1886

The Union Advocate.

946 Board of Work

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW, Our Country with its United Interests. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIX.—No. 14. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 20, 1886. WHOLE No. 950.

WHAT'S THIS!

GIBSON'S COTTONS!

How can FAIREY sell cottons so cheap? Without doubt you can buy Cotton at Fairey's store chaper than any other store. CORRECT YOU ARE! I am not afraid of competition. ☞ Read this!

No.	C 27 in. wide,	4c.	per yd. or	3¾c. by the piece.
No.	AB 36 in.	5c.	or	4¾c.
No.	AD 36 in.	6¼c.	or	6c.
No.	AE 36 in.	8c.	or	7½c.
No.	AF 36 in.	9c.	or	8½c.
No.	PT 36 in.	9½c.	or	9c.

All GIBSON COTTONS direct from the mill, and for value cannot be equalled. CASH only will buy them at above prices.

ALSO—1 case containing

LINING COTTON, BOOK MUSLINS, JEANS,

Grey Shaker Flannels, Grey Flannels, Ginghams, Shirtings, White Cotton from 6c., Tickings, Cotton Flannels, Towels, Ladies' Collars, Black Velveteens, smallwares, etc.

N. B.—Samples of Cotton sent to any address.

B. FAIREY.

Newcastle, January 9, 1886.

Law and Collection Office —OF— M. ADAMS, Barrister & Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc. Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent. ☞ CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion. Office:-NEWCASTLE, N.B.

L. J. TWEEDIE, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW. NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., Chatham, - - - N. B.

OFFICE Old Bank Montreal

JOHN McALISTER, Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, Conveyancer, &c., CAMPBELLTON, N.B. May 7, 1885.

BECKWITH & THOMAS, Barristers & Solicitors, MAIN STREET, MONCTON - - N. B. R. BECKWITH. G. T. THOMAS. April 20, '85.

WILLIAM MURRAY, Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, CAMPBELLTON, N. B. OFFICE:—MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET. May 1, 1882.

J. D. PHINNEY. Barrister & Attorney at Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., RICHIBUCTO, N. B. OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE. May 5, 1884.

Axes! Axes! NARROW AND BROAD. Hand-made by the subscriber at short notice. JOHN BUCKLEY, Edge Tool Maker. Newcastle, Aug. 17, 1885.

RAW FURS.

I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs:—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Martin, Lynx, Fox, Rat.

JAMES BROWN. Newcastle, December 23, '85.

Leather & Shoe Findings.

THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clarke & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail. J. J. CHRISTIE & CO. No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.

M'MINN'S MILLS, KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY, KENT COUNTY, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber, including HARDWOODS of every description always on hand.

SAWN CEDAR SHINGLES —AND— DIMENSIONED LUMBER OUR SPECIALTY.

Parties requiring lumber of any kind will do well to write for prices, terms, etc

Address all correspondence to GEORGE McMINN, RICHIBUCTO, N. B. April 27, '85.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE in Power's Building, Public Square

OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 p. m., 7 to 10 p. m.

Residence at Mr. S. Y. Mitchell's. Feb. 1885.

DR. McDONALD, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE Corner Duke and St. John Street.; Opposite Canada House, CHATHAM - - N. B. Chatham June 3, 1881

DR. T. W. POMROY, 29 STUYVESANT ST., NEW YORK CITY, U. S.

Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter. Aug. 24, 1883. 29-1ypd.

I. M. WHITMAN, VETERINARY SURGEON,

Treats all diseases and accidents of animals in a humane, rational and scientific manner. Veterinary Medicines always on hand, or prepared at short notice. Horses examined free of charge. OFFICE opposite Masonic Hall, Newcastle. Newcastle, Dec. 14, 1885.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURER OF CUT NAILS AND CUT SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory GEORGES' STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. April 10, 1882, 2-1yr

GEO. STABLES, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant. NEWCASTLE, - - - N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission, and prompt returns made. Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner. Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

TO SELL OR LEASE.

For one or more years the property known as the TAVISH MCTAVISH FARM in the South Esk, containing 200 acres more or less. For particulars apply to THOMAS MCLEOD Chatham Head, or to R. HUTCHISON, Douglastown. Miramichi, 4th Nov., 1885.

T. S. RUSSELL, Deputy Crown Land Surveyor FOR RESTIGOUCHE COUNTY.

OFFICE—Dalhousie, N. B. Sept. 14, '85. 6 mos.

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.

The subscriber announces that he is now carrying on the business of BRICK MANUFACTURING on an extensive scale, and has now on hand about 150,000 BRICK which will be disposed of at low rates. The makers are located near a siding of the Intercolonial Railway. All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered f. o. b. cars, or at wharf. Address all orders to H. S. FLETT, Superintendent, GEO. A. FLETT, Proprietor. Nelson, Miramichi, N. B., Oct. 20, '85.

Intercolonial Railway. '85 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '85.

On and after MONDAY, 16th Nov., 1885, the trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows: Will leave Newcastle

FOR HALIFAX AND ST. JOHN,.....12.25 a. m.
FOR QUEBEC,.....2.25 a. m.
FOR MONCTON AND ST. JOHN,.....11.15 a. m.
FOR CAMPBELLTON,.....3.35 p. m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 11th Nov., 1885.

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Cures RHEUMATISM, Cures DIPTHERIA.

ALSO CURES

Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Cramps, Bruises, Sprains, Coughs, Colds, Quinsy, Erysipelas, Colic, Croup or Rattles, Hoarseness, Burns, Bronchitis, Numbness o the limbs, removing Dandruff and producing the growth of the Hair, and as a Hair Dresser is unequalled.

$500 REWARD.

offered for a better article, or the Proprietors of any remedy showing more Testimonials of genuine cures of the above diseases in the same length of time. There is nothing like it when taken internally for Cramps, Colic, Croup, Colds, Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be given according to directions without any injury whatever.

MINARD'S LINIMENT IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

CANADA HOUSE Chatham, New Brunswick, Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices. The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises. Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

GEO. McSWEENY, PROPRIETOR. GEO. D. FUCHS, MANAGER

Clifton House, 4 Princess and 143 Germain Streets ST. JOHN, N. B. A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city. April 20, '85.

SAMPLE'S DOMINION Horse Liniment!

Sample, Parker & Co., Proprietors, Upper Musquodobit, Nova Scotia.

THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY before the public for Lameness, Spavins, Sweeny, Sprains, Swollen and Stiff Joints, Scratches, Cracked and Greasy Heels, Harness Galls, Cuts, Sores of long standing, Fistula, Poll Evil, Warts, Swelling and Bruises of all kinds.

Also, will eradicate Lumps on the Head and Neck of Cattle; will cure Cuts and Burns upon the Human Body; also Frost Bites, Chilblains and Salt Rheum. Sold by all Druggists.

Forsyth, Sutcliffe & Co., Wholesale Agents for Halifax

Wholesale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle. Feb. 12, 1885. 1y.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power of either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 Kin St. East, Toronto, Ontario.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms, 58 KING STREET.

New Carpets, New Oilcloths, New Linoleums

Just Received for Fall Trade:

6 bales New Brussels Carpets;
6 " " Tapestry do.
4 Rolls English Oilcloth, New Designs;
4 Best Linoleum, at $1.30 per yard;
3 " 4 yds. wide do., " 1.10 "
4 " 4 yds. wide do., " 75 "

☞ The above is the first installment of my FALL STOCK, and as it contains some very novel designs, intending purchasers would do well to examine them.

A. O. SKINNER. St. John, Oct. 5, 1885.

SALESMEN WANTED!

THE LONDON RUBBER STAMP COMPANY, No 217 Hollis Street, Halifax,

SEND 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Selected Literature.

PATIENCE.

Have patience, heart!
That were no rose that were not first a closed bud,
How comes the day? not with the noonday o'er head,
But slowly stealing up the east, in faintest red.
Have patience heart! Wait so thine own life's dawning good.

Have patience, heart!
Seek not at morn to make the day as bright as noon.
Force not the bud, before its time to be a rose;
How slowly, when we watch the sky, the daylight grows;
And yet, for all, indeed, the sun goes down too soon.

Have patience, heart!
For rain will come; thine own self knows how teardrops fall.
Seek not to stay the clouds before they've spent their rain,
Or else across the sky the clouds may come again—
Have patience, grieving heart for good must come to all.

Have patience, heart!
What though no kisses fall upon my tired eyes,
And love holds not its rose to thee, nor day is fair?
Mourn not; perhaps thy love needs heaven's purer air.
Oh, heart! be sure 'twill wait for thee in Paradise.

HOW JOHN NORTON KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS.

By W. H. H. MURRAY.

It is doubtful if any gift ever took the recipient more by surprise than this bestowed upon Wild Bill. It is true that, judged by the law of strict deserts, the poor fellow had not deserved much of the world, and certainly the world had not forgotten to be strictly just in his case, for it had not given him much. It is a question if he had ever received a gift before in all his life; certainly not one of any considerable value. His reception of this generous and thoughtful provision for his wants was characteristic both of his training and his nature.

The old trapper, as he had ended his cheering, flung the pantaloons, the vest, the jacket, the socks, the shirts, and the money into his lap.

For a moment the poor fellow sat looking at the warm and costly garments he held in his hands, silent in an astonishment too profound for speech, and then, recovering the use of his organs, he gasped forth.

"I swear?" and then broke down and sobbed like a child.

The trapper, kneeling beside the box, looked at the poor fellow with a face radiant with happiness, while his mouth was stretched with laughter, utterly unconscious that tears were brimming his own eyes.

"Old trapper," said Wild Bill, rising to his feet and holding the garments forth in his hands, "this is the first present I ever received in my life. I have been kicked and cussed, sneered at and taunted, and I deserved it all. But no man ever gave me a lift, or showed he cared a cent whether I starved or froze, lived or died. You know, John Norton, what a fool I've been, and what has ruined me, and that when sober I'm more of a man than many that hoot at me. And here I swear, old man, that while a button is on this jacket, or two threads of these breeches hold together, I'll never touch a drop of liquor, sick or well, living or dying, so help me God; and there's my hand on it!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the trapper, as he sprang to his feet and clasped in his own strong palm the hand that the other had stretched out to him. "The Lord in His mercy be nigh ye when tempted, Bill, and keep ye true to yer pledge!"

Of all the pleasant sights that the angels of God, looking from their high homes, saw on earth that Christmas-eve, perhaps not one was dearer in their eyes than the spectacle here described—the two men standing with their hands clasped in solemn pledge of the reformation of the one and the helping sympathy of the other, above that Christmas box in the cabin in the woods.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the trapper's further examination of the box. The reader's imagination, assisted by many a happy reminiscence, will enable them to realize the scene. There was a small keg of powder, a large plug of lead, a little chest of tea, a bag of sugar, and also one of coffee. There were nails, matches, thread, buttons, a woollen under jacket, and a cap of choicest fur made of an otter's skin that Henry himself had trapped a year before. All these and other packages were taken out one by one, carefully examined, and characteristically commented on by the trapper, and passed to Wild Bill, who in turn inspected and commented on them, and then laid carefully on the table. Beneath these packages was a thin board, constituting a sort of division between its upper and lower half.

"There seems to be a sort of cellar to this box," said the trapper, as he sat looking at the division. "I shouldn't be surprised of the boy himself was in here somewhere, so be ready, Bill, fur anything, for the Lord only knows what's underneath this board." Saying which the old man thrust his hand under one end of the division, and pulled out a bundle loosely tied with a string, which became unfastened as the trapper lifted the roll from its place in the box, and as he shook it open and held its contents at arm's length up to the light, the startled eyes of Wild Bill and the earnest gaze of the trapper beheld a woman's dress.

"Heaven and arth!" exclaimed the trapper, "what's this?" And then a flash of light crossed his face, in the illumination of which the look of wonder vanished, and dropping upon his knees, he flung the dividing board out of the box, and his companion and himself saw at a glance what was underneath.

Children's shoes and dresses of warmest stuffs; tippets and mittens; a full suit for a little boy, boots and all; a jack-knife and whistle; two dolls dressed in brave finery, with flaxen hair and blue eyes; a little hatchet; a huge ball of yarn, and a hundred and one things needed in the household; and underneath all a Bible; and under that a silver star on a blue field, and pinned to the silk a scrap of paper on which was written,

"Hang this over the picture of the Lad."

"Ay, ay," said the trapper, in a tremulous voice, as he looked at the silver star, "it shall be done as ye say, boy; but the Lad has got beyond the clouds, and is walkin' a trail that is lighted from eend to eend by a light clearer and brighter than ever come from the shinin' of any star. I hope we may be found worthy to walk it with him, boy, when we have come to the edge of that great clearin'."

To the trapper it was perfectly evident for whom the contents of the lower half of the box were intended; but the sender had left nothing in doubt, for when the old man had lifted from the floor the board that he had flung out, he discovered some writing traced with heavy pencilling on the wood, and which without much effort he spelled out to Wild Bill.

"Give these on Christmas day to the woman at the dismal hut, and a merry Christmas to you all."

"Ay, ay," said the trapper, "it shall be did, barrin' accidents, as ye say; and a merry Christmas it'll make for us all. Lord-a-massy, what *will* the poor woman say when she and her leetle uns git these warm garments on? There be no trouble about fillin' the basket now; no, I sar—can't git half of the stuff in.—Wild Bill, I guess ye'll have to do some more sleddin' to-morrow, fur these presents must go over the mountain in the mornin', ef we have to harness up the pups." And he told his companion of the poor woman and the children, and his intended visit to them on the morrow.

"I fear," he said, "that they be havin' a hard time of it, specially of her husband has desarted her."

"Little good would he do her ef he was with her," answered Wild Bill, "for he's a lazy knave when he's sober, and a thief as well, as you and I know, John Norton; for he's fingered our traps more than once, and swapped the skins for liquor at the Dutchman's; but he thieved once too many times, for the folks in the settlement has catched him in the act, and they put him in jail for six months, as I heard day before yesterday."

"I'm glad on't—yis, I'm glad on't," answered the trapper; and I hope they'll keep him there till they've larnt him how to work. I've had my eye on the knave fur a good while, and the last time I seed him I told him ef he fingered any more of my traps I'd larn him the commandments in a way he wouldn't forgit, and as I had him in hand, and felt a leetle like talkin' that mornin', I gave him a piece of my mind, techin' his treatment of his wife and leetle uns, that he didn't relish, I fancy, fur he winced and squirmed like a fox in a trap. Yis, I'm glad they've got the knave, and I hope they'll keep him till he's answered fur his misdoin'; but I'm sartinly afeerd the poor woman be havin' a hard time of it."

"I fear so too," answered Wild Bill, "and if I can do anything to help you in your plans, jest say the word, I'm your man to back or haul jest as you want me."

And so it was arranged that they should go over the mountain together on the morrow, and take the provisions and the gifts that were in the box to the poor woman; and after talking awhile of the happiness their visit would give, the two men, happy in their thoughts, and with their hearts full of that peace which passeth the understanding of the selfish, laid themselves down to sleep; and over the two—the one drawing to the close of an honorable and well-spent life, the other standing at the middle of a hitherto useless existence, but facing the future with a noble resolution—over the two, as they slept the angels of Christmas kept watch.

II.

On the other side of the mountain stood the dismal hut; and the stars of that blessed eve had shone down upon the lonely clearing in which it stood, and the smooth white surface of the frozen and snow-covered lake which lay in front of it, as brightly as they had shone on the cabin of the trapper; but no friendly step had made its trail in the surrounding snow, and no blessed gift had been brought to its solitary door.

As the evening wore on, the great clearing round about it remained dreary, void of sound or motion, and filled only with the white stillness of the frosty, snow lighted night. Once, indeed, a wolf stole from underneath the dark balsams into the white silence, and running up a huge log that lay aslant a ledge of rocks, looked across and round the great opening in the woods, stood a moment, then gave a shivering sort of a yelp, and scuttled back under the shadows of the forest, as if its darkness was warmer than the frostty stillness of the open space. An owl, perched somewhere amid the pine-tops, snug and warm within the cover of its arctic plumage, engaged from time to time in solemn gossip with some neighbor that lived on the opposite shore of the lake. And once a raven, roosting on the dry bough of a lightning blasted pine, dreamed that the light moonlight was the light of dawn, and began to stir his sable wings and croak a harsh welcome; but awakened by his blunder, and ashamed of his mistake, he broke off in the very midst of his discordant call, and again settled gloomily down amid his black plumes to his interrupted repose, making by his sudden silence the surrounding silence more silent than before. It seemed as if the very angels, who, we are taught, fly over all the earth that blessed night, carrying gifts to every household, had forgotten the cabin in the woods, and had left it to the cold hospitality of unsympathetic nature.

Within the lonely hut, which seemed forgotten of heaven itself, sat a woman huddling her young—two girls and a boy. The fireplace was of monstrous proportions, and the chimney yawned upward so widely that one looking up the sooty passage might see the stars shining overhead. A little fire burned feebly in the huge stone recess; scant warmth might such a fire yield, kindled in such a fire place, to those around it. Indeed, the little flame seemed conscious of its own inability, and burned with a waving and mistrustful flicker, as if it was discouraged in view of the task set before it, and had more than half concluded to go out altogether.

The cabin was of large size, and divided into apartments. The little fire was only able to illuminate the central section, and more than half of the room was hidden in utter darkness. The woman's face, which the faint flame over which she was crouched revealed with painful clearness, showed pale and haggard. The induration of exposure and the lines of hunger sharpened and marred a countenance which a happier fortune would have kept even comely. It had that old look about it which comes from wretchedness rather than age, and the weariness of her expression was pitiful to see. Was it work or vain waiting for happier fortunes that made her look so tired? Alas! the weariness of waiting for what we long for, but never comes! Is it the work or the longing—the long longing—that has put the silver in your head, friend, and scarred the smooth bloom of your cheeks with those ugly lines?

"Mother, I'm hungry," said the little boy, looking up into the woman's face.—"Can't I have just a little more to eat?"

"Be still," answered the woman, sharply, speaking in the tones of vexed inability. "I've given you almost the last morsel in the house."

The boy said nothing more but nestled up more closely to his mother's knee, and stuck one little stockingless foot out until the cold toes were half hidden in the ashes. Oh, warmth! blessed warmth! how pleasant art thou to old and young alike! Thou art the emblem of life, as thy absence is the evidence and sign of life's cold opposite. Would that all the cold toes in the world could get to my grate to-night, and all the shivering ones be gathered to this fireside! Ay, and that the children of poverty that lack for bread might get their hungry hands into that well-filled cupboard there, too!

In a moment the woman said, "You children had better go to bed. You'll be warmer in the rags than in this miserable fireplace."

The words were harshly spoken, as if the very presence of the children, cold and hungry as they were, was a vexation to her, and they moved off in obedience, to her command.

Oh, cursed poverty! I know thee to be of Satan, for I myself have eaten at thy scant table, and slept in thy cold bed.—And never yet have I seen thee bring one smile to human lips, or dry one tear as it fell from a human eye. But I have seen thee sharpen the tongue for bitter speech, and harden the tender heart. Ay, I've seen thee make even the presence of love a burden, and cause the mother to wish that the babe nursing at her scant breast had never been born. And so the children went to their unsightly bed, and silence reigned in the hut.

"Mother," said one of the girls, speaking out of the darkness—"mother, isn't this Christmas-eve?"

"Yes," answered the woman, sharply. "Go to sleep." And again there was silence.

Happy is childhood that amid whatever deprivation and misery it can so weary itself in the day that when night comes on it can lose in the forgetfulness of slumber its sorrows and wants!

Thus, while the children lost the sense of their unhappy surroundings, including the keen pangs of hunger, for a time, and under the tattered blankets that covered them saw, perhaps, visions of enchanting lands, and in their dreams feasts at those wonderful tables which hungry children see only in sleep, to the poor woman sitting at the failing fire there came no surcease of sorrow, and no vision threw even an evanescent brightness over the hard cold facts of her surroundings. And the reality of her condition was dire enough, God knows. Alone in the wilderness, miles from any human habitation, the trails covered deep with snow, her provisions exhausted, actual suffering already upon them, and starvation staring them squarely in the face. No wonder that her soul sank within her! no wonder that her thoughts turned toward bitterness!

"Yes, it's Christmas-eve," she muttered; "and the rich will keep it gayly.—God sends them presents enough, but you see if He remembers me! Oh, they may talk about the angels of Christmas-eve flying abroad to-night loaded with gifts, but they'll fly mighty high above this shanty, I reckon; no, they won't even drop a piece of meat as they soar past." And so she sat muttering and moaning over her woes, and they were heavy enough—too heavy for her, poor soul, unassisted to lift—while the flame of the hearth grew thinner and thinner, until it had no more warmth in it than the shadow of a ghost, and, like its resemblance, was about to flit and fade away.—At last she said, in a softened tone, as if the remembrance of the Christmas legend had softened her surly thoughts and sweetened the bitter mood:

"Perhaps I'm wrong to take on so.—Perhaps it isn't God's fault that I and my children are deserted and starving. But why should the innocent be punished for the guilty, and why should the wicked have enough and to spare while those who do no evil go half naked and starved?"

Alas! poor woman, that puzzle has puzzled many besides thee, and many lips besides thine have asked that question, querulously or entreatingly, many a time; but whether they asked it in vexation and rebellion of spirit, or humbly besought Heaven to answer, to neither murmur nor prayer did Heaven vouchsafe a response. Is it because we are so small, or because being small we are so inquisitive, that the Great Oracle of the blue remains so dumb when we cry?

At this point the poor little flame, as if unable to abide the cold much longer, flared fitfully, and uneasily shifted itself from brand to brand, threatening with many a flicker to go out; but the woman, with her elbows on her knees, and her face settled firmly between her hands, still sat with eyes that saw not the feeble flame at which they so steadily gazed.

"I will do it—*I will do it!*" she suddenly exclaimed. "I will make one more effort. They shall not starve while I have strength to try. Perhaps God will aid me. They say He always does at the last pinch, and He certainly sees that I am there now. I wonder if He's been waiting for me to get just where I am before He helped me? There is one more charge left, and I'll make the trial. I'll go down to the shore to where I saw the big tracks in the snow. It's a long way, but I shall get there somehow. If God is going to be good to me, He won't let me freeze or faint on the way. Yes I'll creep into bed now, and try to get a little sleep, for I must be strong in the morning." And with these words the poor woman crept off to her bed, and burrowed down, more like an animal, than a human being, beside her little ones, as they lay huddled close together and asleep, deep down in the rags.

What angel was it that followed her to her miserable couch, and stirred kind feelings in her bosom? Someone, surely; for she shortly lifted herself to a sitting posture, and gently drawing down the old blanket with which the children had wrapped their heads, looked as only a mother might at the three little faces lying side by side, and bending tenderly over them, she placed a gentle kiss upon the forehead of each; then she nestled down again in her own place, and said, "Perhaps God will help me." And with this sentence, half, a prayer and half a doubt, born on the one hand from that sweet faith which never quite deserts a woman's bosom, and on the other from that bitter experience which had made her seem, in her own eyes, deserted of God, she fell asleep.

She, too, dreamed; but her dreaming was only the prolongation of her waking thoughts; for long after her eyes closed she moved uneasily on her hard couch, and muttered, "Perhaps God will.—God—" Sad is it for us who are old enough to have tasted the bitterness of that cup which life sooner or later presents to all lips, and have borne the burden of its toil and fretting, that our vexations and disappointments pursue us even in our slumber, disturbing our sleep with reproachful visions and the sounds of voices whose upbraiding robs us of our otherwise peaceful repose. Perhaps somewhere in the years to come, after much wandering and weariness, guided of God, we may come to that fountain of which the ancient dreamed, and for which the noblest among them sought so long, and died seeking; plunging into which we shall find our lost youth in its cool depths, and rising refreshened and strengthened, shall go on our eternal journey reclothed with the beauty, the innocence, and the happiness of youth. The poor woman slept uneasily, and with much muttering to herself; but the rapid hours slid noiselessly down the icy grooves of night, and soon the cold morning put its white face against the frozen windows of the east, and peered shiveringly forth. Who says the earth can not look as cold and forbidding as the human countenance? The sky hung over the frozen world like a dome of gray steel whose invisibly matched plates were riveted here and there by a few white glimmering stars. The surface of the snow sparkled with crystals and flashed colorlessly cold. The air seemed armed and full of sharp eager points that pricked the skin painfully. The tree trunks cracked their sharp protests against the frosty entrances being made beneath their bark. The lake, from under the smothering ice, roared in dismay and pain, and sent the thunders of its wrath at its imprisonment around the surrounding shores. A bitter morn, a bitter morn—ah me! a bitter morn for the poor!

The woman, wakened by the gray light, moved in the depths of the tattered blankets, sat upright, rubbed her eyes with her hands, looked about her as if to recall her scattered senses, and then, as thought returned, crept stealthily out of the hole in which she had lain, that she might not wake the children, who, coiled together, slumbered on, still closely clasped in the arms of blessed unconsciousness.

"They had better sleep," she said to herself. "If I fail to bring them meat, I would they may never wake."

If the poor woman could only have foreseen the bitter disappointment, or that other something which the future was to bring her, would she have made this prayer? Is it best for us, as some say, that we cannot see what is coming, but must weep on until the last tear is shed, uncheered by the sweet fortune so nigh, or laugh unchecked until the happy tones are mingled with and smothered by the rising moan? Is it best?—I wonder.

She noiselessly gathered together what additions she could make to her garments, and then, taking down the rifle from its hangings, opened the door and stepped forth into the outer cold. There was a look of brave determination in her eyes as she faced the chilly greeting the world gave her, and with more of hopefulness than had before appeared upon her countenance she struck bravely off along the lake shore, which at this point receded toward the mountain.

For an hour she crept steadily on, with her eyes constantly on the alert for the least sign of the wished and prayed for game. Suddenly she stopped, and crouched down in the snow, peering straight ahead. Well might she seek concealment, for there, standing on a point of land that jutted sharply out into the lake, not forty rods away, unscreened and plain to view, stood a buck of such goodly proportions as one even in years of hunting might not see.

The woman's eyes fairly gleamed as she saw the noble animal standing thus in full sight, but who may tell the agony of fear and hope that filled her bosom! The buck stood lordly erect, facing the east, as if he would do homage to or receive homage from the rising sun, whose yellow beams fell full upon his uplifted front. The thought of her mind, the fear of her heart, were plain. The buck would soon move; when he moved, which way would he move? Would he go from or come toward her? Would she get him, or would she lose him? Oh, the agony of her thought!

"God of the starving burst from her quivering lips, "let not my children die!"

To be Continued.

A NEW SWINDLE.

Mr. Drew, clerk of the Hay Market, was weighing a load of hay on Saturday when his attention was called to what seemed to be the arm of a man protruding from the hay near the top of the load. The owner of the load when asked for some explanation, said it was only a coat, but this not satisfying Mr. Drew, an officer was called, and upon examining the load he found a man carefully concealed on top, covered by the hay. He said he had been hired by the vendor to "allow himself to be weighed."—Montreal *Herald*.

Advices from Newfoundland received estimate the quantity of fish lost during the recent gales on Labrador coast at fifty thousand quintals, as well as all the season's oil, between 30,000 and 40,000 gallons. This involves a money loss of about $160,000, add to this the number of vessels and fishing craft, destruction of fishing gear and shore property, and it will be seen that the money loss is enormous. Sadder still is the loss of life, estimated at between one hundred and two hundred persons. The above only applies to what is termed Newfoundland Labrador, and it is not unlikely that Canadians have also suffered heavily.

The sensation in business circles at Toronto is the embarrassment of Brayley & McClung, formerly James Brayley & Co., wholesale milliners. The cause of the trouble is dull times and tightness of the money market. Their assets are placed nominally at $110,000, and liabilities between $85,000 and $100,000. The Bank of Montreal is involved to the extent of some $50,000, fully secured. The other creditors of the firm are in the old country, where James Brayley is at present. Lepstein & Co., gentlemen's furnishings, have succumbed to the pressure of hard times and have suspended, with liabilities placed at $50,000. The assets are not ascertained, but will probably amount to about 20 cents on the dollar.