

DLETON, N. S.	there ain't no lites on me, But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!	"He isn't given to trusting much," r plied Mat, thoughtfully, as he watched th
	Got a yaller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat; First thing she knows she doesn't know	gloomy face of his former employer. The customers had all been attended now, and the store was empty as Kit we
	where she is at! Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes	up to the counter and gave his order. While the things were being measured
	out to slide, 'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!	out, Mat came forward and said, with son hesitation:
	But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited and cross,	"Mr. Dolan, will you let me have one those sleds to night-the one I picked or
	He reaches at us with his whir, an' larrups up his hoss, An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh ye never	you know ?" "Of course you can have it if you pay f
	teched me!" But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin	it," answered Mr. Dolan, shortly. "I will work half next week for it, a
	Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to	that's twice what the sled is worth," ventue ed Mat, persuasively.
	be a man, I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother,	"No money, no goods, is my motto snapped Mr. Dolan. Then he adde
	Dan, As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's isle,	"Now, Mat, you can take yourself off, i you have done enough mischief for one da
	Where every prospeck pleases, an' orly man is vile! But gran'ma she has never been to see a	and I am just sick of seeing you around." Before Kit could gather up his parce
	Wild West show, Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I	Mat was gone, but he saw him again seat on a snow covered fence rail not far fr
6 · · · · ·	guess she'd know That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!	the cottage. Kit felt very sorry for his m fortunes, so he went to him, and said, in
	Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!	kind, sympathetic way: "Don't feel so bad, Mat. You'll be su
ion of Stoves from	An' then old Sport, he hangs around, so solemn-like and still,	to get another place soon." "Perhaps so," said Mat, mournful
urnishings in stock.	His eyes they seem a sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?'	"but not before to-morrow. I am think of Ben. I can't bear to see him. The lit
OTT	The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become Of them two enemies of hern that used to	chap set so much store by that sled." Kit could not find words to comfort h
ROWE.	make things hum! But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz,	so he said, "Good-night !" softly, and we on his way; but, though the spices and ot
B. "GENUINE."	That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"	nice things in his arms sent out a delicit odor, somehow the Christmas plum pudd
D. GLNDINL.	But father, havin' been a boy hisself, sus- picions me, When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I	had lost much of its delights to Kit, though he was scarcely aware of it hims
to load	kin be!	he was a very kind-hearted boy indeed. He lifted his eyes as he passed the cotta
lle Leau,	For Christmas, with its lots 'an lots of can- dies, cakes, an' toys, Was made, they say, for proper kids, an'	A faint light burned in the room, and caught a glimpse of a small, ragged stocki
	not for naughty boys; So wash yer face an' brush yer hair, an'	hanging on a wooden mantle shelf. Little lonesome Ben stood by the wind
N AND BOILED	mind yer p's and q'e, An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out your shoes;	scratching an opening in the frost that of ered the only whole pane of glass, to p
TT.S	Say "yessum" to the ladies, an' "yessir" to the men, An' when they's company, don't pass yer	eagerly out into the darkness. The great yellow bowl stood on the wh pine table in the bright kitchen, and
	plate for pie again; But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see	Kit stirred the dark contents with a wooden spoon his eyes roved along
LOWEST PRICES.	Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!	shelves of the dresser opposit him, wh several large mince pies, a large cake, jan
		red cranberry sauce and numberless of dainties were arranged. A turkey, read
smiths'	Select Biterature.	pop into the oven, was in a pan on the r shelf.
ies a Specialty.	Santa Claus' Deputy.	"Poor little Ben? I wish you had share," thought Kit and the spoon mo
TRODT	It was a wonderful night; the stars glit- tered like diamonds in the frosty sky; Kit	slower and slower. "Stir faster, Kit !" cried his mot
ISON.	Dean thought; as he hurried over the windy hill, that they never looked so large and	from her place by the stove. "Everyth depends on the stirring."
	bright before. On the very brow of this hill was a little	Kit went to bed early that night, a helping his small brothers and sisters h
	cottage. The windows were cracked and broken. Straw and rags filled the gaps	their stockings over the fire place; but was very silent, for every now and then
	where the glass should have been, The gate hung on one hinge, and the posts were worm-	solitary stocking pending from the old, s shelf arose before his mind's eye, and so
moto il	eaten and decayed. As Kit drew near this miserable dwelling,	thing like a lump came in his throat at thought of the misery and disappointm
ORA	the door opened and a small head thrust out. "Hallo, Ben!" shouted Kit. "This looks	awaiting poor little Ben on Christmas m ing, when all children should be happy. He had been asleep sometime, howe
shoe would give a	like Christmas Eve, doesn't it ?" "It feels like it, too," answered the little	when the sound of smothered laughter
use in the building the foot destroys	fellow; "caus Mat says Santa Claus' is going to bring me a sled-a real one, with the	ing and clattering awoke him. "That's Santa Claus," whispered
ng shoe, and every in its construction.	swan's ueck and bright steel runners, I wish it was to-morrow !" he cried, dancing	moundant brother who elent with him, i
d-made at half the 00, \$5.00 per pair.	up and down, while he clapped his hands to- gether. "So do I !" replied Kit, heartily. "I'm	" You had better shut your eyes and g
CATALOGUE	going to have a sled, too." "Where are you going now ?" asked Ben,	ing," said Kit, warningly.
IL alling	coming out a little farther on the doorstep. "To Dolan's, for things to make the pudd-	the youngster, with a confident laugh.
Teesl Agents	ing of," replied Kit, Then he paused and began counting over	times," thought Kit, as he remembered
Local Agents.	his fingers, in a distracted manner, as he re-	Somehow. after this, Kit felt very w ful and restless, and turned and tossed
Notice!	"Raisins, currants, plums, citron-citron -There ! I have forgotten something," he	he got up and dressed himself. He tho
	muttered. "I ought to have written it down. Let me see ! There were eight-no	until he felt sleepy.
ments with the		It was so quiet that it seemed as the the cracking of the stairs must arouse e
	Ben, with interest. "Yes," nodded Kit. "Raisins, currants	
HEE,	plums, citron, cloves, nutmegs, cinnamon and I'm to stir it, Ben !" Then he added	, at its own prudence in securing such
ore from this date	again,"	ly.
Tailor.	"Good-bye !" called Ben, as Kit hurried away. "If you see Mat at the store tel	the second se
nnapolis Royal	him I've been good!" The little fellow looked so happy, in spit	
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