

BANKING BY MAIL

To enable those living at a distance to conduct a bank account this Bank gives particular attention to Deposits sent by mail :

BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

East Florenceville, N. B.

Tompkins' Hotel

STICKNEY, N. B.
Joseph B. Tompkins, Prop.
Permanent and Transient Board

Special attention to Commercial trade. Good livery in connection. New house, well furnished, large airy rooms, good table. Situated half way between Hartland and Florenceville.

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W. F. Thornton, Proprietor
Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.
Main St., Hartland, N. B.

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First class equipment. Located at the old Gillin stand, Depot St.
Prompt service. Perfectly satisfied in every patron. Old faces made young. Scraggly beards made presentable. Tonsured heads untangled.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

Repair work neatly done. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agent Crown Tailoring Co.

T. B. THISTLE, Hartland, N. B.

BREAD FLESCHEMAN'S Yeast Cakes Fine Confectionery and Soft Drinks. SIMMS

MANLEY H. CRAIG
Deputy Land Surveyor
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Telephone 61-23. PERTH, N. B.

BOHAN BROS. BATH Buyers of Produce of all Kinds at Highest Cash Prices International Harvester Co's Farm Machinery BEST IN THE WORLD

"Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents
Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest
Chocolates, Canned
Goods, etc.

Step in and see us. We guarantee to please.

H. A. SIPPRESS
Proprietor.

Bethlehem Town

EUGENE FIELD

As I was going to Bethlehem town
Upon the earth I cast me down
All underneath a little tree
That whispered in this wise to me:

"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary
And bear what burthen saveth thee!"

As up I fared to Bethlehem town
I met a shepherd coming down.
And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight
Hath spread before mine eyes this night.

An angel host most fair to see,
That sung full sweetly of a tree
That shall uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth you and me."

And as I gat to Bethlehem town,
Lo, wise men came that bore a crown.
"Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem
A King shall wear this diadem?"

"Good sooth," they quoth, "and it is he
That shall be lifted on the tree
And freely shed on Calvary
What blood redeemeth us and thee."

Unto a Child in Bethlehem town
The wise men came and brought the crown.
And, while the infant smiling slept,
Upon their knees they fell and wept.

But with her babe upon her knee,
Naught recked that Mother of the tree
That should uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem town
And think on him that wears the crown.
I may not kiss his feet again
Nor worship him as I did then.

My King hath died upon the tree
And hath outpoured on Calvary
What blood redeemeth you and me.



The Late Eugene Field

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN N. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE young man who hasn't the price of a theater ticket should take the girl to the revival. It might make a bit with mother.

A girl may think she is pretty, but for a real verdict you have to ask the other girls.

No matter how much one woman may hate another, she will still borrow her latest sleeve pattern.

Every woman thinks she bakes good bread, and every man knows his watch keeps good time.

The thing a woman can forgive is having her intimate friend let it be known that her best evening frock was made from the rag bag.

All men have some vanity, but some appear to have nothing else.

The worst thing about being dependent on another man for a job is you have to say you never heard it before when he feels facetious.

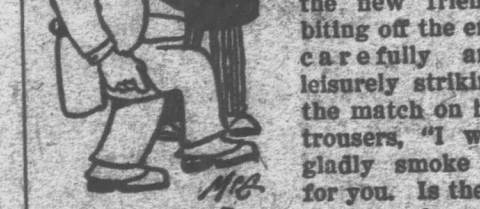
A man doesn't mind so much that dinner is late if it is he that makes it late.

Quite Accommodating.
"Got a match, Bill?" said the man who presumed on short acquaintance.

"Sure thing," replied the new friend.

"Now, have you a cigar to go with it?"

"You bet I have! And to anticipate your next request," said the new friend, blitting off the end carefully and leisurely striking the match on his trousers, "I will gladly smoke it for you. Is there anything else I can do to make you happy?"



Restitution.

We owe our conscience in a way that makes a mule haw-haw. For if we steal a load of hay We give away a straw.

On charity we spend a dime For every hundred dollar crime And throw a beggar man a crust Because we've organized a trust.

We think full measure to repay By tossing in the scale Some silver that was in the way And cumbersome as freight.

When we have grafted left and right We buy a humber motor, big bike Or in his hand a nickel force When we have sold a balky horse.

Making Progress.
"Do you try to keep up with the latest fiction?"

"Oh, yes; right up to date. I read 'Robinson Crusoe' last summer."

"Fine. Keep right on. You will get around to 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' next."

Proved It.
"Called to see young Brown yesterday."

"Where does he live?"

"On the fourteenth floor of an apartment building."

"He always said that he was bound to get up in the world."

No Dead Here.
"He called me a liar."

"Did you lick him?"

"No."

"Then you are no gentleman."

"You will observe I am not a corpse either."

Valued.
"He is a good friend."

"Is he?"

"Yes, he is."

"How good?"

"Oh, say for about a tennér."

Not Able Financially.
"Well, take good care of yourself."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I haven't sufficient income. It takes a big pile for that."

Way of the Bluffer.
"He is going around all the time with a chip on his shoulder."

"Too lazy to carry a log and be of some service."

Calm Zone.
We've got to pick a president About a year from now. Some people think we should begin At once to mix the row. When in his mind the saner man The question well has turned He'll think that we deserve to take The rest that we have earned.

This thing of pawing up the air Two seasons in advance Is not the thing that it would seem At first and careless glance. We ought to have a little while To pause and contemplate Some other weighty public things Before we make the state.

Each year sufficient to itself Is quite a rule to make. By starting now it might be hard To keep the folks awake. Let politics go chase itself Or pause to take a nap. Not any trouble will we have In filling up the gap.

Suppose that we should rave and rant The proper man to find. Are we assured that any one Will keep our choice in mind? In days gone by the early booms Have seldom won the prize. Some person hardly mentioned now May find it just his size.

WINTER is NEAR

Prepare for the cold season with good warm clothing. Our stock of

Foot Wear

especially

Felt Goods

Shoepax &c.



consists of everything that can be desired.

Our Stock of

Under-Clothing

is large and varied. We look specially to the comfort of men who work out of doors.

Don't forget Nixon's SPECIAL

Tea and Coffee.

They have stood the test of years and are selling better than ever. We have other Teas if you want them.

H. R. NIXON

The Peoples Shoe Store

The Store formerly operated by W. H. Drake at Goldstream has gone under new management.

We still carry all lines usually found in a

First Class Country Store

Call and see us

Drake & Belyea

Coldstream, N. B.

Poultry Wanted!

Any and all kinds of old or young Poultry wanted. Would prefer birds Dressed in a special way.

Also want

Rabbits

in any quantity. Write, or telephone

A. R. Rigby, Hartland.

for price and written instructions how to dress the poultry.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

Horse Blankets

Woolen-Lined and others.

20 Dozen that must be sold. CALL AND SEE US.

LETSON BROS. MAIN STREET

Team Harness, and Straps of all kinds. Also Horse Collars.

OBSERVING CHRISTMAS.

How One Family Made the Holiday Pleasant and Profitable.

IN many childless homes in this country no preparations are being made to observe Christmas with its old-fashioned customs and traditions. But in Germany, the historic home of the Christmas tree, and the source of many current Christmas customs and devices, in no home, from palace to hovel, however old or poor, are the members without their Christmas tree at Yuletide. Where there are no children it is a beautiful sight to see gray haired old men and women, with perhaps their married sons and daughters and grandchildren, standing around, greeting with undimmed delight their well laden fir tree. It is an essential part of their Christmas and would not be Christmas without it.

In a refined American home in a small city a few years ago much enjoyment was derived from a Christmas celebrated in childish style by a family of adults. During the preceding year a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law had been added to the family group, and the other members were a father, a mother, a dear old maiden aunt, the two married children, two unmarried grownup sons and their one sister. A real Christmas tree was purchased, and the women folk trimmed it with popcorn, tinsel, candles and all the rest of the paraphernalia required for a genuine old-fashioned Christmas tree.

On Christmas morning the household assembled, and, catching the infection of the occasion, all sat on the floor around the tree to receive their presents from a bona fide Santa Claus. Among the first packages distributed were some made to recall funny happenings of the year just passed, which had been selected in order to create merriment. Screams of laughter greeted the opening of a package labeled with the bride's name, which was found to contain a large leather medal inscribed with the following: "For patience in making apple jelly." As a novice in the culinary department she had struggled time and again with the task of making this delectable dish. To her husband went a small silver trombone, because in his boyhood days he had aspirations toward learning to play that instrument, practicing on a large one of the ear-splitting type.

To the maiden aunt, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare and a member of several clubs devoted to "readings," a plaster of Paris bust of William was awarded. One of the boys had taken a pleasure trip south a few months before, accompanied by a valuable camera. He had left it on the steamboat dock when he embarked and never recovered it. To him was given a photograph of a beautiful camera cut from an advertisement page of a popular magazine. To the father, a min-

ister of the gospel and high up in ecclesiastical circles, a toy watch—just a gentle reminder of the length of his sermons. The mother's early days had been spent on a farm. Occasionally she had been known to grow homesick for a familiar sight of something resembling farm life, and she had recently purchased a few chickens, which she housed in the extreme end of the back yard, much to the disgust of the daughter of the house. To her was given a toy fosterer with a real "crow." The son-in-law received a dime bank, to indicate that his responsibilities had increased, and the other and younger brother rose colored glasses, to remind him of his visionary ideas. To the single sister who had been "out" several seasons a ring with a solitaire stone of real glass was given. After these had been distributed the handsome and real gifts of the day were exchanged, and it was a jolly, happy crowd which filed into the dining room to enjoy the feast which had been in course of preparation.

During the following year the father departed this life, followed within a short space of time by the married son. The surviving members have the memory of that delightful Christmas when they were all together.

On Christmas Morn.
They fared across the lonely plains,
They dared the desert way.
Above them moved the starry train
That rest not night or day.
One star from out the splendor shone,
A rift of heaven's own light.
In fearless faith they followed on,
Their eager faces bright.

Three kings were they of great renown,
And from the east star came
Until it stood o'er Bethlehem town
They journeyed by the star.
It stood above a cattle shed,
And there its light grew dim.
To heaven's own Child the star had led,
Its glory paled for him.

Immanuel! A little Child
That very day newborn,
They knelt before the undimmed
That earliest Christmas morn.
Each head was bent to give him praise,
Their incense, gold and myrrh
They offered him in glad amaze
Each humble worshiper.

What gifts have we for Christ today?
We, too, have seen the star,
And we have found the happy way
To Bethlehem afar.
Our gold, our myrrh, our incense sweet
Shall we not hither bring?
Ah, let us haste to kiss his feet,
The little Christ, our King!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Salutation.
O night, O star, O land afar,
In sweet surprise of glory
Let shepherd train and angel strain
Sing new your Christmas story!

O dawn, O gift, O heaven arift,
O Mary, mystic mother
Of newborn Christ, keep ye my trust
With every human brother!

O door flung wide, O full floodtide
Of light and kindness meeting,
Unto my friend this day outsend
A joyous Christmas greeting!

—J. B. E. in Lippincott's.