A CHRISTMAS AT CAPE HORN.

NCE I had a shipmate who celebrated the most grateful Christmas of his life at the Horn.

It was on the Mary Ann, in December, 1897. She was a deep cut steel clipper, but she was a four masted bark, and four masted barks are all ngly in heavy seas. The best sea boat shoat will plunge at Cape Horn, but four masted barks are all the time under water. Sometimes they are swamp. ed altogether and float waterlegged around the Horn. Then the current pushes them south to perish in the sce jam.

Some sailors can be likened to the four masted barks. They are the sailors who have been too long away from home. All sailors plunge liberally into shore life, but the "too long away from home" fellows are, as a rule, swamped in shore life's breakers.

One of my mates on the Mary Ann was Bob Jones, a typical "too long way from home" unfortunate. But Bob still had somebody dear to his heart. He had started on more than one trip around the world with the set determination that the end of the voyage should see him rejoin his own loved ones at home.

But on pay day at the end of his trips his good resolutions had been broken. It had often gone so, and Bob was biding self despair under the grim surface of a man hating man.

Bob and I, with twelve other Yankees, Dutchmen and Swedes, were on the starboard watch under Chief Mate Dickson of the Mary Ann. When we went below on Christmas eve the sea was running high. Sleet and hail came down in the squalls. The western gale had trimmed our sails down to the lower topsails.

We had hardly fallen asleep when we heard the man at the wheel strike one bell. Before the signal for "All hands on deck" was answered forward Bob and I were out of our bunks and had our sea boots on.

"What's up now?" growled Bob, and he got his answer from Jimmy, the deck boy, who came rushing in without preliminary warning.

"Rise, rise, rise, sleepers! Weather ship for icebergs on the leeward bow. Rise, rise, rise!'

The watch on deck was already setting the fore staysail to head the vessel off the wind. She was running easy when we came on deck, and the storm spanker was hauled out to bring the

vessel to the wind on the other tack. Bob was sent forward to furl the fore staysail. The rest of us went pulled the yard: in to starboard Then came the ugliest part of the job. Slowly the Mary App turned to face her foe again. But before she could head her bow against the mighty seas they broke over

from the staysail BOB AND THE ROPE we all jumped out of the way, for a big breaker came thundering

her from stem to

Bob came aft

stern.

over the weather rail. The breaker caught Bob at the fore backstays. He jumped up and put his arm through the coils of the fore sheet. hanging in straps in the royal back-

The straps were rotten, and Bob and the coil sheet rope dropped and disappeared in the boiling deck waters.

The waters surged to leeward and carried a dark object with them. The skipper threw a life buoy from

"Poor Bob!" said everybody to himself. It was all we could do for him. Bob was gone, and there seemed to be no help for it.

We had the Mary Ann snug at last. Our watch had still an hour more be low, not long enough to make it worth while to crawl into our bunks, and we lighted our pipes, lay down on our chests and discussed poor Bob.

Bill, who was Bob's own chum, went to Bob's bunk and overhauled the

"It is enough to make anybody rip ping mad to think of a rotton old stran chucking a poor fellow overboard, mused Bill. "Christmas night too Say, boys, when we auction this stuff off we've got to show Bob up hand some to his friends."

It must be explained that when sail ors die at sea their belongings are se at auction to the crew. This curtserves a double purpose. It is easier to ship money halfway around the globe than to insure the safe delivery of an old wooden chest. A good sun of money is also more welcome to most heirs than a chestrul of tarred re-Besides, the sea auctions give the ship mates of the dead an opportunity

"raise his a putation" by adding reously to his account. [Everybody wanted to fall the Clark

mas sto kings of poor Bobbs folled The chief mate, Tickson, good nature consented that the auction should held then and there and came to the forecastle with pentil and paper to all cord the sales, as fast as they'v. made.

Get your nearly fraction the quarter htert" rasped the old chier. "First | And he did - immedpile Langui.

article is a valuable straw pillow. Remember what Bill Shakespeare says, 'Uneasy rests the head that hasn't got a pillow.' What am I bid? Two dollars? Thank you! Three-four-fivesix-six I have. Cape Horn prices, gentlemen. Eight-ten-ten-are you all done? Tom, you can have it for \$10. You may get a better one in San Francisco for 50 cents, but you can't duplicate it for \$50 within a thousand miles of this place.

"Next article is a handsome standup linen collar. It has only been worn by poor Bob in Liverpool and can be washed absolutely clean for the small price of 5 cents. It is the only article of its kind that has ever been for sale at Cape Horn. What am I bid-a dollar-two, two-fifty, three-fifty, fourfour-are you all done? Sold to Dick for \$4. Dick is a sport now. Wait a minute; there is a button in the back of the collar. You will have to luy the button separately, Dick."

And so each worn and patched garment of poor Bob was sold at "Cape Horn prices." Bob's shipmates took care that none of

> them contributed less than a month's wages to Bob's final pay The mate at last put his hand to the bottom of Bob's chest.

and from a corner he brought up a bundle of papers wrapped in an old piece of canvas tied together with yellow silken cigar bands. The mate held the bundle thoughtfully in his hand. He hesitated to trespass. "Open it up!"

A VALUABLE STRAW shouted the men PILLOW. in chorus.

"Hem! Well, we will see what is in it anyway," assented the mate. When the canvas cover was opened a score of letters in soiled and torn envelopes dropped out.

"I see no harm in letting you fellows get a little home sentiment out of these old letters," said the mate, "but you must not keep them. They must be forwarded to Bob's friends. You boys can bid for the privilege of reading the letters."

Dick for \$9 bought the right to first pick. He took the best preserved envelope and its inclosure and went away to read the letter.

The sale continued, letter after letter fetching a neat sum. Half the letters were sold when Dick came from his corner and interrupted the sale. He looked troubled and shook his letter in our faces.

"Boys, this letter is from the girl," no good. He didn't go home when he was paid off in Liverpool; he didn't go home from New York; he didn't go home from San Francisco when he could have made the trip in a day.

The girl is waiting yet." The mate, who had been intently reading one of the letters, here interrupted.

"Bob's mother is getting old, and she is poor. She does not ask for money, however. All she wants is her boy. He will never return to her now. Poor Boh's mother! Poor Bob!"

At four bells the lookout gave us his "All's well! Side lights burning bright." Suddenly he began to beat the forward bell like mad.

The lookout was shouting and waving his arms from the forecastle head. where he stood clinging to the rail. When we reached the fore part of the house the lookout attracted our attention to a dark object leaning limply against the starboard lighthouse.

It was Bob Jones. We carried him into the forecastle The mate and the whisky bottle were brought forward, and Bob slowly came

to his senses. "I was slambanged something fearful, boys," drawled Bob. "That breaker caught me right, and the blamed strap broke. Then over she rolled to leeward"-

"And I saw you go over the side," interrupted Dick. "Not I. It may have been the sheet coil," continued Bob. "I was washed

away up under the forecastle head. I guess I went clean off in a faint after I had crawled to a dry place. When I woke up I made for the forecastle, but I couldn't make it. I dropped right off again at the lighthouse."

When Bob had been bandaged up and given a warm breakfast he was the old Bob once more. The boys poked lots of fun at him when they returned his things to him.

"Hold on, boys: IT WAS BOB JONES. let us make a bargain with Bob," the imperative Dick broke in. "Here is my Bible. If Bob will swear to go home to his mother and the girl from San Francisco he can take the auction money along as a Christmas present."

man, swear!" "I do, so help me, God, and a merry Christmas to you all, boys!" sebiled haunting, sleep killing and have

IN FIGTION.

By GEORGE H. PICARD Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-



E OT until the first half of the last century was well spent did the species of literature which has come to be known as Christmas fiction effect a permanent lodgment in the hearts of English speaking mankind. The ancient parable plays and the rhymed holiday legends of the mid-

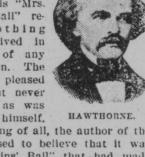
HIVING. dle ages are still in on the continent, but the more recular minded English had only the rule Yuletide jingles and the quaint arels of beef eating antiquity. Contrary to the prevailing notion, the

aventor of the tale with a distinctivey Christmas flavor was an American. is likely that it would occur to few Americans and to no Englishman to lissent if it were asserted in their resence that Charles Dickens origiated the Christmas story. His name so inseparably connected with so such of the holiday literature endrined in the popular heart that it is mall wonder the mention of Christmas suggests him. The credit of the 'literary find," however, must be given to another, a man who was at the end of his thirties when Dickens was born, who had been at Malta when Nelson's feet sailed away to Trafalgar, who had isited Sir Walter at Abbotsford and and captivated him and who was afterward secretary to the United States egation in England. That, of course, heans Washington Irving.

Irving's first book, "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," had pleased everybody, so much so, indeed, that it was republished by John Murray in London and translated into several coninental languages. Both the publishers and the public were urging him to do something equally meritorious. Nobody realized more keenly than did the her of the exquisite work the diffiulty of producing its mate, and he was not a man to be driven into mediocrity. Three years later he published 'Bracebridge Hall," and the chapter of hat masterpiece of literary workmanship entitled "Christmas at Bracebridge Hall" was the pioneer holiday tale of English literature and has furnished a model for subsequent fictionists which has seldom been equaled and never lend a better flavor to the steaming excelled. Its easy grace and felicity of | bowl. expression were a revelation to every-

and the charm are potent still. William Makepeace Thackeray, maser of a realism that is the wonder and the despair of those who have followed

him, needed no model and chose none. His "Mrs. l'erkins' Ball' resembles nothing ever conceived in the mind of any other man. The public was pleased with it, but never so much as was



Plackeray himself. Most amazing of all, the author of the tale professed to believe that it was 'Mrs. Perkins' Ball" that had made his reputation-that, too, in the face of the fact that "Vanity Fair" had just been published. This perversion of Thackeray in regard to the literary value of his wares and his lack of faith in his masterpiece-he had so little confidence in the success of "Vanity Fair" that after it appeared he applied for a small government position-are proof sufficient that the man who creates a masterpiece may have a dim conception of artistic values.

All the makers of great fiction are more or less under the spell of their immediate surroundings, but few have made it more apparent than Charles Dickens. Those who knew the circumstances saw plainly that he had put nimself and his sad childhood into many of his pathetic short stories. This is especially true of "The Ghost (n Master B.'s Room," which is an account of things which happened to aim in his troubled boyhood. As a child he was a firm believer in ghosts, and it is probable that he never entirety abandoned his faith in spectral appearances. Many of his tales are peooled with disembodied spirits, and they are like the ghosts of no other writer They are the spooks that appeal to one and make one believe in their genuineness. They are frequently more real than the living characters who consort with them. Although they are dead they conduct themselves like living en-

Dickens' Christmas ghosts are unique in the realm of literature. Of all the silent shapes that have been sum-



worlds to lend on chantment to t Christmas ta his alone h become accilied. There is er anything pulsive a had

moned from the

THACKERAY. "That's right! Come on, Bob. Swear, lonable spooks ever invented. are seldom seputabrai, but are quently cheerful. They meet a Bob. "I will go home, bays-I will" expreised phantens of the foliage out noticel personalities, from the day

nortal restrictions in regard to locomoion that come to us when we bid them nd vanish politely when we are weary f their presence.

Bret Harte never made a secret of is admiration for the creator of Little Nell and Tom Pinch. Like Paul at he feet of Gamaliel, he was content to receive his lesson from the man be acknowledged to be his master. Not antil after Dickens had finished his work did the young literary light who stood revealed in the far western firmament learn that his model had seen hat exquisite elegy "Dickens In amp" and had been heard to express his admiration of it in the most genrous terms. The dying novelist declared that the work of the new Amercan writer contained such subtle strokes of workmanship as no other writer in the language had yet exhibited. And then he asked, with a humorous gleam in his weary eyes, 'Don't you think that his manner is

very like my own?" Like Dickens, Harte had a genuine fondness for the doings of Yuletide. hie who knew him best says that up to the last day of his life "he thought nuch of the Christmas season and to the last kept up the fond and foolish ustom of sending generous presents a his friends" Better appreciated in ingland than in his native country, Harte spent the later years of his life abroad, but his stories were to the last listinctively American. In that adnirable performance entitled "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar" here is no flavor of the old world Christmas, and Johnny, clothed in the stars and stripes, is a young American of the most unmistakable sort. Two of the most strikingly dissimi-

lar Christmas stories ever written are Hawthorne's "Christmas Banquet" and Miss Mitford's "Christmas Party." There is little of Christmas in

Hawthorne's grewsome tale. The joyous festival is only a literary makeshift around which is

DICKENS. woven a weird psychological study that drives all remembrance of the blessed season from the mind. Its ghosts are not the sociable and easily banished spooks of Dickens. They are formless and creepy and all pervading. They are the fearsome specters that rise in the frigid vapors of German mysticism, and they are made icier still with a strong admixture of New England transcendentalism. It is a masterpiece in conception and in treatment-no question at all about that-but it does not make the Yule log glow more brightly or

Mary Russell Mitford does not deal said he. "She's a dandy. Bob was body in those days, and the wonder in ghosts. All of her Christmas characters are flesh and blood people, and they are not of the sort that "will not stay dead when they die." Her "Christmas Party" is as dainty in its workmanship as anything which ever came from her careful pen, and that is saying much. It is as restful and nonsuggestive as a pastoral, and its influence is as soothing as the delicate savor which escapes when the cover of a potpourri jar is lifted or the drawer of an old time cabinet is opened-the faint, pervasive odor of crushed rose leaves and dried lavender.

THE RATIONAL CHRISTMAS.

By ELLIS FRAME (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asse-

"Let us give in reason this year," she 'suggested;
"Not merely for the sake of giving things.

It's the spirit, not the money invested.

Let us, therefore, turn from foolish squanderings.
Let the gifts we give be things that may, be needed Instead of trash soon to be cast aside." "My darling, your suggestion shall be heeded, For there is wisdom in it," he replied.

She did her shopping early, being guided By lessons learned from much experi-She would show her lord and master, she How excellent a thing was common

For their baby boy she purchased a French corset And an oriental rug that caught her "Though the darling longed to have a rocking horse, it Wasn't sensible," she murmured, with a

They had promised not to buy things for They would merely get a few things for the child. She would sacrifice her sister and her

mother, And it gladdened her to see the way he As he said his people, too, should be ornit-So the wise and winsome woman, day

by day, From shop to shop, with sweet emotion, flitted, Having dry goods bound up and sent

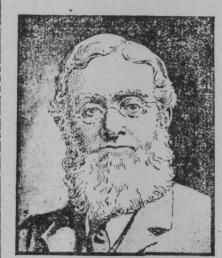
upper and nether He bought a pipe and splendid smoking With these the child could make no such

Of oil Toccaccio and Rabelala,
So that their little one might be elated
And long have glad remembrance of the

displayed
They gut upon the sofa side by side,
And while their child looked up at them,
domayed. He and a culprit's manner, and she

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ATTACK OF BLADDER TROUBLE

WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up.

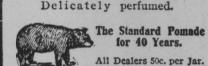
I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruitatives" for chronic constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is very mild like fruit, is easy to take but most effective in action." to take, but most effective in action."

(Signed) JAMES DINGWALL. Williamstown, Ont,, July 27th, 1908. soc a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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gists. Be sure you get the genuine. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.



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Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident En-gineer, Chatham, N. B., and on ap-plication to the Postmaster at Cum-

ning's Cove, N. B. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, McCullam St and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and Phone 47. place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied

by an accepted cheque on a chartered Drs. H. G. & J. SPROUL, bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand dollars (\$2,-000,00,) which will be forfeited if the To give their darling glee on Christmas | person tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracta racket

As might have been produced with drum ed for. If the tender be not the cheque will be returned. ed for. If the tender be not accepted The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. , By order.

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Whitneyville.

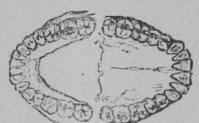
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