

BOVRIL
Repels Colds, Chills, and Influenza

DANCING HALL
Splendid occasion to learn how to dance for Christmas season.
Consult Prof. Flo. Beaudet at the HALL on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.
You will find out for yourself the magic teaching power. It is the only way by which you will or can learn all the new dances and easily, quickly and a good dancer. A trial will convince you.
The prices are lower than all the other cities where dancing is taught.
DANCING LESSONS, Mon., Wed., and Fri., from 7:30 to 9:30 p. m.
DANCING MEETINGS, " " " " 9:30 to 11:30 p. m.
FOR DANCING MEETINGS:
Men, 35c. Ladies, 10c.



Memories
of "the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted"

**KING COLE
ORANGE
PEKOE**

The "Extra" in Choice Tea



**YOUR Friends in Flanders
Must First Be Served**

ART CLOTHES

Cook Bros. & Allen, Limited, Toronto.

THE millions of fighting men in Europe now require most of the wool which ordinarily went into your clothes, and their garments are burned every few weeks for sanitary reasons. This has caused an alarming shortage of wool in the world. England has placed an embargo on all wool, besides buying millions of dollars worth from America. Australian wool is now almost impossible to get.

LOOK carefully to the fabric in your next Suit or Overcoat.

Local Dealer... **B. A. MOWAT**, Campbellton, N. B.

FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

done. I can't get honest work. They've put the mark of Cain on me. They can take the consequences. The kid's got to have some Christmas; you've got to have food, and drink and clothes and fire. God, how cold it is! I'll go out and get some."

"Isn't there something else we can pawn?"

"Nothing."

"Isn't there any work?"

"Work?" laughed the man bitterly. "I've tramped the city over seeking it and you, too. Now, I'm going to get money elsewhere."

"Where?"

"Where it's to be had."

"Oh, Jack, think."

"If I thought I'd kill you, and the kid and myself."

"Perhaps that would be better," said the woman simply. "There don't seem to be any place left for us."

"We haven't come to that yet," said the man. "Society owes me a living, and by God, it's got to pay it to me."

It was an oft-repeated, wildly held assertion whether fallacious or no.

A Kidney Remedy

Kidney troubles are frequently caused by badly digested food which overtaxes these organs to eliminate the irritant acids formed. Help your stomach to properly digest the food by taking 15 to 30 drops of Extract of Roots, sold as **Recher's Kidney Syrup**, and your kidney disorder will promptly disappear. Get the genuine.

each may determine.

"I'm afraid," said the woman. "You needn't be; nothing can be worse than this hell."

He kissed her fiercely. Albeit she was thin and haggard, she was beautiful to him. Then he bent over his little girl. He had not yet had sufficient time since his enlargement to get very well acquainted with her. She had been born while he was in prison, but it had not taken any time at all for him to have learned to love her. He stared at her a moment. He bent to kiss her and then stopped. He might awaken her. It is always best for the children of the very poor to sleep. He who sleeps dines, runs the Spanish proverb. He turned and kissed the little ragged stockings instead, and then he went out. He was going to play—was it Santa Claus, indeed?

IV.

The strange, illogical, ironical god of chance—or was it providence in the guise of some careless maid? had left an area window open in the biggest and newest house in the avenue. Any house would have been easy for "Crackerjack" if he had possessed the open sesame of his kit of burglar's tools, but he had not had a jimmy in his hand since he was caught with one and sent to Sing Sing. He had examined house after house, trusting to luck as he wandered on, and, lo! fortune favored him.

The clock in a nearby church struck the hour of two. The area way was dark. No one was abroad. He plunged down the steps, opened the window and disappeared. No man could move more noiselessly than he. In the still night he knew how the slightest sounds are magnified. He had made none as he groped his way through the back of the house, arriving at last in a room which he judged to be the library. Then after listening and hearing nothing he ventured to turn the button of a side light in a far corner of the room.

He was in a large apartment, beautifully furnished. Books and pictures abounded, but these did not interest him, although if he had made further examination he might have found things worthy of his attention even there. It so happened that the light bracket to which he had blundered, or had been led, was immediately over a large wall safe. Evidently it had been placed there for the purpose of illuminating the safe door. His eyes told him that instantly. There was greater fortune than he expected. A wall safe in a house like that must contain things of value.

Marking the position of the combination knob, he turned out the light and waited again. The quiet of the night continued unbroken. A swift inspection convinced him that the lock was only an ordinary combination. With proper—or improper—tools he could have opened it easily. Even without tools, such were his delicately trained ear and his wonderfully trained fingers that he thought he could feel and hear the combination. He knelt down by the knob and began to turn it slowly, listening and feeling for the fall of the tumblers. Several times he almost got it, only to be balked at the end, but by repeated trials and unexampled patience, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, he finally mastered the combination and opened the safe door.

In his excitement when he felt the door move he swung it outward sharply. It had not been used for some time evidently and the hinges creaked. He checked the door and listened again. Was he to be balked after so much success? He was greatly relieved at the absence of sound. It was quite dark in the room. He could see nothing but the safe. He reached his hand in and discovered it was filled with bulky articles covered with some kind of cloth, silver evidently. He decided that he must have a look and again switched on the light. Yes, his surmise had been correct. The safe was filled with silver. There was a small steel drawer in the middle of it. He had a broad-bladed jackknife in his pocket and at the risk of snapping the blade he forced the lock and drew out the drawer. It was filled with papers. He lifted the first one and stood staring at it in astonishment, for it was an envelope which bore his name written by a hand which had long since mouldered away in the dust of a

grave.

Before he could open the envelope there broke on his ear a still, small voice, not that of conscience, not that of God, but the voice of a child—does not God speak perhaps as often through the lips of childhood as in any other way?—and conscience, too.

"Are you Santa Claus?" the voice whispered in his ear.

"Crackerjack" dropped the paper and turned like a flash, knife upraised in clenched hand, to confront a very little girl and a still smaller boy staring at him in open-eyed astonishment, an astonishment which was without any vestige of alarm. He looked down at the two and they looked up at him, equal bewilderment on both sides.

"I thought that Santa Claus came down the chimney," said the younger of the two, whose payamas bespoke the nascent man.

"In all our books he has a long white beard. Where is yours?" asked the coming woman.

This innocent question less than the questioner overpowered Crackerjack. This innocent question no less than the unaffected simplicity and sincerity of the questioner overpowered "Crackerjack." He sank back into a convenient chair and stared at the imperturbable pair. There was a strange, and wondrous likeness in the sweet faced, golden haired little girl before him to the worn, haggard and ill clad little girl who lay shivering in the mean bed in the upper room where God was not—or so he fancied.

"You're a little girl aren't you?" he whispered.

No voice had been or was raised above a whisper. It was a witching hour and its spell was upon them all.

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Helen."

Now, Helen had been "Crackerjack's" mother's name and it was the name of his own little girl and although everybody else called her Nell, to him she was always Helen.

"And my name's John," volunteered the other child.

"John!" That was extraordinary.

"What's your other name?"

"John William."

The man stared again. Could this be coincidence merely, for John was his own name and William that of his brother.

"I mean what is your last name?" "Carstairs," answered the little girl.

"Now you tell us who you are. You aren't Santa Claus, are you? I didn't hear any reindeers outside, or bells, the little boy. "She keeps up, Crackerjack, and you haven't any pack and you're not by the fireplace where our stockings are."

"No," said the man, "I'm not exactly Santa Claus, I'm his friend—I—"

What should he say to these children? In his bewilderment for the moment he actually forgot the letter which he still held tightly in his hand.

"That's mummy's safe," continued the boy. "She keeps lots o' things in it. It's all hers but dat drawer. Dat's papa's and—"

"I think I hear some one on the stairs," broke in the little girl suddenly in great excitement. "Maybe that's Santa Claus."

"Perhaps it is," said the man, who had also heard, "You wait and watch for him. I'll go out and attend to his reindeers."

He made a movement to withdraw, but the girl caught him tightly by the hand.

"If you are his friend," she said, "you can introduce us. You know our names and—"

The golden opportunity was gone. "Don't say a word," whispered the man quickly. "We will surprise him. Be very still."

He reached his hand up and turned out the light. He half hoped he might be mistaken, or that in the darkness they would not be seen, but no. They all heard the footsteps on the stairs. They came down slowly, and it was evident that whoever was approaching was using every precaution not to be heard. "Crackerjack" was in a frightful situation. He did not know whether to jerk himself from the two

children—for the boy had changed him around the leg and the girl still held his hand—or whether to wait.

The power of decision suddenly left him, for the steps stopped at the door. There was a little click as a hand pressed a button on the wall and the whole room was flooded with light from the great electric in the centre. Well, the game was up. "Crackerjack" had been crouching low with the children. He rose to his feet and looked straightly enough into the barrel of a pistol, held by a tall, severe looking man in a rich silk dressing robe, who confronted him in the doorway. Two words broke from the lips of the two men, the same words that had fallen from their lips when they had met ten years before.

"John" cried the elder man, laying the weapon on a nearby table.

"Will" answered "Crackerjack" in the same breath.

And as to mark the eternal difference as before, the one was clothed in habiliments of wealth and luxury, the other in the rags and tatters of poverty and shame.

"Why, that isn't Santa Claus," instantly burst out the little girl, "that's papa."

"Dis is Santa Claus' friend, papa," said the little boy. "We were doin' to surprise him. He said he very still and we minded."

"So this is what you have come to, John," said the elder man, but there was an unwelcome gentleness in his voice.

"I swear to God I didn't know it was your house. I just came in here because the window was open."

The other pointed to the safe.

"But you were?"

"Of course I was. You don't suppose I wandered in for fun, do you? I've got a little girl of my own, and her name's Helen, too, our mother's name."

The elder brother nodded.

"She's hungry and cold, and there's no Christmas for her or her mother."

"Oh, Santa has been here already," cried Master John William, running toward her great fireplace, having just that moment discovered the bulging stockings and piles of gifts. His sister made a move in the same direction, for at the other corner hung her stocking and beneath it her pile, but her man's hand unconsciously tightening upon her hand and she stopped.

"I'll stay with you," she said, after a moment of hesitation. "Tell me more about your Helen."

There's nothing to tell. He released her hand roughly. "You mustn't touch me," he added harshly. "Go."

"You needn't go, my dear," said her father quickly. "Indeed, I think, perhaps—"

"Is your Helen very poor?" quietly asked the little girl repossessing herself of his hand again, "because if she is she can have—she looked over at the pile of toys—well, I'll see. I'll give her lots of things, and—"

"What's this?" broke out the man harshly, extending his hand with the letter in it toward the other.

"It is a letter to you from our father."

"And you kept it from me?" cried the other.

"Read it," said William Carstairs. With trembling hands "Crackerjack" tore it open. It was a message of love and forgiveness penned by a dying hand.

"If I had had this then I might have been a different man," said the poor wretch.

"There is another paper under it, or there should be, in the same drawer," went on William Carstairs, imperturbably. "Perhaps you would better read that."

John Carstairs needed no second invitation. He turned to the open drawer and took out the next paper. It was a copy of the will. The farm and business had been left to William, but one-half of it was to be held in trust for his brother. The man read it and crushed the paper in his hand.

"And that, too might have saved me. My God!" he cried, "I've been a drunkard blackguard. I've gone down to the very depths. I have been in State's prison. I was, I am, a thief, but never would have withheld a dying man's forgiveness. I never would have kept a poor wretch who was crazy with shame and who drank himself into crime out of his share of the property."

Animated by a certain felt purpose, he leaped across the room and seized the pistol.

"Yes, and I have you now!" he cried. "I'll make you pay."

He levelled the weapon at his brother's with trembling hand.

"What are you doing to do with the pistol?" said young John William, curiously looking up from his stockings, while Helen cried out. "The little woman acted the better part. With rare intuition she came quickly and

took the left hand of the man, and rested it gently. For one thing, her father was not afraid, and that reassured her. John Carstairs threw the pistol down again. William Carstairs had never moved.

"Now," he said, "let me explain."

"Can you explain away this?"

"I can. Father's will was not opened until the day after you left. As God is my judge I did not know he had left anything to you. I left no stone unturned in an endeavor to find you. I employed the best detectives in the land, but we found no trace of you. I was sorry only once that I let you go that night, that I spoke those words to you, and that has been all the time."

"And where does this come from?" said the man, flinging his arm up and confronting the magnificent room.

"It came from the old farm. There was oil on it and I sold it for a great price. I was happily married. I came here and have been successful in business. Half of it all is yours."

"I won't take it."

"John," said William Carstairs, "I offered you money once and you struck it out of my hand. You remember?"

"Yes."

"What I am offering you now is your own. You can't strike it out of my hand. It is not mine but yours."

"I won't have it," protested the man. "It's too late. You don't know what I've been, a common thief—Crackerjack is my name. Every policeman and detective in New York knows me."

"But you've got a little Helen, too, haven't you?" interposed the little girl with wisdom and tact beyond her years.

"Yes."

"And you said she was very poor and had no Christmas."

"For her sake, John," said William Carstairs, "indeed you must not think you have been punished alone. I have been punished too. I'll help you begin again. Here—he stepped closer to his brother—"is my hand."

The other stared at it uncomprehendingly.

"There is nothing in it now but affection. Won't you take it?"

Slowly John Carstairs lifted his hand. His palm met that of his older brother. He was so hungry and so weak and so overcome that he swayed a little. His head bowed, his body shook and the elder brother put his arm around him and drew him close.

Into the room came William Carstairs' wife. She, too, had at last been aroused by the conversation, and, musing her husband, she had thrown a wrapper about her and had come down to seek him.

"We came down to find Santa Claus, but our young John William at the sight of her," and he's been here. Look, mummy."

Yes, Santa Claus had indeed been there. The boy spoke better than he knew.

"And this," said little Helen eagerly, pointing proudly to her new acquaintances, "is a friend of his and he knows papa and he's got a little Helen and we're going to give her a Merry Christmas."

William Carstairs had no secrets from his wife. With a flash of womanly intuition, although she could not understand how he came to be there she divided who "this strange guest was who looked a pale, weak picture of her strong and splendid husband, and yet she must have final assurance."

"Who is this gentleman, William?" she asked quietly and John Carstairs was forever grateful to her for words that night.

"This," said William Carstairs quietly, "is my father's son, my brother who was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found."

And so as it began with the beginning this story ends with the ending of the best and most famous of all stories that were ever told.

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