treacherously telling them the weakness of the little creature? Listen, the war-cry is hushed as the lad speaks.

Him they found cold, they clothed. When the hungry came, free was their hand to give. When the scourge of the Red-man would have slain, gentle hands and prayers to the Spirit did cure. Then, with Indian impetuosity, out in the bitter cold, with the star crowned sky bending down in silent benediction, he told the old story of the birthday of the King.

Inside all was confusion. There was no attempt at defence. Escape was equally impossible. But what meant this lull after the opening war-whoop? Where the savages already setting the place on fire? Were the settlers to be roasted alive on their own hearthstones?

Martha still sat by the fire-place. She seemed not to heed the tumult or the frightened faces about her. The door swung slowly open. The woman shrieked as the Indians filled the room. Pine-tree knelt at Martha's feet as the braves stood about, gazing at her with almost reverential awe. Then, at his signal, they quietly withdrew. Owmatiga remained an instant to caress the white hand, and then father and son set out together for their own encampment.

On the way Pine-tree told his story how, after straying in the chase, a dizzy blindness had overtaken him, and he had fallen to the ground. How long he lay there he did not know, but, at last, Mark had found him half insensible, smitten with the small pox, so fatal to his race. He had also much to tell of his patient nurse and her many midnight watches while his delirium raged, nor did he forget the wonderful story of the God-man, who still lived to hear the prayers of his people—the stolid look had vanished from both faces, and when the tale was again repeated around the camp fire the dark countenances were aglow with a tender light. There was much in the Red-man to be lifted to higher issues.

The settlers were speechless with wonder. They were safe in their weak fort, but why they understood not. Would the Indians return again? They dared not separate for the remainder of the night, but mended the fire till it bathed the room in a crimson light.

At last there was a faint, pink line on the horizon—then another, and another, until the winter sun rose in all its Acadian beauty. A great clattering at the door—Mark let down the bars cautiously, and then set up such a shout that the drowsing people sprang to their feet.

Martha, too, roused at the sound of Mark's voice, as he exclaims, 'Wife, it's our boy, and gives the boy to the eager mother-arms.—

The child crows with glee at the familiar faces about, and the flaxen curls are in a wild tumble as Martha presses him to her breast, while a new and holy Christmas joy pervades the glad group.

'Whitehands,' said Pine-tree, who with his father stood quietly by until the first wild joy was over, and Martha, restored to her