

Public Works Dept
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Restigouche,
Gloucester,

EVENTS. CHRISTMAS EDITION.

Bonaventure
and Gaspe.

Eighth Year

Campbellton, N. B., Thursday, December 14, 1905

Number 11

Moncton

Biscuit Works.

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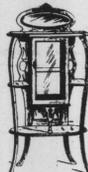
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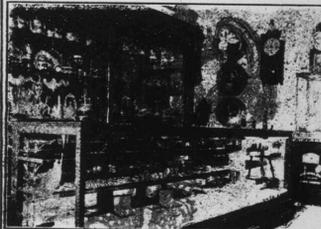
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Brunswick, (on side of St. John.)

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Thos Foley, Prop.

NEWCASTLE, Miramichi, N. B.

"Mournful Mullin."

Mournful Mullin had never been too cheerful anyway. He had big, glassy eyes, the pupils of which seemed to be elongated perpendicularly, like a cat's—and you know a cat was never known to smile—the corners of his mouth drooped, and he usually carried a clay pipe in one corner, bowels nudged downward. His face was yellow with bile, and he talked with a singsong whine, and, therefore, after a time the people of Smyrna forgot that his baptismal name was Andrew, and called him "Mournful." After his wife had died the name fitted him better.

He resisted all entreaties of his wife's relatives who wanted her buried in the Cross Hill Cemetery, where their kin lay in state, grouped about the Cross family monument, to which she had prudently subscribed her name. Mullin, with evident intention to indulge his melancholy to the extent, delved through her favorite paunch bed and buried her in the front yard, where he could see the grave as he rocked at the sitting-room window and smoked his pipe, after he had finished the chores. He had the coffin-plate framed, resting gruesomely on a bed of black velvet, and hung it against the wall in the mold-smelling best room. Frequently, as he was about to retire, he went creaking in, shielding the lamp with his palm, to gaze on the relic and sigh a mournful sigh.

When he came to the store of an evening sometimes, Uncle Hiram Ring, well-known in Smyrna as a hector, affected to feel a chill and would either put on his lappers and hug the stove, or hurry out with his back rounded up and flapping his arms in vigorous attempts to warm up.

In course of time—and in point of chronology of this little tale two years—a certain Uncle Bassett, died and left his hill-top farm to a niece who lived "somewhere outside," as the people of Smyrna vaguely put it. She came proudly to take possession and proved to be a widow of frankness of temperament never before experienced in reserved Smyrna.

"I'm forty-five," she said to the first neighbor who called on her, "though I could well pass for thirty-five, and I know it. I weigh 230 pounds, though you might not suspect, and I'm going to hire help and run this farm—and Lord pity the man that tries to loaf when I'm payin' him day's wages! I'd knock him flat with a sled-stake. And it might as well be understood that I ain't in the market for a Number Two."

Before two weeks had elapsed she had tried all the "day's work" men of the village and had indignantly discharged them.

"If there was only three days in the week—a rainy day, Sunday and pay-day," she declared, "that kind of help would get along all right. But I don't propose to have a man that works for me put out all his muscle shoveling into his mouth my cooking and then go out and stand around suck an old pipe and forget that I'm paying him a dollar and a quarter a day for getting my crops into the ground. I'll do the work myself first."

Therefore, Widow Briggs, in her pink sunbonnet and stout, workaday gown, became a familiar spectacle in her fields. When she struck a problem that she didn't understand she was promptly at her demand information with a brisk brusqueness that permitted no dilly-dallying.

Up to the time the widow had come to town the most picturesque farmer in Smyrna had been Cap'n Jonathan Sprague.

One bright morning the Cap'n came rolling along the road past the widow's farm, puffing his curved pipe with great content. From the other direction, and much farther from the widow's, plodded "Mournful" Mullin, with hunched over shoulders and down hanging head.

The widow came out of her barn door with her face flushed and the light of contentment in her eyes. "How do you do, Cap'n?"

"Do you hear?" she queried. "I've got a pretty good ear for a hail," he retorted; "but I ain't ever been in the habit of bein' ordered aboard no craft."

"I want you to help me, and I want you in a hurry," she said. "It's your hurry, then; 'tain' mine," he replied calmly.

From the barn came the sound of a violent thrashing and pounding. "Do you hear that?" she demanded. "My horse is—is—well, farmer's call it something. I don't know what! But he's down in his stall and can't get up."

"Well, I don't want to see no hoss suffer," said the Cap'n sullenly, "and I'll go in; but I don't go cause I'm afraid of you or your tongue," he added, bound to preserve his dignity and independence.

The horse lay in the stall, the halter rope twisted around his fore legs and his hind legs waving wildly in the air.

"Why don't you grab a hold and get that horse out of this scrape?" she cried.

"I should say," observed the Cap'n, spitting at the beams, "that you'd have to rig a boom tackle and warp him out of the cove there."

She was now dancing about the barn floor in perfect ecstasy of wrath and excitement.

"You miserable old loafer," she shrieked. "Are you goin' to stand there and gabble sea-lingo and see that horse die before your eyes?"

"Praps a spy hand could shin in side of him and slip his cable," the Cap'n went on calmly "but it ain't no kind of a job for a man of my age. I don't believe a woman knows how to make fast a hoss anyway. You ain't got no business tryin' to run a farm. You—"

She rushed up to him and shook her fist under his nose. "Don't you stand there and read me a lecture, you old dried-up codfish!" she screamed. "I'll claw that salt face of yours into ribbons!"

At that moment "Mournful" Mullin came into the barn. He had been attracted by the shoutings and the bangings of the horse's feet. "I sort of smelt trouble," he said apologetically and yet smacking his lips over the word "and so I came in. Your hoss is cast," he said, going on to the stall. "That's the word! That's the word!" cried the widow. "You're a real farmer. You know something. Get him out of it."

As nimbly as a grasshopper, Mullin clambered over the crib, sat upon the animal's head and untied the halter. The horse scrambled up and went to munching his hay.

"There's a man for you," said the widow, pointing at Mullin and scowling at the Cap'n.

"Well, I guess that a man that has commanded a three-master thutty years, with his fist and a marlin-spike, is about as much account as a humped-over old landlubber when it comes to scorin' pints," retorted the Cap'n, bridling. "You ain't a gentleman, and you ain't fit to taller his boots!" the widow snapped.

He was about to enter into vigorous expostulation when she picked up a hay-fork and drove him out of the barn—once vigorous thrust that brought blood from his tough palm showing him that she meant business.

"You're the man they call Mournful Mullin, ain't you?" asked the widow, when the two were alone.

"My name is Mister Andrew Mullin, and if the hectors in this place have tacked any nickname onto me they ain't got any right to do it."

"Well, all I know is they say you never laughed hearty in your whole life, and I couldn't ever stand it to have a man like that hangin' round much. No wonder your first wife died!"

"The folks that is allus goin' round techein' ain't got much brains us'y," he retorted.

"No shus at me," she said smartly. "I like fun, and I know jest as much as anyone. People that can't laugh when there's call for it has got somethin' the matter with 'em." Then she signified to Mullin that she had had enough of his society for that day, and she did so by picking up a hector and going out into the garden.



OUR CREED-- To be reliable—to serve you well—and make a reasonable charge—to lessen the sum-total of human misery as far as the manufacture of good things to eat may—to have you base selections on palatability rather than printer's ink. Not to become monopolists or wealthy men—but rich in the esteem of our patrons—our desire—to please you—that your appreciation may be a new incentive.

OUR OBJECT-- To get business on merit, to sell goods which shall bear out.

OUR SLOGAN: "ALWAYS WORTH THE MONEY."

OUR PRESENT MOTIVE-- to wish every reader of this paper

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE SUSSEX PACKING Co., Ltd.,

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Canned Goods.

Pork Products.

W. J. Kent & Co., Limited,

THE LEADING HOUSE FOR

Dry Goods, Silks, Hosiery and Gloves,

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J. Walsh, Prop.

Am now prepared to accommodate the travelling public at a nominal charge.

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In wishing our many friends and patrons a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year, we would convey to you our appreciation of your patronage in the past and trust that our business, best or giving the right kind of goods and values for your money, will continue to merit your support.

We would now call your attention to our large stock of **LADIES' AND GENT'S FURS.**

Also Sleighs, Robes and Harness

of Every Description.

A FULL LINE OF PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES AND THE MOST POPULAR FARM MACHINERY ALWAYS ON HAND.

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Restigouche,
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EVENTS

Bonaventure,
and Gaspé.

PAGES
3 TO 10

Volume 8

ANSLOW BROS.
Publishers

CAMPBELLTON, N. B. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1905

TERMS:
\$1 Per Year in Advance.

Number 11

CHRISTMAS, 1905.

The Shopping Centre McKENZIE'S

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With one of the Lar-
and Fancy Goods in
See our Xmas Display



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the Province.
of Santa Claus Goods

Useful and Acceptable Xmas Gifts

Christmas Handkerchiefs.

Handsome Lawn Handkerchiefs trimmed with Val. Laces and Insertions, neat designs. Prices 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 50, 60, 75c. See our Special Laced Trimmed 8 and 10c.

Holiday Umbrellas.

An acceptable Xmas present is a good umbrella. We have just opened up a few choice ones for the holiday trade mounted in gold and silver. Prices \$2.25 to \$5.00.

Kid Gloves for Xmas Gifts

The new Kid Gloves for Xmas are here. Shades to match any dress. Our stock includes Browns, Greys, Blacks, White, Red, Green, Navy Blue. Every pair has our guarantee.

Hosiery Department.

Plain and Fancy Open Work Hosiery in Cashmere, Lisle and Silk. Prices from 25c to \$1.00 a pair.

Furs.

Our guarantee goes with every Fur we sell. Ladies' Fur Coats in Grey Lamb, Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Coon, Muskrat. Ladies' Fur Lined Coats with Sable Collar and Reverses. Ladies' Persian Lamb Coats with Mink Collar and Reverses. Fur Sets in Mink Sable and Martin. Fur Ruffs in Mink, Squirrel, Fox, Sable, Grey Lamb, Marmot, Mink. Fur Mitts, Muffs, Caps, Children's Grey Lamb Collars and Caps, etc.

Boot and Shoe Department.

Don't pass our Shoe Department, our stock is always complete with up-to-date goods.



Ladies Neckwear and Belts for Xmas Gifts.

Our collection of Ladies' Neckwear and Belts is large and varied. We have just opened the new lines for the Holiday Season. Prices from 25c to \$2.50.

Leather Goods Department.

New Shopping and Wrist Bags, Dress Suit Cases. Special for the Holiday trade.

Shell Goods.

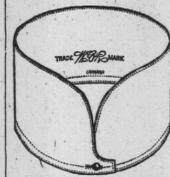
Fine Hair Goods, Side Combs, Back Combs, Pompadour Combs. Inlaid Shell Combs for the Christmas trade, Side and Back to match, per set 50c.

Linen Goods.

Special for the Holiday. All ready for use beautiful Table Linens with Napkins to match, in new designs.

Holiday Gifts

Silk Waists, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Infants White Fur Coats, Dress Goods, for street costume or evening wear. Silks, Pure Down Comforters, Blankets, Carpet Squares, Lace Curtains, Wool Shawls and Clouds, Carpet Sweepers.



Men's Furnishing Dept.

Our Men's Furnishing Department is one of the leading features of our business. Special pains have been taken in selecting our Xmas Goods. Elegant Neckwear in new designs and shapes, Four-in Hands, Ascots, Putts, Bows, Strings, Ticks, etc. A special line in boxes for Christmas trade. Prices 25 to 75c. Men's Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs in large assortments. Silk and Wool Mufflers, Suspenders.

Men's Colored Shirts.

We handle the best makes in Shirts, W. G. & R. A large assortment of Colored Shirts, in stiff and soft bosoms, White Shirts, in open back or front, sizes 14 to 18 1/2, Full Dress Shirts.

COLLARS, W. G. & R. Brand, Barker's Brand.

All the newest styles of Collars are here to choose from, both in high, turn-down and band. Cuffs, sizes 9 1/2 to 11 1/2. Smoking Jackets, Dressing Gowns, Night Robes, Hosiery, Gloves, Hats and Caps.

Don't fail to visit our Furnishing Department.

Grocery Department.

Confectionery

The largest showing of Confectionery we have ever had. A box of chocolates make a nice Xmas gift. A huge assortment of Boxes and fancy Baskets to choose from. Prices 50c. to \$3.00.

For Your Xmas Tree

Barley Toys, Xmas Mixture, Royal Mixture, 3 lbs. for 25c. Creams and Chocolates from 25c to 50c per lb. Penny Goods etc.

Nuts

Almonds, Walnuts, Peanuts, Brazil Filberts and Pecans.

Fruits

Oranges, Apples, Lemons, Grapes, Figs, Dates, Prunes, Candied Orange, Lemon and Citron Peel.

Special

Layer Raisins in 7 lb boxes, 60c; Cluster Raisins in 5 1/2 lb boxes, \$1.25; Mince Meat in 7 lb pails, 65c; Prunes, 3 lbs for 25c; Blueberries, 3 cans for 25c; McLaren's Jelly Powders, three packages for 25c; Tomato Catsup, 2 bottles for 25c; Peas, Corn and Tomatoes, 3 cans for 25c.

Holiday Furniture

Rattan Rockers and chairs, Morris Chairs, 3 piece Parlor Suites, Book Cases, Writing Desks, Divans, Sultan Box Lounges, Big Range of Children's Sleighs and Sleds. We have fitted up a special room for Pictures. In this department you will find a large assortment of goods suitable for the Holiday season.

5 O'clock Tea

Christie's Fancy Biscuits from 15 to 50c per lb.

HEINZ'S PICKLES, one of the 57 Varieties

Sweet Mixed, Sour Mixed, Chow Chow, Stuffed Olives, Queen Olives, White Onions, Sweet Onions, Tomato Catsup, Mustard Dressing, Horse Radish, Celery Salad and India Relish. Bulk Goods in Sweet Mixed, Sour Mixed and White Onions.

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French Potter Game, in Woodcock, Partridge, Quail and Hawk 35c per tin.



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a large shipment of P. E. I. Turkey and Geese.

Cut Glass and Crockery Department

Special Discount in Cut Glass until Xmas. A Handsome line of China Dinner and Tea Sets. All new designs from \$7.00 to \$18.00. Direct importation of Japanese Cups and Saucers in new Patterns from 10c to \$1.00 each.

Make your Purchases as Early as Possible.

Special Salespeople to look after your many wants

GEO. G. MCKENZIE & Co.

THE BEST XMAS GIFT

to absent friends and relatives and one that is sure to be appreciated is a year's

SUBSCRIPTION FOR 'EVENTS.'

A Dream's Fulfillment

The Rector's Christmas Charity and What Came of It.

By SALLY CHAMBERLIN

[Copyright, 1904, by Sally Chamberlin.]

ANG! Bang! Bang!

John Hare jumped from his warm bed into his dressing gown and slippers, switched on the electric light and was on the lower floor swinging wide the heavy, massive door before his eyes were fairly open. Through the blackness of the outer night peered the hard and forbidding faces of two roughly clad men. The taller man started in gruff tones that his baby was dying and his wife wanted the child baptized.

In less than five minutes the young rector was dressed and back to the men, whom he had left sitting in the hall, and the three started out. The trip to the outskirts of the city through dark and strange streets was anything but pleasant. Finally reaching a little low cottage, set quite apart



In HER EYES SAT A GRIEVOUS FUTURE. From any other dwellings and lighted by one small lamp which sent its rays through the narrow window, he followed the men through the door into a bare furnished room. On a cot in the corner lay a child, small and wasted, marked with death's stamp, and beside her sat the weeping mother. Some strange mystery haunted the room. What were these poverty-stricken people trying to conceal? The clergyman shook off the feeling and opened his prayer book at the baptismal service.

Having performed his mission, accompanied by the two men, he was passing a clump of trees on his way home when one of them stopped suddenly and, pulling a long bladed knife from his pocket, flashed it before the young rector's face and instantly pointed it toward his heart. He uttered a piercing shriek.

"Ugh!" said John Hare as the sound of his own voice awakened him and he sat up in bed. "What an ugly nightmare! Then, with a look at his watch, 'It is high time I was up anyway, with fifty parochial visits before me. I must make sure that not a single family has a cheerless Christmas tomorrow."

His eye caught the picture of a girl's face, gentle eyed, yet cheery, hanging in a frame on his wall. "And if there's any persuasion in John Hare's poor eloquence he won't have a cheerless or a lonely Christmas the next 25th of December."

This young rector had come to Spotsfield, a rising manufacturing city, three years before, after serving as curate in a large city parish. He had transformed his new congregation from a disgruntled, quarreling community composed of a few rich and many poor to a great family interested in each other and respecting his Christian principles. And incidentally his strict resolution for a busy bachelorhood had been somewhat disturbed by a pair of interested, laughing eyes which belonged to the daughter of a factory owner.

This energetic, but rather shy, young woman was famed and loved among the poor and sick of Spotsfield for her gentle and unpretentious way of helping when and where she was needed. Though of different faiths, she and John Hare met often while on excursions of mercy. He had seen her, too, at her father's home, where he was popular as a dinner guest because of his appreciation of a good cigar and his broad, forceful views on Christianity.

As he dressed that morning before the festive holiday he realized that the human heart cannot be denied its sustenance—one beating in touch and sympathy with it—and that one fair girl had woven her charms about him so completely that he could no longer refrain from telling her of it, even though of late she had rather seemed to avoid him when he crossed her path and was even chary of her conversation when he dined at her house.

During the long busy day she was constantly brought to his mind in the houses he visited. A forlorn old woman told of the coming of Miss Ruth with yarn for the next year's knitting and a box of sweets. A grateful mother told of the nights Miss Ruth had

stayed and nursed the baby back to life. In the poorer homes he heard of the baskets of Christmas goodies also brought, with toys and warm mittens for the children.

It was 10 o'clock before the rector had finished the day's task, and when he reached home he threw himself, quite worn out, on the couch in the library. Not ten minutes seemed to have elapsed when the sound "B-r-r-r" through his sleep awakened him suddenly to the realization that some one was ringing the bell with the evident intention of rousing the entire household, and as he stepped into the hall to open the door he was amazed to see the hands on the old fashioned clock pointing to 1.

"Sir, we've come to get Mr. Hare. The baby's dying, and my wife wants a minister," announced one of the two men who stood on the step facing the tired rector.

The memory of his vivid nightmare had not recurred to him since the morning, but at the words "baby's dying" it all flashed before his mind, and he hesitated an instant with some misgivings. Quickly pulling himself together and throwing off the vision, he exclaimed: "Mr. Hare, where is your baby?" In a harsh voice the larger of the two men mentioned the outskirts of the city, where the houses were small and low and widely scattered.

Again pushing aside the warning of his apparition, the rector incased himself in warm overcoat and arctic and, locking the door behind him, bade the men lead the way. For several blocks an occasional house showed lights from top to bottom or a stray light in the second story gave evidence that an eager youngster was awake examining Santa Claus' gifts. Then the houses became dark, and the three men trudged on through the gently falling snow. Hare's questions received but curt, abrupt answers, while the mother, by his grewsome dream grew clearer with each step of the long dark walk till he reached the identical cottage of his nightmare, with one light shining through the window. A suggestion of cold perspiration stood on his forehead and a shiver ran down his spine as he thought of the sinister group and the suspicious and forbidding glances of the men in that dim scene which he had passed through before so realistically.

Entering the house behind the larger man, he looked instantly toward the corner for the cot and the child. They were there! The thin face of the child showed the same pallor of death, but the mother was not in the chair beside the bed. In her place sat a girl in a girlish figure, holding a vial in her delicate fingers.

"Thank you so much for coming," said a soft voice, and the Ruth of his day dreams lifted her eyes to his with a wistful, shy glance of comfort and relief. "The mother never died, but been consoled for her neglect in not having had her child baptized, and I felt so sure you would come, even though it was at this late hour."

As the dying baby received the blessing of the church, and as the sun rose between two distant hills the child passed into its Saviour's arms. Two hearts were peaceful from a sense of finished duty. Unconsciously radiant with joy at being together, the man and the girl passed from the low roofed cottage into the clear frosty air of the blue canopied path with its fresh carpet of pure white snow. A Christmas happiness such as they had never known before illuminated the world for these two alone in the snow clad woods.

It was some time before the young rector felt inclined to speak, and then it was to recount his nightmare with its realistic reproduction up to the point where he had found her beside the dying child.

"And the knife aimed at your heart—that must have been a dreadful dream!"

John Hare paused, holding her with his strong magnetic gaze.

"The knife is in your hand. If you cannot love me, your 'No' will be a deathblow to my hopes and ambitions."

She smiled up into his eyes and held out both hands.

"See—there is no knife."

Eight Millions For Toys.

The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gladden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of five to twelve year old children. The children of no other country on the globe have anything like so lavish an average amount of money expended for toys for them, not even the children of Germany—Germany, the home of toy-making and toy giving. Verily, indeed, the lot of the American child has been cast in the richest sort of clover when it comes to toy getting and not a few other things in the bargain.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jumping at a Conclusion.

Tommy—Santa Claus is coming to dinner tonight.

Elsie—Oh! How do you know?

Tommy—Ma told me a white haired old gentleman was coming and we'd have to be very good.

Christmas the Real Turkey Day.

Christmas, not Thanksgiving, is the real turkey day. Last Christmas Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces took care of about 1,500,000 more turkeys than they did on Thanksgiving.

Devonshire's Yule Log.

In Devonshire the Yule log is known as the Ashton fagot. The fagot is composed of a bundle of ash sticks bound with nine bands of the same wood.

Tommy Atkins' Christmas

How King Edward's "Thin Red Heroes" Celebrate Their Holiday.

No matter where he may be or in what circumstances he may be placed, Tommy Atkins never fails to make a special effort to celebrate Christmas day in a befitting manner. Four years ago saw thousands of British soldier lads spending the festive 25th round camp fires on the South African veldt, but they enjoyed themselves, nevertheless, in spite of their surroundings and the difficulties under which the Christmas dinner was prepared. It is Christmas in barracks, however, which Tommy enjoys best of all next, of course, to spending it with those who are dear to him. Comrades unite with comrades, and each contributes his share of help toward making the occasion one of joyous festivity.

Early Christmas morning sees the soldiers busily engaged in turning their respective barrack rooms into dining places. Bed cots, which at ordinary times would be standing at right angles to the walls, are ranged lengthwise, and with the aid of spare pillows and gay bunting borrowed from the stores for the occasion are transformed into luxuriant looking divans. The companies vie with one another to make their rooms as attractive as possible.

The homely custom of spreading festoons of pink, blue and green paper from wall to wall is daily carried out, while mottoes, usually of a military character, abound. These mottoes, by the way, are often dedicated to popular officers, the following being examples of the favorite forms: "Long live Colonel and Mrs. ——" "God bless the general." "Good luck to Lieutenant ——" etc.

In some regiments it is the custom to usher in Christmas morning with fires and drums immediately after the sounding of reveille, and after breakfast Tommy has to prepare for church parade. This duty finished, he is at liberty to make a grand attack on the Christmas dinner. The soldiers are



"HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

first of all marshaled and arranged in their places at the table in the company's dining room, which the captain then visits in order to make a brief inspection and see that "all's well" with the boys.

After that there is still another matter which Thomas has to attend to before he can start feeding, but it is a matter which is very agreeable to him. A few minutes after the captain has made his inspection the soldiers of the company are again called to their feet and to order by the sergeant major's "Shut up!" and immediately afterwards the colonel, followed by the adjutant and other officers, enters. Needless to say, they are received with rousing cheers. The colonel will drink the health of — company, a toast answered with wild cheering and the time honored refrain, "He's a jolly good fellow."

When the officers have gone it is not long before Tommy proceeds to sample the good things which have been provided for his enjoyment. Roast beef and mutton, turkey, goose and duck are usually included in the company's menu, not to mention such things as potatoes, greens, puddings and pie.

After dinner Tommy indulges in his favorite free and easy, enlivened with songs of all descriptions. Patriotism, of course, enters into the greater part of the music, although the comic song is also a great favorite. Tommy cares little what the song may be, however, so long as it has a good swinging chorus in which he can join. Thus the hours pass by, the day's enjoyment generally ending in the veterans of the company being called upon to relate stirring incidents which have won glory and renown for the regiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

Lots of White House Turkeys.

Nearly 1,500 pounds of turkeys were distributed last year by direction of the president to the officials and employees of the White House.

An Adamless Eve.

Some things about the holidays are quite unfair to women. For instance, there's a Christmas eve, but where's her Christmas Adam? —Brooklyn Life.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

A Mother's Correction Should Never Detrain Her Love.

The best means of encouraging truthfulness in children is a problem which taxes the judgment of the best among us. The road to truthfulness can only be found through mutual sympathy—a sympathy which enables the mother to know what demands she can and ought to make upon her child's obedience to her higher will and which teaches the child uncomplainingly to accept her wishes as law. To win this trust a mother's correction should never outrun her love, and she may well make it a golden maxim never to let the sun go down upon her wrath.

If a child once feels that the day has gone by with a loss or lessening of the mother's love the influence of the mother for good is dangerously weakened; a link is snapped in the chain of truthfulness and a precious idol is in danger of being hopelessly shattered. Undue harshness is one of those irreparable errors we are sure to regret. Mothers should therefore temper their reproofs with love. The responsibilities of motherhood are indeed heavy, but they are not beyond their power, and it is within a mother's scope to control far more fully than she may be apt to acknowledge the environments of her children and to mold their character for good or evil.—Washington Post.

BAKED HAM.

New Feature of Holiday Feast Borrowed from the South.

It goes without saying that his majesty the turkey will grace the Christmas dinner table, but for variety and to give a new note to this feast it is an excellent idea to follow the southern fashion of introducing ham to share honors with the reigning fowl.

The ham may be either hot or cold and should be baked to a crisp brown. Few there are who understand the art of preparing ham in this way. First it should be partly baked with the thick outside skin left on, and then this should be removed and the fat stuck full of cloves and left to brown in a slow oven. The spice imparts a deliciously delicate flavor and should not be taken out, but left in the ham just as it comes from the oven. No sauce is needed with ham cooked after this rule.—New York Herald.

Christmas a Lucky Birthday.

There is an old superstition that to be born on Christmas day is to be lucky all one's life, and in Silesia there is a belief that a boy born on Christmas day must be brought up a lawyer or he will become a thief.

The Origin of Christmas Greens.

At the Saturnalia, the heathen prototype of Christmas, it was the Roman custom to decorate the house with evergreens. This was done to give the woodland spirits a refuge from the cold.

Something to Please a Woman.

"DY-O-LA" is a revelation to every woman at first. It seems too good to be true that one package of "DY-O-LA" will color silk, cotton, woolen and mixed goods—or all four—This is just what "DY-O-LA" will do and color MORE goods to the package than any other. Druggists everywhere have "DY-O-LA" in 10 cent packages. Color card sent on receipt stamp. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Canada.



THE RESTIGOUCHE WOODWORKING CO., LIMITED,

Manufacturers & Contractors, - DALHOUSIE, N. B.

If you are building, remember we carry everything you want at right prices. Orders filled promptly and satisfactorily. Capacity of Dry Kiln, 150,000 per week. Large stock of Spruce, Pine, Birch, Ash, White Wood and Bass Wood always on hand.

SPECIALTIES:
Silent Salesmen, Store Furnishings, School Desks, Church Altars and Seats, and Stair Work, Etc.

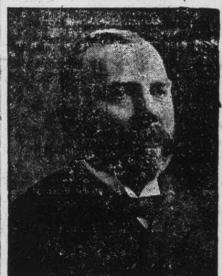
PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

Has Made Him a Strong, Healthy Man—Has Brought Him From a Bed of Lingering Illness Where He Hovered Between Life and Death.

The cause of almost every organic disease is traced to a weak throat or affected lungs. The lungs being the primary organs in circulation of the blood, if they become diseased the blood takes on impurities which are delivered to every part of the body. You say you are RUN DOWN, HAVE STOMACH TROUBLE, KIDNEY TROUBLE, CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, OBSTINATE COUGHS OR COLDS, LOSS OF FLESH, NIGHT SWEATS, CHILLS, AND FEVER. All of the above are the outcome of diseased lungs and are the allies of CONSUMPTION.

LUNGS MADE STRONG WITH PSYCHINE REMAIN STRONG



MR. WALDEN, to be seen any day on a Broadway Ave. car, Toronto. Cured with Psychine six years ago, his lung trouble has not returned.

Mr. Walden's Story of His Illness and Subsequent Recovery Through Using Psychine.

Mr. Walden says: "About six years ago I was taken down with a gripe, then pneumonia and typhoid fever, inducing serious lung trouble, which soon developed into consumption. I had a serious trial of it, and was under treatment by several physicians of Toronto. The disease gained such headway that hospital treatment was resorted to, but gave me no hope of recovery. I also spent some time in the Convalescent Home, but the disease returned with increased severity, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. I left the city for the country under the belief that it would renew my strength and make me well. On parting with my brother I said afterward that 'he never expected to see me alive again.' While out of the city I began using Psychine, and I am proud to say it has been a blessing to me. I was enabled to return home after using it for a short time, and continued the treatment until several bottles had been used and I was able to go about. When I began the remedy my weight had been reduced to 140 pounds—now I weigh fully 210 pounds. Psychine is a wonderful flesh-producer; do not know its medical properties—only that Psychine, and nothing else, has restored me to health. Those who know me are aware of what my condition was, and the helplessness of my case. There is no medicine in the world like Psychine for lung trouble, and I am sure if it had not been for it I WOULD HAVE BEEN A DEAD MAN."

A. WALDEN, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

(Psychine is pronounced Si-keen) For sale by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. For further advice and information write or call at Dr. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Can.

Meet Winter Halfway

and you'll conquer when it arrives. Have your heating arrangements put in proper order now, so you will be cozy and comfortable when the first cold wave arrives. We are plumbers of the highest abilities, and make a specialty of steam fitting and heating work.

F. W. CARR, Plumber, CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Coal! Coal!

Hard Coal, Soft Coal and Blacksmith Coal

A large quantity always on hand Delivered to any part of the town. Orders by mail promptly attended to

Jos H Taylor

J. B. WAGNER,

"The People's Tailor."

Let us talk with you before placing your order for your

Fall Suit or Fall Overcoat.

We have some more than usually attractive lines of Suitings and Overcoatings to show you. New Fall importations of English and Scotch Tweeds Serges, etc.

Store Closes Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock

J. B. WAGNER,

Next Waverly Hotel, CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

THE RESTIGOUCHE WOODWORKING CO., LIMITED,

Manufacturers & Contractors, - DALHOUSIE, N. B.

If you are building, remember we carry everything you want at right prices. Orders filled promptly and satisfactorily. Capacity of Dry Kiln, 150,000 per week. Large stock of Spruce, Pine, Birch, Ash, White Wood and Bass Wood always on hand.

SPECIALTIES:
Silent Salesmen, Store Furnishings, School Desks, Church Altars and Seats, and Stair Work, Etc.

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McALISTER & MOTT,

BARRISTERS, ETC.,

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Practice limited to

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

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INTERCOLONIAL HOTEL,

Campbellton, N. B.

Lighted by electricity heated by hot water

Fitted with return electric bells. Hot and

cold water baths.

A stone's throw from I. C. R. Station.

Campbellton, N. B.

BAKER HOTEL,

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Centrally Located. Teams meet all

oats and Trains.

First Class Commercial House.

WALTER J. BAKER, Proprietor

HOTEL MIRAMICHI

Opened January, 1905.

Most Luxurious and Up-To-Date

Hotel in Northern New

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THOS. FOLEY, T. J. GORTAN,

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Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50

ALBERT HOUSE,

Corner Duke and Henderson Sts.,

CHATHAM, N. B.

The most pleasantly situated hotel

in the town, directly facing the Opera

House and the beautiful Elm Park.

Recently remodelled. Painted and

refurnished throughout. For luxury,

comfort and views second to no other

house in the town.

Hacks to and from all trains and

boats.

Terms: \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day.

ALLAN MANN, Prop.

DOUARD IVEQUE,

Watchmaker, Jeweler and

Graduate Optician.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Spectacles, etc., a Specialty.

FRESH MEATS.

Vegetables in Season,

Hams and Smoked Meats

J. T. VAUTOUR.

HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS

LIMITED

HAMILTON CANADA

American System of Cutting.

B. GYR, Tailor.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or

Money Refunded.

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure

your Cold or Cough, you get back all you

paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or

the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would

not be made.

Can anything be fairer?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease

of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

25c per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Through East Express

leaving daily on Sunday

at 8:00 a. m.

at 8:00 p. m.

ONTARIO'S GOLD.

New Find. May Essay Fine

Figures to Ton.

Wabigo, Ont., Dec. 8 — Inform-

ation has arrived from Manitou of the

most extraordinary strike of gold that

has ever been made in this district. The

strike occurred at the Laurentine Mine,

one mile from Gold Rock, which was

recently re-opened after close of dig-

gation proceeding. A couple of shots put

in by a miner while drilling from north

side of the shaft at 35 foot level on

Tuesday last did the business, and ex-

posed gold of untold value. The precious

metal could be gouged out in silver

dollar thickness. In fact it was asserted

that the rock was held together only by

the gold with which it was permeated.

It is just two years ago since ore, assay-

ing nearly \$30,000 to ton, was struck

at a depth of 25 feet in the same shaft.

The exposure of Tuesday last appar-

ently would indicate a six figure assay.

Deafness cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot

reach the diseased portion of the ear.

There is only one way to cure deaf-

ness, and that is by constitutional

remedies. Deafness is caused by an

inflamed condition of the mucous lin-

ing of the Eustachian Tube. When

this tube is inflamed you have a

rumbling sound or imperfect hearing,

and when it is entirely closed, Deaf-

ness is the result, and unless the

inflammation can be taken out and

this tube restored to its normal con-

dition hearing will be destroyed for-

ever; nine cases out of ten are caused

by Catarrh, which is nothing but an

inflamed condition of the mucous

surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars

for any case of deafness (caused by

catarrh) that cannot be cured by

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars

free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for con-

stipation.

GLENLEVIT NOTES

CAMPBELLTON.

Last evening Dec 6th was the

scene of a very pleasant one when

the many friends and acquaintances

met at Mr. Arthur Thompson's

residence to witness the marriage of

John Craig of Dalhousie to Dorothy G.

Campbell of Black Cape. May Thomp-

son and James Thompson were brides-

maids and groomsmen. The room was

lavishly decorated with potted plants

and with evergreens. The bride

was prettily dressed in a white cloth-

ing gown and wore a bouquet of Novem-

ber roses in her hair. The Rev. Mr.

Hardy of Flat Lands performed the

STOLE ARMY'S SELF-DEN-

IAL BANK

MONCTON, N. B., Dec 8—A

young man travelling under differ-

ent names was arrested this morn-

ing on a charge of stealing the

Salvation Army Self-Denial bank

and contents from the Hotel

Brunswick office. When arrested

the young man, who registered at

the Hotel as John Williams of St

John, and Geo. Murray, was in

the bank of Nova Scotia trying to

negotiate a \$1000 loan.

In the bank he exhibited a docu-

ment purporting to be drawn up

by J. B. Walker, of Buss River, Kent

County, transferring to him prop-

erty to the value of \$2500. The

document, when examined, bore

marks of being a clumsy forgery,

and no stock was taken in the

story. When taken to the police

station the prisoner admitted that

he had stolen the Salvation Army

Self-Denial Bank, and said he and

another party had divided the con-

tents, amounting to three or four

dollars. Yesterday the prisoner

arrived in the city and registered

at the Brunswick Hotel as John

Williams, St. John. He had no

means and was informed he could

not be given lodging. Late in the

day he appeared at the Ameri-

cain Hotel and registered as George

Williams, and settled his bill this

morning with small change. The

Salvation Army bank was missed

from the Brunswick, and suspicion

rested on Williams (or Murray),

who was standing about the hotel

office. A watch on the young

man's movements this morning re-

sulted in his arrest as described.

The opinion is entertained that the

prisoner is of unsound mind. As

near as can be ascertained he hails

from Maine instead of St. John.

The police authorities are awaiting

the return of the Salvation Army

captain to town to prefer a charge.

The prisoner is about twenty-five

years old.

George McKinnon, a man be-

longing to Scotch Settlement has

been charged in the police court

with beating his uncle, Lawrence

McKinnon, with whom he had

been living. A warrant has been

issued for his arrest.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by

MINARD'S LINIMENT.

REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of ear-

ache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by

MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. MASTERS.

NEW LOCOMOTIVES

FOR INTERCOLONIAL

MONCTON, Dec. 7—A number o

new passenger locomotives are expected

to arrive shortly from the American

Locomotive Works, Montreal, for the

I. C. R. The Intercolonial has forty

locomotives altogether ordered. Some

sixteen passenger engines are being

built by the Montreal works and are

The Baird Company's
Wine of Tar
Honey and
wild Cherry
 A Lubricant to the Throat
 A Tonic to the Vocal Chords



While we cannot recommend cheap
 weak \$3.00 and \$5.00 sets of teeth.—After
 patients have been warned of the uselessness
 of this class of work and they persist in hav-
 ing such, we can supply them much easier
 than the best, which in such work is more
 to good: If patients desire satisfaction in
 dental operations and results "always the
 best!"

DR. P. McNichol
 Surgeon-Dentist

Campbellton office 1st to 27th
 Dalhousie " 27th and 28th
 New Mills " 28th and 29th
 Bathurst " 29th and 31st

Local Anesthetic, Laughing Gas, Chloro-
 form or Ether administered for the painless
 extraction of teeth

There is
LOTS OF
Hard Work
 in House Cleaning and there is a
 whole lot of it entirely unnecessary.

If you would send us your
 Blankets, Bedding, etc. to launder
 for you it would save you a great
 deal of this work and you would be
 better satisfied with the results than
 if you had done them at home.

Campbellton
Steam Laundry

Geo. H. Metzler,
 HOUSE DECORATOR
 and
 SIGN WRITER,
 Opposite I. C. R. Station, Water St



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to
 the Postmaster General, will be re-
 ceived at Ottawa until noon, on
 FRIDAY, 19th January, 1906,
 for the conveyance of His Majesty's
 Mails, on a proposed contract for four
 years, six times per week each way,
 between Gaspe and Grand Greve,
 from the 1st April next.

ROYAL FOLK
 WHO PLAY
SANTA CLAUS
 By
GEORGE H. PICARD

[Copyright, 1905, by George H. Picard.]
 ONE of the numerous advantages
 enjoyed by royal personages,
 an advantage, too, which has
 not been greatly exploited, is
 the power to give to any object dis-
 pensed as a Christmas gift, no matter
 how trivial it may be, a distinct and
 abiding value. It is related of one of
 the mediæval pontiffs that on a cer-
 tain occasion he was so grateful for a
 service rendered him by a young prince
 of the Borgia family that he begged
 him to name some suitable reward.

"Come, my child," he suggested in-
 stantly. "Tell me what I can do
 to please you. Don't be afraid to put
 my liberality to a test. It's the blessed
 Christmas season, you know?"

His youthful highness sighed deep-
 ly, but did not seem able to find the
 words to frame his request.

"Courage, my friend," he persisted his
 holiness. "I am in the mood for giv-
 ing. Ask confidently, and I should ad-
 vise you to ask something more sub-
 stantial than my blessing."

The young Borgia realized that the
 opportunity was golden. At that time
 the temporal power of the Roman
 pontiff was so great that kingdoms
 were at his disposal. The prince knew
 all that, but it did not tempt him.

"Your holiness," he faltered, pro-
 strating himself, "I beg you to give me
 a lock of your hair."

At this unexpected request the pope
 was both startled and touched. It
 seemed incredible that a Borgia could
 be satisfied with such a sentimental
 request, and yet the young fellow
 seemed to be in earnest.

genous mechanical toys "made in Ger-
 many." The president of the French
 republic, not to be outdone in Christ-
 mas civility, gives presents of costly
 Sèvres and Limoges wares to the reign-
 ing queens of Europe. In return he is
 often decorated with the ribbon of
 some coveted order. The president of
 the Swiss confederation is more prac-
 tical in his holiday generosity. Last
 Christmas he sent to Queen Alexandra
 a choice selection of cheeses.

As a systematic dispenser of Christ-
 mas cheer it is probable that the Ger-
 man emperor heads the list of royal
 givers. With his customary order-
 liness and attention to detail he begins
 to plan his beneficent campaign long
 before the dawn of the holiday season.
 On a slip of paper which he keeps con-
 cealed in a private cabinet he notes
 down in his neat undecorated script as
 they occur to him the names of the various
 persons whom he intends to remember
 and the amount he expects to expend
 on each of them.

One of his standard gifts is his own
 royal portrait. Last Christmas he pre-
 sented the usual custom by presenting his
 prospective daughter-in-law, the Duch-
 esse Cecilia, with a marble bust of him-
 self. There is absolutely no excuse
 whatever for any collection in the



THE KAISER SENT A BUST OF HIMSELF.
 world, public or private, which has
 neglected to provide itself with a por-
 trait of the German kaiser. It may be
 had for the asking, and a hint is
 sufficient. The kaiser is a liberal and
 thoughtful Christmas benefactor. She
 makes it a point to give some-
 thing of value to every child of royal
 lineage in Christendom, and that means
 much labor and discrimination. The
 children of royal lineage in the German
 empire alone are quite numerous
 enough to absorb a fortune, and it is
 reputed that the generous royal lady
 spends \$50,000 every year in this ad-
 mirable way.

The present sultan of Turkey, with
 all his traditional hatred of the sultan,
 has fallen into the habit of sending
 Christmas gifts to some of the Chris-
 tian courts. These remembrances con-
 sist for the most part of jars of pre-
 served rose leaves and Levantine sweet-
 meats prepared by his own confection-
 er. The aged emperor of Austria sends
 a liberal gift of priceless Tokay to his
 fellow sovereigns. The domestic old
 queen of Denmark, the "mother-in-law
 of Europe," who is an inveterate knit-
 ter of woolen stockings, dispenses her
 yearly remembrance at Christmas-time.
 The genial king of the Belgians sends
 nothing but checks, and it is whispered
 that his bank account is considerably
 reduced at the holiday season. Wil-
 helmina of the Netherlands, who is as
 prudent as she is thrifty, gives decora-
 tions and confers orders. This was also
 the economical Christmas practice
 adopted by Queen Victoria. The king
 of Spain sends presents only to his re-
 latives, and the royal family of Portu-
 gal, rich as it is, is not much addic-
 ted to the gift habit. The queen sends
 a generous check to the Vatican and the
 king distributes a few decorations.

Fourth of July Christmas.
 In other days the Catholic and
 Episcopal churches celebrated Christ-
 mas much as Americans now ob-
 serve the glorious Fourth. Roman
 candles, skyrockets, firecrackers and a
 general rejoicing and noisy hilarity
 marked the day sacred to the birth of
 the Prince of Peace. The idea was
 that the occasion was a joyful one and
 men should vociferously attest their
 happiness. Echoes of these old cele-
 brations are still heard in portions of
 the south which were settled by the
 cavaliers. Under the reformation,
 however, and especially under Puritan-
 ism, this form of observing Christ-
 mas was done away with. In the ear-
 ly days of New England Christmas
 was scarcely observed at all, and it is
 only in comparatively recent years
 that the present custom of giving and
 feasting was revived in sections where
 the Puritans had held sway.

FITS CURED
 If you, your friends or relatives suffer with
 Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling
 Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable
 advice on such diseases to **FITZ LEWIS CO.**
 79 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All
 druggists sell or can obtain for you

THE SIGN
OF THE SON
OF MAN
 A CHRISTMAS POEM
 BY J. A. L. BERTON

The night is fair over Bethlehem
 As amid God's lights on high
 A strange, new star gleams out like a gem
 In a setting of wintry sky.
 It shines afar over stream and field
 To an eastern caravan,
 And three are thrilled as they see revealed
 The sign of the Son of Man.

SINCE that sweet night the stars have flown
 As ripples flow on a stream,
 While empires out of the earth have grown
 To pass as a troubled dream,
 And weary eyes have searched the skies,
 As the ages onward ran,
 With the hope once more to recognize
 The sign of the Son of Man.



THE SIGN OF THE SON OF MAN.
 BUT never and never men saw above
 Its magical gleam afar.
 Yet ever and ever the light of love
 Was shed by the golden star.
 For not on the skies do its bright rays burn,
 But the hearts of his lovers scan
 And there on the heavens within discern
 The sign of the Son of Man.

FOR ever the burden of gladness grows,
 And ever the soul that is quickened knows
 A secret of sweet surprise,
 And ever in those of the glad new birth
 A ghostly presence is seen,
 Revealed in a glory transcending earth,
 The sign of the Son of Man.

Christmas Ghost Hunting.
 The custom of chasing spooks on the
 night before Christmas comes from
 Ireland. One difficulty with making
 the thing go in America is that our
 houses are scarcely old enough to make
 good ghost repositories. A real haunt-
 ed house should be sufficiently old to
 be something of a ghost itself. Like
 violins and whisky, a spooky atmos-
 phere improves with age.
 A ghost hunt should be carried on
 at midnight, of course. If no specter
 be found, an active imagination should
 have no difficulty in conjuring up one
 of its own. The only way to account
 for the fact that spooks which are more
 at Christmas than at other times is
 that the Christmas season is a very
 attractive one on earth and the spooks
 come back to enjoy its good cheer.

Christmas and the Druids.
 It is not generally known how many
 of our Christmas customs are almost
 identical with those of the Druids in
 early England. For example, the Yule
 log is said to have come from the
 wheel log, symbolizing the march of
 the sun. They the mistletoe was a sac-
 red bush among the Druids. They had
 a trinity of their own, and the white
 berries, which are often found in
 bunches of three, were to them a di-
 vine symbol. The carrying about of
 "the wren hunt" in Ireland may be
 traced to the same sources, as the wren
 was a sacred bird to the Druids. Most
 remarkable of all is the fact that the
 time of their chief celebration was
 at the winter solstice, which is prac-
 tically identical with Dec. 25, our
 Christmas day.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDRINGHAM
 How the Royal Family of Great Brit-
 ain Celebrates.

The royal family of Great Britain
 keeps up Christmas at Sandringham in
 a right royal and old-fashioned way.
 Tasteful decorations with holly and
 mistletoe abound everywhere. Every
 one comes down to the dining room,
 where breakfast is taken en famille.
 Every one has presents for some one
 else. All the servants and tenants are
 remembered, so that there are many
 happy hearts on Christmas morning.
 Substantial joints, geese and turkeys,
 with other good things, have a delig-
 htful way of turning up at the very
 houses where they are most wanted.

After breakfast the royal family and
 guests and the ladies and gentlemen of
 the household go on a tour of inspec-
 tion to view the decorations, and then,
 provided the weather is fine, they walk
 to church, which, of course, has
 been tastefully adorned in appropriate
 and approved Christmas fashion. On
 the entry of the king and queen the
 congregation rises—that is the only
 formality observed. The king's domes-
 tic chaplain takes the service—a bright
 choral service, with Christmas hymns
 and an anthem.

Then comes luncheon—which is the
 children's dinner—attended by the
 king and queen and other members of
 the household. The Christmas pudding is
 brought in, blazing up merrily, to the
 intense delight of the little princes and
 princesses.

The late afternoon is the most excit-
 ing time for the royal family. The doors
 of a certain room have been kept rig-
 orously fastened since the previous even-
 ing, her majesty and other members
 of her family having duly dressed a-
 bove. The tables are laid in the
 grand salon. The guests are seated at
 small oval tables, the king and queen
 sitting opposite each other at one, and
 are waited on by special footmen.
 Boats' head, haron of best and plum
 pudding are the staple dishes of the
 royal Christmas dinner.

After dinner there may be a dance or
 a command performance in the state
 ballroom, the walls of which are decora-
 ted by gorgeous Indian trophies pre-
 sented to his majesty when he visited
 that country.—Pictorial Magazine.

The Universal Desire.
 She was superbly dressed in the pin-
 nacle of fashion and would have been
 beautiful but for a certain stem, but
 needless expression that rather marred
 the sweetness of her face.

First looking up and down, she dart-
 ed swiftly into a narrow passageway
 and was soon knocking at a door em-
 blazoned with the legend: "Signor Olio
 Margerino. Clairvoyant. Future Fore-
 told."
 The door opened.
 "Where is the signor?" she nervously
 demanded.
 "In bed, mum."
 "Horrors! What's the matter with
 him?"
 "Nervous prostration, brought on by
 overwork."
 "Overwork?"
 "Yes, mum. Since September he's
 been busy peering into the future for
 people who wanted to know de value
 uv Christmas presents dey was goin'
 to send so's they'd know how much ter
 spend on theirs."
 Settling a shrik of despair, she sped
 away on the hunt for some other clair-
 voyant.—New York Herald.

Every Hour Delayed
IN CURING A COLD
IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It's only
 a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history
 would read differently if, on the first appearance
 of a cough, it had been remedied with
**DR. WOOD'S NOR-
 WAY PINE SYRUP.**

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy,
 that may be confidently relied upon as a specific
 for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness,
 Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis,
 Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affec-
 tions of the Throat and Lungs.

Scott's
Emulsion
 Of Cod Liver Oil.

We have just received this
 week a large supply of Emul-
 sion direct from the makers.

Also a barrel of
Pure Cod Liver Oil
 for sale, in bottles or in bulk.

Orders by mail receive prompt
 and careful attention.

T. Wran & Co
 Druggists and Chemists.
 105-107 Campbellton, N. B.
 Telephone 82.

DR. MCGAHEY'S
Whevo Cure

Dr. McGahey's Condition Blood Tablets 25c
 and 50c per box. Sold by A. Mc G. McDon-
 ald, Campbellton.

Notice of Sale

To All to whom it may concern:
 And to the heirs of the late William
 Robertson deceased, and Elsie
 Robertson relict of the said William
 Robertson of the County of Restigouche
 and Province of New Brunswick,
 notice is hereby given that under
 and by virtue of a power of sale contained
 in a certain indenture of mortgage
 bearing date the third day of
 December in the year of our Lord one
 thousand eight hundred and ninety
 seven and made between the said
 William Robertson and Elsie his wife
 of the first part and Edward B.
 Buckerfield of Harcourt in the County
 of Kent, Esquire, of the other part
 and recorded in the office of the
 Registrar of deeds in and for the
 County of Restigouche by the number
 5512 on pages 440 441 442 443 444 of
 the records of the said County of
 Restigouche, there will be for the
 purpose of satisfying the money
 secured by the said indenture of
 Mortgage, default having been made in
 the payment of the principal money
 due on said indenture and secured
 thereby, sold by Public Auction in
 front of the Post Office in Camp-
 bellton in the said County of
 Restigouche on Saturday the third day
 of March A. D. 1906, at the hour of
 Eleven O'clock in the forenoon of
 said day the lands and premises
 described in said indenture of
 mortgage as follows:—All the certain
 lot or parcel of land and premises
 situated and being in the Town of
 Campbellton in the County of Resti-
 gouche bounded and described as
 follows:—"On the North by a proposed
 Street or Lane (now Pleasant Street)
 on the East by lands deced to one
 Margaret Keane on the South by land
 owned and occupied by Henry
 McIntyre (now the Campbellton
 House) and on the West by lot number
 sixteen on a plan made by Thomas
 Russell a Deputy Crown Land
 Surveyor being now owned and
 occupied by William Porrier."



In witness whereof the said Ed. B.
 Buckerfield has here unto set his hand
 this 17th day of November A. D. 1905.
 ED. B. BUCKERFIELD.

Signed in the Presence of
 ANNIE BUCKERFIELD

No Better Time
For Entering
Than Just Now

Our classes are filling up for the fall
 term. Students can enter at any time,
 but those beginning early stand the
 best chance of being prepared for
 situations that will be filled next
 spring.

Send for catalogue.

S. Kerr & Son
 Odd Fellows' Hall.

WANT HOME RULE

Wm O'Brien and his Supporters Must Sign Pledges or be Outlawed

DUBLIN, Dec. 7.—The Nationalist convention yesterday resolved itself into an uncompromising home rule meeting. Resolutions were passed denouncing the Government of Ireland, outlawing William O'Brien and his supporters unless they signed the party pledges, expressing disbelief in the promises of the Liberals and pledging absolute support to John Redmond, as leader of the Irish parliamentary party. The moderates were howled down and their speakers forced to leave the platform.

The convention also passed a resolution condemning the proposed conference of the supporters of Lord Dunraven, Thomas W. Russell, Timothy M. Healy and John Dillon on the ground that it would be interpreted as an abandonment of the claim for home rule.

There is no evidence that the incoming Liberal Government can expect more support from the Nationalists in the next Parliament than the Unionists have received, unless Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman plumps for home rule. The declaration of the leaders and the resolutions passed at to day's session mean continued opposition to the Government until absolute home rule has been granted to Ireland.

Water cure for Constipation

Half a pint of hot water taken half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlaine's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by all druggists.

I. C. R. Passenger Traffic.

Mr. L. B. Archibald, superintendent of the sleeping, dining and parlor car service of the I. C. R., gives a very gratifying account of passenger travel over the system during the summer and autumn months. He says the establishment of the iron and steel works at Cape Breton, the impulse given to other branches of industry by the successful working of coal mines have had a great effect upon passenger as well as freight traffic. The hunting and fishing resorts in the Maritime Provinces and in the lower part of the Province of Quebec are, growing in popularity and are attracting tourists and sportsmen in increasing numbers.

ANOTHER FATAL BOUT

California Laborer Killed in a Fist Fight—His Opponent Arrested.

YREKA, Calif., Dec. 8.—Jack McDonald, a laborer at Weed, and Champion of the locality, was killed in a fist fight Wednesday night with Sid Roberts. The two men made arrangements for a ten round bout for the gate receipts, and a small purse. From the third round Roberts had everything his own way. In the ninth, when McDonald was all but gone, Roberts swung a vicious left to the back of McDonald's head, dropping him to the floor. McDonald did not gain consciousness, and he died yesterday. The doctor pronounced death to hemorrhage of the brain. One hundred men saw the contest. Roberts is now in jail.

Have you Heartburn?

It's quite common with people whose digestion is poor. Immediate relief follows the use of Nerviline. Stomach is strengthened, digestion is made perfect, lasting cure results in every case. Use Nelson's Nerviline once and you'll never be without it because every type of stomach disorder is conquered by a few doses. One 25c. bottle of Nerviline always convinces. Sold everywhere for the past fifty years.

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT

St. John, Dec. 8.—Word was received here last evening of the drowning of William Duplissea, of Westfield. The sad affair took place on Wednesday afternoon in Eagle Lake. The body was recovered. Duplissea was store keeper for L. C. Prime in his lumbering operations and started on his round of the camps. He left the store to go to Tebo's camp and attempted to cross Eagle Lake on the ice in company with his dog. He was advised not to cross the lake, but he thought it was safe. When he failed to arrive at his destination a searching party went out and Duplissea's cap was found on the ice where it is thought he threw it as a guide to friends when he found he was doomed to die. Nearby was an open space where the ice had been broken for some fourteen feet in the battle for life. In ten feet of water the body was found with one arm around the big otter which had gone to death with him, no doubt giving his life in the effort to save his master. Duplissea was a general favorite and the body was escorted to Westfield by fully two hundred men, among whom there was a hardy dry eye. Duplissea is survived by a wife and baby girl.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

MARK TWAIN'S RULES OF LIFE

Septuagenarian Wit Only Smokes One Cigar at a Time

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—"Mark Twain" (Samuel L. Clemens) was the guest of honor tonight at a dinner at Delmonico's, given by Col. George Harvey in honor of the humorist's 70th birthday. About 170 authors were present, nearly half of them women. During the dinner a congratulatory cable message was received from England signed by 40 of the most distinguished writers there including Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Alfred Austin, Arthur Balfour, Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Conan Doyle, Ian MacLaren, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Israel Zangwell. The principal souvenir which each guest received was a large bust of Mark Twain, half life size.

President Roosevelt and Joel Chandler Harris sent letters and among those who spoke or presented poems were W. D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Henry VanDyke, Brander Matthews, Weir Mitchell, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jno. Kedrick Bangs, Amelia Barr, Hamilton Mabie, Caroline Wells, Irving Bacheller, Rex Beach, Andrew Carnegie, Louis Morgan Hill, Hopkinson Smith, Agnes Epplier and Virginia Fraser Boyle.

When Mark Twain arose to speak he could not proceed for several minutes on account of the cheers. He said in part:

"I have achieved my seventy years in the usual way—by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else. Since 40 I have been regular about going to bed and getting up and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't anybody left to sit up with and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity.

"In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which did not agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the better of it myself but last spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight. Up to then I had always believed it was not loaded. For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at 8 in the morning and no

bite nor sup till 7.30 in the evening.

"I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar—at a time. I have no other restrictions as regards smoking. I do not know just when I began to smoke, I only know that it was in my father's lifetime and that I was discreet.

"He passed from this life early in 1847 when I was a shade past 11; ever since then I have smoked publicly. As an example to others and not that I care for moderation myself, it has always been my rule never to smoke when asleep and never to refrain when awake.

"As for drinking I have no rule about that. When the others drink I like to help, otherwise I remain dry, by habit and preference. This dryness does not hurt me, but it could easily hurt you because you are different.

"Since I was seven years old I have seldom taken a dose of medicine, and have still seldom needed it. But up to seven I lived exclusively on allopathic medicines. Not that I needed them, for I don't think I did, it was for economy. My father took a drug store for a debt and it made cod liver oil cheaper than the other breakfast foods. It was the first standard oil trust. I had it all.

By the time the drug store was exhausted my health was good and there has never been much the matter with me since.

"I have never taken any exercise except sleeping and resting and I never intend taking any. Exercise is loathsome. And it cannot be any benefit when you are tired; I was always tired. I have lived a severely moral life. But it would be a mistake for other people to try that, or for me to recommend it. Very few would succeed. You have to have a perfectly colossal stock of morals, and you can't get them on a margin. You have to have the whole thing and put them in a box. Morals are an acquirement—like music, like a foreign language, like piety, poker, paralysis—no man is born with them. I was not myself I started poor.

"Three-score years and ten—it is the scriptural statue of limitation. After that you do no active duties. For you the strenuous life is over. You are a time expressed man. To use military phrases, you have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out. You have become an honorary member. You are emancipated, compliments are not for you, nor any bugle call but 'lights out.' You pay the time-worn duty bills if you choose, or decline if you prefer—and without prejudice, for they are not legally collectable."

A Bilious Headache
Is one of the meanest things in the world. To prevent biliousness use Dr. Hamilton's Pills which keep the system clean and pure, regulate the bowels, give tone to kidneys and liver. You'll never have a headache, you'll never have sour stomach, but you will have vigorous bracing health by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Your druggist sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box or five boxes for one dollar.

BLACK CAPE
The many friends of Mr Eddie McCole will regret to hear of his death which occurred at his home on Wednesday last after a long illness. He leaves a father, three brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon and was largely attended.

Miss Clara Burton, of Little Cascapea accepted a position with Mrs. William Campbell, learning dress-making.

Miss Lillie Fairservice, of Sellarville is the guest of her sister Mrs. Peter McRae.

The Dr. Wardrobe and Curdy Mission band will hold an entertainment in Black Cape church on Christmas. We wish them success.

Miss F. S. Gadd leaves today for Quebec where she will spend the winter.

I wish the Editor and all the readers of Events a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The Wine of Tar, Honey and Wild Cherry, made by The Baird Company, Limited is free from all ingredients that cause unpleasant effects, common to many Cough Remedies, and is a perfectly safe preparation for children and adults.

For all Coughs, Irritated Conditions of the Throat Asthmatic and Bronchial Coughs. Throat and Lung trouble. Loss of Voice, for public Speakers and Singers, this preparation is especially valuable. At all dealers. Price, 35 cents for a bottle containing six ounces.

Ladies' Costume Cloths

Made at Hewson Woolen Mills, Amherst

Possess style, durability and beauty, combined with economy. Ask at the store to see the newest Hewson samples. Fit for all times of year. Make up handsomely. Not too expensive.

SOLD ONLY BY

Priestleys' Panneau Cloth



LONG COAT COSTUME

THE FASHIONABLE FABRIC FOR FALL

Geo. G. McKenzie & Co.

HOLIDAY Footwear.

All Lines of Holiday Footwear will be marked to Lowest Prices

Everything that can be found in a Shoe Store you will find here; and no line of goods make more desirable Xmas Presents than Footwear, as Bedroom Slippers, Fancy Dress Slippers, Leggings and Gaiters, Skating Boots and dozens of other things.

Call in and see our array

H. L. MAIN COMPANY,
F. E. LOCKHART, Manager.
Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Campbellton, N. B.

A Gaspe Sensation.

\$10,000 worth of up-to-date General Merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furs, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes, Provisions, Groceries, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Crockery, Harness Trunks, Valises, House Furniture, etc., etc.

Must be sold regardless of cost, as proprietor is retiring from business. Big bargains to early purchasers. We invite inspection of stock, whether you buy or not. Here is a chance of profit to the keen buyer. It is a question of saving dollars and cents, because this stock must be turned into cash.

L. WISSE,

Gaspe Basin, Que.

Established 1895.

D. SCHEFFER'S GREAT SURPRISE SALE

Starts Friday, Dec. 8th

Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes—Prices slashed in pieces. Surprising Values.

D. SCHEFFER, DIMOCK BUILDING, CAMPBELLTON, N. B.
Ladies' and Gents' Furnisher.

Xmas Gifts.

Don't Wait Until the Best Have Been Sold

Remember that early buyers have the advantage of the better selection and service. We have an exceptionally fine assortment of just the things women like, and the name **PARISIAN** guarantees that whatever you get is thoroughly reliable and up-to-date.

A Beautiful Assortment of Xmas Neckwear just received fresh from the manufacturers, from 25c to \$2.00.

Xmas Belt Special in silk and kid, all colors, from 25c up to \$1.95.

Handkerchiefs. One of the best assorted stocks in town, from 5c to \$1.00. Special line at 15c.

Fancy Silk Bags and Purses. Opera or Work Bags. Fine selection in leather Purses.

Nobby Things in Infants Jackets and Hoods, Silk Dresses, etc.

Perrin's Kid Gloves. A fine assortment just to hand for the Xmas trade.

A Snap in Silk Waists for the Xmas trade. Don't forget we are clearing out our jackets at half price.

We have just the Goods needed to fill your Millinery Orders. No more acceptable gift than a new hat. Prices to suit all purses.

Still a few Fancy Goods on hand, which will be cleared cheap for cash.

A. B. MOWAT MORTON,

PARISIAN, CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

THE WORLD OVER
Thousands of Mothers
are using

**DR. CODERRE'S
INFANTS' SYRUP**

For Children's Health, you cannot but admit the fact that this preparation is one of merit and is all what is claimed for it. It is safe, pleasant and soothing for children teething, and a prompt checker of bowel and stomach troubles.

Physicians and Professional nurses recommend it.

In purchasing, see that Dr. Coderre's signature and portrait is on every wrapper. Beware of the many Syrup put up in a similar form and made to look like Dr. Coderre's.

Price, 25c. per bottle, or by mail on receipt of price.

Sole proprietors, THE WINDATE CHEMICAL Co. Limited, Montreal, Canada.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF.
A FAMILY REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, AND ALL PAINFUL AFFECTIONS.

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.
A positive cure for all forms of Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all other ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchi.

Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain packaging on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet, The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

A DIPLOMA
May be HARDER to get at the

**FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE**

Than at some business colleges, but it is easier to get and hold a good position after you get it. Send for free catalogue of this college, well equipped, well conducted, up-to-date school. Address

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

Engine and Boiler For Sale

A four horse power engine, and six horse power boiler in good condition. Compact and light. Just the thing for driving light machinery or woodcutter.

For terms apply to

ANSLOW BROTHERS
29-31 Campbellton

O. SMITH
NEW YORK LIFE,
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE
Real Estate Agent
and Collector,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

TRUCKING

I wish to inform the public that I am now in a position to do all kinds of trucking and delivering of Pianos, Organs, Furniture etc. handled by experienced hands. Customers wishing to ship freight may have same properly addressed, packed and shipped as well as if done by themselves. All work promptly attended to night or day.

31-33 P. Gaudin

**UNDERTAKING
Monuments.**

Our stock is complete, new and just meets the needs of the present day.

Warerooms in Taylor's New Building

D. F. GRAHAM.

IMPROVEMENTS.?

Improve your education by means of the Great Standard Dictionary 1903 Edition.

Improve your Eyesight by 'one match' Vapor Gas Lamps, best in the world.

Improve your Health by a regular Vapor Bath and you will have the best aids of modern civilization. All stocked and sold at wholesale rates to introduce.

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M. R. BENN
Douglastown, N. B.

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Single copies, 10c. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 55 F St., Washington, D. C.

**THE RETURN
OF SHERLOCK
HOLMES...**

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

"The man's death is a mere incident, a trivial episode, in comparison with our real task, which is to trace this document and save a European catastrophe. Only one important thing has happened in the last three days, and that is that nothing has happened. I get reports almost hourly from the government, and it is certain that nowhere in Europe is there any sign of trouble. Now, if this letter were loose—no, it can't be loose—but if it isn't loose where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that beats in my brain like a hammer. Was it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach him? If so, why is it not among his papers? Did this man do his duty? If not, why? If he is in her house in Paris? How could I search for it without the French police having their suspicions aroused? It is a case, my dear Watson, where the law is as dangerous to us as the criminals are. Every man's hand is against us, and yet the interests at stake are colossal. Should I bring it to a successful conclusion it will certainly represent the crowning glory of my career. Ah, here is my latest from the front!" He glanced hurriedly at the note which had been handed in. "Hello! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow chested house, prim, formal and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly when a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained. "Hello! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow chested house, prim, formal and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly when a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained.

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "And yet you have sent for me?" "Ah, yes, that's another matter; a mere trifle, but the sort of thing you take an interest in—queer, you know, and what you might call freakish. It has nothing to do with the main fact—can't have, on the face of it."

"What is it, then?" "Well, you know, after a crime of this sort we are very careful to keep things in their position. Nothing has been moved. Officer in charge here day and night. This morning, as the man was buried and the investigation over—so far as this room is concerned—we thought we could tidy up a bit. This carpet—you see, it is not fastened down, only just laid there. We had occasion to raise it. We found—"

"Yes? You found?"

**MILBURN'S
LAXA-LIVER
PILLS**

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costed Tongue, Foul Breath, Haemorrhoids, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

had been admitted to the room. It's lucky for you, my man, that nothing is missing, or you would find yourself in Queer street. I'm sorry to have called you down over such a petty business, Mr. Holmes, but I thought the point of the second stain not corresponding with the first would interest you."

"Certainly, it was most interesting. Has this woman only been here once, constable?"

"Yes, sir; only once."

"Who was she?"

"Don't know the name, sir. Was answering an advertisement about type-writing and came to the wrong number—very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"Tall? Handsome?"

"Tall, sir; she was a well grown young woman. I suppose you might say she was handsome. Perhaps some would say she was very handsome. Oh, officer, do let me have a peep! says she. She had pretty, coaxing ways, as you might say, and I thought there was no harm in letting her just put her head through the door."

"How was she dressed?"

"Quiet, sir—a long mantle down to her feet."

"What time was it?"

"It was just growing dusk at the time. They were lighting the lamps as I came back with the brandy."

"Very good," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, I think that we have more important work elsewhere."

As we left the house Lestrade remained in the front room, while the constable opened the door to let us out. Holmes turned on the step and held up something in his hand. The constable stared intently.

"Good Lord, sir!" he cried, with amazement on his face. Holmes put his finger on his lips, replaced his hand in his breast pocket and burst out laughing as we turned down the street.

"Excellent!" said he. "Come, friend Watson, the curtain rings up for the last act! You will be relieved to hear that there will be no war, that the Right Hon. Trelawney Hope will suffer no setback in his brilliant career, that the indiscreet sovereign will receive no punishment for his indiscretion, that the prime minister will have no European complication to deal with and that with a little tact and management upon our part nobody will be a penny the worse for what might have been a very ugly incident."

My mind filled with admiration for this extraordinary man.

"You have solved it?" I cried.

"Hardly that, Watson. There are some points which are as dark as ever. But we have so much that it will be our own fault if we cannot get the rest. We will go straight to Whitehall terrace and bring the matter to a head."

When we arrived at the residence of the European secretary it was for Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope that Sherlock Holmes inquired. We were shown into the morning room.

"Mr. Holmes," said the lady, and her face was pink with her indignation, "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, to keep my visit to you a secret lest my husband should think that I was intruding into his affairs, and yet you compromise me by coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us."

To be continued

ON HAND.

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and \$1. All Druggists

High Constable of Quebec

After Suffering For 10 Years With Pain In The Back He Was Completely Cured By "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" cures diseased and irritated kidneys when all other treatment fails.

The proof that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest kidney cure known to science is demonstrated by these tablets removing all pain in the back—making the kidneys healthy—and curing chronic constipation.

St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., June 10th, 1905.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great good which "Fruit-a-tives" have done me. I was a constant sufferer from severe constipation and severe pain in the back for the last ten years. I tried many kinds of pills and tablets and physician's medicines but the relief was only temporary. Not long ago I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and now I am entirely well, no pain, no constipation and my stomach and bowels act naturally. I cannot say enough in praise of "Fruit-a-tives"—they are a grand medicine, mild as fruit in their action and easy to take.

(Signed)
H. MARCHESSAULT,
High Constable.

Do you know that every drop of blood in your body goes to the kidneys to get rid of some of the impurities? When the bowels don't move regularly, the blood takes up poisons in the bowels and carries them to the kidneys. Then the kidneys get overworked—inflamed. Then comes the pain in the back—headaches—constant desire to urinate—nervousness—sleeplessness.

"Fruit-a-tives" acts directly on the Kidneys—cleans, heals and strengthens them—makes the liver give up more bile to move the bowels regularly—and stimulates the glands of the skin to increased action. These rid the system of all poisons and every trace of Kidney Disease disappears.

Fruit-a-tives have cured hundreds of cases of Kidney Disease by stimulating and healing the Kidneys.

At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—see a box of 6 boxes for \$1.50

Fruit-a-tives
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Manufactured by
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WINCHESTER

"Leader" and "Repeater"

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Carefully inspected shells, the best combinations of powder, shot and wadding, loaded by machines which give invariable results are responsible for the superiority of Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells. There is no guesswork in loading them. Reliability, velocity, pattern and penetration are determined by scientific apparatus and practical experiments. Do you shoot them? If not, why not? They are

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SLEIGHS AND ROBES.

Suitable for Xmas Gifts.

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ANSLOW BROS.
Campbellton, N. B.

The Claim Jumpers

A CHRISTMAS STORY By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

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THE wagon was an old, ramshackle affair and creaked dismally as the shabby mules dragged it slowly along over the obscure prairie road. Their harness was a combination of ropes and well worn straps, whose hard edges had rubbed off patches of the covered hair from the animals' flank sides and sharp backs.

The wagon cover was soiled and patched in many places, and through its center protruded a short, rusty stovepipe, from which issued a thin volume of blue smoke which stretched out in a long wavy band, held in form by the chill December air.

Now and then flocks of brown sparrows would rise up out of the dead grass and whirl away like withered leaves borne aloft on an autumn breeze, while near the roadside saucy little prairie dogs perched above their holes and chattered and barked defiance at the dilapidated vehicle as it went lumbering by.

On a board across the front part of the wagon, lined in hand, sat a girl apparently not more than nineteen years old, though she was in reality twenty-one. A mass of dark gold curls peeped from under the hood of the covered horse, and her eyes were bright hazel, and the breath of chill wind that crept up under the canvas gave a vivid color to her pretty cheeks.

"Faith, how much farther is it to Uncle Ethan's?" anxiously inquired a youth of ten who occupied a low bench that stood in the center of the wagon bed.

"A long way yet, dear. I am afraid," replied the girl. "More than a hundred miles, I should say."

"Then we can't have no Trismus," plaintively sighed a curly haired mite scarcely more than five years old, who lay half buried in the folds of a huge buffalo robe.

"I'm afraid our Christmas will be rather dreary, Bessie," responded Faith, a momentary shadow crossing her fair face, "but let us be thankful we have such a nice shelter from the cold," she added quickly, casting her eyes about the interior of the canvas covered wagon, then out across the dreary stretch of houseless prairie upon which a few scattering flakes of snow were beginning to fall.

At the rear end of the wagon was a pile of bedclothes, while in a clear place near the middle stood a small heating stove, in which a cheerful wood fire was burning. On the ridgepole at the top of the bows hung several cooking utensils, and under the front seat was a good sized provision box, containing part of a sack of flour, some sides of bacon, tea, sugar and a few other necessary articles of food.

A little less than a year prior to the present time Faith Haskins' father had died, leaving her alone on a bleak Nebraska claim and with her little brother and sister, Clinton and Bessie, to care for. Their mother had been taken from them only eight months before her husband. The condition was a serious one, as they were left very poor, and there seemed nothing in the future sufficiently hopeful to mitigate their grief. Faith, however, true to her name, did not despair, but went bravely to work to support herself and the children. During the summer, with Clinton's help, she cultivated a small patch of ground, and the winter previous had earned a small sum by teaching a short term of school. Realizing that it would be almost impossible for them to continue this mode of life for any length of time, she had written to her mother's brother, Ethan Bartley, who lived on a ranch in southwestern Kansas, and he had advised her to sell their small property and come with Clinton and Bessie and make their home with him.

Very gladly had Faith accepted the offer, but, finding it impossible to convert their few effects into cash, she left the place in charge of a renter and, not having money for railroad fare, decided to make the journey by wagon. There were a score of young claim holders who would have been very well pleased to retain the girl as a housekeeper for themselves, but she cared for none of them and would not marry simply for a home. It was a great undertaking, this journey of theirs and at this season of the year, but it seemed preferable to another winter on the claim, and they set out in apparently good spirits. The younger ones were indeed happy, as all children are at the prospect of a change. They had been traveling for about two weeks and had reached a point near the center of western Kansas and were pressing on toward "Uncle Ethan's ranch" as fast as the now jaded mules could take them.

It was a lonely and desolate sight that met Faith's eyes as they wandered wearily over the brown, cheerless plain. For miles and miles around no sign of a human habitation broke the monotonous wilderness of the scenery save at intervals some abandoned sod shanty or a dugout could be dimly seen, scarcely distinguishable from the brown grass which surrounded it.

"There ought to be a settlement somewhere near here," remarked the girl driver as a blue line of scrubby trees loomed up in the distance through the falling snow. "I hope we'll reach the timber before nightfall," she went on, casting a troubled glance at the threatening sky.

It was about 4 in the afternoon when she drove the tired team down a little slope which led into a low, winding valley. A scant growth of scraggy elms and ghostly sycamores skirted the small, crooked stream, while dense thickets of plum and persimmon were scattered here and there. The latter just now were prodigal in their production of bunches of golden purple fruit. A quick glance about decided Faith to camp here for the night. She was just reining the team from the rutty road into a sheltered glade when there was a sharp jolt, accompanied by a sound of breaking wood, as one of the wheels suddenly dropped into a deep, rain washed gully.

An involuntary cry of dismay escaped her when she leaned out and discovered that the wheel was broken. "Oh, Faith, what does that mean? We can't get the wheel mended somewhere." But despite her cheerful words she realized that it might require many miles of weary travel to have the damage to the wagon repaired. Even if there should be a shop within two or three miles, which was not at all likely in such an isolated spot, how was she to transport the heavy broken wheel over a single mile? Although she could see no way as yet to overcome the difficulty, she was determined not to give up. There was always some way out of every dilemma, and her ever hopeful heart told her she would surely find one in this instance.

She climbed out of the wagon and, assisted by Clint, began to unhitch the team, while Bessie, whose home-sick robe after her, stood under a persimmon tree gazing at the cause of their present trouble with tear wet eyes. The storm was increasing rapidly, and the icy wind blew the flakes through the long, dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

As Faith, shivering with cold and apprehension, led the animals away from the wagon, the sound of approaching hoofs came through the snow laden air, and the next instant two men mounted on sturdy ponies reined in near the wrecked vehicle. They looked to be about thirty years of age, with broad and clad in the rough garb usually worn by plainsmen of the west. Broad brimmed hats covered their heads, and each had a brace of heavy revolvers stuck in his wide leather belt. In one of the western life were familiar to her, having spent the past four years on the frontier of Nebraska.

"Good evening, miss," said Ike Barclay, dismounting from his pony. "Had a breakdown, I see. Bad job, but continued after explaining the wagon critically.

"Yes, sir," returned the young lady, turning the mule she was holding so that she could face the men. "Is there any place near where I can get the wheel mended?"

"Waal, that's ole Berger's blacksmith shop, over at Miley's store, but it's nigh three miles from here. What's yer men folks?" he inquired, glancing around.

"We have no men folks with us," replied Faith.

"Waal, yer don't mean ter say yer travelin' alone with only them two kids?" broke in Jim Hancock.

"Yes," responded she simply. "We have come from Nebraska and are on the way to our uncle's, whose home is in the southwestern part of this state."

"Waal, I'll be— But the speaker suddenly grew red in the face and did not proceed to tell what he would "be." "Ter see," Ike began, "it seems plumb curus-like ter see a woman travelin' alone sich weather." Then after an almost imperceptible pause, as though for explanation, he continued: "But it's lucky we fellows happened along; it is, by giner! Now, miss, if you're willin' ter trust Jim byer an' me, we'll take that wheel over ter ole Berger's an' git him ter mend it up fer yer." "What's 'if you'd only be so kind," returned Faith hastily, for, notwithstanding the relief she experienced, the situation was not free from embarrassment, "I'd be very much obliged."

"Not er tall," replied Ike, with an attempt at polite speech.

The combined strength of the two served to get the wagon propped up in a short time and the offending member removed.

"I reckon we can carry it betwixt us," said Jim. "But, gee whis, ain't this wind cuttin'!"

"Reg'lar ole nor'wester," rejoined his companion. "A had nigh ter them kids an' the woman ter be out, an' Christmas eve, at that! It's sufferin' wicked—'tis, fer sure!"

"Why, blame us, wot we chaw'n' erbout?" said the Rob's cabin over the few steps, back o' them persimmons. Then, turning to Faith: "Miss, it's goin' ter be perty rough weather tonight, an' I reckon er cabin would be right comf'abler than campin' out in er wagon. Ther's a shanty over beyond that patch o' timber—belongs ter a friend o' ours, a chap on a visit ter his ole home in Indiana. Yer wot come ter 'bide ther—you an' them kids—if yer car'd ter."

"I'd be only too glad of shelter from this storm," said Faith—"that is, if you

are sure the real owner wouldn't care." "He's not one o' them kind—this friend o' ours ain't. He's open hearted as th' day an' ther bes' settler in these yer parts."

Her anxiety on this score being removed, she allowed Ike to lead the way to the cabin, which was only a short distance, but invisible from where the accident occurred on account of the trees. It was a new log structure, tightly datted with lime and sand. There were a snug fireplace and good though scanty homestead furniture.

Faith was overjoyed at the prospect of a comfortable lodging so strangely provided and cast a quick and curious glance about the place. The deer hide thrown across the antlers above the fireplace and a man's old straw hat, coat and blue jeans hung on pegs at the head of a rude couch gave satisfactory evidence that the owner was a bachelor, but he was away, and the fact gave her no uneasiness.

Ike built a roaring fire on the open hearth, while Jim brought from the wagon such articles as would be needed during their stay. This done, the two men mounted and rode away, carrying the crippled wheel between them, but with a promise that it should be back "fore mornin'."

"Facts," said Bessie, clinging to her sister's skirts as she made preparations for the evening meal, "this is 'mos' as good as Trismus, ain't it?"

"Yes, dear, and I'll try to make it up to be just as good as Christmas by an extra fine supper," said the older one, stooping to kiss the happy face.

"Ah, Faith," spoke up Clint as he stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, "make flapjacks an' 'oddes of 'em, an' say, let's have brown sugar sirup!"

When Barclay and Hancock reached the blacksmith shop they tumbled their burden to the ground with "She'd never 'ave got it here, never!" Berger, large and stout begrimmed, was just closing up for the night.

"Hol' on byer, ole thinker!" greeted Jim, springing from his horse and pushing the wheel before him into the shop. "We want this ere wheel mended up right 'way."

"That's right," put in Ike. "An' let's see yer git an' or'ental hump on yer self. We want to carry it back where it cum from 'fore this snow gets enny wuss."

Berger mumbled something about being tired and hungry, but nevertheless set to work at once. Satisfied that it would be repaired as expeditiously as possible, they hitched their ponies out of the wind and started for Miley's store. They paused a minute before one of the windows and looked in. The proprietor was trying up a package for a little man with a red scarf around his neck, while a solitary individual stood warning himself by the fire in the back part of the store. Suddenly an exclamation burst from Jim, and, grabbing his companion by the shoulder, he pointed excitedly to the figure at the stove.

"Look, Ike; that's Rob Desmond got back, sure as shootin'!"

"Yer right, by giner!" ejaculated Ike as he peered in above the rim of front on the pane at a handsome, well built young fellow of about twenty-five who had taken off his hat and coat and seemed to be making himself thoroughly comfortable in front of Miley's old rust spotted heater.

"Wot'll he say?"

"Yer cabin?"

"Lightnin' an' razors!"

"Say, Ike, I've struck an idee," whispered his companion, with a half suppressed chuckle. "We can have a good one on Rob—the best thing out—a real Christmas joke!"

"Wot is it?"

Approaching his friend, Jim spoke a few words in his ear. Ike put both hands over his mouth to check the laughter he could not quite repress.

"That'll be a rich one on Rob, all right. We'll do it! By Jimson, we will!" he exclaimed. "A feller needs a little cheer o' some kind at Christmas time." Then after a few minutes of hurried-conference the two entered the store. After greeting Miley, who stood behind his counter, they hastened back to the stove and gave the new arrival a hearty welcome.

"And what's the news?" asked Desmond as he shook hands with them both.

"News?" said Jim, assuming a reflective look and puckering up his eyebrows. "Oh, nothin' much, 'cept that ole Blier's sold out an' left. An'—lemme see—yes, that's Super, he got throwed an' broke his collar bone, an' us galoots has been dol' wot we could ter patch 'im up. Waal, an' then, with a warty look, "ther's some new settlers comin' in lately—wantin' timber claims, an' 'jumps' 'em, too, when they git a chance. But how'd yer leave the ole folks back in Indiana?"

"All well, and could hardly tear myself away from them."

"I reckon hearin' 'bout yer claim has kinder liked yer back," remarked Ike, regarding him out of the corner of his eye.

"My claim! What do you mean?" And Desmond's blue eyes dilated widely and grew almost black.

"I sposed yer heerd all about it 'fore this," said Jim. "Why, yer see, yer claim has been kinder took. A family moved inter yer shanty. Yes, they have, by giner!" he added as a wave of incredulity stole over his listener's features.

"Do you mean to tell me that some low down sneak has dared to jump my claim while I've been back visitin' my

father and mother?" cried Desmond, the flush of doubt changing to one of resentment.

"Looks powerful that way," admitted his tormentor. "Seed a kivered wagon that an' smoke pourin' out o' yer chimney."

"Who is the sneaking cur?" demanded the now thoroughly aroused man.

"Well, it won't take me long to find out," retorted Rob, drawing on his heavy buffalo overcoat with an angry jerk.

"Wot! Yer ain't goin' ter go ter yer claim right now?"

"Yes, and I'll see that that sneak thief gets out of my shack in a hurry. I've got perty well warmed up," with a grim smile, "and I don't mean to let 'em no longer."

"I wouldn't," if I was you," said Ike.

"You wouldn't?" eying him with contemptuous astonishment.

"No!"

"You must be a fool if you think I'm going to give up my land, after all I've done on it, without so much as a 'by your leave'!"

"Reg'lar yer might get inter trouble."

"Might I?" cried Desmond, with a gesture of disgust, holding up a pair of heavy pistols and then thrusting them into his belt. "We'll see about that! If the case isn't of my premises inside an hour I'll give him trouble and lots of it!"

"I don't think I'll run that settler out," said Jim coolly.

"You don't?"

"No, I don't."

"What's the reason?"

"That's several reasons, an' as fer me, I wouldn't want ter tackle the job."

"You wouldn't? Well, don't worry, I'll not call on you for assistance," and, with a quick stride, Rob Desmond walked out of the store, got his horse

from the stable where it had been kept during his absence, mounted and was soon galloping away through the snowy dusk of the late afternoon.

When he was well beyond earshot the two conspirators went off into roars of laughter. Then they had to acquaint Miley with the occasion of their mirth, for he enjoyed a joke as well as the next one.

"It's a good one on Rob, by gum!" cried the storekeeper, joining heartily in the laughter.

"Which calls fer a box o' cigars an' two bottles o' Miley's temperance phosphate, don't it, Ike?" demanded Jim.

"That's wotever!" affirmed Ike. "An' the same to be charged ter Rob Desmond's account!"

"Good enough," said Miley. "Five dollars is cheap—plenty fer him to get off with. I imagine I kin see him a-gittin' madder 'n ever an' ridin' like all perished through the snowstorm down ter his claim," chuckled the old man as he reached for a box of cigars on the shelf.

"Hol' on a minute, Miley," said Jim. "Wot yer say, Ike, ter dispensin' with them cigars an' phosphatizin' this time an' takin' th' amount o' Rob's treat in the toys an' sticks tricks for Christmas presents fer them kids an' puttin' 'em in five o' our own fer somethin' neat fer that leetle woman?"

"The very idee! By thump! I kin remember how Noy's art an' th' whistles an' sich do-funnies us'er stir me up when I was a kid back in Jackson county at Christmas time. Yer a plumb genius, Jim, yer air, by giner!"

Meantime Rob Desmond, his mind filled with righteous wrath against the unprincipled wretch who had dared "jump his claim," was nearing his cabin. In his anger snow and cutting winds were scarcely noticed. Only one dominating desire possessed his soul—to set eyes on "that rascal of a claim jumper" and order him off his domain forthwith.

When he reached the persimmon thicket he hitched his horse and walked energetically toward his cabin. The door was partly open, held so by little Bessie, who was watching the falling snow. She was alone, the others having gone to the dugout stable to see that the mules were made comfortable for the night.

The glow from the fireplace revealed, to the owner's astonished gaze, a bright eyed little fairy with long golden hair. She was swaying back and forth hummily to herself. Then she broke out earnestly:

"Oh, Santy, tum right here an' make our wagon well, an' if you can spare 'em, just drop some nice Trismus presents down."

She ceased suddenly as the form of a man loomed up before her. She had been asking for Santa Claus, and there was now no doubt in her mind but that Rob, in his big fur overcoat covered with snowflakes, was the great personage for whom she had been calling.

"Where's your pa, little girl?" asked Desmond, entering his own cabin.

"He's gone," answered Bessie, looking half shyly at the visitor.

"Gone! Where to?"

"Gone to heben," said the little girl very simply.

"Humph!" muttered Rob to himself. "I didn't know claim jumpers went to heben."

"Is you Santa Claus?" asked Bessie abruptly, fixing her gaze, first on the great buffalo overcoat dotted with white, then raising her eyes wistfully to the young man's handsome face.

"No, little one, I'm not Santy," said he, looking the hard look on his face vanishing under the magnetism of the child's presence and guileless prattle.

Desmond loved children. What if some of her folks had wronged him! She was innocent and as pure as the new fallen snow. His anger having subsided, he drew from his pockets a few trinkets and a paper of pretty candies which he had bought at the store,

"to be in spirit with the season," he had apologized to Miley. These he placed in Bessie's hands and watched the expression of delight that illuminated the child's face. She had hardly done thanking him when the door opened and Faith entered. Her eyes met Desmond's in one long, searching glance, then she turned white and leaned against the wall. Rob let his hat fall to the floor as he hastened toward the agitated girl.

"Faith! Faith Haskins!" he cried. "Is it you—and here?"

"Oh, Rob, I never expected to see you again!" she sobbed, burying her face in the folds of her shawl. The sight of an old friend had thrown her off her guard and brought back to her sharply and keenly all her trouble and loneliness and made her strangely weak.

When Clint came in a few minutes later he found his sister in the arms of what appeared to him to be a big buffalo. Never having heard that buffaloes were in the habit of coming into cabins and hugging people, he approached Bessie, whose teeth had just decapitated a candy rabbit, and asked in an awed whisper:

"What's got Faith? Is it hurtin' her?"

"I guess not," Bessie whispered back as well as she could with her mouth full. "He's awrit nice, an' I guess he's a relative to Santa Claus. See what he dibbed me!" holding up her presents.

Returning from the blacksmith's shop, Ike and Jim left the repaired wheel by the wagon and stole quietly up to the shack. As they passed one of the windows they looked in to see if their victim were there. With surprise they beheld him sitting by Faith's side, holding both her hands in his. The freight revealed to their astonished sight the two happy faces, while two equally happy children were sitting on the floor at their feet.

The fellows, realizing that their joke had "missed fire," started to walk away, but Rob, catching sight of them, went to the door and insisted on their coming in. After they had partially recovered from their embarrassment—and the genial atmosphere did much toward restoring them to their natural selves—they distributed their gifts and received the young lady's blushing thanks for all their kindness to her.

Desmond said:

"Pretty good joke you tried to play on me tonight, boys, with a slap on their shoulders, at the same time laughing heartily. "But you see how it has turned out. Only I'll have to explain. This little woman, Faith Haskins, and I used to go to school together away back near the old Tippecanoe in Indiana."

"We grew up as lovers, but her father thought I wasn't of much account except to pick an old guitar or play the fiddle, so when he had taken his family off to Nebraska he wouldn't allow Faith to write to me, and of course I lost track of her. But I loved her just the same, and that I might become more worthy gave up my idle habits, taught school for a few terms and earned the money to give me a start here in Kansas on this timber claim and am in a pretty fair way to make my living, as you know. I find my little school friend has not forgotten me, and since she had the audacity to 'jump my claim' in my absence I think I may as well keep her here. Now, as you fellows have already had a 'finger in the pie,' I want you to go with us tomorrow to visit the judge over at the courthouse. Something's going to take place there that will celebrate Christmas in proper style. It was kind of you to see to repairing the wagon, but there won't be any use for it going to Uncle Ethan's ranch, for Clint and Bessie will have to stay and help us be happy. You'll go, wot'n you, boys?"

"Go? In course we will! We'll see you and her through, if the earth slips a cog. We will, you bet! By giner, but you're a galoot! I wish ole Christmas'd drop a jewel like that inter my stockin's."

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THE DOOR OPENED AND FAITH ENTERED.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM. The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's, and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc.

These symptoms, if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

On Christmas Eve

When Pa and Ma Their Vigils Keep, and Little Boys Should Be Asleep.

LAST night I had a dandy time. 'Twas night 'fore Christmas too. Ma put me early into bed, 'Jus' like they always do. The night 'fore Christmas, an' I lay As still as I could keep. An' made my pa an' ma believe 'At I was fast asleep.



I SAID "BOO, MR. SANTY CLAUS!"
Well, by an' by I heard a noise,
An' then I seen my pa,
Who says to ma, "Is he asleep?"
"Of course he is," says ma,
An' then they fetched a lot uv stuff,
A photograph an' sled,
An' shakes an' things, an' put 'em all
Beside my trundle bed.
An' then pa filled my stockin' full,
An' then both slipped near,
An' ma she tucked me in ag'in,
An' said, "The little dear."
An' then I see right up in bed,
An', eh, I had such fun!
I said "Boo, Mr. Santy Claus!"
An' pa an' ma both run.
—Four Track News.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Recipes which the Amateur Confectioner May Find Useful.
Peanut Candy.—To make peanut candy, shell and break into small pieces with a rolling pin one quart of peanuts. Boil for ten minutes, stirring constantly, one pound of light brown sugar and six ounces of butter. Just before taking from the fire add the peanuts. Pour into fat, buttered tins and set away to cool.
Peppermint Creams.—Boll together, without stirring, two cups of sugar and half a cup of water. When thick enough to spin a thread remove the tin to a basin of cold water and beat the mixture rapidly until it becomes of a white, creamy consistency. Flavor with peppermint and squeeze through a pastry tube into quarter dollar sized drops on waxed paper.
Chocolate Peppermint Creams.—Make like the above, and when the drops are almost cooled dip into a pan of melted and sweetened chocolate. These are particularly delicious.
Hickory Nut Creams.—Boll sugar and water as for peppermint creams. Cool, beat, and when the mixture is white stir in one cup of hickory nut meats. Turn into a fat, warm tin and cut into squares.

Women Appreciate
the silky texture—the satiny smoothness—the luxurious warmth and comfort—of

Stanfield's Truro-Knit Ladies' Underwear

It's made of carefully selected wool—the kind used in the best grades of fingering yarn. The process of cleaning, combing, and knitting, makes it impossible for the woven garments to shrink. We—and your dealer—guarantee "Truro-Knit" Underwear absolutely unshrinkable. We—and your dealer—stand ready at any time to refund your money should Stanfield's "Truro-Knit" Underwear prove otherwise. All sizes to perfectly fit every figure.



CHRISTMAS TREES.

From Time Immemorial Part of the Holiday Celebration.

From time immemorial a tree has been a part of the Christmas celebration. It may be seen outside the traditional mangers in the missals and early paintings of the pre-raphaite Italian school. In the tree or near it are seen angels in flowing robes singing out of a scroll of illuminated paper the "Paces on Heaven and Good Will Toward Men" or "Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!"

The correct German Christmas tree always has an angel or a Christkind on the topmost branch, with a tinseled star at the end of a staff, like a pantomime fairy, and if the tree belongs to a very orthodox family there is usually at its foot a small toy group representing the Saviour's birth in the stable at Bethlehem.

The lights on the tree are said to be of Jewish origin. In the ninth month of the Jewish year, corresponding nearly to our December, and on the twenty-fifth day, the Jews celebrated the feast of dedication of their temple. It had been desecrated on that day by Antiochus. It was dedicated by Judas Maccabeus, and then, according to the Jewish legend, sufficient oil was found in the temple to last for the seven branched candlestick for seven days, and it would have taken seven days to prepare new oil. Accordingly the Jews were wont on the 25th of Kislev in every house to light a candle, on the next day two, and so on till on the seventh and last day of the feast seven candles twinkled in every house.

It is not easy to fix the exact date of the Nativity, but it fell most probably on the last day of Kislev, when every Jewish house in Bethlehen and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weibacht (the night of dedication), as though it were associated with this feast. The Greeks also call Christmas the feast of lights, and, indeed, this was also the name given to the dedication festival, Chanuka, by the Jews.—New York Mail and Express.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

W. A. Dobson, R. A., It is Claimed, Was Their Originator.

Until now most people who took an interest in the matter would have credited either the late Sir Henry Cole or J. C. Horsley, R. A., with the production of the first Christmas card, and they would have put the date down as 1843. But a new claimant is now put forward, the late W. A. Dobson, R. A., and his claim is supported with circumstantial detail.
The birth of the Christmas card is put back two years, to 1841. Mr. Dobson was a lonely young man, who one day conceived the idea of acknowledging the kindness of a friend by sending him a picture illustrative of the festive season—a cheerful family group surrounded by the familiar Christmas accessories.
The distant friend was delighted, showed it to other friends, and Mr. Dobson was encouraged the following year to secure the aid of the local lithographer. Then came initiators one after another until ten years later the business man stepped in to make money out of what was originally a work of love. But the ambitious Christmas cards of today are a long remove from the primitive Father Christmas and Robin Redbreasts of sixty years ago.—London Chronicle.

Alone at Christmas.

If in this age of organizations innumerable there is room for one more, it is for an organization which would bring together, especially on Christmas, those who are alone in the world, particularly women, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Many of us who have our kin closest to us on Christmas day do not stop to realize what our feelings would be if they were not with us. It is so hard to imagine ourselves in a position other than the one we are in. We remember some poor family at Christmas, but at least it is a family. It is together. The one is company for the other even in poverty. We remember the sick, and God blesses those who do. Would that some of us might cast a look around and give a thought to those who are not sick, who are not perhaps poor as the world judges, yet who are alone—some girl, perhaps, alone some woman, alone some young man, some old man, alone! Alone at Christmas!

Bolled Turkey and Oyster Stuffing.

Take a medium sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients: Chop four ounces of suet very fine, mix it with six ounces of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne pepper and grated nutmeg to taste. Take the beards off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor, strained, and lastly two eggs. Truss the bird, tie it in buttered paper and then in a cloth. Place the turkey, breast downward, in boiling water; let it come again to boil, skim it well and simmer gently for an hour and a half or longer, according to the size of the bird. Serve with rich white sauce.

Immense.

"You know, they say," remarked Mr. Sloman, gazing dubiously at the mistletoe above her head, "that kissing really spreads disease sometimes."
"Yes?" replied the sweet girl. "By the way, did you know I was vaccinated recently?"

What's in a Name?

Waggles—For heaven's sake, don't put any lighted candles on that Christmas tree!
Mrs. Waggles—Why not, dear?
Waggles—Don't you see it's one of those patent non-inflammable ones?

WITTE ON THE 'PHONE.

Hello! give me Peterhoff—Nick, is that you?

Pretty well, thank you—yes, plenty to do.
Spyzki, the Cop, has discovered a plot, Twelve thousand moujiks involved in it—what?

Strike on the railroad, [the street cars shut down, the] Mob on the Nevski—here, get off the wire!

What did you say? Tsarsko-Selo's affair?
Mob at Odessa, a mutiny, too.
Officers taking up arms with their crew
Quell it! All right, I've already begun
Sending out Order Twelve Thousand and One.

Factory workers have gone on a jag,
Marching along with the bonny red flag
Aren't they down up at Cronstadt, I hear
Crowds looting churches—that sounds rather queer.

Wing! Gee! that bullet just grazed my left ear.
That's about all of the really fresh news
Saving the slaughter of four hundred Jews.

Which doesn't count for much. Say, Nick, you bet
You'll be a positive Autocrat yet,
Saving ten strikes, forty fires and a riot
Russia this morning is perfectly quiet.
And say, Nick—hello! don't you think I might go
Back to old Portsmouth this winter, you know?

I might do well there and greatly increase
My reputation as Maker of Peace.
—Wallace Irwin in the N. Y. Globe.

King of all Cough Medicines.

Mr. E. G. Case, "a mail carrier of Canton Center, Conn., who has been in the U. S. Service for about sixteen years says: "We have tried many cough medicines for croup but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is king of all and one to be relied upon every time. We also find it the best remedy for coughs and colds, giving certain results and leaving no bad after effects." For sale by all druggists.

ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Legal Contest Over the Admissibility of Ante-Mortem Statement of Miss Clarke

ST. JOHN, Dec. 9.—The interest this morning in the preliminary examination of Dr. Preston centered in the legal contest as to the admissibility of Miss Clarke's ante-mortem statement, upon the settlement of which apparently depends to a large extent the fate of the prisoner. Arguments for and against the admission of this evidence were made this morning by the respective counsel, and the magistrate reserved his decision until this afternoon. The point upon which the matter hinges is that an ante-mortem statement is only admissible when made by a person in actual expectation of death, and in this connection the evidence of Mrs. Clark, step-mother of the deceased, as given this morning, is very important. She gave evidence to the effect that Miss Clarke did not expect to recover and seemed so certain of death that she arranged for the disposal of her personal effects, and even made requests concerning her funeral and burial place. The other witnesses were Dr. Scumell, Coroner Berryman and Miss Reynolds, who added little of importance to their testimony given at the inquest.

Limit of Human Agony

Is often reached with corns. Foolish because Putnam's Corn Extractor cures in twenty-four hours. Don't put off—get "Putnam's" to-day—fifty years in use—painless and sure.

SEIZED FIREARMS.

A large consignment of rifles and shot guns of various makes was received at the Crown Land office yesterday from Game Warden John Robinson of Newcastle. They were seized during the past season from North Shore residents found hunting without a license. In all probability they will be sold at auction. The collection is a rather unique one and includes everything in the shape of arms, from the old gas pipe smoothbore to the modern high power Winchester rifle.—Herald. 8th

Rheumatism

Any lameness from exposure to cold is readily relieved by the use of

Kendrick's Liniment

When properly applied it acts promptly, and relief is certain. KENDRICK'S is a valuable household remedy.

PIPING HOT BOVRIL

Try it with a dash of Cold Milk

I. C. K. HUNTING FOR CHINAMEN

Were Travelling in Bond and Escaped Between Halifax and Montreal

MONTREAL, Dec. 9.—Four chinamen escaped from the custody of the I. C. R. somewhere between Halifax and Montreal, and the railway officials are now anxious to recapture them to save the payment of \$2,000. The Chinamen were in bond for Vancouver, and unless recovered the railway must pay \$500 head tax each. The payment would be from one department of the government to another, but would cost the I. C. R. finances just the same.

THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT

At the provincial government meeting Thursday Hon W. P. Jones solicitor general, was appointed to enquire into the operation and administration of the liquor license law in Gloucester and Victoria counties. A special court will be held to enquire into charges made against the liquor license commissioners and inspector in Gloucester county for not prosecuting when information is furnished them. An investigation will take place with regard to alleged irregularities by G. Miles McCrae the inspector of Victoria county, who is reported not to have made returns. The solicitor general will also enquire into the charges against John B. Stevenson, J. P., of Tobique River, who is alleged to have used his official position improperly protecting alleged violators. It was arranged that the premier and Surveyor General Sweeney should attend the convention of the Canadian Foresters' Association in Quebec next week.

Orders were issued for the payment of smallpox accounts in Chatham and Charlotte and Sunbury counties.

How to get Consumption

Ninety per cent. of the "hungers" contract consumption by allowing power of resistance to fall so low that a favorable condition for the development of the bacilli is provided. In a healthy system consumption can't take root. But where there is weakness and debility, there you find tuberculosis. For developing strength and building up the weak, nothing equals Ferrozone. It makes the blood nutritious and the nerves entering. The way it converts food into nutriment, the appetite it gives is surprising. Just what the man yearning on consumption needs,—that's Ferrozone. If tired and weak don't put off: Fifty cents buys a box of fifty tablets—at all dealers.

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE.

We have made Preparation for a Big Holiday Sale to Commence

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 15

Watch for Xmas Bargains. Our Shop is full of them.

- Note a Few of The Prices :**
- MEN'S SUITS, regular price \$6 for \$4; regular price \$7.50 for \$5.50; regular price \$9 for \$6.50.
 - EXTRA SPECIAL. Men's Blue Suits (limited quantity), regular price \$12.00 for \$8.50.
 - MEN'S OVERCOATS, less 33 p. c. off the regular price, prices from \$3.75 to \$9.00.
 - MEN'S REEFERS, dark grey Frieze, with storm collar, well made, regular \$5, for \$2.85.
 - MEN'S REEFERS, lined with lamb skin from \$3.50 to \$4.90.
 - MEN'S VESTS in fancy worsted, serge, tweed and leather, at 33 p. c. less than regular price.
 - MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS, regular price 75c for 48c; regular price \$1 for 70c; regular price \$1.25 for 90c.
 - MEN'S COLLARS, Cuffs, Ties, Hoes, Kid and Woolen Gloves and Mitts, at 33 p. c. less regular price.
 - MEN'S PANTS from 95c to \$3.40.
 - MEN'S UNDERWEAR, heavy wool fleeced lined, regular 60c, for 45c; all wool, medium weight, regular 60c for 45c; all wool, heavy weight, unshrinkable, regular 75c for 55c; all wool, heavy weight, unshrinkable, regular \$1 for 75c.
 - BOYS SUITS, different styles, prices from 85c up.
 - BOYS REEFERS. Blue cloth with fancy buttons, big collar at \$1.25. Grey heavy frieze, with storm collar, sateen and cloth lined well made, the kind for boys to wear, regular price \$2.75, for \$1.85.
 - BOYS OVERCOATS, Pants, Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Hose, Gloves at 33 p. c. less regular price.
 - LADIES COATS, Skirts, Waists, Underwear, Hose, Wrappers, Silk Belts, Fancy Collars, Gloves, Mitts, etc, less 33 p. c. off the regular price.
 - DRESS GOODS, Cotton, Flannel Flannelette, Prints, Table Cloths, Table Linens, Wrapporette, Cloth and Serges (for suits), velvet, etc, at 25 to 33 p. c. less the regular price.
 - BOOTS AND SHOES for Ladies Men and Children, less 33 p. c. off the regular price.
 - HOUSE FURNITURE. Parlor Suites, 5 pieces, hand carved, velour cover, regular \$25 for \$16. Parlor Suites, 5 pieces, Wilton rug cover, regular price \$42, for \$29. Parlor Suite, 5 pieces, plush and rug covers, regular price \$50, for \$36. Extension Tables, in hardwood and oak, Sideboards, Bedroom Suites, Bureaus, Washstands, Ladies' Dressers, Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Chairs for dining room and kitchen, Rockers, etc, all at 33 p. c. less regular price.

Do Not Miss This Sale.
Come and get the best bargains ever offered, as goods will not last long at this sale.

Always pleased to show our goods.

REMEMBER THE PLACE---
D. GOLDENBERG,
Moffat Block, Known as the "LION STORE"

We buy all kinds of Hides and Raw Furs. Best prices paid. Come and see us before selling.



Advent of Holiday Merchandise for Men.

WE are the authorized agents of SANTA CLAUS. Our display of Christmas merchandise far surpasses in beauty and importance any previous attempt we have ever made. Greater, grander, more beautiful than any other which Campbellton has ever known. Christmas gifts that are valuable, useful, sensible—the exposition is ready for inspection.

Men's Fine Suits

In plain blues and blacks, stripes and checks, single and double breasted styles,
\$5.00 to \$15.00



NOBBY WINTER OVERCOATS. An elegant range of fine coats in stripes, checks and plain greys, beautiful broad shoulders. Would make a most appropriate Christmas gift.
\$5.00 to \$17.50

A FUR CAP makes a good topper for one's holiday attire. We have an immense range of them in Otter, Mink, Beaver, Lamb, Seal, etc., etc. \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50 up to \$15.00. Any one of these would make a nice Christmas present and would be much appreciated by the recipient.

DRIVING MITTENS in Astrachan, Wombat and Racoon. \$2.50 to \$7.00



A most sensible and lasting Christmas Gift is a

Club Bag or Dress Suit Case.

We have them in imitation and solid leather goods. \$1.50, \$1.90, \$2.10, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 up to \$9.00

A SMOKING JACKET OR BATH ROBE—There is nothing in the world that would please a man better for a Christmas present. We have the newest ideas in these goods.
\$4.75 to \$9.00

Buy Him a Fancy Vest for his Christmas. He'll appreciate it. Light weight vests \$1.25 to \$2.50, heavier weights \$2.50 to \$3.50



OUR FURNISHING STOCK contains so many appropriate Christmas gifts we hardly know where to begin. To start with we will say there is **NECKWEAR**. It matters not how many Christmas gifts a man may receive he will always expect a handsome

CHRISTMAS TIE. We have the best and prettiest line of Neckwear in town. The silks we carry are all confined to us in this locality. 25c to 75c

A choice pair of **SUSPENDERS** is none the less appreciated

GLOVES—Immense range of Gloves, unlined, silk-lined, wool-lined and fur-lined. 50c to \$5.00. Make a most comfortable Xmas Present.

SHIRTS, fancy and white, most acceptable gifts, 75c to \$1.25
Then there are Umbrellas, Cuff Buttons, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Hosiery, Underwear, Night Shirts, and many other things not mentioned here.

We shall be pleased to serve you at this season and you need not look further than **RIGHT HERE** for the best in the market.

OAK HALL, Fraser, Fraser & Co.,

MAIL BAG STOLEN

Was Taken From I. C. R. Platform on Monday

AT MONCTON

Fortunately No Registered Letters Were in the Bag

Another mail bag stolen from the I. C. R. depot, cut open with a knife and its contents abstracted. It is becoming an old and familiar story now.

There was no registered letters in the bag, but this makes little difference. If a thief can steal one bag of mail, he can just as easily steal another, and a bag of registered letters, which would probably contain a large amount of money, would be evidently just as accessible as the other mail-bags and just left as carelessly to lay around the station platform.

The I. C. R. express going to St. John does not stop at many of the smaller stations along the line, and the mail from east for these smaller stations are therefore taken off the C. P. R. express at Moncton and transferred in the evening to No 1 local express for delivery along the line. At the I. C. R. station there is a closet in which to place the mail-bags which are thus left in a closet in which the bags are seldom placed in the room intended for them is evidenced by the number stolen.

On Monday afternoon the usual bag of mail for distribution at the smaller stations between Moncton and St. John was left off the C. P. R. Fortunately, there were no registered letters in the bag, and only a small number of letters of any kind. Instead of being locked up, the bag was left lying on the station platform, and when the mail clerk on No 1 train began to sort the mails, he found the bag missing. The train was held for a few minutes, but no trace of the missing mail could be found.

Yesterday afternoon a brakeman on the "snow-train" saw a mail bag lying near the railway fence in the vicinity of Humphrey's Clothing factory. Jumping off he picked it up and brought the article into Moncton, delivering it to Station Master Geo H. Trueman. The bag was a locked one, and the thief had cut a large slit in the side with a knife, abstracting the contents.

Post Office Inspector Colter happened to be in Moncton at the time the mail-bag was found, and immediately an investigation was held. The testimonies of everyone who had any connection whatever with the handling of the bag, were taken. Mr. Colter left for St. John last evening.

That there must be some immediate remedy in the system of handling the mails at the I. C. R. depot is very apparent; thefts of mail-bags are now of frequent occurrences. An I. C. R. official speaking this morning to a Transcript reporter expressed the opinion that the Post Office Department should have a man employed especially to look after the mail transfer at the station.

The call-boy has a good deal to do and is hardly competent to look after such an important matter as the mail transfer. A remedy is needed, and at once.—Transcript

MORE CALENDARS

A very pretty calendars came to hand on Monday. This one is from McKee's Shoe Store.

MARRIED

WINDSOR CHISHOLM—At the residence of the bride's father on Dec 6th by the Rev J M. McLeod Mr. Benjamin Windsor and Miss Ida Isabel Chisholm both of Dalhousie.

RICHARDS BUSINESS,

The Papers will be Ready For Signature in a Few days.

Mr. Charles E Oak, of Bangor, a member of the Miramichi Lumber Company, is at the Queen. He said today that arrangements were practically completed for taking over the William Richards Co. Miramichi property, and that the papers would be signed in a few days. Further than that he had nothing to say.

Messrs. H A Gunter and David Richards of the William Richards Company are at the Barker House today, and Mr W McLellan solicitor for the Company, has been with Mr Oak part of the day.—Gleaner Dec. 7.

QUEBEC GAME LAWS

Game Congress Outlines Many Changes Which Will Tend to Preserve Game

QUEBEC, Dec. 13.—A number of reforms in Quebec game laws were foreshadowed by Hon. J. B. B. Froust, Minister of Fisheries at the Fish and Game Congress this morning which was attended by about 100 delegates.

Amongst these were prohibition of netting fish in inland waters and curtailing it in rivers, imprisonment without fine for such offenses as dynamiting fish, absolute reconstruction of the game inspection, of dividing the province into districts and appointing new men who would do something, a heavy increase in the sporting licenses on all non-residents of the province a tax upon export of the furs and provisions to prevent the slaughter of deer for export and the licensing and registration of all guides.

These propositions are meeting with much approval by the sportsmen's organizations represented and it is likely an elaborate programme of legislation will be outlined.—Transcript.

ESCAPE OF CHINAMEN FROM I C R TRAIN

Demand of Trade and Commerce Department on Rail'y. Department

OTTAWA, Dec. 12.—The trade and Commerce Department has made a demand on the Railway Department for the restoration of four Chinamen from Liverpool, who escaped from an Intercolonial train while in transit from Halifax to Montreal. If the men are not produced the Railway Department is asked to put up \$500 poll tax for each of the four.

KILLED IN THE WOODS

John Dubois Struck by Falling Limb of a Tree

DIED OF INJURIES

Deceased Leaves a Wife and Four Children to Mourn Their Loss

Lost Friday while chopping in the lumber woods near Nelson and Mowat's lumber camp on the Kedgwick. John Dubois received injuries by being struck on the head by a falling limb which caused his death. The accident occurred shortly after noon. The unfortunate man was placed on a sled and a start was made for Campbellton but he died of his injuries before reaching town. An examination showed that the skull had been fractured.

The deceased was a native of Bonaventure County and moved to Campbellton but a short time ago. A widow and four children are left to mourn their loss. We extend our sympathy to them in their sad bereavement. Deceased was thirty years of age.

LICENSE FEES FOR BIG GAME

Provincial Guides Consider That they are Too High

ST. JOHN, Dec. 13.—The guides who will attend the Tourist Association meeting tomorrow night—Thomas Sullivan of Bonny River, Adam Moore of Scotch Lake, W H Allen of Penniac, and probably Mr Robinson of Newcastle—will make a strong effort to have the present license fee for big game reduced, claiming that they are keeping sportsmen away. They will advocate a lower license fee for hunting and an additional tax upon each head of game killed.—Gleaner.

Ayer's

For hard colds, bronchitis, asthma, and coughs of all kinds, you cannot take anything better than Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor if this is not so. He uses it. He understands why it soothes and heals.

"I had a terrible cough for weeks. Then I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and only one bottle completely cured me."—Joseph, Mich. No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

All druggists for

Coughs, Colds

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

Xmas. Groceries.

Now is the time to do your Xmas baking
Our stock of Groceries is fresh and complete

Raisins, Currants, Peels,
Extracts, Spices, Chocolate

and everything necessary to make a Merry Xmas.

A. G. Adams & Co.

See Dry Goods advt. 4th page

GRIMKEE AND THE ARK OF NOAH

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY NINA PICTON

LITTLE JINNIE stood before Old Grimke's window. The dark plates and bronzes, the somber stuffs and hangings, had disappeared. Grimke's window was in holiday attire, and Little Jinnie wondered why. Some one had spoken of a day far distant, a day of mirth and gladness, of good will and peace; that the joy bells would ring, the music in the churches would sound and that every one would smile and greet one another as if great times had come.



AN OLD MAN CAPE OUT OF THE SHOP. Little Jinnie started to say "Good morning," but she didn't like his manner.

Below him, seated on a dairy stool, was a milkmaid with a churn, and a wonderful dasher kept going up and down at regular intervals, and the milkmaid's head kept bobbing and bobbing till the white linen bows on her cap tapped like windmills.

A shepherd boy stood next to the milkmaid, and in his mouth was a long pipe or musical instrument. From time to time a loud note rang out. What queer toys! Little Jinnie almost believed that they were not toys, for the faces looked so real, and they moved and bobbed like real live people.

But Grimke always had queer things in his window, different from any other shopkeeper in Broad street.

These stood a clock with a cuckoo that flew in and out, and chirped its note at certain intervals. And the wax doll in the corner, with a queen's crown on her head and a crimson velvet robe. That was the most real doll Little Jinnie had ever seen.

While she stood there, her small, thin hands and arms on the ledge, her wistful eyes peering within, an old man came out from the side of the shop and thrust his head into the window. It was Old Grimke, and he wore a fustian jacket, very snug and tight, and a queer little skullcap on his head. He looked about as if in quest of something, and his round little eyes squinted here and there as if everything was a long way off.

Little Jinnie did not move, and if Old Grimke saw her he was kind enough not to object, for he never once looked toward her, but kept squinting and moving until he saw a long, narrow horse, painted green, with a small peak, which stood in the center of his window.

"Ah!" he cried, and from outside Jinnie heard his grunt of satisfaction. He moved toward the green horse. In his hand he held a key, and, after fumbling and feeling about the side of the structure, he turned it about. Then he waited for something, Jinnie didn't know what, but she stared, fascinated by the old man's movements and waiting, just as much as he waited, for the revelation that she felt sure was to come.

The door of the house opened. A pair of elephants walked out, then a couple of bears and two spirited-looking horses. After that trooped all the animals that Little Jinnie had ever seen in her picture book, the old, thumb-eared one that the mission teacher had given her. Round and round they walked, and larger and larger grew Little Jinnie's eyes.

Old Grimke looked up. He was proud of his window, for he had taken great pains to make it attractive. Not another man in Broad street knew the children's tastes so well. All about the shelves of his little shop stood Santa Clauses, railroad cars, tin soldiers and small guns and dolls that the little ones liked. Old Grimke had been in the business for years, and he expected great profits this Christmas time.

certainly carried away with what she saw. Old Grimke looked closer. How this pale she was, and quite a little tot to be alone!

The old man kept smiling and smiling, as if he knew her, and Little Jinnie advanced toward the door. Old Grimke had left his window and stood behind the counter.

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?" he asked, bending over the counter toward the wee figure that looked appealingly upward.

"If you would tell me—she paused. "Yes," said Old Grimke. "What that thing is—that house in your window. Are the animals alive?"

"That—that green horse?" asked Old Grimke, leaning forward to take a peep at the window. "Yes, sir," answered Little Jinnie. "Why, you don't mean to tell me that you never saw a Noah's ark, child?"

Little Jinnie looked as ignorant as an infant. "No? Why, then, you've never heard the story of the flood and Noah and the ark resting on Ararat? Dear me, dear me!" Old Grimke actually looked worried over the turn of affairs. He thought everybody knew that.

Just then some customers came in, and Old Grimke put on a businesslike air. The child stole noiselessly out. Old Grimke did not hear her, for the ladies were asking him for humming tops, and he was not quite sure whether he had them. He turned several things over as he looked and opened the wrong boxes and packages. Old Grimke's eyes were falling in a bit. And as he looked a pair of wistful eyes, blue and heavily lashed, haunted him. While looking he was wondering where he had seen them.

"Bless me!" he cried suddenly. "That child!"

The customers looked queerly at him, but he had found their toys, and as they examined them and approved them they did not pause to mark the puzzled glances of the shopkeeper.

Little Jinnie was unhappy. In her small, meager home she felt the need of something. If she had been older she might have known.

"Land o' love," the mother cried, "the child's a-worritin' over sumthin'! She's that thin an' pale as ter be a scholar." The poor woman paused in her daily task of sewing and looked uneasily at the small thin one that played beside her.

Every morning the child had strayed out on the next block. The mother had watched her and felt no uneasiness. Whenever she looked in that direction she saw Little Jinnie standing against a window, looking in with all her eyes.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the mother. "What's it now?"

And Old Grimke had seen and heard, for Little Jinnie came in every day for a moment, and between times, when nobody was buying, Old Grimke took her on his knee and told her the wonderful story of the flood.

And questions had been asked and the Christmas time commented on, and Little Jinnie's eyes were wonderstruck.

"Where do you live?" he asked. Old Grimke had no children of his own. His son had died a year before.

"Doesn't she live near the alley, in the funny little house with red windows?" It was nearing the time. For three or four days a fine snow had fallen.

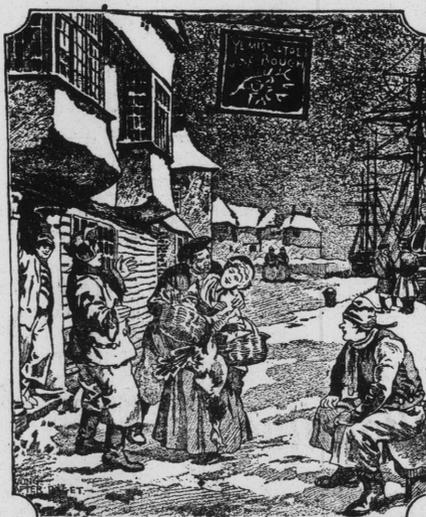
Christmas morning! In Old Grimke's window some change was visible. Behind the door in Little Jinnie's home stood Old Grimke. He was peeping through the crack, and he kept up a regular pantomime as he looked into the inner room.

There sat Little Jinnie, a pretty color in her cheeks, and hugged tight in her arms was the Noah's ark.

"If I can hear the singing an' see the fine toys an' things an' all you've told me 'bout, Mr. Grimke, you know"—she looked excitedly into his eyes—"why, I'll be 'nd glad!"

That was enough for Old Grimke. He said goodby in a very sudden manner, and Little Jinnie smiled sweetly.

When he found himself outdoors he blew his nose several times, and his glasses were so wet he couldn't see the gate before him.



SALUTING THE CONVOY AT CHRISTMAS (AN ANCIENT MARITIME CUSTOM)

JAPANESE, CHINESE AND KOREAN TOYS

By CHANNING A. BARTOW

HERE is no real Christmas in the far east, which is still essentially pagan, but the small boys and girls with the almond eyes have plenty of other holidays on which they give and receive presents and make merry in much the same manner as their western brothers and sisters on the occasion of Santa Claus' annual visit.

And in the matter of toys Japanese, Chinese and Korean babies have little cause to envy their foreign friends, for not even the most marvelous mechanical products of Nuremberg surpass the playthings of infant Asia.

China and Korea are great countries for dolls, but in Japan, that paradise of children, the make believe baby is so honorably regarded that it has a special holiday, the "feast of dolls." This comes in February every year at the time of the Chinese new year.

The dolls are placed on silk covered shelves in the best room in the house. Often it takes five or six shelves to hold them all. The principal participants in the feast are called the emperor and empress of Japan. They are dressed in court costumes, and the others, named for famous persons, are arranged about them.

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acrobatic toys as his counterpart in America. Marionettes are as popular in China as in Japan. Long before Punch and Judy began to charm the hearts of American youth the little children of China were laughing over the dilemmas of these two famous characters. Little booths are set up on the streets, where traveling companies present their quaint shows. They have men on horseback, soldiers, lions, tigers, dragons, snakes and curious acting frogs, all made to go through their antics by means of strings and sticks managed by the showmen. Following the feast of dolls, the Japanese, being great fishermen, admire certain specimens of the fin bearers very much—for instance, the carp, which swims upstream, a sign of courage and perseverance. There is in Tokyo one quarter consisting of three or four streets which contains nothing but bazaars for the sale of toys. Here for a few coppers one may buy a handful of bamboo rods from the ends of which dangle the funniest imaginable caricatures on which the potent sake has worked its charm. The goggle eyed men whose heads roll on pivots are matched by jovial foxes and badgers which have also looked upon the sake when it was yellow. Toy animals of every sort—lizards, crickets and spiders—make the streets of Tokyo look like Broadway in New York the week before Christmas. A new popular toy is a Russian soldier with red hair and blue eyeballs, who performs all kinds of "stunts."

Top and kites are always in favor in the east, and some of them are veritable works of art. The kites assume every possible form of fish, beast and bird, while the tops which transform themselves into butterflies and doves as they spin seem to be the work of a necromancer. There is no distinction of age in flying kites and spinning tops. Old men and children may be seen together engaged in these time honored pastimes.

Asiatic babies are blessed with no end of gods who look out for their welfare. The Japanese having seven gods of happiness, one of whom, Hotel by name, corresponds closely to our St. Nicholas. Hotel is of a venerable and amiable appearance, wearing a long white beard, and carrying a sack of gifts for good little boys and girls. To older persons he brings long life and is usually represented in art accompanied by a stock, which is supposed to live 1,000 years.

It is not all play and no work with the small Japanese, despite their abundance of enjoyments. A Japanese child is no sooner able to walk than he or she is called upon to act as nurse for a smaller brother or sister, if there is one. However, the "little mothers" do not mean to be trod at all by their charges. They carry the babies on their backs, like papooses, and play ball, run races and fly kites in spite of their burdens. Strangest of all, the babies are perfectly happy and hardly ever cry, though often banged about in a way that would make an American baby howl with rage.

The business spirit of the Chinese empire is reflected in the sports of the Chinese child, and small imitations of commerce play a large part in his life. Owners of toy darts organize mimic trading expeditions, while the less fortunate "keep store." The boys also play at war with ships and soldiers, and, as in Japan, one may see bands of children armed with toy guns or sticks drilling with true martial ardor. A regular feature of the game as it is played in China is, it is said, the alarm, "The Japanese are coming!" at which the whole pigtailed army runs as if Satan were after it. The Chinese boy is very fond of pets and often carries about with him a canary in a wooden cage or a cricket similarly imprisoned.

The less active Chinese girl has many beautiful toys of porcelain, lacquer and ivory, dolls and diminutive household utensils. The girls have their games also, such as battledoor and shuttlecock and jackstones. They "turn the mill" and "churn butter" to the accompaniment of nursery rhymes centuries old.

The Animals At Christmas

SAD Santa Claus, "Tis Christmas eve (The animals looked pleased), And each of you will now receive His yearly Christmas present. But I'd be glad if every guest Would mention what he'd like the best."

The Teasel said: "That please me, I'll state succinctly, therefore, If I may be so bold and free— The only thing I care for— Would be those matches on the shelf, With which I'd like to light myself."

His wish was granted. Then up spoke A timid little Adder: "A good sized umberfellow; And also I'd like four galoshes, Es and a rubber mackintosh."

The Fig a fountain pen desired; The Cow his horns requested; The Horse, for a new hat acquired, His gratitude avowing; The Caterpillar said: "I am Proud of my caterpillarsham."

So all of them were gay and glad, And they were happy, very; They liked the presents that they had, Dear humans, at your Christmas feasts, Pray take a lesson from the beasts.

—Cecilia Wells in Reader.

HIS CHRISTMAS SERMON.

An Aged Wayfarer Who Taught a Curious Contentment.

An English clergyman declares that the best Christmas sermon he ever heard was preached by a woman—and in three words:

"In my little parish, under the sweep of the Sussex downs," he says, "I was walking swiftly home one night buffeted about by the gray clouds of driving rain that the fierce south-wester swept landward from the sea when a poor, helpless, aged woman asked me for a trifle for a night's lodging.

"Curates are supposed always to be poor. It was Christmas time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet where work was scarce. Still I could not leave my stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings.

"She shambled along through the mud with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little room. My thoughtful landlady had made my table ready. A plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers and an easy chair.

"To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion raised her dripping hands and burst into tears with the words, 'Oh, what luxury!'

"That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten."—Youth's Companion.

Christmas Day in Russia.

In certain parts of Russia the children at Christmas eve begin playing games that are as old as they are amusing. Chief among their drolleries is that of disguising themselves as animals and in the assumed costume of wild beasts sporting themselves through the neighborhood. As many skins as possible are secured, and in these the leading boys are clad. Wolves, bears, ostriches, even, are represented. All of the boys gather in one party, those who are not posing as brutes forming a train for the escort and display of the pseudo metacete. Some act as keepers, holding their disguised companions in check, while others startle the quiet of the night by rude strains drawn from harsh and primitive musical instruments. Tophans are borne, and in the fitful light, opposed by black shadows, the scene is at once grotesque and vivid.

A Thoughtful Husband.

What is more touching in the holiday season than to see an old man planning a pleasant surprise for his aged wife? "It's tryin' ter gaine money enough ter git my wife a new dress for Christmas, sah," said Uncle Ebony to Mr. Featherstone.

"Ah, I see. You want me to give you some chores to do, uncle eh?"

"Well, no, sah. I 'ought perhaps you could git de old lady a job at washin', sah!"

Christmas Presents.

The giving of presents on Christmas day undoubtedly owes its origin a general idea to carry into practice a biblical mandate, "Peace on earth good will to men." At first the great lords made presents to their retainers, and the season was marked by universal charity. By degrees the practice of Christmas giving spread until now everybody gives his or her friends presents.

Why Tommy Is Doing Penance.

Grandma—Are you looking forward to your Christmas dinner, Tommy?

Tommy—Yep, grandma, but not so much as Johnny Jones.

Grandma—Why so, Thomas?

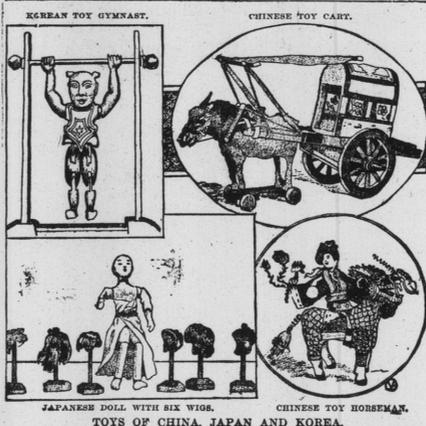
Tommy—His grandma died last week, and he'll get all her Crissmus turkey.

Changing Countenance.

He changed countenance rapidly. Slipping on his face the Santa Claus mask, he made a triumphant entry into the parlor with the bundle of toys.

The Past Versus the Present.

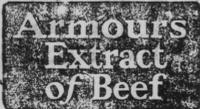
Oh, Christmas time is coming fast, So cheer up, girls; be pleasant And shake the fellow with the past For that one with the present.



TOYS OF CHINA, JAPAN AND KOREA.

It Makes Your Mouth Water

Appetizer, Bracer and Digestive That's



It's Highly Concentrated

One-quarter teaspoonful is sufficient for a cup of bouillon, a plate of soup, or a dish of vegetables, etc. Sold by all druggists and grocers.

ARMOUR LIMITED, Toronto

Savory Condensed Soups 12 Varieties. Delicious, wholesome and appetizing. One tin will make 6 portions. Sold by all grocers.

Simplicity Despatch and Economy

these three essentials to satisfactory purchasing are present to an eminent degree in our method of forwarding Watches, Jewelry and Silver to far-off districts where the demand for jewelry does not warrant the keeping of a proper stock.

B. & H. B. KENT The Leading Mail Order Jeweler Toronto 144 Yonge St., Toronto

Cake Lard, Sausage, Bologna, Hams and Bacon.

The Mild Cured Kind ask for our

PORK PRODUCTS

JOHN HOPKINS, Established 1867, St. John, N. B.

Lodge Directory.

L. O. L.—No. 64, meets first and third Wednesdays, of each month. J. H. Holmes, W. M.; S. M. Moore, Secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM—No. 1005, meets every second Friday, J. C. Ferguson, Regent; Jos. Stevens, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—North Star, No. 28, meets in Oddfellows' Hall every Tuesday 8 p. m. A. Malcomber, N. G.; I. W. Stevens, R. Sec'y.

I. O. F.—No. 641, Court Restigouche, meets last Monday of each month. A. G. Adams, C. R.; A. A. Andrew, Sec'y.

F. & A. M.—No. 12 meets first Thursday in each month. W. M., D. C. Fish; Sec'y, John White.

T. F. Sherrard, & Son MONCTON, N. B. Importers of

MARBLE & GRANITE Manufacturers of Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones and all other cemetery work.

SALESMEN WANTED—for "Canada's Greatest Nurseries". Largest List of Hardy Specialties in Fruit and Ornamental Stock, suited for New Brunswick. Spring season now starting. Liberal inducements. Pay weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for terms and catalogue. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont. 8 13

40,000 PERSONS Affected Alone

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The secretary of the committee which was appointed by the recent conference to hold under the chairmanship Lord Rothschild, to take charge of the distribution of the funds collected for the relief of the Jews in Russia, said tonight that this despatch had been received from the traveling commissioners, who are working in Russia securing data and statistics.

"After a personal inspection, we can report that the destruction is indescribable. Hundreds of shops have been destroyed and business is at a standstill. The damage amounts to millions of roubles.

"Forty thousand persons are affected in Kieff alone. Several small towns, which had Jewish sections, have been entirely burned and the people are sleeping in the fields."

The travelling commissioners say that 171 towns have been the scenes of Jewish massacres. These figures do not include village and Siberian towns, many of which suffered from the anti-Semitic madness.

Writing from Kieff under date of Dec. 1, the commissioners say that the town was then in open riot and that firing was continual. The British consul had offered to shelter the commissioners.

The secretary said that up to date \$2,475,000 had been contributed. This sum included \$1,000,000 from the United States, \$520,000 from Germany and \$637,000 from Great Britain. The sum of \$925,000 had already been remitted to Russia.

TRANSPORT DISABLED.

The Jinsen with 1000 Troops Aboard broke her Propeller and is now Helpless.

CHEFOO, Dec. 8.—I p. m. Two Japanese army officers who have arrived here in a lifeboat, report that the transport Jinsen, which left Daire for Japan two days ago with 1000 troops and 200 horses aboard, broke her propeller between Shantung promontory and the Korean coast and is now adrift. The two officers embarked in a lifeboat and came to Chefoo to seek assistance. The Japanese consul here has telegraphed for a man-of-war to rescue the helpless vessel. Some British officers are on board the transport.

TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so slow that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse menstruation, accompanied by unusual pain, from the ovaries down the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation; secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice free of all charge if you will write her about yourself. Your letter will be seen by women only.

"I make the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my monthly life stopped. Shortly after I fell so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor on the uterus and would have to undergo an operation."

"Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After trying five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my monthly life around once more, and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

HARD FIGHT FOR LIFE

Mr. Leslie, M. P. P. Clung to Ship's Lifeboat until Near the Last

HALIFAX, Dec. 8.—Captain S. E. Pride, of the steamer Lunenburg lost off Magdalen Islands on Monday gives the following account of the drowning of his eleven companions, who left the stranded steamer in the lifeboat:—"At 2 p. m. we decided to leave the wreck in the ship's lifeboat. We got the boat launched without any trouble. All got on board and got safely away from the ship's side. When about six hundred yards from the wreck a sea broke on the boat and swamped her. We all clung to the boat's bottom for about an hour. Then one by one the men dropped off. Mr. Leslie, M. P. P. made a brave fight, and clung to the boat until about the third last when he became exhausted and dropped off. I was picked up in an unconscious condition by a dory from shore about 5 o'clock five miles from the wreck and a mile from shore."

Maritime Express Was Three Hours Late

No. 34 Maritime Express from north arrived today at 1.30, about three hours and a half late, the cause of the detention was an exceptionally heavy train of twelve cars. On board were a large number of English people from many points in Western Ontario en route home to spend their Christmas holidays. In conversation with a Transcript reporter one of those returning home stated he had been out here about fifteen months, and was well pleased with his new home, in fact, would not think of going back to reside in O'd England again. He said "I am voicing the opinion of every man aboard."

One man was going back home to spend the winter after an absence of thirty-five years. The travellers were a prosperous looking crowd, and all well pleased with their new homes in Canada.

A special train left Montreal at 12.30 to-day with about six hundred returning Old Country people, who are taking advantage of the season, to spend their holidays with their friends and relatives in different parts of Europe. They expect to reach England next Sunday—Transcript.

No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

There is not the least danger in giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than thirty years as a successful medicine in use for colds, croup and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Children like it. Sold by all druggists.

CUT IN TWO UNDER CAR

I. C. R. Man Met a Horrible Death in Truro on Saturday

TRURO, N. S., Dec. 9.—While James Taylor and Archie Halliday were working under a car in the Truro railway station this morning, doing carpenter work without the danger signal up, a shunter ran back against the car, started it suddenly, and Taylor was crushed to death. His body was cut in two. He has been in the employ of the railway for several years and leaves six children to the care of a widow.—Times

CRUEL BOYS SENT TO JAIL

For Torturing a Horse They get Three Months

FREDERICTON, Dec. 8.—Two colored boys, named Hoyt and Nutt, who yesterday pleaded guilty in the police court to a charge of cruelty to a horse, were this morning sentenced by Ccl. Marsh to three months in jail without the option of a fine. His honor characterized the offence as a most diabolical one and regretted that he could not impose a heavier penalty.—Times.

Don't Go Home, if you have not got at least one bottle of Kendrick's Liniment in the house. Don't go home without it. There is nothing better (if equal) to Kendrick's as a household remedy.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

John T. Card, of Moncton, Killed on Saturday.

MONCTON, N. B., Dec. 19.—A distressing gunning fatality occurred here Saturday afternoon. The victim was John T. Card, a well known resident of the west end of the city. Card and a lad named Carson were hunting rabbits, when the boy's gun was accidentally discharged, wounding Card so badly that he died at 9.30 this morning.

The shooting occurred in the woods along the northern I. C. R. a short distance from the city, Saturday afternoon. John E. Card, Ray Carson, aged fifteen; his brother, Percy, aged ten, sons of Wesley Carson, I. C. R. driver, were out hunting along the north track. A short distance from town they met. They were entire strangers to each other, and Card asked the boys about a flock of geese that passed over, and afterwards they stood talking fifteen minutes while Card told the boys about his hunting. Card carried a Snider rifle, and Carson a Martini-Henri.

Card asked the boys to accompany him and he would show them plenty of rabbits. Before entering the woods a flock of wild geese passed over, and Ray Carson, thinking to get a shot, slipped a ball shell into the gun and placed it at safety. The geese kept off and party went into the thick bushes in search of rabbits.

Card was in the lead, Ray Carson about ten feet behind, and his brother just behind him. The Carson lad carried his gun in his right hand by his side, muzzle forward. Card spied a rabbit and fired at it, but missed. The hunters followed the trail, and Card missed the second shot at the hare. Shortly after, while making his way through a thick tangle of bushes, young Carson's gun was discharged and the bullet hit Card in the back, piercing his right lung going clear through the body.

Turning for an instant, the young man said, "You have shot me," and fell.

The terrified lad rushed to the fallen man's side and at once dispatched his little brother for assistance to houses a short distance away.

The injured man was in the woods probably an hour before he could be taken out. He was removed to his home as quickly as possible. Drs. Steeves and Purdy were summoned and, although everything possible was done, to save his life, the unfortunate man passed away this morning.

Card left an ante-mortem statement to the effect the shooting was purely accidental, and exonerating his young companion from blame.

Young Carson was unable to account for the discharge of the gun, but thinks it must have been done by the bushes catching the safety and pulling it down, cocking the rifle and sending it off. He was pushing the gun ahead of him through the bushes when it went off. The affair has caused widespread regret.

Coroner Parry, after hearing all statements and hearing the ante-mortem statement of deceased, decided an inquest was not necessary.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR YORK CO. L & S CO

HAMILTON, Ont., Dec. 10.—In application has been made to Hon J. Hendrie for a government investigation of the York Loan and Savings Company Major Biggar, the applicant, has invited shareholders from Toronto and other cities to join Hamilton in taking action against the company.

TORONTO, Dec. 10.—In Chambers Saturday, a petition was presented for a winding up order against the York Loan and Savings Co. The petitioners said they were taking the step because they were convinced that the proposed amalgamation would prove disastrous to the shareholders of the York Company.—Sun

THE SUNLIGHT WAY



SUNLIGHT SOAP

RUB ON SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEAVE 30 TO 60 MINUTES

RINSE WELL

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Hard rubbing and boiling are things of the past in homes where Sunlight Soap is used as directed.

Sunlight Soap will not injure even the daintiest fabric or the hands, and the clothes will be perfectly white, woolens soft and fluffy.

The reason for this is because Sunlight Soap is absolutely pure, contains no injurious chemicals—indeed, nothing but the active, cleansing, dirt-removing properties of soap that is nothing but soap.

5c. Buy it and follow directions YOUR MONEY REFUNDED by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

SUNDAY'S STORM

MONCTON, Dec. 10.—A snow blizzard set in here this morning about 8 o'clock and is still raging at 11 o'clock tonight. Nearly a foot of snow fell. The snow was very heavy and was little disturbed by the heavy gale that prevailed.

This evening the storm is so wild that few citizens were abroad and churches were very slimly attended.

Reports received by the I C R state that the storm is pretty general all over the road.

Campbellton reports the storm not bad so far, but increasing. About two inches of snow fell. About four inches of snow fell at Levis.

The storm raged east of Moncton all day, with a strong northeast wind, and about 4 foot of snow fell. The storm ceased east about six o'clock, and in some parts it is now raining. The storm caused much trouble with the wires.

A special train left here this evening with General Manager Pottinger and several other I C R officials for Halifax.—Sun

Sir James Watson's Opinion

He says that the commonest of all disorders, and one from which few escape is Catarrh. Sir James firmly believes in local treatment, which is best supplied by "Catarrhzone." No case of catarrh can exist where Catarrhzone is used; it is a miracle worker, relieves almost instantly and cures after other remedies fail. Other treatments can't reach the diseased parts like Catarrhzone because it goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrhzone is free from cocaine, it leaves no bad after-effects, it is simply nature's own cure. Accept no substitute for Catarrhzone which alone can cure Catarrh.

JANEVILLE

We are having a few days of very fine weather which is a great help to the lumbermen. The roads are not very good since the last storm.

Mr. Clyde Cate was in Bathurst one day recently.

Mr. Chipman Smith of Teesagouche was in Janeville a few days last week the guest of Mrs. H. A. Cate.

Mr. Newton Jennings was in Bathurst on Saturday last.

A. E. Chapman has got a crew of men in the woods getting out lumber.

Mr. Angus Behemal of Amherst is here working for A. E. Chapman.

Mrs. White of Salmon Beach was in Janeville an afternoon last week.

Mr. Albert Ellis spent an evening in Salmon Beach last week.

Mr. John Eddie is getting out a few logs also.

Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle all the way. For Santa Claus is coming. With his reindeers, bells and sleigh.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are the best remedy for a deranged stomach. They are a safe and gentle laxative; a reliable cure for obstinate Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache and all disorders arising from a weak Digestion, sluggish Liver or clogged Bowels. Beecham's Pills Give Quick Relief and are a world-famous medicine for the cure of these prevalent complaints. Their cost is a trifle; their use—a duty. For your health's sake, insist on Beecham's Pills. They do more for your body than any other remedy. Known and used by hundreds of thousands all over the globe. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

Ask for them! When you go into a shop to buy rubbers always ask for GRANBY RUBBERS or the dealer may by mistake give you some other kind not so good. For style, comfort and good honest qualities, get GRANBYS EASY TO WEAR, HARD TO WEAR OUT

Town and Country.

Geo G. McKenzie & Co's store will be open every week night until Christmas.

The closing examinations in the public schools will be held next Thursday, 21st inst.

The accommodation was two and a half hours late last evening owing to the storm.

The river froze over on Monday night. The thermometer registered 11 below zero on Tuesday morning.

We have Christmas Footwear for every member of the family. Your couldn't make a more sensible present. McRae's Shoe Store.

The second lot of soldiers for the Halifax garrison passed through Campbellton yesterday morning about six o'clock.

Rev Wm A. Thompson will (D V) preach in the Methodist Church at Deside, on Tuesday, Dec 19th at 3 o'clock p. m. and at Moores' Settlement on the same day at 6 o'clock.

A meeting of the Campbellton Temperance Alliance will be held to-morrow evening in the W. C. T. U. hall at 8.30 o'clock. Delegates to attend the joint committee at St. John next month will be appointed.

Fred Steeves who is employed as shunter in the I. C. R. yard here had a narrow escape from serious injuries on Friday night of last week. He was caught between two cars. No bones were broken.

We see by the St. John paper where the pupils of Carleton schools under the direction of A. E. G. McKenzie gave a benefit concert to provide funds for the payment of a piano for Albert school on Friday evening last which was a grand success. The receipts amounting to upwards of \$250.

School inspector Mersereau, of Doaktown, who has been granted one year's leave of absence by the board of Education, is to leave shortly for the Canadian Northwest to be absent for some time. It is reported that he will labor in the interests of the Independent Order of Foresters.

Remember the sale of fancy goods, suitable for Christmas presents to be held by the ladies of the Baptist Choir in vestry of Church, on Friday evening 15th inst opening at 5 o'clock. Brown bread and beans with coffee will be served during the evening. Lunch 15c admission free.

At the provincial government meeting, Thursday, February 8th was decided upon as the day for opening the next session of the legislature. The Attorney General and the Premier were appointed a committee to meet Sir Frederick Borden and have a conference with him regarding the introduction of military training in the public schools.

Jamieson Bros. Carriage Factory was completely destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning, together with engine, boiler, machinery, tools, stock etc. The alarm sounded between twelve and one o'clock and a number of habitual night hawks and light sleepers assembled at Ramsay street to witness the scenery. The building was a complete mass of flames when discovered and before the fire department arrived was beyond control. The loss to Jamieson Bros will be heavy and is only partially covered with insurance.

Dr. Inch has authorized the announcement that teachers who may find it necessary to close their schools on Thursday, December 21st, in order to enable them to reach their homes before the following Sunday, have permission to teach on a preceding Saturday, as a substitute for Friday the 22nd December, which is according to law the last teaching day of the term. The schools will re-open after the Christmas holidays on Monday, January 2nd.

The most up to date Dental office and appliances at Dr. Cates where you can have any of the latest and best dental operations performed at reasonable prices on the premises. Patients do not have to wait for Bridge work etc. to be made in Montreal or other cities. A life time spent at this work will ensure satisfaction to the patient.

For the painless extraction of teeth the old fashioned painful and dangerous method of injection with the hypodermic needle given up (unless cared for) A harmless preparation applied to the gums instead just received from the U. S.

Chatham has some snow—the Commercial says:—The worst snow storm ever experienced so early in the season began Sunday morning and continued until nearly midnight. About fifteen inches of snow fell. The mercury hung about the 30 point all day. An easterly wind increased in force towards night and at twelve o'clock there was a moderate gale.

The light snow was piled into banks about town, and on Water street Monday morning there was one bank fully thirteen feet in height.

The country roads were blocked in places and about town teams had to be shovelled out of the drifts, the snow being packed so hard the horses could not make their way through it.

There is certainly no wiser or better way to invest your Xmas money than at—McRae's Shoe Store.

Peter Metallic of Misson Point crossed with a team this morning from Misson Point to Chamberlain's.

The Lady Eileen arrived last night at Fall River, Mass., after a run of 48 hours from Mulgrave, N. S.

There will be no services in the Baptist Church next Sunday being impossible to obtain pulpit supply.

Santa Claus always gets his slippers here. He says ours are the best. McRae's Shoe Store.

The Mission Fathers at the Mission are making extensive preparations for Christmas. The church is being elaborately decorated. There will be midnight Mass on Sunday night (Christmas Eve).

Tenders for the new wharf are being asked for and will be received at the Office of the Dept. of Public Works up to January, 1906. This is the permanent wharf which is to replace the temporary one erected west of the railway wharf. See advt. in another column.

A few days ago a large wolf was seen on the McKnight road by Mr. Ross and Mr. Robert Sweeney. Persons living in the vicinity who have recently heard the cries of strange animals, and seen tracks resembling those of a large dog are now convinced they were made by wolves.—World.

The thermometer at Fredericton Sunday night stood at 2 degrees below zero, but dropped to 27 below Monday night, following a heavy snow fall. Store windows were so frosted that lamps had to be burned in them to thaw them out. Tuesday was bitterly cold all day. Let us be thankful for our fine weather.—World.

It is announced that Rev Hatmond Johnson, now of Newcastle, has accepted a call from the Summerdale Methodist Church. He was invited to come to Chatham, we are told by a member of the Quarterly Board, and declined on the ground that he could not leave Newcastle for another year. Chatham has evidently no attraction for Mr Johnson.—World.

The arrangements for receiving the prince and looking after his interests during his trip across the continent have not yet been made. It is understood, however, that a special train will be in waiting at Vancouver to convey the prince and party to Halifax. That he will receive a royal welcome it is needless to say.

The party, in addition to the prince, comprises the Lord Redesdale, Sir Edward H. Seymour, General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, Col A. Davidson, equerry to the King, Captain Windham, equerry to his royal highness, and W. Lampman, of the foreign office, Sir Edward Seymour is an admiral of the fleet, and General Kenny's name was prominent at the time of the South African war.—Ex.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

Wanted—A second class female teacher for Maple Green school district No. 4, parish of Dalhousie. Apply, stating salary, to S. D. Fleming, Secretary, Maple Green.

WANTED—To buy fifty cars of h x wood spruce and fir. Address H. J. Miller Black Land N. B. 52 3/4 miles.

TO LET—The lower flat of the W. C. T. U. Hall, corner of Water and Church Streets for part-time use. Apply to A. Mc G. McDonald.

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An EVANS PIANO

For a Christmas Gift



is what will make the whole household glad, and by our system of time payments the man of moderate means can make his home bright, cheerful and merry. There is no piano on the market that will give more genuine satisfaction in tone, volume or action than the Evans, and we have a superb stock to choose from.

Evans' Bros., Piano

S. Laughlan,

McDonald's New Brick Building, CAMPBELLTON

KING'S BROTHER COMING TO CANADA.

Prince Arthur of Connaught will be here on his return from Japan.

OTTAWA, Dec. 12.—Prince Arthur of Connaught will visit Canada very soon. The prince is on his way to Japan on a mission from the king to deliver to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, the insignia of the garter. The prince will return by way of Canada.

Three Dominion Governments sent an invitation to his royal highness to visit Canada on his way home. A cable has been received from the colonial office accepting the invitation. The prince will be accompanied by about fifteen of a staff.

The arrangements for receiving the prince and looking after his interests during his trip across the continent have not yet been made. It is understood, however, that a special train will be in waiting at Vancouver to convey the prince and party to Halifax. That he will receive a royal welcome it is needless to say.

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FARMERS! DO IT NOW!

Every farmer who reads this notice and wants the biggest dollar's worth in the market should send right away before Xmas for the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, and the beautiful picture, "Queen Alexandra, Her Grandchildren and Dogs." For one dollar you get the best Family and Farm paper in America without exception for a whole year as well as the most beautiful picture ever offered. The picture alone is easily worth two dollars. It is certainly a great big dollar's worth.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—A bull Terrier pup light brindle, white markings, clipped ears, a reward for his return. Anyone found harboring him will be prosecuted. A. B. MacKenzie.

Xmas Goods.

Confectionery, 25c to \$5.00

Perfumes, 25c to \$6.50

Ebony Manicure Sets

Work Boxes

Military Brushes

Mirrors & Hair Brushes

T. WRAN & CO, Druggists

Near Oddfellows Hall, CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Telephone 52

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

Auction Sale

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the post office at the Town of Campbellton, on Wednesday the 27th day of December instant, at the hour of Eleven o'clock, in the forenoon, the Store and Premises, known as the Hugh Miller Store, situated at the Southeast corner of Avington Street and the Intercolonial Railway Line, in the Town of Campbellton, and at present occupied by Thomas Ellsworth. This property is freehold, and a desirable business site being immediately opposite the Andrew Street Sidling on the I. C. R.

Terms made known at sale. Any further information can be obtained from J. E. Underwood or McAlister and Mott, Campbellton, N. B.

W. H. Miller & Edward LeGallais, Executors of the Last will and Testament of Hugh Miller, deceased.

Campbellton N. B. 8th December, 1905.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Campbellton Wharf" will be received at this office until Thursday January 12th, 1906 inclusive, for the construction of a Wharf at Campbellton, Restigouche County, Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N. B. C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., E. T. P. Shawen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., on application to the Postmaster at Campbellton, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, December 11, 1905.

Newspapers using this advertisement without authority from the department, will not be paid for.

As Christmas Time Draws Near Your Generosity Begins to Assert Itself. We have hundreds of articles suitable for Father, Brother or some one else's Brother. Come to us, where you'll find the largest stock at your command. What Would be More Practical Than Some of the Following Articles: A neat Overcoat, Fancy Vest, Smoking Jacket, Fur Cap, Fur Collar, Cloth Cap, Mufflers, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas. and many more articles too numerous to mention at. Humphrey Clothing Store, D. J. BRUCE, Manager.

Cristmas Orders for fine suitings and overcoats will receive special attention, and should be given as early as possible to insure prompt delivery. Our line of fabrics was never better than now, and our patrons can depend upon receiving garments that for fit, style, durability and fine finish will be unsurpassed in elegance and beauty. J. R. HENDERSON, MOFFAT BLOCK.

CHRISTMAS PERFUMES and CHOCOLATES THE FINEST IN THE LAND. All mail orders receive prompt and careful attention. A. Mc G. McDONALD, House Telephone 24, Store Telephone 58.

Underwear THAT WILL WEAR. A good assortment of sizes always on hand, both in Men's and Womens'. WM. CURRIE & CO., LIMITED. STANFIELD'S IS GOOD UNDERWEAR.

Notice: A meeting of the directors of The Restigouche Broom Company will be held in the Secretary's office at Campbellton on Monday the 18th day of December instant at 8 o'clock in the evening for the transaction of business. John McAlister, Secy. Campbellton 7th Dec. 1905.

Horses For Sale: Young, sound and in good condition. 1 pair Bay Horses, weight 3200 lbs. 1 pair Bay Horses, weight 3020 lbs. 1 pair Gray Horses, weight 2660 lbs. 1 only 2 year old Filly weight 1400 lbs. 1 pair yearling Clyde Colts. Apply to The Charles Fawcett Mfg. Co., Ltd. Sackville, N. B. 9 2w.

LOOK INTO THIS! Open the package! TIGER TEA IS PURE.



Mother For John Philip

By Harriet G. Canfield

Copyright, 1904, by Harriet G. Canfield

John Philip Brown sat up very straight at his end of the breakfast table. Mrs. Rachel Noah, at the other end, could not see his little bare feet playing tag beneath the table.

"Aunt Rachel looks just like my chicken hawk—anyways she would if he were spit curls," he said to himself, with a little chuckle. "I bet"—But John Philip's bed was never recovered, for Susan appeared just then, red and giggling.

"Mrs. Noah stared at her reprovingly. 'I did not ring,' she said sternly.

"No, I know you didn't, but she's here, an'—"

"She? Take your apron down from your mouth and talk connectedly. Who is here?"

"Columbia—Columbia Farley. She says that's her name, ma'am, an' she's from the Orphans' home—a little mite of a thing, an' that funny!" Here Susan retired again behind her apron.

"What does she want?" Mrs. Noah asked grimly.

"Well, ma'am," Susan exploded, "she wants to stay!"

"Stay?" her mistress repeated blankly, while John Philip, unrecaptured, squirmed with delight. Here was something doing at last.

"Yes'm," Susan went on, "She's had her eye on this house, she says, for a long time, but it wasn't till this mornin' that she decided she'd live with you. She's a-settin' on her satchel out in the kitchen."

Mrs. Noah fairly snorted with astonishment and indignation. "Much obliged to her, I'm sure," she said sarcastically, "and may I ask what decided her in our favor?"

"It was John Philip, ma'am," Susan said, choking with laughter. "She—she says she wants to be a mother to him."

John Philip's face matched his hair in color now; and the freckles took on a livelier red. "Consarn her!" he said under his breath.

"Any more?" his aunt asked, with the air of one prepared for the worst.

"Yes; she asked what your name was, an' when I said 'Mrs. Noah' she was that surprised. She said she'd heard about you an' Mr. Noah at Sunday school, but she had no idee you was livin' yet."

"Anything more? My oatmeal is getting cold. Don't stand there giggling like an idiot."

"She wondered how old you was, ma'am, an' when I said I didn't know she thought she could tell by lookin' at your teeth, like the hired man at the home done when he bought a horse."

A great wave of color rolled over Mrs. Noah's face and broke on the beach of "spit curls" outlining her high forehead. "Bring her in," she said, closing her thin lips tightly over her "store" teeth.

Susan disappeared and a moment later ushered "Columbia Farley" into the august presence of her mistress. She was truly "a mite of a thing," with great dark eyes and a most engaging smile.

"How do you do, Mrs. Noah?" she said, holding out her hand in a quaint, old-fashioned way. To John Philip's surprise, his aunt took the little hand in hers.

"So you'd like to live here?" she said not unkindly.

"Yes, awful well. Don't you need me?" she asked naively.

"I think not," Mrs. Noah said, very gently for her, "and, besides, I couldn't take you without the consent of the matron at the home."

"Oh, she won't care!" the little girl exclaimed eagerly. "There's got to be some of us now and then."

"Well," Mrs. Noah interrupted, "you can stay to breakfast, and then I'll go with you to the home." The child had crept thus quickly into a warm corner of the grim lady's heart.

She was eating her oatmeal when John Philip's father came down to breakfast and asked so kindly, "Whose little girl is this?" that Columbia's heart went out to him then and there. "I don't know," she said simply in reply to his question. "They ain't found out yet at the home, but I know how old I am. I'm going on seven. I'm little, but maybe I'd do for him"—she nodded cheerily at John Philip—"I'll be got a really, truly one."

"A really, truly what?" Mr. Brown asked smilingly.

"Why, a mother, of course. I learned how to be one from Mrs. Jones. She has eight children. She lives near the home. You just help 'em be good, and they will, 'cause you love 'em so. It's awful nice to have a mother," she said wistfully. "I asked Tommy Jones if he didn't think so, and he said, 'Sure thing!'"

John Philip tried to scowl, but his forehead refused to pucker, and when his father said, "Shall we let her adopt you, son?" he laughed outright. "We—might give her a try," he stammered.

And so it happened that Columbia Farley entered the Brown family "on probation" and later was taken into "full membership."

It was on a Saturday morning, a month or more after Columbia had been received into full membership, that the children were playing together in the garden.

"I guess I'll go wadin' this afternoon," John Philip announced. "Aunt Rachel would just worry if I told her, and daddy won't be home for lunch, so I can't ask him."

"Fas, 'fraid you'll be drown'd, dear," the little mother said anxiously

(John Philip did not object to "dearings" in private, "an' I don't believe you'd better go."

"Pooh!" John Philip rejoined. "You ain't my mother. I ain't had a mother since I was born."

"No," she sighed, "if you had a really truly one I guess you'd have to mind. Your father might get you one."

John Philip grinned. "He's too busy," he said, "but I know one I'd like to get. Last summer we was down at Cove inlet three weeks—daddy an' me—an' there was a jolly nice girl there, an' we liked her awful well—daddy an' me—an' we took her picture one day—anyway—I mean daddy did. He's got it yet. Come up to his room, and I'll hunt for it."

The children fled into the house and up to Mr. Brown's sitting room. Behind a tall vase John Philip found the object of his search. For a moment Columbia gazed at it with wondering eyes. "Why, it's her!" she shouted, with more force than grammar. "It's my Miss Curtis! She lives near the home. 'Course she's awful nice!" She gazed long and lovingly at the picture. "Say," she said at last, "s'pose we get her for your mother?"

Thereupon followed a discussion of ways and means, and it was not until after luncheon that the committee of two set forth in quest of a mother for John Philip. It was a very startled and amazed young lady who listened to their plea. It was Columbia who offered the most persuasive argument.

"He hasn't anybody but his Aunt Rachel and his father," she said pleadingly, "an' he keeps your picture back of a vase, an'—"

"Who keeps your picture?" Miss Curtis interrupted, her sweet face flushing a rose red.

"Why, John Philip's father," Columbia explained. "I s'pose you didn't know 'bout it then?"

"No, I didn't know," she said. "I didn't know," she repeated to herself again and again.

"Now you know, an' you'd you come, please?" It was John Philip who pleaded now. Miss Curtis stooped and took his freckled little face between her slender white hands. "I'll think of it, dear," she promised, "but it will be better not to mention your father."

John Philip did not agree with her, and that very evening he broke the news to his unsuspecting father. Columbia, with rare delicacy, had declined to be present.

"Daddy," John Philip said bluntly, "I asked her—Columbia an' me."

Philip Brown looked up from his paper. He was a fine specimen of manhood—strong of body and mind, clean of heart and still on "the sunny side" of forty.

"Asked whom?" he said. "Asked what?"

"Miss Curtis, you know. I—asked her to be my mother."

Philip Brown sat up very straight and stared at his small son and heir.

"Don't you want her for her little fellow said, struggling manfully to keep back the tears. "I said I was sure you wanted her, same as I did."

"What did she say?" The question came from between white lips.

"She didn't know you had her picture till Columbia told her. She said she'd think 'bout it, but I'd better not tell you I'd asked her to."

But John Philip was talking to the empty air. His father was out of the room before the last sentence was finished. He had seized his hat and vanished.

"Gee," John Philip said to himself, "we've done it now, I guess—Columbia an' me!"

They had. The bride and groom said so on their wedding-day. John Philip's father had suggested that the orchestra play "Hail Columbia" while the knot was being tied, but, strange to say, the bride elied objected.

Rich Man, Poor Man!

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Frances Wilson

Before they reached the first ledge overlooking Sausalito a mist like fog rolled globules of crushed pearl rolled noiselessly through the fissures of the hills and blotted out the village, the bay and the towers and chimneys of San Francisco—in other words, the world. In the damp air the girl's hair curled more distractingly than ever. Never had he seen it when it framed the low forehead in so bewildering an arabesque of rings and curves and waves.

"You look rather swell yourself," she laughed in response to his eloquent glance of approval. "Knickers and a Norfolk cap and the jacket aren't half bad on you. Taken in connection with your chief child," she went on, throwing her head back and screwing up her eyes critically, "they make you a very presentable youth indeed."

"We won't talk about that," was the terse reply. "This walk to Point Bonita has an object."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Certainly," she assented politely. "Point Bonita, for instance. If it has any other object, she went on sternly, "if you're going back to that old subject, I won't go a step farther."

By this time they were moving in the midst of a cloud.

It was his turn to be innocent.

"You mean—oh," with a fine imitation of impotence, "doesn't a girl ever forget it if a fellow has once happened to fancy himself in love with her and said so?"

The pink of the girl's cheeks—it had the soft, turreted look that is responsible for the slang adjective "peachy"—flushed suddenly, unaccountably. Out of the tall of his eyes the youth observed this interesting fact with cruel glee, reflecting with a pang that he should have chosen diplomacy as a vocation instead of engineering.

"You should forgive and forget the sins of my youth," he resumed. "You know you insisted that you would always be the best of friends, and that's what I'm doing now."

"You change quickly enough. I must say?" she remarked with some heat.

"Since what?" he challenged. But she turned away and did not reply, while the walls of mist lazily closed in nearer and nearer.

"What do you want to tell me?" she questioned at last in an oddly subdued tone. He did not answer immediately, but swung on ahead of her in the narrow path as if he were making a way for her through the mist. So he had got over his love for her. She shuddered sense of desolation. Still, she argued, she could scarcely have supposed he would go on caring, especially since she had explained to him with judicial calmness that she must marry a man with money on account of her mother and the younger girls. Strangely enough, though she had pictured herself as married to another, there had always been a number, interesting figure hovering in the background of that picture, one to whom she meant to be so good, so gentle, so all sweet, that his regret should become like a beautiful, sad song to be wafted over an enjoyed. And how the brute was asking her to "forgive and forget" that he had ever told her that he loved her!

They had reached the summit of a hill, and he proposed that they sit down upon a convenient boulder to rest before attempting the next one. Apparently she was unwilling to do so. "You see, fate's been telling off my buttons lately," he began in a business-like tone, "and the decree is that it has got to be money."

"Why?"

"Rich woman, poor woman, beggar woman, squaw," he elucidated, touching the buttons on his jacket, "and the lot falls to rich woman every time. It seems a beastly thing to think of, but you see, fate's been telling off my buttons lately, and the decree is that it has got to be money."

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Christmas Eve At the Grange

By Arthur W. Marchmont

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WHEN Awdrey sent her young brother, Gorham, spurting to Hardinge to fetch me in hot haste to Lanston Grange, I knew the cause must be urgent and scented danger in the air. We had heard whisperings and mutterings of fresh Jacobite trouble, and I feared my uncle, Sir Guy Lanston, had allowed himself to be drawn once more into the business.

Some ten days before a stranger, a Master Richard Lovelace, had appeared suddenly at the Grange, and my uncle had set off on a mysterious visit, from which he had not returned. Now, it was concerning this Lovelace that something of a cloud had come between my sweet Awdrey and me. I had come upon the two in close conversation and had seen the fellow kiss her hand with a look in his dark eyes that had set my blood tingling and my fingers pricking with desire to punish him for his meddlesome intrigues.

Awdrey had but laughed at my speedy remonstrance, and when I questioned her would tell me nothing. "Geoffrey, Geoffrey, you but worsen matters," she cried, with a toss of her pretty head. "Because a gallant gentleman in a hard case has his lips to Awdrey's poor fingers, and your wits are not sharp enough to see the reason, you must needs leap like a blind horseman into the slough of mistrust and cry, 'It is Awdrey's fault!' Is everything you cannot understand to be Awdrey's fault?"

"And were my lips to go a-mumbling Mistress Pallister's fingers, would you cry, 'Geoffrey is right! Well met, lips and fingers!'"

But at this clumsiness Awdrey bridled and tossed her head again. "Mistress Pallister, forsooth!" she exclaimed again in high dudgeon and walked away with her head in the air. "If you leave me like that, Awdrey, I'd better go and..."

She broke into my surly words with a laugh. "Yes, better go and stay away until your wits are sharpened enough to guess the riddle of your own mistrust, Mistress Pallister, indeed!"

"I'll return when your Master Lovelace has gone," I replied bluntly and came away and for a week had not been to the Grange. Seven miserable days they had been. So you may think how my heart beat when I got her message by young Gorham and knew that in the time of danger she had turned to me and how willingly I sent my horse galloping straight across country to Lanston that bright December morning.

She was waiting for me in the large domed hall of the Grange, pacing restlessly up and down by the huge equestrian statue, the statue of old Sir Guy who fought with the great Edward and won his gold spurs at Cressy and Poitiers and founded the Lanston family. Her face and manner were full of trouble.

"I have not forgiven you, Sir Mistrust, though I have sent for you," she said. But her sweet blue eyes were telling another tale.

"You are in trouble, sweetheart. When I have helped you, send me away again if you will," I said.

"You have learned how to stay away."

"And a harder penance never grieved a penitent, Awdrey."

"A sincere penitent should never sue in vain, it is true," she said demurely and then with a smile looked up and added: "So you're forgiven. And, oh, Geoffrey, the trouble is sore indeed!"

"Tell me," I answered, and when she did tell me I saw in truth she had not underjudged it. This Lovelace was a far greater one than I had deemed—no less than the young pretender himself. He had come over at the bidding of certain reckless counsellors, who had advised that a rising could be organized if he would but show himself to his followers, and now the plans had all miscarried, his presence in England had been discovered, and he had fled to Lanston to hide while means could be devised for his crossing again to France. It was this business which had taken Sir Guy away, and the ill news was come that he had been laid by the heels by his old enemy, the gout, and had done nothing.

Nor was that the worst. Sir Burton Prendergast had got wind of the matter in some way and might be trusted to do his worst against Lanston. A more malignant, rancorous, spiteful rat of a man did not breathe in all the good county of Sussex than Sir Burton, and he had never forgiven Awdrey for having rejected him a year ago nor me for having won her from him and would welcome a chance to strike at Lanston. If it were once known who Lovelace was and that the Grange had sheltered him, the consequences would be no less than ruin. The government had not yet forgiven Sir Guy for his old Jacobite work and would readily seize on a pretext now for punishing him and his.

"I don't know what to do, Geoffrey," cried my cousin, wringing her hands distractedly. "Tomorrow we have, as you know, our customary Christmas eve masquerade and every one will be here, Sir Burton among them, of course. Master Lovelace is known to be here

and if he does not show among the guests suspicion will be aroused, while if he does he may be recognized and we shall be ruined."

"He must be away, sweetheart. I can do it. Why didn't Sir Guy come to me?"

"Because you are not with us in this."

"True, I am no Jacobite, but when was a Hardinge not with Lanston in an hour of trouble? But I can do it, I will."

"I knew you would," And she smiled as she laid her hand in mine.

"I see it," I exclaimed as a thought struck me. "I'll to Shoreham and charter a vessel from old Nick Nesselby there, and we'll have her off the coast by dusk tomorrow and a boat in Master's cove, down by Dancher's gully, ready manned for Master Lovelace by then. Let him keep close till then—day, better, let him ride away openly this afternoon and return secretly after dark, then he'll be hidden till the morning at dusk. I'll be here to guide him, and if we don't trick this Prendergast write me down fool."

"Where can we hide him, Geoffrey?" cried Awdrey nervously. "If any one should come they will surely find him here."

"No one will come, sweetheart. And if they do have you not the safest hiding place in all the three kingdoms, here in this very hall? It is not the first time old Sir Guy has served and saved the Lanstons. Where are your sharp woman's wits, dearest?"

"Of course, I had forgotten the bronze horse." And she smiled.

The statue was, in truth, a hiding place of the best. In the troubles of the civil war the Lanston of the day had conceived a cunning arrangement by which arms and ammunition and at need a fugitive royalist could be hidden in the great horse. By a shrewd contrivance the legs of the knight swung on hinges and covered a space large enough to admit a man's body, the entrance being concealed by the armor of the knight and the trappings of the horse, and means had been devised by which air could be admitted through the joints of the armor.

I lost no time, but rode off at once on my errand, I had but little difficulty in providing the needed vessel and arranging among my own men for the boat to be in readiness at Master's cove, and, late though it was, I rattled to Lanston to tell Awdrey that all was well.

But Sir Burton Prendergast was not a vindictive malignant for nothing, and

"I do not like the thing at all, and liked it far less when, at Sir Burton's instigation, he would remove in the hall, that all must pass in or out of the house by that way, so that he could see them, and that all the other doors must be locked, with men posted outside."

It was in all truth a very awkward predicament, and as I was racking my brains for some expedient young Gorham came to me. He had been lurking when seen from behind, occurred to me and suggested a plan to outfit them. If the soldiers remained in the hall poor Master Lovelace must either be starved or given to surrender, and either event spelled ruin. My plan was therefore to play at escaping from the house, get to my horse and lead the soldiers a dance across country in pursuit.

There was a small casement from which I could easily leap to the terrace below, make a dash for the stable yard where the horses were ready and ride away across the park beyond. That was easy, but it must be so done that one or other of the sentries should catch sight of me and thus bring the rest of the pack upon my heels.

I knew where the men were posted, and, having from an upper window attracted the attention of the groom who had my horse in readiness, I went down, opened the casement and leaped out. It was now getting dusk, and a soldier who was close at hand saw and challenged me instantly and discharged his musket as I was darting toward the stable.

In a moment the whole place was in the utmost confusion, and as I mounted, taking care to pretend a violent attack upon the man who held my horse while I told him to say I was a stranger to him, the troopers were already to horse and came clattering round the old house after me.

Things went just as I would have had them. I was careful that none of the men should see my face, and I cut

Awdrey turned as white as the marble pedestal of the great statue against which we were grouped. Catching Gorham by the arm, I pushed him and the servant toward the door and whispered:

"Take the fellow away and go to meet the soldiers and shut the door behind you. Quick, boy, quick!" The moment he was gone I darted behind the statue, thrust open the secret entrance to the hiding place and called to Master Lovelace. "Your only chance of safety is here, sir," I said, and without more ado I bundled him into it and tossed the entrance after him, whispering to him to lie as still as death.

"Open the door now, Awdrey, and remember, sweetheart, Master Lovelace left yesterday!"

Then, making a great effort, we began to talk and laugh together, much in our usual fashion, when Gorham came back with the officer in command of the soldiers.

"I am sorry to intrude upon an unpleasant errand at such a time, madam," he said to Awdrey, "but unhappily I have no option. I am Captain Hilary, and my instructions are that a person of dangerous importance, no less than the young pretender, is here in Lanston Grange disguised as one Richard Lovelace, and I have to request you to deliver him to me."

"Perhaps you will allow me to answer you, captain. I am Sir Guy Lanston's nephew, Sir Geoffrey Hardinge, at your service, and caring for matters here in my uncle's absence. My cousin are scarcely fit to deal with such a business. A Master Richard Lovelace was here, but if you will inquire you will find that he left yesterday."

The officer answered snarlingly: "My instructions are very precise and clear, sir."

"That may be, but I am not concerned with you. Whence comes your information? Who is the spy that maligns my uncle in his absence?"

"I cannot reveal the source of my information, sir, but have my duty to do," answered the officer.

"And will it be like a gentleman and a man of honor, I am sure. And since we have many Christmas guests on the point of arrival I would beg you to do your duty speedily."

Without more ado, a number of the men were brought in, and while Awdrey, Gorham and I waited in the hall they searched all over the house and searched it from roof to cellar. At the end of an hour or so Captain Hilary came with many apologies for the unwelcome business and declared that he had evidently been misled by wrong information.

We watched the soldiers form up and depart, and Awdrey drew a deep sigh of relief as she linked her arm in mine.

"I am sure you were right, Geoffrey," she whispered. "And what next?"

"As soon as they are well away your guest and I must be off. Gorham, see that the horses are ready and the slip lead ready, and watch the men well out of sight and note the road they take. Quick, lad."

Awdrey and I waited alone together in the hall. The strain of the excitement had wrought upon her nerves somewhat, and she was very sweet, gracious and loving as I sought to soothe and reassure her. Gorham came hurrying to us.

"There's something wrong still, Geoffrey. Sir Burton Prendergast was waiting by Overbury Cross and met the captain there. They had a long conference, and I saw how Sir Lovelace here together. Can Sir Burton know anything?"

"We shall see and must hope he does not," I answered quietly. And soon after the captain Hilary returned, Sir Burton with him.

The officer came to the point at once. He had learned that the prisoner he sought was still concealed in the house and said he must therefore take further measures and must remain in the Grange.

I did not like the thing at all, and liked it far less when, at Sir Burton's instigation, he would remove in the hall, that all must pass in or out of the house by that way, so that he could see them, and that all the other doors must be locked, with men posted outside."

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my horse at the hedge and leaped into the park. I did not hurry matters at the start. The hedge caused a little trouble to some of the troopers, and, my wish being to bring as many of them as I could away from the Grange, it was my cue to let them think that they could catch me, but this had consequences of a different kind. Those who could not take the leap stopped to empty their muskets after me, and then, finding the gate, they came streaming through.

Old Noll had little relish for the shooting, and when one of the balls, from an accidentally well aimed shot, came ripping and stinging close to his ears he shook his head and plunged forward as though impatient to be out of range.

It was a new sensation to play the part of the fox in the hunt, but I had no qualms about the result.

I went easily across the great park, therefore, dropped into Winthrop lane at the end, rattled across Swinbury common and skirted the three cornered copse, being careful all the time to keep as much in sight of the bounds as the fast darkening evening would allow.

Once I played a trick on them and let them come almost upon me. I had braced side roll up the steep side of the haunch, and once across it I dismounted and waited for my pursuers. On catching sight of me the men raised

such a shout of exultation as brought all the laggards spurting up, and they dashed toward me, making sure of their capture.

But I was ready, and, picking my way along the zigzag sides of the fir wood, I reached the bottom of the valley, and then galloped back through the haunch and Dandy Chase, lie the Quagmire woods, as nasty and dangerous a bit of country as the name could mean, and into this I purposed to lead them by degrees. Noll and I knew the way well enough, but it was another case with the fellows who were after me. I led them on, keeping in sight till they were well into the middle of the woods, and when I reached the sudden turn by Dead Man's corner I gave Noll his head, and away we flew along the narrow track, leaving the men floundering in the quagmire, calling to one another and shouting and oathing finely.

We were soon clear off, and, urging the old horse to his utmost efforts, I headed in the direction of Hardinge and rattled home at a pace which would have surprised the soldiers indeed could they have seen it.

Once at Hardinge I changed my costume rapidly, and another horse was saddled, and then galloped back through the night to Lanston. I was all anxiety to know how matters had sped there in my absence and hoped indeed that Master Lovelace had already been released and was away with young Gorham, as I had arranged.

But to my chagrin my ruse had been but partly a success. Captain Hilary and Sir Burton were still at the Grange and in the hall awaiting the return of the troopers with their captive. A number of the guests had arrived and were grouped about in the rooms and hall looking mightily ill at ease and uncomfortable, while Awdrey was far more distressed than before and had been weeping.

"You have been away, Sir Geoffrey?" said the captain.

"I am not aware that I am your prisoner or accountable to you for my movements," I answered brusquely.

"I think you have carried this farce far enough. In truth, I shall hold you responsible for the outrage to which I have been subjected. Because I chose to leave here and gallop to Hardinge for a change of costume your fellows, forsooth, must needs come clattering after me, firing their muskets and actually putting my life to the hazard. You'll find them now hard stuck in the bogs on the other side of Muttelbury haunch. But the thing is intolerable. Come, Awdrey, let us go to the guests and leave this gentleman to do his will."

The captain's face darkened as I said this, while Sir Burton Prendergast gave me an ugly, sneering look. And when Awdrey put her hand on my arm she showed in her fingers a slip of a note and whispered, "Take it, danger."

"This farce has gone far enough, Sir Geoffrey, as you say," cried Prendergast, growing angry and coming to us

"Mistress Awdrey will remain in my charge. Have a care," he added in a whisper which could not reach the captain's ears. "I know the secret of this statue and shall tell it unless Mistress Awdrey purchases my silence in the way I have told her."

I could have struck him for his mean, cowardly threat, but I masked my temper.

"Probably she will put herself in my hands, Sir Burton, seeing that she is affianced to me."

"I see no other course, Awdrey, but to be careful all the time to keep as much in sight of the bounds as the fast darkening evening would allow."

But the game was not lost yet for all that. I knew that my ruse had drawn off nearly all the troops and that if I could but smuggle Master Lovelace out of the statue he could get away easily from the house with one of my men to act as guide.

I stood a moment as if thinking in great perplexity, and then, giving Awdrey, who was very pale and frightened, a significant pressure of the hand that lay on my arm, I released it.

"I see no other course, Awdrey, but to be careful all the time to keep as much in sight of the bounds as the fast darkening evening would allow."

His face lighted with triumph as he had but one man and my sweet Awdrey placed the tips of her fingers upon it, while I turned to Gorham and, under pretense of giving him some directions about the evening's arrangements, whispered that he was to get the prisoner out when I had cleared the hall and send him away with my man as guide.

I exchanged a few sentences with the captain, who stood plucking moodily at his mustache, and then went after Awdrey.

All the guests were now in the great ballroom, and, signaling to Awdrey to come with her partner to me, I took my stand close to the door of a small room that lay between that and the dining room. I maneuvered so that Sir Burton stood between me and the door, which I placed ajar, and then my plan was ready.

"This is a serious matter, Awdrey," I said, "and I think Sir Burton and I had better talk it over together."

"I have no wish for your interference, Sir Geoffrey," he replied insolently. "I can manage my own affairs."

"But this is more my affair than yours," I retorted. And before he knew what I was intending I linked my arm in his and pushed him roughly through the door and, clapping my hand on his mouth, forced him through into the dining room beyond. Then I freed his mouth, and he did precisely what I had reckoned on his doing.

He sent up a cry for help, shouting that there was treachery, and called for Captain Hilary, who came running in from the hall, on to which the dining room opened. As soon as the captain saw me he turned to me and, holding me by the arm, he said to me in the instant, speaking very angrily, "The man's mad. Does he mean that he and you have been all this time in the hall together and he has given you no inkling of the story he now tells? You don't believe that, surely?" I said, holding my place at the door and listening with all my ears for some sound that would lead me to the last safe second. "Let me pass, sir!" cried the officer, drawing his sword. "In the name of the king let me pass!"

"Do you draw upon an unarmed man?" he asked, and as I spoke I heard a sound from the hall which seemed to show that young Gorham had succeeded.

"If you hinder me further your blood will be on your own head. Will you let me pass?" said the officer fiercely.

"Do you mean you would murder me for a cock and bull story such as Sir Burton Prendergast's?" I asked, delaying him to the last safe second. "The door there through the anteroom is open, but if you prefer this it is nothing to me."

"He dashed out sword-in-hand, and I was following him when I laid my hand on him and barred the way.

"I have a reckoning with you," I said, for I wished to give time for Master Lovelace to get clear away, and words between us grew hot and fast until Captain Hilary came back and demanded that Sir Burton should come and explain the secret of the hiding place. I let him go then and followed.

Then Awdrey and some of the guests came out into the hall, and a pretty scene of cross purposes followed. Sir Burton Prendergast asserted that the horse was the hiding place, and he and the officer tried vainly to discover the opening until Captain Hilary, losing all patience, declared that he would have the statue hewn in pieces if the secret could not be found.

at the apparent force of the proceedings. The captain flushed with vexation at cutting so sorry a figure and was in doubt whether to vent his anger on me or on Sir Burton.

"There was some one there, I know," said the latter, trying to bluff it off.

"Do I understand that you make an insinuation of falsehood against me, Sir Burton Prendergast?" I asked, facing him and speaking sternly. "This matter is now personal to me." And, not relishing my stare and having no stomach for a quarrel, he flinched and with a shrug of the shoulders said to the officer:

"I am very sorry, Captain Hilary, but it seems I was wrong."

"What do you propose to do next, captain?" I asked. "We are at your commands, but you will understand that our Christmas keeping is not likely to be the merrier for any prolonging of this matter."

"I shall hold you responsible for this, Sir Burton. You have kept me here while things have been arranged for the prisoner's escape. I withdraw my men and shall make my report." Thus the interfering bully found himself prostrate between the two of us and in danger of kicks from both. "If the prisoner was in concealment there and you knew it you have prevented my capturing him. Why didn't you tell me, sir?"

I smiled at this turn, but it was not our cue to let the captain believe we had ever concealed any one.

"Rest your mind easy and do not blame even this meddling mischief-maker carelessly. We have no one at the Grange whom we wish to conceal." And this was true, for by this time Master Lovelace was well on his way to the boat.

Captain Hilary went away then, grumbling and snarling with the irritation of a man who feels he has been tricked, but cannot lay finger on the proof, and as soon as he was gone I signaled to Awdrey and Gorham to lead the guests away while I detained the cowardly traitor who had come so near to causing serious mischief.

"A word with you, Sir Burton," I said shortly. "You have acted tonight the part of a coward and a spy, and in doing it you have cast imputations on me. Tonight I do not make it a personal matter, but tomorrow, if you are still in the county of Sussex, or if within six months you show your face here, I give you my honor that I will horse-whip you first and shoot afterward. You know whether I am a man to keep my word."

He turned pallid with fear, said not a syllable and without more than one sneaking, furtive, frightened look at me slunk away and the next morning left the country for his health's sake.

I was still loitering in the hall when Gorham came and told me how he had managed to get Master Lovelace away, and as I was praising him for his smartness Awdrey came.

"Is all safe now, Geoffrey?"

"Yes, sweetheart; you can dance with a free heart."

"A free heart?" she echoed, playing on my words and smiling.

"So far as all that is concerned."

"All that was very terrible while it lasted. But you did splendidly."

"A penitent had to earn his forgiveness, Awdrey. Is it earned?"

"Not quite earned yet. You gave me up very readily to Sir Burton, you know," she cried and withdrew the hand she had slipped into mine, moved



"YOU HAD BETTER TAKE SIR BURTON'S ARM."



"WHO IS THE SPY THAT MALICIOUSLY UNDOES HIS WORK?"



"LET ME PASS, SIR!" CRIED THE OFFICER.

BATHURST NEWS

The down town skaters have reopened their rink in the same direction as last winter and ice is most excellent...

Measles have spread to such an extent that almost every home has a victim or two ill with it...

H A Melanson spent Friday in Moncton.

Congratulations to Mr and Mrs. John J Melanson on the arrival of a baby girl in their home on the 9th inst.

Cliff Hickey of Clatham spent Sunday in town.

Mr and Mrs D Johnson spent Sunday with friends in Campbellton.

Mrs O Tourgeon received her friends on Monday and Tuesday this week.

Harry Williamson has gone to Lunenburg N S where he accepted a position as accountant in the Royal Bank there.

Considerable snow fell here on Sunday followed by strong winds causing a bluster but we hope the storm soon ceases and thereby allow the shoppers to attend to their Christmas buying.

SCHOONER MAUD, OF GASPE SUNK

All on Board Lost—Vessel Was Bound for Porto Rico

Halifax, Dec. 9 Word has been received in the city that the schooner Maud from Gaspe, Que. for Porto Rico, had been sunk in collision and that all hands had been lost.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Woodstock Sentinel—Review:—There is one class of people by whom the approach of Christmas is regarded with mixed feelings...

BATHURST MARKET.

(Corrected each week by W. J. Kent & Co.)

Table with market prices for Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Pork, Chickens, Turkeys, Hay, Oats, Wool, Tallow, Hides.

THE Royal Bank of Canada

Table with bank financials: Capital \$3,000,000, Reserves 3,302,743, Deposits 21,945,196, TOTAL ASSETS 31,183,652

Head Office, Halifax, N. S. THOMAS E. KENNY, President

Chief Executive Office, Montreal, Que EDSON L. PEASE, General Manager

Forty-Seven Branches in Canada. Branch in Newfoundland. Agency in New York. Three Branches in Cuba.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits of One Dollar and upwards, computed and credited semi-annually.

DALHOUSIE Branch. W. A. R. CRAGG, Man.

BATHURST Branch. A. G. BISHOP, Man.

A. & R. LOGGIE

This Enterprising Firm make many improvements

This firm of A & R Loggie Dalhousie has just completed its new store which is now one of the most up-to-date establishments of its kind in the province.

The office is in the rear of the ground floor and a good view of the interior of the general store is obtained through the plate glass front of the manager's sanctum.

The second floor is the furniture department where a large display of furniture will be kept on hand unequalled before in the town.

The third floor is used in unpacking goods and also as store rooms.

The warehouse is 50 x 50 and contains three floors. Here is stored an immense stock of flour, feed and general provisions.

Goods are brought in between the store and warehouse, unloaded, placed upon the elevator, hoisted to the upper floors and conveyed on overhead carriers to different parts of the building.

Altogether the establishment is one of the best in the province and is a big addition to the town of Dalhousie.

Messrs Loggie are known the world over as canners of fish, berries, etc. and have factories and freezers scattered all over the Maritime provinces and Quebec, besides three in the State of Maine and one in Vermont.

OUR BRAVE PIONEERS

(By MICHAEL WHALEN) Air: "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me."

Our ancestors swiftly are passing From their place and our presence away.

In the mighty Beyond they are missing, Awaiting the great Judgment Day;

The glories of the grave o'er them gather, As one after one disappears, They are gathering fast to their fathers, Our brave and beloved Pioneers.

The heroes who came from England, The land of the beautiful Rose, From the heather-clad hills of brave Scotland,

Whose Thistle triumphantly grows, From the Shamrock-clothed valleys of Erin, That land of sweet smiles and sad tears,

From our view they are fast disappearing, Those brave and beloved Pioneers, Their labors and toils lie around us, On homestead, on valley and hill, We have the fair freedom they found us,

Their churches are standing there still; The spires that point up to Heaven Bear witness to wonderful years, With glory to God fully given, By brave and beloved Pioneers.

Their sons, too, our sires, are going To join the great host, gone before, The River of Time swiftly flowing Is bearing them fast to the Shore, Our sires we sadly surrender, Our sires, and our sages and sers, Our tears and our tribute we render, Adieu to you, soul true and tender, O, brave and beloved Pioneers, Renous River, N. B., Dec., 1905.

THEY HYMENEAL WINDSOR-CHISHOLM

Mr. Benjamin Windsor one of Dalhousie's popular business men was married on the 6th inst to Miss Ada I. Chisholm daughter of Mr. Alexander Chisholm of Dalhousie.

The marriage was solemnized by Rev. J. M. McLeod of New Mills in the presence of a few friends of the contracting parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Windsor attended service in New Mills on Sunday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Windsor for a few days. Their many friends wish them a long and happy life.

FOR TOM'S SAKE

A Tree Which Bore Good Fruit

By OTHO B. SENGA

(Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Senga.) MOST wonderful and gorgeous Christmas tree stood in the window of the great store of Warden & Joyce.

A small girl of twelve or fourteen, with face unnaturally old and sharp, unsmiling eyes, critically examined the tree in silence. Up and down, from side to side, her keen gaze wandered.

"It bet its empty at the back," she finally muttered. Poor child! Her brief experience had already taught her the unreality and falsity of many glittering things.

"It's true—that tree is true," she whispered eagerly. "The back is as good as the front."

She hesitated an instant and then raised her clasped hands beseechingly. "God," she cried, "send me a tree for Tommy!"

Her intense longing made her voice sharply imperative, and the first word struck harshly on the ear of a richly dressed young lady who was passing close to her.

"You mustn't swear, child!" she exclaimed harshly. "I wasn't swearing," the girl answered calmly, without resentment, "I was praying for a tree for Tommy."

An elegant carriage waited at the curb, and as the young lady stepped to the sidewalk the footman threw open the door. She stood for an instant, as if thinking, and then, turning quickly, she went back into the vestibule, where the child was still standing.

"Will you come with me a minute? Out of the crowd," she added hastily as the girl faced her with surprised eyes and an unchildlike, repelling look on her thin face.

"Will you step into the carriage? Please do. I want you to tell me something, and it is so very cold!"

The girl seated herself on the luxurious cushions, the young lady followed, and the inwardly disgusted footman closed the door.

"Will you tell me your name and where you live?" the lady questioned gently.

"My name is Margaret Stanhope, and I live on Commonwealth avenue. You—you spoke of Tommy."

"The girl's face softened. "Yes; he's my brother. My name is Maggie Taylor, and I live on Burnham street," adding with a return of her former manner, "but it ain't a slum street, and I don't want no charity."

"But I do, Maggie. I am just what you do not—charity. Tell me something about Tommy." She lingered lovingly over the name. "Why did you pray for a tree for him?"

"Because he's sick. He's only twelve, and he works in an office, and his boss is away, and Tommy took sick after he'd gone. Tommy feels sure that if he was here he'd send his wages to him just the same, for he's a good boss and awfully kind to everybody, but the other man—his partner—is different."

"Maggie," said Miss Stanhope earnestly, "I wish you'd help me to have a happy Christmas. I am all alone in the world, without any one to care for me, and I want to do something for some one—for some one named Tom-

my, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by that name. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

The girl drew a long breath. "It ain't charity?" she asked doubt fully.

"Not to you nor to Tommy," answered Miss Stanhope joyously, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl assentingly.

"For Tom's sake," echoed Miss Stanhope tenderly.

The unbending footman was still more disgusted when he was directed to make another round of the stores, and his bearing was absolutely frigid when he was required to carry a most unbecoming load of bundles up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street.

That the indignity of a good sized tree was laid upon him also required the concentration of all his thoughts upon the generous wages Miss Stanhope paid to enable him to endure the present situation.

"I keep house for father and Tommy," whispered Maggie, leading the way. "Tommy's in the kitchen. I left him there in the big chair 'cause it's warmer. We'll bring all these things in here"—opening the door of a neat sitting room—"and when we get the tree fixed I'll push him in in the chair."

Surely never before was a tree so quickly made to blossom and bring forth fruit, and it was a "true" tree, with gifts on every side.

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look and becoming almost childlike with the flush of happy excitement.

"Miss Stanhope," she whispered positively, "prayers are answered—I know it now."

"Always, in the way he thinks best," answered Miss Stanhope earnestly, adding in her heart, "Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!"

"I'll bring Tommy in now," Maggie said, and went softly out to the kitchen.

She returned almost immediately. "His boss is there!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He got back yesterday. Ain't he awfully good to come so soon to see Tommy? Tommy looks better already! The boss 'll push him in."

They both turned toward the door as it was opened, and a big armchair with the sick boy in it was pushed carefully over the threshold.

Miss Stanhope gave one look at the tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss," began Maggie, mindful of her duties as hostess, but the greeting of her two guests quite disconcerted her, for Tommy's boss caught the aristocratic Miss Stanhope in a close embrace, while Miss Stanhope cried penitently, "Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been so sorry, and I have wanted you so!"

Cure for Sore Nipples As soon as the child is done nursing apply Chamberlain's Sore Nipple ointment with a soft cloth before allowing the child to nurse. Many trained nurses use this with the best results. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by all druggists.

Bridge Notice

SEALED TENDERS MARKED "Tender For Goodwell Bridge" will be received at the Department of Public Works, Fredericton, until

MONDAY

15th day of January, 1906 at noon For Rebuilding Goodwell Bridge at Dawsonville, Parish of Eldon, Restigouche Co., according to Plan and Specification to be seen at the Public Works Department, Fredericton, at the office of Mr H F McLachy, M P, Campbellton, at the Post Office, Charlo Station and at the office of The Dalhousie Mercantile Co. Dalhousie, N. B.

Each Tender must be accompanied by a certified bank Cheque or Cash for an amount equal to five per cent of the tender which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract when called upon. Should the tender be not accepted the deposit will be returned. Two good sureties must be named in each tender. Not obliged to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. H. LABILLOIS, Chief Commissioner, Department of Public Works, Fredericton, December 18th, 1905

FOR SALE—The house, store, stock in store, the late Johnson McKenzie Also one hundred acres of woodland on Tobique Road near McDonald's Lake. For particulars apply to

S H Lingley, H F McLachy, Executor, Nov. 8th, 1905, 6-tf.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The only safe effective monthly medicine for which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1 for ordinary cases, \$1 per box; No. 2, 40 degrees, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists. Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario

my, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by that name. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

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This is the place to buy Xmas Goods. We are the biggest buyers in New Brunswick and this is what enables us to sell at lowest prices, and we always give our customers the benefit. Just a few to show you we mean what we say:

Table with prices for Currants, Raisins, Peas, Tomatoes, Corn, Beans.

Large stock of Winter Apples, Confectionery, Fruit, Choice Groceries, Hardware, China and Crockery Ware, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes. In fact everything you want at least possible prices.

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Great Reductions AT THE STORE OF H. A. CHARY & CO., To the Public of Campbellton and Country at large: We are offering great Christmas Bargains in all kinds of Men's and Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers of all kinds, and Gents' Furnishings. This is the first year we are doing business in this line and we wish to surprise the public with our great bargains. The like was never known in Campbellton. Those Who Come First Will Obtain the Greater Satisfaction.

H. A. Chary & Co., OLD POST OFFICE BUILDING We also buy Hides and Furs and the highest price in CASH. Anyone bringing their Hides to H. A. Chary & Co. will make 50c more on every hide.

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"Mournful Mullin."

(Continued from page 2.)

leaving him without a word.

Therefore the Cap'n trudged one way, consumed by pique and rage that a woman should so slight him: "Mournful" Mullen trudged the other way, equally smarting under her contempt.

And as the days went past that feeling increased in each of those rugged breasts, until it became a desire to show the contemptuous woman that they were no such persons as she had imagined.

Now all that Smyrna understood about the matter was that both Cap'n Jotham Sprague and "Mournful" Mullen were showing attentions to widow Briggs, running her errands, helping her at her farm-work, and in general acting out like two rivals who were dead in love.

The Cap'n remained saturnine, Mullen remained mournful.

So it came along into August, when the days were hot and muggy, and the flies pestered the bald heads, and the careful housewives and the cows in the pasture.

For her Jersey cow that she had named Maybelle, the widow had developed in almost sisterly affection. When she saw Maybelle frantically lashing herself in the pasture with her tail, or stamping in the yard to dislodge flies, her heart swelled with sympathy. She wondered why it was that farmers had never invented anything to keep flies away from cows. She laid the negligence to their hard hearts. It was the same callousness, she reflected, that took away the little calves and gave them to the butchers for a few paltry dollars. She didn't care what other people thought, she made up her mind to do something to allay poor Maybelle's tortures. So she planned and stitched, and at last her invention was ready.

It happened that the Cap'n was the faithful servant to present himself first that day.

The two men had arrived at that point in their relationships that they glared at each other when they met and clenched fists behind their backs. But as far as they could see, the widow inclined neither to one or the other. If she praised the Cap'n for his good nature and funny stories, she gave him fits the next moment for his awkwardness.

A commendation of "Mournful" Mullen's handiness was always followed by some such sentiment as this: "But, oh, that face of yours would sour cream! How a man can go through this world and not laugh is more than I can understand. No wonder your first wife couldn't stand it!"

When the Cap'n presented himself on that day, which will forever remain memorable in Smyrna the widow was in the barn crying "So, hoss!" in agitated tones. So the Cap'n hastened in. He caught at the side of the door to hold himself up and stammered wordlessly in his amazement.

There stood Maybelle arrayed as to her hind legs in neat gingham pantaloons, the waist of which was voluminous enough to cover her body to the neck. The widow was even then panting and perspiring trying to make the cow hoist her fore feet so that another set of pantaloons could be fitted there. But Maybelle was snoring madly and trying to kick loose.

"It's for the flies!" exclaimed the widow almost in tears. "But she don't seem to appreciate it a mite, Cap'n Sprague. Won't you lend a hand to help them on? I know she's goin' to appreciate 'em after she gets wanted."

It was the supreme test of the old skipper's self-control, but he mastered his indignant resentment at being asked to play lady's maid to a Jersey cow. First he knotted the end of the long halter about his wrist and with both hands free sought to force the cow into her new gingham raiment. She stepped on his feet, she tugged one of her brass tipped horns up under his chin and made him bite his tongue. She crowded him and bunted him. And at last, while he was trying to tie the straps of the trousers over her back she stepped on both his feet at once and gave him an upward with her blunt horn that nearly lifted off his head.

"There don't nobody hit me more'n four times without gittin' it back!" he bellowed, and then he began on Maybelle with tongue and fists. They tore a half dozen times around the barn floor, the widow getting in a few pecks at the Cap'n with a fork handle and hitting the maddened Maybelle as many times. Then they burst out into the yard.

"Mournful" Mullen was just coming in at the gate. Five times the parade passed him, racing around the yard, Maybelle in those indescribable "pants" the Cap'n firmly attached to her by the rope knotted about his wrist running as he had never run before, in an effort to catch up and wreak more vengeance.

When the widow rushed in front of her and threw up her arms with an appealing "So, boss," she dodged, quavered a long moan and leaped the picket fence, the Cap'n hurdling after her with a leap that, even in his rage and fear, he had to mentally pride himself on. Maybelle, with head down, took to the middle of the main street of the village, and the skipper followed, his arms stretched ahead of him to its limit, his body pulled sidewise, and taking straddles like a whickered "Puss in Boots." Thus the two went out of sight under the wayside elms, the villagers running to doors and windows to behold.

Now, the first expression on "Mournful" Mullen's face as he leaned on the gate and beheld the barn gave up this amazing cow in toggery and her satellite had been mild wonder, mingled with reproof for a man who would swear so horribly. When the parade swept by him on its second round of the yard his eyes for the first time in the memory of Smyrna lost there elongated look of solemnity.

When Maybelle went past the third time, tail over her back and her new suit snapping in the breeze, wrinkles and ridges appeared on his face where there were never wrinkles before. The parchment-like hide seemed to crackle, and then his whole face softened mellowly. A moment later and he began to laugh with shrill cacklings like hiccups, and then the roars came. He staggered against the fence and at last fell on the turf holding to his sides. He rolled about with imminent risk of being trodden under foot by Maybelle. "The Cap'n shouted to him for assistance but "Mournful" Mullen was helpless. He only rolled and kicked and bellowed. And when at last the cow and her tow went away down the street Mullen crawled on his hands and knees through the gate and watched them out of sight, palpitating with laughter and too weak to stand upright.

The widow pummeled him back into consciousness as he lay gasping like a fish. "Go get my poor Maybelle away from that tier, that pirate, that rascal!" she shrieked.

"He wanted me to get him away from her!" guffawed Mullen sinking back again on the turf and "whickering" feebly.

But after a time her indignant reproaches atung him and he staggered to his feet. "I'll get her for you, Miss Briggs," he gulped. "He shan't hurt a hair on her. But she—she—she—" He stumbled to the fence and held on and hiccupped more laughingly.

He went stumbling down the road. He came back half an hour later Maybelle following docilely behind him. He carried her raiment on his arm.

When he came around the corner she was sitting on the door-step stripping the gingham into breaths. He leaned against a piazza post and eyed her bashfully. "As I was sayin'," he ventured, "it don't seem to it the sect to wear—"

"You just shut your big mouth about that now and forever!" she cried, snapping her eyes at him.

But as she looked at him she realized that he was at "Mournful" Mullen any longer. It was as though he had broken out of a chrysalis. He beamed on her genially.

"I ain't no hand to beat about the bush," he said. "I've got kind of used to helpin' you out around this place and I'm ready to continue at it. It's get—well, say \$15.00 if I sell out my farm, and I reckon I will, cause I don't want to be solemn any more. You know what kind of a farmer I be. Now what say?" He beamed on her some more, this time with anxiety.

"You mean—"

"Business," he said earnestly. "And you'll sell your place the minute we're married?"

"Before."

"Well, then, go tend to it."

"And if you make any more of—of them you'll wear 'em?"

Then she went into the house, poked the gingham beneath the rug, hid in the hall, and began to get dinner, singing cheerily.

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