

**A Christmas Carol.**

(By Adelaide A. Proctor.)  
 The moon that now is shining  
 In skies so blue and bright,  
 Shone ages since on shepherds,  
 Who watched their flocks by  
 night;  
 There was no sound upon the  
 earth.  
 The azure air was still,  
 The sheep in quiet clusters lay,  
 Upon the grassy hill.  
 When lo! a white-winged angel  
 The watchers stood before,  
 And told how Christ was born on  
 earth.  
 For mortals to adore;  
 He bade the trembling shepherds  
 Listen, not be afraid,  
 And told how in a manger  
 The glorious Child was laid.  
 When suddenly in the Heavens  
 Appeared an angle band,  
 (The while in reverent wonder  
 The Syrian shepherds stand),  
 And all the bright host chanted  
 Words that shall never cease—  
 "Glory to God in the highest,  
 On earth good will and peace!"  
 The vision in the heavens  
 Faded, and all was still,  
 And the wondering shepherds left  
 their flocks,  
 To feed upon the hill;  
 Toward the blessed city  
 Quickly their course they held,  
 And in a lowly stable,  
 Virgin and Child beheld.  
 Beside a humble manger  
 Was the Maiden-mother mild;  
 And in her arms her Son divine,  
 A new-born Infant, smiled.  
 No shade of future sorrow  
 From Calvary then was cast;  
 Only the glory was revealed,  
 The suffering was not passed.  
 The eastern kings before Him  
 Kneel,  
 And rarest offerings brought  
 The shepherds worshipped and  
 adored  
 The wonders God had wrought;  
 They saw the crown for Israel's  
 King  
 The future's glorious part—  
 And all these things the Mother  
 kept  
 And pondered in her heart,  
 Now that Maiden-mother  
 The spirit of Heaven call,  
 And the Child we call our Jesus,  
 Saviour and Judge of all.  
 But the star that shone in Beth-  
 lehem  
 Shines still and shall not cease,  
 And we listen still to the tidings  
 Of glory and of Peace.

**The Gift of a little Child.**

(Concluded.)  
 At first Josias looked annoyed,  
 He did not know where to get so  
 good a cloak in little Bethlehem.  
 But after a moment's thought his  
 face cleared, and he lifted her  
 bodily into his arms and carried  
 her into the building.  
 "And, Father, the man called  
 me little maiden," and the woman  
 called me "dear," and he said that  
 the great God will bless me," Ruth  
 whispered nestling close to him.  
 "Aye, Ruth, surely He must  
 bless thee!" Josias echoed solemnly.  
 The swift years passed, thirty  
 of them, doing their momentous  
 work faithfully, as the years have  
 ever done and ever will do. Child-  
 ren came into the world and grew  
 to manhood; girls and boys be-  
 came men and women, and leav-  
 ing their care-free days behind  
 them shouldered the burdens and  
 responsibilities of middle life.  
 Old men, by the thousands, totter-  
 ed into their graves; men in the  
 prime of life stumbled into theirs;  
 little children, called by the angels,  
 slipped into theirs.  
 Augustus, the greatest of Roman  
 rulers, died, and a gloomy tyrant  
 succeeded to his throne. Other  
 than this, there was little change  
 in the vast empire, whose power  
 was at its zenith, except that in  
 the insignificant country of the  
 despised Hebrews a Prophet had  
 arisen whom some believed to be  
 the Saviour whose day the Sacred  
 Books of the Jews declared to be  
 at hand, and whose advent even  
 the pagan nations were expect-  
 ing.  
 Josias and Ruth in those thirty  
 years had been robbed of much.  
 One storm after another had  
 wrecked Josias' argosies, one band  
 of thieves after another had looted  
 his caravans, until with old age  
 upon him, he had found himself  
 almost penniless. On the heels of  
 this misfortune followed the  
 greater one of the loss of his sight.  
 Life for him, was shorn of all that  
 had made it attractive. Ruth was  
 a woman, forty years of age, as  
 sweet and gentle and generous as

**Aching Joints**

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism; that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.  
 Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and the condition is commonly worse in weather.  
 "I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful."  
 "I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from the malum. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saves my life." M. J. McKeown, Trenton, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

the little girl who had given away her cloak on a certain wintry night in Bethlehem. She was her father's unwearied attendant. The misfortunes that had made him ill-natured and fault-finding; had given her peace and patience, because she had ever kept before her the remembrance of the poor travelers whom she had seen turned away from the inn in Bethlehem into the darkness and the cold without uttering one word of complaint.  
 One chilly November day Ruth heard that Jesus the Prophet, was again in Capernaum. She had learned much of His power and His sweetness from two women who had once seen and talked with Him. Some months before she had overheard whispered accounts of a miracle which He had performed in nearby Cana: and more recently stories of the cures wrought by Him had been on every one's tongue. To the bottom of her heart she was convinced that He was the Messiah. Her father hooted at the idea, but, by dint of much coaxing, she persuaded him to allow her to lead him to a place which Jesus could not fail to pass on His way to the synagogue.  
 "He can cure thee, Father," she urged. "He will, if thou wilt ask. He is surely the Redeemer promised long ages ago!"  
 "Nonsense, nonsense, Ruth! Thou wert ever credulous! Why, He is but a carpenter from Nazareth—a poor despised place! But I shall go to please thee. If I should be cured—but I am talking foolishness!"

Every step of the way, Ruth led her father through the narrow winding streets, thronged all day with hundreds of people all eager to see and hear the Nazarene. She knew that her father had far more hope than he was willing to admit, and she dreaded to see him disappointed. She feared that Jesus might not choose to use His power in Josias' behalf; that He was possessed of the power she did not for an instant doubt.  
 Seeing an old bench standing unoccupied in a suitable place, she led her father to it and made him as comfortable as the hard seat and the wintry wind would permit. The old man had been wearied by the walk, which did not tend to make him amiable. He grumbled about the cold and the hardness of his seat, and more than once threatened to go home alone if she would not take him. Then, at last, after Ruth had been completely dispirited by his complaints, a great multitude of people came in sight; and the sound of their happy voices, borne on the wind, reached Josias' ears and stilled his murmurings.  
 Slowly the throng drew nearer and nearer, while Ruth, forgetful of her surroundings, knelt on the stone-paved street praying audibly. As the crowd approached a new difficulty presented itself. It was so dense that she feared that Jesus would pass without seeing them. Her heart sank. What could she do? Before she had time to devise any plan the crowd was upon them, and she could not even catch a glimpse of Him whom they had come to see. She stood upon the bench and called loudly, but her voice was drowned in the clamor of the multitude, who all unheeding were passing the blind man and his daughter. But suddenly, when more than half of the dense throng had swept by, it separated to make way for a Man who advanced toward them. No need for any one to explain to Ruth who

He was! Like the sweet spouse of Josias, like, but even more loving. Ruth asked Him what they wished of her father, forgetful of all save one winter's night in Bethlehem and Him who was so lovingly smiling upon them.  
 Jesus went close to the unseeing Josias and touched his eyes with His hand.  
 "Be of good heart, son," he said.  
 Instantly Josias' long-darkened eyes saw again, and he, too, gazed upon the Christ, and he, too, loved Him.  
 "I believe that Thou art the Messiah promised to my fathers," the old man answered in a firm voice that had lost all trace of peevishness.  
 "Well, pleased, Jesus smiled upon him; but the goodness of His tender heart was not yet satisfied. Turning he called one of his friends and said a few words to him.  
 "But Thou dost need it for Thyself," the man protested vehemently.  
 "Nay, nay, Peter," Jesus answered.  
 With evident reluctance he whom Jesus called Peter, brought forth a cloak and gave it to Him. Jesus slipped it over Josias' shoulders.  
 "Even now thou dost shiver with cold, and the winter hath scarce begun," He said; and then He smiled at Ruth with infinite tenderness. "Thou didst give unto My mother," He said to her. "It is joy to Me to give unto thee and thine."

Still Ruth could say nothing; her heart was too full of happiness. She only knelt adoringly as He placed His toil-hardened hand upon her head in benediction, and watched Him through her tears as He walked away in the direction of the synagogue in the midst of those to whom He was ever doing good—FLORENCE GILMORE, in Benziger's Magazine.

about 250 souls. The Syrian rite is used in the Mass and the sermons are delivered in the Arabic tongue.  
 Wigg—I don't believe half I hear.  
 Wagg—Well, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Some people won't hear half they believe.  
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED  
 GENELEEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Legrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of inflammation.  
 Yours,  
 W. A. HUTCHINSON.  
 Cynthia: Oh, Tom, think of coming to ask papa's consent in such shabby clothes.  
 Tom: That's all right—I have one suit ruined.  
 Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:—My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents.  
 Truly unhappy is the man who leaves undone what he can do and undertakes what he does not understand—Geothe.  
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES NEURALGIA.  
 Teacher—"Now, children name some of the lower animals, starting with Willie Jones."  
 W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.  
 The man who borrows trouble doesn't have to worry over insistent demand for its return.  
 Stranger—Have you a match sir?  
 Vain Individual—No, I don't think so.  
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.  
 Many a fellow takes advice that he doesn't know what to do with.  
 War News  
 Affected Her.  
 Many people who have been reading the terrible war news from day to day, especially those who have relatives at the seat of war, have become so nervous that it is impossible for them to sleep.  
 The nerves have become unstrung and the heart perhaps affected.  
 Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system and strengthen the weak heart.  
 Miss Hilda Dicaire, Martinow, Ont., writes:—"In August, 1914, I was out of school for my health. I was visiting friends in London, and heard of the war. It made me so nervous that I could not sleep, but after using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I improved greatly, and could take my school again. I have recommended them to many of my friends."  
 Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 2 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**Ancient Bibles.**

Some time ago we gave an account of what is said to be the oldest English Bible in America which is in possession of Mr. Curtis of Valley City N. D. It was published at Venice in 1568.  
 Mr. Joseph Winterburn of San Francisco has a copy of the famous "Breeches" Bible which was published in London in 1666. This Bible received its name from the unusual translation of Genesis 111, 7: "Then the eyes of them both were opened and they sewed fig tree leaves together and made themselves breeches."  
 Rev. F. E. Mela, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Sacramento, Cal., possesses a new Testament printed in France, 394 years ago, and a Holy Bible in Latin printed in the year 1544.  
 Mr. Curtis' claim to the possession of the oldest English Bible in America still holds good.

**Catholicity in New England.**

The New England States, according to the table furnished by William Sidney Rossiter, a census official at Washington, may now be regarded as the stronghold of Catholicism in this country.  
 In Massachusetts, 366 persons in every thousand of the total population were reported in 1906 as members of Catholic churches; in Rhode Island, 400; in Connecticut, 298; New Hampshire, 277; New York, 278; some of those proportions are double those shown sixteen years before.  
 The Protestant communicants per 1,000 of the States mentioned, numbered but 148 in Massachusetts, 131 in Rhode Island, 195 in Connecticut, 194 in New Hampshire, and 150 in New York; and practically all show a decline per 1,000 of total population from 1890 to 1906.

**Maronite Church Dedicated.**

The Church of St. Raymond, St. Louis, Mo., just dedicated by Archbishop Glennon, will be used by the colony of Syro-Maronites, who are natives of the Holy Land. Rev. Joseph Karam is pastor of the congregation which numbers

**NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.**

Mr. Wallace H. Grauge, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "During a cold spell here about the middle of last October (1913), I caught a cold which got worse despite all treatments I could obtain, until about November 22nd, a friend said, 'Why not try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup?' Really, I had no faith in it at the time as I had tried nearly every other remedy I had heard of, to no avail, but I thought I would give this last remedy a trial. I purchased a 50 cent bottle, and in three days I was feeling a different man. My cold was so hard, and the coughing so prolonged, that vomiting occurred after a hard spell of coughing. I carried the bottle in my pocket, and every time I was seized with a coughing spell I would take a small dose. I can most heartily recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone with a severe cold, as its powers are most marvelous, and I never intend being without it at all times."  
 When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c, manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**Also**

Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars, \$15. for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and suits at reduced prices.

**Men's Underwear**

10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price now \$1.79.

**Men's Waterproof Coats**

The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular downpour—Regular price \$9.85 and \$10.50, but selling now at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

**Men's Duck Coats**

Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices.

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Some good ones just received from England—double to the waist and buttons reinforced with leather \$3.50.

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We are well stocked in Men's and Ladies' Sweaters You will save money by buying from—"My Store."

**L. J. REDDIN**

117 Queen Street.

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The trade supplied by R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Agents for P. E. Island.

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**ATA B A**

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Overcoats as part of a Bankrupt Stock has enabled me to put these Goods on the market away below regular retail prices.

**Men's Suits**

Style single breasted Saque—in assorted Tweeds—Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44 Sold regularly at 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00 and \$10.50.

**Men's Overcoats**

In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40. Regular 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00.

**Also**

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- 4 Holstein Bulls, Aged, Yearling, and Calves,
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- 3 Berkshire Sows,
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Shropshire and Lincoln Rams. Chester and Berkshire Boars.

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Dec. 23 9/11, 1914.

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 A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, now was  
**Scott's Emulsion**  
 in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists

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