

The Union Advocate

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
Christmas, December 25, 1893.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas 1893.

SALTER BRICK STORE.

The Subscriber has on hand his usual large assortment of

Ready Made Clothing,
Dress Goods,
Boots and Shoes,
Rubbers and Overshoes,
Hats and Caps,
Groceries,
Hardware.

These are our chief lines, and it would be impossible to fully enumerate the immense assortment of goods in these various departments, and will but call attention to a few leading lines:—

Men's and Boy's Reefers, Suits,
Men's Overcoats in Fur, Cloth and Melissa.

Hats and Caps in Fur of various kinds, Cloth, Plush and Astracan.
In Dress Good I have an infinite variety of material in all the new shades and styles, with trimmings to match. Also a full and complete stock of

Gents' FURNISHINGS,
in linen, flannel and flannellette shirts, collars, cuffs, neckties, braces handkerchiefs, cardigans, gloves, mits, mufflers and scarfs.

Christmas without GROCERIES

would be like winter without fuel, there would be no cheer to it, hence you will find my stock comprises everything needed in these lines.

All the above will be sold during the holiday season at a considerable

REDUCTION

from usual prices.
All I ask is an examination of my goods and prices.

John Ferguson.

Newcastle, Dec. 12, 1893.

season of the year. Not only at home, but to every land that he has gone to and settled, the Englishman has kept Christmas and entered fully into its spirit. In the days of the English Commonwealth the Puritans did all that they could to abolish the Christmas festival by turning the feast into a fast. All their efforts in this direction, however, were in vain, as the act for this purpose passed by the Long Parliament in 1644 was imperfectly enforced and was shortly after removed from the statute books of the country in consequence of the great mass of the people being opposed to the abolition of this good old time honored custom of their fathers. The Puritans in the new world also made an effort to abolish the custom, but they did not succeed owing to the traditions of the race having associated the day with the love of domestic enjoyment, of social merriment and good cheer. And while everything which has been devised to supersede Christmas has failed, the feast of the Nativity, with its English accessories, is constantly growing stronger in the favor and affection of the race.

In addition to what we in Canada have learned of Christmas and its observance from our English ancestors, we are also indebted to other countries for many of the customs that have made the day so revered and loved by our people. From Holland comes Santa Claus, whose annual visit our children would not willingly dispense with. From Germany we get the Christmas tree, whose fruit is as acceptable to the children of the family as the visit of the old Dutch saint during the dark watches of Christmas eve. We also might add that it is to the fertile and versatile pens of Scott, Dickens, and other writers, who, during the present century, have enriched our literature with their incomparable Christmas poems, tales and legends, that has made the day so beloved and revered by all classes of our people.

Hoping that the spirit of "Good will towards men," that the herald angels proclaimed on the plains of Bethlehem may at this season reign in every heart, the ADVOCATE wishes to one and all its readers a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS.

ITS UNIVERSALITY—ITS FIRST CELEBRATION—THE GROWTH OF ITS CHARITIES—FAMILY REUNIONS—THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

Another Christmas season is upon us, and one more will soon be added to that long roll of wondrous anniversaries which reaches down through the length of nearly nineteen centuries. The celebration of the birth of Christ, the most important event in human history, is looked upon as a duty by Christian communities all over the world. Not only in the countries of the Old World and in the older settled communities of the New, but everywhere; in every land that the foot of Christian man has touched there will this day be held sacred as a day of thankfulness and joy. It was the poet Montgomery who sang, in lines that can never be forgotten:—

"For He shall have dominion
On river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar."

The celebration of Christmas is only limited by the boundaries of the Christian world, and these boundaries we know shall be extended until they embrace the whole earth. The selection of the 25th of December as the true date of the nativity seems to have been made about the beginning of the fifth century. It is not pretended that this is the exact date, and there are certain reasons connected with the climate of Judea which would seem to make it impossible that any day either in December or January could be the proper date. But that is a matter of very small consequence as respects the festival itself, which is intended to commemorate an event, and not merely a particular day. And whether absolutely correct or

not the present date has the usage of nearly fifteen hundred years to justify its claims.

It is impossible to revert to that distant age when men first began to celebrate the birth of Christ without recalling the changed conditions under which it is celebrated now. Then the Christian religion was hardly tolerated even in Rome, and the whole world, with the exception of a few scattered communities of Christian converts, was pagan. All that was great in art, and nearly all that was great in literature, had been the work of men who either knew nothing of Christianity or who hated and despised it. It was pagan Rome whose arms had conquered the world, and which still held it in subjection with a scarcely relaxed grasp. How should Christianity, which originated in a distant and but little valued province of the Roman empire, make its way against the thousand influences gathered to oppose it? Yet in a comparatively brief period Christianity became the belief of the whole civilized world, and its missionaries from that day to the present have marched in the van of human progress. Christian art and Christian literature have supplanted and surpassed the masterpieces of the pagan world, and the sceptres of the great empires of the earth are in Christian hands. Civil and religious liberty, the best triumphs of science and philosophy, the noble humanitarianism that distinguished this age, the care of the poor, the sick, and the distressed, all these are parts of the noble work of a triumphant and ever active Christianity.

In these later ages, and particularly within the present century, the character of the Christmas celebration has materially changed. Originally it replaced such old heathen festivals as the Saturnalia, and not unnaturally some of the old heathen ceremonies clung to it. In the middle ages the Christmas celebration, both in England and Scotland, largely partook of the nature of a revel, and was a season of great and sometimes excessive festivity. In England, at Court, and in the houses of the wealthy, an officer named the Lord of Misrule was appointed to superintend the revels; and in Scotland a similar functionary was appointed under the title of the Abbot of Unreason, till the year 1555, when the office was abolished by Act of Parliament. The Lord of Misrule survived in England to a much later period, and perhaps might still be found in some old-fashioned country houses there. Christmas has lost nothing in joyousness by his retirement, and it has gained much in propriety as well as in Christian feeling. The decoration of the churches, the holding of Christian services, the singing of Christmas anthems and carols, all these are duly remembered, and form a part of the observances of the day. But these services, although undoubtedly important, are overshadowed in a measure by other Christmas customs, some of which have attained their highest development within a comparatively recent period. The tendency of all these customs is to make Christmas a day not only of rejoicing but of charity, and kindness to all. "Peace on earth good will to men" is the noble sentiment which proclaims the coming of the Saviour, and to give this sentiment a practical application is the aim of the modern Christmas festival.

The scattered members of the family, which during the whole year have been separated by the exigencies of business, or from other causes, are, as far as possible, gathered together for the Christmas feast, to exchange kindly greetings and mutual good wishes. If causes of estrangement have arisen it is here that they should be removed, and the old relations of affection and harmony restored. If death has invaded the family circle the vacant chair and the whispered regret not less than the unbidden tear will recall the memory of the loved and lost one. Nor do people at Christmas confine their sympathies to those of their own household, or their own blood. As the festival is essentially one which recognizes the common brotherhood of mankind, so its celebration embraces good will to all mankind. The hearty greeting which comes from a kindly heart is for our neighbor as well as for those nearer to us, and at this season old animosities, if they

exist, are forgotten, and old causes of dislike removed. But the noblest work of the modern Christmas festival is its care for the poor. The wealthy and well-to-do can always command what they require for their comfort, but the position of the poor is very different. To remember them, at Christmas is, therefore, a duty on the part of those who can afford to help their poorer neighbors and this duty, to the honor of humanity be it said, is seldom neglected. No one man, perhaps, ever did more to stimulate this Christmas generosity to the poor than Charles Dickens, by the publication of the "Christmas Carol" forty-two years ago. That beautiful little story, presented with unequalled eloquence the impressive lesson of charity and humanity at the Christmas season, and all England listened and obeyed. Thousands of hearts that have grown indifferent to the claims of others upon them were touched by the affecting story of "Tiny Tim," and the family of the happy but impoverished "Bob Cratchitt," and by the change of heart which "Scrooge" experienced on that memorable Christmas eve. The result was a distinct revival of good works at Christmas all over the world, a revival that has never experienced a check to this day, and which is never likely to be checked while the "carol" and other Christmas tales are read by millions of readers. No man can estimate how greatly the cause of humanity has been advanced by the kindly and charitable Christmas usages.

To the young Christmas is a delightful period, because it brings presents from loving relations and friends, and all those "pleasures of hope" which are connected with stockings to be filled. At such a time the rich bestow valuable presents on those they love, and those whose means are limited gifts whose value is perhaps small. But it is not the costliness of a present that is the real estimate of its worth, but the spirit in which it is given, and the good wishes which accompany it. Were it otherwise the wealthy would have a monopoly of the joys of life, and only they could realize its finer affections. Happily, however, this is not the case, and even the extremely poor are not wholly shut out from the common joys of humanity. To enable them to share these joys as far as possible should be the aim of every one, who is in a position to help them, at this Christmas season. Still will they best realize the true spirit of Him whom they thus commemorate, as beautifully expressed by the poet—

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And lox, joy, hope, like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountain,
Shall peace the Herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

SELECTIONS.

Saved by the Cattle.

(Continued from 1st page.)

"I guess they weren't used to cattle like ours. Father's old black and white bull was running the affair that night, and he stood facing the attack. The wolves never halted, but with their red tongues hanging out, like fox-traps, they gave a queer nasty gasp that makes my blood run cold to think of, and sprang right on to the circle of horns.

"We heard the old bull mumble something away down in his throat, and he sort of heaved up his hind quarter and pitched forward, without leaving the ranks. The next thing we saw, one of his long horns was through the belly of the leader wolf, and the animal was tossed up into the air, yelping like a kicked dog. He came down with a thud and lay snapping at the grass and kicking; while the other four, who had been repulsed more or less roughly, drew back and eyed their fallen comrade with an air of disapproval. I expected to see them jump upon him and eat him at once, but they didn't; and I began to distrust the stories I had read about wolves. It appeared, however, that it was not from any sense of decency that they held back, but only that they wanted beef rather than wolf meat, as we found a little later.

"Presently one of the four slouched forward and snuffed at his dying comrade. The brute was still lively, however, and snapped his teeth viciously at the other's legs, who thereupon slouched back to the pack. After a moment of hesitation the four stole silently, in single file, round and round the circle, turning their heads so as to glare at us all the time, and looking for a weak spot to attack. They must have gone round us half a dozen times, and then they sat down on their tails, and stuck their noses into the air, and howled and howled for maybe five minutes steady. Teddy and I, who were now feeling sure our 'critters' could lick any number of wolves, came to the conclusion the brutes thought they had too big a job on their hands and were signaling for more forces. 'Let 'em come,' exclaimed Teddy. But we were getting altogether too confident, as we soon found out.

"After howling for awhile the wolves stopped and listened. Then they howled again, and again they stopped and listened; but still no answer came. At this they got up and once more began prowling round the circle, and everywhere they went you could see the long horns of the cattle pointing in their direction. I can tell you, cattle know a thing or two more than they get credit for.

"Well, when the wolves came round to their comrade's body, they saw it was no longer kicking, and one of them took a bite out of it as if by way of an experiment. He didn't seem to care for wolf, and turned away discontentedly. The idea struck Teddy as so funny that he laughed aloud. The laugh sounded out of place and fairly frightened me. The cattle stirred uneasily, and as for Teddy, he wished he had held his tongue, for the wolf turned and fixed his eyes upon him, and drew nearer and nearer till I thought he was going to spring over the cattle's heads and seize us. But in a minute I heard the old bull mumble again in his throat; and the wolf sprang back just in time to keep from being gored. How I felt like bugging that bull!

"I cheered Teddy up, and told him not to laugh or make a noise again. As the little fellow lifted his eyes he looked over my shoulder, and, instantly forgetting what I had been saying, shouted: 'Here comes father and Bill.' I looked in the same direction and saw them, sure enough, riding furiously toward us. But the wolves didn't notice them, and resumed their prowling.

"On the other side of the circle from our champion, the black and white bull, there stood a nervous young cow, and just at this time the wolf who had got his eye on Teddy seemed to detect this weak spot in the defence. Suddenly he dashed like lightning on the timid cow, who shrank aside wildly, and opened a passage by which the wolf darted into the very centre of the circle. The brute made straight for Teddy, whom I snatched from his perch and dragged over against the flank of the old bull. Instantly the herd was in confusion. The young cow had bounded into the open and was rushing wildly up the interval, and two of the wolves were at her flanks in a moment. The wolf who had marked Teddy for his prey leaped lightly over a calf or two, and was almost upon us, when a red mooley cow, the mother of one of these calves, butted him so fiercely as to throw him several feet to one side. Before he could reach us a second time the old bull had spotted him. Wheeling in his tracks, as nimble as a squirrel, he knocked me and Teddy over like a couple of nine-pins, and was on to the wolf in a flash. How he did mumble and grumble way down in his stomach, but he fixed the wolf. I peeped the brute down and snatched him with his forehead, and then amused himself tossing the body in the air; and just at this moment father and Bill rode up, and snatched us two youngsters on to their saddles.

"Are you hurt?" questioned father, breathlessly. But he saw in a moment we were not, for we were flushed with pride at the triumph of our old bull.

"And be they any more wolves, so? I kin git a shot at 'em," queried Bill.

"Old Spot has fixed two of 'em," said I.

"And there's the other two eating poor Whitey over there," exclaimed Teddy, pointing at a snarling knot of creatures two or three hundred yards across the interval.

X'MAS

X'MAS! X'MAS.

As the X'mas season has arrived we wish to draw your attention to the fact that E. LEE STREET has received the largest supply of X'mas Presents ever seen in Miramichi.

From Ricksecket and Seely,

the two largest perfume manufacturers in America, and Lyman Sons Co., the largest in Montreal, he has received a magnificent supply of the best quality and put up in large decanters, pitchers, Fine glass bottles, plush lined boxes and baskets.

They range all the way from 10c. to \$10.00 per bottle so they are within the reach of all. This stock of Fancy Goods lacks neither in beauty nor quality the love mentioned. They are made of Plush, Leather, Wood, Celluloid, and Silver, and consist in part of the following:—

- Ladies Work Boxes,
- Manicure Sets,
- Travelling Cases,
- Cuff and Collar Boxes,
- Writing Desks,
- Fairy Lamps,
- Photograph Albums,
- Handsome Olive Wood Cases,
- Silver and Marble Clocks,
- Scissors in Cases,
- Glove & Handkerchief boxes of all kinds,
- Fine China Tea Sets,
- Feather Fans,
- Card Cases,
- Whisk holders,
- Jewel Cases,
- Handsome Plate Glass Mirrors with Silver frames,
- Some fine Celluloid articles such as Card Cases, Glove Handkerchief Boxes, Napkin Rings, Photograph Frames, Letter Holders, Calendars, Blotters, etc., etc., etc., and a lot of useful and fancy articles too numerous to mention.

These goods are of the lowest possible prices, and suitable for Old and Young, Rich and Poor, so don't forget to call and inspect the Holiday presents

at the Newcastle Drug Store,
E. LEE STREET,
PROPRIETOR.

Also a supply of celluloid in sheets on hand.
Newcastle, Dec. 4, 1893.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

Another year has nearly gone by and I again greet you. As we grow older we should grow wiser, and to prove this old and quaint saying to a true I want the people of Newcastle and the country generally to read this

Christmas Advertisement,

and see what I propose doing for my customers. I am sure you are interested in what I am about to offer. It would take a whole newspaper to enumerate a list of my

VARIED STOCK

of goods suitable for the season, but it will pay you to carefully read this advertisement, and then give me a call and get a share of the

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

I am offering in every line.

Groceries.

My stock is new and comprises almost everything found in a first class grocery store, such as—Fresh Raisins, (16lbs Valencia Raisins for one dollar,) also Valencia layers in 14lb boxes, put up expressly for family use at \$1.35 per box, Currants, (18lbs. Currants for one dollar, new stock,) Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, (3 cans of either or sorted for 25cents, new stock) and Canned Goods of every description. New Turkish Figs, 15c. per lb., Candied Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Spices, Dates, Apples in Bishop Pippins, Baldwins, and Greenings, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, choice Malaga 20c. per lb., Purple 10 cents, 16lbs. Cape Cod Cranberries, by the pint, quart or gallon. Choice Tea, only 30 cents per lb., Coffee, bean and ground, Sugars in lump, pulverized, granulated, and bright yellow, Barbadoes Molasses, Golden Syrup, 60c. per gallon. White Wine Vinegar, Sage, Summer Savory, evaporated and dried Apples, Beans, Rice, Flavoring Extracts, Cheese, Crackers in variety, Toilet and other Soaps in all the favorite brands, so numerous to mention, Surprise Soap 6 cents per lb. for the holiday season, old Soap 4 cents per lb.

OYSTERS.

I keep constantly on hand and serve at short notice Oysters—dressed and on the half shell, also by the pint, quart or bucket.

PROVISIONS.

I keep in stock a supply of Hams, Rolled Bacon, Fresh and Salt Pork, Fresh and Salt Beef, Lard in tins and tubs, Cottoiline in tins and tubs, Hopkins' Sausages, Finnan Haddies, Onions—6 lb. for 25 cents, dried Codfish, Smoked and Salt Herring. Daily expected a large supply of—

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens

and a half ton of Choice Creamery Butter.
Flour, different grades, Rolled Oats, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour Graham Flour, etc., American Kerosene Oil.
McDonald's Tobaccoes, different brands of cut smoking tobaccoes, Old Chum, Mastiff and other brands, Cigars, Cigarettes, and Fancy Pipes.

Crockery, Glass and Chinaware, an infinite variety for household use as well as suitable for Presents, and in individual gift Cups and Saucers, Mustache Cups, fancy Cups and Saucers for adults and children, and Fancy Goods suitable for presents, which must be seen to be appreciated, Handsome decorated Lamps, cheap Lamps, Chimneys and burners of all kinds.

TOYS! TOYS!

An infinite variety ranging in price from 5 cents up to \$5, with books, Fancy Stationery, Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books, Drawing Companions, etc.

CONFECTIONERY.

A most choice assortment ranging in price from 10 cents to 50 cents per pound.

Everybody is invited to call and examine for themselves, my prices will be found low and quality of the best. Thanking them for past favors and soliciting a continuance thereof.

THOMAS RUSSELL,

Newcastle, Dec. 4, 1893.

LONG LIVE SANTA CLAUS!

BY JANEHINE POLLARD.
Don't tell the dear little children
That Santa Claus is a myth,
And ruin the pretty fancies
They hold the moments with;
The truth that is so precious
I pray thee awhile delay,
And let every one keep Christmas
In the good old-fashioned way.

Bring in the fir-tree and holly,
And let all the joy-lore shine;
At this sweet holiday time
With smiles and with kisses still
The voices of old complaint,
And cheerfully let the coming
Of the children's golden saint.

Hang up by the chimney corner
The stockings both large and small,
And e'er the little slay
Has the biggest one of all,
Then fill them to overflowing
With goodies, and books, and toys,
And let all the house-elves merry
Like a parcel of girls and boys.

Tis cruel to spoil the beauty
Of innocent dreams of youth,
To say they shall have no father
But only the angelic truth;
And needless it is to tell them
There are neither fairies nor elves,
For soon enough, ay, soon enough,
They will find it out for themselves.

Then here's to a merry Christmas!
And long life to Santa Claus!
And may he be held in honor
As long as time lasts, because
He is ever a precious symbol
Of the spirit that rules above,
And children learn that Santa Claus
Is another name for Love.

"Sure enough, they had dragged
down poor Whitey and were making
a fine meal of her carcase.
But Bill rode over and spoiled
their fun. He shot two of them,
while the other left like a grey
streak. And that's the last I've
seen of wolves in this part of the
country."

"That was a close shave," said
I, "and the cattle showed great
grit. I've heard of them adopting
tactics like that."

"Well," said the old farmer,
getting down from the fence rail
and picking up his tin can, "I
must be moving. Good day to
you." Before he had taken half a
dozen steps he turned round and
remarked, "I suppose, now, if
those had been Norway wolves,
or Russian wolves, the 'critters'
would have had no show!"

"Very little, I imagine," was
my answer. "Independent."
WISDOM, N. S.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(By Emma Garrison Jones.)
It was Christmas Eve—a good
old-fashioned Christmas Eve in
New England. The snow was
falling softly, but rapidly, and the
short afternoon was early darkened
by the storm. Overhead
stretched a heavy canopy of steel-
gray cloud; under foot the white
flakes had already spread a deep
thick mantle over field and road
and hillside.

The scene was utterly solitary
until two figures appeared on the
lonely road. They were Miss Effie
Lawrence and Mr. Eugene Talbot—
a handsome couple enough,
for Effie was a pretty girl, and, in
her scarlet hood and cloak, looked
a very attractive little lady; and
Mr. Talbot was a city man, well
dressed and well bred, considered
well favored, though Effie did not
half think him so, which was un-
gratefully on her part, for he was
awfully admired here. Talking
was not very easy work, but
presently the young man said:

"Do you know, if it were not
for you, I should go back to New
York to-night, so as to be at the
great Livingstone dinner-party
to-morrow."

"Pray, do not let me prevent
you," replied Effie, quickly. "I
can go home quite well alone."

"Oh, but I had rather be with
you, Miss Lawrence, than at any
dinner-party that can be given."

Effie did not reply to this, and
presently Mr. Talbot said, what,
indeed, he had said twice before:

"Won't you take my arm, Miss
Effie? I think you will get on
better if you do."

She glanced up at him, and
there was something in the look,
which met her eyes that deterred
her.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Talbot.
I shall do very well alone."

They walked on a little way in
silence, Effie hurrying her steps.
Then Mr. Talbot asked:

"Why are you in such haste
Miss Effie? I should like to pro-
long the pleasure of this walk in-
definitely."

"You have singular taste," re-
plied Miss Effie, with a laugh that
was rather forced. "I think the
fireside preferable to the storm on
such a night as this."

There was another pause. Effie

was beginning to wish heartily
that she were alone. She had
only known this Mr. Talbot for a
week, and no one in the village
knew much about him. He had
come from New York on business,
with a letter of introduction to
the father of Rose Grey, her in-
timate friend. She had met him at
their house, and he had been per-
fectly devoted to her from the first.

All this was very nice. Effie
was a bit of a flirt, and she had
encouraged him, to begin with,
just for the fun of the thing, and
because it would tease Tom Allen,
her old and faithful admirer. Of
course she liked Tom more than
any one else, and meant to marry
him; but Effie had been reading
some foolish novels of late, and
had come to the conclusion it
would be very tame to marry Tom
and never have had another offer;
and so when Mr. Talbot began to
pay her some attention she smiled
upon him, though she saw well
enough how wretched it made
Tom.

But within the last two days
she had grown to be rather afraid
of the results of her own mischief.
There had been something in Mr.
Talbot's manner that she had not
half liked, and this afternoon,
when he had come in to the Grey's,
she had prolonged her visit, hop-
ing he would go, until it was too
late for her to dare to stay any
longer, and now she did not at all
fancy the prospects of a solitary
walk of a mile in length, with
him.

"Mr. Talbot," she said, "we
must really hurry, or it will be
a dark night."

But he was not thus to be
silenced. He came nearer to her
and put his hand on her shoulder.
"Effie," he said, "don't let us
pretend not to understand each
other. I love you, and I flatter
myself I am not indifferent to
you."

There was something in the
conceited smile which accom-
panied these words that made Effie
intensely indignant.

"Let me go, Mr. Talbot," she
exclaimed. "How dare you insult
me so?"

"Ah, Effie, why affect to be
cruel? Why struggle against
fate?"

"It was never intended, Mr.
Talbot, by any fate that I should
listen to such foolish talk," said
Effie, fairly out of patience. "The
best thing you can do is to go
back to the village and leave me
to go home alone."

"Well—but Effie, I was sure
you loved me."

"Then you were utterly mis-
taken," she said, coldly, "and don't
call me Effie."

"And you will not listen to my
suit?"

"No, nor endure your presence,
she replied firmly, and she turned
away from him abruptly.

"They had been standing dur-
ing the latter part of the talk,
sheltered somewhat by a clump of
evergreens. Now Effie turned
out into the road again. Mr.
Talbot called after her once, but
she did not turn."

"She's a little spit-fire, any-
way," he murmured. Then aloud:
"Miss Effie! Miss Effie! I will
go home with you, if you are
afraid!"

She turned once, her eyes flash-
ing.

"No, Mr. Talbot, I am not
afraid. Pray, do not trouble your-
self on my account. I am much
better off without you. Good
evening."

She hurried on again. He looked
after her a moment, and then,
with a shrug, turned back toward
the village.

These last words sounded very
resolute, certainly. He must
have made a mistake. Effie was
wiser than he had thought her,
and his time for the last few days
had been very evidently wasted.

Musing thus he walked on, and
then a sudden thought struck
him. Why should he not go back
to New York, after all? He had
only decided to stay in the country
on the chance of improving his
flirtation with Effie, and if that
was a failure he had much better
spend his Christmas in the city.

With this thought he pulled out
his watch. He could just make
out in the dim light, that, by
hurrying, he might catch the last
express train. So he made the
best of his way to the hotel, gathered
together hastily his few
effects and rushed off, leaving the
landlord astare at the unaccount-
able suddenness of his move-
ments.

He was just in time to reach
the train, and scarcely half an
hour after he parted from Effie
was whirling past her house, on
his way to New York.

Meantime, the young lady who
had left was plodding on through
the storm, and her thoughts were
not very pleasant companions.

This man had insulted her—
this seemed very evident. There
was nothing genuine in his tone.
He had said no word of marriage.
Did he think that she was so
weak as to tolerate such insulting
news? Oh, where was Tom
Allen? Dear old Tom, who loved
her so dearly, and longed to make
her his wife! Tears came into
Effie's wilful eyes, and she was
sorry enough for her foolish
capriciousness.

Alone in such reflections,
she had gone on some distance,
without paying much attention
to her way when a sudden turn
in the road brought her to a stand-
still.

She looked about her with dis-
may—she was on the wrong
track. She must have taken the
wrong turn at the Evergreens,
where she parted from Talbot. Just
there two roads met, and in an
excitement bewildered by the
storm, she had gone down the
road leading to the next town,
instead of the one on which stood
the house, the home of her widowed
mother.

What should she do? Go
back? No; that looked such a
long, lonely way; and then in an
instant Effie decided to go
across the fields.

With some difficulty she made
her way to the fence, climbed
over it, and went plunging on
over the trackless snow. It was
not much worse there than in the
road, but the storm was driving
right in her face now. She held
on, though, manfully, nothing
daring, for some distance. But
the night grew rapidly darker, the
cold increased and by the time she
reached the second field Effie was
fairly bewildered.

Still she tramped on, until she
was suddenly brought up by a
high stone wall. It loomed up
before her out of the darkness,
black, with snow tufting it here
and there, and a great snow-cap
on its summit.

Now, for the first time, Effie
was disheartened. That wall
showed that she was wrong in
the direction she had taken. It
ran at right angles to the road
she had left; she ought not there-
fore to have come to it. There
was nothing for her now but to
follow it along until she came to
the next fence, which she knew
must be the one on the road
leading to her house.

Tired, cold, breathless, she
reached it at last, and began to
climb it. The snow was very
deep now. It was hard for her
to hang on with her numb hands,
and, somehow, when she reached
the top, she slipped and fell. A
sharp pain shot through her
ankle, which was bent under her.
She staggered, but she could not
each iron was agony, and after
a few feeble steps, she sank down
again with a cry of pain. She
had received a very severe sprain,
that was evident; and further
progress was out of the question.

As Effie realized this, her courage
fairly gave way. She drew her-
self a little back into the corner of
the wall, wrapped her cloak over
her and hid her face in her muff,
sobbing bitterly.

About an hour after Effie left
Mr. Grey's, there came a heavy
drizzle, and Tom Allen came in—the
brightest, pleasantest fellow in the
village—a general favorite—and
Rose greeted him cordially. All
these young people had known
each other from childhood, and
there were few secrets among them.

"Why, Tom, how are you?"
"What brought you here on such a
night as this? I know you did not
come to see me," said Rose,
with a gay laugh.

"I came," replied Tom, with
a sudden blush, "to walk home
with Effie, if she is here."

"With Effie? Why she left
here an hour ago?"

"What—alone?"

"No, with Mr. Talbot, of course."
"But he has gone to New York."
"To New York? Oh, no, you
must be mistaken. Why he could
not possibly have walked to Mrs.
Lawrence's and back in time!"

Tom Allen had grown pale while
the young lady spoke.

"Rose," he said, "are you sure of
what you say? Mr. Talbot has
certainly gone back to New York.
I saw Effie come in here early this
afternoon, on my way to the office.
On my return, just now, I heard
that Talbot had rushed off to the
city, all in a hurry, and I thought
I would come here on a chance of
finding Effie and taking her home."

"It's very strange," replied Rose.
"I was almost dead when they
went away. What time did Mr.
Talbot go?"

"He took the six o'clock ex-
press."

"And they left here just before
five. I asked Effie to stay all
night, but she refused."

Tom Allen was already putting
on his coat again.

"There is something strange in
this," he said.

Rose, I am going to Mrs. Law-
rence's at once. That man could
not have left her alone in this
storm. Could she?"

"Could she what?" asked Rose,
looking at him in alarm. Then
she cried suddenly: "Oh, Tom,
you don't mean you think she has
gone with him?"

"I don't know what I think,"
he answered, "I only know that
I shall be wretched till I find out
what this means. I must go at
once." Then, in answer to her ap-
pealing look: "Yes, I will let you

know what I find out." And he
hurried from the house.

Allen's rapid strides brought
him, in spite of the storm, to Mrs.
Lawrence's cottage in wonderfully
short time. His summons at the
door met with quick response, the
lady opening it for him herself.

"Ah, Tom, I am glad to see you."
Then peering out into the storm:
"But where is Effie?"

"Effie is not with me," replied
Tom, coming into the house and
following Mrs. Lawrence to the
cosy sitting-room.

"That's strange," said Mrs.
Lawrence. "Then I suppose she
will stay at the Grey's all night."
And now, as Mrs. Lawrence
looked at him, she was struck with
the strange expression of his face.
His worst fears had been corrobo-
rated by not finding Effie at home,
and the anguish of his heart could
not but look out of his eyes.

"What is it, Tom?" asked Mrs.
Lawrence, anxiously. "Where is Effie?"
"I do not know. She left Mr. Grey's
about five o'clock with Mr. Talbot."
"You did not pass them on the way?"

"No."
"Then, with an effort,"
Mrs. Lawrence looked at him keenly.
You do not mean that you think
she went with him? she said, very slowly.

"Mrs. Lawrence, I don't know what
to think," groaned Allen. "Effie is not here."
"Not with him, Tom, I am sure of
that—not with him!" cried the lady
eagerly. "She has stopped at some neigh-
bor's, or returned to the Grey's. No, no,
Tom, it cannot be that she would leave
me so!"

"Then, in a moment, she said, almost
wildly:
"You must find her, Tom. She cared
for you, she did not like him. There
is some strange mystery; but oh! my
darling girl would not desert us so cruel-
ly!"

Allen was half convinced by her en-
ergy. "I will do my best to find out about
it at once," he said. "If she is still in
this neighborhood, I will discover her;
if she has really gone with him some-
one must know it."

Then followed a brief but earnest
consultation, Mrs. Lawrence suggesting
such places as Effie might possibly have
gone to, and then Tom went on his
way, this time armed with a lantern.

He found, for some half mile, when a faint
sound caught his ear, like the distant
echo of his own name.

"Tom! Tom!"
He paused a moment. Was it a fancy?
No, it came again, muffled, but louder.
"Tom! Tom! Help me, help me!"

He knew the voice now, and cried out
his heart bounding with eager delight:
"Where are you, Effie? Effie, my
darling!"

"Here, Tom, under the snow!"
He was by her side presently, bending
down over the drift that contained the
sound, and he saw her, when a faint
glow caught his eye, like the distant
echo of his own name.

"My dear little girl!"
"Yes, Tom, and her arms went round
his neck now, "I love you so much, and
you have found me for me for finding
anybody else!"

"Of course I will. But how came you
here?"
"Why, I snuggled in. I drove him away
and tried to come alone, but I fell and
sprained my ankle. I can't walk, and
you have found me. I have to carry me."
"Carry you? To be sure I will, you
dear child."

And so, presently, they set off, Tom
bearing his recovered pet in his arms.
Effie carrying the lantern.

It was slow work, travelling thus
through the snow; but they reached the
cottage at last, and then what rejoicing
there was, and what a merry Christmas
it was, that day, when all met at the
Grey's, and Effie and Tom announced
their engagement, as a sequel to the
story of how she was lost in the snow.

HOW THE WINTER COMES.

He comes! The early Winter comes!
I hear his footsteps through the night!
I hear his hurrahs from the heights
March through the pines with muffled drum.

His naked feet are on the mead—
The grass blades stiffen in his path,
No tear for child or Earth he hath;
No pity for his tender race!

The bare oak shoulders at his breath—
A moment by the stream he stays—
His melody is mute. A gleam
Creeps o'er its dimples as of death.

From fettered stream and blackened moor
The city's walls he silent near—
The mansions of the rich he fears!
He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curlew's call, the glowing heath,
The frost-rimmed greybeard's power defy;
He curses—as he hurries by—
And strikes the beggar dead to earth.

For every gleaming hall he spares,
A hundred homeless hovel holds
Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold,
Watched by a hundred grim despair!

The forests grow by His command,
Who saith, "He lendeth to the Lord
Who giveth to the poor?" Yon hoard
Is His! Ye stewards of the Lord!

Here is your mission! Ye who feed
Yon vast host that starve and die!
But at your doors your Heavens are!
God's poor—your creditors! Take heed!

The path is long to Pagan shores;
Their skies are sunny; God's o'er all!
The Winter's deadly harvests fall
Around you! Deal your Master's stores!

Correspondence.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the Editor of the Advocate.
Heavy high your legs, ring wide your doors,
And let all folks draw near,
And ring a chime for this joyous time,
That comes but once a year.
When every face from jealous eyes,
When all heart burnings cease,
And hand clasps hand through all the land,
The fellowship and peace.

Whatever the learned may as-
sert or deny concerning the insti-
tution of Christmas, it has become
the great festival of our modern
civilization in which every faith
and creed joyously participates.—
The great mass of men give little



GREAT CLEARING SALE!

Of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

STARTLING REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Mrs. D. S. begs to intimate to the people of Newcastle and vicinity that she has made gigantic preparations for her

GRAND CHRISTMAS SALE.

During this month the public will have an opportunity of procuring goods at prices that baffle all competition.

HEADS OF FAMILIES ECONOMIZE.

Give us a call and you will be convinced that our prices are the lowest on record. We quote a few examples but would recommend customers to see our goods as quoting prices gives no idea of quality and variety.

DRESS GOODS

AT UNHEARD OF LOW PRICES.

English dress meltons, 40 inches wide, in every shade and tint. This lot we will sell in 5 yd. dress lengths, YOUR CHOICE FOR \$1.00. Another lot 50 inches wide in all the leading colours 5 yds. FOR \$1.25. Every lady should consider the value we offer here as our prices for these goods have never been equalled.

TOWERING BARGAINS in ladies' stockings heavy wool 12c. a pair, ladies' vests winter weight 68c. shawls, large sizes, beautiful designs 85c. to \$2.00, ladies' cashmere stockings 26c. to 60c. a pair, hosiery 38c. children's fancy wool caps 45c. to 75c., ladies' Russian fur-top and lined kid gloves \$1.00 a pair, Child and Strath skirts from 45c. to 87c. a yard, CORSETS, a perfect fit guaranteed 38c. to \$1.25, ladies' woolen gloves, ties, valises, dress trimmings, jammes, muslins, silks, etc.

BLANKETS! BLANKETS!

SEE THE SPECIAL LINES WE ARE OFFERING HERE. Heavy all wool blankets \$2.70, 4 pair, ladies' vests winter weight 68c. shawls, large sizes, beautiful designs 85c. to \$2.00, ladies' cashmere stockings 26c. to 60c. a pair, hosiery 38c. children's fancy wool caps 45c. to 75c., ladies' Russian fur-top and lined kid gloves \$1.00 a pair, Child and Strath skirts from 45c. to 87c. a yard, CORSETS, a perfect fit guaranteed 38c. to \$1.25, ladies' woolen gloves, ties, valises, dress trimmings, jammes, muslins, silks, etc.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT WE HAD ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS our goods are new and so are our prices. Men's suits \$1.50 to \$1.75, Men's lined jumpers, Overcoats, Revers, Mens' houseworn trousers \$1.30 a pair, Youth's and Children's refters, Highland bonnets, Men's traces 17c. a pair. All wool houseworn 38c. a yard, heavy all wool houseworn 60c. a yard, Lemons, Drivers, Cordery, Jackets, Muffs, Socks, Scarfs, Mitts, Hats, Caps, women and kid gloves, neckties, dress shirts, collars, cuffs.

We cordially invite all to come and make comparison of our prices and goods. WE GIVE ALL our most courteous attention.

MRS. D. SUTHERLAND, Sutherland Store, Newcastle.

Newcastle, Dec. 4, 1893.

heed to critical treatises upon

the transition of heathen Saturnalia to a Christian holiday, as Paganism died away, but the human heart approaches with gladness, the celebration of this day, no matter what opinions individuals may hold concerning the origin of its sacredness. As civilization has advanced in refinement, the great festival has transformed its character in some important regards.

No longer is the yule-log placed on the hearth. No longer the Lord of mirth, and the Abbot of unreason preside over the coarse enjoyments and drunken revels of ruder generations. Christmas has become a festival in which are associated the tenderest emotions and kindest sympathies of human nature. The peculiar significance of a holiday in whose celebration the whole civilized world is now united, is in its treatment of childhood. To the ancient, and to all other modern holidays, this sentiment of devotion to children, is a stranger. The affectionate recognition of the claims of childhood, of its rights, of its longings and sorrows, is why we write of it as we are now doing. Of this nature of the festival which alone belongs to Christianity, the most cultivated nations of the heathen world had no conception.

The reverence of childhood, the inexhaustible love of youthful humanity, which manifests itself at this season, has its inspiration and source in something deeper than the natural love of parents for their children. With the new generation, as it rises, are associated the strongest hopes of the future. What the older generations have not accomplished with all their stivings, the coming generations may be destined to perform. It has been said that the birth of a child is a new effort of the spirit of the universe to advance the work of redemption and to bring mankind nearer perfection. Christmas lasts for one day only, but its memories and associations, sweet or bitter, will survive forever to the heart of childhood.

The Christmas festival, then, is no idle and meaningless diversion; no mere surrender to animal enjoyments. The busy world forgets for a brief space its active pursuits, its cares and its ambitions, to show special honor to childhood, to participate in the joys and sorrows of the little ones, and to lavish on them manifold proofs of kindness and affection. By a broadening of this sentiment, the poor, the forsaken and the wretched become allied with children in their helplessness, and share with them in the good offices of humanity in this gracious time. There are heart griefs that no kindness can assuage, but by the active generosity of the wealthy and prosperous, the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate can be relieved during this season at least. A Merry Christmas to all.

A LOVER OF HUMANITY.

THE

UNION ADVOCATE

IS ONLY

\$1.00 per year

when paid in advance.

See our liberal clubbing

offers in regular issue.

W. C. Anslow.

Newcastle, Dec. 4, 1893.

CHRISTMAS, 1893.

Our list of goods for the HOLIDAY SEASON turns more to

USEFUL ARTICLES

than to those of a purely Ornamental nature.

We have our usual supply of

GOOD PERFUMES,

and Sachets, Mirrors, Fans, Hair Brushes, etc. etc., all of which will be sold at a small advance on cost.

An excellent supply of choice

English Confectionery.

MEDICAL HALL,

NEWCASTLE.

Special Christmas

SALE.

—at the—

NEWCASTLE BAKERY.

Everything choice in Fruit, Pound, Plain and Scotch Cake, Tart, Puffs, Buns, &c. &c.

SELECTIONS.

Saved by the Cattle.

BY CHARLES H. BUCKLEY.

"HOW do you account for the fact, if it is a fact," said I, slipping a cartridge into the right barrel of my fowling piece, "that the caribou are getting yearly more numerous in the interior of New Brunswick, while other game seems to be disappearing? As for the wild pigeons, you may see they are all gone. Here I have been on the go since before sunrise and that bird is the only sign of a pigeon I have so much as a glimpse of."

"Well," replied my companion, an old farmer of the neighbourhood, "as for the pigeons, I can't say how it is. In old times I've seen them so plenty round here you could knock them down with a stick; that is, if you were any ways handy with a stick! But they do say that caribou are increasing because the wolves have disappeared. You see, the wolves used to be the worst enemy of the caribou, because they could run them down nice and handy in winter, when the snow was deep and the crust so thin that the caribou were bound to break through it at every step. However, I don't believe there has been a wolf seen in this part of the country for fifty years, and it's only within the last ten years or so that the caribou have got more plenty."

We were sitting, the old farmer and myself, on a rugged sandstone face that bounded a buckwheat field overlooking the river St. John, some twenty miles above Fredericton. The field was a new clearing, and the ripened buckwheat reared its brown heads among a host of blackened and discoloured stumps. It was a crisp and delicious autumn morning, and the solitary pheasant that had rewarded my long tramp over the uplands was one that I had surprised at its breakfast in the buckwheat. Now, feeling that my new acquaintance was likely to prove interesting, and a further search for pigeons unprofitable, I dropped my gun gently into the fence corner, loosened my belt a couple of holes, and asked the farmer if he had himself ever seen any wolves in New Brunswick.

"Not to say many was the old man's reply; but they say that troubles never come single, and so what wolves I have seen, I saw them all in a heap, so to speak."

As he spoke the old man fixed his eyes on a hilltop across the river, with a far-off look that seemed to promise a story. I settled into an attitude of encouraging attention, and waited for him to go on. His hand stole deep into the pocket of his grey homespun trousers, and brought to view a fig of "black-jack," from which he gnawed a thoughtful bite. Instinctively he passed the tobacco to me, and on my declining it, which I did with grave politeness, he began the following story:

"When I was a little shaver about 13 years old, I was living on a farm across the river, some ten miles up. It was a new farm, which father was cutting out of the woods; but it had a good big bit of 'interval,' so we were able to keep a lot of stock.

"One afternoon, late in the fall, father sent me down to the interval, which was a good two miles from the house, to bring the cattle home. They were pasturing on the afternoons, but the weather was getting bad, and the grass was about done, and father thought the 'critters,' as we called them, would be much better in the barn. My little ten-year-old brother went with me, to help me drive them. That was the time I found out there were wolves in New Brunswick.

"The feed being scarce, the cattle were scattered badly, and it was supper time, before we got them together at the lower end of the interval, maybe three miles, and a half from home. We didn't mind the lateness of the hour, however, though we were getting pretty hungry, for we knew the moon would be up all right after sundown. The cattle after a bit appeared to catch on to the fact that they were going home to snug quarters and good feed, and then they drove easy and hung together. When we had gone about half way up the interval, keeping along by the river, the moon got up, and looked at us over the hills, very sharp and thin.

"I saw," says Teddy to me in half a whisper, "don't she make the shadows black? He hadn't got his words more than out of his mouth when we heard a faint growling sound from away over the other side of the interval; and the little fellow grabbed me by the arm, with his eyes fairly popped out of his head. I can see his startled face now; but he was a plucky lad, for his size, as ever walked.

"What's that?" he whispered. "Sounded mighty like the wind," said I, though I knew it wasn't the wind for there wasn't a breath about to stir a feather.

"The sound came from a wooded valley winding down between the hills. It was something like the wind, high and thin, but by and by getting loud and fierce and awful, as if a lot more voices were joining in; and I just tell you my heart stopped beating for a minute. The cattle heard it, you'd better believe, and bunched together, kind of shivering. Then two or three young heifers started to bolt, but the old ones knew better, and hooked them back into the crowd. Then it flashed over me all at once. You see, I was quite a reader, having plenty of time in the long winters. Says I to Teddy, with a kind of a sob in my throat, 'I guess it must be wolves.' 'I guess so,' says Teddy, getting brave after his first start. And then, not a quarter of a mile away, we saw a little pack of grey hounds dart out of the woods into the moonlight. I grabbed Teddy by the hand and edged in among the cattle.

"Let's get up a tree," says Teddy.

"Of course we will," said I, with a new hope rising in my heart. We looked about for a suitable tree in which we might take refuge, but our hopes sunk when we saw there was not a decent sized tree in reach. Father had cleared off everything along the river bank except some Indian willow scrub, not six feet high.

If the cattle now had scattered for home, I guess it would have been all up with Teddy and me, and father and mother would have been mighty lonesome on the farm. But what you do suppose the 'critters' did? When they saw those grey things just lengthening themselves out across the meadow, the old cows and the steers made a regular circle, putting the calves with me and Teddy in the centre. They backed in onto us, pretty tight, and stood with their heads out and horns down, for all the world like a company of militia forming square to receive a charge of cavalry. And right good bayonets they made, those long, fine horns of our cattle.

"To keep from being trodden on," Teddy and I got onto the backs of a couple of yearlings who didn't like it any too well, but were packed so tight they couldn't help themselves. As the wolves came streaking along, through the moonlight, they set up again that awful shrill, wind-like, swelling howl, and I thought of all the stories I had read of the wolves of Russia and Norway, and such countries; and the thought didn't comfort me much. I didn't know what I learned afterwards, that the common wolf of North America is much better fed than his cousin in the Old World, and consequently far less bloodthirsty. I seemed to see fire flashing from the eyes of the pack that were rushing upon us, and I thought their fangs glistening in the moonlight, were dripping with the blood of human victims.

"I expect father'll hear that noise," whispered Ted, "and he and Bill—that was the hired man—will come with their guns and save us."

"Yes," said I scornfully, "I suppose you'd like them to come along now, and get eaten up by the wolves."

"I was mighty sorry afterwards for speaking that way, for it nearly broke Teddy's heart. However, adding a bit, the little fellow urged in self-defence: 'Why then, though we were getting pretty hungry, for we knew the moon would be up all right after sundown. The cattle after a bit appeared to catch on to the fact that they were going home to snug quarters and good feed, and then they drove easy and hung together. When we had gone about half way up the interval, keeping along by the river, the moon got up, and looked at us over the hills, very sharp and thin.'

"It was true. There were just five of the hounds, though my excited eyes had been seeing about fifty just such a pack as I had been used to reading about. However, these five seemed mighty hungry, and now they were right on us.

(Continued on inside page.)

A CHRISTMAS GHOST.

BY CHARLES H. BUCKLEY.

It was Christmas Eve, we had all been sitting round the fire, in these Christmas evenings, for years till we all felt our flesh creep. It was exactly 11:15. There's something very nice in listening to a clock-ticking yearn about grizzly skeleton hands, grinning skulls with eyeballs of fire, and fangs dressed in clouds of glowing mischief, past hollow moons, and darts that open and shut mysteriously without being touched, when there are a lot of you together in front of a nice fire, and plenty of spirits of the last mortal brands about. Quite a different feeling to that which comes over you if you've got to walk home along a lonely road, where the trees take all manner of shapes and the wind among their branches makes all manner of noises, and if your way lies through or close by a churchyard, you try not to think of the yams the fellows have been spinning, and you wish you hadn't said such high and mighty things about ghosts being all humbug and 'Tommy rot,' and that you didn't believe in them. You feel kind of inclined to apologize to ghosts in general and a deal more respectful towards them. Well, we sat it out until very late, and we could hear the yams scampering along the walls of the old house. Uncle and Auntie had come up to bed an hour before so had all the girls, but the clapping, appreciative Uncle Charlie's eases and whiskey too well to leave them in a hurry. At last Cousin Bill rose to go. He hesitated. We all laughed. 'Bill doesn't like going along the corridor of this old house by himself said I. Bill looked rather savage, then got his candle and marched off by himself, saying anyway he wasn't the funk in the crowd. We told a few more ghost stories, and I got creepier than ever, and then a brilliant idea struck me. 'Bill's very cock-a-loop,' said I, 'let's give him a sensation—let's give a sensation—let's get a lot of sheets out of that big press in the still-room and march into Bill's room, saying we're a company of ghosts come to keep up Christmas with him.'

After a deal of argument the boys caught on to it, and I and Jack Bumbleby took off our boots and went and got the sheets. Somehow, nobody seemed to care about going along for them. We draped them beautifully over ourselves and marched along the corridor all in the dark in our stocking feet, doing our best not to burst out laughing. At last we reached the staircase leading to the corridor, where Bill's room was. Suddenly we halted, startled by a queer shuffling noise, then a sound like growling. It was pitch dark, and we felt our hearts beat a bit, and then to our horror we saw a ghostly form with a face like sulphurous fire gliding towards us, groaning fearfully, and with uplifted arms. I gave a yell and fell back on Jack Bumbleby, who gave another yell, and shouting and hooting and shrieking blue murder, we both rushed headlong down the stairs to where the rest of the fellows awaited us. Of course the clatter roused uncle and auntie also, the girls and the servants, who rushed out of their rooms with candles, adding their shouts and shrieks to the din, and when we separated and picked ourselves up, and knew where we were, there was that wretched Bill at the top of the stairs shrieking with laughter, rolling up his sheet and rubbing the match phosphorus off his face. Don't you call that a silly trick of Bill to play? Might have given someone a serious fright.

SENDING GIFTS FROM SHOPS.

A word about sending gifts directly from the place where they are bought, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott in a practical article on "Sending Christmas Packages in the December Ladies' Home Journal." If the article appeared with his sister, Father purchased is of jewelry, or if it is before the Jack's 'creaky,' you something which like a humpers will remember the 'humpers' gifts special packing this way who said thirty years ago. He be a wise thing to do. In this was my Father and I. Both of us place your card with the us his post-box in our post-box, holiday morning written thereon, on which we have hitherto, in a card envelope, carefully addressed in common. Father if addressed to the name and residence true, has been possible and quiet of the person for whom it is sent, someone during the holiday years. And then ask the clerk to remove but I always gave you as I have the price tag from the article purchased and give special order.

that the clock shall not be Zerkoff's clock, and he shall say, 'I have sent with the package. At all the for this, and we voluntarily sending a gift with the package, evidence to the contrary.'

HIS REVENGE.

BY CHARLES H. BUCKLEY.

When Schufeldt was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health, he received from a friend in Germany an unstamped letter containing, but the following words: 'I am quite well, Young truly.' Amused at having to pay the double postage to get a post packet a higher stamp, he despatched it to his friend without paying the carriage. The letter, it is thought, that the postage contained something of considerable value willingly paid the high transport charge, and opened the envelope. His feelings on opening it may be better imagined than described. On a label affixed to the stone he read as follows:

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

These have been African travellers who have attained greater celebrity than Paul du Chaillu without the saving of a word. It was he who gave to the world the first accurate description of the gorilla, the bush story was doubted, and it was not for years that scientists conceded to him the credit that was his due. I have heard him relate personally, for he is a capital raconteur, his following curious experience with an African tribe. He succeeded in making himself much respected by his savage associates, by whom he was regarded as a superior being, much in the same way as they regard their fetish. Early one morning he was surprised to see between sixty and seventy young women of the tribe march up and form a circle around the hut in which he lived. Du Chaillu was wondering what this could mean, for the young women were regarding him with an intense personal interest, when an old man, the father of the ruling chief, but himself quite as powerful as his son, came up to the white man and said: 'We know you like our people and that they like you. We wish you to stay with us during all the rest of your life, but as no man can be happy without a wife I have brought all these young women to you that you may select from them the one whom you think would make you most happy.'

The subtle beauties heard this, and with an indelible display of white teeth they drew the circle closer about the traveller. Du Chaillu, taken by surprise for the moment, soon regained his presence of mind, and said to the old chief: 'I thank you from my heart for the confidence which you repose in me, and for your desire for me to remain with your people forever; but you can see that, as all these young women are willing to marry me, if I select one all the others will be unhappy. I therefore prefer to choose none.'

Upon hearing this the old man withdrew and summoned about him a number of the leading men of the tribe, with whom he had an earnest consultation. After about five minutes he came back and said to Du Chaillu: 'Oh, white man, what you spoke was true: If you take one the rest will be unhappy, so our wise men have decided that you can take them all.'

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HIS REVENGE.

BY CHARLES H. BUCKLEY.

When Schufeldt was staying in Italy for the benefit of his health, he received from a friend in Germany an unstamped letter containing, but the following words: 'I am quite well, Young truly.' Amused at having to pay the double postage to get a post packet a higher stamp, he despatched it to his friend without paying the carriage. The letter, it is thought, that the postage contained something of considerable value willingly paid the high transport charge, and opened the envelope. His feelings on opening it may be better imagined than described. On a label affixed to the stone he read as follows:

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

These have been African travellers who have attained greater celebrity than Paul du Chaillu without the saving of a word. It was he who gave to the world the first accurate description of the gorilla, the bush story was doubted, and it was not for years that scientists conceded to him the credit that was his due. I have heard him relate personally, for he is a capital raconteur, his following curious experience with an African tribe. He succeeded in making himself much respected by his savage associates, by whom he was regarded as a superior being, much in the same way as they regard their fetish. Early one morning he was surprised to see between sixty and seventy young women of the tribe march up and form a circle around the hut in which he lived. Du Chaillu was wondering what this could mean, for the young women were regarding him with an intense personal interest, when an old man, the father of the ruling chief, but himself quite as powerful as his son, came up to the white man and said: 'We know you like our people and that they like you. We wish you to stay with us during all the rest of your life, but as no man can be happy without a wife I have brought all these young women to you that you may select from them the one whom you think would make you most happy.'

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